

TREADING IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS



J. P. Morgan, head of the great financial house of Morgan, seen at the left of the illustration, makes daily trips to business from his summer home on Long Island aboard his steam yacht. His wife is seen at the right, and in the center is Miss Jane Morgan, who has been at Newport recently.

EXECUTE "MAN TIGER"

Jake Oppenheimer, Noted Criminal Is Put to Death.

Murdered Many Men—Having Added Several Killings to His Record While in Prison, for One of Which He Hanged.

Folsom, Cal.—"Jake" Oppenheimer, known as "The Criminal of the Century" and "The Tiger Man," because of his murderous ferocity, was put to death on the gallows here for the murder of a fellow-convict in Folsom prison.

Oppenheimer was probably one of the most remarkable criminals of the age. He had at least four murders to his credit and innumerable murderous assaults. He commenced his criminal career when a boy. Discharged by the superintendent of a telegraph company in San Francisco, he thereupon shot and killed the official.

Oppenheimer, in some way, "beat the case," but three years later was sentenced to fifty years' imprisonment for robbing a drug store. This severe sentence was given him because of evidence showing that he was a dangerous and habitual criminal. A man named Ross testified against Oppenheimer at his trial, at which time "The Man Tiger" swore to be revenged.

Not long after Oppenheimer's arrival at Folsom prison, Ross was sent there as a convict. Oppenheimer waited for him at the gate and stabbed him to death before the guards could interfere. A short time later Oppenheimer murdered a guard named McDonald. As punishment he was placed in solitary confinement, but obtaining a file he made his way out and attacked a fellow-convict named John Wilson with a butcher knife. Wilson died a few days later.

In 1901 the state legislature passed a law imposing the death penalty upon any prisoner who should make an assault upon a prison official or a fellow-prisoner. Under this law, Oppenheimer was tried in October, 1907, for the murder of Wilson. He was found guilty, and was sentenced to die on June 6, 1908.

Apparently supplied with plenty of money, Oppenheimer fought his case all the way up to the Supreme court of the United States, but finally lost. He then endeavored to obtain his freedom by writ of habeas corpus, but in vain.

While awaiting the decision of the courts in his efforts to save himself from the gallows, Oppenheimer was kept in strict confinement at the Folsom prison. There he continued his criminal career with unequalled cunning and ferocity. In company with two other criminals, prisoners, J. W. Finley and San Francisco Quiljada, Oppenheimer made an attempt to break out of the prison at midnight on January 4, 1910, by sawing the bars of their cell. They would have succeeded had not Night Captain Quikmire detected them sneaking along the corridor.

Quiljada, a half-breed Yaqui Indian, had attacked some of the prison guards several years before and had been sentenced to death under the law of 1901. He appealed to the courts, and his case was pending at the time when Oppenheimer began his fight for his life. There was considerable ill-feeling between the two prisoners from the very beginning, and their mutual

hatred increased in the course of time. The climax came in September of 1901, when one morning Quiljada challenged Oppenheimer to a combat for life, while the prisoners were permitted to exercise in the corridor of the prison.

Oppenheimer, who had secretly prepared himself for such an emergency, flung himself upon the Indian and stabbed him to death with a sharp piece of steel, which he had picked up in the prison yard several months before, and which he had secreted in his mattress ever since.

AUSTRIA LOVES SWEET PEAS

Unknown Some Few Years Ago, the Flower is Now in Many Gardens.

Vienna.—Sweet peas, which were practically unknown in Austria only a few years ago, are now promul-



Emperor Francis Joseph.

nent in the imperial gardens at Schonbrunn.

The aged Emperor Francis Joseph is the first in Austria to "take up" the sweet peas. The director of the imperial gardens was sent to London and brought specimen plants back with him. Now the tables at the castle at Schonbrunn are decorated with sweet peas in one color, or, at most, two. The emperor prefers pink and white to other combinations.

DOG'S LIFE TO SAVE CHICKS

Fights Copperhead, as Venomous Reptile Imperiled His Mistress.

Pottsville, Pa.—When Mrs. Robert Helms went to the chicken coop to see why her fowls were making an unwonted noise, she found that a four-foot copperhead had coiled up in the yard and was giving battle to a dog which had driven the reptile away from a half-devoured chicken.

She endeavored to strike it with a broom when the snake made a thrust at her, narrowly missing. Her screams brought men from their work near by, and they soon killed the snake.

The dog was a victim of the fangs of the reptile, and will likely die from the poison, which he endeavored in vain to lick from his wounds.

WAS LURED BY GOLD

How Plague Ship Captain Secured an Engineer.

Deluded Man Was Later Startled by Elaborate Courtesies of His Chief and Succession of Burials at Sea.

New York.—The favorite story of Capt. Walter Ancker, superintendent of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad's floating equipment at pier No. 22, foot of Jay street, North river, who died some time ago, was of his experience on a plague ship.

Ancker was assistant engineer on the German steamer Minister Achenbach, which lay at Nikolajev, on the Bug river. One day he and Captain Kahmke were discussing bubonic plague in the cabin on the bridge deck when Captain Strjnger of the British tramp Sea Gull came alongside in one of his boats, very much excited.

"A hundred pounds in gold for an engineer!" shouted the captain. "I'm short of engineers. I'll drop him off at Constantinople and there you can pick him up."

Captain Kahmke advised Ancker to accept the offer, saying the Achenbach would be at Constantinople in about a week. Ancker accepted it and turned over half of the 100 pounds in gold to his captain for safe-keeping and tucked the other half inside his belt.

Inside of half an hour the young engineer was aboard the Sea Gull, which already had steam up in the Bug. She was low down in the water. She had just returned from India, and her crew embraced Lascars, Russians, Finns and English. All the officers were English.

The captain was unusually hospitable. He came to the engine room, bringing a flask of brandy and a box of cigars to the engineer and asking him not to leave the engine room and not to spare the cigars and brandy. It looked suspicious—such liberal hospitality.

At four bells of the first watch Engineer Ancker decided to steal a little sleep in a comfortable armchair which the skipper had sent below. He stepped first into the alleyway, where were the berths labeled respectively "Engineer," "First Engineer" and "Second Assistant Engineer." In the first room he saw the form of a man in the bunk. In room No. 2, darker than the first, he touched a man apparently asleep, a bottle of brandy by his side. From the bunk in the third room Ancker grabbed a blanket and wrapped himself in it in his chair in the engine room.

"What's the trouble?" the new engineer asked a sailor.

"Do you think it is measles?" returned the man contemptuously.

Questioning the sailor more closely, Ancker learned that nine out of the crew of 36 were already dead, including the regular engineer, the first assistant and the second assistant, whose bunks the understudy had visited during the previous night.

Twice again on that day there were splashes alongside. Ancker took frequent small sips of brandy, smoked cigars, drank boiled water only and ate sparingly.

Ancker bribed a bumboatman to set him ashore at Pera on the opposite shore.

TOWN TO BUY LIGHTHOUSE

Scituate to Acquire Tower From Which Two Girls Scared Off British Invaders.

Boston, Mass.—The old Scituate light, located on the Sand Hills, Scituate, scene of the exploit of Rebecca and Abigail Bates, who, during the war of 1812, scared off a British ship by playing the fife and drum, will become the property of the town of Scituate when the town purchases it from the government.

The old stone tower, from which the lantern has long been removed, has lain idle on the end of the Sand Hills since the establishment of Minot's



Old Scituate Tower.

light, with which it was confused by mariners many years ago.

A year ago the scheme of a local land company to acquire the lighthouse was defeated by the hue and cry that was raised by citizens of Scituate and patriotic societies all over the country. In the town meeting last March the town raised \$1,000 for the purchase of the lighthouse.

The story of the heroic Bates girls may be found in many of the histories of the Bay state. The two young daughters of Aaron Bates, the light-keeper, lived with their father on the then lonely strip of beach half a mile from the village of Scituate.

One day when their father was in his fields a mile from the lighthouse a British man-of-war came in and anchored half a mile off the shore. The boatloads of sailors started ashore. The invasion of Scituate was undoubtedly prevented by the two girls, who, taking from the wall a fife and drum which had been carried by their grandfather in the revolution and on which they had frequently practiced, they got behind a sand hill and struck up "Yankee Doodle" to such good effect that the sailors returned to the ship which sailed away. The girls have been called the "American Army of Two."

FIND VALUABLE OLD VOLUMES

British Museum Gets Two Copies of the "Lyd of our Lady"—Copies Are Rare.

London.—The British Museum has just secured two copies of the only two leaves known of the so-called second edition of the "Lyd of our Lady" by John Lydgate, printed by Caxton about 1484 in folio.

Some time ago the librarian of the St. Bride Typographical Library, Mr. R. A. Peddie, discovered among a collection of pamphlets and other papers originally the property of William Blades a bundle of early printed leaves and fragments of leaves wrapped in a leather binding from which the boards had been removed. On investigation it was discovered that the whole of the printed matter was from Caxton's press and the binding itself was from his workshop. There were thirty-eight leaves of the Boethius, printed about 1478, and there appeared to be little doubt that the binding originally belonged to the Boethius and that the careful disintegration of the boards had resulted in the remaining fragments.

Among these fragments these six copies of the two leaves before referred to were discovered. One leaf was still pasted on the binding. The "Lyd of our Lady" contains ninety-six leaves and there are eight copies now known to be in existence.

BRIGHT CHILD IS A DANGER

Every Community Should Have the Right to Direct Education, an Educator Says.

Washington.—Children of exceptional mental brilliancy are even greater dangers to society than those defective or abnormally-stupid. This is the conclusion of Dr. Maxmillian P. E. Groszmann of the United States bureau of education in a report made public here. The educational expert based his statement on the comprehensive study made in the schools of the United States.

As a remedy for the uplift of misguided juveniles the scientist advocates legislation giving the community the right to direct the educational training of every child.

Wildcats Kill Fancy Sheep.

Great Barrington, Mass.—Wildcats got into a flock of fine imported sheep on the country estate of Howard Willets of New York at New Marlboro and killed 35 of them. Each sheep had its throat chewed open and its tongue eaten out. The rest of the carcass was unmolesed. The sheep were of a valuable breed of fancy imported stock and were killed in a hill wood lot where wildcats often have been shot.

Tales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

Policemen Assist Mother in Spanking a Bad Boy



NEW YORK.—There's a grateful Nating in the palm of Mrs. Margaret O'Hanlon's good right hand to remind her that she has at last achieved her ambition. She has spanked her fourteen-year-old son John—of shameful neighborhood note as "Mrs. O'Hanlon's bad boy"—and, though two brawny policemen assisted in the operation, she it was who struck every indignant blow.

John, who is sometimes called "The Eel," because he has the ability of the greased redskin of yore to slip through avenging fingers, has made himself especially worthy of his reputation. Some times, so Mrs. O'Hanlon says, she just had to stand awestruck and wonder how such a carload of badness could ever have been compressed into her bad boy's four feet of height and seventy pounds of bones.

First of all, he issued a declaration of independence, in which he stated his intention of staying away from school. Also, he didn't think he would spend all his nights under the maternal roof, being "past 14." Also, he didn't think he would take care of his younger sisters, while his widowed

mother was out earning the family's living, nor would he carry any more kindling wood in for domestic consumption.

Seizing his ear—the only portion of his anatomy upon which any one can get a handhold, Mrs. O'Hanlon carried him upstairs. Once there, John began to vent his indignation. He took the kitchen lamp and tossed it out the window. He took dishes out of the cupboard and smashed them on the floor. He tried to wrench the door off the icebox. He slapped his small sisters. He called his mother names.

Policeman Herdenreich heard the racket and came upstairs. When he was told Mrs. O'Hanlon's bad boy was at it again, he entered into the pursuit with a zest. There was a procession to the police station.

Lieutenant Hickey on the desk at the "house" was astounded when the villainies of John O'Hanlon had been recited. A grin stole over his face.

"Take him out in that room," he said.

"Follow, madam," said the lieutenant, bowing toward Mrs. O'Hanlon.

She did, with a great, great joy welling up in her heart. Woman's intuition, perhaps, told her what was going to happen.

With Herdenreich holding his feet and another policeman his head, Mrs. O'Hanlon's bad boy was disposed across his parent's knee.

And then—and then—but go ask Mrs. O'Hanlon, who can tell you better than any one else in the world

Basket of Lively Crabs Cause Great Commotion

PHILADELPHIA.—A basket of crabs which were tied to the seat of a motorcycle caused a commotion in the neighborhood of the Episcopal hospital the other day that will long be remembered. Incidentally, it wrecked the motorcycle and landed the rider in the hospital with a fractured skull. And the cause of it all was one crab's dash for freedom and a healthy appetite, who wandered out of the basket, climbed the rider's back and affectionately took hold of his neck. The unexpected attack from the rear caused the rider to lose control of his machine.

Harold Wilson, twenty-three years old, of 177 Westmoreland street, left for Wildwood, N. J., the other morning to go "crabbing." After he had disported himself in the surf and later on captured a good supply of large ones, he decided to return home. He tied the basket on the back seat of the motorcycle. All went well until he reached Kensington and Lehigh avenues. There, one of the largest of the collection became restless and crawled up his back. When it reached his neck it bit hard and held on. The pain on the back of his neck was so



sudden and unexpected that Wilson lost all control of the machine and was thrown head foremost to the curb.

A crowd of a hundred persons quickly gathered and Wilson was carried to the hospital, which was but a short distance from the scene of the accident.

Augmented by numerous Sunday strollers, the crowd had assumed proportions that threatened to block traffic, however. In the excitement, overlooking the basket of crabs which had escaped and were scrambling through the throng. Their presence became known when one of them fastened onto the ankle of a pretty girl. Her screams started a stampede that cleared the thoroughfare in record time.

All the Average Plain Little Woman Has to Do



SEATTLE, Wash.—She was just a plain, middle-aged little woman, unpretentious in dress and bearing—the kind that is met with by the hundred every day in the stores, on the sidewalks and in the street cars, usually carrying bundles.

She was on the witness stand and the lawyer had asked her what she did after looking out of a window at ten o'clock in the evening and seeing a policeman arrest a man.

"I didn't do anything to speak of," she said. "I just set some bread to rise and mended a hole in one of my children's stockings, and put some clothes I wanted to wash the next day to soak, and chopped up some po-

tatoes and meat to make hash for breakfast and put a button on my husband's trousers, and set the table for breakfast, so as to save time in the morning, and laid the fire so I wouldn't have anything to do but light it in the morning.

"Then I sort of tidied up my kitchen and seeded some raisins for a cake I wanted to bake the next morning and emptied the water under the ice chest, and went down the cellar to see that the furnace was all right for the night. I brought some apples up from the cellar and peeled them so as to have them ready for something I wanted to make the next morning. Then I would up the clock and read the morning paper for a few minutes and did three or four little things a woman is apt to do before she goes to bed when she has a family to look after. But nothing to speak of, after all."

Probably, if she had lived in the country she would also have got a lantern and sawed and split enough cord-wood for the next day's fuel.

Man With Pink Neck-Tickers Was Very Touchy

CHICAGO.—A luxuriant set of bushy pink whiskers loomed in the doorway of Municipal Judge Robinson's courtroom the other day. Behind them was concealed a man who later developments indicated must have been a Republican.

"If that isn't Senator J. Ham Lewis it certainly looks like him," exclaimed Judge Robinson softly to his clerk.

The clerk craned his neck to see the man sporting the rainbow-hued alfalfa. Instead of the peaceful junior senator from Illinois he saw a man advancing with clenched fists toward the court. Judge Robinson believes the man must have been a lip-reader, as the remark about the whiskers had been made in a whisper.

He was so wrought up he attempted to attack the jurist and was expelled from the courtroom only after a lusty struggle with two bailiffs and a clerk.

"Where do you get that at?" shouted the offended bush-wearer. "Do you think I came in here to be insulted about my whiskers? Judge or no judge, there's nobody can accuse me of looking like any pink whiskered



senator. I won't stand for it."

A bailiff grappled with the infuriated man as he strode toward the bench.

"Let go of me. Take your hand out of my beard," he shouted as the bailiff twined his fingers in the patch of hair.

The bailiff struggled manfully, but realizing he was no match for the gentleman with the Sampsonian adornment he gasped for help. It came in the person of another bailiff and a clerk.

The combined efforts of Judge Robinson's clerk and his bailiff and the bailiff who patrols the hall of the ninth floor of the city hall were necessary to subdue the man. Finally he was thrust out, cursing loudly.