

# RHODA ROLAND.

## A Woman from the West in Washington.

The True Story of a Lady Stenographer in Search of a Situation.

By H. S. SUTTON.

### PARTICIPANTS.

RHODA ROLAND—Hall reads leads to Room—and office.  
M. B. PLEASANTON, one of the Magnates of Silk Stocking Row.  
GERRIN STIVERS, Rhoda's married friend, ready to assist in a good cause.  
TOM BAXTER, bred in "Bohemian" and never got out of it.  
MRS. BURNSTABLE, room-mate of Rhoda.  
JUDGE BARNSTABLE, M. C., twist devil and the deep sea.

MEMBERS OF THE GROUP OF SIX.  
ZALDALYERAND, painter, a bird of passage.  
TONY LENTZ, a boyhood friend back in the old home.  
MRS. GRANT, with "Apartments to Let."  
DENNIE ELEGANT, a typical Washington boy, and  
VIOLETTA—Who the d—l is Violetta?

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### OUR LADY IN VAUDEVILLE.

I was awakened from a sound sleep by Ida shaking me and saying, "Something's happened downstairs. Mrs. Grant is knocking at Dennie's door, telling him to go after a policeman."  
We hurried into our clothes, and when we opened the door of our room the odor of gas from below was stifling. I heard Dennie say, "Here's the devil to pay!" and then he threw himself against a door, smashing it in. I realized at once the occasion of the disturbance. Vera had turned on the gas—intentionally, I imagined, during an attack of the blues. We ran to the front windows. A policeman emerged from the hall door with a white bundle in his arms. Said bundle I surmised was Vera.  
"That call-box can't be working," he said to Dennie. "The Emergency ambulance should have been here by this time."  
"I think I can make better time than they can," replied Dennie, as he took my wheel from its nail behind the door. "You just place her across the handle-bars. Steady a minute. Now they're off!" he yelled; and he turned one corner of our block, Vera unconscious, at full length on the handle-bars of the machine, as the ambulance turned the corner.  
Mrs. Grant, seeing the girls at the windows, came up to the room. The gas had been escaping for some hours she said, but she paid little attention to it, thinking the wind might have blown out the jet in the lower hall, as often happened. When Dennie broke open the door, she found Vera in a Mother Eve costume, minus the hat, leaving. She stepped her in the counterpane, and the policeman, throwing the limp body over his shoulder like a sack of flour, carried her downstairs.  
After everything became quiet, I looked out the window to see if I could catch Dennie on his return and inquire as to the situation. I was startled alone under the electric light, I recognized Mr. Stivers. I called to him to wait a minute, and picking up my hat, hurried downstairs.  
"Good morning, Mr. Nevergreen. Were that Mr. Baxter, I would think the reporters' gas-jets were led him to the spot. I am a loss, however, to account for your presence."  
"My wife awoke shortly after midnight and began an endless recital of alleged wrongs, so I set on my clothes and skipped out."  
"I don't see that you should have vacated the apartments."  
"I took pity on my neighbors."  
I proceeded to tell him of Vera's arrival, her attempt at suicide, and how Dennie carried her to the hospital.  
"Did Baxter ever give you his name?" I'd wake him up if I knew it. A good telegraphic scoop for him. He is not in the City Directory, I know. Were there any reporters at the house?"  
"I didn't see any."  
"Then we'll turn the item in ourselves."  
We walked down to the counting room of the Post.  
"Here," he said, as he passed me over a tab, "get the facts together and I'll pad them a bit."  
I wrote a few abstracts, to which after an inspection, he added "double head." I then told him about the meeting with her sister at the Raleigh.  
"That's worth another head," he said. "Didn't she mention any street in St. Louis; no clue to her father's business or residence? I have an inkling of an idea, and while you are upstairs talking to the managing editor I will run up to the Western Union at the corner above, and file a telegram. You say the old Helweg family name was Avey—Vera spelled backward?"  
"But that isn't their name to-day."  
"No; I understand that. You go on upstairs with the copy before the forms close, and wait for me here when you come back."  
I did not wait for the elevator boy to open the door, but rapidly climbed the stairs.  
At the door of the second room on the floor above, a young man blocked my entrance.  
"The managing editor is very busy just now," he said in response to my inquiry for that functionary.  
"He'll be busier than that when he sees this," I replied, waving the manuscript in his face.  
The managing editor, seated at his desk in the middle of the room, looked up from his work with a smile. I take it I didn't speak in a whisper.  
"What have you, my lady?"  
"A scoop!" I replied, using my best brand of newspaper vernacular, as I walked over and handed him the manuscript. When he read the first sheet he gave it to a gentleman at an adjoining table.  
"Call up the Emergency and verify." He was one of those people that "talk with their eyes," as Tony puts it. In the same glance he directed the young man at my elbow to clear a chair of a bundle of proofs and copy, and invited me to a seat.  
"Your article reads well," he said.  
"Then he wrote some word of four letters across the corner in blue pencil, making a line at the top and bottom thereof."  
"Tell Mr. Thompson this is positive," he said, speaking to the boy, who was making loud bounds in the direction of the composing room before he finished the sentence.  
"You must have had some newspaper experience," he said, turning to me, as I manifested no intention of leaving the room, and he seemed to have his "busy done," to quote Mr. Whitney.  
"Well, I dabble in verse a bit, and when I've been writing a line for the 'Kookuk country.'"  
"I am also from the West. I'm a Hoosier product. I notice two people participated in the preparation of your story?"  
"Yes; my partner in crime is waiting

# THE LAST EXECUTION

In Public of a Turkish Criminal and How it Ended.

## ABDUL HAMID'S PRIVATE KILLINGS

The Armenian and the Mag—She Hires an Executioner After Being Repeatedly Baffled in Her Determination to Take His Life—Executions Now Take Place in Private at the Sultan's Pleasure.

The Sultan of Turkey, the bloody Abdul Hamid II, now breaks his vengeance for the most part in a secret way. Formerly public executions took place on an elevated platform close by the mint. There a life-guard might be seen standing, with a rod in his hand pointing to the heads of pashas and dignitaries there displayed in trenchers, at the same time proclaiming the crimes of each unfortunate victim. A placard was also upon the wall, on which were inscribed the titles, crimes, etc., of the decapitated. But this platform now constitutes a proper place for the heavily-laden porters.  
Human butchery and scenes of blood were once the delight of the Turks. Death in its most horrid forms, without a warning to its victim, oftentimes with no tall-tale heads or prostrate bodies as dignitaries, the blows had fallen, was this people a mere incident of a day, only a token of the absolute power of the Sultan. The deposed dignitary used to sit in a certain cell close by the Seraglio walls awaiting his destiny.  
Less than half a century ago such scenes were enacted almost daily, but now they are unknown. The last execution took place some 30 years since. But the circumstances of the execution were sufficiently revolting to merit recital after this lapse of time. An Armenian, seeing his companion, Mussulman, molested by another Mussulman, went to his assistance, and was so unfortunate as to kill the aggressor during the fray. The Armenian was arrested, tried, and found guilty. The penalty of the law was death, but as the penal code had been reformed, the government wished to send him to the state prison for life. In Turkey the criminal code is derived from the Koran, which sanctions the ancient and Jewish practice of blood for blood, eye for eye, and tooth for tooth. Hence, in cases of murder the relatives of the victim are consulted and they thus become the real prosecutors, and not the government.  
In this case it was the mother of the deceased Mussulman who cried blood for eye, and tooth for tooth. She tried to dissuade her from the exercise of her right of sanguinary vengeance, by citing to her the alternative which the Koran itself proposes—that is, a ransom for the crime. She was offered the sum of \$1,000, which she steadily refused. Finding that there was no reasoning with this woman of high temper and desperate purpose, it was decided to sentence the young man to be executed. His sentence of death was accordingly written, and, as is always customary on such occasions, the deed that traced his characters was broken and thrown away, as polluted for any further use.  
The young man was led forth, accompanied by the old victim, his prosecutrix, who tottered along, leaning upon her cane. When they arrived at the place of execution, she seemed to have attained the acme of her ambition. Her breath came short and heavy from the tumult of her emotions, and her eyes flashed with demagogical delight. The "ladies" for behoof of vengeance was here, and she cried out in her horror, and in audible whispers muttered: "God preserve us, she raves!" With the hope of convincing her that no other executioner could be found, a sword is placed in her hand and she is ordered to use her right to avenge, to kill.  
Started at the novel idea of becoming a public executioner, and yet impelled by disappointment, she, trembling with rage, seizes the weapon, and, brandishing it, threatens to produce an indiscriminate butchery. Her eyes are one day interrupted. One of those outcasts from society, who rove from the affluence of human society, but who fear not, shrink not from the shadow of a crime, a wandering gipsy, knocks at her door. "Give me but 50 piastres," (about 90) he cries, "and lead him forth—his blood is yours."  
To the dismay of all, the fatal man is, at the instance of his unrelenting persecutrix, again led forth into the public square, to be beheaded, but, not now as formerly, the executioner was there also. The victim knelt, the sword was raised and fell, but the head was not severed—six several strokes were made successively by that unskilled fiend, until the horro-stricken multitude cried out, "For mercy sake, butcher him, butcher him!" and he was literally hacked to pieces.  
This, it is believed, was the last public execution in Turkey.

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**A GENUINE NOVELTY.**  
It is interesting to note that fortunes are frequently made by the invention of articles of minor importance. Some of these are invented solely for safety and convenience, and when really meritorious, gain extraordinary popularity and are sold by the thousands. Many of these articles evince much inventive and mechanical skill and their success depends on the interest they excite. Among the most popular devices are those designed to benefit people and meet popular conditions, and one of the most interesting of these that has ever been introduced is the Dr. White Electric Comb, the name of which affords an indication of its character. This device is as valuable as it is novel, and is full of satisfaction to all. Thousands of these Electric Combs have been sold in the various cities of the Union, and the demand is constantly increasing. Lovers of convenience and health admit the superiority of Dr. White's Electric Comb over everything of the kind now before the public. It is new, practical, durable and is just what every one has long desired.  
Not only is the Dr. White Electric Comb a source of satisfaction to all, but it also saves her from headaches and nervous conditions which before its use had been almost unbearable and had aged her perceptibly.  
From present indications this novelty will prove to be a money-maker, and is at the same time one of the most interesting ever introduced.

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Pocket size, 10, 15 and 20 cents; fine combs, 30 and 35 cents; dressing combs, 25, 30, 35, 50 and 80 cents each.

The aluminum that these combs has been made from undergoes an eight weeks' electrical process in which medicine, electricity and heat are used before it is made into combs. This leaves the combs in a medicated condition. The medication is imparted from the comb to the scalp through the friction obtained in combing the hair. There has been 15,900 combs sold on a written guarantee since they were patented February 2, 1893, and only three have been returned.

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"You love a blonde girl, and she'll love another; So you take the blonde girl and I'll take the other. This blonde girl is fickle; scarce ever is true; But you love a dark girl and she will love you."  
"After that outburst, I can thank the lucky stars under which I was born, for making me a brunette."  
By this time we had reached the house, and, promising each other to renew the argument on the marital reform the following Friday, said good-bye to each other.  
On my way to the office that morning I secured a copy of the Post. There was our article, a perusal of which showed me that Mr. Stivers was an adept in the art of interlineation. He perfected some of my crudest sentences to such an extent as to make them read with a rhythm that was remarkable.  
My day's work finished, I hurried to the house, thinking I might take one of the girls and inquire at the hospital as to Vera's condition. Dennie met me at the door.  
"The Jews are spenders if you hit them in a soft spot," he said.  
"What's the matter now?" I asked.  
"Vera's old man telegraphed a hundred to her. He had every big Jew banker, and lawyer, and doctor in the town down to the Emergency by noon. What she don't know, who the d—l twisted him, and how'd they get his address."  
I told him I thought I could guess.  
"By the holles' sne's proud. Mother, you know, sent me to the hospital to see how she was getting along. I was in the room except for a few minutes, handed her the money. She thanked him, and then turned right off and left about a dozen of 'em standing there. She said anybody could be friends after they knew who she was; that she was going among people who stood by her when they were in the hospital. She's in the parlor now. The doctor said I just got to the hospital in time last night."  
I found Vera, surrounded by the girls, but a pale as the snow, and as before the episode. Her proposed wedding all except her to the depot to catch the 7:19, she having concluded, in response to a third telegram, to go direct to St. Louis instead of returning to her Cincinnati engagement.  
Vera caught my eye and then looked toward Dennie. I understood behind the door, we would not have the little lady with us this evening. I move, as a reward for his prompt action, that to Dennie be assigned the duty of seeing Vera to the train, and that he be given all the time required in which to complete the task.  
It is hardly necessary to add that my motion was carried by acclamation, and another glance at Vera's eyes told me that I had said and done the right thing at the right place.

(To be continued.)

## PENSION OFFICE

Legal Adviser Cuddy and his Qualifications as Chief of Law Division.

A correspondent, among other criticisms on the Pension Department, says: "Again referring to the incompetence of Mr. Cuddy, the present chief of the Law Division of the Pension Office, it is proper to add that he entered the Pension Office by transfer from the Census Office in 1894, and without the usual requirement of the educational test given in a civil service examination. He is but one of many who slip into soft berths through a political pull, however, and educational qualifications do not count for much when the political giants want to favor some constituent who has not progressed beyond a common smattering of the branches. It is generally known, and a matter of common remark in his office among those whose duties bring them in contact with him, that he is a man of very limited information, and the fact that he succeeded in dodging the Civil Service Commission is not surprising. It is also stated that he was employed in a menial capacity, where no clerical ability was required, until he was elevated to his present post at the head of one of the most important divisions of the Pension Office, by Commissioner Evans. The legal decisions which emanate from his infinite mind are constantly bringing the Pension Office into disrepute, and it is said that the utter disregard of legal principles and common sense shown in cases appealed from the office of the Secretary of the Interior is a source of much amusement to the men of legal training employed to consider these appeals. The frequency with which he is reversed, and the reasons given for changing the action taken must be uncomfortable reading to that worthy. There are, doubtless, many men of fine legal attainments employed in the Pension Office, and their many years' experience in applying the pension laws to the pending cases fully equips them for the duties of the position now occupied by Mr. Cuddy. His retention by Mr. Evans is in line, however, with conditions which exist in nearly every other branch of his office, and The Globe will continue to show up the sink-hole of inequity until it is apparent that an effort is being made to correct the evil."  
"MORE ANON."

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