

THINK IT GREAT FUN.

STUDENTS MAKE SANDWICHES OF HUMAN FLESH

AND THEN FORCE UNWARY ONES TO EAT THEM.

Some of the Stories That Have Crept Into Print Regarding the Conduct of the Medical Students at Michigan University.

IF HALF the stories told about the conduct of the medical students at the Ann Arbor University are true, that institution contains the biggest lot of ruffians in the country. The revolting character of the stories that have lately been sent out has prevented some of the leading newspapers publishing the facts. These stories certainly do seem beyond belief. Norman Cameron, one of the students recently expelled, now on the editorial staff of the Detroit News, first brought the charges before the public.

The story that aroused the ire of the faculty of the university against Mr. Cameron and led to his expulsion was one telling of a brutal so-called "joke," whereby a student in the medical department had been compelled to eat the flesh of a human being while pursuing his studies in the anatomical laboratory. Mr. Cameron was a member of the graduating class of the law department and the correspondent of the Evening News here. His father is the Rev. Dr. Cameron of Boston, Mass., a former clergyman of New York city. Mr. Cameron was expelled just six weeks previous to the time of graduation.

Ever since he began his work as a newspaper correspondent he was harassed by the law faculty. He was given to understand that his writings would have to be toned down, and that only such news as reflected credit on the institution would be tolerated. But he felt that he owed a duty to the paper he represented, as well as to the public, for the Ann Arbor University is a state institution.

Warwick M. Downing, another law student, and the representative of the



NORMAN CAMERON.

United Press and the Chicago Times-Herald, was almost expelled two months previous because he reported the circumstances of what is known herabouts as the Kirehner case. Professor Otto Kirehner, of Detroit, while delivering a lecture to the junior law students, was driven from the platform by the noise and cat-yells of the students. This exhibition of ruffianism was the talk of the town, and when Mr. Downing made a reference to it in an article he was quickly summoned before the faculty and told that if he reported anything detrimental to the university he would be expelled.

The story of Mr. Cameron's trouble is an interesting one. A short time previous to his expulsion he sent to a newspaper a story of a medical student who ate a sandwich in which human flesh had been substituted for other meat. The "joke" was perpetrated in the dissecting room. The victim, Frederick von Widekind, familiarly known as the "baron," took one bite of the mess and swallowed it. He then took another before he realized what a hideous and barbarous act had been done, but being a plucky man he refused to show any signs of distress in the presence of the other students. Luckily he was able to discard what he had eaten. As the bodies are pickled in arsenic this probably saved his life. Von Widekind was ill three days nevertheless from the effects, and it was feared at one time that blood poisoning had set in.

When the "baron" learned that Mr. Cameron had got into trouble on account of exposing this piece of brutality he went to the faculty and narrated the



FREDERICK VON WIDEKIND.

circumstances of the case. So far no action had been taken to punish the perpetrators of the deed, though the correspondent was expelled for writing it up. This is exactly what the legislature proposes looking into at its next session.

Shortly after the article was printed the University Daily, a paper published at Ann Arbor, came out with a long editorial, the main thoughts of which are said to have originated in the brains of some of the professors who caused the

expulsion. It branded the story as a "fake" and Mr. Cameron as an arrant falsifier who maliciously did all he could to besmirch the reputation of the institution.

Without a thought of the consequences the young man took up the cudgels in his own behalf in a two-column article which was printed in the same paper the next day with a few words of comment that served to make Mr. Cameron's case seem all the stronger. Mr. Cameron asserted that the story was true, and declares further that a newspaper had the right to print facts, and that he was under no obligation to hide disgusting performances. But what hurt the most was a paragraph which said that it had been notorious for years, and is notorious yet, "that the medical students not only here, but in practically every other institution of the land, never lose an opportunity to indulge in hideous and nauseating jokes with the sacred remains of the dead."

"It is common rumor," the paragraph went on, "that the medical students of our university, when the legislative party was here, had prepared slices of liver and other portions of the human anatomy to fill the seniors' pockets, but they fortunately for the good name of our alma mater did not visit the anatomical laboratory. Dozens of law students are similarly treated every year. The professors in the medical departments must know these facts, and they have never taken any steps to prevent them."

Scarcely had the paper containing this screech reached the streets before Dr. Charles B. Nancredo, professor of surgery, and Dr. J. Playfair McMurrick, professor of anatomy, called upon Mr. Cameron and, after condemning him bitterly, threatened his expulsion from the university. Dr. Nancredo said that if he would make a retraction in the paper and apologize for the "roast" on the professors all steps would be dropped. A partial apology was given and accepted on these terms. But the young man now admits that he made a mistake, for the wily professor turned this apology against him at the faculty meeting.

The following evening the press censorship at the university was established. The senate, composed of all the full professors, met and adopted rules governing the kind of reports student correspondents should in the future send out.

Mr. Cameron set about getting affidavits to the statements he made, and in two days he collected over thirty from his fellow-students as to what had been going on in the laboratory. Human flesh throwing seemed to be a common thing, as that was what the majority testified to. One young man declared that he went into the medical headquarters carrying an umbrella, and that when he came out it was half full of the inner portions of a human body. Another student had a blood-soaked sponge hurled at him, which splattered and ruined his clothes. "The stench was foul," he said. Another had an ear put into his pocket, and others had portions of the body too loathsome to mention pinned to their coats. One young man had a bleeding piece of flesh thrust down his neck.

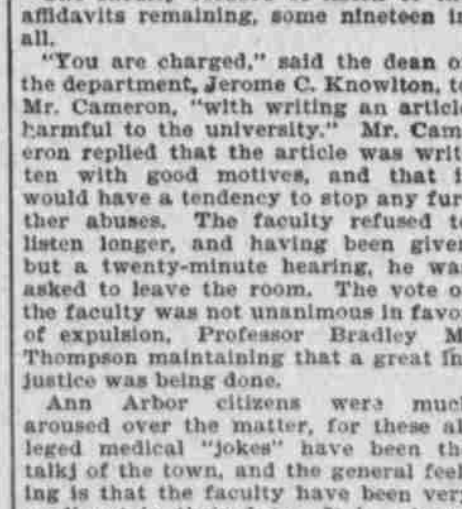
The faculty then brought a little more pressure to bear. The students who if their names remained on the statements they would subject themselves to expulsion. Many of them got scared and came around and asked to have their affidavits back, and they were returned.

The law faculty met next. Mr. A. B. Marx, one of Detroit's business men, was in Ann Arbor. He went before the faculty with young Cameron and told his experience. "It was up visiting the dissecting room a few weeks ago, as I take an interest in our state university," he said. "Hardly had I come inside the room before I was struck



A. B. MARX.

coming of the rumbling old stage, and each time turned from her window, a face clouded with disappointment. This third week she passed almost entirely in her room, and the servants commented on the fact that she was almost always in tears. One bright moonlight night Miss Barrios left the hotel shortly after tea, saying that she would "go for a stroll, it being such a charming evening." She wandered away to the falls. Two coachmen saw her sitting on a large rock overlooking the cataract, and by some strange intuition decided to watch the woman. For nearly an hour she sat there, then suddenly arose, walked to the edge of the rock, jumped into the river and was carried over the falls. Word was taken to the hotel, and the landlord went at once to the room so lately occupied by his fair guest. Her trunks were packed and locked. On a table were two letters, one addressed to the proprietor, the other to her lover. In the first was a large sum of money, with directions to deduct enough to pay the bill and that the balance should be used to give to a Christian burial, in case her body was ever recovered. "Without love, my life is without hope," read the letter, "and my love will not come." The very next night the great stage coach drove up to the hotel and a distinguished and dignified-looking gentleman alighted and registered as Dr. George E. De Foece. He hastily glanced over the register for several days prior, and then asked the clerk if Miss Barrios was a guest of the house. In reply, the clerk handed him the letter addressed to him by the fair suicide. The stranger read it, and a strange



GEORGE E. DE FOECE.

pallor came over his face as he tenderly and carefully folded it and put it into his pocket. For more than an hour he stood at the window, then turning asked the clerk to send a man with him to the spot where the tragedy took place. After visiting it, he returned to the hotel, and the next day employed a dozen men to search for the body, offering a large reward for its recovery. It was found late in the afternoon below the rapids, and two days later the Doctor left the falls with the body, without giving an explanation or disclosing his or the suicide's identity, other than their names.

The Pueblo Indians are a moral race. They have resisted all attempts of traders to introduce whisky and playing cards in their midst.

ROMANCE AND CRIME.

MURDERS AND SUICIDES AT THE GREAT CATARACT.

SAD END OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG SPANISH GIRL.

The Strange Murder of Mrs. Weddell, a Bride, and the Suicide of Her Young Husband—The Day Tragedy of More Recent Years.

NIAGARA has seen many romances, strange deaths, and never its brink the most beautiful women have passed, as have men who have made their mark in life and were exalted in the leading professions.

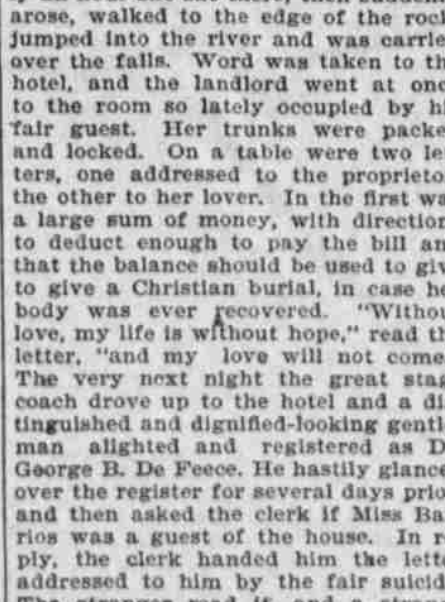
One of the most romantic as well as the saddest tragedies at the great cataract was the suicide of a handsome Spanish woman, who leaped over the Horseshoe Falls in the autumn of 1842. It was in the old stage-coach days, when the lumbering four-in-hand played such a prominent part in a trip to Niagara. One evening in the early part of October the stage coach from Buffalo drove up to the door of the old Cataract House, and one of the first persons to alight was a handsomely dressed woman, whose age could not have been more than 25. The elegance of her apparel and appearance denoted a lady of wealth and refinement. She sent a card to the clerk on which was printed the name "Miss Evelyn Barrios, Philadelphia," was registered and assigned to one of the handsomest rooms in the old hostelry. Miss Barrios was about the hotel for several days, and in confidence told the landlord that she was there to meet her affianced, a wealthy gentleman from the Quaker City, and that on his arrival they were to be married. She visited the falls almost daily or wandered along the river bank, looking at the roaring, tumbling waters far below as they rushed along to the whirlpool. Two weeks passed, and the betrothed of the Hispanian maiden, for such she proved to be, did not come and he sent no message to the faithful, waiting woman. Each day Miss Barrios impatiently awaited the

coming of the rumbling old stage, and each time turned from her window, a face clouded with disappointment. This third week she passed almost entirely in her room, and the servants commented on the fact that she was almost always in tears. One bright moonlight night Miss Barrios left the hotel shortly after tea, saying that she would "go for a stroll, it being such a charming evening." She wandered away to the falls. Two coachmen saw her sitting on a large rock overlooking the cataract, and by some strange intuition decided to watch the woman. For nearly an hour she sat there, then suddenly arose, walked to the edge of the rock, jumped into the river and was carried over the falls. Word was taken to the hotel, and the landlord went at once to the room so lately occupied by his fair guest. Her trunks were packed and locked. On a table were two letters, one addressed to the proprietor, the other to her lover. In the first was a large sum of money, with directions to deduct enough to pay the bill and that the balance should be used to give to a Christian burial, in case her body was ever recovered. "Without love, my life is without hope," read the letter, "and my love will not come." The very next night the great stage coach drove up to the hotel and a distinguished and dignified-looking gentleman alighted and registered as Dr. George E. De Foece. He hastily glanced over the register for several days prior, and then asked the clerk if Miss Barrios was a guest of the house. In reply, the clerk handed him the letter addressed to him by the fair suicide. The stranger read it, and a strange



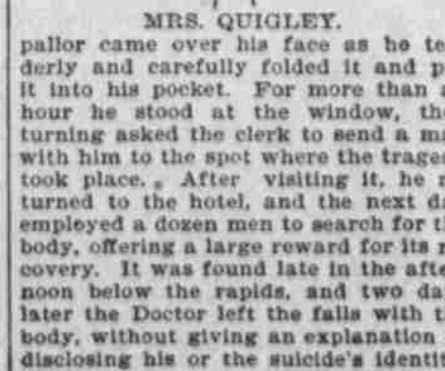
EVELYN BARRIOS.

and a plan was formed to take the wife to Niagara Falls, where Day was to push her over into the river above the falls and let the current carry her down to her death. If the tragedy was ever discovered Day and Mrs. Quigley were to swear that it was an accident. It was a delightful Sunday morning in sunny June that the trio took the train from Rochester. Mrs. Day left her 5-year-old boy with her mother-in-law to go on the fated excursion. After reaching the falls the party visited nearly every place of interest, but no opportunity presented itself for Day to carry out his intended designs, on account of the people that were met at every point. Late in the afternoon the party reached a place on the Canadian side opposite the whirlpool rapids, where the banks rise perpendicularly to a height of over a hundred feet. Mrs. Quigley sat down on a log under some trees, while Day and his wife sauntered along the bank of the river. Day looked carefully about and saw that no one perceived them. Calling his wife to look at the swirling waters of the whirlpool far below, he pushed her over the bank. She fell about eighty feet into a crevice made by jutting rocks, and in a position that her body could not be seen except by lying down and looking over the bank at the point from which the unfortunate woman had been pushed to her death.



MRS. QUIGLEY.

Day and his sister took the evening train to Rochester. The gateman at the station in that city saw the two return at night. He knew Day and asked in a joking way if his wife "had fallen over the falls." Day replied that she had gone to Canada to visit friends. This information was imparted in a casual way to the writer, who knew Day, and who, at that time, was a reporter on a morning paper. The newspaper man started to find Mrs. Day, and was surprised to find a Mrs. Day No. 2. This fact aroused his suspicion, and the police were notified. Detectives arrested Day on the charge of bigamy, suspecting that Mrs. Day No. 1 had met with foul play. The clew was taken from the visit to the falls, and John C. Hayden, chief of the Rochester detectives, arrested Mrs. Quigley. She told an entirely different story as to the whereabouts of her sister-in-law than had been told by Day. Finally Mrs. Quigley was taken to the Falls and asked to show the officers over the same route she had taken on Sunday. When the point was reached where the body had been committed she broke down and made a complete confession. The body of the murdered woman was recovered and a medical examination showed that many bones had been broken in the awful fall and that death had been instantaneous. Mrs. Quigley was turned over to the Canadian authorities and the officers returned to Rochester with the remains of the unfortunates. Day was told of the confession of his sister and finally admitted his guilt. He was not told of the recovery of the body, but was asked by the officers if he would go and point out the spot that it might be recovered and decently buried. He consented and Canadian officers arrested him.



MRS. WEDDELL.

Shortly after the railway line was opened a couple came to the falls. That they were newly married every one divined, and they made no secret of the fact. Almost daily they wandered about along the river, and to the falls, and then again through the fields and about the little village. Their appearance denoted wealth and refinement. They were never out of each other's company, and it seemed that Cupid had not erred when he brought about the union of such lovers. They registered from Boston and gave the name of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Weddell. Three weeks after their arrival Mr. Weddell started out one afternoon for a walk, and mentioned to the clerk that his wife was indisposed, which accounted for his going out alone, a thing he had never done before. When the hour for supper arrived Mr. Weddell had not returned. As it neared the close of the supper hour the hotel people sent a waitress to the room occupied by the couple to advise them of the fact. The girl made every effort to carry out her instructions, but repeated knocks failed to bring a response. The door was tried and gave way to gentle pressure. The girl peered into the room and saw Mrs. Weddell stretched on the bed. She stepped to the bed to arouse her, and found that the woman was dead. An examination disclosed the fact that she had been strangled, and the prints of the murderer's fingers were found on her swollen and blackened throat. On the foot of the bed was a purse containing money, but a careful search failed to reveal more of the couple's identity than was known. A search was made for Weddell and the next day his body was found on the Canadian side by making each believe that his work required his absence from the city half of each week.

Day soon came to the conclusion that it would be but a short time before he would be discovered, and decided to put Mrs. Day No. 1 out of the way. He enlisted the sympathies and services of Mrs. Annie Quigley, a widowed sister,

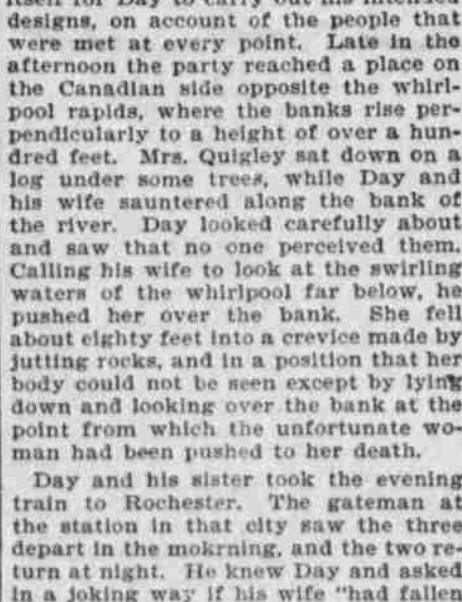
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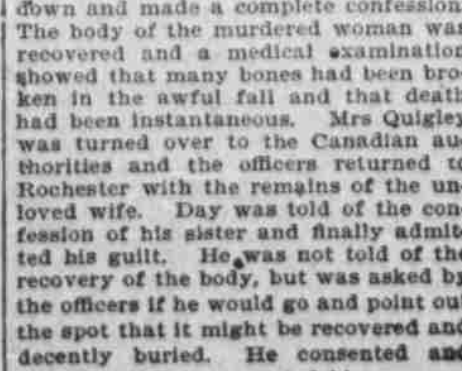
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ARE FOR A BIG SHOW.

SOUTHERN WOMEN WILL MAKE THINGS HUM.

Their Department of the Cotton States Exposition Will Reflect Credit on the Sex—They Want to Excel Mrs. Potter Palmer's Board.

(Special Correspondence.)

ATLANTA IS GOING to have a great international exposition this autumn, beginning on Sept. 18 and ending on New Year's Day, and its biggest feature is to be a woman's department, which was created and has been and will be conducted by women.

The merchants and bankers, the railway magnets and cotton kings of the metropolis of Georgia came to the conclusion in January, 1894, that the best interests of their community demanded a world's fair larger than anything before seen in the south. They organized, raised more than \$1,000,000, and entered into negotiations with everybody in the fair line both on this continent and in Europe. After the enterprise was well under way the women of Atlanta determined that they should have a great department of their own, something like the Woman's building

devoted to some occupation or calling in which women are interested or employed. The rank and file were the members of these committees, the state representatives throughout the country, and the state and local committees in the more populous communities. Clerks, stenographers, and typewriters were engaged, and the work went on rapidly.

The women used their homes as offices. They had also an office in the Aragon Hotel and another in the business quarter of the city. The distribution of work enabled the board of women managers to do many things at the same time. While all were raising money, one group were arranging for a woman's building. This was designed by Miss Elise Mercier of Pittsburg, who was selected in the competition of some thirty architects. The building was begun immediately, and is now completed. The architecture suggests the colonial homes of the south, with a large amount of the classical finish and ornamentation.

The women raised the money for the building and other purposes, but it was slow work. The committees subscribed much, and so did their friends and neighbors. They gave teas and musicales, plays and entertainments, shows and exhibitions, games and dances. This does not seem so very hard to New Yorkers, but in the south there is little spare money. Nevertheless, they soon got together \$50,000. Besides finishing the woman's building, they will beautify the grounds around it, from the little lake in front up to the imposing main entrance. The purpose is to produce the effect of a luxurious home in the country, surrounded by lawns and blossoms, ferns and shrubberies.

Unlike most exposition buildings, the woman's building has been constructed, not to be demolished when the fair is over, but for permanent use. After the fair it will be a school as well as a museum. The collections will be chiefly of the kind used in cabinets of industrial schools, scientific halls, and colleges to illustrate lectures on the higher arts and sciences. In this manner the board of woman managers hope not only to make the woman's department the greatest feature of the Atlanta exposition, but also to make it an educational institution for the benefit of the women of the south for years to come.

Most of the twenty standing committees are devoted to the collection of exhibits and similar work. The committee on agriculture and horticulture will bring together flowers and fruits, vegetables and savory leaves, native flavors and spices, seeds and bulbs, roots and barks. In a second class it will have preparations made from these raw materials—preserves, pickles, jams, marmalades, jellies, dried and crystallized fruits, dairy products; in short, every article out of which the country, the storekeeper, and the farmer can earn a living. The department of bee culture will show the systems of stor-

ing and treating honey and wax. The colonial committee promises to be one of the most important of all. Georgia is rich in colonial relics, as are also Alabama and Mississippi. The women of all three states have offered more relics for exhibition than can be used. The committee will merely pick out the best and the oddest in order to give a complete idea of life as it was in the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century. Among these relics are muskets and long rifles, such as were used in the old Indian wars, blunderbusses that look like musical instruments, horse pistols almost as large as small cannon, swords that were worn by Marlon's men, saddles and bridles and spurs and harnesses that were fashionable when Washington was young, jackpits which unfortunate dogs were obliged to turn by means of small treadmills by the side of the kitchen chimneys, ancient clocks, candelabra, flint and tinder boxes, watches that weigh a pound each, massive jewelry and guinea gold, state uniforms and ball robes. The exhibition will show all the features of colonial life, from the clumsy log house of the forest to the mansion of the opulent planter. The committee on Confederate relics will make a fine display of objects, illustrating the history of the lost cause. There will be tattered flags and rusty guns, swords and torn uniforms, paper money and queer newspapers, homespun garments and home-made nitre and gunpowder, dispatches and documents, books and records saved from fire and water, fragments of shells and rusty cannon balls, flattened rifle bullets and bent bayonets.

The committee on culinary art and cooking schools will give the people of Atlanta an opportunity to enjoy what the New York public have had for five years. If neither Mrs. Rorer, Prof. Cornelia C. Bedford, nor Prof. Olivia Tracy dons the snowy cap and apron, some bright southern girl will hold classes in which the raw material will be transmitted into toothsome dinners.

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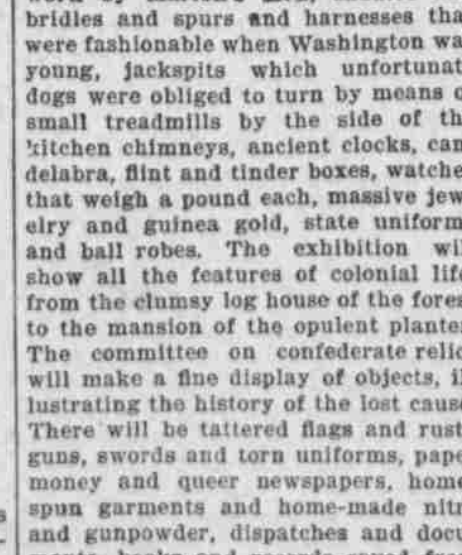
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The committee on culinary art and cooking schools will give the people of Atlanta an opportunity to enjoy what the New York public have had for five years. If neither Mrs. Rorer, Prof. Cornelia C. Bedford, nor Prof. Olivia Tracy dons the snowy cap and apron, some bright southern girl will hold classes in which the raw material will be transmitted into toothsome dinners.



PRESIDENT THOMPSON.

In the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago. They wanted to demonstrate what southern women could do and have done; to show southern women what their sisters in other parts of the country were accomplishing; to introduce new industries for their sex in the south, and to increase the attractiveness of the exhibition. They met several rebuffs at the start. Many of the men said that all the spare money that could be raised was required for the exposition as already designed, and that if there was any spare money it could be invested with better results in a Midway Plaisance or a Ferris wheel than in a woman's building. Then two or three of the men remarked that a woman's department did not amount to shucks; that women could not run a big show by themselves, and that even if they did get up an exhibition it would not be attractive enough to draw five persons a day.

The opposition fired the feminine hearts, and the women of Atlanta agreed to have a woman's department, a woman's building, and the biggest show of its sort the country had ever seen, even if they all had to go without new gowns for a year.

The women met, formed a temporary organization, and picked out the persons they wanted to run the great machine. They selected a board of women managers, forty-one in number, representing all the great social forces of the state of Georgia. All forty-one were women of distinction. Some were society leaders; others were writers, amateur musicians, college graduates, amateur artists, or the owners of great estates. They formed a visiting board of persons of national fame, consisting of the wives of the President, Governor-General of Canada, and the governors of

states. They appointed representatives from the forty-nine states and territories, including the District of Columbia, choosing as far as possible women belonging to Georgian families who had prospered in other parts of the Union. They also organized committees in the largest cities, and engaged speakers and workers from fifty women's organizations of the United States. In this way they virtually enrolled a regular army. The general-in-chief was Mrs. Joseph Thompson of Atlanta. Her aides were the managers and the executive committee of fourteen members. The colonels were the chairmen of twenty-eight standing committees, each one

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