

MURDERERS' ROW in PITTSBURGH JAIL is HAUNTED



Pittsburg, Pa.—According to the statement of the prisoners and guards, murderers' row, in the Allegheny county jail in this city is said to be haunted, and the fear of the supposed ghosts has so worked upon the nerves of the condemned prisoners that the cells of the entire row have been vacated and the prisoners removed to another section of the jail.

The ghost of W. A. Culp, who killed himself in his cell some time ago while awaiting trial for the murder of his brother, is held directly responsible for the orders issued by Warden Edward Lewis transferring the 14 men occupying cells in murderer's row.

Culp's ghost was haunting them, they declared. "It" had come back, they said, visiting cell after cell along the tier set apart for murderers, rehearsing the murder of Culp's brother and committing none of its ghastly details. This happened one night after night following Culp's suicide, and always between 12 and 1 o'clock in the morning.

Screams of terror from the fourth tier of cells on the south side of the old part of the jail, where murderer's row was situated, aroused the guards and all the prisoners, says the N. Y. World. Lights were turned on and a search made for the ghostly visitor, but of course "it" was never found. An hour or two always elapsed before the terrified prisoners could be calmed down and silence reigned once more throughout the big county jail.

Prisoner's Ghost Visits Cell.
Only one prisoner, a condemned murderer occupying the cell adjoining the one in which Culp committed suicide, a man who is to be executed in October, saw the Culp ghost on the first night it came back. That was on the night following the one on which the suicide was committed. The condemned wretch, who had been convicted of a most cowardly crime, screamed for help and when the guards entered his cell a few moments later they found him cowering in a corner and shaking like a leaf.

He had seen Culp, he said. Culp or Culp's ghost had come into his cell and after awakening him had started to release the murder of his brother. "You have been dreaming, that's all," said one of the deputy wardens, reassuringly. "Don't you know that Culp is dead and buried and even if he were alive it would be impossible for him to have been in your cell? Besides, there are no such things as ghosts. You have been having a bad dream, so just lie down and go to sleep and don't be arousing the whole jail like this in the middle of the night."

But the next night Culp's ghost came back again. At least, three condemned criminals confined in cells along murderer's row declared that they saw "it" distinctly. When examined by the warden they all gave the same description of the ghost, the direction from which it came, and its antics in front of cells along murderer's row.

This went on for several nights, although extra guards were placed along the fourth tier. The guards themselves declared that they saw nothing, but this afforded little satisfaction to the prisoners, who were either too frightened to sleep or who were disturbed by the screams of their next-door neighbors.

Culp's ghost is not the only one said to be responsible for the haunting of the Allegheny county jail. For years the murderers' row there has been gradually accumulating the reputation of being haunted.

Did not Mike Ruminski, the professional strangler, strangle himself to death in his cell in a most ingenious manner shortly before the date set for his execution, and did not he come back? That was during the time of Warden John McAleese.

And did not the notorious Biddle brothers, Jack and Ed, escape from their cells in murderer's row with the assistance of Mrs. Kate Soffel, wife of Warden Peter Soffel, only to be run down and shot to death near Butler, Pa., 48 hours later, and did not they come back? That was during the time of Warden Soffel.

And did not Hill and Douglass and many another poor wretch who went to death from murderer's row by the gallows route come back?

There are many who stoutly maintain that they did, and that they haunted their old cells and terrified their occupants for many nights.

deep as ever, many of the most superstitious prisoners were on the verge of nervous prostration. Nobody could ever tell them after that that the jail was not haunted. The warden was almost at his wits' end, but he tried one more scheme. He began to transfer the prisoners, a few at a time, from cell to cell, and guards were instructed to watch each batch of transferred men very closely. In this way the noise was finally traced to a practical joker among the prisoners, who produced the diabolical yell with the aid of a hair comb and a newspaper. A piece of paper was folded across the comb and held as a mouthpiece at the small end of a megaphone made by rolling the newspaper up into a cone. Everybody knows what a fearful noise can be made by pressing the lips against a paper-covered comb and blowing hard. With the megaphone added the noise was greatly magnified, and it made a noise calculated to give anybody cold chills in the pitchy darkness of a big prison.

With the detection of the culprit the noises ceased, but the jail's reputation for being haunted spread amazingly, even beyond the granite walls of the prison, and still clings to it.

The Case of Ruminski.
Mike Ruminski was one of the shrewdest prisoners ever placed in murderer's row. On the morning he was sentenced to death for strangling his wife, pouring kerosene over the body and setting fire to the house, he declared that the sheriff would never get a chance to hang him. The evidence produced against Ruminski at his trial tended to show that he was a professional strangler and robber. Several months before he killed his wife he had strangled his own baby to death, but this was not known until the authorities made an investigation following the death of his wife.

On account of the threat of the condemned man that he would cheat the gallows, an extra close watch was kept on him in his cell, a guard being stationed outside the door day and night to prevent him from taking his own life.

One night Ruminski went to bed as usual. The light outside his cell door shone directly on the cot, and the guard outside could see him quite plainly. But Ruminski, while pretending to be asleep, reached down with his right hand between the edge of his iron cot and the wall and untied one of the thin cord laces fastened across the framework of his cot and supporting the mattress. Still working with one hand, he twisted the short length of cord, tied it and slipped it over his head and around his neck. The handle of a tin cup, which he managed to get possession of, was passed through the loop, and then Ruminski carefully and quietly proceeded to choke himself to death.

Origin of Sedan Chair.
Perhaps some expert in the Siamese language will tell us what is its word for "sedan chair." When the King of Siam's ministers, protesting against his majesty's favor toward motorcars, suggested recently that "the royal sedan" chair was always at his disposal it is improbable that they used a word reminiscent of the French noun.

For it is from the scene of Napoleon III's collapse that the sedan chair takes its name, and perhaps remote posterity will suppose that it had some connection with that event. But Sedan first produced these conveyances centuries ago, and they were seen in England in 1581. One used by James I's Buckingham provoked great popular outcry against the burden of men as beasts of burden. Sir S. Duncombe is credited with having introduced them to London in 1634.

Shunned by Neighbor.
Negro Preacher Killed Him and Was Himself Slain By a Mob.
Texarkana, Ark., Oct. 14.—While seated in front of his home, smoking his pipe, E. M. Summer, a white man, was shot down by Monroe Ballard, a negro preacher, without a word passing between the two.

Separate Schools Proposed.
Hattiesburg, Miss., Oct. 14.—A resolution calling for separate schools for Italians, Syrians and Russian Jewish children in Hattiesburg has been adopted by the board of education. It will be presented to the city council in an effort to obtain funds for erecting separate school buildings. Recent race antagonism in this vicinity, especially against Italians, is the cause for the resolution.

Business Block Burned.
Baltimore, Md., Oct. 14.—The barge block, in the business section of this town, was destroyed by fire. Five firms, including the plant of the Rockbridge County News, were located in the building. Loss \$60,000.

Captain and Two Men Drowned.
Baltimore, Md., Oct. 14.—The barge Saxon, lumber laden, from Georgetown, S. C., to New York, stranded 30 miles north of Cape Henricus. The captain and two men of the barge were drowned.

New Channel Now Ready.
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Oct. 14.—Water was turned into a new channel of the St. Mary's river at West Onebish, marking the completion of one of the biggest projects undertaken on the great lakes since the building of the Poe lock.

General Shot Himself.
El Paso, Tex., Oct. 14.—Discouraged by ill health Gen. Itero Bojan, commander of the Bravos district of the Mexican army, committed suicide in his quarters at Juarez by shooting himself.

Killed By Yaquis.
Guaymas, Mex., Oct. 14.—Jesse Brocamento and Ricardo Robles, members of two of the wealthiest families in this section, were ambushed near here by a band of Yaqui Indians. Brocamento was killed and his companion fatally wounded.

Prairie Fire Raging in Montana.
Great Falls, Mont., Oct. 14.—A great prairie fire is sweeping the ranges in the eastern part of the state and 81 square miles of choice grazing ground in the vicinity of Culbertson has already been burned over.

PRESIDENT SMALL SUSPENDED

BY TELEGRAPHERS' BOARD OF GENERAL EXECUTIVES.
Strikers Angered By His Appeal For a Vote, and Declares the Action is Evidence of Treason.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14.—The general executive board of the Commercial Telegraphers' union sent out the following messages:
"Chicago, Oct. 13, 1907.
"To S. J. Small, Astor House, New York: Under Article 15, Section 7, of the constitution of the Commercial Telegraphers' union, of America, you are hereby suspended from the office of president, to take effect immediately.—S. J. Koonkamp, Acting Chairman; Michael J. Riddy, Joseph M. Sullivan, General Executive Board."

"To all locals Commercial Telegraphers' unions of America:
"You are hereby notified that the general executive board, in exercise of the authority vested in it, has suspended S. J. Small, from the presidency of the Commercial Telegraphers' union of America. The strike will be conducted by and under the direction of and by the general executive board. You are hereby directed to do everything possible to keep your striking brothers and sisters in line.

"It is the intention of the board that in the future this strike be conducted by men who have red blood.—S. J. Koonkamp, Acting Chairman; Michael J. Riddy, Joseph M. Sullivan, General Executive Board."

Nearly 1,000 striking telegraphers here voted unanimously to continue their strike. They also reiterated their demands that the only settlement that could be made for the strike-bound companies was to concede a 25 per cent increase in wages, the eight-hour day, equal pay for women and free typewriters.

Then the telegraphers adopted a resolution that it was the sense of the strikers that the leased wire men and brokers should strike.

Resolutions followed immediately that the commercial telegraphers should amalgamate with the Order of Railway Telegraphers. E. M. Moore and D. G. Dal Jones were instructed to proceed to St. Louis immediately and present the proposition to the officers of the Order of Railway Telegraphers.

Four hours of speechmaking was engaged in while the various actions were being taken. Then the strikers marched out of Ulich hall and to the buildings of the Western union and Postal Cos. On the march the strikers kept up this refrain: "Stick! Stick!"

Reaching the telegraph buildings, the strikers marched around them, shouting their watchword. Then they congregated on the streets near the board of trade building until Assistant Chief of Police Schuetler sent them home.

The meeting began at 2:30 o'clock and lasted until 5:30. The applause was almost continuous. International Secretary Wesley Russell tried to explain Small's messages. He said the president was desirous of ascertaining the sentiment of the strikers. For that reason he sent out a telegram asking the opinion of the strikers as to calling off the strike. He was not permitted to complete his explanation.

Mourning Vagaries.
"Mourning is not what it used to be," said an undertaker. "In fact, I expect to see it go out altogether in the next century or so. Perhaps it is just as well. No young widow, I've heard say, can wear mourning without looking like an adventuress."

"But in the seventeenth century widows not only wore mourning, but their bed curtains were black and the sheets and pillow cases had a black edging like stationery. Even their lingerie had a mourning band."

"In Italy the nobles of the Renaissance carried their mourning as far as their knives and forks, which had ebony instead of ivory handles."

"Gray cloth superceded black for mourning in the eighteenth century. The fashion lasted about twenty years. Then it died out, as it had sprung up, mysteriously."

Be Yourself.
Listen! The linnets sings its song, the rose gives out its fragrance; have you observed that the lark has renounced its melody or the pink changed its array in green to become, like these? Follow their example and you will come to understand that no one has a right to contend against you, or you to resist him. Man's duty to each of his fellows is to let him manifest himself through what is most individual in him, in order to realize the greatest utility for the whole. Show your own colors, sound your own note; it is precisely for this that you are here. Stand firm, do your duty; be yourself and be true—true, above all, in your thought, and in the expression you give it in word or action.—Charles Wagner.

The Swan Song.
"The nature fake," said Dr. William J. Long, the nature writer, "is always harmful. A striking instance of this occurred not long since at the zoo. You know the old nature fake about the swan—how this beautiful bird, silent all its days, bursts when cying into the sweetest song? Well, at a zoo one day, a keeper saw a boy steal up behind a swan with a brick in his hand.

"Here," said the keeper, "what are you going to do there?"
"Ah, lemme alone," snarled the boy. "I wantter hear him sing."

Sympathetic Hearts.
"It's dreadful the way the cost of living has gone up. The price of diamonds has increased so, my husband found where he went to get me that necklace he had promised me, that he can't afford it at all this year."
"Yes, it is certainly hard. I wonder how poor people manage to live."

A PUZZLE FROM LIFE.

Now, the Lady Married One to Two Men—Which? Do You Know?

There was a lady who from her youth up had many suitors; but as the years wore on they gradually fell from their allegiance, until one day she awoke to the fact that of all the many but two remained. This led to some earnest communion with her soul and caused her for the first time, seriously to consider the question of marriage.

"I am no longer as young as I was," she remarked to herself, "and although my friends are kind enough to call me charming, their very insistence upon it leads me to believe that I should decide at once which of my two remaining suitors I had better accept."

Then she cogitated long and spent sleepless nights over the problem, but found it ever more difficult to solve.

"Billy," she argued, "is strong and masterful. He will guard me from all rude contact with the world. He will view me as a rare and fragile household flower which must be shielded from every rude blast, every varying change of temperature. The sun must not shine too strongly upon me nor the wind blow too keenly. He appeals to my feminine sense of dependence and to my love of being loved; but," and she shook her head soberly; "there is no use disguising the fact that his excessive care to me will prove a bore."

"He will always be solicitous to see that I wear my rubbers when it is damp and unfooted. He will insist on deciding for me all the questions of life, whether trivial or important; what looks I shall read, what religion I shall adopt and, probably, what breakfast food I shall eat. Within two years I shall be a pampered nonentity without either a will or an intelligence of my own."

"Now, I must weigh Jack in the balance. He is a dear, lovable fellow, a charming and amusing companion, but with as little sense of responsibility as a kitten. He appeals strongly to my maternal instinct. I feel that he needs my affection and, in a measure, my guidance; but I cannot deceive myself. I shall have to bear the brunt of everything, despite all important questions and grapple with all the problems that would come to us in our mutual experience. He demands of existence sunshine and roses, a song and a jest; but in times of storm and stress he would be as a broken reed. And yet in fair weather he would be a delightful agent with a chance to let my individuality expand and develop, for I should be the head of the house."

Now, the lady married one of these men. Which? Do you know?—Life.

Shaw Not a Gourmand.
George Bernard Shaw, critic, dramatist and novelist, asserts that he has no more home instinct than a milk can at a railway station. He admits, however, that he has an address at 10 Adelphi terrace, London.

"These chambers," he explains, "constitute the real center of my domestic life, because my wife lives there. My official residence, qualifying me as a vestryman, is in Fitzroy square; my mother lives there. I live nowhere."

He says that any place that will hold a bed and a writing table is as characteristic of him as any other. At one of the Socialist conferences, when the delegates assembled after lunch, the well-known writer came in, rubbing his hands and giving thanks for the splendid dinner he had just had. Some one asked him what he had for dinner. "Ah!" replied Mr. Shaw, with all the serenity of a well-fed man, "I've had seven bananas!"

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Our Pattern Department

DAINTY AND ATTRACTIVE UNDERWEAR.



Patterns Nos. 5904 and 5907.—Well shaped underwear is now regarded as a very important part of the up-to-date wardrobe, and women of refined taste spend much time and thought upon these garments. The two pretty models here shown were designed with regard to comfort as well as to appearance. The corset cover as the daintiest little garment possible to wear under the lingerie blouse. The square cut neck may be made as illustrated, or it could be made of a strip of embroidery. The French circular drawers are very popular just now, as they take the place of an extra undershirt, thus avoiding all extra fullness around the waist. The choicest materials are fine linen, batiste, cambric and nainsook, and some very dainty effects are obtained by the use of ribbon-run heading, lace and embroidery. For 36-inch bust measure one and three-eighths yards of 36-inch material will be required for the corset cover and three and one-fourth yards for the drawers. Ladies' square neck corset cover, No. 5904. Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Ladies' French drawers, No. 5907. Sizes for 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure.

Patterns of this illustration will be mailed to any address on the receipt of 10 cents for each in silver or stamps.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

No 5904 and 5907.
SIZE.....
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

A GRACEFUL MODE.



Pattern No. 5908.—The fashion for blouse waists completed by dainty lace chemisettes is a most becoming one, and admits of various effects. Deep tucks are arranged over the shoulders in front and back and the neck is finished by a prettily shaped trimming band. If preferred, the sleeves may be full length, the deep cuffs being made of lace corresponding to the chemisette. As pictured the waist is shown in foulard silk, but most of the season's materials will make up stylishly, such as taffeta, poplin, voile and cashmere. For 36 inches bust measure two and three-fourths yards of 36-inch material will be required. Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

No 5908.
SIZE.....
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

Why He's Called Uncle.
"Want to get your overcoat out, eh? My but you're early," said the pawnbroker.

Then, as he unwrapped the coat from its tar paper wrapping, he pointed to a steel hook of antique aspect that hung above a mirror.

"That's a curio," he said. "It is an old pawnbroker's hook, an article used by all our craft in the seventeenth century. Counters, to prevent theft, were wide then, twice as wide as now; and what you extended over those wide counters the broker hooked in with this instrument."

"The hook, which was once as much to the expression 'uncle' as connected with the pawnbroker. The Latin for hook, you know, is uncus. Uncus—uncle. See!"

DYSPEPTIC PHILOSOPHY.

A delicate situation is often really an indelicate one.
It is never too late to mend, but it is sometimes too late to realize it.
Lots of reform is wasted on the world that might better be used at home.
It seems a universal misfortune that our close friends are not close-mouthed.
That half the world that doesn't know how the other half lives is happler for it.
The man who has too little confidence in himself is apt to have too much in other people.
The summer girl may have a liquid glance, but in winter it is apt to become an icy stare.
The original rib roast occurred when Eve first told Adam just what she thought of him.
Time is Money.
Time is surely money with John D. Rockefeller; to be exact, just \$12.5 a minute. How he must enjoy watching it fly!

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Hidden sins are hard to heal.
Cursing yesterday does not correct to-day.
The selfish heart always is shortsighted.
Only a dead faith lies wrapped in formalities.
No language is more eloquent than a life of love.
The beautiful life loses no time looking for a mirror.
They who never stop for little joys find no large ones.
The church is a shelter for the sinner, but not for his sins.
That Explained It.
"Are you the press humorist on this paper?" asked the visitor in the sanatorium.
"I am."
"Well, I merely wanted to ask how you managed to think of so many jokes every day."
"I don't," frankly replied the press humorist. "I have an intellectual pair of shears."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Not Equal.

During our war with Spain a certain hospital had a corps of nurses of exceptional beauty, and it was whispered that these fair nurses were inclined a little to frivolity, inclined a little to flirt with the ailing young soldiers in their charge. Now, when a soldier felt that he was on the mend, a flirtation with a pretty nurse was delightful, but when his wounds were troublesome then gallantry was a thing that he was hardly up to. Sometimes a pretty nurse in this hospital would come to a favorite soldier and find him lying with closed eyes, as if asleep on his cot, and this note pinned near his countenance: "To ill to be nursed to-day.—John Smith."

PROVERBS AND PHRASES.

To be idle is to be vicious.—Dr. Johnson.
Idleness always envies industry.—German.
If you have done no ill the big six days you may play the seventh.—Spanish.
Who devour widows' houses and for a show make long prayers.—New Testament.
It is better to be unborn than untaught, for ignorance is the root of misfortune.—Plato.
It requires little exertion upon our part to bring misfortune upon our selves.—McNander.
Man raises, but time weighs.—Modern Greek.
A growing moon and a flowing tide are lucky times to marry in.—Irish.
Accounting for it.
"No," said the stubborn man, "no book can alter my regard for Jiggins. He's a man you don't meet every day."
"I admit that," replied Markley, "but I attribute it to the fact that I loaned him \$10 several months ago."

BY THE WAY.

"Do let a brick in your hat become your headstone."
Dirt is no more a sign of industry than fat is of health.
What you have been generally accustomed to the intenseness of what you are.