

HELEN KELLER TODAY

MARVELOUS CAREER OF A MUTE SCHOLAR.

She is Certainly the Most Remarkable Deaf, Dumb and Blind Person That Has Ever Lived—No Knowing What She May Yet Accomplish.



HELLEN KELLER, the most noted and accomplished deaf, dumb and blind person in the world, is now a striking looking girl of 18, with mental powers far beyond her years. She has astonished even those who know her best and has been a surprise to her teacher in her preparation for entering college. Her acuteness of perception is phenomenal and her courage strong and unflinching. Tasks that would almost dismay a girl of her years with "eyes to see and ears to hear," are met by Helen Keller with actual pleasure. She seems to delight in overcoming obstacles. She is very proficient in the different languages and has made remarkable progress in Greek. A typewriter with Greek characters was made expressly for her use, and she and Miss Sullivan, her teacher, find some way of overcoming the seemingly insurmountable obstacles that present themselves in her advanced studies. Great interest is manifested in her progress by the most prominent educators, by whom she is regarded as a marvel of cleverness. Phillips Brooks and Oliver Wendell Holmes were deeply interested in her and their death was a great sorrow to her. She is of a most affectionate and gentle disposition, with a heart overflowing with gratitude to those who have interested themselves in her behalf. Naturally enough her sympathy for others afflicted as she is very great and she has always been

schooners are engaged almost exclusively in the pursuit. The hunters are as familiar with the ground where anchors are to be found as fishermen are with the favorite haunts of the living inhabitants of the sea. The matter of fishing for lost anchors is most simple. A chain is let down in a loop long enough to drag along the bottom, and the vessel goes on her way, with all hands on board alert for a bite, and a bite usually ends in a catch. The recovered anchors are generally sold again at a price of about 5 cents a pound, which is a penny under the market price for new anchors. A big anchor will weigh 6,000 pounds, so that the fishermen make \$250 out of it. More often, however, the anchors fished up weigh from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds, and there is a pretty profit in the business even then.

DIDN'T RECOGNIZE PORTRAIT.

Just Because She Spent the Summer in Connecticut.

"I never before so thoroughly realized what women must put up with when they go away for the summer solely for the sake of their children," said the head of a family to a Star reporter yesterday. "Now, take the case of my wife, for instance. Early in the summer she took our three little ones up to a small village in Connecticut to get away from the hot weather here, and only returned to the city a few days ago. While she was away she often wrote how dull and stupid it was and how completely she seemed out of the world. Only the echoes of the war excitement reached her, she said, but I always thought she was making it out a bit worse than it really was until yesterday, when I learned better. She happened to be with me in a downtown business office, where her attention was attracted to a picture hanging on the wall. 'Whose face is that?' she asked. 'There's something strangely familiar about it, and yet I can't seem to quite place it.' I suppose she was having a mild sort of joke at my expense, and you can imagine my surprise when I found she was really in earnest. Whose

WOULD A BRIGAND BE

YOUNG JESSE JAMES MUST STAND TRIAL.

Used to Beg Jesse, Sr., to Read to Him the Adventures of the James Boys—Bad Company Spoiled Him—Story of the James Gang.



S Jesse James, Jr., the reincarnation of his handit father? This question is puzzling the people of Kansas City, where the young man, who is now 22 years of age, is under arrest, charged with being implicated in the robbery of a Missouri Pacific train Sept. 21, in the Cracker Neck district of Western Missouri, which his father made famous. Physically he is almost an exact reproduction of Jesse James, the elder. Jesse, Jr., was born when his father was in the prime of his manhood and at the height of his career as an outlaw. He was only 6 years old when his father was assassinated, but remembers him well, for when Jesse James was hiding, under the name of Howard, this little boy used to beg his father to read to him the adventures of the James boys, and the father always complied with the boy's request, keeping him in ignorance of his identity until one day there came a revelation. Jesse James, Sr., was murdered by a traitorous friend, Bob Ford, and Jesse James, Jr., for the first time knew that the hero of his boyish fancy and his father was one and the same person. Young James was sent to school, and until recently was regarded as a model youth, quiet and industrious. For six years he was a clerk for the Armour Packing company, in Kansas City, and during that time managed to save enough money to pay for the modest home at No. 3402 Tracy avenue, where he resides with his mother and his sister, Mary, the latter 19 years old, and a graduate of the Kansas City high school.

Contrary to the wishes of his mother, Jesse several months ago gave up his position with the Armour company and established a cigar stand in the lobby of the court house. There he became acquainted with Jack Kennedy and other men and fell into bad company. When Kennedy was arrested in connection with a murder case, young James assisted him in establishing an alibi. Jesse's friends were not pleased with this proceeding, and stamped it with their displeasure. Young James was suspected of complicity in the crime soon after the Missouri Pacific train robbery occurred. Kennedy attempted to help Jesse out of trouble by making affidavit, as to his whereabouts on the night of the robbery, but as Kennedy was himself under suspicion his efforts in the young man's behalf had little weight with the authorities, and did not prevent his arrest. Less than a week after the Missouri Pacific train was blown up with dynamite, William W. Lowe, a switchman, who had become a fast friend of James, was taken into custody on suspicion, and it is claimed that the police have his confession in writing, with signature attached, and that Lowe implicates young James in the crime. The boy has many friends, who are loth to believe him guilty. Neither is he lacking in public defenders. Thomas J. Crittenden, who was governor of Missouri in 1881, and who offered the reward for Jesse James, the elder, when tempted the cupid of Bob Ford, has been retained as counsel for young Jesse. Judge Phillips will assist him. Attorney F. C. Carr, an old friend of the James family, is very active in the young man's behalf. Officials of the Armour Packing company are also lending aid. Jesse stoutly maintains his innocence, and has made a statement in which he gives his whereabouts on the night of the robbery. Young James has been thrice arrested, as the police were trying to conceal the course they intended to pursue. His last arrest was for train robbery, and he is out under \$2,500 bail.

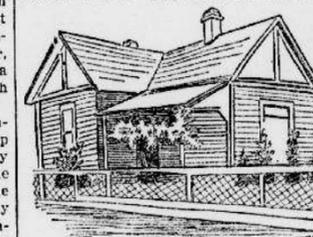
The "James boys," the father and the uncle of Jesse, Jr., were the sons of a respectable Baptist minister.



JESSE JAMES, JR.
Frank, the elder, was born in Kentucky in 1841; Jesse in Clay county, Mo., in 1845. The father went to California in 1849 and died there in 1851, driven away from home, it is said, by his wife, from whom the sons seem to have inherited their deviltry. During the civil war they were members of Quantrill's band of guerrillas, and both participated in the sacking and burning of Lawrence, Kan., when nearly every male inhabitant was ruthlessly murdered, and in the massacre at Centralia, Mo., where, after the village itself had been plundered, the guerrillas way-

laid an eastbound train, robbed the passengers and killed 32 sick soldiers en route for the St. Louis hospitals, besides 50 members of a company of Iowa volunteers, who had hurried to the rescue. When the war was ended Jesse James fled to Texas and Frank to Kentucky. Little was heard of them until early in the spring of 1868, when Jesse James, accompanied by "Cole" Younger, "Al" and George Shepherd and "Jim" White, dashed into Russellville, Ky., robbed the bank of \$14,000, and escaped. Similar bank robberies, often accompanied by the murder of bank cashiers or other officials, marked the career of the James boys during the ensuing year, but it was in 1872 at Kansas City that one of their most daring atrocities was committed. Three men rode up to the gate of the agricultural fair, and Jesse James, dismounting, stepped up to the ticket window and at the point of his pistol demanded the cash box, which was handed over to him. It contained \$10,000. As Jesse remounted the three desperadoes began firing their pistols, and hurriedly rode off. The alarm became general, and almost immediately a pursuing party was organized, but with no results.

In many of their murderous exploits, which included train and stage hold-ups, as well as bank robberies, members of the gang were killed or caught, but such was the terror inspired by the Jameses that for more than ten years during which a price was set on their heads no one was found to earn the money by betraying them. In August, 1876, Jesse and Frank, with six confederates, rode into Northfield, Minn., at a furious pace, shooting their revolvers right and left in order to intimidate the people in the streets, and halted in front of the bank, and while Frank and Jesse James and "Bob" Younger entered, the other five remained outside to guard against attack. J. L. Haywood, the cashier, and two clerks were in at the time, and for refusing to open the time lock Jesse James killed Haywood in wanton



THE TRACY AVENUE HOME.
(Which Jesse James, Jr., Bought for His Mother.)

cruelty. In the meantime the citizens, having recovered from their astonishment, opened fire on the robbers. Two were almost instantly killed, another received a bullet in the mouth, and Frank James was shot through his left leg, but all the six survivors succeeded in mounting their horses and escaping from the town, followed by fifty armed men. As on previous occasions, luck followed the Jameses, for while they escaped after being pursued nearly 500 miles, three of their companions were shot down and captured and a fourth was killed. Jesse and Frank James, after being chased for weeks, succeeded in reaching Texas, and at Waco Frank had a surgical operation performed upon his leg. The wound was so many days without care that it made him a cripple for life. When the Jameses returned to their old haunts in Clay county in the fall of 1879 they organized a new gang, and on Oct. 8, 1879, descended upon the little station of Glendale, seventeen miles from Kansas City, on the Chicago and Alton railroad. It was evening when the attack was made. After battering down the door of the express car, Jesse James and "Ed" Miller entered with revolvers in their hands and compelled Grimes, the messenger, to unlock the safe and give up the contents, variously estimated at from \$25,000 to \$30,000. About this time the authorities of Missouri offered \$10,000 for either Jesse or Frank James, dead or alive, and \$5,000 for any other member of the gang. The offer of these sums led to the killing of Jesse James in April, 1882, by Robert Ford, a lad of twenty, who was in collusion with the detectives, but who had been accepted as a promising recruit by the unsuspecting bandit. Frank James a few months later gave himself up, was tried and was acquitted on successive charges of robbery and murder. He then settled down at his father-in-law's home, in Independence, Mo. In the fall of 1896 he accepted a position as special messenger on an express train, his duty being no other than that of meeting train robbers at their own game. Jesse James had been married in 1874 to his cousin, Miss Zerelda Mims. At the time she was a public school teacher in Kansas City. After her husband's death she returned to Kansas City with her son, Jesse, Jr., then a boy of six years, and a daughter, Mary, now 19 years of age. Indictments against Jesse James, William A. Lowe, the self-confessed train robber; Charles Polk, Andrew Ryan, and Caleb Stone for holding up and robbing the Missouri Pacific train have been found, and other arrests are to follow.

Tortured and Robbed.
After being brutally assaulted by masked men, William McCulloch, residing near Canal Tunnel, Md., was robbed of \$115 in money and a bank book showing \$2,200 on deposit. After having burned the legs and feet of McCulloch with lamps, taken from railroad switchmen, the robbers hacked his breast with knives. They bound and gagged his aged wife and their young grandson, carrying both from the house and rolling the aged woman down a steep embankment.

HUNTING THE TIGER.

THRILLING YARNS FROM THE EAST INDIES.

Where Coolness Extraordinary Came Into Play—Under Certain Conditions It's Safe to Walk Right Into the Arms of a Raging Foe.



IT was hot, and the fellows were a bit tired of pool, but being guest-night at the mess of the gallant Royal Tipperary Fusiliers, it was still too early to break up. So an adjournment to the veranda, with a fresh relay of

whiskies and sodas, was voted, and the conversation turned on tigers and sport, as it often does in the East. When the writer joined the listeners, Harvey, of the Gunners, was holding forth, as follows:
"My queerest adventure with a tiger happened years ago when I was quite a griffin, the youngest of a party under the direction of Major B—, a noted shikaree (guide), whom we obeyed implicitly, and whom we expected to show us no end of tigers. I had been out with him time after time without seeing one. At last, however, the day came. I was posted on a shady tree. The branches near me served as a gun-rack, and as, putting rifle to shoulder, I sighted boughs and leaves, every avenue of approach, I felt myself most favorably situated. The beat began, and at last I saw my first tiger. Instead of passing within any of my ranges I had marked out for him, he quietly trotted under my tree and lay down at its foot. Swinging round hastily into an attitude not previously rehearsed, in the excitement of the moment I overbalanced, and, my rifle going off, descended in a heap on the top of the tiger. Luckily for me, the report of the shooting-iron, and the vision of a dark body in the air, fright-

to shoot snipe from either shoulder. Never seemed to miss. I had better give it you in his own words as far as I can remember.
"I hate going after a tiger with a married man—this is how he began—and I'll tell you why. There was a fellow called Cranley was always bothering me to show him a tiger. 'I have been twelve years in India,' he said, 'and never set eyes on one.' So I took him with me. The beat was to skirt at the finish a natural parapet of rock and boulder about 300 yards long, running north and south. To give Cranley first shot I posted him near the northern end of the parapet close to a narrow slit in it through which he could fire at anything with perfect safety. I told him to wait till the tiger was broadside on, and then to fire. If his shot failed, the beast would come down to me at the southern end of the parapet. Well, on came the beaters and when I judged from their shouts that they were well past Cranley's post, and no shot rang out, I naturally concluded there was no tiger.

"After I had waited a little longer, this conclusion was so certain that I went round my end of the parapet to the other side to meet the beaters and make inquiries. Just as I turned the corner, what should I see, about 50 yards to my front, but a tiger? I pulled up with a jerk, my heart in my mouth, and we stood looking at each other while he slowly waved his tail. I covered him with the rifle, and felt my life depended on his dropping to a single shot. My aim was too unsteady to let me draw the trigger, so I lowered the weapon and stared spell-bound at the enemy. Again I raised it only to lower the rifle as before. My hand shook; I dared not fire. A third time I drew a bead on that magnificent head between the terrible eyes; but it was no use—I had not the pluck to shoot. Then to my astonishment and immense relief the big brute, blinking lazily, turned round and moved slowly toward the beaters, who by this time were within 150 yards of him. In an instant I was back round the corner of my parapet, and on the right side as the beaters turning the tiger sent



DESCENDED IN A HEAP ON THE TOP OF THE TIGER.

ened him so much, he was off at a gallop at the moment I crashed down upon him. A bruised shoulder and damaged rifle were the only reminiscences of that adventure. Of course, I got horribly chaffed about it.

"I was once pretty close to a tiger under different circumstances," said another man. "It was in this way. I got a shot at him from a tree, and felt sure I hit him, as he bounded into a thicket from which I did not see him emerge. I pointed out the spot to my men, but after exploring, throwing stones, and losing off guns, they told me I was mistaken; the tiger had got off and was miles away. After some time I was obliged to accept this conclusion, and, getting out of my tree, prepared to depart. An impulse to look for myself led me to the bush into which I had seen the beast spring. As I rounded it, a sudden roar made my heart stand still. There was the tiger on his hind legs, with his fore paws in the air, as one sees a lion in a heraldic coat of arms, only a few feet from me. I thought my last hour had come. I had nothing in my hand but a stick, having given up my rifle to my shikaree to carry. Stepping back instinctively, I gazed upon him terror-struck, expecting he would be on me in a second. It seemed an age before my hand reached a rifle and pulled the trigger. We found afterwards that my first bullet had paralyzed his spine, which alone prevented his springing on me. Had he been able to drag his hind legs two or three yards, I should surely have been done for." "For nerve combined with prudence, I know a story which some of you may think worth hearing," said a voice from a long arm-chair. "Don't suppose any of you ever heard of M—, one of the best shots I ever came across. Used

him on again, past my entrance, to meet the fate he ought to have experienced at the hands of Cranley. Talk of funk—I have never been in such a funk before or since as I was when, glued to the ground, I faced that tiger and dared not fire."

"Funk you call it. It seems to me to have been most wonderful presence of mind," was my reply; "the natural impulse was to fire and be killed. But how about Cranley?"

"His explanation was weak but honest. When the tiger passed within a few feet of his post, he was so impressed by thoughts of his wife and children, that he laid down his rifle



THE MEETING IN THE PARAPET.

and hid his face in his hands; thereby leading me to believe there was no tiger, and to leave my post as already related. I never heard of his going tiger-shooting again. I can answer for it he did not go with me."



HELEN KELLER AS SHE NOW APPEARS.

particularly interested in Tommy Stringer, a boy of 11 years, who is also deaf, dumb and blind, and who is being educated in Boston by contributions from those who are charitably disposed. Helen Keller has been instrumental in securing a good deal of money for "poor little Tommy," as she calls him, and she is determined that he shall have the best education that can be given him. He is a remarkably bright boy, but is not gifted with Helen Keller's phenomenal intellectual ability. Both he and Helen Keller have been taught to speak, but their voices are very harsh and guttural and not always intelligible to those who hear them for the first time. Tommy Stringer prefers the sign language and some times will not speak at all.

Laura Bridgeman was regarded as the most remarkable blind and deaf mute of her day, but Helen Keller far surpasses her or any other deaf, dumb and blind person of whom there is any record. A brilliant future in the world of letters is predicted for her.

Queer Employments.
Veneer cutting is a trade in itself; veneers are both hand cut and machine cut; the former are generally considered the best. A leaf of veneer is no more than one-sixteenth of an inch thick; overlaid with it, common deal becomes to all appearances oak, walnut, satinwood, rosewood or mahogany, just as you please. Sixty square feet of veneering can be turned out by a machine within the minute; an inch of wood will yield thirty-two veneers. In this country a specially thick veneer is cut; instead of papering the walls of a house, they are sometimes veneered with mahogany, walnut or bird's-eye maple. This veneer is so thin that it can be backed up with paper to give it strength. The best wood for the purpose is got from trees that have grown slowly in poor soil. Richly figured veneers are obtained from the roots of trees. There is a good market for them among the makers of pianoforte cases. One of the queer occupations of mankind is that of dragging for lost anchors. It is carried on in bays and rivers, and even in the open sea along the coast. Several sloops and

OSMAN DIGNA, DERSVISH EMIR

This is the only picture of the derwish emir, Osman Digna. He is a gentleman whose manipulation of the slave trade cost England both blood



HIS ONLY PHOTOGRAPH.
and money. The picture was taken in Suakin for Miss Gordon, daughter of the famous general.

Variety Is the Spice of Life.
For one gallon of soup hash up very fine three onions, two green peppers, one stalk celery, one small piece of garlic; put the above in a saucepan with two ounces of clarified butter and a dash of a golden color. Take three quarts of fresh tomatoes, hash up very fine; one quart of stock or bouillon; add pepper, salt, one teaspoonful of sugar and some nutmeg; place it all together on the fire, and to it add the other ingredients, previously sauted. To this add 21 ounces rice, sauted in butter, 25 minutes before it is cooked.