

MYSTERIES OF THE MISSING

People Who Drop Out of Sight Without Apparent Purpose.

SOME BAFFLING CASES ON RECORD

Victims of Sudden and Complete Loss of Memory Prove Most Difficult to Trace or Discover Whereabouts.

Mysterious disappearances, such as the disappearance of Dorothy Arnold, have alarmed the police before this; disappearances that have had in their suddenness apparent lack of purpose and inexplicability much in common with the case of Miss Arnold. Leaving out of account the class of disappearance for their own convenience, such as the disappearance of a runaway, there is still a large number of recorded cases where the subjects have dropped out of sight without apparent cause, and who have left behind them untarnished reputations and solvent bank accounts. Of these a small percentage are found to have met with violence, others have been victims of suicidal mania; and sooner or later a clue has come to light which has established the fact that the disappearance was easier to find than the living. Of the remaining small proportion there are on record a number of carefully authenticated cases where the subject has been the victim of a sudden and complete loss of memory.

This dislocation of memory is a variety of aphasia known as amnesia, and when the memory is recurrently lost and restored, as alternating personality. The Society for Psychological Research and many eminent psychologists, among them the late William James, Dr. Weir Mitchell, Dr. H. H. Goddard, and Dr. A. E. Osborn of San Francisco, have reported many cases of alternating personality. Studious efforts are being made to understand and to explain the strange type of mental phenomena exhibited in these cases; but no one has ever yet given a clear and comprehensive explanation of them. Such cases are by no means always connected with disappearances, and exhaustive studies have been made of types of alternating personalities that have from first to last been carefully watched by scientists of the first rank. The variety known as "dissociated type," where the patient suddenly loses all knowledge of his own identity and of his past, takes himself off, leaving no trace or clue, is the variety which the present case calls for particular interest.

A Baffling Case.
Dr. H. G. Leigh, Jr., of Newburg, Va., has recorded the case of a mysterious disappearance that excited the popular attention and baffled the police some twenty years ago. The subject was a Mr. K., of a small town in Virginia. At the time of his disappearance he was 50 years old, of splendid physique, in good health, and in fairly prosperous circumstances. He was known to be a sober, moral and industrious man, happy and contented in his domestic relations. Born and reared in Virginia, he had conducted business for twenty years in the town where he resided. Coming north on a business trip to purchase goods for his store in this city, he remained here for two days, during which time he transacted a good deal of business, met his friends and showed no indication of aberration of mind.

Starting home by a steamship line on which he was accustomed to travel and and which he was well known to the captain, he registered and retired to his stateroom. When the tickets were collected he was missing. He had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. No one had seen him leave the boat, jump or fall overboard. His open valise and all his clothes were found in his stateroom, and his door was open, but the key had been taken away.

Police and press looked for him in vain. Finally investigation was abandoned, the theory that he was dead was accepted, and the courts appointed an administrator for his estate and a guardian for his children. Six months later he suddenly appeared at the home of a relative in a distant southern city.

He was brought home in a composed, but partially dazed state, able to recognize his family, but unable to remember the events of his life since he was reduced in weight from 250 to 150. He wore the same suit he had on when he disappeared, and in his pocket was found the check and key to his stateroom. He was put under treatment, and in a month's time had completely recovered his previous bodily and mental health, and had since remained in a perfectly normal state. A day or two after his return home an accident in his ear broke, and from that time on his return to health went rapidly forward.

Mr. K.'s own account of this case runs as follows: "I was feeling very tired after a busy day in the city; so I went to my stateroom immediately upon going aboard the boat and changed my clothes. Up to that time I was thoroughly conscious; but I recall nothing more. All is oblivion with me until, six months later, I came to myself in a distant city in the south. I found myself driving a fruit wagon on the street, I was utterly astounded. Upon inquiry I learned that I had been there at work for some time. My life since I was in that stateroom six months before was an absolute blank to me. I can give no account of myself during that period."

Three Similar Cases.
Dr. A. E. Osborn of California, records three cases of a similar kind that have come under his immediate personal attention. The first case is that of a man past middle age, seemingly in robust health, living in a small town suburban to Philadelphia. He was by trade a tinsmith and plumber and had built up for himself a thriving trade. His grown sons had already assumed the care of his business, and he appeared to be entering upon a period of ease and prosperity.

On the Sunday on which he disappeared he had been in the house all day. About 4 o'clock he rose from the lounge on which he had been reading, changed his dressing jacket for a coat and his slippers for shoes, and announced that he was going out for a breath of fresh air. He stepped out of his front door and was gone. Two years passed before he was heard of again.

Of the 2,000 inhabitants of his native town none saw him leave. Although he was known to the trainmen of the railroad connecting the small town with the outer world no one could recall having seen him. Rewards were useless. Innumerable theories were advanced; but they only made confusion worse. He had taken no money with him. His business affairs were in a prosperous state. In the course of time the search for him was given up and his family removed to Chicago.

Two years had passed, when in a tin-shop in a southern city a man suddenly dropped his work and cried out: "My God! Where am I? How did I come here? This isn't my shop!" It was the missing tinsmith, who after months of wandering seemed to be waking as from a somnambulist sleep.

He was known as a wandering tinner, who had drifted into the town and sought work at his trade. No one had suspected that he was not in a normal state of mind. Through the efforts of the proprietor of the shop he was able to communicate with his family at once and rejoined it in Chicago. A curious part of his history is that while working at his trade in the south he had for over a year received good wages and was noted among his fellow workmen for

his careful and saving habits; yet when he came to himself he was penniless, and he has never since been able to recall what he did with his money.

A Lawyer's Breakdown.
The second case of disappearance recorded by Dr. Osborn is that of a brilliant and well known lawyer and politician, a former congressman. He lived also in a town suburban to Philadelphia. One day he got up from his desk in his office, leaving a law book open at a page he had been consulting, a mass of urgent work unfinished in his desk and a number of uncashed checks. He walked out of his office and vanished.

After several months had passed word came through official government channels that he was in Australia, where he had applied to the consul to help him reach home. He had come to himself on a steamship bearing an Australian port, quite penniless and broken in health. His passage money was forwarded and he returned home. After a short period of recuperation he returned to his profession. He has been normal ever since.

Dr. Osborn's third recorded case is that of a young Irish coachman who was severely injured in a runaway accident in which his brother-in-law and a friend were killed. The accident occurred in the presence of a crowd, yet in the confusion when the bodies of the two who were killed had been removed from the wreckage no trace could be found of the coachman. No one had seen him after the final catastrophe. The next day, when he was still being sought for everywhere, he reappeared at the door of his home, badly injured and unable to speak. His recovery was extremely slow and for a time his mind seemed to be gone. He gradually re-established himself, but memory was the last thing to return to him. Dr. Osborn especially noted a complete, though gradual, change of outward appearance of expression, voice, and features. When he began to pull around again he was unrecognizable to his intimate friends. His whole character had altered, and with it his outward appearance.

"Why," asked Dr. Osborn, "may not such changes appear suddenly? Is time a necessary element? We may not yet know the subtle forces accounting for the original disappearing impulse; but if it should be found that the human face and form can within a few moments undergo such changes as to render them easily unrecognizable at ordinary sight then we shall have a plausible explanation for the most mysterious phase of these sudden disappearances, the consistent failure of anyone to recognize these unhappy victims of loss of memory as they drop out of sight."—New York Sun.

A PROPOSITION PASSED UP

Insurance as a Cure for Industrial Discontent Considered by Paul Morton.

One of our younger philosophers had what must have been a most interesting talk with the late Paul Morton sometime ago—which never got into print, and probably never will. The late president of the Equitable was understood to be casting about very enterprisingly for his new propositions with which to startle the insurance world, or at least start something that would build up the business of the Equitable, and that was very important at the time because the investigation had looked off millions from its revenues as well as from the revenues of the other two big companies. This young visitor to the president of the Equitable had something on his mind. He saw a country-wide agitation for workmen's compensation. Developing a demand, whether real or just imaginary, and policy—the present employer's liability system of the United States, or of the various states, would be supplanted by another system, imported from England or "made in Germany," one or the other, by which every employee, even if he were only washing your front steps or picking up stones in the corn lot, should be compensated by his employer for an injury that he received. It was stated boldly to Paul Morton that agitation was going to fructify in something very strange, if not very dangerous, in a socialistic way for this country, provided something wasn't done to see what was the matter with the scheme, and tell the public about it, and stop the flood of compulsory laws intended to put it into force, and introduce the same system or a better one by means of private enterprise and private capital.

Mr. Morton wasn't quite clear as to how the legislation could be combatted, though he had known more or less about politics in the Roosevelt way. He could discern much more clearly that in the matter of writing industrial insurance, though the innumerable agents of the Equitable and in the innumerable factories of the country, direct and by wholesale, there was a chance to make a pile of money or at least to compel it to be saved, provided a new policy could be devised that would appeal to the average workman, whether union man or not, as about the thing for safety and economy; and better still, as the son of our earliest real secretary of agriculture could see a tremendous social service would be done for the country through this widespread application of a correct and liberal industrial insurance system to the producers of the land, not with the patronage of the state and coming out of everybody, but by means of a common fund, to which everybody had contributed and from which, therefore, everybody would be entitled to draw—not gratuity, but something which the man himself had saved and was entitled to because he had earned it and saved it.

He heaved did anything with this—I don't know why. Perhaps Paul Morton couldn't move his directors. Perhaps he simply never got to it. If so, it was not because he did not look a long distance ahead. He distinctly asserted that day to the general proposition that just as industrial insurance would be developed here on English and German plan, under the

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authority and perhaps under the compulsion of the state, making it state socialism of the most patent kind, unless private enterprise and capital could introduce a similar or a better system, and could do it first, they would perhaps contribute by this means more than captains of finance and industry had ever contributed by any means before, to the solution of our industrial discontent.—Philadelphia Record.

LONGS FOR THE BRINY SEA

Admiral Bob Evans, Sea Rover, Finds Business an Irksome Task.

Robert D. Evans—the old "Fighting Bob" of the United States navy, retired, made over into a business man in Los Angeles, and marooned on a continent—is homesick for the high seas and the swaying quarterdeck.

The clash of competitive combat in the commercial arena and the joys of buying low and selling high, activities with which he has been trying to satisfy the demands of his energetic nature, have fallen short, and the admiral, two years a "landlubber," is realizing it more keenly every day.

"Fighting Bob" declared he would rather be replaced in command of a fleet—even of barges—than be made president of the United States and dictator to the powers.

"I haven't been able to find out yet what contentment a life ashore seems to yield so many people," said Admiral Evans.

"For two years I have been trying to figure it out. I have lost myself in a maze of business enterprises, but changing money never can take the place of the old times at sea. I intend to move my residence from Washington to California, where most of my newly acquired business interests are. There I shall build me a home by the ocean."

"There is no job on earth to compare with that of commanding a fleet of battleships. Presidents come and they go, but the admiral goes on as long as the pension system admits, irrespective of the ups and downs of politics ashore."

"Look at me now! When I come into a ship it is as president of an oil company—a considerable command for a sea fighter. And the land rocks so. My sea legs still are with me, and the streets away beneath me as the deck of a ship would beneath a landlubber."

"Though I am going to make my home in California, I am not entirely in sympathy with the people of the Pacific coast. If we ever do have war with Japan it will be because it has been precipitated by passing of obnoxious legislation by the states of California and Oregon."

"At present an attempt is being made to pass two bills discriminating against the Japanese. One is a school law and the other would prohibit Japs holding property in either state. When Roosevelt was president he used his influence against the fostering of this anti-Japanese sentiment."

"The navy at present is very efficient for its size, but it is not large enough. We should have sixteen battleships in the Pacific fleet and a reserve squadron of eight, and the same protection on the Atlantic seaboard. The reserves could be mobilized in event of war."

"Such a navy would be the best peace insurance. World peace conferences and arbitration boards are all right, but they never can accomplish that at which they aim. It is against human nature."—Baltimore American.

REAL ANANIAS CLUB IN ACTION

Eastern Pilgrims in California Get the Local Habit and Work It.

Wealthy eastern men now wintering in Pasadena have formed one of the most remarkable clubs in the world. They have named it the Ananias club, and its only object is to afford them an opportunity to meet and "swap lies."

The members do not mind using one of Roosevelt's "plain and simple" because they refer to the tall stories they tell when they meet nightly after dinner in a secluded corner of the palm room at the Hotel Green. The president of the club is Edwin Miller of Providence, R. I., a director of the New York & New Haven railroad.

After dinner every night these men retire to a portion of the palm room at the hotel.

No other guest, unless he is a newcomer, a touring tenderfoot as it were, breaks into the charmed circle where lies are swapped. While each member endeavors to think up a yarn with which to cap the remarkable story previously told, the air is filled with fragrant smoke from Havana.

Only artists can tell impossible yarns and make them "come over," but all these men are artists in this line. Baron Munchausen could not hold a candle to them were he to come back in the flesh, nor would Andersen of fairy tale fame.

All the members are staying here for the winter. Most of them come here year after year as soon as there are signs of snow in the east, and they intend to keep the Ananias club going.

Mr. Miller owes his election to the presidency to his deeds on the golf links of the Anandale Country club. He beat John T. Greenwood the other day in one of the most remarkable games ever seen on the course. All had bets on the outcome, and it looked as if Greenwood was going to be the winner when he had an easy shot to make at the last hole. But his last putt lacked strength, and his ball halted on the edge of the cup. Miller, realizing that it was a case of now or never, neatly put his ball into the hole and carried off the honors of the game.

Until someone can prove that he has done something more worthy than this snatching victory from defeat at the last moment it has been resolved that Miller shall remain as president of the only "Munchausen" Ananias club of the world.—Los Angeles Times.

(From Chicago Record-Herald.)

The government of Australia has set an example worthy of imitation by the other nations of the world. Realizing the extent, enormity and the awful consequences of the drink habit, they have for years past been investigating its cause, effect, treatment and possible cure.

In the year of 1910 Rev. A. C. Rankine, commissioned by that government, visited the United States, and after a thorough investigation of drink habit treatments, he returned to his government last September and made a detailed, lengthy report, recommending the adoption of the NEAL THREE-DAY DRINK HABIT CURE. The government of South Australia adopted his report and established the Cure in a large government sanitarium, where those addicted to the drink habit are treated at the government's expense instead of being fined or sent to prison cells.

During the first ninety days exactly ninety-eight persons so afflicted were cured by the Neal treatment at government expense; restored to citizenship as healthy men and good citizens. In addition to this, reports show that more than double that number availed themselves of the Neal treatment in private sanitariums in Australia.

Professional and scientific research and investigation of the centuries has recently culminated in the establishment of the fact that the drink habit, so called, is caused by the poison of alcohol stored

Monday Carnival of Value Giving

Neither type, talk nor tattle can do a tenth what these prices will when you read them. If you need rugs for Spring—if you need them for winter even—come here Monday morning. These Monday prices justify storage.

The big sale includes high grade Axminsters—reproductions of famous Kazak, Mahal and Kirmanshah rugs—Wilton velvet in floral and Oriental designs, Tapestry Brussels in floral, Oriental designs; Scotch weave rugs in mission designs and two-tone effects. Wilton velvets, Axminster and Brussels made from dropped patterns. These rugs are all choice designs and will fit any room.

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\$28.00 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x12-6	\$18.75
\$30.00 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x13-9	\$19.50
\$26.50 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x11	\$14.50
\$26.50 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x11-9	\$15.75
\$26.50 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x12	\$17.00
\$29.00 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x13	\$17.50
\$21.00 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x10-0	\$10.00
\$35.00 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x12-9	\$18.50
\$42.00 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x12	\$25.00
\$29.00 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x10-4	\$15.00
\$27.00 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x10-6	\$14.00
\$33.50 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x11-9	\$17.00
\$26.00 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x12	\$15.00
\$25.00 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x10-9	\$14.00
\$30.00 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x10-6	\$16.00
\$26.00 Brussels Rugs, 11-3x12-9	\$15.50
\$45.00 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x12	\$24.00
\$32.50 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x11-9	\$17.00
\$28.00 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x13	\$16.50
\$40.00 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x12	\$25.00
\$26.50 Brussels Rugs, 10-6x11-9	\$16.00
\$18.50 Brussels Rugs, 8x10-6	\$11.00
\$23.00 Brussels Rugs, 8-3x12-6	\$13.50
\$16.50 Brussels Rugs, 7-9x10-6	\$10.00
\$16.00 Brussels Rugs, 8-3x9-3	\$8.50
\$20.00 Brussels Rugs, 8-3x11-6	\$11.00
\$30.00 Brussels Rugs, 8-3x10-6	\$16.00
\$22.50 Brussels Rugs, 8-3x11-5	\$14.00
\$17.50 Brussels Rugs, 8-3x10-6	\$10.00
\$13.00 Brussels Rugs, 6x10-9	\$9.00
\$12.75 Brussels Rugs, 4-6x10-6	\$6.50
\$18.50 Brussels Rugs, 7-6x10-6	\$10.00
\$17.25 Brussels Rugs, 8-3x11-3	\$11.00
\$10.00 Brussels Rugs, 6x6-9	\$6.00
\$19.00 Brussels Rugs, 7-10x8-3	\$10.00
\$23.00 Brussels Rugs, 7-7x10-6	\$14.50
\$30.00 Brussels Rugs, 8-3x10-6	\$15.00
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