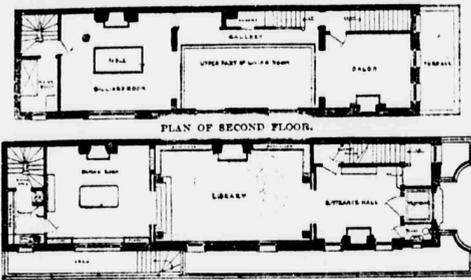


# CITY HOUSE TRANSFORMED

## CHANGE WROUGHT IN AN OLD-FASHIONED BROWNSTONE DWELLING

What skilful architecture can accomplish with an ordinary twenty-foot New York house of the prevailing brownstone species is interestingly exhibited in the dwelling at the northeast corner of Park avenue and Sixty-fifth street.

But any of the effects accomplished in the house could have been secured just as readily if it had stood in the middle of a block.



FLOOR PLANS OF THE ALTERED HOUSE.

seemed to adapt it to possible change and improvement. That was that it stood on a corner.

He put up the high stoop, made a dining room and kitchen in the basement and achieved his decorative triumph with a niche in the turn of the hall on the staircase near the second floor. There was never

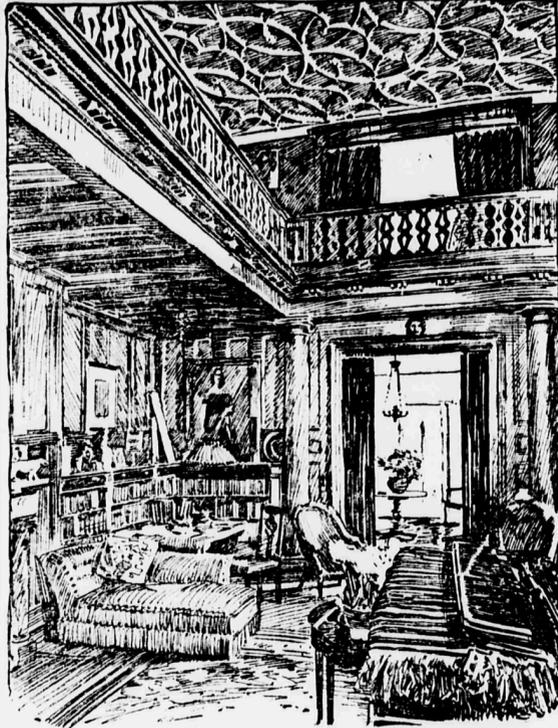
anything suited to this aesthetic feat except a marble statue. As few families possessed marble statuary, the niche was usually vacant.

results only a few years ago. At least the builders of a month or two ago with this inevitable plan in mind would never have thought such a thing possible.

the front of the gallery floor, with the billiard room directly in the rear. The stairs leading to the upper rooms of the house cut off part of the twenty feet of the facade, making the width of the reception room only about sixteen feet.



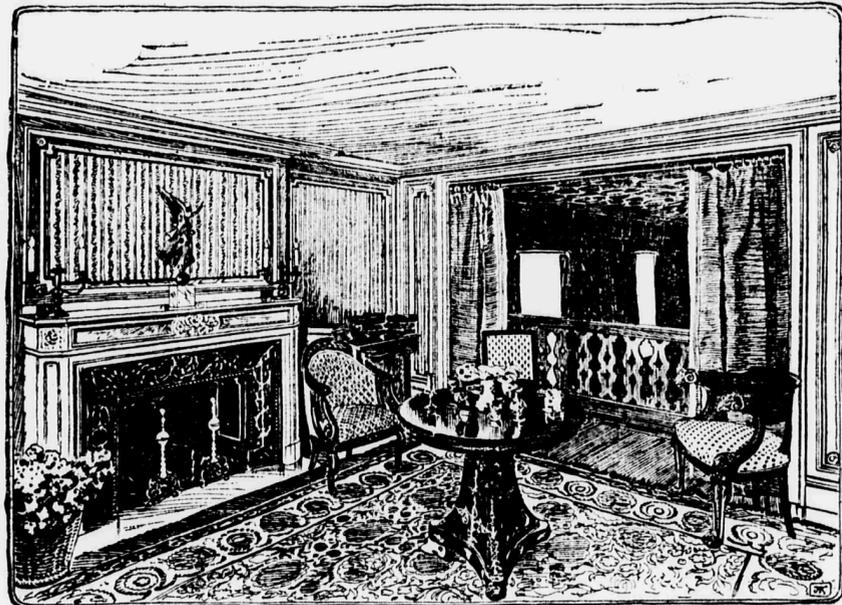
LIBRARY, WITH VIEW OF DINING ROOM.



DRAWING ROOM, WITH VIEW OF THE GALLERY.

does not diminish the unusual achievement of the architect who accomplished these changes in a building that was already standing and seemed to offer very little

opportunity for such improvement. In the result the residence is an admirable illustration of what domestic architecture is today.



LOUIS XVI SALON.

simplicity of the builder's plans prevailed.

The house showed signs of a new, but an altered, era, and the architect, who is also the owner of the house, was hampered to an extent that would not have been possible had he put up an entirely new building.

The entrance hall is Colonial. It is a small square room from which a flight of steps leads to the floor above. It is paneled in white.

One passes from this hall into the library, of which the walls are hung in red brocade, the wood paneling being in dark walnut.

### MURDER WON'T ALWAYS OUT.

#### A CRIME AT OMAHA THAT WAS REALLY NOT A MYSTERY.

There Was Moral Certainty as to the Man Who Killed Watson B. Smith, but Not a Bit of Evidence—The Case Recalled in a Discussion About Police Detectives.

They were sitting in that corner of the club café which the Colonel had occupied so regularly and so long that not another club member would think of taking a chair there when it was known that the Colonel was in town, unless it were at the invitation of that gentleman.

As usual, the Colonel had a little group around him, who, between discussions of the contents of the glasses or the cigar boxes, contributed accounts either of events in their own lives or of observations of events in the lives of others.

The doctor declared an unfavorable opinion. He recited a long list of crimes of magnitude, toward the solution of which the police had not contributed a word, or at most an impossible theory.

"There is the proof of their uselessness," he said. "Murder will out if you give it half a chance. There never was a murder yet that was committed with such care or skill that it could not be brought home to the murderer if only simple common sense were used instead of the wild invention some of these alleged detectives employ.

"Oh, I don't know, doctor," said the Colonel. "The thing has happened, you know. Or maybe you don't know it, but I do.

"There is a difference between moral certainty as to the guilty person and legal evidence. I knew a case of cold-blooded murder, where the community was aroused to the most extreme excitement and the most strenuous efforts were made to bring the criminal to justice.

"The entire city knew, or believed it did, which amounted to the same thing, who was the murderer. It was as plain as a pikestaff to any one. Yet there was not the first particle of tangible proof. The police were helpless, and the imported assistance was no better. The crime was never solved."

"What was it, Colonel?" asked the doctor. "I should like to hear about it. My disgust at the present condition of police affairs has been growing so strong that perhaps it will help me out a little."

"It was the murder of Watson B. Smith in Omaha," replied the Colonel. "That

must have been twenty-one or two years ago now.

"I was a Major then, and my battalion was stationed at the fort there, so I was in a position to make myself familiar with all the details that were known about the crime.

"But I should not call it a mystery. I am as firmly convinced that I knew the murderer as I am that I see you gentlemen at this moment. The mystery was in securing the evidence.

"Mr. Smith was one of the best known men in the city. He was very popular with the better element and cordially detested by the roughs and saloon hangers-on. That was because of the activity he displayed in the endeavor to compel the enforcement of the Sunday laws.

"Nebraska at that time had a license law which, if enforced, would practically compel the shutting up of saloons on Sundays, and in fact in any forbidden hours. No back or side doors were permitted and there were no rear rooms. The entire front had to be open and clear, with no obstruction of any sort to the view, so that any person walking along the street could see at any time every one who was in the saloon and all that was going on. No screens or opaque glass were allowed.

"Of course, the only violation of that sort of law that was possible was the open and flagrant abuse that must have been winked at or connived in by the police.

"The situation in Omaha was pretty bad. There was a good many saloons, and most of them had screens or blinds or some similar obstruction to a clear view which enabled them to run without observation or interruption during the prohibited hours.

"The city officials were either in a corrupt deal with the saloon men, or else were too weak to make a fight against them, and so the matter went. Finally there was a public outcry against the flagrant violation of the law.

"A society was organized to compel the city authorities to see that it was enforced. The best people of the city were members of the organization, and Watson B. Smith was its president, or secretary.

"He was a member of one of the churches and a firm believer in the liquor law. He thought if it were enforced properly it would go nearer to solving the vexed questions that grow out of liquor selling than any law of which he had ever heard. He was a man of tremendous energy and push, and from habit of life as well as from conviction of the righteousness of what he was doing he was extremely active in the new society.

"But Mr. Smith was not the kind of man to be deterred in doing what he believed to be right by any such cowardly methods. There was only one way to stop him, and that was finally employed.

"He was a thoroughly courageous man, and for himself he did not hesitate to meet the saloon men in any or all of their schemes. I think the only worry he had about it was for his family. He did take precautions for their behalf, going so far as to have his house watched all the time and his children guarded when they went out. But for himself he would have no such attention. He did not even carry a revolver.

"There was much talk among the liquor men about what would happen to Mr. Smith and some bitter threats were made. But there was one man who kept a place in the lower part of the city who never said a word.

"In the front window of his saloon, however, was placed a large skull with crossbones. Underneath was a strip of paper on which was printed: 'Sacred to the memory of one who put up the death's head, and the saloonkeeper would not answer any questions about it. If any one began to talk of the thing in his presence he turned and walked away. No one ever heard him mention the name of Mr. Smith, but the death's head remained in his front window, where any passer could see it.

"Then came the killing. Mr. Smith was clerk of the United States District Court, and traveled considerably in his district. On one occasion, when he had been away from home for a week or ten days, he did reach Omaha by the train on a certain day, arriving by a train that reached Omaha late in the evening.

"He said he would go directly to his office in the Federal building, as he had some work to do that was of immediate importance, and she need not worry if he did not reach home until after midnight. He did reach Omaha by the train on the day he had expected to come, and went to his office. It was on the third floor of the post office building, in a corner. The door opened on the main corridor of the building, swinging into the room.

"Mrs. Smith had become extremely nervous about her husband, owing to the continued threats against him, and was unable to sleep that night. She sat reading and waiting for him until about midnight, and then, having heard nothing from him, she sent one of the servants to rouse a neighbor who was one of their closest friends, and to ask him to go down to the post office and see if anything had happened to Mr. Smith. This was in the days before the telephone had become the common convenience that it is now and messages were slower in delivery.

"The neighbor, understanding Mrs. Smith's anxiety, got up at once and started down town. He saw that there was no light in Mr. Smith's office, and concluded that he had not returned to the city. But to make sure, he went up the stairs, intending to try the door.

"At the entrance to the post office he met the watchman and asked if anything had occurred during the evening that had attracted his attention. The watchman replied that it had been a perfectly quiet night and that nothing whatever had happened.

"How he happened to find Mr. Smith in his office that one night no one can tell. Perhaps he had watched, or Mr. Smith was going by and saw the light. It is certain he was guilty. But there was never any proof."

head, the ball entering from behind and the right ear, and going clear through the skull completely, so that the top was lifted off the body, and the man fell backward.

"Mr. Smith's keys were hanging in the door. It was evident that the work he had had to do at his office had been finished. The door had been locked and he had left his left hand caught the door knob as he passed through, pulling it shut behind him. He had a revolver in his right hand.

"As he inserted the key in the lock and stooped slightly to lock the door, the bullet, which was in the air, struck him in the forehead, and he fell backward.

"Immediately the hunt began. The city and the State. The members of the society of which Mr. Smith had been the moving force in the movement to enforce the law, all told the conviction of the murderer would have been worth \$25,000 to the persons who secured it.

"The police devoted themselves to the solution of the crime, and so did detectives from all over the country. The first effort was to trace the murderer, but he was still there, with the legend under it, but the man was just as silent as before. He was arrested and held for a few days, but he would not admit of any evidence being obtained against him.

"He slept alone above the saloon. He would be married, and there was no way of telling when he went to bed on the night of the murder. The crime was discovered long enough after the hour for closing saloons to admit of his having been in his own place until the closing time and then having committed the crime.

"But there was no proof. He refused absolutely to say a word to any one about the crime. Detectives hunted his place for weeks and months. But he never was heard to mention the name of Mr. Smith and he would not admit of any one else to mention it in his presence.

"If the murderer came up for discussion he went somewhere else. The only thing he would do was to keep the legend on his window. 'All Omaha was certain that he was the murderer. If he could have been brought back to the city, he would have secured a jury in Dodge county that would not have convicted him, but it would have been a conviction on general suspicion only. He kept that so first word of evidence was obtained against him.

"Now you see there was a case where murder would not out. That was simply because the man who did it made up his mind to keep the legend on his window. He kept his own counsel absolutely and he was so circumstanced that no proof could be obtained against him.

"How he happened to find Mr. Smith in his office that one night no one can tell. Perhaps he had watched, or Mr. Smith was going by and saw the light. It is certain he was guilty. But there was never any proof."

### MAINE'S LAST STATE BONFIRE.

#### THE FAST AND FOOLISH BLAZE STARTED BY JIM CHASE.

It Was in 1826 and Was Intended to Stop the Operations of the Timber Pirates—It Burned Over 200 Square Miles and Destroyed a Great Quantity of Timber.

BANGOR, Me., May 30.—An old lumberman sat quietly by while some men from up river were telling of the great forest fires last week, and then he spoke up to say that there might have been bigger fires, but that the fastest and foolishest fire in the history of the world was that set by order of the State of Maine, way back in 1826, Jim Chase acting as torch bearer to the Commonwealth.

In those days, said the old lumberman, the State owned all the timber, and by many people stealing timber was considered no sin at all, much less a crime. The big pumpkin pine belonged to the whole people, and why should not part of the people have their part? That was the argument of the timber pirates, and to them it seemed to be conclusive.

In order to conduct operations in the woods there must be laid in stocks of hay and grain for the horses or oxen, and the pirates used to go up to a brook at the headwaters of Sebasticus stream, where there is a great meadow, and there have a fine time all summer raising and harvesting crops of grain and hay. The crops were stacked and covered to await the winter and the coming of the oxen and horses, when all hands pitched in and helped themselves to what they wanted, or could haul out, of the best timber that ever stood in Maine.

Finally, the State authorities heard of this picnic of the pirates among the pumpkin pine, and Jim Chase, a man who knew every foot of the timber country, was sent up to put a stop to it, by burning the crops that had been stacked up in the summer of 1826. Jim said it was an easy job, and started.

He got to the brook, which had been named Hay Brook, a name which survives to this day, along in August, and it was the driest August that man or beast had ever seen on the Penobscot headwaters. Everything was like tinder, and so, when Jim Chase touched a match to the first haystack he came to, and a puff of wind came out of the west, the flames spread with lightning-like rapidity.

In five minutes every stack of grain and hay in the forty-acre field was ablaze, while the firebrands were sailing off into the timber and starting fires there. Jim had begun to eat his lunch when the fire started among the stacks, and he grinned to himself as he thought how, with one scratch of a match, he had made it impossible for the pirates to steal any logs that winter.

Just as he made up his mind that there wouldn't be a wisp of hay left, nor enough

oats to make a lunch for a sparrow, the fire suddenly shifted and blew the fire toward where he was sitting. Then it was time for Jim Chase to show what he could do in the moving line. But he couldn't go fast enough to get away from the fire on that side, and he had to fight his way back through it to the burned-over field where his boots scorched and shriveled in the blazing stubble.

Jim's red face became the color of the ashes under his feet as he looked around. On every side the woods were aflame, and great sheets of smoke, reddened with streaks of fire, were billowing high above the treetops.

The forest resounded with the cries of animals driven out by the smoke and heat. For Jim himself there was but one chance. He was on the wing, fleeing from the tremendous blaze that Jim Chase had kindled in the name of the State of Maine.

For Jim himself there was but one chance, and that was to reach a rocky hill ten miles away to the south, in which quarter the hill had made less headway than elsewhere, "supported by this time, there were no trees, but he had to get through the smoking, blazing woods, emerging at last, scorched, blistered and bleeding, at the base of the great pile of white rock which ever since that day has borne the name of Mount Chase.

Upon the bleak summit of the rocky hill Jim stayed for two weeks, descending now and then to get something to eat, by hunting or fishing. All the time he could see the woods burning in an ever-widening circle around him, and he thought that he had set fire to the whole State of Maine.

On the fiftieth night a heavy rain set in, and then, in a few hours, it was possible for Jim to travel through the burnt lands without touching the soles of his feet. In four days he reached Bangor and reported what he had done.

"Did you burn the hay?" asked the State land agent.

"Yes, s'ren, sir, I burned the hay and the ground it grew on, the woods and all the critters in it, and I'm thinking as how Moosehead Lake has 'sported by this time. There won't be no more timber stealing up there for a while yet—no, nor nothing else; that Jim's official fire had burned over five townships and parts of six others, a total of nearly two hundred square miles, and destroyed more timber than the pirates could have stolen had they lived and kept it with all their horses and oxen to the year of our Lord 1826.

That was the last official bonfire kindled in Maine, and nowadays they are so careful of the timber in dry times that the author of an unofficial bonfire is in danger of going to jail if caught.

### NEW PASS IN THE ROCKIES.

Dr. J. Norman Collier, a distinguished man of science and mountaineer of Great Britain, has in the past few years made four expeditions into the Canadian Rocky Mountains to the north of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, where the mountains were very little known. With great ability

and perseverance he has explored this difficult mountain region from a geographical point of view and has ascended lofty snow-clad peaks for the purpose of adding to his route-maps all the topographical details in sight from these high points of observation.

He has rendered a distinct service to American geography by making these mountains and the drainage among them better known. His excellent maps are helping atlas makers to improve their mapping of the mountains of this continent.

On his last expedition he found a new pass over the mountains. He was looking for it for one of his previous expeditions he conceived the idea that there should be a practical pass across the water-parting in this region between the drainage systems of the Atlantic and Pacific. This was one of the problems before him last summer and he solved it successfully.

He found the pass where he believed it to be, among the headwaters of the northern fork of the Saskatchewan River in about 53° 40' north latitude and 117° west longitude. The pass is 7,000 feet above the sea. At its east end rises Shingle Creek, which is fed by the melting glaciers and empties into the middle fork of the North Saskatchewan.

At its west end is another valley through which flows a stream to the south fork of Bush River, which empties into the Columbia River and flows to the Pacific. He named this gateway through the mountains Bush Pass, because it leads to the Bush River.

From the top of a mountain revealing to him a wide area of topography he saw the pass leading over to the valley of the Bush River in the very position he had thought it must occupy. It remains to be seen whether this important pass will ever be turned to economic account as the route of a railroad or a wagon highway across the mountains. At any rate another important pass has been added to those already discovered among the Canadian Rockies.

It will be remembered that the scheme of the Canadian Pacific Railroad was laughed at as impracticable until the great gateway through Kicking Horse Pass was discovered. It was some time before the pass through the mighty Selkirk range was discovered, but it was there, and where it was needed for the extension of the railroad to the Pacific coast.

Another great pass has been discovered on the upper waters of the Peace River, where two lakes lie practically upon the summit of a mountain range. This pass leads to the Skeena River, by which travelers may reach Port Simpson, the finest port of the Pacific coast of Canada, with great shipping facilities and large coal fields close at hand. It will be a great advantage to be able to cross this pass to reach Port Simpson.

The great significance of these gateways across the mountains north of the Canadian Pacific Railroad is that they lie directly west of the vast northern wheat belt of Canada, in which scarcely a seed has yet been turned. The day is not far distant when many thousands of square miles of this region will be devoted to wheat growing, and it will be a great advantage to be able to ship the harvest both across the Pacific to the Orient and across the Atlantic to Europe.