

PARALLEL STORIES OF FAMOUS CRIMES

By HENRY C. TERRY

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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THE GREAT ENGLEWOOD ROBBERY.

DID you ever think how a burglar, who breaks into your house regards you? You play an important part in his scheme of things, it is true, but he hasn't a very high opinion of you, at least of your fighting abilities. The thieves who broke into the house of Banker Baldwin, at Englewood, N. J., a few years ago and perpetrated cruel outrages upon every member of the family had no fear of dogs or guns. They did their work with fendish precision and congratulated themselves that they left no clue. But the teeth marks left on one of the gang by a faithful bull dog who died defending his mistress, proved their undoing. Now let the principal actors tell the story.

DANNY M'BRIDE'S STORY.

In the days when masked burglaries were in vogue, and all the villages within one hundred miles of New York were considered by these special students of the dark lantern and jimmy as the proper places for them to visit, there was no more desperate gang in the world than that led by Danny McBride, who was a sort of a hero among the lower class of citizens in the old Second Ward. Danny started out when quite a young fellow as a river pirate, and was just getting a knowledge of the business when Jerry McAuley, who was afterward converted and founded a mission, was in his former glory and had pretty nearly all the ship captains on the river front terrorized. There was not the police protection at that time that there is today, and no man's property, or even life, was safe after dark in certain sections of West, South and Front streets.

Danny followed thieving on the bay and river front for several years, but the business was not very remunerative, as most of the stuff which was stolen was disposed of as old junk. It was about as safe a line of this very as there was going, because Danny and his gang, which consisted of Ben Harper, "Slimmy" Kelly, "Old Man" Dobbs, Pete Bellier and Jack Opp, were such coldblooded cut-throats and careless handlers of the knife and revolver that no one, not even the police, cared about running up against them. Every one of them would kill before he would submit to capture, and as they invariably went together and had the sympathy of a large number of persons in their ballwalk, it was practically sure death for any one who cared to test their strength.

They were known as the greatest collection of rough-and-tumble fighters, and many a bitter battle did they have single-handed or together with the champions of the Ninth or American Ward, as it was known at that time. It was the toss of a cent who was the better man, Abe Hicks, the American, or Danny McBride. And, although they had a dozen fights in which all the work was done while they were lying in the street, they always came out about even. The last fight they had, John Morrissey was the referee, and he was in sympathy with McBride. Hicks seemed to be getting a trifle the best of the argument, and Morrissey interfered. Then on the Morton street pier occurred one of the bloodiest fights that ever took place in the Ninth Ward. McBride went to the hospital covered with wounds and glory, and it was three months before he was able to get out.

"That Morrissey fight," said McBride, "was the worst thing that ever happened to me, for while I was in the hospital the police got in on the gang and landed Dobbs, Kelly and Opp for killing a sailor in West street. They got twenty years, but because I wasn't out to help them. This broke up the old gang, and I could not get good men together for a new one, when I left the hospital, who could be trusted. I was very fond of the river trade, as there was more excitement in it than in any other that I ever struck, and there were bullets always flying in the air. I did not like to give it up, but when I heard that squealers were getting into the fences on the east side who were giving tips to the police, I saw that it was no use going on with the trade, and put out my line for some other business.

"It was along about this time that Jeff Reynolds, whose life I saved when Billy Porter was trying to fill him full of lead, came down from Sing Sing after doing a stretch of ten years, and the first thing he did was to hunt me up. I was then under cover for a highway trick on Staten Island, but Jeff knew where to find your uncle. When I found out that the cops had no pipes on me for the Staten Island job I went in with Jeff, Ben Harper, Long Sam Wiley and Spanish Forbes, who was a nigger and as clever a crook as I ever knew. He had a nerve that would carry him through a stone wall.

"Jeff got up a scheme to do the towns on the East and Hudson River fronts, and travel in a sloop. I always liked the water, and this just suited me. We worked off the tricks in the houses on each side of the rivers one after the other, so as to throw down the police. All our sailing was done in the night, and Forbes, who traveled on shore as a beggar, planted the places for us. It was dead easy work, and more like a picnic than anything else, calling up people in the night with masks on and relieving them of their wealth. We had plenty of luck on the Hudson River front and raided over forty houses. The game got so hot that

committees went out at night with rifles to hunt for crooks and we pulled off for a while as it never pays to be a target even for a bad hunter.

"While laying off I picked up a paper and read of a swell wedding at Englewood at the house of a man named Baldwin of the wealthiest folks in the neighborhood and some fellow had figured up the presents in jewelry and silver plate as being worth \$200,000. I showed it to Jeff, and said that we ought to give the place a call before any of the presents were sold. He agreed with me and we sent Forbes to take a look at the place. He reported that the job was as easy as finding the stuff on the road, and the night after the wedding we landed in Englewood in a grocery wagon. Three or four dogs were roaming about the grounds when we got there, and it took an hour or two to quiet these with some condition powders and meat, which we always carried on these trips.

"When we got alongside of the house I was afraid of alarm bells, so I sent Wiley to the top of the piazza to try his luck. The window catch was a double-ender, which could not be worked with a blade, and he had to cut out a pane of glass with a diamond point. The window opened into a vacant room, and we all got into the house that way. We put on our masks and started through the house. We struck old Baldwin's room first, and he actually showed fight. He tried to get to a knob which probably was a signal alarm kind, and Jeff put him to sleep with a sandbag. They were all fighters in the house, and a young fellow shot Jeff through the arm in the hall. He was put to sleep before he could do any more shooting. The women—three of them—had to be tied up and gagged to keep them still.

"When we thought that everybody was safe we divided up and went on a hunt for the swag. Forbes went to the front of the house, and in a few seconds I heard some terrible growls and a lot of things upsetting. I ran to the room, and there was Forbes having it out with a bull mastiff on the floor, with a young woman sitting on the bed and crying the heart out. She was a beauty and not scared a bit. The mastiff was getting the best of the fight and had a grip on Forbes' neck which was making him look sick. I pulled my gun and ordered the girl to call off the dog, but she defied me and told me to blaze away. I saw the bluff would not work, so I got out my old blackjack, an ugly-looking thing, and hit the beast a clip on the skull that knocked the life out of him.

"The girl flew at me when I banded the dog, like a wild animal, and I had all I could do to hold her without hurting her. I would not have harmed a hair of that spunky girl's head for a million, but I had to gag her for safety. I always felt sorry for her as she lay looking at the dog, which was probably her pet, and made a good fight to defend her.

"We had easy sailing after that, and in every room there was a lot of stuff which we put into bags. All of it looked good and was very heavy. There was any quantity of jewelry lying around, and in a small safe which we had no trouble in forcing with a wedge, there was a load of diamonds which had been described in the papers. We took our time in packing everything up in good shape, and after a good meal and a big draught of the old man's wine cellar, we quit the place. Harper was waiting down the road a bit with the wagon, and we loaded all the stuff into it."

DETECTIVE MALLON'S STORY.

"The dastardly treatment which the thieves," said Detective Mallon, "who did the work at Baldwin's mansion in Englewood gave the family caused great excitement, and the local police were paralyzed and did not know which way to turn. Mr. Baldwin lived part of the time in New York, and was a broker in Wall street. He requested us to give him aid in running down the thieves, and offered \$20,000 reward for their capture. The case was given to me the second day after the robbery, and I went carefully over the ground. Everything had been turned upside down by the local police, in the hunt for something which might lead to the identity of the men.

"I found the family in a terrible condition, and Miss Alice Baldwin almost died of the loss of her dog, which defended her so gallantly, and was buried in the finest part of the lawn. The others were all suffering from concussion of the brain from a terrible blow on the head. The only member of the family who could give any clue, which was of any value was Miss Alice, who slept through all the early part of the confusion and was awakened by the growling of the dog. The light was burning in her room, and she saw a heavy built man standing beside her bed. She called the dog, who was lying at the foot of the bed, and he ran to the thief. In the struggle the dog tore the mask off, and she saw the burglar was a negro.

"She said that she had seen the negro before in Englewood, and thought that she had seen him on a wagon loaded with garden truck going toward New York about two weeks before. Upon this information I made a tour all through the country to get a trace of a missing negro and wasted a lot of time in following the wanderings of a colored man who had worked for several days with a farmer near Led. I found him, but there were no wounds on his body, and this left him out of the game.

"When I returned to New York, I had a complete list of all the stolen goods, and made a tour of all the

fences which were likely to give up information to the police, but learned nothing that would do me any good. A friend of mine who kept a liquor store in Greenwich street told me of a watch which he had bought from a fellow who looked like a tramp about a week before, and it had all the marks of one of the watches which had been stolen. I took the watch to Mr. Baldwin, and he said that it was his property.

"I made up my mind that the tramp did not have any hand in the robbery, and had got possession of the watch in some other way. I hunted high and low for this fellow, in the cheap dives, and finally landed a fellow answering the description. I took him to the liquor dealer, and he was fully identified. I locked him up and squeezed him very hard for information. He persisted that he had found the watch in the street, but after he was put through the mill, and charged with killing a man to get the time piece, he admitted that he stole it from a man who was lying drunk in a hallway in Greenwich street.

"From the description that he gave me and the knowledge of crooks which I had, I concluded that it was probably Danny McBride. I dropped downtown, and, after hanging around for a few days, I felt satisfied that Danny was in hiding for something. I could not find him in any of his haunts, and I knew from his friends telling me that they had not seen him that he was keeping out of sight for something. I had never known that Danny was in the house-cracking business, as he had always figured as a river pirate, and a bad one at that.

"One evening, while going through Bleeker street, I met Frank Carroll, and he told me an amusing story about a voodoo woman, who sold charms to the superstitious negroes. She was from Cuba, spoke Spanish and had wonderful powers. She could destroy witches who followed negroes, and could cure diseases by the laying on of her hands. Carroll said that there was a report going around among the negroes that she had healed the wounds and destroyed the evil spirit which was bothering a negro at a single sitting, for which service she had received a fabulous sum. Ordinarily, I wouldn't have listened to this story, but by some strange influence I associated this negro with the one who had been bitten by the dog at Baldwin's house.

"A good detective always runs down every lead, no matter how foolish it may seem, and I decided to have a chat with the voodoo doctress. She lived in a rear building in Wooster street, on the top floor, and received me with a great show of suspicion. I told her that I believed in her power to kill my enemies, and I offered to pay her liberally for one of her enemy-destroying charms. Money would not tempt her to do anything for me, and she said that she could not treat white people. It is against the rules of these doctors to talk about a patient, but I told her about the story I had heard about her getting a large sum of money for healing one of her patient's wounds.

"In a few moments she limbered up a little and made a statement that fairly caused me to jump for joy. She said that the voodoo which had this man in his power had bitten him all over the body, and his flesh was filled with deep indentations from the teeth. That was all she would say then, and she would not tell who he was or anything about him except that he had gone to Cuba. I got a detective from the Mercer street station to watch the house and in the evening I got Al Pender, a colored man who could be depended on to play a part.

"He called upon the voodoo woman, and the first thing he did was to pull out a big knife and sharpen it. He said nothing while doing this and the woman became very uneasy. When he got through the pantomime he told her in very solemn tones that the object of his visit was to kill her. He gave her one alternative. If she would tell him who the man was, who called on her with the teeth marks in his body, her life would be spared and she would get \$1,000 in gold. Pender shook a bag full of metal and gave her three minutes to answer. She whispered the name of Spanish Forbes. Pender knew that he had the woman in his power, and pressed the question, under the same conditions, as to where Forbes was. She told him he was in a certain cellar in Wooster street.

"I had heard all she said from the hall, and at this point opened the door. I ordered her to take me to Forbes, but it took a prod from Pender's knife to make her move. She had told the truth. Forbes was in the cellar in a semi-delirious state from morphine. He talked all the time, and I made the woman sit on his bed. He seemed to be frightened when he saw her. I asked him who was with him at the Englewood robbery, and when I told him that the woman had told me everything, he gave the names of Jeff Reynolds, Danny McBride, Sam Wiley and Ben Harper, and told where they could be found.

"That was enough for me, and I sent Forbes to a hospital under guard. The same night I captured McBride, Wiley and Reynolds. They were tried, convicted and put away for fifteen years in Jersey. I caught Harper two years later, and he got the same dose. Forbes, who turned state's evidence, got off with seven years.

The Difference.

Timothy L. Woodruff, dressed no less quietly than faultlessly, was laughing at the Chicago Auditorium over the old stories about his configuration or rainbow waistcoats.

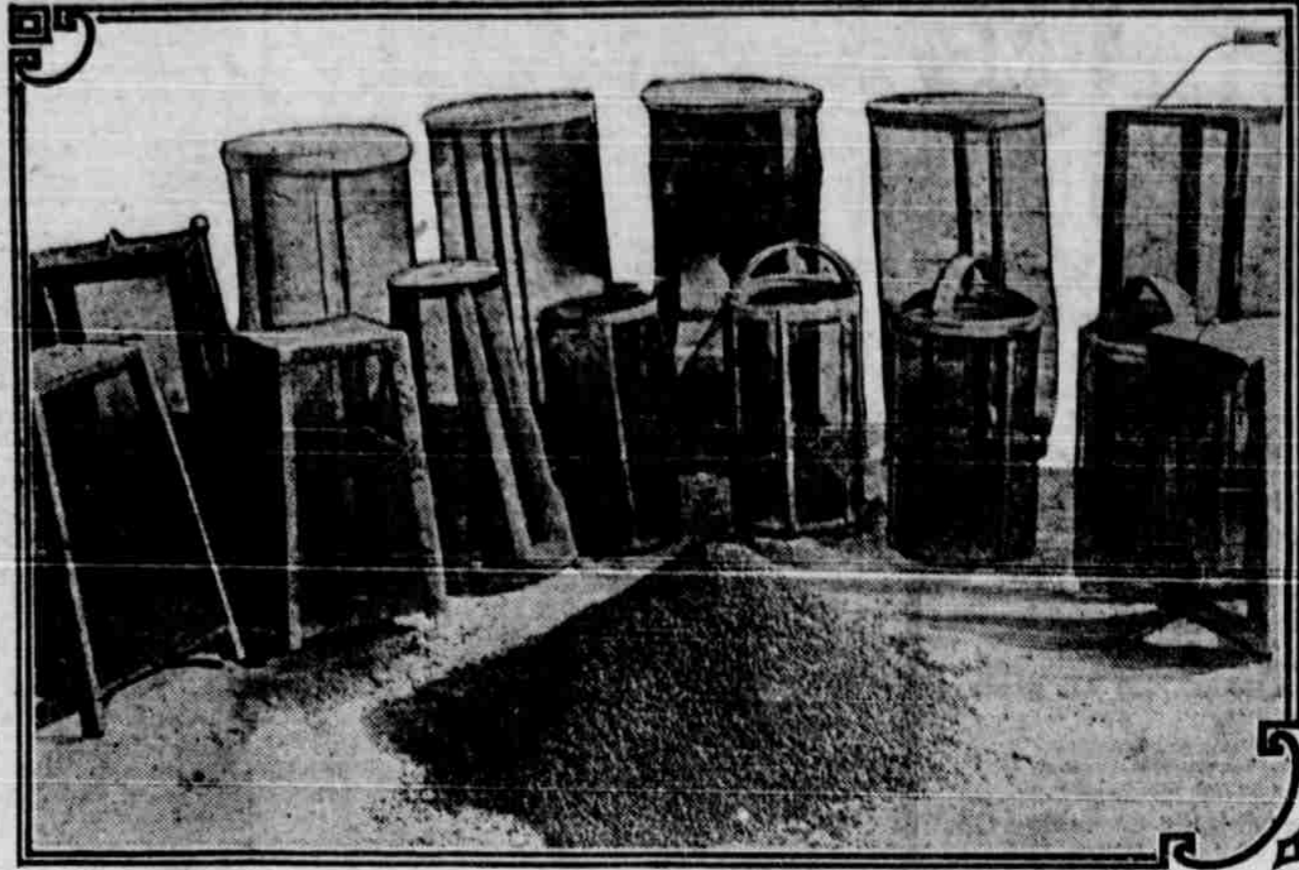
"My waistcoats," he said, "were always in good taste. At least they were always quiet. Those old yarns about them were started by men who had never seen a waistcoat that didn't match the coat.

"Loud waistcoats indicate vanity. I am not a vain man nor a proud one, either, for that matter."

"But is there much difference between pride and vanity?" a Chicago reporter asked.

"A great difference," Mr. Woodruff answered. "Pride says: 'I don't think much of you.' Vanity asks: 'What do you think of me?'"

HOW THEY WAGE WAR ON THE FLIES IN TEXAS



THE agitation for the extermination of the house fly in Texas has resulted in the killing of millions of the pests. The above photograph shows a heap of millions of flies caught in specially built fly traps in McGregor, Texas.

HOME TOWN HELPS

TRUE SPIRIT OF THE WEST

Broad interchange of ideas one of the secrets of that section's rapid growth.

The western cities have commenced their annual gadding around among their neighbors. Just as soon as the snowdrifts melt and train schedules become regular, "boosters" organizations from every Trans-Mississippi hamlet and metropolis pack their grips, charter a train and zigzag through three or four states, which is some territory as the west goes.

They have two missions—to spread the gospel that their particular locality is the best in the country in which to be happy and prosperous and spy out, absorb and appropriate any improvement, method or custom of value which their guests may have and they lack.

This interchange of ideas regarding business methods, municipal government, how to raise bumper crops and swat the greedy corporations is the secret of the growth of the west, and also explains why it annually presents a new batch of political and civic ideas and backs them with a solidarity that is amazing.

In unity there is strength, and in co-operation and neighborliness there is growth. It is peculiar of the west and to the west that while the cities fight among themselves for supremacy they will drop all differences and fight much harder for the west.—Philadelphia Evening Times.

SERVES A DOUBLE PURPOSE

Cultivation of Garden Reduces Cost of Living and Helps to Beautify the City.

There is no good reason why the occupant of a small lot in city or town should complain about the high cost of living in the summer time, if he is willing to endure some muscles for a brief period and to undertake perhaps unaccustomed labor with a spade and rake.

Every back yard on which the sun shines with reasonable warmth can be made to produce fresh vegetables enough to supply the average family in abundance and variety not surpassed by the menus of expensive hotels.

Every food requirement can be met with vegetables grown in the back garden. It is indeed difficult to find the soil or location which will not produce good crops if proper skill and care be used in fertilizing and preparing the soil and in choosing the seed.

Statistics have proved that the high cost of living is not due to increased expense in producing food, but that the big proportion of the high prices goes to the middleman. Every owner of a garden is independent of the middleman. No time may be lost by the man who wants to try gardening in preparing the ground and sowing the seed.

Beautiful Cities of the Future.

The development of American cities, especially since the civil war, has been so rapid that it has been almost entirely commercial. Like Topsy, American cities have "just grown." They began with a cluster of shacks at some road crossing and in their growth they followed the lines of least resistance. Streets took the places of cowpaths and gradually a town came into existence and the authorities thought that all that was necessary to prepare for future growth was to adopt a city plan of square streets or streets conforming to the topographical conformation of the place. In many places the main thoroughfares are narrow and these in later years have become congested, the cities have taken on a hodgepodge look and there has been no room for beautifying things unless radical changes should be made. Many an American city has waked up to these conditions and the result has been that all over the country the architectural physiologists have been called in to help things out. If the pace keeps up these architects venture to predict that within twenty years the United States will have a score, if not more, of beautiful cities, which cannot be surpassed anywhere in the world for their size.

PUNCH BOWL CENTURY OLD

Relic of Early New York to Be Placed in Metropolitan Museum for Safe-keeping.

New York.—The Morton punch bowl, an historic piece of rare Lowestoft porcelain which was presented to the city of New York by Governor Jacob Morton in 1812, has just ended a 100-year sojourn in the governor's room of the city hall, and will now be consigned for safe-keeping to a glass case in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The bowl is nearly six feet in circumference, making it the largest perfect piece of the ware in existence. Its ample interior carries a huge bird's eye view of New York city in 1803, together with the seals of the nation and state, the frigate Constitution under full sail, and a presentation of a shipyard. Its inscription reads:

"Drink deep. You will preserve the city and encourage canals."

Family Warned by Mental Telepathy.

Detroit, Mich.—Mental telepathy aided Mrs. Richard Meyer to foretell her father's death at St. Louis, Mo. He died shortly after telepathic communication had been flashed to all his children. Mrs. Meyer claims that for years the family has been warned of impending disaster by similar flashes.

LIES IN HOT SALT SOLUTION

Dixie Doctors Try to Save Louisville (Ky.) Newspaper Man Suffering From Burns.

Louisville, Ky.—Charles T. Rogers, who for six years was night editor at Louisville, and who suffered severe burns in a fire in his rooming house, lies immersed in a bathtub filled with a saline solution kept at a temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit. This course was directed by the surgeon attending him at a hospital as a last chance to save his life. Gangrene has developed and the doctors hope in this way to check it.

Mr. Rogers not only suffered burns upon his limbs, face and body, but inhaled fumes as well.

To Preserve Meat.

Any kind of fresh meat may be kept as long as wanted by being sliced and put in glass preserve jars roasting hot. The gravy should be put in, too.

HEARS PRAYERS; DIES

Suicide of an Eccentric Religious Enthusiast.

Wealthy Fish Merchant in Washington Market, Manhattan, Retired From Business and Intended to Spend Life in Ease.

New York.—After picking out a burial plot, making his will and carrying out other arrangements for his death, John Eisey, 71 years old, whose eccentricities had made him one of the city characters, committed suicide in his home, 98 Jewett avenue, Jersey City. Just before firing two bullets into his head he had his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Augustus Eisey, read to him several extracts from a prayer-book. He sent her to her room to do some sewing and said he was going to take a short nap, instead he went to bathroom, where he killed himself.

Eisey several years ago was one of the wealthiest fish merchants in Washington Market, Manhattan. He sold out his place for \$250,000 and then decided to devote himself to a life of religion and ease. Religion was his main interest in life. One of his children died 20 years ago and he founded the Eisey Chapel, in Jewett avenue, as a memorial. Before that time Eisey had carried his religious researches to the point of making frequent changes in his faith. When the chapel was opened he was among the Seventh-Day Adventists.

He became convinced not long afterward that the Salvation Army workers were the exponents of his favorite doctrine and he gave the chapel to that faith. When he was converted, subsequently it was occupied as the Church of the First Horn, by the Faith Cure sect and then went back to the Salvation Army. Eisey frequently talked from the pulpit and delighted to tell the influences that had worked to convert him to a new faith.

He was married twice. His first wife divorced him and the second died in 1906. The widow of his son, Mrs. Augustus Eisey, and Mrs. Jessie Tulley, a housekeeper, lived with him in the Jewett street house. The old man had other valuable property, among the realty pieces being a mansion in Duncan avenue that he sold last April to Edward J. Edwards, state controller. Several times since then he regretted the sale of this house.

Two weeks ago with his daughter-in-law he went to Cypress Hills cemetery, in Brooklyn, where he made arrangements for a burial plot for himself and also he picked out one for Mrs. Eisey. He admitted to Mrs. Eisey he had made all his plans for death. However, there seemed to be no change in his spirits after that time. He seemed cheerful as he listened to several chapters from his newest religious book, "Prevailing Prayer." After he was found with two bullets in his head in the bathroom he never recovered consciousness.

"I don't know why he should have killed himself," said Mrs. Eisey. "He and I have lived to ourselves for years as fine as princes. He had plenty of money to last him all his life, but he worried about money he had lost and about the sale of the Duncan avenue house. Then he has not been the same since he gave up his business."

Man Mars Dual Nuptials

Father of One Bridegroom-Elect Locks Him Up in Protest—Police Are Called.

Washington, Pa.—A double wedding, for which great preparations had been made, was marred and but one bride and bridegroom faced the clergyman as a result of the sudden determination of James Lennox not to allow his son to marry the girl of his choice.

The double ceremony was to have united the lives of Clyde H. Moss and Annie B. Bennett and Stephen Lennox and Laura V. M. Bennett. At the appointed hour the guests were waiting and the two sisters, society leaders of the town, stood ready to begin the march to the altar.

Moss appeared, but Lennox did not arrive, and finally, in desperation, a messenger was sent to the Lennox home. Father Lennox promptly informed the messenger that his son, Stephen, was safely locked up in his room upstairs and would not be married.

THEFT WEIGHED ON HER MIND

Converted at a Revival Meeting, She Asks Forgiveness of the Storekeeper.

Devil's Lake, N. D.—Remorse for having stolen an apple from the Quality department store of this city 20 years ago, when she was a schoolgirl, caused a St. Paul woman, who signed her name as "Mrs. F. C." of Dayton's Bluff, St. Paul, to send the local merchant a letter asking forgiveness. The owners of the store say they know who the woman is, but refuse to disclose her identity.

"More than 20 years ago," says the St. Paul woman, "I was a schoolgirl living in Dakota, and you were running the store at the trading point, now Devil's Lake. While on my way to school one day I saw that no one was looking and I took a big apple from a basket in front of your place of business. I was converted last Friday night in a revival meeting being held in one of the churches in this vicinity and I want to make my wrong right both with you and my maker."

MOTHER URGES SON'S DEATH

Witness Says Woman Saw Boy Murdered by Another Youth in Baltimore.

Baltimore.—That Mrs. Emma Bamberger saw mortal wounds inflicted on her son and encouraged Albert Patterson to kill the boy was the startling testimony in the police court as the

Reads Page at a Glance

Victim of Disease of Eyes Also Is Enabled to Memorize Article at Sight.

New York.—Visual power by which a man can read the entire page of an ordinary book at a glance and repeat every line word for word is the subject of an article by Dr. George M. Gould in the current number of The Journal of the American Medical Association. That this power is due not to normal visual conditions, but to a disease of the eyes, is Dr. Gould's contention.

The man with the remarkable eyes is designated as "Mr. C." This man can read several books each evening, and usually he can repeat all he has read without error. He is fond of poetry and novels, and a quick glance at the pages suffices to fix its contents indelibly in his memory.

The case was easily explained by those who have knowledge of the physiology of binocular, or two-eyed vision, Dr. Gould says. Some time during the middle years of the man's life the central part of the retina, the "macular" region of the right eye, was destroyed by an inflammation caused by eye-strain. The "fixing" part of the retina was obliterated, leaving there a blind, round space or hole. The left eye was not diseased and continued the usual perfection of a macular or central vision.

"By long, unconscious and forced exercise," continues Dr. Gould, "the healthy zone of the right retina surrounding the macular was educated to such a degree that it could, when un-

moved, receive and transmit to the brain the image of the entire page, except that part falling upon the central portion, which has been destroyed."

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TO CONFISCATE GIRLS' MAIL

How Postmaster Is to End Practice He Regards as Evil—To Give Letters to Parents.

Flushing, N. Y.—A new and effective scheme for curbing misuse of the post-office's general delivery window has been put into effect by Postmaster Thomas B. Lowette here. He will henceforth confiscate all general delivery letters addressed to young girls of the village and turn them over to their parents or some male member of the family. Mr. Lowette said he recently became aware that some of the girls of the village were receiving mail which he thought would stand inspection by their parents.

Man in Tree Dead a Year.

Missoula, Mont.—The mummified remains of a man, believed to have been E. Kost, a globe trotter, judging from papers found on him, was discovered in a tall tree. The man had been sitting above an old Indian hunting platform. Apparently he had slipped and his leg caught in the limb. The body had been hanging for more than a year.

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