

KAISER WILHELM II.



EMPEROR OF GERMANY

Latest photograph of the German monarch who recently paid a visit to his royal uncle, the King of England.

CAT DISCLOSES CRIME

ANIMAL LEADS TO FINDING OF MURDEROUS WEAPON.

Tabby Uncovers the Furnace Shaker with Which a Man Was Slain in a Hotel in Orange, N. J.

Orange, N. J.—Like the cat in Edgar Allan Poe's story which led the police to the bricked-up chimney behind which was the body of a murdered woman, a cat has led to the finding of the weapon with which Frederick R. Romer was murdered in his room in the Park hotel last December.

The weapon was a heavy furnace shaker, 18 inches long, and terminated in a socket with a sharp end, which was covered with clotted blood and pieces of hair, which mysteriously led to the discovery of the weapon.

The cat ran behind the piano, and Hadden, in trying to poke it out with an umbrella, struck a hard object. He pushed the piano aside and saw the shaker. An examination disclosed the blood and hair on it, and he at once notified the police. They took it away, but on instructions from Prosecutor Young declined to comment on the find.

After the discovery of the murder Detective Sergeant Drabell, who had charge of the case, made a thorough search of the rooms in the neighborhood of that occupied by Romer, but immediately after he started out on the case left the rest of the search to be conducted by Chief of Police Washer. The chief admitted that the parlor had not been searched, because it seemed such an unlikely place for a weapon to be hidden.

The finding of the instrument indicates that the murder was premeditated, and disposes of the statement made by George Wilson, who has been judged for the murder, that the killing was done with a clubbed pistol drawn on him by the murder man.

Romer's will has been filed in the surrogate's office. The will was found in a safe-deposit box in East Orange and was examined by Prof. Riker several days ago. The document was executed October 20, 1900. Bessie Herrich is named as guardian of the testator's daughter, Margaret J. Romer, and is directed to pay the child \$1,000 a year until she becomes 21 years of age. Nellie Jones and Margaret Jones are named as guardians should Mrs. Herrich die.

In the event of the daughter dying before she is 21, Romer decrees that \$6,000 should be given to his wife's mother, Mrs. Margaret Jones of New York, and \$2,000 to Miss Herrich. The balance of the estate is to go to his natural heirs, "with the distinct understanding, however, that no heir, or descendant, or any one related by blood to my mother, Julia E. Romer, shall receive any part of my estate."

By a codicil added to the will March 3, 1905, the \$6,000 bequest to Mrs. Margaret Jones is also changed to \$5,000 and Miss Herrich's bequest of \$2,000 is raised to \$3,000.

Breaks His Toes in Dream. Marquette, Mich.—Because of a peculiar mishap a well known resident of Negaunee is confined to his home with two fractured toes. He had a dream during the night in which he imagined he was being murdered, and in the struggle to free himself from his assailant he kicked a hole through the wall at the end of his bed, fracturing his toes by the force of the blow.

Sues for Lost Beauty. Taunton, Mass.—Miss Marie Vieira, acknowledged to be the prettiest girl in town prior to an explosion at the Taunton dye works several months ago, in which one girl was burned fatally and Miss Vieira lost her hair and was scarred badly, has brought suit against the company for \$50,000 for loss of her beauty.

STATE TO FIGHT RABBIT PEST.

Washington Offers Bounty for "Cotton-Tails" That Eat Crops.

North Yakima, Wash.—The state having been overrun with jack rabbits, the next legislature will be asked to offer a bounty for the destruction of the pest.

The appropriation of hundreds of thousands of dollars made in past years in the successful war of extermination against the coyote is likely to be duplicated in the campaign against the new foe.

While the coyote ruled the plains there was no chance for the jack rabbit to exist, but of late years, his natural foe having disappeared, the increase of the rabbit has become alarming.

The rabbits have increased so fast that often times a whole season's crop is ruined by their depredations. They destroy the young fruit trees by eating the bark, they eat the young grain just sending its first shoots above the ground, while vegetables are their special delight.

It is believed that the proposed bounty will greatly help, as the boys in the country districts find it easy to shoot the pests or trap them, and a small bounty, say ten cents a scalp, with what they can get for the skins and meat, will encourage the youth of the state to go after the rabbits in dead earnest.

UNIQUE GOTHAM LOT FOUND. Tract in Heart of City, Unoccupied Since Indians Owned It.

New York.—The curious discovery has just been made that there is a plot of ground in the heart of New York which has never had a building on it, and has consequently produced no return to the owner since the island of Manhattan was inhabited by the Indians. Nor is it a freak lot except in this respect, but a respectable area 60x20 feet. Located at Fifty-eighth street and Eight avenue, which is south of Central park and just about the center of the population of the city, the plot has through centuries remained idle, while adjoining lots were selling for thousands of dollars a front foot.

The unearthing of the information concerning this unique lot is due to the recording of its transfer by its millionaire owner as a free gift to his son. The former owner held it for many years and always refused offers for it, although they were frequent and large.

The present holder refuses to divulge his plans concerning this interesting piece of ground, and so it remains to be seen whether an absolutely unproductive plot will continue to exist in the center of the world's busiest city.

GOWN TOO LOOSE ON HER. Defendant Tries It on to Prove It and Jury Agrees with Her.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Jurymen, whose number included several well known business men, blushed when called on to pass on the fit of a gown made for Mrs. Madeline Wolf of Cincinnati, a visitor at a local hotel, who refused to pay a local tailor for the frock because of her claim that it did not properly cling to her figure. The suit was brought in the district court on the claim made for pay by the tailor.

HER BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

Little Edna Did as Sunday School Teacher Directed.

It was summertime, and Mr. and Mrs. Girvan had established themselves as summer boarders on a large farm, so that their only child, Edna, might have a long-cherished wish realized.

Little six-year-old Edna had heard people talk of farms and farm life, and she had teased her parents to take her to the "real country," where they have cows, horses, chickens, and where the men dig potatoes. They arrived there Saturday, and the following day Edna was placed in the village Sunday school.

She said nothing about it on her return home, and her parents had no reason for thinking that their little girl had learned a practical lesson; but on the following day when she was given some bread crumbs to feed the chickens her face simply beamed with delight, and a few moments later her mother, glancing out of the window, saw her throw the bread crumbs into a little pool of water, and the chickens had to stretch their necks far out into the water to get the feed. She meant to ask Edna why she did it, but the incident passed out of her mind.

A few days later Edna's father had occasion to go to the city, and when he returned he brought home a handsome locket and chain for his little girl. It being intended as a surprise from her father and mother, but Edna, while plainly showing she was delighted at receiving the gift, showed no surprise whatever, but accepted it in a cool, matter-of-fact manner.

Both her father and mother noticed this with surprise, and were keenly disappointed. Finally her mother said to Edna: "But isn't my little girl surprised to receive so beautiful a gift from papa and mamma?" "No," little Edna replied, "the golden text of the Sunday school lesson on Sunday was: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.' And when you sent me to feed the little chickens, every day I did 'cast' the bread on the water, and so I 'spected' something, my teacher 'splain'd' it that way."

Working for Him.

About four miles out of Selma, Ala., I came across a colored man whose mule team and loaded wagon were stuck fast in a mudhole in the road. The mules were nodding in sleep, and the driver lay on the grass by the roadside with his hat over his face.

"Here—are you the man who runs this outfit?" I asked as I dismounted from my horse.

"I'ze de pusson, sah," he replied, as he sat up.

"How long have you been stuck here?"

"Bout an hour, I reckon."

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

"Fur some white men to come along, boss. No use to worry about it. I've been here befo' and know jist how it works. Sit down and see for yourself."

Ten minutes later four white men drove up in a buggy. Seeing that the mules were stuck, they got down, secured fence rails and went to prying, and, without the least help from the driver, finally extricated the team and sent it on its way. As it started off the colored man queried of me:

"Is you a stranger to dis kentry, boss?"

"Yes."

"Lookin' around to see what you kin see?"

"Yes."

"Wall, den, it must strike you dat dis am de best kentry in the world fur de cull'd man to let somebody else do all de hard work fur him!"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

An Accomplished Duelist.

There is something very fascinating to one accustomed to the somewhat even and prosaic tenor of the English public life to gaze on a man who has seen some vicissitudes as the present prime minister of France, M. Georges Clemenceau. He was but a boy during the Empire, when he was exiled; he spent four years in America—which is the reason why he speaks English so perfectly. Then think of what he has gone through since; to every man who challenged him he sent an acceptance, and a dozen, perhaps a score, of times he has taken his life in his hands and looked into the barrel of a revolver or at the sword of an opponent who had for him all the deadly hate of political animosity, and especially in a country like France, where religion and classes, as well as fierce personal ambition, divide men into such hostile and irreconcilable camps. Neither giving nor asking mercy, this terrific man—small and compact of stature—with the great round head, the great dark eyes, has fought his way, now trampled down, now rising again, and always feared and kept back, as men of such fiercely strong character are bound to be. It is only mediocrities in politics that the world allows to get to the top without obstruction.

Expense No Object.

"Is this the counter where you take ads for things lost and found?"

"Yes, sir."

"What will it cost to put in an ad. for a lost dog?"

"Depends on the length of it; may be 60 cents, and maybe one dollar or more."

"Well, my name is Hewligns. My wife has lost her fiddle. She will probably come here to advertise for it. You can take her ad., but don't publish it. Here's four dollars to keep it out of the paper."

THE ORIGIN OF PROFANITY.

Linguistically It is Primarily Due to a Desire for Emphasis.

One proposition there is which needs to be stated emphatically at this point, writes Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury, in Harper's Words and Phrases which are amply sufficient for the understanding are often altogether inadequate for the expression of the feelings. The result of this mental dissatisfaction with the communication of mere knowledge is most conspicuously illustrated in the wide prevalence of profanity. Into the discussion of the practice its moral and religious aspect does not enter at all. It is purely from the linguistic side that it is here to be considered. So looked at, its existence and the extent of the indulgence in it bear out the truth of the principle just announced. Whatever intellectual justification there may be for profanity is based upon the fact that men are aiming to state strongly what they feel strongly. The habit is, in consequence, subject to the general law governing intensives.

To a very great extent the practice of swearing is specially characteristic of a rude and imperfect civilization. With the advance of culture profanity declines. It declines not so much because men become peculiarly sensitive to its viciousness, but they do to its ineffectiveness. The growth of refinement both in the individual and in the community tends more to its disuse than all the exhortations of moralists or the rebukes of divines. Much must always be allowed in the case of particular persons for the influence of early training and association. Exceptions are, therefore, too numerous to lay down any positive rule; still, it is safe to say in general that a man's intellectual development is largely determined by the extent of his indulgence in profanity. No one, indeed, doubts its wide prevalence at the present time. But compared to the practice of the past, it has been steadily, even if slowly, diminishing for centuries. This does not prove that men are better morally or intellectually than they were. It does show, however, that there exists now a higher average of cultivation, which renders the habit distasteful to increasingly large numbers.

Honors for the Fat Man.

Theodosia Garrison, who has written enough poems to girdle the globe, is called by her friends, "the Christmas poetess," because nearly every magazine in New York publishes something of hers in its Christmas number.

Mrs. Garrison is a surprise to persons who, having read her poems, meet her the first time. In verse she expresses emotion, sentiment, picturesque imagination, and has a thrilling, vibrant touch that stirs to tears. In real life she swags a merry lyre, and seems naught but the embodiment of wild, rollicking Irish wit and humor.

On a recent voyage to Bermuda, "Dossia," as she is called, had her first taste of seasickness. She met it with incredulity and remonstrance at first, but finally succumbed and fled to her stateroom. There the stewardess found her prone and bewildered.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked the matron.

"Oh, yes," gasped Dossia, "bring me some poison, quick!"

After a time she struggled out on deck, to find the ship tossing horribly, in a "reezy" storm. Telling her friends of it afterward, she said:

"I hunted up the captain and asked him what he thought about it. He said: 'If we have good luck the boat may hold together a few hours longer.' Then I went and took my seat by the fattest man I saw among the passengers, because I thought if we went down he would be the most likely to float and I could hang on to him."

Stuff Dreams Are Made Of.

Some of our common dreams seem to be directly traceable. Slipping down of the blankets is followed by dreams of Arctic relief exhibitions or falling into snowdrifts. A gas-distended stomach, pushing up the diaphragm and compressing the lungs, produces dreams of "something sitting on your chest," or dramatic struggles against other forms of suffocation.

The common single dream—that of falling, falling from a great height—to wake with a gasp of relief just as you are about to be dashed to pieces, is probably due to the general muscular relaxation and falling of the head, arms and limbs which accompanies settling down to sleep. Careful studies have shown that it almost invariably occurs during the first 45 seconds of sleep.

A sleep, a change of position of a sixteenth of an inch, is enough to suggest the idea of falling to the brain. It "does the rest," and provides out of its awaking storehouse of images the precipices, flights of stairs, giddy mastheads and other scenic effects. If the impression is not vivid enough to wake you you "strike bottom" with a delicious sensation of restful warmth and repose, just such as your third body is getting from its "downy couch."—American Magazine.

Hard to Please.

"You say you don't like your daughter's sweetheart?"

"No, he talks through his nose."

"What was the matter with his predecessor?"

"He talked through his hat."

Not Willing for the Loan.

She—Will you please lend me your attention?

He—Not if you want to borrow trouble, my dear.

OLD COIN IS WORTH \$1,000.

Massachusetts Collector Comes Across Piece Minted in 1804.

Worcester, Mass.—Edwin W. Bond is \$999 richer than he thought he was. Bond had a collection of old coins about the house and thought the best way to raise a little holiday change would be to realize on the discarded money, so he sought out an exchange for the purpose.

Many of the coins of long ago were worth but little more than their face value, and a few even less. Finally he dug up a silver dollar made in 1804. The exchange clerk looked at it, tested it, and then handed it back, answering Bond's query as to whether it was good enough by saying:

"Oh, yes, it is good enough, only we haven't money enough in the place to buy it, as it is worth \$1,000."

Bond took the coin home, as he has learned that he can realize at least \$1,000 on it, as there are but four other genuine 1804 dollars in the world.

Bond, when seen at his home, said: "I was totally unaware of the value of the old 1804 dollar until Joseph G. Williams, an authority on coins, told me when I went into his place to dispose of my collection of old coins."

When searching through some of my father's effects several years ago I came across it, as bright and shiny as it came from the mint. I put it into my miscellaneous collection, and there it has remained for years. Mr. Williams tells me I may get \$1,000 for it, and I will try to do so."

FARMER MAKES A FIND.

Julian Dupront of Michigan Digs Up Relic Dated "1498."

Traverse City, Mich.—Friends of Julian Dupront of Plovermont wonder who is trying to make him appear foolish. Dupront plowed up a stone in one of his fields, and it bears a date six years later than the time when Columbus discovered America.

The stone is almost skull shaped and is of a hard variety common along the beach of Lake Michigan. On it is carved a rude portrait of a man's face and below this is the date "1498," while above it are the initials "J. A. T." On the other side is a poorly drawn picture of a bird and an implement resembling a sword. There are numerous other marks, but the action of water or other agencies has rendered them illegible. The figures, lettering and portraits are apparently of great age. Dupront would not have noticed it, as stones are common in the fields, but the image side happened to be uppermost.

Dupront believes the find is genuine and will eventually make him rich. He says it means that a portion of Columbus' expedition was left behind and in some manner made their way to the mainland and, pursued by Indians, or still seeking the northwest passage, wandered into this region five centuries ago.

BARS KNEELING IN CHURCHES.

Mexican Law Also Requires Edifices to Be Disinfected.

Mexico City, Mex.—The state of Chihuahua has taken an advanced step in the matter of regulating its churches, theaters and other public buildings.

The most radical reform embraced in the new rules is that which prohibits worshippers from kneeling or sitting upon the floors of churches. It has been the custom ever since the first church was established in Mexico for many devout people to kneel before shrines or to sit upon the floor of the edifices for hours at a time. The practice is generally followed by the lower classes.

The new regulations also require that all the churches shall be thoroughly disinfected after each service and that the buildings shall be kept clean and in first-class sanitary condition. In churches and theaters there must be an ample supply of seats for all. Fire protection must be provided, and every building must be so equipped as to afford good ventilation.

The older churches in the state were erected at a time when no regard was paid to sanitation or ventilation. They must be modernized so as to comply with the new edict.

Blast Blinds and Enriches.

Butte, Mont.—Blinded by the blast which uncovered a bonanza streak of ore in his mine, Louis Schmuck, a former resident of Peoria, Ill., is in St. John's hospital here, the victim of the strangest freak of fate and fortune that ever befell man.

The blast which uncovered riches for Schmuck deprived him of his sight and the use of one hand. For 20 years he has been a prospector in Montana and the west. He was doing work on one of his claims near Homestake when the blast he had put in exploded prematurely. A terrific shower of pebbles and small stones was hurled into his face, completely blinding him.

The vein of gold is nearly four feet deep and the ore assays \$20 a ton.

Use Picture to Help Insane.

Massillon, O.—The physicians at the state hospital for the insane here tried the experiment of exhibiting to the patients a big painting of Christ illuminated by electric lights. It is believed that, by thus concentrating the attention of the insane upon this picture a beneficial therapeutic effect will be produced in their recovery. Many of the patients, recognizing the subject of the painting, raised their hands in supplication toward it and some fell on their knees and wept.

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON MORALS.

English Composer Says Emotional Trash Causes Harm.

A disciple of Tolstol's theory that music may affect the morals has come forward in England in the person of Sir Walter Parratt. He has practically proposed a censorship of music, which in the face of the growing bitterness against the dramatic censorship certainly shows him to be a daring if somewhat misguided person.

When one considers the style of ballad overwhelmingly popular in London today, with its trashy, reminiscent melody and its everlasting refrain of the "wounded heart pierced by Cupid's dart" or "the little bird which sings, sings, sings"—their name is legion—one can't help but feel there is method in Sir Walter's madness.

He emphatically denounces sentimental, weak and waxy music as really wicked.

"There is very pressing need," he says, "for the weeding out of the many so-called musical compositions on the market today. Many are written in a sentimental vein which is most objectionable and deteriorating in tendency."

"Even in our present-day hymn books there are many tunes which we could well do without."

"I should not like it to be thought that I object to all forms of emotional music. There is a certain kind of 'emotionalism' of which I am an admirer, the other kind I would do anything in my power to suppress."

PARSON LOOKED, BUT IN VAIN.

His Heart Grieved Over Fashionable Follies of His Wife.

A typical parson of long ago, the sternly consistent man who, wounded conscience, regardless of consequences, figures in a recent book of reminiscences, "Old Schuykill Tales," by Mrs. Ella Zorley Elliott.

Parson M., one of the early ministers of Hottelville, Pa., was never more earnestly opposed than when preaching against the love of dress. His wife, Mrs. M., who was a handsome woman, nevertheless wore very elaborate gowns, and openly avowed her interest in such frivolities. The parson expostulated against this love of dress in private, but although she was an excellent wife, and obedient to his wishes in other respects, she persuaded her own way, in silk and lace.

One Sunday morning the minister preached a sermon on humility, and bowed down upon the vanities of dress most powerfully. At the conclusion he leaned over the high board of the pulpit, his face pale and determined.

"You may think," he said, "his congregation, 'when I preach against the love of dress and the sin of it that I ought to look at home. I want to tell you, dear friends, that I do look, and look until my heart aches'—Youth's Companion.

Cold Beauty Makes Rosy Cheeks.

A beauty doctor, desiring to change the roller in an electrical massage machine, said with a sigh:

"It is true, madam, that my art means to your cheek a transient flush and bloom, but I can do nothing for you, really, till you stop sleeping in an overheated bedroom. Won't you change to a cold room?"

The secret of the English complexion is not the moist climate. We have darters as moist as a wet sponge, and in them our women go about with faces like old leather. No, the English secret is the cold bedroom. In England, with the open fires, a heated bedroom is unknown.

There they sleep all night, under heavy blankets, with open windows, the body warm, the head cool, the lungs inhaling the pure, cold, winter air. As a result, they awake in the morning with shining eyes and cheeks like roses.

The beauty doctor turned on the current and began to iron out an eye wrinkle.

"So should we awake," she said, "if we removed the radiators from our bedrooms. And then our skins would no longer be dry, opaque and yellow, but a clear pink like the petal of a rose."

Costumes of British Officers.

Commissioned officers in the British army are supposed to wear uniform only when in barracks or on duty. An officer on furlough, and when not engaged in military duty, is supposed to wear civilian clothes, or muff. There is no hard and fast rule laid down by the military authorities, but the unwritten law of good form, as upheld by the officers themselves, makes it imperative on all members, when attending private functions or otherwise engaged in non-military pursuits, to wear civilian clothes.

Long-Lived English Family.

Henry Wye, for many years clerk and sexton at St. Mary's church, London, England, died the other day at the age of 87 as the result of an accident. He belonged to a family with a remarkable record for longevity. Two of his brothers were 87 and 85 respectively when they died, and two other brothers, John, aged 97, and William, 92, and two sisters, aged 83 and 80, are still living.

Before and Behind.

"How do you do, Mrs. Stocky? How well you are looking! And, my! how plump you are! Do you know, I'd give all the world to look like you!"

And that night when her husband comes home she says:

"I saw that Mrs. Stocky to-day. Did you ever see such a fat thing in your life?"—Detroit Free Press.