

## KILL WITHOUT FEAR.

### CRIMES PERPETRATED UNDER EYES OF PHYSICIANS.

How Assassins Escape—Doctors Forced to Hold Their Tongues Through Fear That Proof May Not Convince Juries of the Crimes.

"Even the horror-fed public of today might well be temporarily startled by the statement of Sir Crichton Browne, that wicked persons with a modern scientific training might poison with impunity. Doctors are charged with creating fears, but if most of them spoke all they knew they would tell the public not what might be, but what is—that murder under the very eyes of careful doctors may often be done with impunity."

First, particularly note this fact, for it has a vital bearing on what I am going to say. There is scarcely one poisoner of the present century ultimately brought to justice, who had not served a sort of horrible apprenticeship to poisoning, and knew that it might generally be done without fear. Scarcely one of the list has there been who has not poisoned others before those in respect of whom the final trial took place. Drs. Pritchard, Palmer and Lamson, and Neill-Cream, and the hag as to whom a great judge said to Montague Williams, who had de-



DR. FORBES MITCHELL.

tended her: "Today I have sentenced to death the most terrible criminal of the century!" All these had poisoned, seemingly undetected till the final catastrophe came. Remember that even the very last on the list—Walter Horsford—had probably, scathless, murdered two people before the victim who was avenged. Then remember that even the victims in respect of whom these murderers were tried had nearly all been buried for periods shorter nor longer, and had been exhumed. Each of these execrated murderers has positively been lured on by the immunity he enjoyed.

I want to show you the amazing difficulty that even a doctor of the most distinguished skill may labor under in such cases, and to show also that the medical men who attended on the earlier victims of notorious poisoners were wanting neither in skill nor foresight. Quite half a dozen noted doctors, friends of mine, have told me of cases attended by them where they felt little moral doubt that the patient was being murdered, and yet they had to keep silence. Put yourself in the position of a young and clever doctor practicing amongst a local community who is called to a patient of some position. He actually suspects that the latter is being poisoned, and then ensues an awful dilemma. In whom is he to confide? If he told his suspicions to the patient the shock might cause the most serious results; besides, a cruel injustice would be possible, in that the patient might at once alter his will to the detriment of innocent people, for victims often deceive themselves in this way. A blindly credulous patient—under the thumb of a young woman, say—might cause a scene at once, and order the doctor to be kicked out.

The doctor dare say no word to those about the patient, for he may be confiding in the very murderer and he may but hasten the end by a word in this way; again may he be shown the door. Can he confide in the usually blundering, tactless head of police, probably an ignorant promoted constable, who might precipitate a crisis? Is he not even courting ruin by calling in another doctor—that is, if he has no power to prove his suspicions? I know a splendid young fellow who had built up a practice worth £1,000 a year, with a prospect of three times that. He saw a patient was being murdered, and at once confided in that patient's solicitor. This man made a stir, pooh-poohed the whole affair, called in another doctor, and spoke about the affair locally. The verdict of the public was "This doctor wants to be too clever; we dare not have such a man in our houses; he might say my housekeeper was poisoning me!" The patient recovered, because the murderer—for it was a woman—was frightened off; the doctor was ruined, and had to leave the place. But in less than six years the woman the doctor had suspected was charged with murdering, by poison, another wealthy employer, a bachelor. Poor consolation for the doctor.

People who have been purposely poisoned, and are just on the verge of the grave, people who have been otherwise terribly and murderously injured, often privately call in a doctor, and the latter dare not denounce the offender! "We are employed to heal, and not as detective officers," was actually the speech of a hospital doctor made in London at an inquest when the terrible injuries of a patient that could not have been self-inflicted were in no sense reported to any punitive authority. This means that which is actually the case—that many a half-murdered person is treated at hos-

pitals, and even then, so long as no inquest is required, the police hear nothing of the matter, and the murderer in intent goes free—the hospital doctor has no time to denounce murderers; he only patches up their work. I repeat that, from my own personal knowledge, and from solemn discussions on the matter with many a brother medic, murder, cruel, willful, and deliberate, is constantly being done under doctors' eyes—especially by means of poison!

—FORBES MITCHELL.

### CASIN'S STRANGE DEATH.

A letter from Guatemala dated March 11, says: "Calvin Casin, an American friend of Ezeta, the dethroned monarch of Salvador, walked over the cliff a few days since near the port of Acajutla, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Nobody believes that the act was suicidal, though he declined to take food for a couple of days prior to the occurrence. It will be remembered that Casin made a fortune in Salvador variously estimated at from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000. He shared Ezeta's exile, and participated in the expense of a sloop on which Antonio Ezeta and he sailed for California a couple of years ago. Ezeta died in Panama in poverty, and the same fate overtook Mr. Casin."

### ONE BARON'S ILL LUCK.

Baron Brunnerbom has finally been arrested in St. Louis upon a charge of vagrancy, because no other complaint seemed to be strong enough to premise a conviction. He has spent his brief term in the St. Louis jail very philosophically. He seems to be not at all ashamed of himself, but when he heard the sentence fixing him \$100 for vagrancy he bowed grandly to the judge and asked airily for a stay of execution long enough to give him time to leave town. He speaks flippantly of American women, saying that in New York the females whom he met literally threw themselves at him because he was a baron. There seems to be no doubt that he is the son of an impoverished Austrian nobleman who had been driven into trade to support his wife and children. "Baron" Gregory, as he called himself, is evidently in disgrace with his people at home, where it seems he was a source of ruinous expense and constant annoyance to his people. The baronial estate, of which he talks so pertly, is still in existence, but like many such ancient holdings, it has passed from the control of its hereditary owner to whom it was never anything but an expensive burden.

The vagrant baron of whose distinguished presence Chief Desmond had just rid St. Louis, was undoubtedly well educated, spent some time in the Austrian army and associated with men of his own class in Europe. He told people that his sister is Lady Bitulph, the wife of an English peer and lady in waiting to Queen Victoria. He also claimed acquaintances with Albert Edward, Prince Lichtenstein and a host of titled foreigners whose habits he aped and the use of whose names helped him into the society in St. Louis to which he was best suited by nature and training.

As a matter of fact, young Baron Bernard Francis Gregory de Brunnerbom was quite as noble in name and lineage as many of the successful fortune hunters from Europe who annually transfer a few large bank accounts from Wall to Lombard street, but this particular baron, in spite of



BARON GREGORY.

his good intentions to do the same thing, failed because he didn't know the way to go about it.

### French Swindler's Trick.

Paris Messenger: The Paris police had recently been looking for a swindler. A few days ago it was found that his death had been registered; whereupon the papers in the case were duly docketed and put away. But what was the surprise of a detective inspector who had known him well, and had noted the fact of his death, to come across him yesterday following a funeral to the cemetery. On mixing with the mourners the detective learned that the body being borne to its last resting place was that of the living man who was following as one of the mourners. To avoid a scene he allowed the ceremony to proceed, and then took his man into custody. The latter explains that, his brother having died, he conceived the idea of substituting his own name and papers with the view of putting the police off the scene and evading his punishment.

### Competition Too Keen.

"I see Crimmins' building is more than half empty again." "Yes, he rented the second floor to a brass band and the third floor to a populist debating club, and they both got mad and left."

## IN THE FROZEN NORTH

### A BISHOP OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

His Diocese Lies in the Frigid Zone, and He Travels Thousands of Miles Yearly—Faithful Labors in Polar Lands.

Right Rev. Peter Trimble Rowe is the bishop and head of the Episcopal diocese of Alaska. His territory is a vast one, and involves almost constant traveling on sledges, in rowboats and afoot. In the course of his preaching and diocesan duties he has traveled between 6,000 and 7,000 miles a year regularly since his appointment. He is quite a young man, being only 35 years of age, and prior to his elevation to his present position, three years ago, he was Episcopal rector at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Bishop Rowe is now in the Western states on a brief furlough, and will return to his field in May. In a recent interview he made some very interesting statements concerning his work. He will cruise among the Aleutian islands during the coming summer, visiting Indian settlements, and in the fall will come down to St. Michael and spend next winter visiting the missions in the interior along the Yukon. While traveling he wears the regular Eskimo dress of reindeer skin. With regard to the healthfulness of the Arctic regions, he says the natural hardships incident to life in such an inclement latitude, together with a lack of a wholesome variety in the food, are



BISHOP ROWE.

responsible for nearly all the sickness to be found there. With these conditions improved or instigated the climate is beautiful.

"The field for spiritual work in Alaska," he added, "is boundless, for in addition to natives, upward of 100,000 white men have gone into the country lately. We had three missions three years ago, but now we have twelve. Polygamy prevails among the Eskimo on the Asiatic side, but it has nearly died out in Alaska. At our mission at Anvik, on the Yukon, one of the last Indians who practiced polygamy was shown the error of his ways in a forcible fashion last winter. He attempted to discipline one of his four wives, and the other three joined forces with her and attacked him until he became convinced of the evils of polygamy."

In his last report of the progress of the missions under his charge, Bishop Rowe gives some instructive facts. He has eight clergymen engaged in active work, two medical missionaries, one teacher, six women (nurses and teachers), exclusive of the faithful, helpful wives of missionaries, two licensed lay-readers, five native catechists—twenty-five workers in all. The population has, within the three years, probably doubled. Educational work has progressed amazingly, and the schools are rapidly extending. Last year's work by the bishop included visits to Sitka, Juneau, Douglas Island, Ketchikan, Skagway, Dyea, points on the trail to the interior, Eagle City, Circle City, Fort Yukon, Fort Hamlin, Rampart City, Fort Adams, Copper river, Valdes, Orca, Unalaska, etc. He made two visitations throughout southeastern Alaska, one to the interior of Alaska, traveled by steamer, small boat and on foot 8,000 miles, held 155 public services; preached 98 sermons and 57 addresses, officiated at 40 celebrations, 1 marriage, 5 burials, 5 baptisms, 1 ordination, 8 confirmations, and licensed 2 lay readers.

## FAMOUS "SCOOPS"

How the First Publication of Some Big Events Were Secured.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer: Of the long list of important bits of news caught by chance in the journalistic world none surpassed the manner in which a New York paper secured the account of the sinking of the British man of war Victoria some years ago. As may be remembered, the unfortunate craft was rammed in a naval maneuver off the coast of Algiers. A coasting vessel brought the news to a little station of a Dutch cable company, which promptly sent the news to its headquarters. The European correspondent of the New York paper caught the tip from a friend in the employ of the company, and, hastening to the British admiralty office, laid the catastrophe before it. He was laughed at for his pains, but nevertheless cabled all he could get on the matter to his paper. Two days after the thing was world news, but the London papers had been obliged to copy from an American contemporary the most startling piece of news of the year.

When the news of Gladstone's intended resignation was first published few people in all England believed it to be true. No one could realize how he could relinquish his commanding position. However, the premier was in earnest and confidentially mentioned his determination to a friend at a restaurant. A waiter happened to overhear him and, hastening to the office of a leading daily, offered to sell his news. It was said that he received \$1,500 for it.

## SHE WEARS A STAR.

### A NEW WOMAN IN PACIFIC ISLANDS.

She Is One of Hawaii's Finest—Helen Wilder Wears the Star of the Hawaiian Police Force and Wears It Very Creditably.

(Special Letter.)

Helen Wilder wears the star of the Hawaiian police on her breast. She is probably the only woman police officer in the world. She is wealthy, too, at that, the heiress of a vast Hawaiian estate, and prominent in Hawaiian society. She is simply a plain woman with plain ideas, no fuss or fizzle, believing herself on an equality with man, neither asking nor giving favors. Helen Wilder calls a spade a spade. She chooses to be called a policeman, disclaiming her right to the title of "special officer." She does not even object to the sobriquet of "cop." But then the things that Helen Wilder does object to are the very ones that are most dear to the heart feminine. She wouldn't give a lei of sweet scented mail for all the gowns that Worth ever made. She doesn't care a fig for dances, teas or the dilly dallying of society. She snaps her fingers in the face of conventionality without so much as a "beg pardon." She dons a short skirt, a shirt waist, a military hat and rides her horse with the dexterity of a vaquero, or she handles the reins with the dexterity of a pioneer stage driver; in a rowboat she can paddle as swiftly and as easily as a Kanaka fisherman. Wherever she is, whatever she may be doing, she carries a pair of handcuffs to snap on the wrists of the tormentor of children and animals. Above all, she is always Helen Wilder. Like no one else in dress, manner or speech, she can always be depended on to do the unexpected. Honolulu did elevate its eyebrows though when her engagement was announced to Frank Unger. 'Twas strange, indeed, that she should choose this bon vivant, this light-hearted Bohemian, prince of good fellows. A beautiful cottage was built for them at the beach of the Waikiki.

But the house at the beach has never been occupied. Helen Wilder broke the engagement when the wedding day was almost at hand. Honolulu sighed in relief. "That was just like Helen Wilder."

Then there came a dashing young officer who laid siege to her heart according to naval tactics. And when he sailed away on the seven seas from each port came a letter for Helen Wilder. But alas! the same mail would also bring a missive for one of the many Afong girls. And gossip said that the officer had plighted his troth a deuce. And under its breath it whispered that he was addicted to French perfumes. So the second time Helen Wilder took the circlet of gold from her finger. Helen Wilder is not the girl to droop and pine and wear her heart on her sleeve. Instead she wears a five-pointed bit of silver on her hat and breast, and she is proud of this policeman's star, for it gives her the power to stop abuses. The native policemen are very fond of this member of their force. On Christmas day she gave them a dinner in the police station. Only those on the "force" sat down to the feast, and many were the grateful thanks which the policemen heaped upon their sister member. The soldier lads who landed at Honolulu have likewise reason to be grateful to Helen Wilder, for right royally did she treat them. Her mother, "Aunt Lizzie," as she is called, was not less hospitable. A funny story went the rounds, and none laughed heartier or told it more gleefully than Helen Wilder herself. Aunt Lizzie invited a number of the boys in blue to dine. Helen happened to be away. They



HELEN WILDER.

ate Aunt Lizzie's goodies and listened to her stories, for which she is noted. Then a youth asked, "Who is the funny looking girl who wears stars? She's a freak!" The question made those who knew the truth see stars. Helen Wilder goes wherever her duty calls of the checkrein of the swiftest turnout in Honolulu is drawn too tight she commands the driver to stop and unfasten it. Fear she has never felt. Coolie, Jap, Kanaka or white man, she arrests them all, in spite of threats. Let the drivers overload the buses, or the Waikiki tram cars pull out overloaded, and out will come her handcuffs. She will brook cruelty toward neither children nor animals. It was reported that the captain of a steamship that put into port at Honolulu

had maltreated his children. Helen Wilder boarded the steamship and investigated the charges. She found that the captain for some slight offense had locked the children in a state room for several days, keeping them on bread and water. To the surprise and indignation of the protesting captain this young woman promptly marched him down the gangplank and straight to jail.

But arrived there, she was told that the captain, not being a resident, must be released. So the steamship put off for Victoria, the captain vowing vengeance. When he landed there he found that a local society for the prevention of cruelty had been requested from Honolulu to take him in charge, and was met with a formal request to explain things. In this way Helen Wilder followed him up and endeavored to have him punished for breaking the law, as she claimed. Other women in other cities have been made special officers. But Honolulu claims that there never was a special officer like Helen Wilder. She wears her star constantly and she uses the power which it gives her constantly.

Helen Wilder is as much a part of Hawaii as is Mauna Loa. Visitors never fail to ask who she is. For with close-cropped hair and confident stride, her soft hat and shining star, she never fails to attract attention. Hawaiian society, which is itself complex and odd, does not often frown upon her eccentricities.

They like her because she is bright and original, because her personality is as refreshing as it is peculiar. They recognize her clear-grained human worth. Men who are tired of the Inane or the clinging vine act find in Helen Wilder a comrade who is interesting, amusing and altogether charming.

### REMARKABLE WHEAT STACK.

The stack shown in the accompanying illustration has been standing



upon a farm at Stradbroke in Suffolk, for over twenty-one years, and is probably the oldest in England. It is the produce of a field of wheat grown in 1877, when prices ruled somewhat high, and the owner declared that he would not sell it for less than 30s per coomb. As the market value has never risen to this figure he has rigorously kept to his word, and the stack remains unthrashed to this day. Externally, it presents quite an antique appearance, and a glance at the illustration will show what havoc the rats have made; and every few years, when the stack is re-thatched, the blackened straw contrasts strangely with its new roof.

### TROPICAL LANGUOR IN HAVANA

How Workmen Take Their Own Good Time—Haste a Stranger.

Just at present the building occupied by the Times of Cuba has been undergoing a series of repairs. These repairs have been going on for a week and at the present rate they are apt to go on for some months to come. The repairs are much needed, but they are entirely under control of a Spanish landlord who has been in the islands so long he doesn't know how old he is. The workmen are Cubans and there are two gangs of them, one directed by a master mason and the other by a master carpenter. Their methods form an interesting and unique study to one who has no interest in the welfare of the Times of Cuba. For example, the master mason, who is black, comes straggling into the building about 8 o'clock in the morning, followed by three or four little blacks. They stir up mortar and the black master lays three bricks and then goes off to breakfast, which lasts about two hours. He then returns, smoking a cigarette, and lays two more bricks, when he is called away to see a sick cousin. He may return again, or he may not, but his total day's work, with the assistance of his little negroes, averages the laying of five bricks. The carpenter, who is a white man, keeps apace with the mason in the amount of work he does. He drives a nail, then rolls a cigarette and then he strolls off to a neighboring cafe, leaving his two helpers roosting on a plank. It is no wonder that rents are high in Havana. The wonder is that any such houses as are seen here today were ever built at all.—Times of Cuba.

### She Filled the Bill.

The theatrical manager looked up from the bill file on his desk and scrutinized the young woman carefully. "So you want to be featured, do you?" he asked. "Yes, sir," was the reply, as the woman tossed her head and filled the air with the soft, soothing odor of peroxide. "Have you a past?" inquired the manager anxiously. "Two of them," was the quick retort. "Two of them; how's that?" "One died, and I've been divorced from the other."—Detroit Free Press.

### A Boarding House Conundrum.

"When is a claf like a hen in hot water?" inquired the facetious boarder, addressing nobody in particular. "I don't know," replied the landlady. "Please tell us." "When it is a chicken stew," was the rejoinder. And a deep hush fell upon the assemblage.—New York Journal.