

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. It is an account of how the present Gaekwar of Baroda won his throne.

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 Maharajee.

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 maharajee. 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. He came to Baroda, he declared, because his relatives had brought him there.

But when Gopal was asked the same question, he airily responded: "I have come to be the Maharaja of Baroda."

The maharajee 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. —T. P.'s Magazine.

**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.

The elephant, which was well roped, was driven to the nearest path in the forest, and with great difficulty the motor car arrived at the spot, a kind of platform replacing the body. The elephant was induced to mount the platform and was strongly secured to it. The trip to Siantar started, but difficulties at once arose, because the elephant, whose trunk was free, used his proboscis to examine in turn the chauffeur, the seats in front, the machinery, and finally the guiding wheel, his last maneuver nearly upsetting the car, which was brought to a stop, as the journey was becoming dangerous.

The elephant's trunk was then strapped to his body and the car arrived at Siantar without further incident. This is probably the first time that a wild elephant has had a ride on a motor car.

**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. In any one of these cafes are hundreds or thousands of patrons glancing over domestic and foreign newspapers and magazines.

**Clergyman'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, wearing his usual clothing made of homespun cloth. On his way back the road led him by a house where Ham was preaching and he stopped to hear the sermon. During the service the minister called on the congregation to kneel in prayer. And all knelt except Mr. Harper. He bowed his head. Ham noticed him and prayed that the Lord would bless that Virginia man who had on store clothes and was afraid or too proud to get down on his knees.

**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. A Pike county man filled in that space this way:

Married before? "Yes."  
Where is first wife? "Gone to the grave beyond."—Milwaukee Journal.

**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. This was in 1838, and Mr. Ransome states that many of the passengers were alarmed by the experience of the run down the English channel that they left the Sirius at Cork and forfeited their passage money. When the vessel left Cork she had only six first class passengers left aboard.

**Public Favorites.**  
"Do you think this frequent political excitement is desirable?" asked the conservative citizen.  
"Undoubtedly. We need something occasionally to remind our baseball players that they are not the only people on earth."

**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

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#### THE MYSTERY OF DOBBS FERRY.

ANY 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. This is the intimate story of the men who actually planned the crime, their hopes, their fears, their ambitions. Secure in their ill-gotten gains they believe that no eye can reach them, that justice, for them, is truly blind. Then comes the story of the detective, like an inexorable fate, that tears down the elaborate edifice of lies and, in pointing out the true criminals, saves the life of an innocent man.

#### 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 thieving if he wants to be successful, must always have his eyes and ears open for tips. The tips 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. At one time there was no better game than this, provided always that you did not go against professional players, who were ready to scarp at the slightest sign of crookedness. We went about the country as gentlemen of wealth, and were in any kind of business that would be likely to gain the confidence of our neighbors and lead them into a game with an idea that they would get a fair chance."

"It was Andy's pack boat 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 Shandley and his gang of bank wreckers on the famous tour which they made 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 our coin 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 locate 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?"

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"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."

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"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."

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"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."

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### 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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**Farrell 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.

**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 Tokyo. 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.

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"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."

**Farrell 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.

**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 Tokyo. 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 a 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 Holyworth 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 Holyworth 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.

### PAIR MUST MARRY AT SEA

#### Japanese Swain Can't Wed Woman in America—His Love Letters Yards Long.

Spokane—Love letters by the yard are the kind S. Kono, proprietor of a Japanese restaurant, receives regularly from his sweetheart of the flower kingdom. He exhibited one with considerable pride with the assurance that no one would read its sacred contents, as it is written in the Japanese language. Kono, with a bashful grin that extended from ear to ear, admitted that he was going to marry the little Japanese lass next September. "We show something," he said, as he drew forth a crumpled mass of what looked like tissue paper from his inside coat pocket. Carefully smoothing it out, Kono displayed several sheets of Japanese silk paper delicately inscribed with the native characters on one side. Each sheet was about four feet long and the width of ordinary writing paper. Kono explained that it was a letter from his bride-to-be, and gleefully pointed out his name and the girl's on the paper.

### 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 forecabin where the stench of oil was so intolerable that they could hardly breathe. Arraigned in the dock, the prisoners presented a novelty in the night court, so different were they from the usual types of prisoners. Most of them wore vivid colored handkerchiefs on their heads; some were garbed in wide trousers which extended only to the knees, and others were half naked. One man wore a yellow turban.

According to the testimony, the men were shipped in India, signing papers which stipulated that they were not to have any shore leave unless upon express permission of the captain. All said that the men had been deceived when these papers were signed, as they understood at the time that they were to be permitted ashore at all ports. After completing their work yesterday the men demanded shore leave for the evening. The captain refused, and the Lascars refused to desert. There was a wrangle on the deck, and one of the men jumped to the wharf, calling upon the others to follow him. Meanwhile the captain sent word to the seventeenth district police station, and before the men could follow their leader Sergeant Duffy, with a detail of policemen, was on the scene and arrested them all. According to the police, the men submitted to arrest peacefully. The magistrate said that he had no option but to sentence the men, as their act had been plainly illegal, in view of the papers they had signed.

### GIRL IS TREED BY BEARS

#### Minnesota 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.

### PROFESSOR FLEES FROM BEES