

Present Gaekwar of Baroda Owes His Position to Confidence He Had in Himself.

The Orient is still the land of the strange and romantic. Straight from every-day modern life in India comes a story that might have been invented by Scheherazade herself for the entertainment of the Sultan.

In 1875, after the Maharaja Malhar Rao was deposed, the council sought a worthy member of the family as his successor. Four sons of the house lived in the city, but the council felt that they were all too old and incompetent to become efficient rulers.

In a distant village, in a mud hut, the council found a poverty-stricken family of the royal race. In this family were three sons, each of whom was young enough to be molded into a capable ruler.

After some deliberation the council decided that one of these boys should have the throne, but left the selection to the Dowager Maharaja.

Accordingly, the three brothers—Gopal, Dada and Sampat—were summoned to the city of Baroda. Shortly after their arrival, they were admitted to the presence of the maharajah.

Her highness asked each in turn why he came to Baroda.

The youngest was so awed and bewildered by the magnificence of the court that after smiling foolishly for a moment, he burst into a storm of tears and sobs.

The next in age, who was more stolid, did not behave so hysterically. He answered the query as any well-behaved Hindu lad of his age would have done.

But when Gopal was asked the same question, he airily responded:

"I have come to be the Maharaja of Baroda."

The maharajah and her councilors with an accord decided that the youth who gave this bold reply showed the most promise of becoming an able ruler of his people. He was chosen, and there has been no need to regret the choice.

Elephant in Auto. A Swiss residing at Siantar, in the island of Sumatra, has written home an account of the capture and transportation of a young wild elephant in a motor car by a resident of the town.

Cafes of German Cities. Every German city of consequence has a number of palatial cafes, which are nothing else than huge clubhouses without membership formality.

Clergymen's Public Rebuke. Of Jabes Ham, a Hardshell Baptist preacher, who resided in central Missouri in the twenties, many stories are told. Soon after the arrival of Charles B. Harper in Montgomery county, in 1829, he went over to Callaway county to get a load of corn.

What Did He Mean? In Indiana a man wanting a wedding license is required to tell if he has been married before and if so what has become of his first wife.

Survivor of Famous Voyage. There still survives one passenger—the Rev. Vincent Ransome, rector of Compton Bassett, Wilts, England—who made the first trip in the Sirius, the first steamship to cross from Great Britain to the states.

Public Favorites. "Do you think this frequent political excitement is desirable?" asked the conservative citizen.

Wouldn't Have Long to Wait. "Ab, doctor, I shall never get relief till I'm in my grave."

Doctor (cheerily)—All right; don't worry. I am doing what I can for you.—Stray Stories.

PARALLEL STORIES OF FAMOUS CRIMES

By HENRY C. TERRY

THE MYSTERY OF DOBBS FERRY.

MANY persons are still living who recall the shock that went through the country at the news that Andrew Temple, a wealthy New York banker, had been foully murdered and robbed by his own son in his palatial Dobbs Ferry house.

CHAN WOOLEY'S STORY.

"I was the principal figure," said Chan Wooley, "in what was known as the Dobbs Ferry mystery, and if I had not a good strain of blood in me somewhere, an innocent man would have suffered a severe penalty, and there were certain circumstances connected with the case which might have resulted in his being put to death."

"The man who makes his living out of this story if he wants to be successful, must always have his eyes and ears open for tips. The tip that he gets may sometimes be like the tip from the race track, but to get the most out of the business everything must be followed to the end. My old side partner was Andy Spangler, who was the son of a preacher and well educated, and we went into trade together as card sharps."

"It was Andy's proud boast that we never killed a man who could not afford to lose the money, and it has been my effort in all the crooked transactions that I was ever in to divide only the wealth of men who would not miss a few dollars. This shows you the effect of example and sound teaching. It is the petty crook, the mean thief, who would take the last dollar from a poor man, who is despised and brings discredit upon all classes of thieves."

"Andy and I had many a trip on the Mississippi in the days when the high rollers used to put up a cotton crop on a single deal, and with all our cleverness we sometimes got the wrong end of the stick. The longest trip that we ever made was around the world, and a pack of cards paid our expenses everywhere. We played about all the games known in the different places we visited, and often lost money, but when we got a chance with our little pack there was nothing that any one could do to touch us. When we became too well known all over the country to do business with hotel guests, we dropped the cards and went in with big Jim Slendley and his gang of bank wreckers who were making their money in this country and Canada. We went everywhere and cleaned out safes with a rapidity that set everybody's tongue a-wagging, and made people take their money from banks and lock it up in a stockpile at home."

"It got tired of being a sport with an income, and when I got a good show I drifted back to New York and went in with Andy and Billy Peters in the gambling business. There wasn't any protection from the police then. All you had to do was to throw open the shutters and begin business. We started two places; one at the corner of Sixth avenue and 28th street, to catch the hotel people, and the other at the Bowery and Houston street, to cater to the dead game sports, who were ready to shoot at a moment's notice. We made money fast, and Andy and I left the running of the houses to Peters, who had the reputation of going on the level. While we tried the Wall street game, this was a complete racket, and first one we had ever struck, where we were the suckers. They got out as fast as we put it in, and when our luck was the worst, Peters gave us a ripping dig, by skipping away with the bank-roll, which was a big one, because the games then were run without limit."

"While I was trying to pick up something out of the wreck, and kept the game going on borrowed capital, I met a young fellow named Robert Temple, the son of a banker. He came to me with a complaint that the house owed him \$2,500. He claimed that he had won that amount while Peters was in charge, and I did not dare dispute it, for we had not made it known that Peters had given us a cold shake, as if we had done that, we would have lost our customers in a night. Gamblers are a superstitious lot, and none of them will play in a house where the bank-roll has been stolen. Temple seemed to me a pretty good fellow, and I paid him his money. He played steadily for a couple of days, and I got the money back and more with it. I had many a talk with Temple, and found that he lived in Dobbs Ferry, in a splendid mansion. I judged that he was the black sheep in the family, for his brothers were all in business, he told me, and he did nothing but blow in an allowance which he received from his father."

"During one of our chats he told me that his father kept a big bank-roll in his safe at home, and the only reason he gave for it was that the old man was getting cranky. I became deeply interested in the story, owing to the hard times that had struck the firm of Wooley & Spangler, and tried to get Temple to fix a limit on the old man's pile. He couldn't or wouldn't do it, and I sent Andy up to Dobbs Ferry to take a look at the Temple mansion, to find out what sort of a prospect there was for an exchange of the Temple bank-roll. The house was far in the country and about on the dividing line with Hastings. Andy came back with a report that the location was as easy as the kick of a goose, and the coin box was like finding it in the street. I did not exactly relish going back to old tricks, but something had to be done, and that was all there was about it. The plan of the house showed that it was adapted for second-story work, and there were only two men who lived in it. One was my young friend Temple and the other was the old man. The other inmates were women; two or three daughters and domestic servants. Andy was not able to get the location of the strong box, so as to know what tools could best be used to open it. Did you ever know that safes must be tackled in different ways when made by different makers?"

THE CRIMINAL Tells How He Planned the Deed and Sought to Close Every Avenue of Knowledge Leading to His Guilt. The Detective Shows How Futile These Efforts Were and How the Old Adage, Murder Will Out, "Always Holds Good."

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"I picked out for our visit a very stormy night, when we knew that young Temple was in the city blowing in his allowance. This left us only the old man to deal with and the women. We went up the river on an early train as far as Yonkers and there I got a carriage from a solid friend of mine who knew enough to keep his mouth shut and ask no questions. We reached the Temple house before midnight. All the lights were out and Andy went up a pillar on the back piazza to the roof and fastened a rope ladder for future use. We got into the house in about five minutes. We went to the different rooms on the second floor and found old Temple alone in bed asleep. There was no one in the adjoining rooms, and I woke him up. I made things plain to him: it was simply to give up the safe combination or lose his life. He was badly scared, and said that he would open the strong box. He got up, shaking like a leaf, and took us to an office off the dining room. I made lights in several rooms so that the light in the office would not attract attention, while Andy had the old man working on the lock. When I returned to the office the old man groaned suddenly, placed his hand over his heart and fell heavily against the safe door. He was unconscious, and we carried him into another room, opened the safe and cleaned it out. We reached New York before daylight with a big roll of securities and \$45,000 in money."

"There is an easy solution," said Detective Armstrong, "to every mystery, and when mysterious circumstances are cleared away it always makes you wonder how the proper key escaped you. The robbery of Andrew Temple in his home in Dobbs Ferry was one of those peculiar cases that you will not meet more than once in a lifetime, and they never fail to arouse all the enthusiasm in a fellow who has any of the detective instinct."

DETECTIVE ARMSTRONG'S TALE.

"I reached the Temple mansion the morning after the robbery, and the first salute I got was that Andrew Temple had been murdered by thieves during the night. The family physician was present to attend to the women in the household, who were suffering from severe shock, and he informed me that Mr. Temple had been killed by a pistol wound in the forehead. I looked at the dead man and saw just above the temple a small hole which looked like the wounds I had seen made in the head by bullets, and I took it for granted that the physician was correct. I had a murmur then upon my hands, as well as the robbery, which only became an incident in the investigation. I followed the usual form, which is a second nature to the detective, of looking over the details of the robbery, to see if the work had been done by high and low about the premises, and I could not find the slightest indication as to how the thief had gained an entrance. I had it upon the words of the servants and several members of the family that every window and door had been found locked in the morning, when they had examined the house, with the exception of the window on the second floor over the piazza, and this was never locked."

"It would not have given any good second story men trouble to have reached the window by climbing from the stoop, but there were no scratches anywhere to show that this plan of work on the safe showed clearly that the first-class man had been on the trick, and the lock had been operated by knocking out the spindle in the combination and working the tumblers. The burglar-proof compartment had been battered in by some system that I was not familiar with, and it was a wonder to me that the noise had not been heard by everybody in the house."

"Mr. Temple's body had been found in the dining room, adjoining the office, and his appearance indicated that he had been dead several hours. He was dressed only in his nightgown, and there were several slight black and blue marks on his shoulder and back which might have come from a fall. His bed-clothes were not disturbed any more than a person, would ordinarily disturb them in getting out of bed, and I could not see any reason for his going down stairs without his clothes, or, at least barefooted. A peculiar circumstance was that he had two large revolvers in his room, and they were found where they were usually kept. It naturally struck me, that if he had heard thieves working in the lower part of the house he would have armed himself, before starting out to make an investigation. Any sane man would have taken that precaution. More-over I could not understand how a pistol shot could have been fired in the house without arousing the family. The safe had been cleaned out entirely, and even papers had been taken which were of no value or use to any one except Mr. Temple. I thought a few days later that I had found a solution to many of the peculiar circumstances, but in fact I was miles away from the truth."

"After Mr. Temple was buried a search was made for his will, and one was found in his desk in his office in this city. It was dated ten years before his death, and it gave Robert Temple, the oldest boy, one-third of the estate, after providing for Mrs. Temple, and the remainder of the estate was divided equally among the four children. Bob Temple seemed to be the only one who was pleased over the will. The day after the will was read I received word to call upon Lawyer Trumbull, Mr. Temple's lawyer. He informed me in the presence of two of Mr. Temple's children, that several months before his death, Mr. Temple had been left a small allowance, instead of the bulk of the estate. Mr. Temple's reason for doing this was to prevent Bob from squandering the money in ruinous living and gambling, and the lawyer was positive that the will had been kept in Mr. Temple's safe at home. He had seen it there two days before the robbery."

"With this information in my mind it seemed to me that the person most interested in the death of Mr. Temple was his son Bob, and the more I thought of it the stronger became my conviction that Bob had a hand in the robbery. The way I figured it was that Bob, who spent most of his time away from home with a fast set, had found out about the making of the will which cut him off. He put up a job to get the will, and brought the thieves to the house and let them in with his keys. They went to work on the safe and the old man heard them. He called from his room to know who was there, and Bob answered. Then the old man came down to see what was going on. Bob knew that stealing the will would amount to nothing without the old man's death. I believe that it was the intention of Bob to kill the old man before he left the house. When Mr. Temple entered the room, Bob, or perhaps one of the crooks, shot him. Then the way was easy for the thieves, and easier for Bob to win his fortune. The evidence pointed in this direction, and some enterprising reporter got hold of some of the facts and published a story about the loss of the will, and some facts which Bob Temple would have to explain."

"Bob's family turned against him bitterly, and I was on the point of putting him under arrest when Lawyer Trumbull received a letter containing the missing will from a person who said that he was one of the crooks. The letter gave another piece of startling information to the effect that Mr. Temple had not been shot, and the wound in his forehead had been made by falling against the safe. To verify this the body was exhumed, and the wound in the head was found not to have fractured the skull. I found on one of the hinges of the safe a few spots of blood, and the sharp point of the hinge had undoubtedly made the wound."

"With the shadow of suspicion removed from Bob Temple, I took him into my confidence, and found him to be the best one in the family after all, in spite of his wildness. He told me all about his habits, and recalled that one day he had spoken to Chan Wooley about his father's wealth and the valuables that he kept in his safe. I became a regular visitor in Wooley's gambling house, and one evening I noticed a ring on the finger of one of the dealers which resembled one that had been taken from Temple's safe. After the game I arrested the dealer, accused him of committing the robbery and murder. He told me the ring had been given to him by Wooley. I got a sample of Wooley's handwriting and found that it was similar to the writing in the letter written by the crook who returned the will. I arrested Wooley, and when he learned of the evidence against him he admitted his guilt, but would not give away his partners. He suffered punishment alone, and crooks everywhere sounded his praise."

Farell Did Not Falter.

James A. Farrell, of the United States Steel corporation, has a reputation for courage. He learned the steel business from the beginning, and is thoroughly familiar with the dangers of the mill, blast furnace and mining men are called upon to guard against. President Farrell, recently, was making a tour of inspection of mining properties in Klondike coal regions in Pennsylvania. At the Lambert mine of the Frick Coke company he was about to step aboard the cage leading to the mine when the superintendent warned him that slate was falling in the mine, and advised him not to take such a risk.

Rats Slaughtered in Millions.

Fifteen million rats have been sacrificed for the sake of the preventive measure against the spread of plague brought forth by the metropolitan police board of the city of Tokio. This enormous number of rodents have been purchased by the authorities from the residents and killed since the first case of the pestilence was discovered in the capital in December, 1902.

RESCUERS OF TORNADO VICTIMS



AFTER a tornado struck the town of Regina, Saskatchewan, and killed several hundred persons and razed scores of business houses and residences, squads of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, who have headquarters there, did heroic work in alleviating the distress among the victims of the tornado and immediately put the devastated area under martial law. Our illustration shows a squad of these efficient policemen, photographed at Regina.

IS 100 YEARS OLD

Famous Dormitory at Harvard Was Built in 1812.

Money to Put the Mall Up Was Raised by a Lottery, Which Made a Profit of \$29,000.

Cambridge, Mass.—Not only every Harvard man but every visitor who has crossed the classic yard of the old university will be interested in the fact that Holyworthy hall, one of the dormitories facing on the elm-shaded quadrangle, celebrates its centenary this year. For a full hundred years it has been occupied by successive generations of students. The history of Holyworthy is interesting. Before it was built the college had faced out over Cambridge common, turning its back on what is now the yard. The three oldest buildings, Harvard (1672-82), the original Stoughton (1699) and Massachusetts hall (1720), formed three sides of a square open to the west. Later (1763) Hollis was built in line with Stoughton and with the help of Holden chapel, three sides of another square were thus formed, this one also opening to the west.

These western faces were the front of the building. Behind them in the present yard were wood houses, the brewhouse and other outbuildings. Stoughton was finally taken down in 1789 and a different plan of arrangement then became possible. Still the present Stoughton, built in 1803, was placed on a line with Hollis and it also faced the west.

In 1811, however, another dormitory being needed, it was voted in the first place "that the corporation will proceed to erect a new college for the habitation of students on the site of old Stoughton hall," and Mr. Lowell and Loamm Baldwin were appointed a committee to make necessary contracts and superintend the erection of the building. If this plan had been carried out it would have effectually blocked the development of the present college yard.

Fortunately better courses prevailed, says the Harvard Graduates' Magazine. On March 11, 1811, Mr. Baldwin presented a plan for the new college and it was voted "that the committee appointed to contract for the erection of the new college be re-

EXTRA HEADS ON STALKS

Government Becomes Interested in Grain and Orders an Inspection of Method.

Chicago, Cal.—Barley and oat-growing experiments by G. W. Overton of Chicago have developed grains that may be adopted throughout the United States.

The experiments are considered so remarkable that the government has ordered an inspection of his process with a view of establishing his methods throughout the country. The feature of the new barley is that from two to five heads grow on each stalk, the principal head ripening first and becoming easily twice as large as the others, which are of normal size. The combined heads are about nine inches long, while the stalk is tough and about as large as an ordinary lead pencil, standing against a heavy wind.

His tame oats has an average of three heads to the stalk. Philadelphia Fur keeper, a pig confined in a small chicken coop, measuring three by three feet, Roman Roblinski was fined \$10 and costs.

CREW OF OIL BOAT DESERTS

Lascar Sailors From India Bay Stench of Cargo Was Unbearable, So They Quit.

New York.—The picturesque Lascar sailors, clad in outlandish costumes, such as is commonly supposed to be the garb of pirates, are taken before Magistrate McFarland of the night court and sentenced to 30 days each on the charge of attempting to desert the British oil steamer Indra, which is lying at Point Breeze. Captain Grann, master of the vessel, and Chief officer Kennedy appeared against them, declaring the men started a row because they were refused shore leave. Mohan Ali, the only one of the ten who could speak English, was spokesman for his companions. He defended their action, saying that the captain ordered them to remain in the fore-cabin where the stench of oil was so intolerable that they could hardly breathe.

PROFESSOR FLEES FROM BEES

Lodged Beneath His Undershirt Made Him Do an Outdoor Marathon.

San Rafael, Cal.—Bees, not of the presidential kind, turned Dr. W. H. Dudley, one of the town's most dignified citizens, into an Olympic athlete to the great astonishment of his neighbors. Dr. Dudley had come home from a tour of duty and thought to refresh himself at a shower bath. So he spread his underclothing on the lawn beneath the shower and retired to the shower. Later he gathered up the garments, unaware that adventurous bees had meantime crawled inside their folds.

MISSOURI Young Woman Seeking Lost Cow Has Thrilling Encounter With Bruins.

Kinney, Minn.—While hunting for a lost cow in the woods adjacent to her father's homestead, seven miles north of Kinney, Mary McInnes, fifteen years old, encountered a black bear with two well-grown cubs. She was almost upon the animals before she saw them. Screaming, the girl scrambled over the fallen logs and dead brush, the enraged bear coming after her. Coming to a small tree she grasped the lower boughs and drew herself up until out of immediate harm's way. The bear hung around the tree and made several attempts to climb it, but its efforts were failures, owing to the small girth of the trunk, which prevented the brute from getting a solid grip. The weather was very cold, and as the evening wore on it became almost impossible for the girl to retain her hold on the boughs through cramps. But he outran the bees.

GIRL IS TREADED BY BEARS

In her arms and the stiffness from cold.

When darkness came on the parents and elder brother became alarmed and started out with lanterns to find the girl, calling loudly as they proceeded through the woods. Miss McInnes heard the calls and endeavored to answer them, but at the first found it impossible to make even the slightest sound because of the cold and nervousness. As the searchers drew nearer, however, she was heard calling faintly. The bears must have been frightened off by the lantern light, as nothing was seen of them by the rescuing party.

Reduces Remorse by the Month.

Kittery, Me.—A laborer has for more than a year been sending monthly contributions to the federal treasury at Washington, D. C., for deposit in the conscience fund. In a letter to President Taft the man said he was anxious for the money to reach its proper destination, as he had hard work saving it.

Nut-Picking Aid.

Place pecans in a pan, and pour boiling water over them; let them stay for a while, then crack. The meats can be easily removed from the shells.