## JUST STOLE. FOR FUN. found in a drawer of his bureau.

STRANGEST THIEF ON RECORD IS NOW IN JAIL.

Even If He Had Wanted To-Though Business Man, He Filched for the Mere Pleasure of It Spends His Time Knitting.



NITTING stockings in a prison cell is the man who, a few days ago, was the assistant manager of the Hotel Waldorf, in New York -Henry Staatsthe strangest criminal freak that ever gave a new page to the record of theft. He stole without reason for stealing,

and without enjoying benefits from his thefts. He gathered a remarkable collection of implements of the burglar that he never used. He had sleeping potions that he did not administer, and a slungshot that was not employed. He is the fantastic personality in the great company of thieves, the man who stole His knitting is his incidental pastime, a relaxation to quiet his nerves beween thefts, a sort of mechanical bromide that gives ease to a mind tortured with thought of what next to steal, ceases to amuse him, he embroiders or makes lace. This man who steals and gent, is a competent hotel manager, is in his living. He is 39 years old, ruddy of countenance, of course courteous in address, or else he could not be the | freakish thief is called by the captain assistant manager of the Hotel Waldorf. He is married, and until discovered to be a thief was deemed an exemplary man, devoted in his attention to the business whence he gained his salary. In his thefts he showed no partiality. He took silverware, rugs, paintings, napery, even slippers. None of these articles he used. He stole them and stored them, as though the knowledge of their possession was sufficient satisfaction for the pursuit of his malignant inclinations. Many of the stolen articles were stored right in the Hotel Waldorf, where he was employed, locked up in trunks, which he dared open but seldom. Other articles were in his little bedroom, a room for which he paid a rental of \$6 a month. Patrons of the V'aldorf who pay \$125 a day for a suite of state apartments may be astounded to learn that a room may be hired in New York for \$6 a month. and still more astonished to learn that a room hired for that insignificant price was inhabited by the man to whom they made application for their sumptuous drawing rooms and chambers. Confessing his guilt, he sits in a cell and knits, counting the stitches carefully, as an old maid who depends upon her own nimble fingers for her stockings and her wrist warmers. This prodigy among thieves is by name John H. Staats, by birth an American. His relation affixes him to a distinguished ancestry, the Staats family, founders of Staatsburg-on-the-Hudson. For nine years he was employed at the Hotel Normandie as assistant manager. Leaving on his own account he went to the Sturtevant, where he remained for about four years. He has held responsible positions in other large hotels. He has been assistant manager of the Waldorf for about two years. Careful search was made of the four trunks and sixteen large boxes placed in the storeroom of the Hotel Waldorf by Staats. By taking bundles to this storeroom Staats was first suspicioned of theft by the detectives.



HENRY STAATS. tioned in the hotel after the theft of a rug valued at \$2,000 from the Marie Antoinette room and reported to the police. In these trunks were found quantities of tablecloths, napkins, towels, sheets, knives, forks, spoons, candiesticks, tureens, cake dishes, ladles, pitchers and jugs, the linen and the silverware used in a hotel, and also several rugs, among them a rare Persian fabric valued at \$600. There were, moreover, call belis, bath mate, pictures and small ornaments, in all an equipment sufficient for a hotel of considerable size and importance. Most of these articles were marked with W" in a wreath, showing that they are the property of the Hotel Waldorf, but some have the marking of other hotels. The mystery of the true character of this man Staats gains compilcation by careful inspection of his little room. In the walls are nail holes, so many that they are not readily counted. People in the house frequently heard him hammering. He drove nails and drew them, as he stole things and stored them, and apparently to no more useful employment. But the nail holes are no less explicable than the collection of burglars' implements and a bottle of lethal poison tence: A noisy noise annoys an oyster.

paper found in the room may lead to the detection of a theft more extraordinary even than others already described. This paper is in receipt for furniture stored. From the Waldorf some of the leather covered furniture is missing. Staats may have taken even chairs and couches to gratify his infatuation for the property of his employer. The information gained up to this time fails to show that Staats made any use of the stolen property. None was sold nor pawned. Sometimes the little room was decorated with bric-a-brac, that remained for a short time, and then was taken away and reproduced by other ornaments. Evidently Staats took some of the stolen articles home, kept them there for a time, and then placed them in the trunks and boxes in the store room of the Waldorf. The confession by Staats to the chief of police is plainly not the whole truth, for, while he acknowledges taking articles from the Waldorf, he says he used them to furnish a flat, in which he and his wife lived, and, moreover, he denies thefts from the Normandie and other hotels, though articles bearing their markings were found in his boxes. Moreover, Staats airily says that the tools found merely to have the pleasure of stealing. in his room were mementoes of a western trip, and that the "knock-outdrops" were prescribed as a medicine to induce him to sleep. This assertion about the chloral is denied by the doctor whom he mentions as the author and how to steal it. And when knitting of the prescription for the mixture in the bottle. This man had no vices that cost money. He did not gamble, knits and makes embroidery, is inteili- nor drink expensive liquors. Occasionally he took a young woman in Brooka strict director of men, is economical lyn to drive, but not in pompous style. Even the use he made of his salary of \$150 a month is not apparent. This



MRS. STAATS. of detectives "a miser-kleptomaniac." This seems to fit his conduct, save his knitting, knitting all the evenings in his little room, knitting, knitting all the day long in jail; counting stitches, one, two, three, four a turn; making the heel as cleverly as any Shaker who ever held a ball of yarn on her lap. Is there a grotesque record of crime in the woman's work of this thieving man? "He beats me" said Chief of Detectives McClusky, and that epitomizes the opinion of every man connected with the detective bureau. His wife, who is supposed to be his accomplice, has not been arrested. Staats was arraigned in Jefferson Market police court. Manager Hilliard of the Waldorf appeared as complainant and charged him with larceny of goods amounting in value to \$63.80. The real value probably reached into the thousands, but this merely nominal amount will serve to hold the accused on the charge of grand larceny.

She Knew How to Ride a Tandem. He was an estimable young man in

every way, and she was more than estimable-in his opinion-so, with the idea of wheeling his way into her heart, he saved and hoarded his shekels and purchased a fine tandem. But "the best-laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley." They had ridden some fifteen miles, and after slowly and laboriously pedaling to the top of a long hill he, after mopping his dripping brow, gasped out convulsively: "M-M-May, you c-c- can p-pput your feet on the c-c-coasters now." "Why," said his companion, "I've had them on ever since we started." He said nothing, but set his teeth grimly, and she has wondered since then why he has not called on Sunday evenings.

Murder Mystery at St. Lous. A mysterious murder developed at St. Louis recently in the finding in front of the Gaiety theater of the body of Benjamin F. Lamar of Fairland, I. T., with his skull crushed in. Lamar, who is a member of the territorial legislature, came to St. Louis several days ago with a party of friends to see the sights. He had a large sum of money when last seen, but none of this was in his pockets when found. The police are now looking for a woman named Fannie Wolf, with whom Lamar was

Pearl Bryan's Head Found. William Parson, a boatman, while digging for coal in Medoc sandbar on the Kentucky side of the Ohio river, found a skull, the lower jaw of which was gone. In the upper jaw were nine teeth. Two front teeth were gold filled. An expert dentist says it is the skull of a woman between 18 and 23 years old. It is supposed to be that of Pearl Bryan, for whose murder Jackson and Walling were hanged. Should that prove true it has been in the river over nineteen months.

A Nutse Aunors. A cheerful idiot in Baltimore has driven eight men insane by asking them to repeat rather quickly this sen-

DREAM OF ENGINEER ANDER-SON BORNE OUT IN DETAIL.

Despite the Presentiment He Takes His Train Out of Springfield - Accident Happened Precisely as It Appeared to Him in the Vision.



HOSE who dabble in the occult have a fruitful theme in the death of George Anderson Springfield, III. Mr. Anderson, who was engineer on an Wabash railthe road. died of injuries which he received in a headend collision at

Naples recently. He, it is alleged, was responsible for the wreck, having failed to comply with orders which he received regarding the train he was to pass at Naples. On the morning of the accident Anderson arose from a troubled sleep. He had dreamed that he had been in a collision and he had experienced all the horrors of being caught beneath his engine and pinioned by its heavy boiler. The escaping steam had, in his fancy, begun to cook his quivering flesh when he awoke, trembling with the shock his imagination had conjured. Anderson was troubled by the dream and he told the members of his family about it. He said he felt that there was a warning in the dream and he was almost persuaded not to go out on the road that day. However, when he had eaten his breakfast, the engineer put his fears aside and started for the roundhouse. He was about to get into his engine cab when the fear that had disturbed him earlier again came upon him. He spoke to the hostler regarding his dream and repeated what he had said at home. Anderson's trip was west and on the way to the Bluffs the engineer talked to his fireman about the presentiment he had received. It evidently preyed much upon his mind, for he became abstracted in his manner and almost heedless of his surroundings. The nearer the train approached its destination the more distraught Anderson became and he had the appearance of dreaming again as he went about his work in the cab. He did not give his usual attention to his fireman, and, as the train approached Bluffs, he spoke to him for the first time in many miles. Then his mind seemed to be far away and his fellow workman felt that something was wrong with the engineer. At Bluffs Anderson's train was met by an extra engine to help it over the hill and, while this locomotive was being coupled to the train, Conductor A. L. Garrison got the orders at the depot and took them to Anderson. The engineer heard them read and attended to the reading in the same absent-minded manner that had marked his conduct throughout the morning. Taking the copies he mechanically placed them under his seat cushion. As the conductor turned away from the cab Anderson called him back and said: "I am going to have one of the most awful wrecks you ever heard of." The conductor was startled by the tone in which Anderson said this and he asked him, when he had recovered from his surprise, what made him say this. "I know it is so," replied Anderson, "because I had trouble with my engine all last night and could not sleep. I am going to have a head-end collision." Garrison laughed at the engineer and told him he had only suffered a nightmare and that it was superstitious to suppose that such dreams as he had had meant anything. Anderson shook his head



GEORGE ANDERSON.

have been foretold of it," he said. Anderson, being in possession of the orders, had control of the train as it pulled out with its two engines on the final run to Hannibal. The orders instructed him to meet a local freight at Naples and wait below the switch for that train to take the siding. When the point was reached Anderson gave no indication of stopping his engine, and as the train dashed by the switch, the fireman looked up in alarm to see his engineer, sitting as if in a

trance At the same moment the fireman looked ahead and there saw the local coming down upon them. It was apparent at a glance that a collision was inevitable and the fireman sprang for the footboard. As he did so, he cried to the engineer: "Jump, George, jump! We're going to hit the local!" All derson turned and looked at the excited fireman in a dazed manner, but made no movement toward the cab entrance. "For God's sake, jump, man!" sereamed the fireman, and again the bewildered eyes of the engineer were 6,120,000 cubic meters.

FORETOLD HIS DEATH turned upon him. This time the are- THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. man thinks he saw something of resignation in their expression, but it may have been the folding of the engineer's hands across his breast that gave this impression, for Anderson quietly crossed his jacket with his arms and did not move from his seat. Repeating his last cry the fireman sprang out into the right of way, and then the trains came together with a crash. The collision ruined the engines and piled cars high above them in a mass

of wreckage. Anderson was caught beneath his engine just as he had dreamed he would be; the steam, escaping from the demolished boller, enveloped him and cooked his flesh. The realization of the torture which had filled his thoughts was upon the unfortunate engineer. He was finally taken from his awful position, but he had received injuries which he could not survive. When death came it was a blessing. To those who will not believe that there was a mystic warning of impending danger in the dream of Anderson, the Naples wreck will ever be a powerful example of the force which the imagination may exert.

Every other man on the train managed to get off in time, and none of them suffered more than a few bruises. Anderson permitted himself to be cooked beneath his engine because of his surrender to what he believed was a decree of fate. So thoroughly had his mind become impressed with the truth of his dream that he made not the least effort to combat it, even in the face of the greatest danger. He saw to it, indeed, that the presentiment became a reality in all its horrors.

ON HIS VICTIM'S GRAVE.

The Murderer Sowed 'Turnips to Hide the Crime.

A murder case rivaling in horrible details the Guldensuppe tragedy in



OSCAR GILLIS. New York has been developed at Montgomery, Ala. Oscar Gillis, porter for Marks & Kohn, grocers, and John Glover, butler for Henry Weil, roomed together in an outhouse on Mr. Weil's fashionable residence premises on Perry street, four blocks from the business center. A few weeks ago Gillis disappeared. The following day some unknown person telephoned his employers that the porter had gone to visit friends in South Alabama. A few days later Glover left the city without notice. Friends of Gillis suspected something was wrong, and told the police their suspicions. Then reporters and some of Gillis' friends commenced a careful investigation. It was learned that there had been gambling in Glover

had won, and had several hundred dollars; that Gillis had disappeared; that a negro who had seen Glover several days afterward digging a deep trench in Weil's garden was told by Glover that it was intended to bury some weeds and trash, but that the negro cook who occupied a room adjoining Glover and seen him lift Gillis' body over the brick division wall one night about a week afterward, and was told Gillis had been sick and was being taken to the train. The investigating party found the garden had been recently worked and sowed in turnips. but by candle light, and with the aid of a fence paling, the location of the alleged trash pile was discovered by the looseness of the earth about it. After industriously digging, Gillis' body, decomposed badly, was found shortly before 1 o'clock in the morning, wrapped in ouilts and bound with cord like an Egyptian mummy. Evidence indicates that after the card players had gone, Glover crushed his roommate's skull with a bed slat and then cut his threat with a razor, that he then wrapped the body in quilts and kept it in his room about a week, then dug the hole in the garden, buried the body in the dead of night, sowed the

and Gillis' room one night: that Gillis

Indicted 300 Times.

ing industriously to capture him.

ground above it in turnips, and left the

city for Atlanta. The police are try-

The Marshall county, West Virginia, grand jury has broken the record in the matter of liquor indictments. Michael Cal'ahan, who conducts a saloon near Wheeling, sold liquor without a state or county license and the grand jury found 300 indictments against him. All were based upon the testimony of one man, who said he had bought a drink from Callahan every day for a year. If Callahan pays the fine and costs it means over \$6,000 out of his pocket. This is the largest number of indictments ever trought against one man in a state court.

The river Rhone gets its water almost entirely from the Swiss glaciers and melting snow. In winter only 200,-000 cubfc meters of water pass a given point; in summer the figure is about 720,000, and during high water

LESSON VII NOV. 14. ACTS 28: 17-31.

Golden Text-"I am Not Ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for It Is the Power of God Unto Salvation to Every One That Believeth"-Rom. 1. 16.

Time.-Paul reached Rome about March Here is Lewin's scheme of March 1, arrival at Rome. Marc 4, address to the Jews. Summer of 62, martyrdom of James, "the brother of our Lord," in Jerusalem. Autumn of 62, Paul wrote epistles to the Ephesians, the Colossians, and Philemon. Spring of 63, wrote epistle to the Philippians; soon after was released from prison, visiting Anterwas released from prison, visiting Anterwas released from prison, visiting Anterwas from the control of tioch, Colosse, Ephesus (perhaps Spain) July, 64, the great fire in Rome, charged to the Christians; Nero's persecution. Autumn of 64, Paul visited Philippi and Corinth, and wrote First Epistle to Tim-othy and Epistle to Titus. Autumn of 65 Paul was made a prisoner at Ephesus, and taken to Rome, where he wrote the Second Epistle to Timothy in prison. Summer of 66 (other authorities, 68), Paul was beheaded; a little earlier, probably. Peter had been martyred; four years later Jerusalem was destroyed. Jerusalem was destroyed.
Place.—Rome, the capital of Ae Roman

empire: center of the world. Rome in Paul's Day .- "At the time of Paul's visit the city had outgrown the old Servian wall, and consisted of an exten-sive and irregular mass of buildings unprotected by an outer wall. It was th boast of Augustus that he found a cit of brick and left one of marble. Within circuit of little more than twelve mile more than two millions of inhabitants were crowded, of whom about one million were slaves. The free citizens were mo than a million; of these the senators wer so few in number as to be hardly appre-ciable; the knights, who filled a greaproportion of the public offices, were no more than ten thousand; the troops quartered in the city may be reckoned at fit teen thousand; the rest were the pieb urbana, or common Roman citizens."

Howson. "The city had been enriches with the spoils of many conquered na-tions, and on every hand was luxury, with its attendant vices—avarice, debauchery and sensual pleasures—which, indeed, con-stituted the daily life of the people. The arts were cultivated as never before, and they were made to minister to the vilest and most beastly lusts and passions, and an almost wholly unrestrained dissolute an almost wholly unrestrained dissolute-ness had taken the place of the simpler virtues of earlier times. The religion of ganism is wholly diverged from moral-ty, and indeed the so-called worship was in many cases the grossest and the most impure orgies. There were also schools of philosophy, chiefly of Grecian origin, which pretended to teach something called 'virtue,' but their precepts were with-out authority, and the practices of the teachers gave the lie to their professions; and with the common people the sense of right and the claims of duty were almost absolutely unfeit and disregarded. Of this seething pool of moral corruption charnel house of spiritual death a is given in the beginning of Paul's E

to the Romans, written only a few years before."-Curry. Paul in Prison.—1. Paul's labors. (1) He preached and taught; (2) he wrote to the churches. We possess four of his writings composed while in prison at Rome—the epistles to the Ephesians, Colossians, and Philippians, and the short letter to Philemon; (3) he prayed for them (Eph. 1. 16; 3. 14; Phil. 1. 4, 9); (4) he sent messengers and helpers to them (Eph. 6. 21; Phil. 2. 19, 25). 2. Paul's trials. (1) Anxiety and danger (Phil. 2. 23); (2) envy and strife in the church (Phil. 1, 14-18); (3) a sick friend (Phil. 2. 25-27); (4) the confinement and apparent disgrace. 3. Paul's comforts. (1) Faithful friends. (Luke, Timothy, Epaphras, Mark, Aristarchus and Tychicus were among the friends who, during the whole or part of this time, were with the apostle (see Col. 4. 19-14). Paul in Prison.-1. Paul's labors.

Advantages of Paul's Position at Rome Advantages of Paul's Position at Rome.

"1. He was safe from all the intrigues
and plots of the Jews. He could not have
been better guarded. 2. He was brought
into conspicuous notice. Everyone could
hear of the famous prisoner and learn
the story of his past labors and of his
journey to Rome. The Gospel at Rome
was thus 'a city set upon a hill.' 3. He
could preach the Gospel with perfect freedom to all who came. He could converse dom to all who came. He could converse with individuals or preach to companies. 4. The soldier chained to him was relieved at stated intervals, so that a large num at stated intervals, so that a large number of soldiers would come under his influence. They would hear all he said to others; he would converse also with them personally, and they would be won by the sweetness of his spirit, his patience, his sweetness of his spirit, his patience, his earnestness and love. Tradition says that the great statesman Seneca was among the converts to Christianity by the preaching of Paul. It is quite possible, according to Professor Lumby, that the Gospel was introduced into England by Roman soldiers who heard Paul preach the Gospel in prison."—Feioubet.

Paul's Subsequent History.—"Hints in the epistics and traditions supply all that is known or conjectured respecting this last stage of the apostle's ministry. It is supposed that, on being liberated (writ-ers do not agree as to the precise order) ers do not agree as to the precise order)
he visited again parts of Asia Minor and
Greece; went to Crete and founded, or
more probably strengthened, the churches there; made his long contemplated journey to Spain; wrote his First Epistle to
Timothy and his Epistle to Titus; after
several years of effective labor was apprehended again as a leader of the Christian sect; was brought a second time as tian sect; was brought a second time as a prisoner of Christ to Rome; was tried there and condemned to suffer death. His Roman citizenship exempted him from the ignominy of crucifixion, and hence, according to the universal tradition, he was beheaded by the ax of the lictor. The same testimony places his martyrdom in the year A. D. 68, the last year of Nero's reign. It was in the daily expectation of this event that he wrote the last of his episties, the second to Timothy."-

Hints to Teachers.

We have here a sermon. Note the cir-Paul, a prisoner, chained to a soldier by his side (verse 16), though in his own Paul, a prisoner, chained to a soldier by his side (verse 16), though in his own house; the leaders of the Jewish colony at Rome gathered to listen. The dream of the apostle's life was now accomplished, and he was at Rome. It mattered little to him whether he came as a prisoner or as a freeman, for he was there, as everywhere, under the care of his Lord. L. Let us look at the preacher of this sermon. L. He was a saved man. Paul himself had feit the powers of that Gospel which he preached. The man who has been saved is the only one who can talk to unsaved men about salvation.

MISSING LINKS.

The returns of the dog taxes show that there are 2,300,000 dogs in France. The taxes yield 8,800,000 franca a year

Two Chicago women have recently opened an agency for furnishing to literary clubs, schools or private individuals facts on any subject desired.

A new bicycle hub has an oil cham ber in one side connected with the ball races by very fine tubes, through which the oil flows slowly to keep the bearings lubricated.

TENDS A DYING PARENT.

Devoted Sacrifico of Miss E 1th Kerny of New York.

Isolated from the world, with all its comforts and pleasures, and living from day to day in a rude hut on the sand dunes of Staten Island, Edith Kenny spends her days ministering to the wants of her dying father. Ill-health has made a hermit of Rev. James E. Kenny and relegated his devoted daughter to a lonely life on the blesk sands at the western end of the island. For years the father and loving daughter have dwelt there. The aged clergyman could not live anywhere else. and his only child devotes her life to his care. Her single thought is that happiness may attend the declining years of her unfortunate father, who spent a fortune traveling over the world in search of health. The couple possess little beyond the home built by the invalid, but they are contented and happy among the swamps and hills of yellow sand.

Twelve years or more the old man toiled on the little structure of brick and cement which they call home. It is not yet completed, but the place is comfortable, and Mr. Kenny can breathe there. He is troubled with asthma, and the damp salt air of the marshes prolongs his life. Sometimes the old man is troubled with his heart. These attacks generally come on in the night, and Edith, the daughter, hastens alone through the swamps to fetch the doctor. But the brave girl is not afraid. Her only fear is the thought of leaving the invalid alone. The nearest physician is at Mariner's harbor, two and one-half miles away. The road through the swamps is dark and treacherous, and at one place Mlas Kenny climbs a ladder to a high railroad trestle, nearly a mile in length. Many a man would lack the nerve to make this trip, but the girl speeds along the ties with never a mishap. And, after notifying the doctor, so great is her anxiety for the sick man,



EDITH KENNY. she hurries back alone. Last winter she made this trip many times in the dark, but never met with mishap.

A Tale of the Sea. Two American captains were recently relating their experiences on different voyages. One of them told the following story: "About 1 p. m. om March 2 my ship was proceeding under full sail when a cloud about the size

of a man's hand was observed on the horizon. It came on, and as it neared the ship we discovered that it was composed of locusts. They settled on the sails and you couldn't see a bit of canvas for them. When they flew way there was not a stitch of canvas left on the yards." "Ah," said the other captain, "I can quite believe that. for at about 3:30 p. m. on March 2 my vessel was proceeding under full sail when we observed a small cloud on the horizon. As it approached the ship we discovered that it was a cloud of locusts, and as they passed our vessel we saw that every man Jack of them had a pair of No. 1 canvas trouzers on."

Dangers From Lamps.

The lamp is such a necessary article in the home that it is strange it should be neglected as often as it is. It requires but a few minutes' care each day to keep it in order, yet this snort time is denied it by many housekeepers. An ill-kept lamp is a dangerous, as well as unsightly object, and many of the explosions of oil lamps, which appear almost every day in the newspapers. might be traced to carelessness in caring for the lamps. No woman having the welfare of her family at heart will willfully neglect this very important task. The danger of allowing children or even careless grown-up people to handle lamps cannot be over-estimat-

Mr. Coombes' Footpad Catcher.

Mr. Coombes of Woodhaven, L. I., rigged a pitchfork in front of his handiebars with the idea of transfixing the first footpad he might meet and forking him off to the coroner's inquest, and while riding one night without a light, a colored scorcher, head down, bucked into it full tilt, smashed his pitchfork and wheel, butted him into a comatose condition, and got away-Coombes escaped arrest for carrying a concealed weapon by reason of his insensibility.

Depended on Her Bringing Up. A good Highland minister was endeavoring to steer a boatload of city young ladies to a landing place. A squall was bursting; the steering was difficult. One of the girls annoyed aim by jumping up and calling anxiousty: "O, where are we going to?" "If you do not sit down and keep still, my young leddy," said the minister pilot, succincily, "that will vorra greatly depend on how you were brought up "

Hors Does Good Work.

To an ordinary rubber hose the au perintendent of the Congressional Library has attached the compressor of the pneumatic tube system, and airily dusts his million books by "turning on