The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 46..... NO. 16,221.

A Judge's Side Interests.

The admissions made on the witness stand by Judge Joseph M. Deuel show the variety of outside activities in which a Judge may engage.

Judge Deuel was a City Magistrate from Jan. 1, 1895, to Dec. 31, 1903, when he became a Justice of the Court of Special Sessions.

During a part of that time he was also Vice-President and counsel of the Town Topics Publishing Company at a salary of $1,200 a year. "For past services rendered" he received an additional bonus of $1,000. A salary of $1,800 yearly was paid him by the Ess Ess Publishing Company.

He was a director of the Ess Ess Publishing Company, the Smart Set Publishing Company, the Publishers and Printers' Realty Company and the Charles Zaller Company.

He drew the charters for the Printers' Company, the Zaller Company and the Clark Economical Power Company.

These various interests Judge Deuel seems not to have found incompatible with his judicial position. The fact that under the city charter "no judge shall engage in any other business as a lawyer or otherwise" did not concern him. By an economical division of his time he prevented any conflict of his several occupations. "As a Judge on the bench he did not neglect his duty as counsel for Town Topics," and similarly as counsel for Town Topics he did not slight his judicial duties.

Mr. Jerome's arraignment last fall of judges for "directing business affairs" is clearly remembered.

By the irony of circumstances Mr. Jerome is now in court charged with the duty of representing the people in the case which introduces Justice Deuel as a plaintiff in the suit for criminal libel which has brought out this interesting testimony.

A Theatre-Manager Squad?

By Magistrate Steinert's decision, theatrical managers have the right to exclude from theatres men wearing the uniform of railway companies. By recent decisions of the Supreme Court, theatre managers are empowered to refuse admission to persons in their judgment objectionable as auditors.

If the theatre manager goes on gaining in authority through judicial interpretation of his functions he will become a new force to be reckoned with, a czar within the proper limits. His theatre will be his castle. Possibly in time he may be called on to co-operate with the police in enforcing the law and maintaining order. Some McAdoo of the future may give us a theatre-manager squad.

At least, the thought of the power invested in the man at the box office cannot fail to exercise an influence on the conduct of audiences, repressing any tendency to boisterousness or bad behavior while on his premises.

The Nerve-Wrecking "Honk!"

Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, having built a 250-horse power automobile within the racing weight limits, proposes to keep on manufacturing these machines, but only for his own use, not commercially.

That is one extreme of the nerve-wrecking "honk" machine. A 250-horse power machine is unfit for the public road. It is in itself useless.

The auto exhibitions now open in town show many auto trucks and delivery wagons. These are wholly useful. Horses will be nearly, perhaps quite, ruled out of the great 15,000,000-peopled New York of the future.

Such Good Fishing, Too!

By J. Campbell Cory.

Letters from the People

Legal Aid Society, 239 Broadway.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

How can a poor working girl get her full pay for work rendered? The party paid two-thirds of my bill and will not pay the balance. Where can I apply for free aid? NETTY.

Cannot Overcome Gravity Law.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

R. Elvin asks if a material object will remain in the centre or fall to the bottom of a sphere from which all air has been extracted. If a material object is placed inside of a sphere, the air being afterward taken out, leaving therein a vacuum, the object will remain at the bottom of the sphere, owing to the fact we cannot overcome the laws of gravitation. I have had occasion to notice such a phenomenon in my daily experience in the laboratory. W. T. KENNEDY.

Police Reform.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

I hear that promoted policemen have friends intercede in many cases with some member of the Advisory Board. This system should be suppressed in the Police Department, as it seems to me far more dangerous and demoralizing than the old corrupt C. O. D. system (possibly not totally extinct), for the captain who has been "made" by somebody other than the Police Commissioner is seldom wholly independent. Cleanse the road to promotion; see that Civil Service is honest, and in a few years the department will be out of politics, and we will have honest and efficient men in the higher ranks of the Police Department, setting good examples to their subordinates and elevating the force in the confidence and estimation of the public. EX-PATROLMAN.

Weights and Measures.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read the statement of Chief Derry, of the Bureau of Weights and Measures, that scales and weights used by retailers are fixed so as to give short weight. The statement is also made that retailers bore holes in the bottom of iron weights so as to give short weight. I have some weights in my store that have holes in the bottom of them and still they are correct. They were received that way from the factory, and the reason is that they were cast too heavy and were ground out to make them the right weight. Although some retailers may use short weights, I don't think it is right to make the innocent suffer with the guilty. B. H.

Flathouse Queries.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will readers who have had experience in such matters kindly let me know whether the rents are higher as you go up in an elevator apartment or whether the second floor is always the highest and the top floor the cheapest? C. E. T., Belleville, N. J.

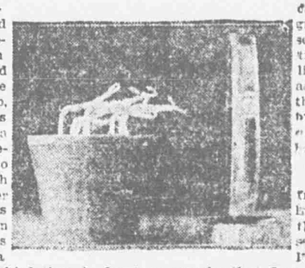
Answers to Questions

A Group of Oddities In Picture and Story.

THIS is perhaps the oldest of the many "aged couple" photographs ever published. It represents Mr. and Mrs. Pointed Cap, of the Cree tribe of Indians. Pointed Cap takes his name from his "dunce" headgear, and is a power in his tribe. The woman beside him has reached the ripe age of 105, and is Pointed Cap's fifth wife. She is as lean and wrinkled as an Egyptian mummy, but is still vigorous and healthy. The illustration is reproduced from the London Sketch. Pointed Cap's marital record is quite eclipsed by that of Geronimo, who recently married his eighth wife.

Halmagen, in Roumania, possesses a unique public festival. It is a little town of about 1,200 inhabitants, and on the morning of its annual fair day the population from about eighty villages comes trooping in swarms. Then there go out to meet them all the young women, married or single, of Helmagen, each bearing a small flower garlanded vessel of wine, and all attended by their godmothers. As the visitors approach the young women offer to each a taste of wine and a kiss. This strange custom is supposed to have its origin in the escape centuries ago of some Halmagen women after being carried off by Turks. As they neared their own homes their joy caused them to embrace every neighbor at sight.

Thomas McLaughlin, the oldest mail carrier in New Jersey, has begun his twenty-eighth year as an employee of Uncle Sam. He was appointed to carry the mail pouch betwen the West Jersey and Seashore Railroad station and the post-office, a distance of about a mile, twenty-eight years ago, and, with the exception of one day, he has made nine round trips daily between the post-office and station. Altogether he has walked something like 84,000 miles.



The phosphorescent light (caused by luminous bacteria) often seen on dead wood and known as fox-fire or will o' the wisp, and sometimes found on meat in a certain stage of decay, has been put to odd use by a French scientist. A number of these luminous bacteria have been placed in a glass tube and set in a dark cellar near a growing plant. As seen by the illustration, the bacterial light attracts and aids the growth of the plant, drawing toward its glow each of the tender growing sprouts.

Flames issuing from the top of a live redwood tree is the sight that can be seen in the State Park in the Big Basin. This is the third time in fourteen months that flames have been visible. The fire is burning constantly, but at times so slowly that it is not perceptible. The heart of the tree is decayed and it burns like punk until the blaze burns a hole through the trunk. This forms a vent and causes the smoldering embers to burst into flames. The tree was 140 feet in height when it first took fire. Now it is but ninety feet high.

On a seismograph at Simla, India, presented to the meteorological department by Prof. Ormori, the Japanese earthquake expert, the shock caused by the blowing up of the steamship Chatham in the Suez Canal, 2,500 miles away, was recorded.

This is a snap shot of "Lucky street," in France. The street's original name was Rue Beaudriere, in the city of Angers. Recently the thoroughfare has leaped into fame, and superstitious people are offering any price for rooms there. The cause is as follows: Less than two years ago, says the London Sketch, from which this picture is taken, the tenant of No. 78 won 100,000 francs in a lottery. A year ago the tenant of No. 80 also won 100,000 francs. Last month the tenant of No. 79 received 100,000 francs premium on a municipal bond he owned.

Quiack, the oldest Indian in the Northwest, died recently at his home on Satsop River, Chehalis County, Washington. He was at least 120 years old, as he was old and gray-haired when the oldest settlers came to Grays Harbor fifty years ago.

Athens, Greece, has many fine buildings, but the provisions for fighting fires are most inadequate. The fire brigade consists of men detailed from the regular army, who, in addition to clothes and keep, get only 10 cents a week.

Experiments made with kites on the Mediterranean have shown that over a large surface of water the temperature and the rapidity of air movements decline steadily in proportion to the altitude.

Kidnapped in New York,

The Machinations of a Russian Secret Society Pitted Against the Love of a Plucky New Yorker.

By Arthur Rochefort,

AUTHOR OF "THE DETACHED BRAIN."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edward Merton, a wealthy young New Yorker, with musical tastes, falls in love with Sophia Wagner, daughter of an old Russian music master. To further his suit he takes rooms in the same house with the Wagners. There he meets several foreign friends of theirs, Emanuel Malnati, Alexis Trelitz, Nicholas Orloff and others. One evening Sophia accosts Merton with the cry, "My father! They have found him and killed him or carried him to Russia!"

Merton, aided by Patrolman Mullen, a former servant of his father's, undertakes to find the vanished professor. Malnati tells Sophia that he will bring back her father to her as the price of her hand. She agrees.

Wagner meantime has been kidnapped by a Russian secret society. Orloff, who also loves Sophia, promises Wagner freedom if he will give up some papers that incriminate Orloff's brother. It was to gain these papers and others that the society captured him. Wagner refuses and is drugged.

Merton enlists the services of his friend, Don Freeman, in the search. He offers a reward of $5,000 for the professor's rescue. Returning to the Wagner house he learns that Sophia, too, has disappeared.

An ex-convict, Tom Bliff by name, and Jennie, his wife, accost Merton and volunteer to earn the reward.

Bliff hides in the house where Wagner is confined. Sophia has been captured and is in custody with her father.

Bliff steals a carved casket from the house. Merton announces that he has, in a scrap of paper, a clue to the whole mystery.

CHAPTER VIII.

Orloff's Resolution.

THE better to understand Edward Merton's clue, and to convince ourselves that he did not stand badly in need of a doctor, as Don Freeman feared, we must return for a few minutes to Tom Bliff and his wife.

The ex-burglar, perhaps in the present case he might be called "the still active burglar," had not the faintest suspicion that he had been so close to Prof. Wagner and his daughter. Daring, though he certainly was, he could not imagine himself hiding the evidence of the crime within an arm's reach of the place where it was committed; but he did believe that he had unearthed a den of Russian thieves, and he felt a racial bitterness against them.

"Hi tell you, Jen," he said when his wife sobbed over what she regarded as his sudden relapse from the honest life he had promised her and himself. "them Rooshin guys in that house over there is as crookit as a dog's hind leg. Straight men don't ack like them; not much."

"But stealin' is stealin'," urged Jennie, "even if one steals from a thief."

"Mebbe it is; but it don't strike me as so bloomin' bad as to steal from a pore woman or a orphing, an' that's wot many as drives their coaches does. But, girly, Hi was thinkin' of Fritz, pore Fritz Hugger, who's shiverin' this night over in the Tombs, an' 'im as [illegible]

"Don't ask me now, but let me have my own way just this once!"

Merton soon recovered himself and told how the woman had come to him with this paper and explained all about it, having first pledged him to secrecy till she released him.

"Well," said the sergeant, examining the paper again, "I don't see that this helps us one little bit."

"But it does!" persisted Merton. "We must find a man who can read Russian."

"Nothing easier than that," said the sergeant.

Going to the door leading into the bar, he called out: "Paul; come in here!" and immediately after a sturdy young man entered and asked:

"What wants the sergeant?"

"Can you read Russian?"

"Yes, sergeant."

Sergt. Birmingham handed him the paper and said:

"Read that."

The man looked at the markings in a perplexed way, then after a bit his face brightened, and taking a little circular mirror from his breast pocket, he held the markings under the light so as to see their reflection in the glass. [illegible]

"That reads: 'Presented to Count August[illegible] von Wagner, by his friend, Alexis II., T. Christmas, 1890.'"

"August von Wagner, that is the professor's full name, and in Russia, he was a count," said Merton.

"Thank you. Pack that with care," said the sergeant, and he waved the interpreter away.

"This may be just the clue we are in want of," said Don Freeman puffing vigorously at his cigar, "but at the present moment and with this limited information, I can't just see where it comes in."

"Nor can I," said the sergeant, "for unfortunately the possession of a missing man's name isn't a guide to his hiding place."

"Let me explain," broke in Merton, whose confidence in the value of the clue was unshaken by this adverse criticism. "Prof. Wagner would not give an article of that kind to another. Yet two hours ago that inscription was copied in the room of an ex-burglar, and by his wife, the woman who brought it to me."

"But where did the ex-burglar get the casket?" interrupted the sergeant.

"He confesses that he stole it, as evidence and not as booty."

"When did he steal it?"

"This very night."

"And where did he steal it from?"

"The woman, who appears to be honest, will tell only on one condition."

"What is the condition; that she gets the reward you offered if this clue should amount to anything?"

"No, sergeant; the woman never mentioned money. The condition is that a man named Fritz Hugger, an ex-convict, who is now in the Tombs with no charge against him, shall be at once released. When that's done, the casket will be turned over to the officers, and the purloiner will explain how and where he got it," said Merton.

"Fritz Hugger? Fritz Hugger?" repeated the sergeant, with his finger to his brow, as is the habit with some men when trying to aid memory. "Why, I arrested him myself a few days ago, on suspicion and just to have him out of temptation during the crowded holidays. And, yes; he came down from Sing Sing a few weeks ago with his pal, an English burglar, named Tom Bliff, and the most daring man in the profession. Why, it must be Tom's wife, Jennie, that came to you? She is not at all a bad sort. But, if I'm right, and I think I am, I can have them before daylight."

"I pledged my word to help get Fritz Hugger out, and to keep her secret. Now, sergeant, I don't know much about this business, but, as a simple, common sense proposition, it does strike me that the best, because the shortest and easiest, way is to release Fritz Hugger at once; then I shall be free to take him to the spot where the casket is, and we can learn all about it in no time," said Merton, with more decision than he had shown since the blow fell on him.

Don Freeman was strongly of his friend's opinion, and the sergeant, though not fully convinced, telephoned for a carriage.

An order for the immediate release of the man in the Tombs must be had at once, an unusual proceeding at that time of night, or rather of the morning. But Sergt. Birmingham knew how to act.

It was now about 2 o'clock on Christmas morning, and the weather [illegible] to a snowstorm that promised to turn into a blinding blizzard before daylight.

As soon as the carriage had vanished with its three occupants, Paul, the son of the proprietor of the cafe, threw on his hat and coat and, making sure he was not followed, he dashed through the storm to No. 17 Betaine place and rang the bell connecting with the upper floors.

Alexis Trelitz admitted the young Russian, but not a word was spoken till they were in the second-story back room, where a fire still burned in the grate and Dr. Semovitch and Orloff sat smoking.

Speaking in Russian, Paul quickly told all that had happened and all he had overheard in the back room of the cafe.

Before Paul had finished his story Orloff sprang to his feet and, with a cry of "The casket! the casket!" dashed up to the mansard floor.

In a few minutes he came back, his face turned to ashes and dread in his light blue eyes. "It's gone; it's gone!" he gasped. "We have been robbed!"

To be convinced of this startling report he started upstairs again, followed by the others.

The stove had gone out and the smoking lamp was about to follow its example. The second search was as fruitless as the first. It was the doctor who discovered that the thief had also stolen the vodki, a fact of no importance except that it showed the man had entered the house, and by the roof, to pick up whatever he could find.

"The robber must have come from the house at the back!" Through the dusty passage Orloff dashed to a back window, threw it open and looked out, as did the others who had followed.

Through the breaks in a paper shade covering a window not six feet away they could see a dim light in Tom Bliff's room; but, no matter his suspicions, each kept silent.

"Let us get down! Curse the casket and the thief! The time has come to act!" hissed Orloff, resolution in his voice and purpose in his every movement.

"What's to be done now?" asked Semovitch when they were back in the lower room.

"We must get a carriage and start before daylight. The storm will help us. Unfortunately the steamer doesn't sail till half-past three, but I know a hotel, kept by a friend and close to the pier, where we can stay till we can get on board. Paul, hurry out and fetch a carriage at once; here's money; never mind the coat. Alexis, you must stay back to take charge of things here and to answer questions"——

"But the lady? Wil she go?" asked Alexis.

"Go?" was the reply. "She would go to perdition to save the life of her father, and that's the alternative she must face within an hour!"

(To Be Continued.)

"Martin Hewitt, Investigator," a series of stirring detective romances, introducing Sherlock Holmes's new rival, will begin in Wednesday's Evening World, Jan. 24.