

"THE PRISONER'S FATHER"

The Greater Tragedy Behind All Tragedies



WHEN the aged father of the Rev. C. V. T. Richeson fell upon his son's neck in the prison at Boston, and the two men sobbed in each other's arms, a tragedy deeper and more heart-rending than even that which led to the death of poor Avis Linnell.

"My boy! My boy!" cried the father in his anguish. Almost the words with which the breaking of King David's heart was registered for all time when they brought him word of the death of his erring son Absalom.

"Deal gently with the young man," the old king had said to the soldiers he sent out to capture the rebellious youth. And when divine justice cut him off in his sins, David cried: "O! Absalom, my son, my son!"

Through the ages this cry has rung. It has burst from the heart of almost every father whose son has committed crime.

Much is written and said about the weeping mother of the son who goes wrong—a figure full of pathos that abrades itself forcibly, often over-shadowing the equally pathetic figure of the father of the prisoner, for a man's grief, though no less deep than a woman's, clamors not from the household, but broods in the dark silences of the heart.

Father's Grief Worse.

A mother's grief differs from a father's in this—that she, in spite of overwhelming evidence, can never believe her son to be guilty. Thus her passionate tears are those of rebellion against injustice to one who is dear to her. She will fight, as the mothers of Carlyle Harris and Harry Thaw fought, to save their sons from what they believed an unjust fate. A father, on the contrary, may know his son to be guilty. He may be obliged to let the law take its course, to sit silently alone at home when his son is being led to the gallows or to the electric chair, knowing that the boy so dear to him is meeting a just fate. In cases like this—and they are by no means exceptional—the father's grief transcends in its miserable tragedy even that of the weeping mother.

The figure of Judge Paul Chariton quietly coming to the aid of his son when the young man returned home almost boasting of having killed his wife in Italy had something awe-inspiring in its loneliness. Here was a highly respected man, of good southern family, who had attained a position of trust and responsibility in the service of his country, who had brought up a bright boy, with all the care and solicitude of a refined home, lavishing affection upon him, hoping great things for him, and suddenly all these hopes were swept away and in their place he must needs forge for himself a solitary grim hope—that of saving the boy from the disgrace of a murderer's death.

Gen. Hains' Pathetic Figure.

Another heroic figure—heroic because of the way it stood firm in the tempest of tragedy swept about it—was that of Gen. Peter C. Hains, father of Capt. Peter C. Hains and Thornton Hains. When Capt. Hains killed the man he believed had wrecked his home, and he and his brother were accused of conspiring together to commit murder, the old father's fighting blood rose and he turned like an old lion to defend his cubs. In his eyes his son's deed was justified. This point of view was shared by a large number of people, among as well as men. That he saved his sons from the grip of the law was a triumph for him, but the triumph only attenuated

the grief that the killing had laid upon him.

So it was with gallant old Gen. Molinex. He, however, was spared the grim horror of knowledge of a son's guilt, for he firmly believed in Roland's innocence of the murder, and his fight for the youth's acquittal was urged on not only by affection but by confidence in the triumph of justice.

Another father who was buoyed up to the last by faith in his boy's innocence was A. F. Tucker, whose son Charles was put to death for killing Mabel Page. To the very last he was firm in this faith. He kept up the fight to prove his son innocent right to the hour of execution, and in one of his petitions to the governor for clemency he expressed in a sentence the tragedy of the parent whose son is accused of a grave crime: "Our hearts are bursting with anguish."

Such a case as this was that of Henry Clay Beattie, the Richmond banker, whose son has been convicted of murdering his young wife. He kept up the fight, having appealed for a new trial, without result. The father's heart must be wrung with grief over the wild career that led his wayward son into these direful straits.

Much was written about Carlyle Harris' mother when that boy was on trial for killing his young wife, and old Charles Harris, the father, was mentioned only incidentally. Back into the shadows cast by his strong wife sank the figure of the unsuccessful old man. Nobody paid any attention to him. He was alone with his great sorrow.

When Dr. Crippen was being hunted, tried and put to death for killing his wife a lonely old man in California followed the reports of the case with trembling interest. Myron A. Crippen was too old to be of any help to the son who had left him long ago. Though unheralded, the greater tragedy was the father's, not the son's.

When Albert Wolter was convicted of killing Ruth Wheeler his old father, a veteran of the Franco-Prussian war, felt the blow as a long-delayed retribution for the one great sin of his life, and so expressed himself. Albert was the child of a woman Carl Albert Wolter had known in Germany. Deserting the mother and baby, the elder Wolter had come to America and wedded another woman. She had died and he, stricken by remorse, had sent for the mother and child to join him in America and had legitimized the one by wedding the other.

"The Sins of the Fathers."

And now this child had committed a murder so fiendish in its horror that the old Prussian soldier bowed his head under the shock and murmured words about the sins of the fathers being visited upon their children.

Another case was that of Gen. Jeremiah V. Messerole of Brooklyn, whose son, Darwin J. Messerole, killed Theodore W. Labrig in a fight. The old soldier fought bravely to save his son and the verdict of acquittal, followed as it was by the young man's conversion and reception into Plymouth church, was balm to the father's wounded heart.

There can scarcely be a doubt about the grizzled Confederate veteran, Col. T. V. Richeson, believing in his son's innocence. But the tragedy of such an accusation against a dearly beloved son is less only than that of his conviction.

These fathers whose gray hairs are brought down in sorrow to the grave, as the patriarch Jacob expressed it, are tragic figures. They appeal for sympathy, but their weight of woe is too heavy to be alleviated by words.—New York World.

No Use for Molly.

Admiral Schley, as his own splendid career showed, didn't believe in automatons," said a Washington veteran. "He didn't believe in the subordinate who lets his boss do all the thinking for him. I once heard Admiral Schley talking to a young Annapolis student. He told the student that unreasoning and unquestioning obedience to orders was, if the orders were wrong, a foolish thing. He said the navy had no more use for men of that stamp than the Widow Black had for her maid Molly."

"The widow, he explained, told Molly one evening that if any one called she was only at home to Mr. Munn. Then she retired to her room and took a little nap. On toward ten o'clock, she awoke and, ringing for Molly, she asked: 'Did any one call?'"

"'Oh, yes, ma'am,' said Molly. 'Mrs. Blank called, and Miss Dash, and the pastor.'"

"'And you told them what I told you to?'"

"'Yes, ma'am. I said you were only at home to Mr. Munn.'"

Queensland's Sugar Industry.

Queensland is one of the great sugar-producing states of Australia, and practically all of the sugar consumed in the Commonwealth is raised and refined in this state and in the northern part of New South Wales. The leading feature of the sugar industry is the number of small cane growers engaged in it, who now supply cane to the central mills of which they are proprietors.

handles them as a schoolboy handles gumdrops.

Charlie, barefooted and with his overalls rolled up, went through the trap door and began sorting the lobsters. Captain O'Brien and Captain Tom McGroory of the Ben Hur, who happened to be on board, leaned back on cushions in the cockpit and talked business.

They forgot Charlie in the lobster car until the noise of a slipping of lines caused them to look over the starboard side of the boat. There was no lobster car in sight, but a line led down from the launch into the water and a few small bubbles were coming to the surface.

O'Brien and McGroory jumped for the line and began hauling in. They knew by the feeling on the line that there was something doing over and below. The car was rolling over and over and twisting the line. They pulled for all they were worth, but before they got the car to the surface Charlie popped up, almost white in the face and festooned with lobsters. They had him by the legs,

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

WAS THE OLDEST CHICAGOAN



Fernando Jones, Chicago's oldest inhabitant, and for years the most picturesque old man among the survivors of the city's pioneer days, is dead. With the death of Mr. Jones comes the breaking of a connecting link between Chicago as a swampy village—with one bridge and a major population of Indians—and the Chicago of today, fifth city in the world.

Mr. Jones was born in Forestville, Chautauque county, N. Y., on May 26, 1820. When four years old the family moved to Buffalo, where he received his early education and where he was once thrashed by his schoolmaster, Millard Fillmore, who later became president of the United States.

When sixteen years old Mr. Jones followed his father to Chicago, where the elder Jones had established a hardware store. He came in a sloop carrying a cargo of stoves. Able to deal with the Indians by virtue of his new knowledge of an Indian tongue, he obtained employment a year after his arrival at the land office then in Chicago.

In 1837 Mr. Jones attended Canandaigua (N. Y.) academy, where he met Stephen A. Douglas. When he returned to Chicago he engaged in the real estate business, but soon went south for his health. Then he took up newspaper work in Jackson, Mich. He then took up again his real estate business in Chicago until retirement from active work.

Mr. Jones married Miss Jane Graham in 1853. His wife died in 1905. After the Chicago fire he was one of the most useful men in Chicago because of his long acquaintance with land titles and the destroyed records of Cook county real estate.

Mr. Jones was alderman of the Third ward during the administration of Mayor John C. Haines. He was supervisor of the south town during the war, in charge of Camp Douglas when it was re-established, trustee of a number of state institutions, and held offices in New York society and in the Pioneers of Chicago.

WON HOT MAYORALTY FIGHT

The hottest political campaign in the history of Philadelphia came to an end in the election of Rudolph Blankenburg for mayor.

The campaign really began months previous to the election, when William S. Vane, a contractor, announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination and was beaten by Geo. H. Earle, who had the support of United States Senator Penrose. This somewhat split the Republican ranks, for the fight over the nomination left several sore spots. Blankenburg's entry into the race, representing the independent Republicans and Democrats, intensified the interest in the campaign.

There are few better known citizens in Philadelphia than Rudolph Blankenburg, who has been fighting in the reform ranks for thirty years. Mr. Blankenburg spent \$750, according to the itemized account of his election expenses filed. He did not receive money from outside resources but paid all his personal expenses from his own pocket. Two years ago the regular Republicans elected their district attorney by 43,000, while the usual Republican majority is from 75,000 to 100,000.

Mrs. Blankenburg, wife of the successful candidate, is a suffragist who apparently will have much to say regarding the government of Pennsylvania's metropolis during her husband's term of office. "We have pronounced views on how the city should be managed," Mrs. Blankenburg says, "and have wanted for years the opportunity to test our ideas. With the election of Mr. Blankenburg we have the opportunity."

ITALIAN DENIES BUTCHERY



General Caneva, having been requested by the Italian government to give some explanation regarding the charges of brutality and alleged slaughter of unarmed Arab women and children in Tripoli replied as follows:

"If reproach may be made of us, it is only for our exceeding indulgence and benevolence toward the natives. A full demonstration of this is the order and declaration which advised the soldiers to treat the Arabs on friendly terms, respecting their traditions. It was a treacherous surprise and many soldiers were shot, the ambulance corps of the Red Cross was attacked and the sick and wounded were horribly killed in the town by shots fired from roofs. Women cried, 'Revolt against the infidels.' The soldiers were surprised and massacred, and so it was necessary to guarantee our safety and that of the Europeans. The soldiers were ordered to shoot Mohammedans as being slain by Christians, and Turkey, her hands red with Christian blood, appeals for sympathy and aid!"

FLEW ACROSS THE COUNTRY

The longest flight ever made by an aviator was that completed by Calbraith P. Rodgers, who landed on the Pacific coast after a trip by the air route across the country. Rodgers left the Sheephead Bay race track, New York, and when he reached Pasadena, Cal., he had traveled a distance of 4,231 miles, being 49 days in completing the journey. He met with a number of mishaps on the way and his machine practically had to be rebuilt several times on the long journey across the continent. His actual flying time was three days and ten hours. He traveled at an average rate of 51 miles an hour while his machine was in the air. The daring aviator had many nerve-racking experiences on his journey.

Rodgers is a newcomer to the field of aviation. He became a pupil of the Wright brothers at Dayton, Ohio, only last July. His first exhibitions of consequence were made during the meet held in Chicago during September, when he captured prizes of \$15,000. He is thirty-two years of age and comes of a distinguished family. He is a son of Capt. Rodgers, of the United States army, and a grandson of Commodore Perry. He attended Columbia university and is a member of the New York Yacht club. He is the tallest aviator in the world, standing six feet three inches, and is a wealthy young man.

TIRED, SICK AND DISCOURAGED.

Doan's Kidney Pills Brought Health and Cheerfulness.



Mrs. J. P. Pemberton, 854 Lafayette St., Marshall, Mo., says: "For years I suffered with Bright's disease, which doctors said was incurable. I grew so weak, I had to take to my bed. Kidney secretions were suppressed, I became terribly bloated, and finally reached the point where I took no interest in life. It was then I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and soon improved. Before long I was without a sign of the trouble that seemed to be carrying me to my grave."

"When Your Back Is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S." 50c. all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

How to Use Red Cross Seals.

"How to Use Red Cross Seals" is the title of an interesting publication recently issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

Red Cross Seals must be placed only on the back of letters and not on the address side of packages that are going through the mail. They may be placed anywhere on matter going by express. Care should be taken in sending merchandise through the mails not to place seals over the strings with which the package is tied, since this seals the package against inspection and subjects it to first-class postage rates. As many seals may be used on the back of a letter or package as may be desired. Everyone is urged to use them liberally, since every seal is a bullet in the war against tuberculosis.

Red Cross seals are not good for postage, and will not carry mail matter, but any kind of mail matter will carry them. Finally, every letter or parcel sent out, either by mail or in some other way, during the holiday season should bear one or more Red Cross Seals.

An Early Frohman.

First Mediaeval Manager—How's your latest miracle play? Second Ditto—Fine. Thought it would be a failure, though, till we hit on something that's got the women coming in droves. F. M. M.—How so? Second Ditto—We lost the baby that we used in the Solomon-and-the-Two-Mothers' baby scene, and have been using a lap-dog ever since.—Puck.

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