

# Ohio State News

Latest Happenings of Interest Prepared for Our Readers.

## HEIRS OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

Sued by Brother's Estate in Effort To Correctly Construe Executive's Will.

Canton, O.—Suits were brought in the common pleas court against the heirs of the late President William McKinley, asking that a definite construction be placed upon certain clauses of the last will and testament made by the dead statesman.

The action is brought by Attorney R. S. Shields, administrator of the estate of Abner McKinley. Named as defendants are Helen McKinley and Sarah Hunsan, sisters of the former president; Ida Cooper, daughter of David McKinley; James McKinley and Grace Heidt, children of James McKinley; Mabel Baer and Anna Allen, daughter and widow of Abner McKinley, and the administrators of the William McKinley estate.

Action is begun, the petition states, for the reason that it has been difficult to make progress in executing the trust because of doubt as to the construction of certain provisions of the last will of the president.

The petition sets forth that Abner McKinley, brother of William McKinley, died involved in debt, and that on behalf of creditors the plaintiff, on October 10, 1906, requested the administrators of the estate of William McKinley to bring action for construing the last will.

## ENRAGED NEIGHBORS

Rescue Boy, Whose Father, 'Tis Said, Was About to Drown Him.

Youngstown, O.—A crowd of his neighbors fearfully beat Arthur Huntley, of Wick Extension, after overtaking him and snatching from him his 2-year-old boy, whom he declared he was going to throw into the Mahoning river. Only the arrival of two policemen, who beat off the infuriated neighbors, saved Huntley.

Huntley is lodged in the county jail on a warrant, sworn out by officers of the Humane Society, to which the case was referred. The neighbors insist that Huntley, who they say was crazed with liquor, would have drowned the boy had they not interfered.

## Negro Hines on Trial For Murder.

Dayton, O.—Layton Hines, colored, was placed on trial charged with the murder of Anna Markowitz and Abraham Cohen, who were slain about two months ago at McCabe's Park. It is alleged he confessed to Coroner Schuster, Sheriff Boes and County Prosecutor Nevin that he had committed the foul crime. He has since repudiated his confession. Attorney Mose Jones, colored, and Charles H. Kumlter, former county prosecutor, were named by the court to defend him.

## Ohio Crop Report.

Columbus, O.—The state crop report for December 1, just issued, shows the wheat crop for 1908 harvest to have fallen off 2 points since November 1, and is now 80 per cent of a full average. Forty-three per cent of the 1907 crop was sold from the threshers. The flax and other insect did less than 2 per cent of damage. The whole corn crop for 1907 is put at 102,284,045, or 25,600,000 less than the yield of 1906. Much of it is soft and unsalable.

## Spark Fires Tons of Powder.

King's Mills, O.—King's powder works was visited by the most terrific explosion that has ever occurred there. The glazing mill was wrecked and five employees had miraculous escapes. The country for a radius of 20 miles was shaken by the shock from the seven tons of powder that went up in smoke. It is thought that some defect in the machinery caused a spark to ignite the powder.

## Kirby Is Acquitted.

Washington C. H., O.—The jury in the case of George Kirby, a saloonist here, who shot and killed Fred Marchant, a business man in this city, returned a verdict of acquittal. Kirby burst out crying when the verdict was announced. He killed Marchant during a quarrel and pleaded that he was drunk at the time of the shooting and did not know what he was doing.

## Denied Pardons.

Columbus, O.—The State Board of Pardons refused to interfere either in the case of Frank Earl or John Soloy, two murderers now confined in the annex awaiting execution. Earl killed William Legg, a Sidney butcher. He is to be executed December 20. Soloy is to be executed December 12 for the murder of a 14-year-old girl.

## Boys Turned to Brutes.

Niles, O.—Earl, the 9-year-old son of James Boughton, was attacked by a number of older boys and beaten into insensibility. His almost lifeless body was then thrown into a gutter. It is thought he will die.

## Emerson Arrested.

St. Clairsville, O.—Lawson E. Emerson, a former clerk of the supreme court, was arrested in this city by Assistant Supreme Court Marshal McCallister. He was taken to Columbus. He is charged with contempt in issuing a bogus certificate.

## Municipal Bonds.

Freemont, O.—Receiving no bids for an issue of Sandusky county 5 per cent ditch bonds to the amount of \$17,000 from bankers and bond buyers, the commissioners are disposing of the bonds to private individuals.

## Brothers Heir to Vast Estate.

Akron, O.—O. T. Lane and H. D. Lane, of this city, were notified that they are heirs to the estate of the famous Bender brothers, of Massillon, wealthy bachelors. The estate includes 1,200 acres of farm land, upon which money has been found hidden.

## Minister Cleared.

Toledo, O.—Rev. Henry Goldsmith, the Mercer county minister charged with securing naturalization papers by fraud, was found not guilty in the United States court here by Judge Taylor.

## MAD DASH OF STREET CAR

Culminated in a Wreck in Which 30 Were Seriously Injured.

Dayton, O.—Beyond control because of slippery rails, and running at terrific speed down a steep hill east of the city, car No. 8, an extra on the Dayton & Xenia line, carrying excursionists to Dayton, jumped the track and turned on its side. Thirty or more of the 90 passengers aboard were injured, many seriously. The car was crowded to the doors, and when the impact came all were hurled in a struggling mass. Most of the injuries are believed to have resulted from the mad struggle to escape.

Ambulances and wagons were sent to the scene and the injured were removed. Twenty-eight are in the St. Elizabeth and Miami Valley hospitals.

The accident occurred on Phillips Hill, which was the scene of a fatal wreck several years ago. The car was in charge of Motorman Wm. Thompson.

## CLEVELAND STARTS SCRIP.

Directors of Clearing House Will Issue Checks to Amount of \$5,000,000.

Cleveland, O.—The directors of the Cleveland Clearing House association decided to issue new clearing house checks, probably to the amount of \$5,000,000, and in denominations of \$1, \$2, \$5 and \$10. This will bring about the discontinuance of the certified bank checks.

Business houses will not be required to sign the new checks. They bear the lithographed signature of E. R. Dale, treasurer of the association, and upon issuance will be countersigned by assistant secretaries of the banks which are members of the association. The checks will be drawn in favor of the banks in the association with the words "or bearer" following.

## Would Amend Road Law.

Columbus, O.—The state highway department and the county commissioners of Athens county have accepted the Sugar Creek state highway, in that county, from the contractor, W. J. Howard. The length of road improved with macadam is one mile; graded 20 feet wide, macadam 12 feet wide. The cost is \$7,390.60. There was a large amount of grading to do, and the only weakness in the road is because the law does not permit letting of grading one year and macadamizing the next. Commissioner Huston is asking the legislature to change the law so as to remedy this defect and put macadam on fills only when well settled.

## Says the Trip Tired Him.

Cincinnati—Gen. C. H. Grosvenor, Athens, who was the mouthpiece of the McKinley administration, was reported ill in the Hotel Stuyvesant here, immediately after his arrival in the hotel he went to his room. Gen. Grosvenor said that he was only slightly indisposed, and that his trip to Cincinnati had tired him. While Gen. Grosvenor said his visit to Cincinnati was on business Cincinnati politicians are trying to connect his presence here with the Taft-Forsaker controversy.

## Calls For Statement.

Columbus, O.—State Auditor Gullbert issued a call for a statement of the condition of the state banks of Ohio, both incorporated and private, at the beginning of business December 31. There are 645 such banks in Ohio. Cleveland leads the state with 3. Cincinnati comes next with 27, and Columbus is third with 19. Their aggregate capital is \$40,000,000.

## Heavy Sentences Imposed.

Columbus, O.—Thomas Hoffman, 29, of Orblinton, was sentenced by United States Court Judge John E. Sater to 12 months in the Mansfield reformatory and fined \$25; Erasmus W. Willson was sent to jail for six months and fined \$50, and Roy Jones was fined \$25 for sending obscene letters through the mails.

## Village Is Partly Burned.

Hamilton, O.—The village of Millville, near here, narrowly escaped destruction by fire. The fire, which started in the hotel building, was probably of incendiary origin. Four hundred farmers, attracted by the ringing of bells, arrived and rendered aid.

## Must Get a Special Law.

Cincinnati, O.—With reference to the proposition to turn over the county infirmary to Longview asylum, Louis A. Ireton, legal counsel for the county, stated that there is no authority in law for such action, and can not be done without a special act of the legislature.

## Sues Ex-Treasurer.

Easton, O.—The county has entered suit against ex-Treasurer Alonzo Scott for \$24,152, alleged to have been received from Easton banks for county deposits and in the collection of delinquent taxes.

## Hatpin Killed Child.

Tiffin, O.—A post-mortem examination of the body of Doyle West, aged 8 months, disclosed a hatpin six inches long in the stomach. The point reached of nearly to the surface at the hip. The child swallowed the hatpin four months ago and suffered untold agony.

## Squire Samuel Bloom Dies.

Cincinnati.—Squire Samuel Bloom, for eighteen years a justice of the peace in Cincinnati, and who had been connected with local justice courts in the capacity of constable or magistrate for twenty-one years, died in his home.

## A Murder Mystery.

Marion, O.—In the discovery by school children of a pool of blood, two blood-stained handkerchiefs and a gas pipe three feet long, one end of which was smeared with bloody hair, the police believe a murder mystery has been unearthed.

## Starving and Freezing.

Newark, O.—Mrs. Emaline Albert, 36, was found starving and freezing in a house on the outskirts of the city. Her son, her sole support, is in jail and she had had nothing to eat for two days.

## FRIGHT SOBERED MR. ROUNDER.

Late Home Goer Unduly Alarmed by Suspicious Character.

He climbed off the car out in East Cleveland the other night, or, to be exact, the other morning, and proceeded toward his modest little home down a pretty side street.

As soon as he reached the sidewalk he tried to walk along the edge and ascertain if he was still able to navigate along a straight line.

"I'm th' only man that was in the bunch 't'night that 'n' walk straight 't' that," he muttered to himself, with pardonable pride when he found that he could move along first-rate.

A moment later he saw a suspicious-looking man following him.

"That fellow goin' t' try t' rob meh," he muttered. He felt in his trousers pocket and found only a crumpled two-dollar bill, but it was all he had left after the evening's entertainment, and he didn't want to lose it.

Then he reflected that probably the stranger following him wasn't thinking of robbing him at all. But to make sure that they didn't have any trouble he crossed the street. A minute later he looked about. The man behind him had crossed over, too.

Once again the man with the two-dollar bill crossed the street. He hated to look around for a time, lest his fears be substantiated. When he did turn his head his pursuer was not far behind him. He had crossed the street again.

The man ahead clutched tightly his two-dollar bill, dear to him because it was all that remained of what had been a roll the size of a blacksmith's forearm, and started to cross over once more, for he happened to think that he lived on the other side of the street anyhow, but he hadn't reached the middle of the street when he looked back and noted that his pursuer was also crossing over.

He stopped right there, pulled out his two-dollar bill and watch and held them out toward the man behind him. "Here's all I've got, old man," says he, now perfectly sobered by his fright. "Take it, but lemme alone. My wife's worried about me anyway, and if I go into the house with my face bunged up I'll get thrown out."

"Why, you darn fool!" grunted the other man as he brushed on by. "It's the man that goes around to turn out the street lights."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## When Christmas Was Illegal.

In Cromwell's Time the People Could Not Celebrate.

"Christmas was illegal in Cromwell's time," said an antiquary. "Those cursed old Puritans are so gloomy that they would not have any gaiety even on Christmas day. Cromwell said that holly and mistletoe were heathenish things. He said they had no real Christmas significance—they were a part of some pagan festival of the Druids. According to his made a law that, if you decorated your house with mistletoe on Christmas, you got 30 days in jail.

"The terrible old fellow forbade Christmas celebrations. No dancing, no singing, no playing, no feasting on Christmas day—penalty, 30 days.

"You see, it was his idea that Christmas was a religious, a serious time, for churchgoing and prayer and reverence, and for nothing else. The innocent family that in Cromwell's day sat down to turkey and plum pudding and wound up with Christmas games got a month all round.

"Only for a time, though. The people rebelled. Willing as the people were to put on the gloom of those dreadful old Puritans, they insisted on having a little bit on Christmas day, and Cromwell, after a year or two, had to give in to them."

Willing to Prove It. The Christmas spirit warmed the old lady's heart, and she said to the tattered, shivering tramp:

"If I give you a nickel how can I be sure that you won't go straight off and get intoxicated with it?"

"Madam," the man answered, pointing to the land-decked corner saloon. "It would give me great pleasure to afford you practical demonstration that the sum isn't enough for the purpose."

On this evening many children may be seen standing about in groups, and gazing wistfully up into the sky, looking for the heavenly messengers of "Peace on earth, good will to men."



# Baby's First Christmas

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## SANTA'S LIGHT LOAD

By BERTHA E. BUSH.

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"UT, mamma, Santa Claus can go anywhere where there is snow. He has his sleigh, you know. And there is snow here, plenty of snow."

The sick woman, lying on the bed in the little pioneer cabin, looked at the white whirl of flakes that shut out all but the gray daylight from the little windows and shuddered. Yes, there was plenty of snow. You could not see even the dimmest outline of anything that was ten feet away. And



But even Mark's ghost was welcome, somewhere out in the snow—she knew not where—her husband was journeying. Three weeks ago he had started to the nearest town 50 miles away for supplies. He had been sure that he would return in a week. Was he lying now under one of those huge white drifts? Was he out in this dreadful blizzard, perhaps freezing to death at this very minute. She turned away from the window and moaned. She could not bear to answer the child. But Hattie, the hired girl, who never seemed to lose heart, answered cheerily:

"Land sakes, there is plenty of snow, Lillie. But you know Santa Claus is getting old. He can drive in the snow of course, but a howling blizzard like this might freeze him stiff. You'd better make up your mind not to get any Christmas presents this year, Lillie. You wouldn't want dear old Santa Claus frozen to death."

"No, of course not. But papa goes out on the prairie. Why shouldn't Santa Claus? Don't you think he could get here with a light load? You know, when we came, we got stuck in the sloughs lots of times and papa unloaded the wagon and got it across empty. Don't you think Santa Claus could do that?"

"But if he unloaded his sleigh he couldn't bring you any Christmas presents."

"Oh, he could just take out the heavy things. Don't you think he might bring me some present that was light, Hattie?"

"Yes, he shall," said Hattie, with determination.

She was only the hired girl who had come in friendly pioneer fashion to help the settler's wife through her sickness; but to the inmates of the little cabin she was a ministering angel. Strong and faithful and efficient, an angel could hardly have done more in that prairie home. Yet she did not look in the least like an angel as she put on the pioneer's old cap and coat, tied a red woolen scarf around her neck, drew old stockings over her shoes, staid and rosy in the wind, to do the chores for the night. Not a glimpse of the near by barn could be obtained from the cabin door. Hattie tied a long rope to the door knob and carefully held the other end as she walked toward it. She knew too well how more than one pioneer had lost their way in the trackless wilderness at no greater distance than this from their homes, and been frozen to death.

She pulled down hay and fed the stock and milked. She brought out pails full of the snow water she had melted in the big wash boiler for them to drink. She brought in a great supply of fuel and made every thing outdoors and in as snug and cheery as possible. Then she cooked the supper—that did not take long for there was little to cook—and washed up the dishes and cared for the sick woman and the little babe. She put Lillie to bed in the queer little trundle-bed—the child chattering about Santa Claus every minute—and tucked her in as happy as if there were no fear or anxiety in the world; oh, what would the pioneer families have done without the "girls" of that time?

The mercury ranged 4 and 5 degrees below zero. The storm outside howled with the fury of a legion of demons. In some drift out there in the wilderness John Carver might be sinking to death now.

The baby cried and the sick woman moaned. There was no lack of occupation for the young helper. Hattie's strong arms held the child till it was quieted and at the same time heated flannels, brought water, smoothed pillows, and did everything that could be done for the anxious young mother.

"Hattie, you haven't anything to worry you," cried the sick woman, enviously.

"Not a thing except what worries other people," answered Hattie. But she knew that all the time she carried beneath her songs and cheery words a heartache, that was as hard to bear as the young wife's own.

It was Mark for whom her heart ached. A year ago she had thought by this time she and Mark would be settled in a pioneer cabin of their own. Her suits were all quilted, her store of household goods was ready, but a coldness had come between them, and Mark had gone away—"back east where girls were plenty." Since then she had been learning to live without him and it was a bitter lesson. True she did not speak of it, not even to her best friends, but the ache was always there.

Her work was done at last. She had time to look at little Lillie slumbering in her low trundle-bed with her stocking spread out trustfully on the pillow beside her. Now was the time for Santa Claus to come. But the sick mother was too ill and broken with anxiety to be bothered. There was nobody to fill that stocking but Hattie, and nothing to fill it with except what her girl's wit might devise. She was very tired. All day she

had been battling against storm and sickness, doing a woman's work and a man's too. Now she must do Santa Claus' work. Was ever a Santa Claus so sleepy? Oh, what would she do to throw herself on the bed, dressed as she was, and sleep? But there was no time for that. Santa Claus must come to the waiting child. She knew that in a little while the sick woman would rouse again and need her. Softly and wearily she lifted the one little drop-leaf table over to the window farthest from the sick mother and placed the lamp upon it. Then she got out her precious, diminishing store of letter paper that had to be brought to her from 6 miles away, like the rest of the supplies, and the clumsy shears, and began to make paper dolls.

Clip, clip, went the big shears. That and the rustle of the paper were the only sounds to be heard. Gradually she realized that the howling of the wind had ceased and the blizzard had gone down.

Lillie's words kept repeating themselves sleepily in her tired brain. "A light load." Surely this Christmas gift would be light enough for Santa Claus to take anywhere. Clip, clip, went the shears, and wonderful creations fell from Hattie's hands. There was a father with a miniature newspaper spread out before him. There was a mother with a baby in her arms and another in a tiny paper cradle at her feet. There were brothers and sisters.

Snip—snip—Her hands went slower and slower until the last of the paper family trailed off into aimless cutting. Then Hattie's weary head sank down on the table and Hattie was asleep. Asleep and dreaming of Mark.

In the daytime she could keep the thought of him away from her with fierce determination. In the night it would come. She was dreaming and she knew it. She had dreamed of him too often not to know. And in

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# His Gift