

NEED GLOVES NOW

Success of Finger-Print System Hard on Crooks.

Has Been Means of Securing Many Convictions and Its Use Is Being Adopted More Widely by the Police.

Indianapolis.—Burglars operating in Indianapolis in the future will have to wear gloves, as the detective department henceforth will pay more attention to the practical side of the finger-print system. Captain of Detectives Holtz, on a recent visit to New York, found the detectives there were making use of the finger-print system, and he believes it will be a great help in solving burglaries.

The detective department here has used the finger-print system since it was adopted by the national bureau of identification. It has been used, however, more in identifying prisoners with the Bertillon system. After a prisoner has been brought in and his Bertillon identification has been completed, the finger-print cards were used to verify the identification more completely.

"When I was in New York recently I found the police department using the finger-print system to identify burglars who leave finger prints around the 'job' they have done," said Captain Holtz. "Several large burglaries have been cleared in the east through finger prints, and the detectives there say burglars now wear gloves when they are at work."

"I have always believed the finger prints practical in police work. Frequently the finger prints of safe blowers are left on the door, and the ordinary burglar is apt to leave finger prints around a door or window."

"The trouble is, the finger print to be of any service to police work has to be very clear, or the expert is unable to see enough lines to make an identification."

Bert Perrott, Bertillon clerk, is also the finger-print expert. Perrott, since he has taken up the finger prints in connection with the Bertillon work, has shown great skill. Recently, as a test, a glass bottle was taken into the detective department at roll call. Previously the detectives had gone to Perrott's office and he took the impression of their finger tips.

After leaving the bottle Perrott returned to his office. Detective Frank Duncan picked up the bottle and carried it to the other side of the room. Perrott then took the bottle to his office and compared the finger prints with those he had taken of the various detectives. He picked out Duncan as the man who had handled the bottle.

The advantage of the finger prints of the burglar to the detective is if the burglar has ever been under arrest of a larceny charge a record of his finger prints has been taken. The expert goes to the scene of the burglary, takes an impression of the finger prints, and then compares it with the cards he has on file.

CRUEL JOKE SHOCKS WOMAN

Post Card Received From Unknown Writer Informs Her of Husband's Death.

Newark, N. J.—Mrs. Joseph Collins of 37 Cleveland avenue, Harrison, received a post card stating that her husband had died in the tuberculosis hospital in Laurel Hill, Secaucus, and that unless his body was claimed at once it would be buried there. Collins is an inmate of the institution, and the last his wife heard from him he was improving rapidly. Mrs. Collins became hysterical and neighbors who heard her cries went to console her. It was noticed by one of them that the card was unsigned and that the postmark showed it had been mailed in Harrison instead of Secaucus.

When neighbors were consoling Mrs. Collins, another took the card to the police station, and the sergeant on duty telephoned to the hospital inquiring as to Collins' condition. Word came back that he was out for a walk. The police will try to learn who played the alleged "practical joke" on Mrs. Collins.

WATER WAGONS IN PARADE

Louisville Catholics Try an Innovation Which Works Well—A Hot Day.

Louisville, Ky.—An innovation in parades was started here when 24 water wagons were scattered at intervals in the pageant of the American Federation of Catholic societies. The wagons were provided with distilled water and individual drinking cups, in which water boys carried drafts to participants and spectators. On account of the intense heat many of the marchers took advantage of the water supply to keep wet handkerchiefs on their foreheads. Even these precautions did not prevent several heat prostrations among marchers and participants.

Fears Hydrophobia From Fish Bite Brooklyn, N. Y.—Fred Henry, while fishing in a boat in his back yard, landed a three-pound pickerel. The fish, when thrown to the bottom of the craft, fastened to one of Henry's toes. The toe started to swell, and Henry, much alarmed, has forwarded the head to the Pasteur Institute for symptoms of hydrophobia.

"HAUNTED" HOUSE IS RAZED

Many Tenants Have Inhabited It, but the "Spirits" Have Driven Them All Out After a Short Time.

Trenton, N. J.—Famous as a haunted house for 25 years, an old brick residence in this city, owned by Warren Quilon, is about to be torn down in the hope that its ghostly inhabitants will be driven out. A revival of the spirit manifestations, it is said, has determined the owner to raze the building.

While the house has been occupied despite the ghostly noises, the occupants have kept constantly changing, driven out, they say, by ghosts.

John Nickold and his family were the latest occupants. They were there considerably longer than any other tenants, but after ignoring the strange happenings for a time they fled and no one else would move in.

Nickold declares that of late the manifestations have been of almost nightly occurrence. Sheets would be pulled off the beds violently; the lamps left burning at night would be turned down mysteriously and then as mysteriously would be turned up so that the wicks would blaze.

Footsteps would be heard in the attic during the night; shades would be run up, apparently by ghostly hands, and clocks would be wound at all hours of the night and thrown with force to the floor.

A nurse employed by the Nickolds remained in the house only a week because of the disturbances, and no other nurse could be obtained. It was impossible to keep a servant, and the members of the family got into such a nervous state that the least sound frightened them.

SETTLERS HAVE RAIL FIGHT

Must Contest With Northern Pacific Railroad Under a Lieu Land Grant.

Spokane, Wash.—Forty-four settlers filed in the local land office on land in Pen d'Orelle and Stevens counties, on which they have lived for various terms of years. It is expected that many of them will be compelled to fight contests. The Northern Pacific, under its lieu land grant and through its representative, H. J. Needham of St. Paul, filed a blanket claim for lieu land which comprises about seventy quarter sections, most of which are occupied by settlers. Mr. Needham's number in the line of persons desiring to file was 33 and those who preceded him will not be compelled to start the contests, but will have to fight any that are started by the railroad company.

Many of those who filed had been in line before the register's door for some days. One man, seventy-two years old, slept in line and awakening registered his filing as No. 19.

PASTOR SCORES NEW STYLE

Ohio Minister Declares That Men Are Misled in Judging Character by Immodest Attire.

Massillon, Ohio.—Rev. Fenwick W. Fraser of the Presbyterian church, in a statement here, declared that "only one with the shrinking sensitiveness of a rhinoceros could be expected to perambulate about the city in broad daylight in the abbreviated diaphanous garments we have been familiar with since the recent insane edicts of the ruling modistes have gone into effect."

In conclusion he says: "There never was a time when it was so difficult to distinguish the good women from the other kind by taking note of what they wear. Highly respected women are actually being accosted by strange men who, misled by their immodest 'fashionable' attire, take them for other than what they really are. "Christian women might desist from wearing in public costumes which provoke men into infractions of the seventh commandment."

FAMOUS WORK IS SPOILED

Smiling Face of a Boucher Portrait Exasperates Starving Seaman and She Daubs It With Ink.

Paris.—"The picture displeased me and I wished to correct what I considered wrong," answered Mile. Prolaine Delarue, a seamstress, when charged with the police station with having daubed with red ink the nose and eyes of the portrait in the Louvre of a young woman by the famous eighteenth century artist, Boucher.

"I was miserable and hungry," she said, "having been unable to find any work. I often go to the Louvre, and the sight of that young woman in the picture with her happy, disdainful smile and luxurious clothes maddened me. I decided to mutilate her hateful face in the hope that perhaps after that people would notice me and saw me from starving."

Boys Have Last Laugh Evans, Colo.—"No young men escorts for us tonight," said sixteen pretty girls who were guests at the home of Constance Prince recently and dismissed the score of young fellows who had been looking forward to the walk home.

As soon as the boys had departed half the girls, attired in the clothes of their brothers, started with the other half for their various homes.

They imagined they were not observed, but all the young fellows are described in detail just what masculine apparel each girl had on and, now the young women are wondering where the joke is.

PROVED A MAN OF HIS WORD

Broken, True to Promise, Remembered Old Apple Woman in His Day of Rejoicing.

"Yes, I has me reg'lar customers," said the old apple woman at a Wall street corner as she polished an apple, "and now and then I has one that lets me share in his good luck. When industrials was on the kite, along comes a broker who says:

"'Good mornin' to ye, Aunt Sally, and how's apples sellin' today?'" "Two fer five, yer highness," says I, "which is cheap fer apples at this season o' the year."

"That's true," says he, "and I'll take along a couple fer luck. I'm in industrials to make or lose a hundred thousand. If I make, I'll remember ye."

"'Gord bless ye!'" I says, as I gives the apples an extra polish and hands them over. It was three days before I sees him ag'in. Then he stops at me stand wid a look up benevolence on his face, and money in his hand, and says:

"Aunt Sally, yer polished apples brought me luck, and I'm a man av me word. I cleared a hundred thousand that day."

"'Gord be praised, yer worship!'" "And ye'll please accept this as a little token av love and esteem from yer true friend."

"And wid that the dear, good-hearted man hands me a nickel and walks away wid the benevolence creeping down his shirt collar. (And I was so affected that a boy stole two av me biggest apples whilst the tears was in me eyes. My husband says it ought to have been a dime at least. But, God bless ye, sir, that broker could have sold out his business and moved to Boston and dodged me altogether, ye know."

MORE WORK FOR THE SEXTON

Church Authority Introduced to a Custom He Hopes Will Not Become Universal.

"Long ago I got used to receiving small which strangers in town had directed in our care," said the sexton, "but last Saturday night was the first time this old church was ever used as a clearing house for dry goods. An out-of-town woman ordered a hat sent up here. She dropped in about 4 o'clock and told me it was coming."

"I don't know just where I shall stay tonight," she said, "but I do know that I am coming here to church tomorrow morning, so I told the milliner to deliver my hat here. I'll come to church early and put the hat on back here in the chapel, if you don't mind."

"If I didn't mind! What earthly difference did it make whether I minded or not? Instructions had been given for the delivery of the hat, the woman said she couldn't be seen inside the church without it; she expected to worship with us the next day, so what could I do but receive the hat?"

"I hope, however, that the custom of having merchandise for the congregation delivered here will not become widespread."

Poetic Justice in France.

The following is a case of poetic justice as meted out in France:

A well-known Parisian architect was sitting in his office when he heard a knock at the door. As he wished to be alone, he took no notice of the knock but went on with his work. A few minutes later he heard a key moving in the lock. Not doubting that his visitor was a burglar, the architect armed himself with a revolver and quietly hid behind some curtains. Presently the thief entered and proceeded to rifle the place. Then suddenly he started and grew pale. In a mirror he had seen a revolver leveled at his head from behind the curtains.

"Open the window," ordered the architect, and shout "Police!"

The burglar had no alternative but to obey, and so summoned the officer by whom he was to be arrested.

Run a Walking Stick Farm.

Of the many curious farms that have been established in our peaceful countryside, surely a walking-stick farm is the most curious, relates London Answers.

As a matter of fact, however, there is at least one such establishment, a flourishing concern, to be found in the depths of Surrey. Instead of the corn fields, pasture land and root crops usually expected on a farm, the walking-stick acres present the appearance of long, neat rows of tiny sapling trees, some four years old, others younger.

Quite a forest of walking sticks may naturally be produced in four years, but the handle occasions some delay. To obtain a right-angled handle, the growth is pegged down along the ground and from this the sapling shoots vertically upwards.

Conveniences in New House.

Where a new house is under consideration these practical suggestions for convenience and comfort may be embodied: Smooth mouldings and plain finishings in woodwork to avoid lodgment for dust; curves instead of angles where walls and ceiling and walls and floor join, also curved corners in rooms; the ironing board hinged to the wall, with drop support; a built-in cupboard for mops, brooms and carpet sweeper; electric lights in cupboards; secret drawers for silver or other valuables; built-in bookcases, sideboards and window seats, with every possible empty recess used for drawer space.

GIVING THE PLUG HIS DUE

Steadygoing, Sensible Qualities Are Not Always Accorded the Recognition That They Deserve.

Don't make fun of the plug. He may be slow and awkward and never get to the stable until dark, but he is the fellow who in the end will bring home the coin, says a Kansas City writer. The plug horse that pulls the plow all day in the field puts more money in the bank for the honest farmer than the race horse that goes out and turns a half in 0:50 flat and then loafs for two weeks waiting for another race to be matched. The old plug goes out in sunshine and storm and pulls in a few dollars every week, but the race horse waits for the day when the track is good and then generally loses more than he wins. The steady old plug keeps the wolf from the door, while the race horse causes the mortgage to be foreclosed.

Just so with the man. Pin your faith to the plug who keeps steadily at it; the fellow who gets up every morning and does so much and is ready to do it again next day. He lays up more shining dollars in the bank than the swift sport who lies around all summer waiting for luck to come along and turn a stream of silver into his pocket. One cackling Plymouth Rock hen is worth a dozen screaming eagles when it comes to paying off the mortgage. The plug is the fellow who steadies the ship and acts as ballast when the boat begins to rock. The plug is the fellow who lives contentedly and long and when he passes away the local paper says, "He leaves his family in comfortable circumstances."

MADE HIM GOOD AMERICAN

Act of Wise Father That Kept His Boy in the Path of His Birth and Duty.

It is claiming rather a great deal to say that a child's whole future career may depend upon the hearing of a story! But, unquestionably, it is true. A boy I know, whose parents were obliged to live in England during two of his early years—from the time he was eight until he was ten—said to his father one day: "Am I an Englishman, an American, or haven't I any country at all?"

His father—loyal American, started at this question, read to the boy "A Man Without a Country."

"You are an American," he told the boy. "Never forget that!"

The boy, now a man, is just about to enter the United States army. Much of his life has been passed in other countries, but he is an American. "I think I might have become an Englishman, or a man with no particular loyalty to any flag," he said recently, "had it not been for the story of 'A Man Without a Country,' which my father read to me when I was a little boy in England. I didn't understand all of it, but I understood enough to keep me forever loyal to the land of my birth, no matter where I might happen to be growing up."—Elizabeth McCracken in the Home Progress Magazine.

Giant Conflict.

Two huge fish, a shark and a jewfish, fought to the death late the other afternoon off the municipal pier at Santa Monica, Cal., while hundreds of fishermen looked on. Both sea monsters followed a school of mackerel inshore and as soon as they sighted each other the battle was on. During the combat, which lasted an hour, both fish were nearly entirely out of the water. Then they disappeared for a few moments, when both again came to the surface dead. With gaff hooks they were hauled on to the pier. The shark, measuring six feet in length, weighed 142 pounds, while the jewfish, a fraction over seven feet, tipped the pier scales at 226. Both were frightfully mangled. The shark's head was chewed to a pulp, while the jewfish's body was nearly severed by the sharp teeth of the shark.

Insane Man Garrick's Teacher.

Garrick had been acquainted with an unfortunate man in Leman street, Goodman's Fields, who, playing one day at an upper window with his two-year-old child, accidentally let it spring from his arms and fall into a flagged area. The child was killed, and, from that moment, the miserable father lost speech and reason. He passed the remainder of his existence in going to a window, playing in imagination with a child, dropping it, then bursting into tears, and filling the house with shrieks of anguish. Afterwards he would sit down, pensive and still, and at times look slowly round as if imploring compassion. "There it was," Garrick used to say, "that I learned to imitate madness; I copied nature, and to that owed my success in 'King Lear.'"—From Garrick and His Circle.

The Bright Side.

Algernon Daingerfield went back last summer to his old home in Kentucky on a visit. He had freshened up considerably.

The old negro cook, a family servant of many years' standing, was brought in to see him.

"Don't you think Mr. Algy has grown very stout?" asked one of the family.

"Wellam," said the old woman, "he is took on a right smart fishine, and that's fact." Then she hastily added, "But a stomach dat sticks out like his do is jess made fur showin' off a watch-chain."—Saturday Evening Post.

VEGETATION IN THE SNOW

Delicate and Beautiful Flowers in Abundance, Though Absence of Fragrance Is Marked.

Snowstorms during the summer months are of frequent occurrence in the Rocky Mountain region at an elevation of 10,000 feet and upward, sometimes covering the ground to a depth of several inches.

The flowers at this elevation are usually small, of delicate tints and very beautiful, but lacking in fragrance. Owing to the absence of moisture in the atmosphere freezing does not affect vegetation at this altitude as it does nearer sea level. The flowers, after having been completely covered with snow for a day or two, will regain their former vigor after the snow departs, although they will appear slightly wilted for a few days after their snow bath.

There is a tiny little flower of four petals which follows the receding snows far above timber line, which is usually about 11,500 feet above sea level. So closely does it follow the melting snows that it is often possible to stand on one spot, pluck flowers with the right hand and make snowballs with the left.

On the other hand during the dead of winter one may often see the snow in the big timber black with a very small flea. It is much smaller than the domestic peat and does not attach itself to animals. These fleas make their appearance during a thaw and the snow will look as if a giant had taken a fine mesh sieve and sifted soot over it. They disappear as if by magic during freezing weather, to reappear when it moderates.

MAN CREATOR OF CHARACTER

Portion of the Immortal Life That is Law of Nature Must Endure For Ever.

Nature works upon the lower forms of life. A higher power than the stone has formed it; the trees, the flowers, even the insects and beasts are plastic materials in the hands of the Great Potter. Through it, in unthinkable time, the bodies are formed for man. He enters the temple prepared for him, and nature, who has been supreme, now bows before the mystery. She sees before her not alone the world stuff to be fashioned, but the very creative spark. No longer can she mold unaided. It becomes her office now to furnish the opportunities for the entering man, who has before him the herculean task of evolving the human mind. No outside force alone can make him. The creative seed is itself within him. Every event, every circumstance, is something to be met and acted upon by him, the creator of his own destiny. Whether ignorantly or consciously, he works in the illimitable and exhaustless laboratory of nature, and therein slowly but surely fashions—character. Human laws may be framed and forgotten; temples may be reared and crumble; whole races may pass through their allotment of sorrow, despair and joy, and be no more; continents may rise and sink; but character, by means of which all these things are formed and colored, character, as part of man, the immortal, endures.—Gertrude van Pelt in the Theosophical Path.

Telling the Bees.

The custom of "telling the bees" is often referred to by those interested in curious happenings. In some parts of England it has always been the habit to inform the bees whenever there is a death in the family, particularly when it is that of the master or mistress.

Some one raps upon the board supporting the hives and says: "Mourn with us, master (or mistress) of the house is dead."

It is thought that if this duty is neglected the bees will die; and many old servants are fond of telling how the bees pine away when no one thinks to give them the sad message.

America's Oldest University.

The comparatively small connection the people of the United States have with Peru makes it difficult for many to realize that in the city of Lima is the oldest university in the new world, the University of San Marcos, founded in 1553. At this historic educational institution a students' congress was held recently that was noteworthy in its character. The minister of instruction gave a magnificent banquet in honor of the delegates, at which a large number of distinguished guests were present, and at which several speeches appreciative of closer intercourse between the American nations were made.

Water Surface of Globes.

The portion of the earth's surface that is covered by water, when the lakes and inland seas are included, is three times as great as the dry land area. The surface area of the oceans is 127,000,000 square miles—an area more than 40 times as large as the United States. The ocean waters team with life. Though thousands of water creatures are known and classified, scientists are continually discovering new life forms in the ocean depths. Heretofore dragnets have been mainly depended upon, but there are doubtless many sea animals that elude these trawls.

Books Bound in Rat Skin.

It appears that a new use has been found for the skin of the common brown rat. In England, it is said, the bookbinders have taken to using these skins for covers of fine editions hitherto bound in high grade leathers. It is reported that a trade amounting to one-quarter million dollars a year has been developed in Great Britain and that many skins are imported from Calcutta. Rat skins have long been used for purses, gloves and similar small articles, and are proving very useful for these purposes.