

# IN THE PUBLIC EYE

## GUARDS PRESIDENT'S LIFE



The changes in officialdom at the national capital that followed the inauguration of William H. Taft as president extended even to the personnel of that secret service corps charged with protecting the person of the chief magistrate of the nation.

It is not strange that each president should prefer to exercise strictly his personal preferences regarding the secret service men detailed as his personal escort, for very few officials of high or low degree are more closely or more continuously associated with the chief executive than these protectors in plain clothes. President Taft's selection for the post of principal bodyguard was Secret Service Operative L. C. Wheeler and it all came about in this wise.

From the very day that Taft was elected president, four months in advance of the date on which he was inaugurated, the chief of the secret service, considering that Judge Taft was a personage whose well being was of vast import to the nation—detailed two of his best operatives to guard the president-elect. Mr. Wheeler was one of these men and he accompanied the Tafts everywhere they went—to Cincinnati; to Hot Springs, Va.; to Augusta, Ga., and to the Panama canal, with "side trips" to Washington, Philadelphia, New Haven, New York and other points. The qualities which Mr. Wheeler displayed during this strenuous season made a most favorable impression upon the new president and he asked that Mr. Wheeler be made his principal bodyguard when he was installed in the White House.

Now when President Taft walks, rides, drives or motors abroad in the streets of Washington or in the suburbs Secret Service Agent Wheeler is his inseparable shadow. The conscientious secret service man scarcely lets the distinguished object of his attention out of his sight during his waking hours. If the president plays golf, the faithful Wheeler is close by to ward off inquisitive or suspicious persons. If Mr. Taft occupies a box at the theater his involuntary escort is not far away, perhaps sheltered by the curtains of the box. If the chief magistrate strolls to church on Sunday morning the secret service man walks a short distance behind. President Lincoln always insisted that his bodyguard should walk by his side and chat with him as though he were an intimate friend. None of our later presidents have pursued that course, although under the Taft regime there has been introduced an innovation in that the secret service men who accompany the president to church wear frock coats and silk hats and could not be distinguished by the unknowing ones from fashionable club men sauntering leisurely and apparently unconcerned behind the president.

Wheeler, like to the other secret service men on duty at the White House, is about 30 years of age. He is of athletic build and keeps himself in the best of condition by daily exercise. All these secret service guards go well armed, but the weapons are carefully stowed away out of sight and there is nothing in either the dress or manner of these men to indicate their office.

## NEW INDIAN COMMISSIONER



Robert Gordon Valentine, the newly appointed Indian commissioner, is only 36, a fact which leads some irreverent members of the elder contingent to remark that the chorus at Washington is full of squabs and all the leading men are juveniles. Nevertheless, Mr. Valentine is so well in touch with the affairs of the Indian bureau that he was the personal choice of retiring Commissioner Leupp for the succession.

Valentine's knowledge of the Indian was mostly gained back in Massachusetts, where the only Indians are those who come along with the medicine show. But he knows Lo, because he knows the poor white man pretty well. At least, those New England persons who pride themselves on following cold-ice-cold-facts rather than fancy and sentimental theory believe they know the cigar store Indian with the red blanket and the rooster feathers and the bear tooth necklace will not be in favor with the new Valentine regime any more than he was with the preceding Leupp administration. Valentine admits that, next to a coroner's certificate, the best certificate of goodness Lo can have is to chuck his feathers, put on overalls and a hickory shirt, grab a shovel and get to work with the other Americans. The Indian of romance and Leatherstocking doesn't look as good to Valentine as the Indian with his crops all cultivated and his farm work up to date.

After graduating from Harvard Valentine was a teacher, a bank clerk and then a newspaper writer. The latter job led to his political career.

## COMPELLED TO BORROW



Henry M. Flagler, the Standard Oil magnate, who is popularly supposed to carry the state of Florida around in his pockets, has been compelled to abandon one of his dearest ambitions and announce a bond issue for the railroad he is building from the mainland across the coral beds to Key West. Up to date the engineering world has seen nothing more unique in its way than this railroad of 690 miles. Flagler has been constructing it much as a man would build a stable, his manager in charge of the work being unlimited as to expense and only bound to make the road a good one. It has been Flagler's pet idea that when the road is completed it should be without a penny of indebtedness or borrowed money. No notes or bonds nor other evidences of obligation were to be in its records. It was to show that the big fortune, which had built three palatial hotels at an expense of more than \$5,000,000, was equal to meeting all bills for the construction of a railroad—even such a railroad as this.

The announcement, made the other day, that a bond issue is to be put out shows that the Flagler fortune was not at all points equal to the emergency. Still, nobody will believe that the poor commissioners are likely to be called upon in Mr. Flagler's behalf for some time yet. Next to John D. Rockefeller, he is the largest individual stockholder in the Standard Oil Co. He was a poor boy, clanking in a country store, before he heard the rapping of opportunity on the door. But he let go his bundles, sallied out and got a half-Nelson look on the rafter before the echoes had died away.

## GERMAN RAILWAY MINISTER



Herr Von Breitenbach, as minister of public works and railways in the Prussian government, is at the head of the public-owned railroad system. Germany has owned her railroads for a number of years and they are managed by an especially capable and conservative body of officials.

Reports just received from the experts who have been studying the situation there declare, however, that the plan is not a success. In respect both to the service received and the financial results public ownership in Germany is declared to be a long way from satisfactory. At the present moment Herr Von Breitenbach has in contemplation several changes of importance in the methods of his departments which look toward finally making the Prussian railroad business profitable to the government or satisfactory to the public, if either or both cases can be brought about.

### Crusade Against Mosquitoes.

In a warning against the great summer pest and menace—mosquitoes—the department of health of Philadelphia says: "Mosquitoes, as a rule, deposit their eggs in stagnant water, which hatch out with great rapidity in the form of small animals called 'wrigglers,' named from the manner in which they propel themselves through the water, which, in a few days become full-fledged mosquitoes. A sufficient number of mosquitoes to annoy an entire neighborhood can be developed from a very small quantity of water. A neglected tomato can containing water is sufficient for this purpose; therefore, watch, remove, or tightly cover with cheesecloth all barrels, boxes, tin cans, clogged roof

### Teacher for Sixty-Five Years.

With the record of having never missed even a half day in 57 years service in teaching school in Boston Charles James Capen, 86 years old senior master in the Boston Latin school, retired from active duty. He is the oldest teacher in Boston and probably in the United States. His retirement is due to the 70-year limit rule adopted by the Boston school board. Mr. Capen has been a school-teacher 65 years, but since 1852 his service in the Latin school has been uninterrupted.

# THE COLONEL FARRAR MYSTERY

### AUTHOR'S NOTE.

The material facts in this story of circumstantial evidence are drawn from an actual recorded case, only such change of names and local color being made as to remove them from the classification of legal reports to that of fiction. All the essential points of evidence, however, are retained.

THE Calf Skin club had assembled early for its weekly session and every member was in his accustomed place with Judge Grover in the chair. When the routine business was finished the chairman rose and said:

"We now will hear from Judge Stoakes who we trust has a story relative to circumstantial evidence, Judge Stoakes."

Judge Stoakes, a large man of dignified presence, whose silver hair alone bespoke his 70 years, rose and began:

"My story is of the troubled days in Missouri following upon the civil war, when factional rancor still ran high and the conqueror and the conquered lived together in outward amity but with secret suspicion. I had just hung up my shingle in a little town in the southern part of the state which had been the hotbed of factional warfare, now captured by Lyon, now held by Price, and repeatedly preyed upon by the roving bands of irregulars of either side. Among the most noted leaders of these latter was Col. Jim Farrar. Among the northern sympathizers he was classed with Quantrell and the Youngers, but when the struggle was over he settled down quietly in the little town of Chester, and his tall form, his flowing moustaches, his campaign hat and long coat became him as the costume did many another warrior of the lost cause.

"Col. Farrar's household consisted of but one daughter, 17 years of age, and of that rare type of beauty which so often crops out in an adventurous and warlike stock. Her name was Lucile and she soon set the heart of every young man in a flame. I myself fell at the first glance, and as I look back down the long stretch of years I can see the black hair, the rosy lips and the flashing eyes of Lucile Farrar as I watched her in silent adoration in the meeting house, upon the street or flying along on her pony which seemed as full of life and spirits as its fair rider.

"It was silent adoration upon the part of us all, for never a glance did the fair Lucile have for any of us. But when Melvin Lessure came to Chester it was different. Something in her woman's heart must have drawn her toward him, for all the indifference and all the scorn were gone and they gave themselves up willingly to a love that quickly ran the gamut from passing interest to passionate devotion.

"The very mention of a suitor for his daughter's hand was sufficient to send Col. Farrar into a rage terrible to witness. He noted the growing intimacy of Lucile and Lessure with jealous anger. But he could not watch her always, and many a time when he was away looking after the interests of his extensive plantation near the town he less fortunate youths saw Lessure starting on long walks with the fair Lucile.

"Melvin Lessure inherited all the fiery impulsiveness of a long line of French ancestry and was not the youth to look on the certain entente of his lover's heart. He had a big plantation several miles from Chester and had moved into town for the social advantages that looked large to us then. He was amply able to support matrimony in a style equal to the best in the community. He was handsome, studious and courtly in his manners and seemed to be eligible from any point of view. The local Madame Grundy could find no reason why Melvin Lessure and Lucile Farrar were not a perfectly matched couple.

"But the rock on which their happiness seemed destined to break was that of factional rancor. Col. Farrar was of the south unreconstructed and unrepentant. Gaspard Lessure, Melvin's father, had cast his lot with the north and had died at his own doorway defending his property against the enemies of his adopted flag.

"Melvin Lessure was no match for Col. Jim in brawn or bluster, but he hesitated not to go to him with his suit, and the storm he provoked I give you as it was later reconstructed through the searchings of the law.

"Never, by the Almighty, never!" roared the colonel. "Before I would see my daughter married to one of the accursed assassins of my country I would slay her with my own hands. Get out of my sight and never dare to raise your eyes to a daughter of the Farrars."

## HORSES PERFECTLY TRAINED

Extraordinary Intelligence of Mounts of City Patrolmen.

Chicago papers told the other day in picture and story of a policeman's horse that followed his master into a barber shop. A Philadelphia police horse, not long ago, caused some excitement by treading along behind his rider right into the city hall. But for every yarn about intelligent police



"Melvin Lessure stood with white face, clenched hands and gritted teeth while Lucile threw herself at her father's feet and weepingly begged and implored him to mitigate the harsh sentence. But he cast her rudely from him with a curse, and, turning to Lessure with murder in his eyes, said:

"You dog! You want my daughter—you! Why, I shot your father down in cold blood because he differed with me politically. Do you think I'll do less for you for trying to rob me of my daughter?"

"So it was you who killed my father," returned Lessure in a voice beneath the quiet of which lay the tense fixedness of a stern, unbending resolve. "Then, Col. Farrar, I tell you that I will have your daughter and I will avenge my father. Are you mine till death, Lucile?"

"I am yours till death," said the girl as she went over and placed her arm proudly about his neck.

"Very little was seen of Lessure in town after that and it was whispered that he was staying out of the farm and keeping out of the irate colonel's way.

"About two weeks after his unsuccessful interview with Farrar, which was noted abroad as such things are in a small town, Lucile Farrar disappeared, and the town soon began to wag in earnest. When for a week she had not turned up the towns people, who had little love for Farrar at best, were ready to believe anything. His threat against his daughter was known and the bolder ones did not hesitate to whisper that he had put it into execution. These hints took form by degrees and at last a witness came forward who told of passing the colonel's house, situated on the edge of town, late at night, and of hearing low moans and pleadings.

"At last suspicion took such fierce root that the sheriff headed an investigating party. Col. Jim was away and they had free run of the premises.

"The search led to a cave in the side of the hill, once used as a cellar but long since abandoned. There they found torn pieces of a dress, a bloody hatchet and some tangled locks of black hair drenched with blood. The dress and the hair were easily identified as belonging to Lucile Farrar, the hatchet as the property of the colonel.

"When charged with the crime his knees tottered and he nearly fainted. He made no direct denial but moaned and cried like a child. During the trial that followed he seemed stunned and oblivious to what was going on.

"I will admit that the courts of to-day would be loath to accept so inadequate a corpus delicti, but our blood was hot in those times and it seems to me we hanged more than we do now. Service was had on Lessure and he testified to the facts of the quarrel and the threat. Upon this evidence and the prisoner's failure to deny they found their verdict of guilty and fixed upon the death penalty.

"As the day of execution approached Col. Farrar continued in a state of almost total insensibility. But when the sheriff came to read the death warrant he roused and raising his hand to heaven, said:

"Before my maker I swear that I am guiltless of my child's death."

"They led him to the scaffold and on the way he passed Melvin Lessure who was watching the scene like a bird fascinated by a snake. Col. Farrar requested the sheriff to stop, and



her a plan which had formed in his brain to revenge himself upon her father both for his insulting words and for the death of his own parent. He had cut off a portion of her hair while she slept and dipped it in the blood of a lamb. He had also sprinkled blood over pieces of her dress. The hatchet was easily procured. These he had placed in the cave during one of Col. Farrar's numerous absences from the house and there also he had himself emitted the moans which had been heard. He would have carried his hellish plot through to the end but that the colonel's plea for forgiveness at the gallows unnerved him.

"This confession was made partly at the place of execution and partly afterward in the jail. As soon as it became clear that Lessure had an important statement to make the sheriff turned to the colonel to take the insignia of death from his head. Farrar, unobserved by all who were in tent upon the words of Lessure, had sunk into a sitting posture. The sheriff stepped up to him and raised the black cap. He was dead.

"Lessure was immediately placed



extending his hand to Lessure exclaimed: "Young man, I have wronged you and I have no wish to leave this earth with the ill will of any man. I ask your forgiveness for standing between you and my poor child and for the death of your father which I believed to be in the line of duty toward my country."

"Lessure trembled violently but did not reply or raise his eyes. The march to the scaffold continued. A deputy was forced to support the tottering form of Farrar while the sheriff adjusted the black cap. Then the sheriff stepped back and all was in readiness for the fatal word when Lessure sprang forward and cried in an agonized voice:

"Stop! I alone am guilty—I alone!"

"The officers of the law called him forward and demanded an explanation. He declared that Lucile was not dead but that they had run off and been married and his wife was then living in concealment in St. Louis, for fear of the wrath of her father and until he could settle up his affairs and join her. But he had not divulged to



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## STOPPED HER SONG OF JOY.

Slight Forgetfulness That Marred the Full Appreciation of the Welcome Rain.

"Isn't that a lovely shower?" exclaimed Mrs. Randall to her friend in the parlor as they gazed out on the sudden downpour.

"Yes, we need it so badly."

"Need it? I should say we did. It's a Godsend! Why, our goldenrods, hyacinths and roses out in the back yard are shrinking for the want of rain. The sprinkler can't take the place of rain, you know."

"Indeed not?"

"Oh, I tell you this is just lovely! See how it pours! And to think that just when everything threatens to dry up and every one is praying for rain nature answers these appeals and sends us beautiful— Good heavens!"

"What's the matter?"

"I've left the baby out in the yard!"

—The Circle.

### PLAIN TALK.



"I think she's double-faced!"

"Oh, don't say that! One face like hers is bad enough!"

### Let's Be Fair.

The wires have flashed the news that a "peach basket" hat worn by a woman in a canoe, and rendered loquacious by the careless zephyr, caused a list and overturned the craft. At this point the correspondent, evidently male and prejudiced, stopped short. If he wished to be fair he should have gone on to tell that the occupants of the boat grasped the hat, climbed aboard of it, and until their rescue fared sumptuously on the fruit and garden truck which constituted a part of its artistic decoration. The true news expert never is biased.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Sex in Cromwells.

Of course with the sexes on a footing of equality as regarded opportunity, it would not be long until a female Cromwell made her appearance and, having made her appearance, was getting her portrait painted.

The painter, once more a fawning, courtly fellow, would have the picture a flattery; but she rebuked him in words that became historic! "Paint in the hips!" she commanded, sternly, showing that she could be more rigidly devoted to the truth than Oliver himself.—Puck.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

### Another Step Needed.

"I like my house all right," said Luchman, "except for one thing. I guess you'll have to fix that."

"What is it?" asked the architect.

"Several times lately I've nearly broken my neck reaching for another step at the head of the stairs when I got home late, so I guess you'd better put another step there."—Catholic Standard and Times.

### Crime.

She—I can't find myself until I'm sure. Give me time to decide, and if, six months hence I feel as I do now, I will be yours.

Ardent Wooer—I could never wait that long, darling. Besides the courts have decided that dealing in furs, without the actual delivery of the goods, is gambling pure and simple.—Puck.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a starch that does not stick to the iron.

It takes a woman to swallow her medicine with a pleased expression on her face when she is compelled to entertain an undesirable guest.

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