

GIRLS TORTURED WITH FIERY IRONS BY INHUMAN PARENTS

Shocking Case of Cruelty Discovered in Chicago—Child Branded Until Flesh Blazes Into Flame.

Chicago.—Parental love has been woefully lacking in the lives of Mary and Annie Janoszek, aged six and four years respectively, and in their wretched home on Concord place they have known more of burns from red hot pokers than of caresses and kindness, according to testimony of the little girls, corroborated by the evidence of neighbors, who have witnessed the injuries inflicted upon the children by Mrs. Mary Janoszek, the mother.

Reluctant to interfere, neighbors have silently sympathized with the unfortunate little ones, until, sickened beyond endurance at the continual torture, they notified the officers of the Illinois Humane society.

Investigation resulted in the arrest of the woman and her husband, John, who are now in the county jail, while Mary and Annie are being cared for at the Children's Memorial hospital, where it is feared Mary, the elder, may die of her injuries.

All during the hearing the other day before Justice Mayer the woman maintained a stolid indifference, and even when her neighbors detailed instances in which the helpless little ones were branded with irons fired to white heat and made to endure other sufferings for trivial causes, she only yawned as if to show her weariness of the entire proceedings.

"When parents are like you they should be horsewhipped," said Justice Mayer indignantly from the bench, and at the time of the outburst he had not heard half of the horrible story.

That the tortures they have undergone have bred in the children a loathsome fear of their mother was shown in Inspector Lavin's office, where the mother interrupted the examination by the inspector and spoke sharply to them in Polish. Instinctively they shrank and covered, not realizing that they were safe even with the protection of the officers. The testimony of acquaintances of the family indicate that the mother delighted in fiendish acts of cruelty.

In winter the two girls were denied shoes and stockings, and in their bare feet were sent on errands, particularly to the near by schools. Nicholas Naumes, who lives across from the Janoszek, testified that one day last winter, during a bitter cold spell, Annie was seen coming from the grocery in tears. Naumes saw the child spoken a few words to her, picked her up bodily and threw her to the sidewalk, where she lay senseless and bleeding from wounds in the face. Naumes subsequently learned that the child's offense was losing 15 cents' change, also that she suffered a broken arm and a fractured nose. Naumes reported the case to the Humane society.

That the cruelty has been recent was indicated when Ethel Butzbach, who lives in the rear of the Janoszek home, told what she saw a week ago. She heard Annie scream, and, stand-

ing on a chair, peered into the room. There she saw the little girl bared to the waist. With one hand the mother held her daughter, while she used the other in applying a heated iron to the exposed flesh till it blazed into a smoky flame. The horror of it surprised a scream from the watcher, at which the woman dropped her instrument of torture and Annie fled to another room shrieking with agony. The witness said the victim's cries could be heard for hours.

On another occasion when Mrs. Strauss was at the house the children were sent to the woodshed and remained there two days, subsisting on small doses of bread and coffee. Other neighbors told Mrs. Janoszek found a mop handle handy in her scheme of inflicting suffering. She would entwine it in the hair of the



BURNED THE CHILDREN WITH A HOT POKER.

victims and twist until the screams became of the excruciating pain could be heard across the street.

"I have never heard of a case approaching this in cruelty," said Miss Minnie Jacobs, a juvenile court officer.

The testimony and the pitiable condition of the children evoked the sympathy of the court attaches and spectators, and found expression in a substantial collection being taken for them. Particularly pathetic is the case of Annie, the little one who may die. While Inspector Lavin was questioning her an elderly woman, whose tear-flooded eyes were mute evidence of the shock of the revelation and the outpouring of love and sympathy she felt for the abused child, gently touched her on the shoulder. With a sharp exclamation of pain the little girl jumped back out of reaching distance. Where the motherly hand of the stranger had touched her was a remembrance of her legal mother—a raw spot of quivering flesh that had been seared with the iron.

The Janoszek were held in \$10,000 bail and the two younger children, one a babe in arms, were taken by charitable workers to be cared for.

GOAT'S APPETITE DISPELS SALOONKEEPER'S DREAM

Animal Rudely Ejects Owner and Friend, Then Calmly Disposes of Free Lunch.

Chicago.—No bock beer flowed in Ike Epstein's saloon on South Halsted street, the other night and all because of a goat.

The evening was young when a rony of Ike's entered. "Good evening," said the crony.

"Good evening," answered Ike. "Had you pock beer?" queried the crony.

"Sure," answered Ike, and a glass



of the foaming bock was placed on the bar.

"Excuse me," said Ike, and disappeared in the neighborhood of the kitchen. He was gone a few minutes when he appeared with a dish filled with lettuce that was green.

"You seem to be doing fine business?" ventured the customer.

"I shust got next to the finest advertisement vat ever vas," commented Ike.

"Yes," queried the other.

"A goat," answered Ike. "He was a pully advertisement. Pelnys to my son George I paints a sign. I puts it on his neck. It tells of de fine peer vat I haf and all de peopler read. Und pizness? My you yust vat."

"I vill," answered Ike's customer.

"Excuse me," said Ike and disappeared. This time he was bearing a fish filled with onions when he returned.

"Haf von?" queried Ike.

"Shure," and the customer reached. It was then the cyclone struck. And it came with terrific force. Ike saw a gray streak and the next moment he was sitting in the middle of the street. The lone customer saw it coming and attempted to duck. But he was a mo-

ment too late and the next instant he was standing on his head in the middle of the pavement.

"Vot vas it?" queried Ike.

"I don't know," answered the customer.

"Let's go in," suggested Ike.

"No, let's look through the window," advised the customer.

And they did. They saw the goat reaching for the onions. They stood on the lunch counter and were just beyond the reach of the animal. But he was not to be outdone. He stepped back a pace or two. Then he went forward with lowered head.

"Ach du lieber," broke from Ike.

"It was a fine counter," agreed the customer.

The goat stood in the midst of the ruins. He ate the onions and he ate the lettuce. He ate the radishes and he ate the carrots.

"He's yours if you take him away," agreed Ike.

"I don't want him. I got no use fer a goat."

Then Ike performed an act that will ever live in the memory of those who worship him. He entered the saloon. He dodged the infuriated animal and caught him by the horns. He sat on his head until the lone customer could enter. Then they dragged the animal to his stall in the rear of the saloon, locked the door and nailed it and placed heavy pieces of timber against it.

"Vat you suppose caused it?" queried Ike.

"It must have been de onions. Dey smell you know."

Child Roasted by Young Girl.

York, Penn.—Lillian Thorman, a 13-year-old girl, pleaded guilty to killing Helena Dorsey, a three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dorsey. On Washington's birthday the Thorman girl, having become angered at something the little Dorsey child had done, placed her on a red-hot stove. The child died later. The Thorman girl added: "I did it because I have the devil in me."

The young prisoner will be sentenced on a charge of involuntary manslaughter.

Wireless Rubberneck.

A New York inventor is said to have erected on top of his house a tall pole with 32 antennae that are kept in a state of activity gathering wireless messages of all descriptions. Good-by messages from ocean steamships, reports from government stations and a lot of other information not addressed to him come to his net. The new development creates a puzzling legal problem. Highest judicial authority has affirmed that a man's title to his property reaches from the center of the globe to the zenith. If people allow their wireless messages to go wandering or floating through the etherial regions on to a man's atmospheric property what are his legal rights?

Had Coffin for 25 Years.

Elkton, Md.—Thinking he might soon have use for it, Joseph Venables, of Chestertown, 25 years ago had his coffin made. He began soon thereafter to enjoy better health, and continued to do so until a few days ago, when his death occurred, and he was buried in the coffin he made.

Dances as Living Torch; Dies.

Rome.—Paola Nizza, a resident of Palermo, soaked her clothing with petroleum then set it afire. She danced around madly until she fell, burned to death. It is stated her mother killed herself in the same way in Chicago four years ago, and that her sister met a similar death last year.

MOST BEAUTIFUL BOY IN AMERICA.



"Prince Benny" asserted to be the most beautiful child to be found in all America, has just posed for his photograph. He is Hickford Benjamin Benny, now of Norfolk, Neb. Walter Russell, a famous painter of children, searched high and low for an ideal model. He said he found in the United States only 12 who could be called truly beautiful, and of these the Benny boy, whom he found in the home of his parents at Pasadena, Cal., was the only one who answered completely to the exacting standards which Russell's artistic imagination had conceived.

FINLAND AND THE JEWS.

Position of the Semitic Race Worse, in a Legal Sense, Than in Russia.

An anti-Semitic movement which so far cannot be traced to the Russian government appears to be absorbing Finland. The Jewish World, in commenting on this circumstance, declares that the manner in which the civilized world gave unstinted sympathy to the Finns out of the area is expelled the country. They are restricted for a livelihood to selling old clothes, watches, cigarettes, etc. Jews who marry have to leave the country, and those who go out of it to serve their military term may not return.

No wonder a deputy once declared that a Jew in Finland is worse off than a criminal in Siberia.

Their struggle with the overwhelming forces of Russian despotism might have led one to believe that this interesting little people would show a certain fairness to the oppressed Russian Jews among them.

There are about 1,000 Jews all told in Finland, and it is enough to say that their position is legally worse than in Russia itself. Although there is always a large measure of self-government in Finland, there has never been

HAVE MELONS IN WINTER.

Luxury That Is Now Attainable Through Modern Horticultural Progress.

The increase of our knowledge of the vegetable world has given us many good things. Perhaps the most recent of these is the winter melon, which is now becoming such a luxury, and what is still better, an attainable luxury. The seeds of the winter melon came from Russia. They were placed in the hands of a man who had a great reputation as a horticulturist. There were two varieties of muskmelon and one of watermelon. The Russian seeds produced an exceptionally fine muskmelon. In flavor they are more acceptable than the summer kind, far more attractive from an exterior view, and grow in weight to 50 pounds. One of the features of the melons is that their luscious flavor does not deteriorate as they increase in size, as is often the case with the summer fruit. The beauty of the winter melons is that they are in their prime in the dead of winter, when the snow covers the northern states and nature hibernates with the thermometer in close proximity to zero.

The melons need only about one hundred days in which to mature, so that seeds planted the first of May

SEEKS HONOR HELD BY LONGWORTH.



Theodore Horstman, formerly corporation counsel of Cincinnati, has become a candidate for the congressional nomination in the First district, in opposition to Nicholas Longworth. Mr. Horstman is an independent Republican, and for years has fought the boss element. He ran for mayor in 1894, and, though defeated, polled a remarkably large vote. As an attorney his standing in the community is high.

treatment to which Jews are subjected there. They are at best allowed to live in the towns of Helsingfors, Abo and Wiborg; newcomers can settle by special permission of the governor general, which has to be renewed every six months. Any Jew caught without such permission is transported back to Russia in chains.

The Continental Idea.
A clergyman who was holding a children's service at a continental winter resort had occasion to catechise his hearers on the parable of the unjust steward. "What is a steward?" he asked. A little boy, who had just arrived from England a few days before, held up his hand. "He is a man, sir," he replied, with a reminiscent look on his face, "who brings you a basin."—Kansas City Independent.

Monument to Poe.
A monument is being designed in Richmond, Va., to be dedicated to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe.



By ETNA W. PIERCE

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It was at the opera house that I first saw her, on a grand night, when the carriages were full of swell folks, and the show at the door was as good as 'tother inside.

She was dressed in a shiny cloak bordered with feathers, and where it fell back her gown showed shiny, too. Two other folks were with her—a stout lady, with her head well up in the air, a tall, fair duce, who wore violets in his button-hole. The girl carried a bunch of violets, too. She looked like an angel.

When I had sold out my papers and got a sandwich from the woman in the alley I sneaked back to the opera house door to see the show come out.

Presently that girl appeared again, but with another man—a fat, dark party, who wore a blazing stone in his shirt front and mustaches twisted up at the corners. The girl looked tired, and something seemed to have gone amiss with her.

I didn't see her again till the day she came to our court. She and I got to be first-rate friends. Many a hamper her coachman tugged up our rickety stairs, and mother and I never lacked for food nor fire from that time out. She was everywhere among the poor of the district. I began to think it must be mighty unpleasant business, too, for she got paler and sadder all the time.

The weather turned cold and there was snow, and the rich folks were sleighing in the park. So I thought if I went that way I might catch a glimpse of Miss Angel, and I did.

"For whom are you looking, Bobby?" says she.

"For you, Miss Angel," says I, and I came near letting out a yell of pure joy. 'Twas ner own self, in a walking dress with fur on it, and her hands thrust into a bit of a muff. She wore violets again in her 'ereast, and I smelled 'em, and they were sweet.

But we didn't have a talk. She hadn't fairly settled herself on the bench with me when along came the fat dark man, with the big stone in his shirt front.

"I saw you from afar, Edith," says he; "pray, allow me." And he just shoved me aside and squeezed himself down beside Miss Angel. "I'm glad to see you 'broad again, Edith," says he; "I called repeatedly during your illness, but your servants refused to admit me."

"They obeyed my orders," says Miss Angel, very cold and stiff like.

"I see that you bear me some grudge," says he. "Maybe it is about Dacre. Ah, he is a sad dog—that Dacre!"

"And who has helped Dacre in his downward way?" says Miss Angel; and her voice was uncommon sharp.

"Well, really, I don't pretend to know," says the fat man. "Some say it is that French actress, Bebe, and that she has a mysterious friend bower at Henlock Hollow, a few miles out of the city, to which Dacre makes frequent pilgrimages. I have reason to think the rumor true. Dacre is a great favorite with your sex. Then his best mate companions—"

"Stop! It is contemptible, sir, to asked the absent! Dacre's closest companion has been yourself, Col. Hay. To you he owes his financial ruin. As for the other charge," and she grew as white as chalk, "I'll tell you frankly I do not believe a word of it. Dacre is the victim of a crafty foe, who follows him in the guise of a friend."

"My dear Edith," said the fat man, "are you not a little unreasonable? I did not suspect you could so sharply resent my honest statements. To be sure, Dacre was once your lover, and you broke the engagement because your father insisted upon it."

"You poisoned my father's mind against Dacre," says she, "and, being ill, he believed all that you said."

"You refuse to believe in his little errors? Well, here is a message which he gave me to wire not an hour ago."

He thrust a paper under her eyes. I didn't have on my company manners, and I looked, too. This is what I read:

"I sail to-morrow for Australia, to begin life over again. I must take Bebe with me; I cannot bear to leave her. Will come to-night."

"You have said enough!" says Miss Angel. "Leave me now, Col. Hay."

His face grew black as thunder, but he got up from the bench and went away. She sat awhile, looking down at the ground; then says she:

"Bobby, if you had a friend whom you had loved and trusted a long time, and you should see him lying very low—perhaps in the dust at your feet, and all the world turned against him—tell me, what would you do?"

"Why, lend him a hand, of course," says I.

She bent and kissed me—heaven and earth! Yes she kissed me!

"Bobby," says she, "I don't know where Mr. Dacre can be found, and had I asked Col. Hay he would not have told me. Yet I must send Dacre a token, and it must reach him to-night." I pricked up my ears. "I have not a servant that I can trust with such a matter," says she, "and time presses—I cannot seek far for my messenger."

"If you've anything to send Mr. Dacre, I'll take it," says I.

She opened her purse and took out a gold ring, engraved with some motto that I couldn't read.

She wrapped the bit of gold in a banknote. Her eyes were full of tears.

"If Mr. Dacre is going to visit that Bebe to-night," says I, "what's the matter with Hemlock Hollow?" I remembered that the fat man had mentioned Hemlock Hollow as the place where the actress lived.

Hemlock Hollow was black as pitch when the train stopped there. I happened to be the only passenger that got off. A stationmaster came out on the platform, swinging a lantern and stretching his jaws as if he'd just waked up. I asked if he'd seen

a young gent get off there that night in a light overcoat. He concluded that he remembered such a party, because he'd hired a carriage that run from the station and gone away on the swamp road.

"Where's the swamp road?" says I. He pointed straight before us into the darkness.

"Does a woman named Bebe stop round there?" says I.

"I never heard tell of her," says he. "I wasn't going to blab secrets, so I stuck my tongue into my cheek and made off as fast as my legs could carry me. The weather had turned killing cold. My teeth clicked faster than a telegraph. The sky was cloudy, but there was a moon somewhere overhead, and I could discern the track of Mr. Dacre's carriage in the snow. I followed it."

Well, after I'd chased over a hundred miles, or so, I saw a light. You bet I was glad. Sure enough, the carriage track stopped at a gate. I went through it and up to a small, low house, set in an open place in the woods. I rapped on the door.

"Now, if Bebe herself comes, what'll I say to her?" thinks I. But the person that opened to me was a gray, elderly man in working clothes.

"Is Mr. Dacre in this house?" says I. "Yes," says the man.

"I want to see him, bad," says I. "Come in," says he; "you look about frozen, my boy."

He showed me into a room that opened off the entry. There I found Mr. Dacre, sitting before a big fire. His light overcoat lay across a chair near him, and he held a cigar be-

tween his fingers, but it had gone out. At his feet a big mastiff lay sleeping on a mat. Mr. Dacre looked as if he had been to a funeral. I went up to him and touched his arm.

I put Miss Angel's ring in his hand. "Where did you get it?" says he, and his voice was amazing queer.

"Miss Edith sent it to you," says I. I thought he was going crazy. He dragged me to the fire, chafed my hands, pulled the shoes off my frozen feet, and the man that had let me in brought snow and rubbed on my ears, that were stiff as stakes, and the big dog woke on the mat, and rose with a growl to see what was going on.

"Keep still, Bebe!" says Mr. Dacre, and when I heard that I thought I'd tumble into the fire.

Well, the two men brought hot coffee and a dish of roasted chicken, and Mr. Dacre, being a gentleman, waited till I had warmed and fed before he asked a question. But after that I had to tell him everything. My eyes! wasn't he mad! The big mastiff had laid her head on his knee; he patted it with one hand, and the other arm he slipped across my shoulder.

"Bobby," says he, "you are of the right stuff! The whole of this matter you cannot understand, but I will tell you that the man who lives here was a servant of my dead father, and this dog is also a family relic. For years Simpson has kept her for me—I am particularly fond of Bebe, for she saved my life when I was a boy, and of late I have thought of her as about the only friend left to me in the world. She is old now and infirm. As I was to sail for Australia to-morrow, never, perhaps, to return, I came down here to spend my last evening with Simpson, and to take Bebe away with me. These facts were well known to my friend, Col. Hay, when he told that cursed story in the park. Now, Bobby, you and I must go back to town by the last train. I shall see Miss Edith before I sleep. I shall also see our precious Col. Hay, our prince of liars."

Well, Mr. Dacre didn't go to Australia—he stayed at home and married Miss Angel. Col. Hay wasn't at the wedding—I know, for I was there, and looked for the fat man everywhere.

BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR CAT.
"Jerry's" Nineteenth Natal Day Celebrated with Pomp by Master—Begins to Age.

Freehold, N. J.—Henry Brower, of Soobeyville, near here, owns a cat which is 19 years old. Brower is a cat fancier, owning no less than ten felines, and the patriarch of the lot is, of course, a prime favorite.

To celebrate the gray-whiskered Tom's birthday, Brower gave him a birthday party, inviting a number of the neighbors.

Among those present at the function a la cat were Mr. and Mrs. John Rlor-dan, Paul Frank Hiltbrunner, Miss Ida Flock, Herbert Wolcott, H. S. Parke, Hudson Van Brunt, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Coleman and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hance.

The debutante goes by the name of Jerry. The guests enjoyed music and games, while Jerry blinked at them from a cushioned chair. All the other cats were also in the room.

Jerry is feeling his age. He is a failure now as a ratter and no longer utters discordant notes in the moonlight upon the back-yard fence of the Brower domicile.

Ever Notice It?
Diggs—Lazy men remind me of ants.

Biggs—What's the answer?
They are always hunting a job.—Chicago Daily News.

ON IRONING A SHIRT.

What to Press First, Do Not Use Too Hot an Iron and the Finishing Touch of Polishing.

To iron the shirt, after being starched, proceed in the following order: First the collar, second the cuffs and sleeves, third the yoke, fourth the back, fifth the calico part of the front, sixth the linen front.

The collar must be wiped with a dry rag to remove any surface starch, then, with a fairly hot iron, iron it lightly on the wrong side, turn it over and press on the right side, and finish ironing it on the right.

To iron the sleeves and cuffs, fold the shirt in half to protect the fronts, start the sleeve by ironing the cuff in exactly the same way as the collar.

When quite dry and stiff fold the sleeve in half by the seam, and iron it first on one side, then turn over and do the other, working the point of the iron well into the gathers at the wrist.

Do the second sleeve in the same way. To iron the saddle place it quite flat on the back of the shirt, so that the two side seams are together, the back being folded in half lengthways; iron first one side, then the other.

The seams and the strippings round the sleeves must be ironed dry. The calico front is ironed over the back.

Lay the shirt on the table, and the center fullness of the back should be drawn into plaits, which are pressed in to make the back and front the same breadth, then iron all the calico part, but do not touch the linen fronts.

To iron linen fronts a shirt board is required. This is a board some two feet long and one and a half feet broad, covered with ironing felt.

Slip this under the linen front and iron the upper front first. Rub the front with a dry cloth, and work any creases or fullness to the side.

Do not use too hot an iron. Iron until it is dry, lifting the front from the board now and again to let the steam escape.

Do the second half in the same way and be very careful to iron the edges and round the neckband quite dry.

To polish the front, remove the shirt board, and replace it with one the same size, but with no covering to it.

Damp the surface of the ironed front very evenly with a wet rag. Get a hot polishing iron, and be sure that it is very clean.

Iron up and down the front in straight, even lines, pressing heavily until a smooth gloss is obtained. The under half of the front is the first to be polished.

The cuffs are polished in the same way. To fold a shirt, place a stud in the neckband to fasten it, and make a box plait down the front where the fullness is.

Turn the shirt over, having the back uppermost.

Fold the sleeve over so as to form a straight line with the seam of the shirt. Take a plait down the sleeve of about an inch, and press it in, then turn up the sleeve, having the buttonhole of the cuff level with the neckband.

Fold the second sleeve to correspond. Fold over the sides of the shirt, having it the width of the linen front.

Pin it to keep it in place. Turn up the bottom about three inches, fold the shirt in two, making it the exact length of the linen front, so that on turning it over only the starched front is seen.

MARION HARRIS NEIL.

THE WOMAN GARDENER.

A Backyard Industry of Growing Flowers Recommended Both for Healthfulness and Profit.

For a delicate, nervous woman there is no medicine like exercise in the open air. But winking aimlessly about in the open air is not the proper way to exercise to derive the most good. The mind must be interested in the accomplishment of some purpose. Now the desire or need of earning a little money is an incentive to regulate methodical work.

Suppose you take up the growing of flowers both as a means of relaxation and a source of profit. Lilies of the valley, sweet peas, daisies, violets, are all very popular and easy to cultivate.

Another branch of the flower business in which a profit can be made is the filling of window-boxes, designing new effects in jardinières and hanging baskets.

The latter can be handled nicely in the shady space of your yard until well started, when some of the most attractive boxes and baskets should be displayed in your front windows as a means of advertising your backyard industry.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Tasty Dish from Left-Overs.

Cold corn beef is best, but any kind of