

Russell Sage's Ghoul Proof Vault.

Any Person May Have One for \$100, But the Disappearance of the Resurrectionists Has Lessened the Demand.

Boston.—One need not have the wealth of the late Russell Sage in order to purchase a ghoulish proof vault, for the same thing, or at least one equally burglar-proof, can be secured here for from \$100 to \$200. They are not in great demand hereabouts, for the same dangers do not exist as formerly, or exist at all, save for men of such prominence as this late eccentric millionaire, said a member of a prominent firm in speaking of this type of sarcophagus:

"I cannot see how any such sum as that mentioned in the newspapers could possibly be paid for a steel casket. They can be secured for a little over \$100, and even if made to order could not be brought above a cost of \$1,000. They are of simple construction, consisting only of a steel case which locks from within with spring locks. The ordinary kind cannot be opened without the use of a steel chisel, and then the heads of the bolts would have to be cut away.

"They are an absolute protection for such as possess the fear of body-snatchers, but they are not used very much here in the east. Now that the medical schools are well supplied, under the law, there is little incentive for this type of criminal to operate. In the south and west, however, they are in quite common use."

"Do you ever have a request for a casket which shall be provided with safeguards against burial alive?" was asked.

No More Burials Alive.

"No. Under our present methods burial alive is an impossibility. To be sure, there are some eccentric indi-

viduals who make odd requests, but in my long experience I have never come across one. This steel casket is as far as they ever vary in their expressed wishes."

A member of the local branch of the company, from whom it was reported the \$22,000 casket was bought, also

agreed that it would be impossible to expend this amount of money on the steel inclosure. He said:

"Our prices range from \$100 to perhaps \$500, and should such a thing be made to order, of heavier steel and with special arrangements, it might be brought up to over \$1,000, but scarcely more. I have heard nothing to the effect that Mr. Sage's sarcophagus was bought of our firm, but if it was it is scarcely probable that any such price as this was paid for it."

"Have you in ordinary use special arrangements like electric bells or other means of safeguarding against burial alive?"

"No; although, of course, such things could be made, to supply a whim. The steel casket is common enough, especially in countries where there is a great deal of rain, or in remote regions where the grave cannot be watched."

if as big a sum as \$22,000 was actually expended on the burial arrangements of Mr. Sage, it must have been in other directions than for the mere inclosure. Local undertakers doubt it, and maintain it is absurd.

Grave Robberies Common.

Although the danger from grave robbing never became so acute in Massachusetts as elsewhere, up to within 25 years the crime was of common occurrence here. But in New York a series of startling exposures revealed the fact that there was a well organized body of men engaged in the work of supplying medical schools with the necessary cadavers for dissection. Until 1883, when the so-called anatomy bill was passed in



STEALING A CADAV- ER FOR MEDICAL SCHOOL USE

that state, there was but this one way in which bodies could be secured. The prices paid for them were high, and in consequence a group of men about Syracuse Medical college and the Buffalo Medical college did a thriving business as "resurrectionists." Of them all, no one was more famous

Plan to Give Every Worker a Vacation

By SAMUEL S. KOENIG,
New York Politician.

If there was some economic scheme or plan by which the thousands of the underpaid and overworked men and women of our large cities could be given a week away from the surroundings that become so monotonously impressed on the mind and nerves, and have that week in a locality where diversion would be a practical probability without the usual attendant loss of time and money, it would be a most commendable move.

The plan I have in mind is outlined much as follows:
To have an institution that had as its object only the purpose of giving to every one a vacation without any idea of profit to itself, and to never have any surplus except that which was held against just claims.

To arrange that by the payment of a small sum weekly or monthly a person might lay up sufficient with the institution that would give him, with no further concern, the chance to leave his work and have a week at a place in the country, with a sum of money equivalent to his weekly pay, and with no charge for his accommodations.

than Dr. Hervey W. Kendall, who at last was mysteriously murdered.

In more ways than one Dr. Kendall was a remarkable man. His temperament was such that he seemed to delight in things that horrified other men. He was a student at the medical college, where he was known as a man who was not a brilliant student, but as one who could do things better than most men when he made up his mind to do so. To look at the man was to see that he was out of the common. One who knew him well described him as follows:

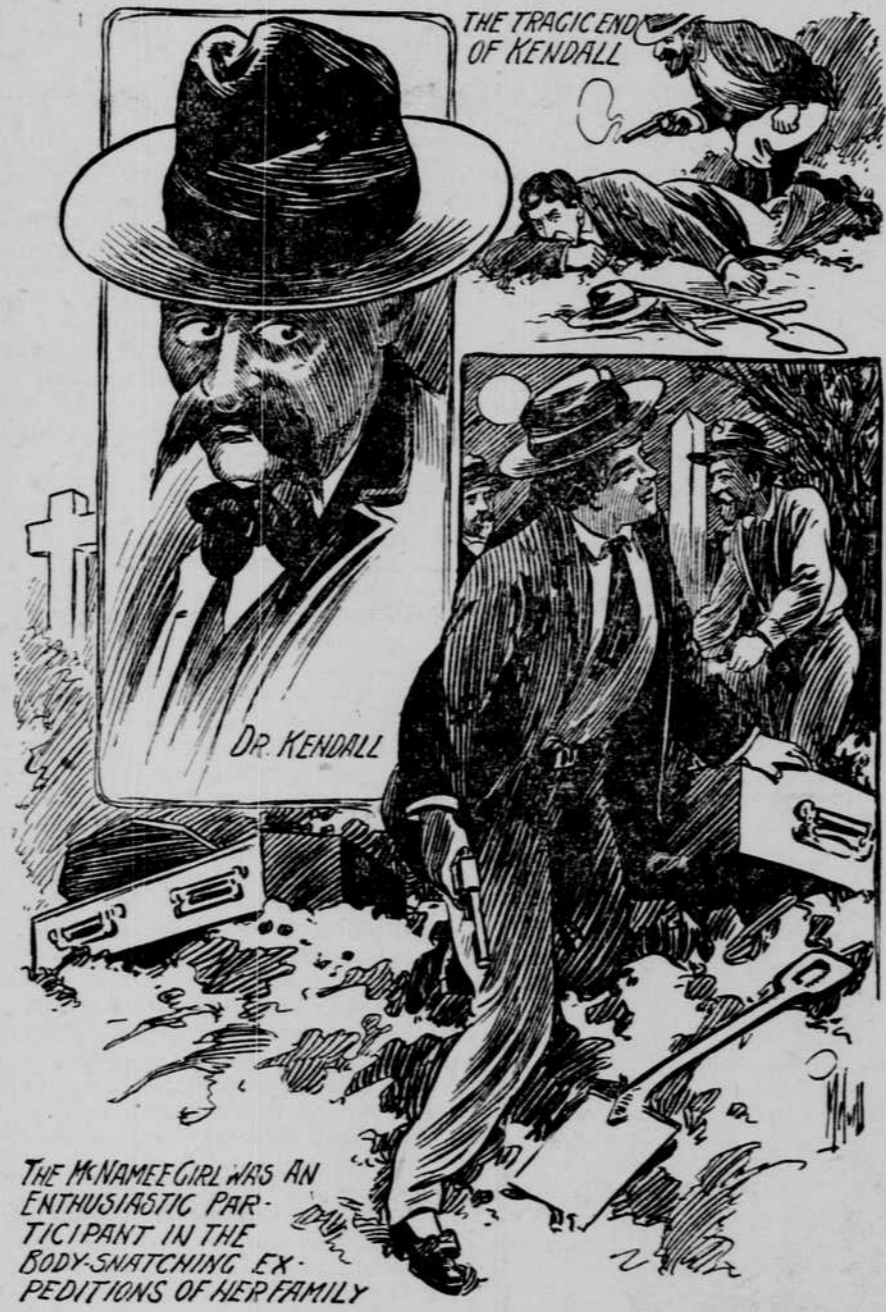
"If Hervey had lived in the days of pirates he would have been a rival to Capt. Kidd. In the first place, he looked the part. Nine out of ten men would turn to get a look at him on the street. Almost six feet tall, he was sinewy and lithe to a degree. There was not an ounce of fat on his body, and his muscles were magnificently developed. His neck was unusually long, and surmounted by a head that was remarkable. His forehead was high and intelligent, his eyes deep-set and sparkling black. A mustache of metallic blackness appeared blacker than it really was, by reason of his waxy complexion, which was almost corpse-like in its yellowish whiteness. This mustache, which was long and flowing, gave him an air of

officer testified that he did not believe there were a dozen graves in the cemetery containing bodies. But these ghouls even visited neighboring villages and the aristocratic burying ground at Oakwood. So bold did they become, and so powerless were the police to check them, that many citizens buried relatives and friends in distant cities.

Kendall was suspected, but he adopted a hundred ruses to throw the sleuths off his track. Time and time again he was almost captured in the act, but always made good his escape. Cemeteries were guarded and patrols placed about tombs, but still the medical school was supplied, and Kendall remained at large.

His end was as tragic and mysterious as his life had been. On May 8, 1882, Thomas Powell, an attendant at the county courthouse, looked from one of the windows and saw through the morning mist the body of a man lying in an adjacent field. There was a bullet hole between his eyes, but he was still conscious. He gave his name, but refused to divulge the name of the man who had done the deed. He died a few hours later, with his lips still sealed.

Near him lay a piece of carpet, two shoes and a satchel containing a cant-hook, a rope, a dark lantern, a



THE McNAMEE GIRL WAS AN ENTHUSIASTIC PARTICIPANT IN THE BODY-SNATCHING EXPEDITIONS OF HER FAMILY

bit and stalk, a screwdriver and a burglar's jimmy. Whether he was shot in a quarrel with a pal or by a member of the vigilance committee which had been organized against the ghouls, no one knows. With his death, and the passage of a law giving the schools a legal means of securing cadavers, grave robbing ceased in Syracuse.

Family of Ghouls.

At about this time the country was startled by the weird story which followed the arrest of the McNamee family. Some three miles from the city there had lived for five years the father, two sons and a daughter. But little was known of them, although the neighbors frequently speculated on their means of earning a livelihood.

One night a farmer named Goodrich was returning to his home late from a visit to a distant relative, when he met in the dark road a team. The road was narrow, so that in passing he was able to see the occupants of the other vehicle. He recognized them as the old man McNamee and his daughter. He was somewhat surprised to notice that the girl was dressed in man's clothes, but still more surprised to see that a muffled figure sat between them. He stopped and asked a few commonplace questions, to which he received surly replies. At this point McNamee's horse started, and as he did so threw the hat from the head of the third figure. Goodrich nearly fell from his wagon as he recognized the set features of young Wilbur Hill, who had been buried a few days before.

Goodrich, pale from fright, hurried home and roused the neighbors. They opened the grave, which had but lately been filled, and found it empty. A search of the house of the McNamees revealed spades, ropes and all the other paraphernalia of grave robbing. Further investigation of the graveyard showed that many other bodies were missing, and some of these were later discovered at Ann Arbor Medical school. The McNamees were arrested and imprisoned after a speedy trial.

The poorhouse graveyard was their favorite hunting ground, and at the inquest over the body of Kendall an

embellishment of his appearance. He wore in winter a long ulster that came almost to his heels."

Skilled in Use of Weapons.

A glimpse of his living rooms in Warren street, Syracuse, was a revelation of the tastes of the man. The walls were hung with foils and a regular armory of weapons. An expert fencer and a dead shot, he led an existence that drew him away from all but a very few intimate friends.

His skill with the revolver was noteworthy. As an illustration of this, an acquaintance of his said:

"I never knew a surer marksman; he was absolute lightning. On one occasion he and I were in the old medical college one night, and had to go downstairs into the cellar, where the cadavers were kept in huge barrels of brine. I went ahead, carrying a candle, while Hervey followed me. He had a cigarette in his right hand and a package in his left. When half-way down the stairs, in the ink blackness, I heard a noise in one of the coal bins. Almost before I had time to catch the gleam from a pair of yellowish eyes, and to realize it was a prowling cat, I heard the report of a revolver. I jumped, and when I recovered myself looked around, to see this man kicking aside the dead body of the cat. He was laughing at my fright."

To a man of this morbid nature and one who, moreover, was absolutely fearless and who courted adventure, this gruesome work of body snatching had its fascinations. It was illegal, and the best brains of the police force of the country were busy trying to stop it, which added another incentive to this man. It was a contest of mind and pluck, as he looked upon it. And so, while still a student, he organized a small gang of men who supplied cadavers to colleges even as far west as Michigan.

Emptied Numerous Graves.

The poorhouse graveyard was their favorite hunting ground, and at the inquest over the body of Kendall an

THE PHOTOGRAPH AND WILLIAM

By HAROLD WHITE

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"William," I said, as kindly as possibly, "it will either have to be found or we part company—that is the right expression, I think, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said William, scooping up the luncheon crumbs.

"How the deuce it could be lost passes my comprehension!" I added, glancing at the vacant space on the mantelpiece where the photograph used to stand. I missed it. It was not only pretty in itself, but I valued it; times had changed, but I said I valued it.

"Praps Mrs. Groom knows something about it," suggested William without apparent interest.

"Nonsense!" I replied, irritably.

"You know as well as I do that Mrs. Groom hasn't been near the place since nine this morning."

William apparently gave it up, and went on with his crumb-scooping.

"Did I understand, sir," he said, after a pause, "that you was to be back at tea-time with the young lady and her aunt, sir?"

William's remarks generally have a significance, and with practice it is possible to gather what that significance is. This time I saw at once what he meant by a certain pose of his head and the meditative manner in which he wiped up the table-cloth.

"Confound your impertinence!" I said. "Look here, William, I'm not going to have you arrange my rooms according to your notions of propriety, or whatever it is. That photograph will have to be produced and put up exactly where it always stands."

"As you please, sir," said William. "I will see that it's looked for."

"Do you think I want you to manage my matrimonial affairs?" I went on. I was angry with him.

"I shouldn't take the liberty, sir."

"Who's going to notice the things?"

"Oh, I think they notice 'em, sir. It's my belief the women see with the backs of their heads. Besides, sir, it's natural that they should take stock, coming for the first time."

"And suppose they do?"

"Well, sir," said William, "in my opinion what the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve after, and least said soonest mended. Of course, sir, that may be only in my station in life, sir."

"Do you imagine that any woman would think that I have lived for three-and-thirty years without the diversion of feminine society?" I put it to him.

"They may not think it, sir, but they like to believe it."

"But that's nonsense."

"Very likely, sir. It's my belief it's very much the same. A woman don't, no more than a man, imagine things in a general way; but if she finds a hook, she hangs a deal on it."

"But don't you see, William," I said, "that this entails a life of perpetual deceit?"

"I don't see, sir, begging your pardon, that any man is bound to incriminate himself."

"That is casuistry," I said. "Where, William, where are your ethics?"

"I don't know, sir. Perhaps I never had any, sir. I'm not familiar with the word."

"If you had," I said, "you would see that the one great condition of happiness between a man and a woman who are, or who are to become man and wife, is perfect confidence. There should be no secrets. Nothing should be kept back."

"Some have tried it, sir," said William, and paused thoughtfully. "I think if I was to look, sir, I might find the photograph in the wardrobe in your bedroom. Shall I look for it, sir?" he asked, walking to the door.

"Stop!" I said. "You say some have tried it. In your experience?"

"I've lived in married families, and I have come across it," said William.

"How did it work?"

"Oh! lor!" said William, and said nothing more.

"How often," I said, "are our naturally good impulses checked by the knowledge that if we let them go, they will only lead to harm in the end? My natural impulse is to befriend the beggar in the street, but I know that I shall only be encouraging vagrancy and drink, and things. My natural impulse under the present circumstances is to have no skeleton in my cupboards, and no photographs concealed in the wardrobe of my bedroom—and then a man of experience tells me that if I let that impulse go, the result will very likely be appalling. I gathered, William, that the results in the other cases were appalling?"

William lifted his eyebrows and nodded.

"Then your advice, as a man of experience, is to arrange the mantelpiece without including the photograph?"

"Seeing what's written on it—"

"Seeing what's written on it, you think that on the whole it would be as well to—er—exclude the photograph?"

"If it isn't a liberty, sir," said William.

"The mantelpiece will look very empty without it," I suggested.

"Yes, sir; that's in the nature of things I suppose, sir," said William. "Perhaps it is as well to get used to it, sir, if I may make so bold."

"Yes, yes. And are there any other improvements you would suggest?"

"No, sir," said William, glancing round. "I think we shall show up pretty well as we are."

"I will take your advice, William," I said. "And when I am married, William, you shall come and arrange my matrimonial sonables for me."

"Thank you, sir," said William, "I couldn't undertake it."

Labor Unions in Old Days.

Labor unions are no new invention. Accurate records of their existence in Roman times have been dug up in Pompeii.

Which Was the Bigger Man?

A slap on the face rested a dying man in Easton, Pa. A man would simply have to recover after that in order to get square for the insult.

Has Some Good Points.

Every once in a while something happens to suggest that the Chinese idea of executing the officers of a allied army is not all bad.

America's Rusted Goddess to be Painted

After Twenty Years of Neglect the Statue of Liberty is to Make Her Toilet.

Better days are ahead of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, which was received with so much ceremony from France over 20 years ago. Since that gala day in 1886, when the fair goddess in bronze received the plaudits of the nation, and was the center of admiring throngs, she has been neglected. Nothing has been done to stay the ravages of time, and the corroding of the salt-steeped air of the upper bay, and as a result, today she is a "perfect sight," as she undoubtedly would exclaim, if endowed with speech, and could see herself mirrored in the surface of the surrounding waters.

But her days of poverty and neglect are over, and now as ward of the nation and special charge of the war department, she is to be taken in hand and such toilet as befits her station in life and her physical conditions is to be given her. The report is that she is to be painted, and in this she undoubtedly displays a feminine weakness, for when the tell-tale marks of time intrude their unwelcome presence, were is the woman who is not eager to take refuge be-

I don't know just how many there will be, but about one for every turn of the stairway, I think.

"The torchlight will be increased, both as to number and power. As things are now the power we are able to generate in the post power house is insufficient for our needs, but one of the improvements, as you see by the bill, is a new illuminating plant. Of course, the electric elevator will be run by the power from the same station, which will be ample for all the needs of the island.

That there is desperate need of such appropriation is painfully apparent to any one who takes the little steamer out to Bedloe Island and inspects the statue. The very spirit of ruin hangs over the place. It meets one on the wharf where the boat lands—for that matter it is to be seen on the boat itself before you land; it is in the walks leading up to the pedestal, which are weather beaten and rotten planks that give as the foot or hand touches them. The old cannon on the facade of the fort have not escaped, but are pocked marked by the flying spray and in-



THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.
(Salt-Steeped Air Has Corroded Badly the Great Bronze Figure.)

hind the powder puff and the rouge jar?

But Capt. Burnell, who is in charge of the statue, and under whose supervision the work of repainting is being done, denies that the outside of the statue is to be painted, but says the inside may be coated with some light-colored preservative after the rust has been scraped off.

It is only three years since the war department was given control of the statue, and up to the present year the department has been hampered in its work by the lack of funds. But congress at its last session came to the rescue with \$62,800—\$62,800 for the renovation of the national goddess after 20 years of neglect.

But that there is a new era opening up for the goddess is certain. Justice is to be done her at last. Capt. Burnell is very enthusiastic over the outlook for the improvement of statue and grounds, which is a matter he has had at heart for a long time, and in speaking of which he showed his enthusiasm strongly.

"I have been overwhelmed with letters," said he, "for some time past, particularly since a rumor became current that the statue was to be painted. Where this originated I don't know. I certainly have received no official communication as yet regarding the painting of the outside of the statue. The inside certainly will be scraped to remove the rust and repainted with a light colored preservative that will protect the walls of the statue and reflect the light, making the interior easier to illuminate. The lights, which we hope to install by the first of next year, will be ample for their purpose.

TRAITS OF FIGHTING BULLS.

In Spain accidents to bull fighters are of frequent occurrence, and it is interesting to see the hero of many fights swing into the chapel attached to the bull ring and kneel before the effigy of the Virgin Mary before entering the arena.

Bull fighting is the national pastime. Boys play at it in the gutters, and there are bull fights for amateurs all over the country, at which only two-year-old bulls are used, and young and old descend into the arena. According to the enthusiasm, says the Nineteenth Century.

Interesting, too, is the psychology of bulls. When herded together they are docile enough, and it is a picturesque sight to see the bulls brought into the paddock, prior to the fight, through the streets of the city when all are sleeping. A cow trained to the business, with a bell around her neck, is all that is necessary, and the bulls follow quietly behind her.

In the plains where the bulls are reared men on horses manage them quite easily so long as they are

crusted salt of the bay. Even the big concrete base of the statue has come in for its share of the general dilapidation and is marked by great star-shaped seams and cracks showing vividly against the white walls.

Most unseemly of all is the state, bordering as it does on the dangerous, of the "temporary" stairway up which one must climb to the main entrance of the pedestal. This is of wood, weather scarred wood, patched and shored in innumerable places by the signal corps people since they came into power, and was originally put up for the purpose of hastening the day when the statue could be thrown open to the public. It was meant for a week's or a month's use at the longest, but it has stood there for the best part of 20 years.

There is another phase of the matter that deserves mention, the more so that no camera can give any idea of it. The inside of the monument is totally and absolutely black. It is impossible to see the next step, and one must "feel" one's way during the entire climb. There are possibly two or three lights, of the oil lamp variety, swung between the crown chamber in the head and the sandalled feet which rest on the pedestal. Nothing more in the shape of illumination save the tiny gleams of light that struggle through pin holes in the bronze plates of the statue itself, and do but serve to show the darkness. Of these latter holes there are fully 500.

Just what caused these holes no one seems to know, but the general opinion was that they are rust marks. As they are on the side of the statue it was impossible to reach them and examine them carefully in order to ascertain their character exactly.

massed together. Three bulls in the ring together would be useless for a fight to the death.

Bulls literally see red. Were it not that a bull will always dash at anything red the men in the ring would have no chance whatever. Occasionally bulls have what is called the evil eye, and remain indifferent to the red cape extended to them, and then the list of casualties is generally high.

Sometimes a bull which has shown prodigious power and fight is pardoned by the populace. A cow, kept for the purpose, is then sent into the arena, and at sight of her the bull forgets man and the fury of the battle and gently trots behind to the paddock, as meek as any heifer.

Many are the curiosities about bulls, which sometimes refuse to attack a particular horse, and when a man is down, motionless, disdain even to paw him. Some bulls make instinctively for one man, and will chase him all around the ring, keeping the barrier if he vaults over it, and if he falls he will kneel upon his body and gore him to shreds. There is nomenclature in bulls, and none is shown to them.