

RANSOMED FROM KIDNAPERS; HAPPY REUNION WITH PARENTS



WILLIE WHITTLE



JAMES T. WHITTLE
FATHER OF BOY



WHITTLE'S HOME

Cleveland, Ohio, March 25.—James P. Whittle and son "Billy" left this morning for their home in Sharon, Pa. They were escorted to the railroad station by a cheering crowd of people. The kidnaped youngster was clasped in the arms of his father from the moment they left the hotel until they reached the train.

Mr. Whittle today was not inclined to discuss the matter of ransom or the plans of the family in dealing with the kidnapers.

"That will be up to the police," he said, "and as I live and breathe, I am not worrying over their movements."

Ten thousand dollars ransom for Billy Whittle was paid to his kidnapers in a little grocery store at East Fifty-third street and Standard avenue at 1 p. m. Monday.

"Hayes" Takes Package.
The money was received by an ordinarily dressed workman who gave his name as Hayes. He picked up the package filled with yellow backed bills, smiled nonchalantly and left.

Mrs. Bernard Hendrickson, temporarily in charge of the store for her mother, Mrs. Margaret Uble, forgot to notice which way the man went.

The Hayes man stepped into the store at noon and asked if a package had been left there for him. Mrs. Hendrickson, without noting his appearance, told him there had not been one. An hour later a prosperous looking man, who said his name was Williams, came in with a small package in his pocket.

"Williams" Brought It.

"He said he wanted to leave it for a man named Hayes," said Mrs. Hendrickson. "His asked if Hayes had been here. She said he had. Williams left the package and not two minutes later Hayes came in and asked: 'Is my package here?'"

"I told him it was. He smiled, and without another word he took it and where it lay exposed on top of the cigar case and went away."

Mrs. Uble has conducted the store for 17 years. She was not in the store when the package of the ransom took place. Only her daughter, wife of an employe of the natural gas company, was a witness to the transfer.

BOY TELLS THE REPORTERS
ABOUT MOVES OF CAPTORS

Cleveland, March 25.—Willie told his story as best he could. It was not a long story in every way, but it was romantic from his childish lips. He could not remember every place he had been, but he gave an idea of his travels so that it would be possible for the police to cover part of the trail made by the kidnapers.

"Papa," said the boy in a tone of childish prattle, "I have been buggy riding, been in a big white house that looked like ours. I have been treated nice, and had lots of good things to eat."

"One man, tall and with a black mustache, came to the school house Thursday, and told my teacher, Mrs. Anna Lewis, that you wanted me at your office. I went out to a buggy with him. He got in and then he got in. We rode away. On the way down town he asked me to address a letter to you. I did this and dropped it in a mail box. He was very kind."

"We went to Sharon to Warren. We had the nicest trip. The man, who was the same man who brought me to the car line tonight, was nice to me. He tucked the robe about my legs and made me comfortable. It was something like a street car."

"When we got to a place the man said was Warren the man left the buggy in the road. Then we got on what I think was an electric car. I don't just remember what it was, but it was something like a street car. I don't know what became of the horse and buggy. I was sleepy when we got on the car and I slept much of the way to the place where we were going."

"When we got to a town that the man called Castle he took me over to a woman. She was good to me. The house, or whatever the building was, was a clean place. There was a man there who I think was a doctor. He looked like a doctor, because he had whiskers, short whiskers."

"The people in the hospital told me to do just what they told me to do. If I did not obey they said they would take me to a place where the best house, where folks that have smallpox have to go. It was not a clean or pretty place, they told me. I would have been good, anyway, but when I thought there was a chance to go to the best house I did not do a thing. I should not have done."

"On Saturday night I was taken away from the hospital and I think we went to a town called Ashtabula. We traveled in a buggy and on foot. Early in the morning we went back to the hospital. I heard one of the men say: 'There will be nothing doing tonight, I guess.'"

"I might have been right here in Cleveland, though, papa, for some of the town I saw tonight from the car looked like the place we went to Saturday night."

"They took me all along that I was just taking a little vacation. I was not going to be hurt, they told me. So I just acted nice and had a good time playing around the hospital. I knew I would get back home all right. Just supposed 'Mr. Jones' was one of my best friends, who was treating me nice because you wanted him to treat me that way, papa, dear."

The boy told the story slowly, but at times he stopped and kissed and hugged the father. His father sat as if in a trance. The music of his boy's voice seemed to charm him.

An attempt had been made to disguise the lad. He wore a pair of smoked glasses and a large tan cap, which was pulled down over his ears, and the father said it would have been difficult to have recognized the boy in such a garb had he passed him on the street.

Willie is in perfect health. He says he has been well treated and ever since his capture has been constantly indoors. He believes he was taken from Sharon to Warren and thence to New Castle, Pa. In his opinion, he expressed in a happy schoolboy way, that he was in Ashtabula on Saturday night at the time his father was to leave his \$10,000 in Flatiron park.

Shortly after noon Mr. Whittle left Sharon for Cleveland. He was unaccompanied. His immediate family and the private detectives he apprised of the proposed secret meeting, but insisted that he make the trip alone. Every one of them was warned that he must be allowed to go unimpeded and no attempt at the capture of the kidnapers was made.

Whittle was certain that if he spouted the plans of his son's captors last night he would never see the lad again. His experience at Ashtabula served as a warning. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon he went to a candy store in the east end. With him he carried the \$10,000, expecting that it would be demanded of him there. He was met by a woman, who detained him in the terms of the kidnapers. With all the eagerness of a distracted parent Whittle agreed to them immediately. Half an hour later he returned to the Hollenden and awaited developments.

Back to Hotel.
His entrance to the hotel was shrouded in secrecy. By a previous arrangement made with the hotel management he did not register. Detective G. E. Perkins, who has superintended the search for the boy, was in the lobby calmly smoking and pretending to be unconcerned. The hearts of both parent and detective were beating anxiously. The agent of the kidnapers promised that the boy would be started toward the hotel shortly after nightfall. As the hour of the appearance of the child approached, Whittle became nervous. He disregarded the advice of the detective to keep out of sight of the newspaper

men and the crowds of curious people, who had learned that he was in the city. Emerging from his room he walked up and down the hall on the second floor with hands clasped across his breast. Then, unable to stand the suspense longer, he went into the lobby and seated himself in a chair. A few newspaper men walked over to talk with him, but he refused to converse with them.

"In heaven's name, men, do not say anything to me; I am on the verge of nervous prostration," he said. "I expect the boy will be back tonight, but I cannot say positively whether he will be returned safe and sound. Do not ask me to reveal the alleged settlement. That might ruin all of the plans."

For more than an hour Willie waited in the lobby smoking cigars and muttering to himself. Detective Perkins sat near him and pleaded with him to have patience. A friend approached and Whittle retired into a corner of the hotel and talked to him. He was very nervous.

Boy Starts Home.

In the meantime little Willie, the kidnaped boy, feeling comparatively safe in the hands of his kidnapers, was being prepared for his return to his father. The woman at the candy store had done her duty. She communicated with the captors of the boy and told them that the father had made no attempt to trap them. The kidnapers were satisfied for his return and declines to name the woman in charge of the confectionery store, and almost dares the police to locate her. So the boy was brought from his hiding place—where it was no one knows to a car line in the east end of the city, which would bring him into town quickly.

The kidnapers, according to Willie, was cheerful enough. The mysterious one and the youngster skipped in schoolboy fashion toward the trolley jostling in the meantime. A few rods from the car line the man stopped the boy. Pulling a pair of smoked glasses from his pocket he adjusted them to the lad's head, with the remark: "You'll look better in these." Besides the black cap worn over the boy's ears, a slip which Willie was to hand to the conductor was put in the boy's pocket. It read: "Send this boy to the Hollenden hotel double quick."

With all arrangements made and his tracks apparently well covered, the kidnaper took the boy's right hand in his brawny left and they continued briskly along toward the car line. The lad skipped gaily enough with his eyes lighted on the promise of seeing his "dad" and "ma" urging him forward.

They chatted with each other. Willie says the man told him that if anybody asked him who took him to the car line to tell them it was "Mr. Jones." "You'll look better in these," he said, too, if you want to," said the kidnaper. "All right, Mr. Jones," answered Willie.

Presently a car came into view and the mysterious Mr. Jones drew the boy closer to him. "Well, Willie, you are going down town now, and you will see your papa pretty soon," he said.

This delighted Willie. He swung onto the car quickly according to the conductor. Mr. Jones paid the boy's fare and then got off the car and disappeared, after waving a friendly adieu. This farewell to his little captive was continued until the car had disappeared in the linky darkness of the night.

Discover the Boy.

The boy gazed about the car for a familiar face. He saw none he knew. Presently Edward Mahoney, who is a 17-year-old boy of jolly visage, came into the car. He sat down in the seat with the boy. Mahoney, like most every other person in Cleveland last night, was looking for little Willie Whittle, the kidnaped boy. So when his eyes lighted on Willie he started a conversation.

"What's your name?" he queried. "Jones," answered Willie, true to his kidnaped friend. But Mahoney was not to be fooled. He called his friend Ramsey over from another part of the car and showed him Willie. He suggested that it might be the missing child. When Willie showed them his transfer slip, saying that he should be put off

at the Hollenden hotel, and they were convinced they had accomplished more than all the slouts in the country. The boys took Willie to the hotel. He skipped through the door ahead of them and into the lobby. The boys partly lost track of him in the crowd, so anxious was the youngster to catch a glimpse of a face he loved. And then again Mahoney and Ramsey were not sure of their abilities as slouts when they got into view of a crowd. Willie did not see his father, mother or sister in the lobby. Walking over to the clerk, he asked:

"Did you see my papa?"
"Who is the boy?" he was asked.
"Oh, I am Mr. Whittle's Willie," he replied.

The crowd nearest the boy who heard the words rushed in around him. The boy was shoved up against the hotel counter and the scene closely resembled a panic.

Father Claims Son.

Across the lobby the father, his eyes red with weeping, heard the piping voice of his son. Frantic with joy at the sound, he rushed through the office corridor and in a moment was fighting his way through the spectators. Plunging and squirming, knocking bystanders right and left, the frenzied parent made his way to the bewildered boy in knickerbockers standing solemnly with automobile goggles in front of the clerk's desk.

"The kidnaped boy saw his parent coming. He opened his lips to speak. The words were never uttered. Grasping Willie in his arms, the happy father lifted the boy and planted a score of kisses on his lips.

"It's my boy, my darling Willie," he cried, "I've grown old, but my eyes. He pressed the child to his breast and hugged him tightly. Willie smiled a little. He was glad to see his papa, but he did not realize what all the fuss was about.

When the crowd realized that the kidnaped child had been returned to his parents a cheer rang out. For three minutes the handclapping and shouting continued. There were cheers for the boy and then cheers for the father. Stripping off the boy's cap and the smoked glasses, Willie revealed his boy's bare head for the first time. He lifted the lad high above his head so that everyone might get a view of the now famous youngster who came near to ridding the "lost Charlie Ross" of kidnaped fame.

Phones the Mother.

As soon as he could push his way through the crowd Willie ran to his room on the second floor. He carried the boy in his arms. For several minutes he was alone in the room with his schoolboy son. Then through the door came the words, spoken by the mother to the boy's mother, on the long distance phone:

"Oh, mother, I have Willie here; in my arms. He is safe. Glory to God, Mamma, it is the happiest night of my life."

There was a pause. The mother was pleading for the husband to return with the boy to his home at once.

"I can't get a train out of here until 8 o'clock in the morning, but I will come home as soon as possible. You can trust me with him, little mother, can't you?"

Detective Reed next answered the phone. Willie praised him for his work and told him of the recovery of the child.

Five minutes after the father had entered his room fully 2,000 persons gathered in the hallways and lobbies of the hotel. Those who were unable to get into the hotel stood on the sidewalk and shoved for a glimpse of the boy. Again and again they called his name and implored his father to bring him out and let them look at him.

The father carried the boy on his shoulder down into the lobby. Mounting a raised platform in the center of the lobby Willie gave everyone a chance to see the boy.

Speaks to Crowd.

"Cries of 'Speech!' 'Speech!' caused Willie to say a few words. His quavering voice was too full of joy for him to make a connected speech, but he poured out the happiness of his heart in the few words that he uttered.

"I am sorry, mother," he said, "my neck and little Willie nestling in the folds of his father's coat the father said:

"This is my son. He was lost, and is found again. If I live 1,000 years I can never repay the love that the press, the police and the people, who have done noble work in helping me to find my boy and in extending their sympathy to me and my family and relatives."

When Willie ceased speaking there were demands for a few words from the boy. The lad for the first time showed signs of fright. Upon being restored to his father he wrapped his arms around his daddy's neck and hid his face in his breast. Willie gently drew the lad's head from the folds of the coat and told him to say something to the cheering people. The boy turned his face upward, but he could not speak. His tears were bigger than his words. Down his cheeks. Again the crowd cheered as the boy was lifted from the platform by his father.

Whittle, when he returned to his room, refused to see any one until the morning. He personally thanked the Mahoney and Ramsey boys who brought Willie to the hotel. He made each of them a substantial gift.

HOW THE KIDNAPERS GOT WILLIE IN FIRST PLACE

Sharon, Pa., March 25.—"Willie" Whittle, 8 years old, son of James P. Whittle, lawyer, of Sharon, Pa., was kidnaped from the Eighth Ward public school of Sharon at 9:30 o'clock a. m. on Thursday, March 18, by two men. The men drove to the school building. One of them asked the janitor to tell the boy's teacher that he was wanted at his father's office immediately. The teacher dismissed the lad and he left the building. When the boy did not return at noon his parents made inquiries at the school. Search was begun, but no trace of the boy or man could be found.

At 2 o'clock p. m. the mail carrier delivered a letter to the Whittle home saying that the boy had been kidnaped and would be held for \$10,000 ransom.

The letter said the kidnapers would keep watch on all advertisements in Cleveland, Pittsburg, Youngstown and Indianapolis papers.

The advertisement should be headed "A. A. ——" said the letter, and should read: "Am ready to open negotiations." Three hours after the kidnaping the search began.

A SOCIETY LEADER TAKES OWN LIFE

Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Wife of Tobacco Magnate, Commits Suicide.

Washington, March 25.—Weary of the gay whirl of society and face to face as she believed, with years of physical suffering, Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, 49, aged 49, wife of the tobacco magnate, committed suicide by asphyxiation at her home near the fashionable Dupont circle in this city yesterday. Her tragic death has shocked the first social circles of the capital and nothing else is being discussed in the city.

In spite of the coroner's certificate of death by suicide, members of the family declare that Mrs. Lorillard died of heart failure.

Details of Occurrence.

The death was made more dramatic by occurring only a few hours after Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard had been the guests of Mrs. Townsend, on Massachusetts avenue, at a dinner given in honor of Lady Paget. In fact, it is believed that as soon as Mrs. Lorillard arrived at her home at 2300 Hillier place, shortly after midnight, she began to prepare for her death.

About 2:30 in the morning the butler in the Lorillard residence detected an odor of gas permeating the rooms. With little difficulty the origin of the fumes was traced to Mrs. Lorillard's apartment. Opening the door of the bathroom just off her suite, the butler was horrified to behold the body of the mistress of the house stretched out lifeless on the floor. Her face was turned to the mat on the floor.

The alarm given by the butler brought Mr. Lorillard from his apartment across the hall. Together they carried the limp body to Mrs. Lorillard's room. Panic-stricken, the servant was sent for a doctor, while Mr. Lorillard attempted to revive his wife by means of artificial respiration.

Doctor Called.

Dr. M. E. Cutler, the family physician, was summoned and arrived about the same time that Dr. H. B. Deale was admitted to the residence. Both resorted to every scientific method within their power to restore life, but after an hour's efforts gave up in despair.

Shortly afterward Dr. Ramsey Nevitt, the coroner, was notified. He visited the Lorillard home and after an investigation ordered Deputy Coroner Glazebrook to perform the autopsy, on the completion of which Dr. Nevitt issued a certificate of suicide by gas poisoning. He said later that gas was seeping from a radiator in jets in the bathroom when the body was found, and the lungs indicated death by gas poisoning.

When Coroner Nevitt notified the police of Mrs. Lorillard's death an officer was sent to the residence to investigate, but he was denied admission, being referred to the coroner for such information as the police department might desire.

Husband Saw Her Last.

The last person to see Mrs. Lorillard alive was Mr. Lorillard. He had her goodnight as they separated to go to their apartments after returning home about midnight from the Townsend residence.

Mrs. Lorillard was seemingly in the best of spirits. She had joined freely in the social festivities of the evening at the Townsend home, where had gathered the Brazilian ambassador and Mme. Nabuco, the Danish minister and Countess Molke, the secretary of the navy and Mrs. Meyer, Senator Mrs. Lodge, Senator and Mrs. Aldrich, Senator Root, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Endicott, of Boston; Lady Clifford, of England; Col. and Mrs. Campbell, Col. and Mrs. McCawley, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Moore, Hon. Maude Pauncefote, Commodore Rodgers, Rear Admiral Cowles and Captain Archibald Butt, military aid of the president.

Mrs. Lorillard's bed had the appearance of not having been occupied during the night. Mrs. Lorillard had disrobed after arriving home, and when found her body was clothed in a dressing gown. A collar of diamonds she wore at the dinner had been removed before she went to the bath room, but the costly circle of diamonds that adorned her hair had not been displaced. The note was found in Mrs. Lorillard's room.

Fashionable Set.

The Lorillards have lived at Hillier place, which is only a stone's throw from Dupont circle and in the heart of the fashionable community between Dupont and Sheridan circles, since January. Immediately preceding that time Mrs. Lorillard was in Europe, and while in France consulted an eminent physician in regard to her ailment. The family has been prominent each summer for several years past at Tuxedo park, and they have spent their winters in Washington. About a year ago they leased a fashionable residence in Connecticut avenue for the season, and the winter before entertained in a house in Massachusetts avenue.

Mrs. Lorillard before her marriage to Mr. Lorillard in 1881 was Miss Caroline J. Hamilton. She is survived by two sons, one of them is now traveling in the orient and the other is in college in New York.

Since the Lorillards began spending the winter social season in Washington they have entertained largely. This season they came here early in the present year.

Sunday evening last Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard entertained at one of the usual Sunday night dinners. They were prominent in the social and diplomatic life of the capital, numbering among their particular friends in the latter class of society the Italian ambassador and Baroness Mayor des Planches and the Belgian minister and Baroness Moncheure, the latter being an especially intimate friend of Mrs. Lorillard.

SKIN GAME TOO MUCH
OF A GRAFT—SUES THE
SURGEON FOR \$20,000

Rockford, Ill., March 25.—Dr. W. R. Franklin, a prominent physician, is named as defendant in a \$20,000 trespass suit (a grafting affair in two senses of the word), instituted today by O. B. Tavness, who in his complaint avers that while he was a patient under the care of Dr. Franklin, the physician grafted the cuticle from the complainant's thigh to his foot, and that without the consent or knowledge of the patient, extra epidemics was taken and grafted on another patient of the physician.

STEAMER WITH 44 MEN,
MAROONED ON THE ICE

Pictou, N. S., March 25.—Forty-four passengers have been marooned on ice in Northumberland strait on board the steamer Minto since Tuesday. How soon she will be able to work her way out could not be told today.

It is estimated by a New York builder that there are buildings under construction in the city which will aggregate in value more than \$100,000,000.

TERRIBLE HARDSHIPS MET BY EXPLORERS

Shackleton's Men Nearly Died of Starvation in the Antarctic.

Christ Church, N. Z., March 25.—Lieutenant Shackleton's ship Nimrod had returned here with the exploring party aboard, all of whom are well. The members of the expedition give some additional details to these already published.

Professor David and his companions recount that when they started on the journey to the magnetic pole, the weather was so hot that they had to pull their two sledges in single file. There was half a ton of provisions on each sledge. After a comparatively easy 250 miles journey along the sea ice they had a hard and almost hopeless climb to the inland plateau. They carried their lives in their hands, fighting their way inch by inch and suffered great privations on the return journey. When rescued by the Nimrod they were a party of gaunt skeletons; the Nimrod had almost given them up for lost.

The members of Lieutenant Shackleton's party state that when they were compelled to turn back, their bodily strength was diminishing so rapidly that their temperature went down to far below, in some cases reaching to degrees and in others considerably lower than that. They nearly died from starvation before finding one of the depots and always were on very short rations. Had this party been two days later in reaching the Nimrod she would have been frozen in for the season. They declare that any future explorer attempting to reach the pole must be provided with much larger supplies of food, because there is no doubt that the south pole is situated on a high plateau and the coldest and stormiest weather in the world prevails there, there being 70 degrees of frost under the very mildest conditions.

Lieutenant Shackleton declined to say anything regarding the protest made by the commonwealth of Australia, because it had received no news of the Nimrod's arrival at Stewart Island, although the commonwealth had voted \$25,000 toward the expenses of the expedition.

WORLD'S 1908 COMMERCE
RECORD IS WAY LOW

Washington, March 25.—International commerce made a lower record in 1908 than in 1907 in practically all the commercial countries of the world.

The figures of the imports and exports of the principal countries of the world in 1908, compared with 1907, show, as above indicated, in nearly every case a falling off in both imports and exports. In the commerce of the United Kingdom, for example, imports show a fall of \$258,000,000 and exports a fall of \$238,000,000, in the full calendar year 1908 compared with the full calendar year 1907. In the case of Germany, the imports show a fall of \$102,000,000 and the exports a fall of \$23,000,000; these figures being for the full calendar year 1908 compared with the calendar year 1907. In the case of France, the imports show a fall of \$25,000,000 and the exports a fall of \$25,000,000. In the case of Belgium, the imports show a fall of \$25,000,000 and the exports a fall of \$23,000,000. Canada's imports show a fall of \$83,000,000 and her exports an increase of \$5,000,000, while most of the other countries in the list show similar falling off, the chief exception being Argentina, which shows but a slight decrease in imports and material increase in exports. The average monthly importations of the 23 countries shown by the table was \$97,000,000 in that portion of 1908 which they respectively represent against \$1,063,500,000 in the corresponding period of 1907, and the average monthly exports \$80,000,000 against \$72,000,000 for the corresponding period of 1907.

SUES STATE FOR \$500,000;
FALSE IMPRISONMENT

Ashtand, Wis., March 25.—Wm. M. French has sent a petition to the legislature in which he asks indemnity in the sum of \$500,000 for alleged false imprisonment and as the victim of a conspiracy, in Ashtand county jail, prison at Waupun, Northern Hospital for the Insane, the Iowa county insane asylum and the insane asylum at Richland Center.

French was a prosperous logger and owner of a drug store, farm and real estate in Waupun, 1851, he shot and killed his brother-in-law, Galvin M. Steel. He was found guilty of murder and sent to Waupun.

The supreme court reversed the case and French subsequently was declared insane and was sent to Oshkosh and to other places.

MOUSE RAN UP THE
CLOCK; GIRLS STRUCK

One Hundred Ceased Knitting and Leaped for Life—The Mouse Ran Down Again.

New York, March 25.—Hickory, chickory, dock, the mouse ran up the clock; but, instead of striking one, the clock made a noise like a hundred girls, each trying to be hysterical first. For it was the clock on Miss Mary Sloan's stocking that the mouse ran up just as Miss Sloan and 99 other girls had begun their afternoon's work in the knitting mill at 753 Lexington ave., Brooklyn.

That serenity which is supposed to come from knitting was immediately dispelled, when Mary Sloan jumped with a scream. Of course, 100 other girls, with as many screams, jumped on 100 knitting machines and showed 20 stockings, which would have shamed any framer of a tariff bill who talks about ad valorem on hosiery.

A dozen of the girls fainted, and so many others wouldn't quiet down that it was necessary to call Dr. Hartzell, of the Bushwick hospital, to administer restoratives all around.

The mouse escaped.

KIDNAPED 25 YEARS AGO;
CHICAGO POLICE FIND HER

Chicago, March 25.—After having been kidnaped from Montreal 25 years ago, Mrs. Jason Warner was found by the South Chicago police last night. She said she had been stolen when she was 5 years old and was taken to a farm. Recently Mrs. Warner applied to a Canadian police who found her family in Montreal.

The Norwegian army includes a corps on skates.

NOTORIOUS NEGRESS
UNDER ARREST

Cedar Rapids, Ia., March 25.—Mrs. Annie Hooley, a notorious negress who is accused of hugging pedestrians, was arrested today. The woman has the habit of hiding in the dark alleyways and seizing victims and hugging them and making proposals to them while going through their pockets. She is charged with several robberies in which much money was secured.

SMOKING CAR TURNS
TURTLE; NO ONE HURT

Yuma, Ariz., March 25.—Passenger train number 9, westbound on the Southern Pacific, was wrecked 300 miles west of Yuma today, but no one was seriously injured. The smoking car is reported to have turned turtle.

DRINK IS CAUSE
OF MAN'S SUICIDE

Ottumwa, Ia., March 25.—Walter Pitcher, aged 45, suicided at his home at Floris, yesterday by shooting himself. Drink was the cause.

MEXICAN ARCHIVES BURNED.

Mexico City, March 25.—The building of the chamber of deputies in Mexico City burned this morning. The archives and records for the past 25 years were destroyed.

PARIS STRIKERS VOTE
TO RESUME THEIR WORK

Paris, March 25.—One thousand striking government telegraph and post-office employes today voted to resume work.

\$15,000 FOR KIDNAPERS.

Harrisburg, Pa., March 25.—The senate has adopted a resolution offering \$15,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the kidnapers of Willie Whittle.