

The Craze to Do "Something New"

Some of the Latest and Most Extraordinary Ways of Performing Strange Feats

WHEN Herman Lindeman, the foreman of a Chicago printing establishment, and Miss Ella Zister, to whom he was engaged to be married, quietly slipped away from Chicago a few days ago they apparently had all their plans laid to create a sensation. They had confided to a few of their closest friends before leaving that they were going to Elkhart, Ind., to be married. They didn't want a church wedding, they had said. They preferred something more romantic, a quiet wedding, but with all the trimmings of an elopement.

So they eloped; but instead of going to Elkhart they went to St. Joseph, Mich., where an obliging justice of the peace made them man and wife. Early the next morning they alighted from the train at South Bend, Ind., went direct to the hotel where they had engaged a room ahead by telegraph, took breakfast, walked down to the St. Joseph river and apparently committed suicide in a most deliberate and novel manner.

First they engaged a small rowboat at a wharf on the river bank where pleasure boats are kept for hire. Lindeman stepped in, gallantly helped his wife aboard, took the oars and headed for the dam near Island park, a pleasure resort a mile or so below the town.

As the small boat neared the dam men and women on the island and on the river banks were alarmed to see Lindeman cast aside the oars and stand up, allowing the current to sweep the boat onward to destruction. His wife stood up, too, and Lindeman put his arm around her to support her. Both seemed heedless of the warnings that were being shouted at them to row for their lives. Instead of making any effort to save himself

South Bend with the deliberate intention of committing suicide together, and there is every evidence that they did, they certainly selected a novel and most tragic way in which to take their own lives.

But more remarkable still was the way in which Douglas Sherrin Frith Panton, a London lawyer, ended his life at a lonely spot on the rocky coast of Cornwall a few weeks earlier. His dead body, manacled hand and foot and dressed in woman's attire, was found on the rocks at the foot of the cliffs at Mousehole, a village close to Penzance and not far from the spot where John Davidson, the poet, recently disappeared under most mysterious circumstances.

Douglas Panton was 35 years of age and a grandson of W. P. Frith, the famous artist. On the day previous to the finding of his body Panton arrived at Penzance by train from London, and registered at the Queen's hotel as "D. Platten, London." His luggage consisted of a brown leather suit case, which he guarded carefully and insisted on carrying to his room.

That evening he went out for a walk, taking a big paper bundle with him. Later he was seen walking along the cliff near Mousehole, a picturesque fishing hamlet about three miles from Penzance. He still had his paper bundle with him. This was the last time he was seen alive. He did not return to his hotel that night.

On the following evening a boy wandering along the cliff spied what appeared to be a woman's body, fully dressed, lying among the rocks close to the water. When the police and the coast guard reached the place they made an extraordinary discovery. There were handcuffs fastened to the wrists and ankles of the woman. To add to their amazement the woman had close cropped hair and a

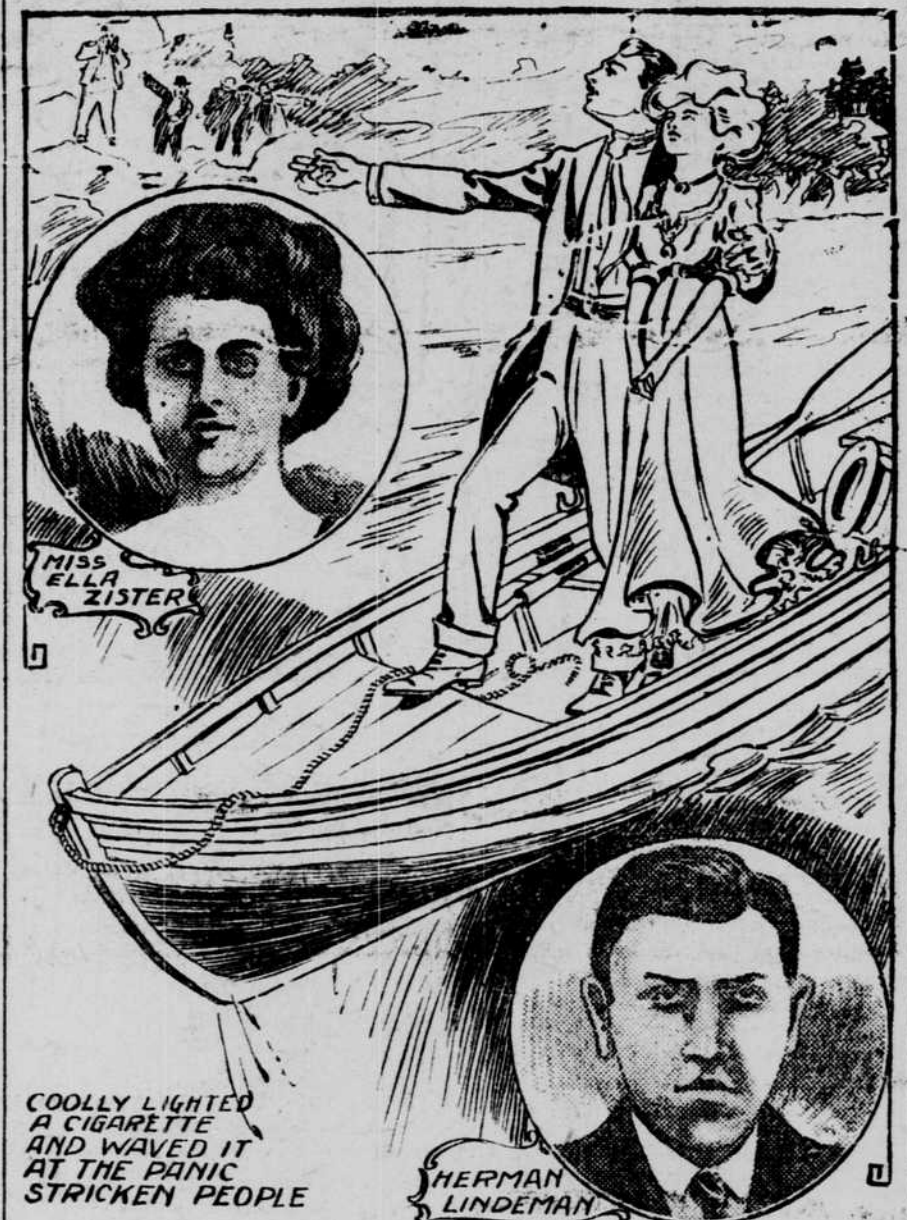
crepe de chine petticoat edged with lace, a blue motor veil, a cashmere blouse, black stockings, corsets, underlinen and a pair of lady's high-heeled shoes.

It is supposed by the police who investigated this remarkable case that Panton changed his clothing at the top of the cliff, adjusted the handcuffs to his ankles and wrists and then either jumped or fell to his death. The fall killed him. Death was not due to drowning, although the body had been submerged at high tide in the night. The body had been prevented from being washed out to sea by a protecting rock behind which it had lodged.

Panton was a rising young barrister, single and fairly well-to-do. He

While the balloon was sailing away the wedding proceeded. The minister read the marriage service and asked Mr. Beebe and Miss Hall the usual questions by wireless telephone, and their replies were promptly received. After the ceremony was ended and the newly wedded pair had received congratulations and kisses by wireless telephone, Mr. Beebe opened the big valve in the top of the balloon and they descended in safety to be overwhelmed with more congratulations and kisses.

At Los Angeles, Cal., Mrs. Lillian M. Hoag has broken all records by fasting for 49 days. The highest known previous record was that of Etta Priscilla Grove, a Chicago school



COOLLY LIGHTED A CIGARETTE AND WAVED IT AT THE PANIC STRICKEN PEOPLE

HERMAN LINDEMAN

had not been considered eccentric and no reason why he should want to take his life has yet been discovered. But that he did take it there appears to be no doubt, and when he committed suicide he sought, like Mr. and Mrs. Lindeman, a new way in which to do it.

Thinks Sand Dust Beneficial. But the craze to do something new is not confined to those of a morbid turn of mind. Imagine a man eating 12 spoonfuls of sand, partly because he likes sand and partly to win a

wager of five dollars. J. M. Hubbard, an architect, of St. Joseph, Mo., has a theory that ordinary building sand, eaten in small doses, has a very beneficial effect on the human system. At least, he says he has found it so in his own case. Mr. Hubbard was in Minneapolis on business last month and while chatting with some traveling men in the hotel he ventured to express his opinion of the medicinal value of building sand. Nobody seemed to believe that the architect ever ate any of it.

Mr. Hubbard offered to eat a dozen spoonfuls of sand just to prove that he knew what he was talking about. Then William Brand, the hotel clerk, bet him five dollars that he couldn't do any such thing. The traveling men seemed to think that such a dose of building sand would kill the architect. So he sent for him while he gulped down 12 heaping teaspoonfuls. He seemed to relish it and he collected the five dollars and did not suffer any ill effects.

"Sand in considerably smaller doses than the one I took is one of the best things in the world for the stomach," he explained after the performance. "I don't place any faith in the theory of those traveling men that sand is poison or that it hurts the membranes. I am going to go on eating sand all my life, because it is better than any other medicine I know of."

Married in a Balloon. Married in a balloon and by wireless telephone is the latest word in unusual marriages. Carey A. Beebe of Seattle and Miss Margaret A. Hall of Lewiston, Mont., both taken with the craze to do something new and original, were married that way at Seattle a couple of weeks ago. In the basket when the balloon sailed skyward were only the engaged couple. The balloon was equipped with a double telephone system of the wireless variety. The wireless operator was on the ground below, surrounded by bridesmaids, the best man, other attendants and the relatives of the young man. An Episcopal minister, Dr. Sundstrum, was also present to officiate at this very odd wedding ceremony.

Of the two opium pipes, one was new, pearl-inlaid, and beautiful, while the other was old and black.

"The new," said Yot Lung, "I offer you at \$15." He thrust it back on the shelf and took up the old, black pipe reverently. "But this one is \$30," he said. "You don't want it? Good. I should hate to let it go."

"What makes it so dear? It looks only fit for the dump heap," said the visitor.

"Its age and its long use make it dear," said Yot Lung. He sniffed at the bowl of lustrous black earthenware, he pressed it against his olive cheeks. "The longer you smoke an opium pipe, the better it grows. Some men have pipes handed down from their grandfathers. Rich men, those, of course. Such priceless pipes are not for the mouth of a poor emigrant laundryman."

GIRLS OF AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

Might Almost Wear the Laurels That Seem to Belong Exclusively to American Damsel.

Girls of the Australian bush—that vast virgin forest of gum trees that covers the island continent almost from end to end—are wonderfully delf and domesticated. There is nothing they can't do. They can scrub, iron, wash, cook, harness a horse, milk a cow or kill a fowl.

They play the piano with a wonderful touch that a Slav might envy, a velvet, passionate touch. They can "do up" shirts, and will wash and iron a frilly muslin frock in no time, then wear it with a charming grace. They passionately love books, love to steal away in solitude and lie on the grass with a novel or a book of poems. It may be quite safely said that no people in the world love poetry so much as the people in the Australian bush.

Life is simple in the bush. People arrive in a buggy or on horseback

teacher, who fasted at Long Beach 41 days a year ago.

Her Long Fast Beneficial. Mrs. Hoag's fast was broken a few days ago when she "dined" with her brother. Her first "meal" consisted of a small cantaloupe. This long period of abstinence was due to illness that the woman hoped to overcome by refraining from food of any kind. The result was even more wonderful than she herself hoped for.

Throughout this long fast Mrs. Hoag did her own housework and washing, cooked the home meals and performed all the tasks of housekeeper. Rising every morning at 4:30 o'clock she was active until between nine and ten o'clock at night, when she retired to sound sleep.

Romantic engagements and even happy marriages have resulted from notes written on eggs, boxes, wrappers or hidden in goods consigned to far off cities. The latest romance of this kind, and possibly the most unusual, will culminate within the next few days in the wedding of Joseph Law, of Sioux City, Ia., to Miss Mary Kingsley, of Tillingsley, Conn. About a year ago, in a spirit of fun, she wrote a note on a coffin in the factory where she is employed, wrapped it around the handle of the coffin and then waited to see what happened. The casket in due course reached the Westcott undertaking establishment at Sioux City, where Mr. Law is employed. He found the note inclosed in the tissue paper wrapper covering one of the handles. He answered it. Miss Kingsley replied and the correspondence soon grew so serious that after an exchange of photographs the pair announced their engagement. Mr. Law left Sioux City last week for Miss Kingsley's home, where the wedding will take place.—New York World.

Opium Pipes.

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NEW PLAN TO SETTLE THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIPS

Idea Is to Substitute Interleague Series for Present Method—Would Increase Interest in Game.

The National and American leagues, the controlling forces of organized baseball and the major leagues of the country, are contemplating a change of schedule and a new plan which, it is said, will revolutionize baseball.

The idea, which has met with instant approval in all directions, is to abandon forever the "world's championship" contests between the winners of the two major leagues and substitute a general engagement between the teams of the National and American leagues in a grand championship series to follow a shortened season for the two leagues.

The proposed change almost has been forced upon the major leagues because of conditions arising from the keen fight for pennants, which give the victor the right to engage in a post-season series. Further, the cry of such a prize has brought the club owners and the men who control baseball to realize that the honesty of baseball itself is threatened and to avert this danger they are evolving a new scheme to decide the championship—and one which seems to solve the problem.

It is proposed, and the two leagues probably will be called upon to endorse the proposal, that the National and American league clubs arrange a schedule of 105 games, each of the eight clubs in the two leagues playing 15 games against each of the other clubs.

The magnates of the two leagues are somewhat loath to discuss the scheme, although most of them admit that the new scheme looks satisfactory.

STAR ATHLETIC PITCHER IN ACTION



Three pitchers in the American league this year are doing what Ed. Walsh did last year—keeping a team in the running for a pennant.

These three are Krause, the wonderful southpaw of the Philadelphia Athletics, who up to the present has won ten games and lost but two, Mullin of the Tigers, with a record of 15 won and four lost and Joss of Cleveland with 11 won and three lost.

Remarkable what one man can do for a ball team. These three men, the three leading pitchers of the junior major organization, have practically put and held their teams in the running.

Had Mulling showed the form he displayed last year where would Hughie Jennings and his Tigers be?

Had not Krause, a youngster with less than a year's big league experience, not shattered all predictions, where would the Athletics be?

And if Joss had not displayed such grand form, where would the Naps be?

None of these teams is regarded as a "one-man team." Yet one man on each has been almost entirely responsible for the success of each.

Krause, generally regarded as the find of the year, comes from St. Mary's college of California. Out there he was regarded as a great pitcher in the college class, but few of his friends ever dreamed that he would soar to the height he has attained this season—and the year only half gone.

It has been claimed that Krause owes much of his present position to the fact that Hal Chase, premier first baseman of the New York Highlanders, while a coach at the Catholic institution on the coast, took special interest in the young fellow and showed him a lot of tricks. Later in the California State league Krause got some experience and is being polished off nicely now under the guidance of that sleek old baseball general, Cornelius McGillicuddy, popularly known as Connie Mack.

CLEVELAND CENTER FIELDER

Bill Hinchman, center fielder of the Cleveland team, shooting the ball back to the infield.



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"Under the Friendly Awning." "How it rains! Doesn't the lightning scare you dreadfully?" "Not when my husband is around." "He's a—er—conductor, is he?" "Oh, no. He carries a \$5,000 accident policy."—Chicago Tribune.

Painter's Colic. Mamma—What's the matter with Fido? Tommie—Oh, I was playing with my soldiers and he came in and insisted upon licking the whole army.

Up to the Minute. Mrs. Gossip—They do say that her husband has acquired locomotor ataxia. Mrs. Parvenue—I don't think much of those cheap cars; my husband has an imported one.

Matching His Feelings. "Ragsby is very cheery since he started to buy a new house." "Yes, so much so that he insisted on getting one with a swell front."—Yonkers Statesman.

HEAD OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

Prof. Ernest F. Nichols of Columbia University, Known as Broad-Minded Scholar.

Hanover, N. H.—Prof. Ernest F. Nichols of Columbia university, just elected president of Dartmouth college. The new president of Dartmouth belongs to the most useful class of broad-minded scholars whose interests are not confined by the boundaries of any one field of thought or activity, but extend over all fundamental problems of human concern.



Prof. Ernest F. Nichols.

Dr. Nichols was born in 1869 at Leavenworth, Kan., and was graduated at the age of 19 from the Kansas Agricultural college with the degree of B. S. The next year was spent in teaching, and the three following years as a graduate student in mathematics and physics at Cornell university, where he held the Erastus Brooks fellowship. He received from Cornell the degree of master of science in 1893, and doctor of science in 1897, both taken in course. In 1899 he was appointed to the chair of physics and astronomy in Colgate university. Dr. Nichols was at Colgate for six years, but two and a half years of the time was spent on leave of absence, studying under Planck and Rubens of the University of Berlin.

"BISHOP OF WALL STREET."

Rev. Nelson P. Dame Holds Daily Meeting in Front of Old Custom-House in Gotham.

Although this is the dull season in Wall street, Rev. Nelson P. Dame does not always find it easy to draw an audience when he stands at noon in front of the old custom house building and makes his daily talks on religious subjects. The street has become accustomed to the figure and style of Rev. W. J. Wilkinson, who for many years preached a daily sermon on the same spot. It listened to Mr. Wilkinson very attentively and gave him a rousing reception when he brought the bishop of London to address the brokers one day last year. Mr. Wilkinson is doing missionary work for Trinity church and Mr.



Rev. Nelson P. Dame.

Dame has become his successor. He is known facetiously to the brokers as "the bishop of Wall street." These Wall street sermons are delivered in colloquial style to whomsoever may be attracted by the novelty of listening to a sermon on the open street. They are, however, rather frank discussions of a broad morality than doctrinal sermons. Mr. Dame will undoubtedly work his way into the heart of Wall street if he has a personality like that of Mr. Wilkinson, and will find himself in time preaching to as large an audience. The services are conducted under the auspices of the Evangelistic campaign committee.

The World Went Round.

When Bloggins, Sr., on the occasion of his annual party, was obliging his guests with "Tis Love, That Makes the World Go Round," Master William Bloggins seized the opportunity to retire for a few minutes behind the Japanese screen with his sire's half-smoked cigar.

The applause subsiding, Master Bloggins was observed by one of the company to be looking ar from well. His face had taken on the hue of putty, and his eyes stood out like small hat-pegs.

"Good gracious, Willie! What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Bloggins in alarm. "I believe you've been smoking."

Willie shook his head. "Tain't that," he declared, untruthfully. "If it's true what father's been singing about, I—I reckon I'm in love!"

Condensing the Earth's Area.

The smallness of the globe and the rapidity with which its unknown regions are becoming commonplace and hackneyed are strikingly suggested by the news of an international regatta held by the Zambesi Boat club, and participated in by four other clubs from Cape Colony and Natal, on the Zambesi river, a mile above the Victoria falls. Men now living and not superannated remember when Livingston bewildered a half-credulous world with his description of "the greatest of world's cataraacts, and now, the near-by river is the scene of the "Rhodesian Henley!" Who will be the first to start a golf links at the north pole?



WEDDED IN A FLYING BALLOON BY WIRELESS TELEPHONE

WINS A HUSBAND BY WRITING A LETTER IN A COFFIN

AMAZING SUICIDE OF DOUGLAS PANTON

or his wife, Lindeman coolly lighted a cigarette and waved it at the panic-stricken people on the river bank. As for his wife, she rested her head on his shoulder and waited for the end.

Went to Their Death Laughing. A few moments later the rowboat

turned the brink of the dam. The boatmen laughing and talking,

the boat went down over the edge and was found some time afterward overturned and slowly floating down stream. The bodies of Lindeman and his wife were not recovered until late that night.

If Mr. and Mrs. Lindeman went to

CONVICTS TO BE SET APART.

Government of Egypt Will Colonize These Recognized as Habitual Criminals.

Crime in Egypt has increased to such an alarming extent of late, and the ordinary measures for its repression at present in force are so inadequate, that the Egyptian government has decided to enact a deportation law empowering it to deport to certain isolated parts of the country all old offenders, those who have evil reputations, and who, notwithstanding their misdeeds, have managed to get around the law.

The government has decided on the Oases of Kharga and Dakhela, and projects establishing there penitentiary colonies, where the exiles would carry out useful work in the irrigation and development of those tracts of land. The oases are ideal spots for the establishment of such colonies, as they are absolutely isolated in the midst of the desert, the only means of communication with the outside world

being by the Farshut railway, which the government is about to acquire. No escape is possible, as the desert is everywhere watched most carefully by the camel patrols of the coast guards.

This new scheme is really the only solution to the present serious state of affairs. How serious is that state can be best gauged from the fact that of the persons sentenced to penal servitude for repeated crime and released since 1904 over 54 per cent. have been reported by the police to be living by dishonest means. By eliminating the "old offenders" and "bad character" classes their evil influence will no longer be felt, and the banishment to the arid desert miles away from the eyes of the world will without doubt act as a strong deterrent. The average native dreads a journey into unknown parts; in fact, it takes him a long time very often to decide to go any distance from his village; the idea of being exiled to the desert will, therefore, do more to keep him to the paths of righteousness than any amount of detention in ordinary prisons.

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