

DEATH FOLLOWS REINDEER

Nearly Score Killed and Many Injured, Is Toll Exactod.

LOADED TROLLEY CAR WRECKED

Three Women Lose Lives and Score of Persons Are Injured When Crowd of Church Goers Suffers Accident.

TORONTO, Ont., Dec. 25.—Three women were killed and a score of persons injured, some of them mortally, when a runaway trolley car in King street, crowded to its capacity with church-going passengers dashed down a steep grade last night, ran into an open switch and crashed over on its side.

One of the women killed was Mrs. Alfred E. C. Deacon, the wife of an engineer commander in the British navy. When the crash came the panic-stricken passengers piled in heaps amid a litter of broken glass and splintered wood, struggling desperately for egress. As the car hurried some of the passengers were carried through windows and pinned under the car, one of these being Mrs. Deacon. Her husband was only slightly injured.

William J. Moore, the motorman, who lost control of the car on the slippery rails, was held by the police, pending the fixing of the responsibility for the accident. He escaped injury.

Train Strikes Boulder.

BRISTOL, Tenn., Dec. 24.—Three trainmen were killed and a fourth probably fatally injured early today when a double-headed freight train on the Virginia & Southwestern railway ran into a boulder which fell on the track in the natural tunnel, forty miles west of Bristol. The men killed were Engineer W. S. Adams, Fireman Lee Glover and Brakeman Clinton Spotted and the injured man Brakeman S. S. Carriger.

Trains Collide.

CARBONDALE, Ill., Dec. 25.—Two trainmen were killed and three injured in a collision of Illinois Central freight trains between Grantburg and Simpson this morning. B. Young, fireman, and Henry Sellers, engineer, were killed and Grover Ogden, brakeman; Frank Bearden, fireman, and Conductor McKee were injured severely.

Caught Beneath Girder.

CAMDEN, N. J., Dec. 25.—Two men were killed and six others were seriously injured while placing a girder across Cooper Creek on the Mefford branch of the West Jersey and Seaboard railroad today near Haddonfield, N. J. The men were swinging the girder on the main span of the bridge when they lost control of it. William Suders, aged 27, and William Carey, aged 38, were caught beneath the girder and drowned.

Shot by Wife.

SANDWICH, Ill., Dec. 25.—Before a Christmas tree which he was about to decorate, Fred Feasel, manager of a dry goods store here, was killed today by his wife, who then committed suicide. She had shown tendencies to mental aberration since the birth of a baby six months ago.

Feasel had finished a late breakfast, had kissed the baby as it lay in a cart beside the table, and had gone into an adjoining room to decorate a small Christmas tree. His wife arranged the baby comfortably, placed some playthings within its reach, then shot her husband twice in the back.

Boy Killed by Auto.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Dec. 25.—Sent on an errand by his mother so that she could prepare a Christmas surprise for him, Ralph Ladd, aged 7, was killed by an automobile here today.

Negro Shoots White Man.

ST. CHARLES, Mo., Dec. 25.—Julian Washington, a negro, on his way to a church celebration at O'Fallon last night stabbed Clay Schultz, a white man, to death, when Schultz was walking with him following Washington's refusal to sing and dance for Schultz and others. A crowd permitted Washington to go to his home, where he was arrested today. He insisted he acted in self-defense as Schultz was the larger man and threatened to injure him.

Fatally Wounded.

BOONE, Ia., Dec. 25.—Isaac Robison was fatally wounded today by Conrad Klute at Loganport. The men quarreled over Mrs. Klute, it is said.

Dies of Wound.

XENIA, O., Dec. 25.—St. Clair Gentry, aged 21, stepson of John B. Stevenson, former county commissioner, died here early today from the effect of gunshot wounds inflicted by his uncle, Robert Irvin, a gun inspector in the government navy yards at Philadelphia, last night. Search for Irvin, who is still at large, continues.

Motorman Stricken.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 25.—Passenger train No. 4 that was wrecked last night in a tangle with a freight train, was struck by a trolley car today. The trolley car was struck by a freight train and the trolley car was wrecked. The motorman was struck by the trolley car and was killed.

Blanford was carried to the office of a nearby physician, who said he would recover.

Eyes Stabbed.

EMPORIA, Kan., Dec. 25.—During a Christmas entertainment at a country school house near here, Ernest Van Sickle and Wilbur Jones were stabbed and dangerously injured by Arthur and Walter Mounkes. All are under 20 years of age.

WOMAN TAKES HER OWN LIFE

Grace Hutton Successful in Second Attempt at Suicide.

Grace Hutton chose Christmas eve as a time to die. After renting a room at 708 North Sixteenth street yesterday afternoon she locked herself up and drank the contents of a small bottle of laudanum. She died at 2:30 o'clock last night after police surgeons had endeavored to save her life.

DRINKS LEG BY FALL ON ICE

James Fribofsky Injured in Accident in Afternoon.

He on the sidewalk between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets on Poppleton avenue missed James Fribofsky, 414 Poppleton avenue, to fall and break his right leg yesterday afternoon. He was attended by Dr. R. W. Connell and sent to St. Joseph hospital.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Winter tours to Florida points and Havana, Cuba, via Washington, D. C., or Baltimore, Md. Liberal stopovers. Variable route tickets via rail and water on all rail at reduced fares. Send for illustrated booklet.

W. A. Preston, T. P. A., Chicago, or H. N. Austin, G. P. A., Chicago.

Women and Children

Killed at Tabriz, is Report of Official

TEHERAN, Dec. 25.—A telegram from the vice governor of Tabriz gives an appalling picture of the situation in that city as a result of Russian aggression. He says: "I swear before God that innocent women and children are being butchered in cold blood."

The vice governor estimates the number of Persians killed in Tabriz as 500, and adds: "The Russians ignore our overtures for the cessation of hostilities."

Telegraphic communication between Teheran and Tabriz is now interrupted. The British and Russian legations are without means of communication with their consuls.

The regent, Nasir el Mulk, according to an agreement with the cabinet, declared the national council dissolved. The war minister sent troops to prevent the deputies from entering the Parliament building. The Persian government has unconditionally accepted the Russian ultimatum, Russia having previously agreed to a slight modification of one of the demands. The Russian minister has signified his acceptance of the Persian reply.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 25.—According to reports from Teheran, the Russian permanent detachment, camping outside Tabriz, consisting of 600 men, has made a tactical maneuver and occupied a position at Basment, on the Kasbin road. Russian casualties in the recent fighting at Tabriz number 100.

Christmas Mail at White House Heavy

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—Among the things that Santa Claus brought to the White House today was a mail bag that contained what the office force estimates at three times the usual quota of Christmas letters and telegrams from the outlying countries of the earth and from various parts of the United States came in over the White House wires. The usual merry Christmas and happy New Year wishes came to the president, but there were many expressions of faith in his administration and hope for the future.

The president spent two hours in his office before luncheon dictating and signing letters and was unable to attend church. The White House Christmas dinner was held tonight.

Fire Destroys Big Mill in Fort Dodge

FORT DODGE, Ia., Dec. 24.—Fire, which caused a loss estimated at more than \$300,000 tonight almost completely destroyed the plant of the Quaker Oats company here. The cause of the fire is unknown.

The blaze started in the basement of the package department and spread quickly to the main mill. Firemen were unable to control the flames because of a strong wind which carried the fire to the buildings, and confined their efforts to saving the large elevator. Both the main mill and the package department were completely destroyed.

The fire started shortly before 8 o'clock and for a time it was feared the entire factory district would be wiped out. At 10 o'clock it was reported to be under control. The plant, which furnishes work to nearly 500 people, was closed last week for the season. The loss is partly covered by insurance.

Body of Man Found in Ruins of His Home

DES MOINES, Ia., Dec. 24.—The charred body of Gus Christmann, 51 years old, was found in his partly destroyed home here today. Christmann, who is a teamster, became despondent last night because he was unable to purchase Christmas presents for his three small children. He returned from town at a late hour and drove the family from the house. It is believed the fire resulted from an overturned lamp.

Dynamite Destroys Plant of Newspaper

CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—Dynamite tonight destroyed the publishing office of the Daily Calumet, a newspaper published in South Chicago. The printing press and lithographic equipment were blown to pieces. George W. Boling, editor of the paper, had been active in a crusade against writers of blackhand letters and had received many threatening letters.

CONFER ON NAMING OF APOSTOLIC DELEGATES

ROME, Dec. 25.—The papal secretary of state, Cardinal Merry Del Val, conferred today with Cardinal Falconio concerning the appointment of apostolic delegates to Washington and Manila. These posts have been made vacant by the elevation of Monsignor Falconio and the death of Monsignor Agius. Among those most prominently mentioned for the positions at Washington are Monsignor Stagni, apostolic delegate to Canada and Monsignor Aversa, apostolic delegate to Cuba and Brazil. It may be decided to appoint one who has not yet served in any of the apostolic delegations. In that event either Monsignor Laurenti, secretary of the congregation of the Propaganda or Monsignor Bonzano, rector of the propaganda college, would be likely to receive the appointment. Both speak English fluently, and have a long experience in American affairs, and have taught several generations of American students.

DR. CHARLES H. MAYO WILL RECOVER FROM OPERATION

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—The condition of Dr. Charles H. Mayo of Rochester, Minn., who was operated upon a week ago for appendicitis and underwent a second operation yesterday, now indicates that he will recover, according to a bulletin given out at the Presbyterian hospital here tonight. Dr. Mayo passed a restful day, it was stated, and his temperature and pulse were both better. Dr. William J. Mayo, the patient's brother, arrived in New York this morning. When he was arrested the inevitable

READY WITH THEIR TEARS

The Girls Who Are Deep in Get-Rich-Quick Schemes.

JUST AS NERVOY AS MEN

Shares the Secrets and Helps Promoter Speed Money Poured in by the Easy Marks.

Whenever a get-rich-quick bubble bursts a young woman invariably hops out.

United States Marshal Hensel of the New York district says so, and, with the postoffice inspectors on one side of him and the United States district attorney on the other in the federal building, he knows.

Sometimes innocently, other times not, she is a part of the setting for nearly every scheme from bunco to bogus bonds and from film-fam to forgery. She sits at the elbow of the money roll. She typewrites aphorisms of success which are used for western bait; she presents in alluring phrase the picture of how by turning over \$100, according to the new fortune-for-a-farthing system, prosperity can be made to order. She supplies the sugared words that go with salted mines. She lives in an atmosphere of conspicuous interest, doubled dollars and money magnificence.

Prosperity in the easy money enterprise always carries with it corresponding extravagance. The girl at the business elbow is seldom forgotten. If she is invited out to dinner and sees rare vintage in a bottle before her, and gets an occasional bauble of jewelry, she credits it to her painstaking efforts for the welfare of the establishment.

For this reason posts of the sort are made to appear desirable. When the bubble is filling the conspirators are always generous. Spending other people's money is very easy.

How She Weeps. Then, when the bubble bursts and the detectives clap the steel bracelets on the men around the place, she bows her head on the private book in which she kept a record of the customers and weeps into a lace handkerchief.

About this time she begins to emerge from the spell of the magic and sees things as they are.

One of the first things that young women learn in the business world is that office affairs are not to be discussed outside. This is a very sound and proper business rule. So when a girl is engaged for service in one or another of the scores of companies which are capitalized on cupidity she hesitates to tell anything about it. She may wonder how it is that a concern without a rating can afford to prospect for dollar gold pieces for investments of nickels, but she is not employed to ask questions and no one tells her how the mystery is accomplished.

She keeps to her task of expressing the bubble's thanks for "your remittance of this date" and quite without knowing how she becomes part of the machinery of making millions—on a paper.

Kept Her Eyes on Wall Street. From the Jared Flag case emerged Madeline Russe, a girl of 23, who had had the telephone job at \$10 a week. The detail of what she knew about the affairs of the concern has not yet been told. It was a paying concern, was Flag's—it paid Flag, at least.

When this active young woman had been in the office for a few weeks she was promoted, according to the management, and kept all Wall Street under her eye and in her head as well. At one hand was the telephone and at the other the ticker. The rise and fall of thirty different stocks interested Flag greatly. Miss Russe had the job of handling these transactions. Some nights when she was a little tired after a long day of stock buying and selling she rode home in an auto.

This girl knew no more at the start about fantastic finance than a girl at a ribbon counter does about the manufacture of watered silk. Still, she played a part and shared some of her employer's secrets.

When \$20-per cent Miller became the cunning Croesus of Wall Street and made simple folk who were getting savings banks interest feel that they were losing money, he had a girl with wonder eyes to sit at a desk near the door of his busy office to say, "I'm so sorry," when a widow dropped in to get her interest and received only conversation.

Connie Morgan's radium mine was one of our greatest paper money makers. With radium quoted at a thousand dollars a ton, Connie's mine couldn't possibly have been worth less than three hundred and sixty billion trillion million. Still, being a good fellow, he was willing to let a few selected capitalists in on the ground floor for a few thousand shares of stock each at four cents a share. Connie opened offices uptown, but he didn't use his own name on the door. For those who know Connie would never believe he was worth even three hundred billion trillion, and there were other reasons too. The young woman at the radium shop was very much in the dark about the business at first, but she could show the shares, and they were as good as any in the market.

After she had taken in about eleven hundred dollars from the earnest students of New England who wanted to help develop the marvelous property, Connie was suddenly called to the mine, and the girl was asked to explain about the property.

"Is there any of the radium in town?" she was asked.

"I've never seen any," she replied, "although Mr. Morgan said that he had the coal cellar full of it and more on the way from the mine."

Thereupon the young woman excused herself, saying she would get the record book showing just how many tons of the stuff there were in town. This was some time ago. She hasn't returned. Radium mine records are hard to find.

During the investigation of a bubble that popped in the neighborhood of the First National building, one of the girl employees was asked to tell how quickly the concern made fortunes for others.

"Bling—quick as that," she said, "at least that was the way they promised to make them."

United Wireless preferred, which was very common, and common, which was sometimes preferred, as bubbles run, was a clean-up second to none. The bubble's stenographer was Stella Lewis, a girl of 18, who on the very day that the company and its people were indicted became the wife of Christopher Columbus Wilson, the smug and bespectacled old president of the concern.

Lucien Mesinin, who for the most part was too busy to work, set out to interest a goodly section of Canada in a form of reciprocity. He wanted to organize a great company to finance the innumerable deep-sea legions of millions awaiting claimants in the banks of England.

LEADER OF HOLY GHOSTS

Freak Evangelist Fails to Convert the World.

CAREER CHECKED BY COURTS

Some Light on "Rev." Frank W. Sandford Convicted of Causing the Death of Six Persons.

The conviction of Rev. Frank W. Sandford in the United States court at Portland, Me., on the charge of causing the death of six persons on his cruising yacht Coronet, puts out of business the leader of the freak religious organization known as the "Holy Ghost and Us" society.

A few years ago a like organization came to an ignominious end at Seattle, Wash., after disrupting families in various communities in Oregon, culminating in the killing of the leader by a brother of one of the women followers, the latter subsequently shooting to death the brother who came to his rescue.

The crime for which Sandford was tried and convicted was murder by the slow process of starvation on board the yacht on which he cruised the Atlantic, holding up passing steamers for food and becoming known as a real hobo of the seas.

Originally the Holy Ghosts comprised the Shiloh colony at Durham, Me., founded about fifteen years ago. Most of the members were Quakers. A temple was started by the group on a capital of 3 cents, wheelbarrow and a shovel. John Henry Douglass, whose name is now immortalized amongst Shilohites, gave the land of his home farm for the site. Other farmers became converted by the young leader, then only eleven years out of college. They gave their time, their labor and their land, and finally themselves to "the movement," as the Shilohites speak of their work.

OLD ROMAN COOKERY BOOK

Famous Epicure Left Recipes that Have Been Culinary Inspiration for Ages.

Marcus Gaius Apicius ate up a fortune; he spent it all on food for himself and his guests, food and the accessories of service and entertainment. When he found he had only a million sesterces left—about \$7,000—he was afraid he would die of starvation. So he drank poison and died.

That was 1,900 years ago. When Tiberius was emperor of Rome, Apicius was one of the greatest gourmets that ever lived. His was an age of discovery, not only geographically but gastronomically. Every new country how delicious revealed new foods. As the Roman empire spread over Europe, Asia and Africa, new markets were opened up. Ships freighted with the product of Gaul, Britain, Egypt, Sicily, Parthia, Mauretania and Scythia flocked to Clivta Veocchia the port of Rome, and foreigners of all complexions brought their tastes and their customs to the capital. They also brought the foods and drinks to which they had been accustomed at home.

And Roman travelers learned in distant lands how delicious were meats and vegetables and fruits of which they had never before suspected the existence. Just as we today are eager to try the savor of foreign dainties, so the pleasure-loving Romans of the days of the early Caesars were eager to try the national dishes of other peoples.

Wealth came suddenly to thousands and with wealth came ostentation and extravagance in eating and drinking. Rome was full of mushroom millionaires and the class of men who in Paris are called "millionaires." Among the most wealthy epicures Apicius stood pre-eminent. He was a type of the gourmet, a man to whom eating was a fine art, dining a religion. But he was unselfish in his taste, and was glad to enrich the world with the deep knowledge of cookery that he had attained through long study and much experimentation.

So he wrote a cookery book. This book is the oldest of its kind that is known, except a fragmentary one in Sanskrit, the Yasavrajayam. The original has been lost, but it formed the basis of a book published 150 years after his death, and this, which contains his recipes, has lived for seventeen centuries and has been the inspiration of thousands of cooks. Many of the recipes of Apicius are in common use with slight modification to this day, especially by the cooks of Spain, Italy and Southern France.

Of course, we have advanced in gastronomic knowledge since those days. These epicurean Romans knew nothing of many foods that are almost a commonplace to us—sugar, for instance, and potatoes and turkeys, to say nothing of chocolate, tea, coffee and tobacco. So, where our recipes direct sugar, theirs ordered honey. If they had not turkeys they had partridges, pheasants and quail. Where we use potatoes they used chestnuts, peas, beans and lentils.

The taste of the Romans of the early days of the empire ran to the recondite. A piece of food with its own flavor seemed too easy. Art in cooking did not consist in adding such condiments as would bring out the natural flavor of the meats—as we eat mustard with ham or cranberry sauce with turkey—but rather in so disguising the flavor as to make it impossible to recognize what was the basis of the dish. The artistic chef of that day made veal taste like fish, fish taste like rabbit, and so on to a bewildering extent. Almost as modern French cooks know that they can make a delicious ragout out of a pair of worn-out gloves.

The striking feature of cookery among the rich Romans was a multiplicity of dishes, the destruction and waste of vast quantities of material and the absolute disguising of flavors by means of extraordinary combinations of highly seasoned sauces and gravies.

In Italy today pigs' livers are served in a way that is accurately described by Apicius. Mixed with herbs, salt and wine they are stuffed into small sausage skins, with one bay leaf to each, and baked. And there are many similar recipes given by Apicius which are so similar to the methods in use today as to be almost identical. He tells how to make barley water such as given to invalids; how to preserve comestibles with honey or salt by freezing and keeping out of the air. He tells how to keep bunches of grapes by burying them in fresh bran; how to keep vegetables green by washing them in soda and water, and dried figs and prunes by dipping them into boiling sea water.

Again, the rare meat pies, so dear to the heart of the Englishman, and the no less delicious deep pies, made in pastry-lined bowls, were well known to Apicius, and he even gives explicit instructions about leaving a hole in the upper crust through which the steam may escape.

The majority of our modern sauces were known in his kitchen. You could make a sauce piquante, remoulade or vinaigrette without difficulty by following his instructions. It is interesting to note that the far-famed Worcestershire sauce had its origin in his kitchen, and has changed but little since. Today, as then, it is made of cayenne pepper, black pepper, cloves, ginger, turmeric, paprika, mustard, sugar, tamarind, vinegar, sherry, garlic and asafoetida. This is probably the only form in which asafoetida is used in cookery today, but it was used by every housewife in the middle ages.

It's a Burning Shame not to have Beaton's Army Salve to cure burns, eczema, boils, sores, piles, cuts, bruises, wounds and ulcers. For sale by Beaton Drug Co.

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GRIEFS THAT FATHERS BEAR

Pathetic Figures Bowed Down in Sorrow Shown in Recent Cases.

When the aged father of the Rev. C. V. T. Richardson fell upon his son's neck in the prison at Boston and the two men sobbed in each other's arms a tragedy was unfolding, a tragedy deeper and more heartrending than even that which led to the death of poor Asahel Linnell.

"My boy! My boy!" cried the father in his anguish. Almost the words with which the breaking of King David's heart was registered for all time when they brought him word of the death of his erring son, Absalom.

"Deal gently with the young man," the old king had said to the soldiers he sent out to capture the rebellious youth. And when divine justice cut him off in his sins, David cried, "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son!"

Through the ages this cry has rung. It has burst from the heart of almost every father whose son has committed crime.

Much is written and said about the weeping mother of the son who goes wrong—a figure full of pathos that outshines itself forcibly, often overshadowing the equally pathetic figure of the father of the prisoner, for a man's grief, though none less deep than a woman's, clamors not from the housetops, but broods in the dark silence of the heart.

A mother's grief differs from a father's in this—that she, in spite of overwhelming evidence, can never believe her son to be guilty. Thus her passionate tears are those of rebellion against injustice to one who is dear to her. She will fight, as the mothers of Carlyle Harris and Harry Thaw fought, to save their sons from what they believed an unjust fate.

A father, on the contrary, may know his son to be guilty. He may be obliged to let the law take its course, to sit silently at home when his son is being led to the gallows or the electric chair, knowing that the boy so dear to him