

# LIVING NOW IN SHADOW OF DEATH



Vincenzo Cardinelli

## AT THE WINDOW.

Three times have these significant words come. And three times has death followed in their wake.

To the three victims who have each in turn received this strange message of death there may be added a fourth, a brother of two of those who have already died and a nephew of the third whose life has been taken, declares the New York World. He, in fact, lives with the fear of death so strong in his heart that no amount of assurance can dissipate it.

To the words of those who seek to slay the fear that is slowly but surely overpowering him; that is making of a strong man a weakling, his answer is always the same:

"I am as a hand that is helplessly raised when Death's sickle is swinging."

It is an answer familiar to the ears of those who know of the bloody vendettas of Sicily. And it is an answer most fitting, for the man stands in fear of a Sicilian vendetta.

**Crimes Justice Cannot Reach.**  
No crime or series of crimes has presented in years all the strange, mysterious, well-nigh inexplicable features that are found in the Cardinelli vendetta, as it has come to be known. Three times has the assassin or assassins sent one message, a warning of approaching death, and three times has death approached, struck and made his escape.

It is now seventeen years and a few months since the Cardinelli family left a little town in the southern part of Sicily. There was the father, Francesco, his wife, his brother Giovanni, and his three sons, Giuseppe, Bartholdi and Vincenzo. Francesco, his wife and Vincenzo are still alive. The others are dead and it is Vincenzo who stands, as he says, "like a hand that is helplessly raised when Death's sickle is swinging."

Another, there was, who left Sicily about the same time as did the Cardinellis. He was a friend, in Sicily he had been a neighbor. In this country he again became a neighbor and the friendship of the olden days was renewed.

Others, too, from time to time, left their farms, their homes, and sold their household belongings and journeyed to the land where things were free, where money was plentiful and where one might live without working.

**Story of The Other.**  
And the others had known the Cardinellis and the Other, who, in this story at least, must go unnamed. What, then, more natural than that the Cardinellis, the Other, and the others be friends here in the country of their adoption? And so it was.

That much the police have learned in their efforts to solve the mystery of the Cardinelli vendetta.

It is not so many years ago that New York was started as it had seldom been before or since by a peculiarly atrocious murder. The victim's

**PROMOTER SETS UP A WAIL.**  
Mr. Boggs Declares Great Chance is Missed in Not Using Catecombs as Subway.

"Well, Mr. Boggs," said the lady with the gold lorgnettes, as the company gathered at the dinner table after a strenuous day in the Eternal City, according to Harper's Weekly, "what do you think of Rome?"

"I haven't begun to think, madam," said Boggs, wearily, "I haven't had time."

"What have you seen?" asked the student of human nature.

"I don't know," said Boggs. "I left my headscarf with that old taxi driver who drove me home. Just where I left off when the whistle blew I couldn't possibly tell you, but I think we were ambled along somewhere on the 42nd page when I lost consciousness. The last thing I remember we were standing in a dark and muddy subway called the catecombs, and somebody was saying something about them. I didn't exactly catch what his English was or what he said, but I

sign of anger. They had come, said the Other, that they might talk things over.

Lured to His Death.  
"It was not good that they should be enemies," said the Other. "Each knew too much of the others. Would not Giuseppe come out of the house, take a little walk and talk things over?"

Giuseppe did. He kissed his wife and his baby and went out with the men. An hour later the body of him who had been Giuseppe Cardinelli was found on a bench in Coffey park, Brooklyn. A sharp knife had all but severed the head, an equally sharp stiletto had found its way into a dozen different places on the body.

The police conducted an energetic search for the murderer or murderers of Giuseppe, but their efforts were seemingly fruitless.

The Cardinellis were, not inactive. They did not need to guess who had done the deed. They knew. The Other and the others, they were the ones. Giovanni, the uncle, was the most active of all the Cardinellis in his efforts to avenge the death of his nephew. How he did it he would not tell the police, but Giovanni got word from the Other that he must die.

"You will die—at the window," read the message.

Giuseppe was not frightened. "It is the Other," he said, "but I will do to him what he would do to me." Brave words, but empty.

**Police Could Do Nothing.**  
Two weeks to a day, or Jan. 18, 1909, after Giovanni received his word of warning, he was sitting beside the frosted windows in the rear of the little poolroom he maintained at 28 Coles street, Brooklyn, when he was shot dead.

Quickly the police reached the spot. Back across the yard whence came the shot that had killed Giovanni went the police, straight to a house fronting on the next street. But there the trail stopped.

But if the police did not know then, they do now, that the Cardinellis knew who had fired the shot, even though they would not tell.

"It is the work of the Other," said the Cardinellis. "The Other must die."

Little is known just how much the Cardinellis have retaliated against their enemies. Yet no great stretch of imagination is required to picture the other side of the story.

Back no later than March of this year a particularly sinister-looking Sicilian was found lying badly wounded in the gutter of a street in the Latin quarter of St. Louis. In his body were forty-three distinct knife wounds.

It was days before the police of St. Louis were even able to force the man to tell his name and admit that he had come from New York. Other than that he would not tell. Why or how he had been injured, of that he would not speak. Who had attacked him? He knew, but he would not tell.

"I know; and I fix him," was all he would say.

In due course of time, thanks to good nursing and a marvelous constitution, the man recovered and left the hospital. The next day he disappeared from St. Louis.

**The Cardinelli Side.**  
Was that one incident in the other side of the Cardinelli vendetta? The police say it was.

Were it not, how, ask the police, did the Cardinellis in New York know, even before a word was published in any newspaper, that the Other had been stabbed forty-three times in a street of St. Louis? For the injured man was the Other.

And then came the third warning to the Cardinellis.

Bartholdi Cardinelli lived in a modest flat house at 344 E. 21st street, New York. Right next door lived his father, his mother and his brother.

Two years and more had passed since the death of Giovanni. In the interim the Cardinellis had escaped all harm. The vendetta for them, at least, had apparently ceased to exist.

And then came the warning:

"You will die—at the window."

The message did not seem to interfere with Bartholdi's occupation as a barber. To and from his work he went, apparently as care-free as any man could possibly be.

Bartholdi often dared to sit on the front steps of the house in which he lived in the early hours of the evenings. But once he set foot across the threshold of his own home—then all was changed. There, and there only, did danger lurk for him.

For two weeks Bartholdi Cardinelli's form never showed in a window of his home, either by day or by night. And then came—death.

The night was particularly hot. The small rooms of the flat were stuffy and oppressive. Suddenly Bartholdi rose from his chair, walked to the window—fell back dead.

A pane of glass lay shattered on the floor and five gaping wounds made by as many crudely shaped slugs of lead showed in his body.

Five minutes after the shooting the entire block was surrounded by police. Not a house, not a roof, not a cellar escaped their search, but the slayers were not to be found.

ter! When will these Romans wake up to their opportunities? Here they have 545 miles of subway handed down to them from the spades of their sires, and no sign of a track running in any direction. No express, no local, no third-rail, no straps, no rush-hour, no guards, no impudence—no nothing. Just 545 miles of gloom varied by a few ancestral pigeon holes, any one of which, enlarged a bit, would do nicely for a waiting room or a ticket booth. If some one of our Roman friends who visit America periodically with a hand organ, assisted by one of his simian cousins adorned by red cap and armed with a tin cup, could only drink a few of our modern ideas in the course of his pursuit of the elusive cent, this city of Caesars would begin to look up, and, instead of ranking among the cities of the world as a sort of glorified Mulberry street, would soon become a second Indianapolis, an Italian Syracuse, a Cæsarian Cincinnati.

is Kind.  
Write—The church is on Mrs. Husband—Holy smokes!

## HOW FRANK SELEE DISCOVERED A STAR



Roy Corhan, Promising Young Infielder.

Frank Selee, who more than any other man was responsible for assembling the former world champion Cubs, the greatest exponent of inside baseball of the last decade, may have another wreath added to his imposing laurels, providing Roy Corhan, White Sox recruit, establishes his right to recognition as a regular member of Comiskey's club in 1911. Selee discovered Corhan way out in New Mexico when the great baseball strategist,

broken down in health, had gone thither in search of a healing balm in 1906.

Corhan played for the Pueblo team three years. In 1907, the first year he was with Selee, he more than came up to expectations. He batted .235 and stole enough bases to give him a place among the Ty Cobbs of the western league. Corhan bettered his batting average in 1908, reaching .256, and hit .270 in 1908.

## REGRETS HE TRADED KNIGHT

Connie Mack Says He Is Sorry He Traded Clever Infielder for the Veteran Jimmy Collins.

When Connie Mack, manager of the world's champions, allows a ball player to go after he has done service with the White Elephants it is a rare occurrence for that player to show anything like big league form thereafter.

Bris Lord drifted out and "came back" with Cleveland. Connie then realized that there was lots in Bris and landed him in a trade with McGuire.

Of them all, there is only one that Connie Mack ever expressed regret at losing. Jack Knight of the Highlanders is this player. Connie taught Jack all he knew, brought him along



Jack Knight.

and made a finished player of him, only to part with him in a desperate attempt to bring the 1907 pennant to this city.

"The only young ball player I ever regretted parting with was Jack Knight," said Connie, when Jack was allowed to go to Boston for Jimmy Collins.

Even after the local boy was shifted to the minor league by the Red Sox Connie insisted that Jack would be back in the big show and be a star. As Connie predicted, Jack became a star of the first magnitude with the New York Americans, and seems due to have the best year in his career.

**Cy Seymour Going Fast.**  
Cy Seymour, the old Giant outfielder, is going like a house afire in the Baltimore center field, and it would not be surprising if Cy would get a call back to the big show again next year.

## PLAN FALL TRIP TO JAPAN

Jimmy McAleer Will Take Team of All-Stars to Orient for Series of Games—Probable Make-Up.

Next fall a bunch of ball players will travel to the Orient and Jimmy McAleer will be the pilot. When the All-Stars of the American league played the Athletics and dressed them into proper shape to take a fall out of the Cubs in the world's series they impressed upon McAleer that they were some baseball organization.

Already McAleer has made arrangements to visit the Philippines and Japan with the All-American Stars next fall. He has the personal assurance of each and every member of the all-star team that played the Athletics that they will go along with him. The make-up of the All-Star team that will tour the Orient in the fall of 1911, under the management of Jimmy McAleer, will be as follows:

Pitchers—Ed Walsh of Chicago, Walter Johnson of Washington, Doc White of Chicago.

Catchers—Billy Sullivan of Chicago, Gabby Street of Washington.

Infielders—Harry Lord of Chicago, Herman Schofer of Washington, Kid Eberfeld of Washington, Cunningham and George McBride of Washington.

Outfielder Ty Cobb of Detroit, Clyde Milan of Washington and Tris Speaker of Boston.

## WEE WILLIE KEELER RETIRES

Disgruntled Over His Poor Playing, Former New York and Baltimore Star Decides to Quit.

Willie Keeler, the wonderful little outfielder and most scintillating batsman of them all, is not likely to ever face a pitcher again in a league game. Disgusted because of a had play he made in the outfield, the former Oriole has quit the Toronto club, declaring that he is through with the national game for good and all and intends to devote all his time to his Brooklyn real estate and other interests.

Wee Willie quit the team after a recent 12-inning game 2 to 1 defeat at Jersey City, when Tonneman's single to right blossomed into a triple and then into a winning run. Keeler told some of his team mates that if he couldn't smother that kind it was about time to quit baseball.

The former Oriole has been one of the greatest players in the business, and if he reports about him are true, baseball will lose one of its most valuable men. In the last two seasons Keeler has not shown his old great form at the bat, but there was a time whenever the champion welterweight batter of the world, as he was fondly dubbed, walked to the plate, a buzz of expectancy came from the onlookers. They felt confident that something would happen to change the complexion of the game. If the score was close he was apt to tie it, or else send in the run that would put the team in the lead.

Keeler had the honor of leading the



Willie Keeler.

National league in batting in 1897 and 1898. His major league record with the stick up to 1905 is remarkable. It follows:

Year.	Club.	Pct.	Rank.
1893	New York and Brooklyn	.333	22
1894	Baltimore	.367	13
1895	Baltimore	.394	3
1896	Baltimore	.392	4
1897	Baltimore	.432	1
1898	Baltimore	.379	1
1899	Brooklyn	.376	6
1900	Brooklyn	.366	3
1901	Brooklyn	.355	3
1902	Brooklyn	.342	3
1903	New York Americans	.318	9
1904	New York Americans	.318	2
1905	New York Americans	.302	6
Grand average at bat, .302.			

Cub Castoffs Good Team.  
A fan the other day called attention to a star team when called picked from players turned adrift by the Chicago Cubs. He named the following lineup: Moran and Nunez, catcher; Beebe, Stack, Pfeffer, Weaver and Perdue, pitchers; Luden, first base; Sweeney, second base; Lohar, shortstop; Ingerton, third base; Campbell, Miller and Mitchell, outfielders. The team appears strong in every place except in the box.

## ORIGIN OF A SONG

History of "The Little Brown Church in the Vale."

Touching Little Ditty Composed by an Iowa Physician Fifty Years Ago Has Since Been Sung Around the World.

Des Moines, Iowa.—Not so very long ago the writer attended a great religious convention. There were thousands of people in attendance. There were great speeches and great singing. The influence of this great meeting was so inspiring that hundreds of men marched the streets with banners bearing appropriate mottoes. Nearly every convention has a favorite song. The favorite song at this convention was, "The Little Brown Church in the Vale," and it was sung with an enthusiasm that would make any one want to come to the church in the wildwood or anywhere else where a church might be located.

The town of Bradford, Iowa, has to do with the history of the song. The homes in this little village, as eastern nerds would call it, are of the New England type and shelter a class of people who stand for moral, intellectual and religious development.

In 1859 or 1860—or thereabouts—the good people of Bradford resolved to build a church where they might worship God and teach their children the importance of Christian living and Christian service. The times were close and the people were poor; but being "masters of circumstances and not their abject slaves," they conquered the hard times and their poverty by donations of stone, lumber, hardware, paint, and labor. The Congregational Church Building Society came forward with a generous donation of money, and the little brown church was ready for dedication with out debt.

A little to the south of Bradford lies the little town of Fredericksburg in this little town, surrounded by one of the most fertile farming regions of the world, lived a physician, W. S. Pitts. He was born in New York, received his degree from Rush Medical

College, and pitching his tent in Fredericksburg, Iowa, gave forty of the best years of his life to his profession.

Dr. Pitts was quite a noted man and had a large and increasing practice. His round of calls included Bradford. He was well acquainted with her people and took a lively interest in everything that pertained to their welfare. He heartily seconded their efforts in building the little church. Dr. Pitts was also a man of musical and literary turn of mind. Just prior to the dedication of the church he was inspired to write a song to be used on dedication day. He said, speaking of his songs, "I call them inspirations, as they came to me with force, and I had to write them out."

The name of the song may not have been less inspired. The little church is surrounded by large, stately trees whose overhanging branches have sheltered both it and its worshippers from the hot rays of the summer's sun and the cold blasts of the winter's wind. And as he thought of this little sanctuary surrounded by these great giants of the forest whom God planted there, as if to protect His chosen ones from harm, he penned this title, "The Little Brown Church in the Vale," to his song and wrote:

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,  
No livelier place in the dale;  
No spot is so dear to my childhood  
As the little brown church in the vale.

How sweet on a bright Sabbath morning  
To list to the clear ringing bell;  
Its tones so sweetly are calling,  
Oh, come to the church in the vale.

There, close by the church in the valley  
Lies one that I loved so well;  
She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the willow,  
Disturb not her rest in the vale.

There, close by the side of that loved one,  
'Neath the tree where the wild flowers bloom,  
When the farewell hymn shall be chanted  
I shall rest by her side in the tomb.

CHORUS.  
Oh, come, come, come, come,  
Come to the church in the wildwood,  
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This little song was first sung by Dr. Pitts on dedication day and was afterward published by C. M. Higgins of Chicago in 1865. From then until now this little song has been singing its way into the hearts of the people and it is not too much to say that it grows sweeter and dearer as the years roll by. It has been sung around the world. It has been translated into other languages. A German minister across the sea wrote the author of this version, but had often sung it from the German print. And years ago a lady traveling in England wrote that she heard it sung in London by 2,000 school children.

This little bit of history will correct a wrong impression that "The Little Brown Church in the Vale" is only a child of the imagination, and to assure all that it is "a sure enough church," and that it is "a sure enough church" which will make a pilgrimage to Bradford. "The Little Brown Church" still remains as a monument to the enterprising and devotion of the pioneer Christians of the vicinity of Bradford.

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