

## MISSION WORKER'S BODY FOUND IN TRUNK

Elsie Sigel, Granddaughter of Famous General, Murdered by Christianized Chinaman.

## GIRL VICTIM OF YELLOW PERIL

Chung Sin Tells of Witnessing Crime and Fastens Guilt on Leon Ling.

Miss Elizabeth Sigel, mission worker in New York slums, and granddaughter of Gen. Franz Sigel of Civil War fame, was the victim of one of the most atrocious murders which has been committed in New York in years. Her body was found jammed into a trunk in a Chinaman's lodging house at 782 8th avenue. The young woman had been missing from her home since June 9. The police say the body probably had been in the trunk nearly that long.

The Chinaman who had lived in the room where the body was found was Leong Loo Lin, known among his English friends as William L. Leon. He was known to have been closely connected with mission work among his countrymen, and was educated. He also was well acquainted with Miss Sigel and letters found in the room of the murderer even point to the supposition the girl cared for him. Another letter, addressed to a Chinaman, by Leon, threatened trouble if the former did not cease his attentions to Miss Sigel. Leon had been missing from the rooms for more than a week.

**Wrote Love Letters to Chinese.**

Numerous letters signed Elsie, addressed to Leon and breathing the spirit of love, were found in the room. There were also found various articles of jewelry, later identified as those worn by Elsie Sigel, and to render the clue to the identity of the victim more complete the latter had been missing from her home since June 9. She had gone out that day with the intention of paying a visit to her grandmother in the Bronx. Two days later her parents received what purported to be a dispatch from her at Washington, saying that she was well and would return home in a couple of days. It seems to be fairly well established that the dispatch was a decoy and that when it was sent from Washington Elsie Sigel was dead and her body crammed into the trunk.

Elsie's affection for Leon was reciprocated; and in view of this the question arises, why should he have murdered her, assuming that he is the murderer? And here comes in the fickleness of Elsie. While writing to Leon and professing her love for him she was also deeply in love with another Chinaman, Chu Gain, the proprietor of the Port Arthur, a restaurant on Mott street just opposite one of the Chinese mission stations. Elsie's profession of love for Gain, who is now under arrest and held as a witness, was as strong if not stronger than that for Leon. Scores of letters written by her to Gain have been found in which she not only addressed him in the most endearing terms, but discussed with him matters which a woman usually considers her most intimate and secret affairs.

**What Chung Sin Saw.**

Chung Sin, whose room adjoined that of Leon Ling and between which was an unlocked door, was arrested a few hours after the discovery of the murder. Chung is 35 years old and a native of Canton. He was captured at West Galway, N. Y., a small hamlet near Amsterdam, and was taken to New York without delay.

Baited and intimidated by detectives, threatened with prosecution and confused with rapid-fire questions, Chung Sin told of Elsie Sigel's murder. Under the terrific pressure of the "third degree" the little Chinaman admitted that he had seen the body in Leon Ling's room; that he had touched it while it was still warm; that he had smelled drugs and had watched Leon Ling's preparations for placing the body in the trunk, where it was found, horribly decomposed.

Chung Sin, in fact, if what was learned at the Criminal Courts Building is correct, described almost everything concerning the murder of Maj. Gen. Franz Sigel's granddaughter except the actual commission of the crime. He denied any implication in it and protested stoutly that he was ignorant of the whereabouts of Leon Ling, the supposed murderer. After the inquisition he was taken before Coroner Harburger and held in \$10,000 bail in the House of Detention to await the inquest.

Miss Sigel was buried in Woodlawn cemetery, Washington, without service or ceremony, only her father and two brothers witnessing the interment.

**Automatic Railway Gate.**

A railway crossing gate is opened and closed by the passage of the gate itself has been installed near Montreux, Switzerland. As the car or locomotive approaches it makes an electric current, which sets in motion a mechanism that lights road lamps, rings a bell and lowers the barrier across the highway.

## FREEDOM.

Here in the forest now,  
As on that old July  
When first our fathers took the vow,  
The bluebird, stained with earth and sky,  
Shouts from a blowing bough  
In green aerial freedom, wild and high—  
And now, as then, the bobolink,  
Out on the uncertain brink  
Of the swaying maple, swings  
While over the wood his proclamation  
rings,  
A daring boast that would unkingdom  
kings!

Even so the wild birds sang on bough  
and wall  
That day the Bell of Independence Hall  
Thundered upon the world the Word of  
Man,  
The word God uttered when the world  
began—  
That day when Liberty began to be,  
And mighty hopes were out on land and  
sea.  
But Freedom calls her conscripts now as  
then:

It is an endless battle to be free.  
As the old dangers lessen from the skies  
New dangers arise:  
Down the long centuries eternally,  
Again, again, will rise Thermopylae—  
Again, again, a new Leonidas  
Must hold for God the imperiled Pass.  
As long as the ages run  
New Lexington will rise on Lexington;  
And many a valorous Warren fall  
Upon the imperiled wall.

Man is the conscript of an endless quest,  
A long divine adventure without rest—  
A holy war, a battle yet unwon  
When he shall climb beyond the burnt-  
out sun.  
Each hard-earned freedom withers to a  
bond;  
Freedom forever is beyond—beyond!  
—Edwin Markham in New York Independent.

## Firecrackers

'Twas the day before the Fourth of July and Freddie had no firecrackers. He could hear the boom, boom of the cannon-crackers all around where he lived, and every place he looked it seemed as if the ground was covered with crackling squibs, but he had none.

Still Freddie was not unhappy. He was only impatient. When his father came home he thought all would be well, then there would be lots and lots of crackers.

Freddie met his father at the door, and John Wilson, rough as he was, softened under the lad's greeting.

"So Freddie wants some firecrackers? What, Roman candles and squibs? What! And a whirly-gig? You mean a 'cartwheel,' don't you, Freddie, boy?"

Without waiting for an answer the father caught his son with his hands below the arms and hoisted him on his knees.

"You'll have them, Fred," he said, "and, what's more, your old dad will help you fire them off."

Freddie's eyes shown like diamonds; he clasped his hands together in glee and said: "Papa, you mind just before mamma lay that quiet I couldn't wake her no matter how I tried, she told me I'd never want for firecrackers and squibs and everything good on the Fourth of July. She was right, too, wasn't she, papa? And she hasn't forgot me yet, either, papa, for when I was in bed last night I seen her all in white as close as anything to the bed, and she kissed me on both cheeks and said: 'Little Freddie will have a good time tomorrow.' And that's right, isn't it, papa?"

The boy fixed his eyes, with a confident look on his father and the parent turned his head away. He was afraid to let Freddie see his countenance. For the boy's eyes reminded him of a face fixed on his memory forever. John recalled a face with a lasting smile, with eyes that were the color of a clear sky on a summer's morning, and dark hair hanging in abundant glory around her head. And for all that, he had been a hard drinker since Mary died one year ago to-night. His position had gone, and, worst of all, Mary's boy had been ill-treated.

"Yes, Freddie and papa will have a good time tomorrow," he said at last. "And now when my boy knows what firecrackers and fun will be his in the morning, doesn't he want to go to bed and take a big, big sleep, so that he may be up bright and early in the morning to bang away the Fourth?"

The father laid Freddie down to sleep in his own bed. He watched the lad until his eyes closed in slumber, and a little later, when perhaps the boy was looking again at that white figure, John turned and went out of the house to buy the firecrackers.

Wiping a tear away on his coat sleeve as he reached the outside, John walked swiftly down the street toward the notion store. As he turned a corner a voice hailed him: "Hallo there, Jack! What's the rush?" Wilson looked back and there stood the "boys."

Just as the sun on the Fourth of July a year ago was peeping through house Freddie opened his eyes, and without waiting to look around called: "Papa, papa, did you get the firecrackers?"

But no answer came, for the father had not come back.

Freddie was surprised at his father's absence; it had often happened before during the past year, but: "Today, today was the Fourth, and where was papa with all the firecrackers?" Rising, the boy surveyed the dusty room. No papa, no firecrackers anywhere. Then he climbed out of bed and pattered into

## YOU STARTED IT, UNCLE.



the kitchen, and still no father, no firecrackers. Returning to the bed Freddie buried his face in the pillow and cried himself into a broken slumber. A couple of hours later he awoke with a start, and again calling: "Papa, papa," received no answer.

Then he remembered how his mother, in the night, had told him how he was "going to have a good time the Fourth." Trustingly he began to search the room and kitchen for what "mamma had brought him." Underneath the bed and old rickety table Freddie looked and looked. When his search revealed nothing he burst into tears, and crying, called: "Ma-ma, ma-ma, Freddie wants a firecracker."

In time the crying grew tiresome, and again the hunt began. All over the room he searched. Not a corner of the kitchen was left unexplored. In an old desk he found a revolver.

"Oh, look, look!" he cried, "what mamma sent me."

He hugged the weapon tightly in both hands and carried it triumphant to the bed. His eyes were aglow with pleasure. With all the might of his little fingers he pressed the trigger. A first, second, and third time the hammer fell. At each releasing of the spring he shouted with delight. His fingers grew tired, and the fourth time he tried to raise the hammer and failed. Still, not to be defeated, he turned the pistol toward his breast and put his thumbs on the trigger and pressed. Slowly the hammer rose. Then there was a report and Freddie fell back on the bed with the look of pleasure on his face changed to one of pain.

An hour later his father came in. He was sober, and in his arms was a pile of firecrackers. As he crossed the threshold he shouted: "Freddie, boy, come here and look what papa has brought you." But no answer came.

Thinking the boy was asleep he stood in the kitchen and called: "Freddie, here's papa; don't you want to see all the nice, big firecrackers?" He walked into the bedroom. At the bedside he stopped and let the firecrackers fall in a heap on the floor. As he lifted Freddie in his arms the little fellow opened his eyes, and with a look of wonder said: "Mamma, I've had a good Fourth." Then a quiver and all was over.

The father laid his boy down and a far-away look came into his eyes. He looked at the firecrackers and then riveted his gaze on the pale face of his dead son. He lifted the revolver. A report followed. But the firecrackers lay intact on the floor.

**Sky Rocket Philosophy.**

The boy who was burned last year has a short memory.

It is estimated that there are 80,000,000 horses in the world. This is a good day to leave the skittish ones in the barn.

The poet who wrote, "If you're waking call me early," lived in a country where they didn't celebrate the Glorious.

If there is one particular thing that a boy doesn't want to be on the Fourth of July it is a girl.

Wouldn't an old-fashioned celebration leave a good taste in the mouth? Throw the ear trumpet away; you will not need it to-morrow.

We have forgiven the British long ago for kicking them.

We should pause for a moment in our frenzied celebrations and solemn-

ly reflect on the great truth that Christmas is coming.

## When We Are All Children.



## The Fatal Fourth.

During the five celebrations of the Fourth of July from 1903 to 1907, inclusive, 21,520 persons were injured and 1,153 killed, according to statistics just gathered. The giant firecracker alone injured 1,489 persons in the celebration of 1907, killed eight and led to the death of eight more from lockjaw. So says one of the medical papers. A little thought beforehand will be better than a sorrowful recollection of the facts on July 4. Do not get out of the habit of celebrating the Fourth of

July, but try to make it a celebration without an undertaker's bill.—Buffalo Express.

**Johnnie Wanted Cannon Crackers.**

Johnnie he's got pants on;  
He ain't a kid no more.  
He wants cannon crackers  
That make a thunderin' roar.

He broke his cap pistol;  
He says they're baby's toys.  
He wants cannon crackers  
Like all the other boys.

Papa bought the crackers;  
This filled John with great bliss.  
There was a loud explosion—  
this.

Like  
went  
Johnnie  
Poor  
—Brooklyn Eagle.

## How to Treat Injuries.

Surgeon General Wyman, of the Marine Hospital and Public Health Service, in a circular, gives instructions as to the treatment of Fourth of July injuries. Dr. Wyman suggests the injury be treated in this way:

"Incise freely every wound.  
"Carefully and thoroughly remove from the wound every particle of foreign matter.

"Cauterize the wound thoroughly with a 25 per cent solution of carbolic acid.

"Give a full dose of anti-tetanic serum."

## THE FIFTH OF JULY—CALLING THE ROLL.

(Adapted from a Famous Old Poem.)



"Benjamin Jones!" the father cried;  
"Here!" was the answer loud and clear,  
From the lips of a youngster standing  
near;

And "here!" was the word the next replied.

"Johnnie Jones!" and a silence fell  
This time, no answer followed the call;  
Only his brother saw him fall,  
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the morning light  
On July the fifth, the present year.  
And the roll was read in accents clear  
By the senior Jones, who was ghastly  
white.

"Charles Jones!" At the call there came  
Two ambulance men and some doleful  
groans  
As they bore in the body of Charles  
Jones,

Greatly disgraced, to answer his name.  
"Albert Jones!" and a voice said "here!"  
"Chauncey Jones!" "He's down at St.  
Luke's"

With a couple of badly damaged  
"dukes."

The doctors say he'll be well next year."  
"William Jones!"—then some one said:  
"A small toy pistol went off and shot  
him."

And the ambulance people hurried and  
got him  
To make some repairs on his injured  
head."

'Twas a gallant day but it cost us dear;  
For that family roll when called to-day,  
Of a total of seven that entered the  
fray,

Numbered but four that answered "here!"  
—Chicago Tribune.

## MAN STEALS CHICKENS AND GOES TO PRISON FOR LIFE.

Law Providing Life Sentence for an Habitual Criminal Put Into Operation in New York.

"They tell me I've got to do a life sentence for \$17 worth of chickens, and I don't think it's right," pleaded Charles H. Chaffee, as, trembling and fearful, he stood before the County Court in Syracuse, N. Y., to be sentenced to hard labor in Auburn prison for the remainder of his natural life.

While the law, which gave Judge Ross no opinion whatever in the matter of a life sentence after a fourth conviction, provides that after the maximum, less computation, for a second offense, the parole board may allow liberty, there is no chance for Chaffee, as he already has half of a twenty-year term coming to him.

Assistant District Attorney Standen said the court had no discretion in the matter and that the indictment had been drawn with a life sentence in view. He said it was what ought to be done with Chaffee, who had been saved once from the charge of assault with intent to kill his wife. It was on Dec. 8, 1896, that Chaffee got his sentence of nineteen years and six months and was allowed to go on parole in 1906.

Judge Ross said it was a sad case and simply the result of the prisoner's own selection. The life sentence was not because he stole \$17 worth of chickens, but because he had selected a life of crime. Chaffee is 45, and a carpenter by trade.

## WEALTH IN OLD BIBLE.

Civil War Veteran Lifted to Comparative Opulence by Mere Chance.

Steve Marsh, of New York, who for many years has been living on a pension of \$12 a month, which he earned during the Civil War, took down the old family Bible left him thirty-five years ago by his aunt, Sarah Marsh.

The Bible was in a good state of preservation save for the fact that the dust of thirty-five years was on its binding. He was merely endeavoring to ascertain whether it were better to give the volume to the next door neighbor or leave it for the next persons who occupied his hall room.

For Marsh was going to Denver to spend his last years with his son, and he reasoned there would be plenty of Bibles in the Colorado city if he desired to read one.

Carelessly his fingers scraped the leaves of the book. Suddenly the digits stopped. There was something in this Bible of which he had not been informed. He opened the book.

A dollar bill was between its pages. No longer did he hesitate. He examined every leaf from Genesis to Revelations with a care as great and as eager as that displayed by the most famous theologian. He even went over the pages from birth and death entries and the index.

When he had completed the task \$4.87 laid before him. He looked at it and sighed. For thirty-five years this money had been in the Bible and he had been living on \$12 a month.

When Steve Marsh took a taxicab to the Grand Central station he held the Bible clasped to his breast.



Canadian civil servants have organized a civil service federation.

A new union of cigarmakers has been organized at Red Wing, Minn.

Striking lobster fishermen at Sydney, N. S., have decided to become packers.

Waltham (Mass.) C. L. U. has gone on record as opposed to the licensing of pawnshops in that city.

The total number of organized workmen in Norway is 56,862, as against barely 10,000 ten years ago.

Cloth mill operatives at New Bedford, Mass., have been refused a restoration of the 1907 wage scale, which was 10 per cent higher than at present.

Representatives of the furniture trade societies of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia and Queensland recently met in conference in Melbourne to form a federation.

Boston (Mass.) Hebrew Painters and Paperhangers' Union, which is an independent organization, wishes a flat \$3 a day minimum for painters and a considerable increase for the paperhangers.

The National Union of Journalists delegate meeting was held in London, England, recently. One of the resolutions passed was in favor of "the weekly day rest bill, so as to obtain one clear day's rest per week for all journalists."

The National Letter Carriers' Association has acquired a tract of 160 acres of land in the vicinity of Colorado Springs as a site for a home. The land is contiguous to that of the Union Printers' home.

The labor organizations of Stockton, Cal., are making arrangements to build a four-story temple in that city. It will be built by the San Joaquin Labor Temple Association, which has incorporated with a capital stock of \$75,000.