

NEW YORK'S PRIZE BATH ROOM

A Fairy-Like Grotto in Blossoming Tiles and Rose-Violet Glass.

OTHER MARVELOUSLY LUXURIOUS "TUBS"

Studying Poise in the Smart Set—Colors Favored by Social Leaders—Literature Among the Fashionables.

NEW YORK, May 23.—(Correspondence of The Bee.)—Modern art, with modern science, has done more for the bath room in newly-built American palaces than for any other apartment. It is quite safe to assert that never before has luxury-loving humanity known anything to equal the sumptuous little materiam in such houses as Mrs. Moor's ample marble tub are hung voluminous pink silk draperies. This tub itself is cut in the form of a huge shell, and sets high on a dais of marble, while the rosy curtains, lined with oil silk, can be drawn about the tub to protect the rest of the room when the bather wishes to use the spray bath.

In Mrs. Jules Vatable's new home, in which the perfection of appointments is a

Dianna, with her nymphs at a forest pool, appears on an admirably painted ceiling canvas. Pink in the flowers and draperies prevail in the picture, and there about Mrs. Moor's ample marble tub are hung voluminous pink silk draperies. This tub itself is cut in the form of a huge shell, and sets high on a dais of marble, while the rosy curtains, lined with oil silk, can be drawn about the tub to protect the rest of the room when the bather wishes to use the spray bath.

It is a grievous mistake to believe that society as typified in New York, has no time nor patience for literature. Since the war with Spain the smart women especially have been vigorously studying Spanish in order to enjoy Spanish literature, and in our own language they not only read most of the popular books of the day, but have very strong preferences for certain authors and certain works. It is interesting, perhaps, to know that long before Miss Mary Leiter met George Curzon, she had a strong liking for Kipling's books, especially "Plain Tales From the Hills," and "Un-der the Hoodoos," and confessed they were her favorite romances. After thoroughly mastering four languages and familiarizing himself with the literature of Spain, France and Italy, George Vanderbilt does not hesitate to admit his preference for German works and he is collecting a valuable library of Teutonic literature, while in English his favorite novel is "The Hon. Peter Sterling," for whose author he feels a warm friendship.

Charles De Kay and John Jacob Astor, who have both put their pens to paper in serious and entertaining composition, acknowledge a liking each for a special book, and at least once a year Mr. Astor reads "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," while Mr. De Kay refreshes his memory with the gay humor of "My Lady Nicotine." Curiously enough, "Alice in Wonderland," is a sort of annual joy to many fashionable women, and Mrs. Harry Whitney, Mrs. Hewitt and others agree that they have never exhausted its charm. Mrs. H. McKey Twombly reads neither romance, history nor poetry, but she has collected the finest little library on the best methods of caring mentally, physically

FORCE OF HEREDITY IS CRIME

Two Boys Follow in the Footsteps of Their Father and Meet a Like Fate.

CAREER OF A DEGENERATE PREACH-

Romantic Beginning Near Council Bluffs, Inconspicuous Ending in California—Bandit Life of His Sons.



RAISING CALVES IN THE HEART OF THE CITY.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton, who has adopted a cream white of late years for her favorite costumes. Mrs. Harry Whitney, with her lovely auburn hair and brilliant complexion, was advised by Medrano the artist to wear green and in green she is sure to appear at balls and dinners, while her cousin, Miss Lila Sloan, a tiny blonde fairy, refreshes her wardrobe every year with gowns, hats, parasols, silkies hose and even the fine handkerchiefs, in a tone of the most delicate pink.

Learning to Dance. For the first time an honest, earnest endeavor is being made by fashionable women to learn to dance. By this the waltz and polka, etc., is not implied, for American women are born with a light foot in the ball room, but recently a body of leading young matrons realized that Columbia's daughters are not the most graceful in the world.

Self-criticism, first before a mirror and then examination of the sole of one's shoe, will be enough to convince the average woman that she walks viciely, and these new close-cut skirts clinch the argument. A shiver of dismay greets the positive thrill of horror when one observant woman found that, in spite of her small, slim feet, the American girl has a shockingly clumsy, thick ankle, and between knee and ankle symmetry is quite lost, for she is almost without development of the calf of the leg.

Mrs. Frederick Pierson, a handsome, graceful social light, has undertaken to help her womenkind to regain their lost grace and symmetry, and to this end she has engaged the services of a French premiere danseuse, who is now too old to dance herself, but who is a wonderful scientist in posing the body. Poise is the corrective for all the faults



SHE TAKES A CLASSIC BATH.

in carriage and form, she says, and though the able old woman will take but three in a class of classes she has scores, and in them all poise is studied with an astonishing enthusiasm by the very cream of femininity. Now as the old lady is Spanish by birth, and as at her advanced age she trips about like a girl, the classes attend with awe and envy, for her explanations of why the Spanish woman, who wears the worst shoes in the world and who grows fat with age, never has thick ankles, never loses the wonderful arch of her instep, and can carry about a hundred and ninety pounds of solid flesh with the footfall of a child.

Well, it's all owing to poise, to a racial instinct for casting the weight of the body on the ball of the foot, not on hip, nor heels, nor ankles, and thereby giving to the toes a strength and usefulness our western feet all lack. Well, stout women and thin ones, tall and short, having got wind of this promise of physical regeneration, offered by the ex-danseuse, are flocking to her standard, and in heedless ballet shoes, with silk bloomers and skirts to the knee, under madame's eagle eye, they learn first to stand, then to stand on one foot and then to hop, hop, hop.

After the hop comes the skip, and finally the stupendous task of standing on one foot and describing a semi-circle with the air with the other foot, all of which requires as much muscular labor and good will as the cutting of cordwood. The women who are learning poise also confess that there is nothing like it for pulling the solid bulk off fat hips and actually placing the flesh on the scant calf, and that walking, which was true drudgery before, has now become an exhilarating pleasure. From New York the danseuse will follow her classes to Newport, and in the course of a few months our fashionable women don't learn to walk Spanish, lightly and gracefully as Dryades, it won't be because they have not tried and believed in the cure for their present shortcomings.

Newport Reaches Manila. WASHINGTON, May 24.—The War Department has been advised by General Oils of the arrival at Manila of the Newport, which sailed from San Francisco April 20 with fifteen officers and 250 enlisted men and marines; Light Battery F, Fourth and F, Fifth artillery, under command of Major Tiersan, eight officers and 223 enlisted men. No casualties occurred during the trip.

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Many and varied were the accounts that have been published detailing the career of a band of desperadoes whose haunts were in the mountains of Utah, from which they preyed upon the traveling public and reared near and remote. A story of the career of this band, now wiped out, is given by the San Francisco Call and names, dates and places bear evidence of accuracy. The story is given a local flavor by the statement that the mother of the boys was born and reared on a farm near Council Bluffs and there met and married the father of the outlaws. Her name is omitted, as its publication would serve no useful purpose. The story is as follows:

Twenty-two years ago a happy little maiden living on a farm near Council Bluffs married the little black preacher, bestie and married a dashing young Methodist evangelist, who was also a lawyer. After an experience which no romancer dare risk his reputation in attempting to parallel this once happy girl is now the unlamented mother in all the land—one of her boys availing of the fortune of his life on the gallows; the other killed by a sheriff while following a bandit's life.

The woman, now known to all as the mother of the boy bandits who recently committed murder and other crimes in Utah, was when a girl one of the most devout altar girls in the city of Council Bluffs. While following devoutly the practice of her simple religion she met Lloyd Majors, then a young man of good address, strong intellect and advanced education. He was one of the pillars of this little church and was known in the district around Council Bluffs as an enthusiastic evangelist from whom great things were expected. He often prophesied that Lloyd Majors would be a name as well known as that of Moody before he died. This prophecy was fulfilled, but in a manner just the reverse from that which his followers had hoped.

Very naturally the young woman fell in love with the young man, who was more than twice her age, but all the reasoning of her parents could not induce her to cease accepting Majors' attentions and the first unhappy step in her career was her hasty marriage to this very religious man.

Majors was a graduate of Ann Arbor university and had qualified as a lawyer, but his marriage to the young woman, who was at the time of her marriage a student in the Centennial year settled at San Jose, He at once attracted attention to himself, partly on account of the winning ways of his girl wife and partly because of his own intellectual powers.

Moved to California. Majors, for that was the way he spelled his name, arrived in San Jose, where he was about 35 years old and is described by a friend as "a big, ungainly man, awkward in manner, having a dark, stern, forbidding expression."

Majors and his wife lived on the beautiful Alameda, where Majors opened a business as a carpenter and wagon maker, but he was ambitious and soon started out to make a career in other lines than those of working with his hands. He won his way into the friendship of several lawyers and met some who graduated from his alma mater in Michigan. He also joined his circle of friends by joining the Methodist church and taking a prominent part in its work. His shop suffered from a series of fires, from which he always collected the insurance, but no one thought of breathing a word of suspicion against the religious carpenter-lawyer. To the surprise of everybody he declared after a few years that these fires had broken him up in business and he left San Jose to settle in Los Gatos.

Two beautiful little children were born to them in Los Gatos—Archie and Abe—and it was noticeable that Majors showed the most remarkable and genuine affection for his children. He would play with them for hours, guide their childish instincts and always prophesied that Archie should be a lawyer and Abe a minister.

At Los Gatos a change came over the attitude of Majors toward religion. He usually, joined the church, but could not take a very active part, being handicapped in his progress by opening a hotel with a bar attached. This brought him into disfavor with the church, and as the step from a hotel with a saloon to a saloon without a hotel was easy Majors took it and became known as a common saloon keeper.

In the mountains near Los Gatos lived, when Majors opened his mill, an old woodsman named William Renowden. He owned 200 acres on the mountain side, lived in a cabin, was something of a recluse and was supposed to have considerable money hidden away. His cabin stood far up among the hills and from its door a picture of incomparable beauty stretched away below. It was one of the most seductive spots in Santa Clara county. The recluse had but one friend, Archie, a Scotchman—agile, strong, fine looking, and known far and wide.

Tragedy in the Mountains. One morning in March, 1882, the village of Los Gatos was aroused by a messenger from the mountains who brought the news that old Renowden and young McIntyre had been murdered and their cabin destroyed by fire.

A mountaineer first brought the news to town. He lived some miles away from Renowden's cabin, but had seen the light of his burning. He hurried to the cabin and, seeing that he could do nothing, turned back. At daylight he again went to the cabin and among the ashes, but little turned by fire, was the corpse of Renowden pierced by two bullet holes. Another search among the ruins revealed something of the trunk of another human being. It was only a portion of the lungs and the upper portion of the heart. They were carefully preserved and ultimately helped to fix the crime on the murderer.

For two or three days no clue to the origin of the tragedy could be found, but it was soon noticed that two men who had figured quite conspicuously in the life of the community were missing. They were John Showers, a big-boned, brutal fellow, and Joseph Jewell, a gentleman, a scholar, an artist and a man of marked refinement. Two horses had been stolen from Majors' stable on the night of the murder and the tracks of two horses hidden at speed were noticed in the road leading toward Gilroy. Then came the news that two men answering their description had been seen at Gilroy and one was arrested. It proved to be Showers and after being locked up he told this story:

Tracing the Crime. With Jewell he had been a frequenter of Majors' saloon and of all the number of hard cases that gathered there Majors had selected Jewell and Showers to do the murder that had long been in the saloon keeper's mind. Majors wanted to have the men at night and, after feeding them on whisky, gradually took them into his confidence. He explained how easily the old man might be murdered, the improbability of detection and the money that might be secured. It was the intention of the conspirators to torture the old man into a confession of where he kept his hoard; they would burn his feet and pull the nails out

of his toes until the old man was forced to tell. When they had secured the treasure it was their intention to humiliate him, to make Jewell believe that Majors had been ridden viciously out of town, carrying Majors, the night of the murder, led to the disclosure of more facts. Majors knew that discovery of the murder would come with daylight, but if he could get to the cabin and set it on fire the men would be found buried in the ruins and discovery would be impossible. Majors carried out his intention, but did not know that Renowden had been shot outside the house and McIntyre inside. Being dark he could not see, but presumed the victims were in the cabin when he applied the match.

Jewell was arrested and then followed the most sensational trial ever conducted in Santa Clara county. A rancher named Morrill was the sworn enemy of Jewell, and he took an oath that he would pursue the murderers to the ends of the earth if need be to secure justice. He gave up his business and devoted himself solely to the conviction of the men. He procured the evidence which stamped Majors as the chief devil in the scheme, his trial, conviction and execution followed on the same day.

On the day Majors was hanged Majors' heartbroken wife was at home with their third child which had been born soon after the murder in the hills. It was a few months old on that black morning. Since her husband never cried a moment, and several physicians were interested in the peculiarities of little Maud Majors. Her infant face was old at its birth, and although of good health his little life was snuffed out almost at the precise moment that his father expiated his awful crime. It was discovered that a sudden rush of blood to the head had caused death—something almost unknown among children under such conditions of life.

Effect of Example. Such was the start in life of the boy bandits. A year or two later the Majors made their home in Oakland and the unhappy widow married a man named Wagner, who was a solicitor. And for a short time there was a gleam of contentment if not happiness in Mrs. Wagner's life. She and the man, however, were not a time the Majors boys labored zealously for their mother and for her interests, but they became restless, dissatisfied, wayward, desperate.

Four years ago Archie went to Chief of Police Lloyd and told him a peculiar story. He said that he and William, an active member of the church, was luring him and his brother Abe from their home. She was doing this partly with the aid of her attractive young daughter Ina, then 12 years old. The boys would frequently rob for days at the time the Willmore home, their only companions being Ina and Bert Willmore, who was about the same age as Abe. Chief Lloyd did all in his power to induce the Majors boys to stay at home, but without result. They declared without reservation that they were the children of a murderer and that it would be useless for them to attempt to do anything but follow in their father's footsteps. Many times they started to work, but each time they soon tired and sought the pleasure of the city.

In the spring of 1896 Oakland was startled by a series of the most daring, cleverly planned and successful burglaries, robberies and safe cracking jobs ever heard of in any city. Night after night from one to six places would be visited and the loot would be cracked in the center of town and the police were powerless.

One morning in February two innocent looking boys were seen by a policeman on the water front. It was at the hour when the tug arrives with the morning papers from San Francisco and scores of boys gather around to be sent on their different carrier routes. When spoken to by the policeman the two lads promptly said they were newspaper boys and the officer let them pass. A few steps away was another policeman. He noticed that the boys seemed anxious not to pass close by him. He called to his brother officer and asked him what the boys had told him. The reply was something in the nature of a sneer for paying any attention to a couple of newspaper boys whose business was so very evident. This angered the other officer and more out of pique than intuition he ordered the boys to show him what they had in their pockets. The contents of the two young lads' pockets were a revelation to those two officers. There were some sticks of dynamite, one with a fuse attached; some nitro-glycerine cartridges, two pistols, several chisels and jimmys, a brace and some bits, a couple of masks and a few other articles. The boys were taken to the city prison. Bert Willmore gave his right name; the other boy was "Ralph Ford."

When the chief of police saw the boys he was thunderstruck. "Hello, Abe," he said; "what are you doing here?" "The little pauper newspaper boy was Abe Majors."

They came the boys' confession. Twenty-two burglaries and safe jobs had been carried out by them under the very eye of the police. The boy burglars kept back nothing. All their plunder that was not spent was found in a shed in the rear of the Willmore house and the boys said remarkably true. Nothing definite could be proved against her and she was released. The boys were tried and sent to Folsom for ten years.

Love and Crime. Curiously mixed with the criminal careers of Archie and Abe Majors is a romance. Archie had a love affair and it exercised a powerful influence over him.

Abe, who was 16 when his career of burglary was cut short, was desperately in love with Ina Willmore.

After being sent to Folsom Ina exerted herself as much as possible to obtain a pardon for her convict lover. Several people were interested by her in Abe's future, but it was owing largely to the efforts of his mother and of Mrs. Ballington Booth and many clergymen, lawyers and jurists that he was paroled several months ago.

Archie Majors, after once learning the secret of his birth, went the more wayward of the two boys. He struck out for himself after he began to realize that his acquaintance with the Willmore was not benefiting him. He procured a horse and went down into Texas and Mexico and for some time was a cowboy. About two years ago he appeared in Oakland and stayed with his mother for a short time. It was there he met and loved a Salvation Army lassie, Lena Stone.

Sister Lena was generally supposed at that time to be the accepted lover of a Salvationist at Berkeley named Underwood, but Archie Majors proved the more successful suitor and induced Miss Stone to elope with him to Stockton, where they were married. For nearly a year Archie and his hallelujah bride fared well. They went to Seattle, where a child was born, and after that their ways appear to have parted and Mrs. Majors was supposed to be in the east with her baby.

For several months nothing was heard of Archie by his mother, but early this year he appeared in Oakland and met Abe, who was on parole and was apparently striving earnestly to live an honest life. The presence of Archie unsettled Abe and some time in March the two lads disappeared.

robbers. They were pursued into the pass. When aware of their danger they turned on their pursuers and opened fire. The taller of the bandits was seen a corpse, but the younger one, apparently worked up to desperation by the death of his companion, stood his ground manfully and calmly fired at the officer nearest him. It was Captain Brown of the Utah police force, and a second later he, too, was a corpse. With several guns pointed at him the surviving bandit threw up his arms and allowed himself to be taken prisoner.

He told his captors that their name was Morgan and that Chicago was their home, but he refused to give any more particulars. Contented with this information, the bandit was left in his cell and an examination was made of his dead companion. In one of his pockets were two photographs. One was of a young woman and written on the back was the simple declaration of love: "My dear wife, Lena." The photograph bore the imprint of an Alameda photographer.

The other photograph was that of a baby in long clothes. The picture was taken in Seattle. With these two reminiscences of his happier life the bandit had gone out to gain stolen fortune or death.

A few days later the photograph of "Lena" was sent to Alameda. The identity of its original wife and discoverer was taken in it was the picture of Lena Stone, the "dear wife" of Archie Majors.

The test was soon told. The "Morgan" brothers, the bandits of Utah, were Abe and Archie Majors of Oakland.

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