

WOMEN IN GOWNS SAVE BOY IN LAKE

Rush From Drive and Wade Into Water to Rescue Six-Year-Old.

'ANGELS,' SAYS YOUTH

After the Lad Is Revived the Fashionably Garbed Feminine Life Savers Hurry to Their Homes to Remove Their Soaked Dresses.

Chicago.—Two well dressed young women hurried from the Lake Shore drive promenade at Division street the other day, cast a regretful look at their gowns, and then waded rapidly into the lake, where a tiny head was bobbing up and down. A little later they came shivering from the water, carrying in their arms a senseless six-year-old boy, Joseph Hoesek, 848 Gault court. A few minutes more in the water would have drowned him.

Who the women were no one knows. They stayed on the bank, trying to resuscitate the boy, until they saw more efficient assistance coming, and then, gathering up their dripping clothing, walked away. Joseph and his brothers think they were angels.

"Me and Vincent and Pete was tryin' to grab fish outa the water," explained Joseph, when he recovered consciousness at the Chicago avenue emergency hospital. "I fell in, an' I couldn't get out, an' my mouth got all fulla water, an' I felt tired, so I just went to sleep. I don't just 'member what the angels looked like."

Vincent and Pete are the boy's older brothers, too small to get him from the water. After watching him struggling for a moment they ran in terror to the drive a few yards away, seized the women by the skirts, and shrieked for help. Vincent told wonderingly of the adventure.

"I see Joey fall off an' I was too scared to do anythin' but yell," he said. "He was makin' awful funny faces, an' that scared me more, so I ran out to the street an' tried to find



Waded into the Lake.

a copper, but there wasn't any. Then the two pretty ladies came along, an' me an' Pete ran up an' pulled 'em over to the lake. They just jumped in, an' yanked Joey out. I thought he was dead, and began to cry, but one o' the ladies told me he was all right, an' kissed me. I wish they'd stayed, but they went away fast an' I knew I'd get a wallop' if I left Joey alone again, so I stayed right there."

Young Peter was so amazed by the rapid sequence of events that he could mumble nothing except remarks about "pretty angels," and look curiously at the rescued brother. Joey was quite set up over his adventure, knowing he would be the hero of Gault court for at least two days. His only worry was the nature of his reception when he reached home.

Wedding Fee in Pennies.
Allentown, Pa.—In lieu of his wedding fee, after he had pronounced William Troutman, a draftsman, and Miss E. Laura Helm of Philadelphia husband and wife, the Rev. E. S. Woodring of this city received from the bridegroom a strange looking walking stick made of compressed paper, with a silver top. The unusual weight of the cane prompted the minister to investigate, and when he screwed off the top he found the hollow center filled with brand new Lincoln pennies, more than 600 in all. Troutman and his bride were members of Christ United Evangelical church, Philadelphia, when the Rev. Mr. Woodring was pastor several years ago.

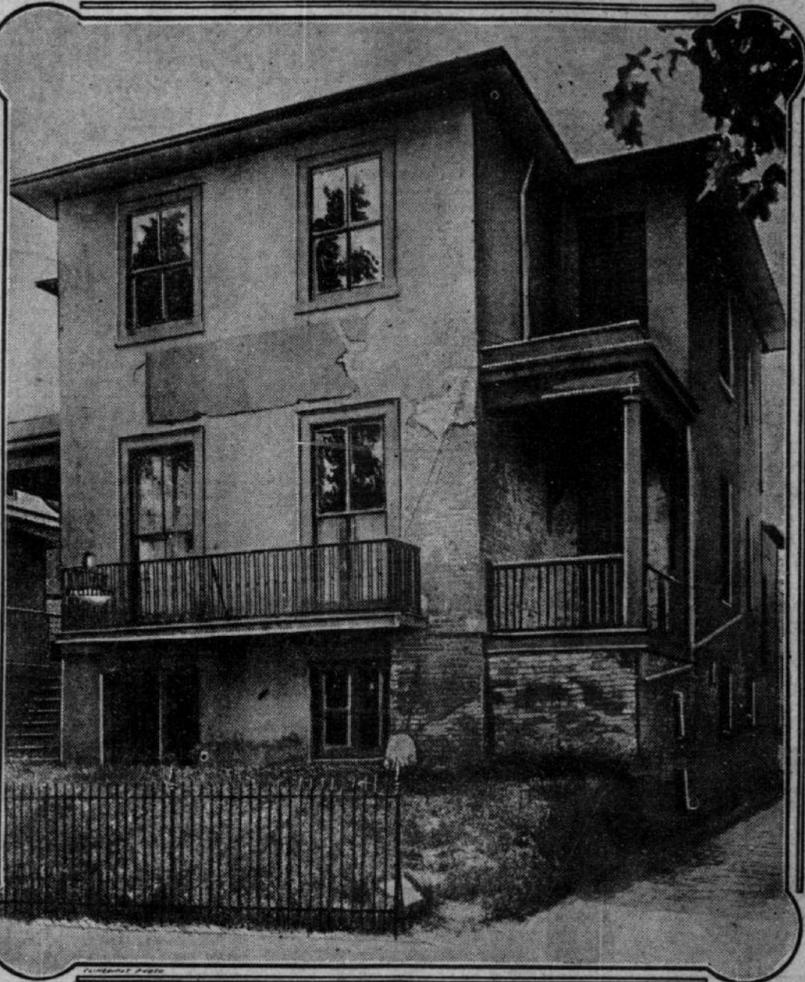
Lives With Beasts.
La Crosse, Wis.—Physicians having declared that Carl Black, aged fifty-five, has no brain, he has been refused admission to the state insane asylum at Mendota and the home for the feeble-minded at Chippewa Falls. An application having been made to have him cared for at the county poor farm, officials are puzzled over the problem of housing Black, as under no circumstances could he be confined in the regular quarters for inmates.

Black prefers to live with animals rather than human beings. He cannot speak a word and grants like a beast. He wears no clothing in summer or winter.

His Fiftieth Arrest.
Chicago.—Pat Crowe, famous as the Cudaly kidnaper and bandit, has suffered his fiftieth arrest by the Chicago police. He just came out of the hospital and beat up a hotel proprietor in a dispute.

No Age Limit.
Aunt, Colo.—Though ninety-two years old, John Arms announced his intention of going to Chile as a missionary.

RAZING AN OLD RESIDENCE OF POE



IN Washington they are razing an old residence that is of especial interest because of the fact that it was the home of Edgar Allan Poe at the time when he was a government clerk. It was in this house that he wrote "The Raven." In 1840 the property on which the house stands brought \$750. Recently it was sold for \$9,500.

GIRL SAVES FATHER

Snake Bites Man and She Sucks Out Deadly Venom.

Joseph Eberhardt of San Francisco Attacked by Reptile While on Fishing Trip—Heroic Treatment Prevents Death.

Mayfield, Cal.—Cutting deep into the flesh of the leg of her father, after he had been bitten by a rattlesnake, getting down upon her hands and knees, putting her lips to the wounds made by her knife and the fangs of the poisonous reptile, Anita Eberhardt, twelve years old, sucked the venom from the wound of Joseph Eberhardt and saved his life. Then, half carrying and half dragging him, she got him to camp a quarter of a mile away, where, with difficulty, she placed him on the back of a saddle horse and started him to the nearest farmhouse, eight miles away.

Arriving at the farmhouse, Eberhardt fell in a dead faint and was hurried to a hospital in Palo Alto.

Eberhardt is a harness maker of San Francisco, and with his daughter has been camping at the old Hubbard & Carmichael mill in a remote section of the San Mateo mountains. They arrived in this city and rented a horse that the girl might ride and that they might pack their camp outfit to the old mill.

They started on a fishing trip to Rock creek, three-quarters of a mile from their tent. Hardly had they gone a quarter of a mile when Eberhardt was bitten in the calf of the leg by a big rattler. He killed the reptile, but soon began to weaken as the poison took effect. The girl made him lie down, and, after bandaging the leg above the fang marks, took a large knife and made deep incisions into the flesh.

After her father was on his way to the ranch house the girl set out on foot to follow and reached the ranch in the afternoon.

Eberhardt is recovering, but physicians said that had it not been for the presence of mind of his daughter and her prompt actions he would have died in the mountain wilderness. They said all the poison had been taken from the man's body by the heroic treatment of the girl.

This is the second rattlesnake experience in the family. In 1902, when they lived in Bisbee, Ariz., Mrs. Eber-

hardt was bitten by a rattlesnake. She received immediate treatment and all the poison was drawn from her system. The fright she experienced from her encounter with the snake, however, affected her so that she died in a few weeks.

"JOKE" WAS ALMOST FATAL

Man Telephoned to Mother of Brother's Arrest for Murder and She Swooned.

Atlantic City, N. J.—As the result of a practical joke played over the telephone by her son, Mrs. Yetta Nathanson, 228 North Connecticut avenue, fell unconscious. Medical attention was hurriedly procured, as she was at first thought to be dying from heart failure, but she was revived.

Mrs. Nathanson called up her son, John J. Nathanson, a merchant, to ask the cause of the delay of his

younger brother, employed by him as a driver, in arriving home. Nathanson saw an opportunity of perpetrating a "joke" upon his mother, and proceeded to tell her that the young man had murdered a man and was arrested, but was interrupted in his blood-curdling tale by a choking sound, followed by the crash of his mother's body as she fell unconscious.

The fall was also heard by inmates of Mrs. Nathanson's home and they rushed to her aid.

Losses Cuff Links 511 Years Old.

Chicago.—A pair of link cuff buttons, 511 years old, were lost by Charles R. Hill at a moving picture show. They were made in Scotland, and brought to America before the Revolution. For 17 generations they were handed down from father to son.

Hoof on End of Lamb's Tail.
Mess, Colo.—H. B. Woods, a prominent sheepman, is exhibiting a lamb with a perfectly shaped hoof on the end of its tail. Its mother gave birth to twins, both perfect with the exception of the extra hoof.

Find Three-Toed Horse

Scientists Seeking Relics in Nevada Also Uncover Remains of Prehistoric Camel and Dog.

Reno, Nev.—Marvelous discoveries of prehistoric mammals in the shale fields on the desert 28 miles east of Mina, Nev., are announced as the result of the explorations of Prof. Lawrence Baker of the department of geological research of the University of California. Professor Baker is assisting in his researches by Prof. Buwaldo, also of the university faculty.

The investigations disclose the fact that the region about Mina was once an immense body of tropical water. The bones of a three-toed horse, about the size of a lamb, have been unearthed. The teeth, well preserved, and the entire remains of a prehistoric dog have been brought to light. It is believed that this animal lived at least five million or six million years ago. The scientists say that the fields about Mina are the most marvelous in the world.

Fossils eighteen feet high are to be seen cropping out in the heart of the desert miles away from any human life. In the vicinity is a bed of pure carbonate of magnesia, which assays show runs 97 per cent.

The remains of fish are to be seen sticking out of the banks. The professors are bending their efforts to obtain specimens of mammals. The remains of an extinct camel, dating from the miocene period, have been obtained.

Effort is being made to obtain specimens of the water lizard, believed to be the oldest known form of animal life. Fish many feet in length are to be seen and every indication points to the fact that the remains, so perfectly preserved, belong to a period at least five million years ago. Along the southern edge of the desert, which is believed to have been a lake at one time, there has been discovered coal of a high quality.

An eastern syndicate owns the property upon which the discoveries have been made. They acquired the land to work the magnesia deposits and also to prospect for gold, which is found in nearby sections. Permission was granted the scientists by the local manager to study and take specimens of the relics.

An effort will be made to have the Smithsonian Institution send an expedition to make a thorough study, as it did of the mammoth tracks discovered in the yard of the state penitentiary.

300 Fires Laid To Boy

Fire Bug Syndicate, Police Aver, Is Composed of Insurance Brokers and Adjusters.

New York.—Isidor Steinrutner, an east side youth of diminutive stature, is under arrest charged by the fire marshal with being the head of a widely ramified "firebug syndicate" and of having started more than 300 fires in this city in the last five years. Isidor, when cornered by the marshal on a fire escape in 118th street, was smoking a cigarette and watching the panic and distress caused by a tenement house fire, in which the lives and property of eighty persons were in danger. He is charged with having started this fire in conspiracy with Samuel Gold, in whose flat the fire occurred, and who is also under arrest.

The firebug syndicate is said to be composed of a number of east side fire insurance brokers and adjusters, a few underworld characters and a swarm of "runners," whose vocation is

to approach east side tenement dwellers who are poor and easily tempted into dishonesty, and whom the "runners" persuade to join in a swindle of the fire insurance companies by overinsuring their few pieces of furniture and allowing the "operatives" of the syndicate to set the furniture afire.

The average price charged for starting a fire is about \$25. According to the fire commissioner, 25 per cent of the fires in New York city are of the incendiary origin.

Boy Aiding to Burglars.
Chicago.—Boosting a small boy over the door and through the open transom so he could unlock the door and admit them, two burglars entered the flat of Edgar Woods at 811 Drexel boulevard while the family was attending a theater. The loss of \$500 worth of silverware and cut glass was reported to the police today.

CRYING BABE REVEALS A PITIFUL TRAGEDY

Wife Who Thought Her Husband Had Killed Himself Takes Her Own Life.

New York.—All day long the wailing of a child sounded from the flat of Herman Eichler on the ground floor of 463 West One Hundred and Thirty-first street. Neighbors rang the bell and called to Mrs. Eichler, but got no response, and the child continued to cry.

"Better call the police and break in," suggested a woman.

"No; Mr. Smith will be home later," suggested another. "Wait till he comes. The Eichlers might not like our breaking down their door."

The child kept on wailing. At times the sound subsided for a moment. Still the neighbors held back.

The Smith mentioned is James Smith, who had a room in the Eichler flat. Until two years ago Eichler,



"What's This!" Cried Eichler.

who is a pharmacist and one of six brothers, all doctors or druggists, was prosperous. Then his health failed and he had to give up business. For months he was in a hospital.

Saturday Eichler went out to look for a position. As he was leaving his home he said to his wife:

"Rose, if I get a place, I'll be back. If I don't succeed I won't come home."

He kissed her and their two-year-old daughter Marjorie and went out.

Smith did not return home until six o'clock in the evening. In Marjorie's crib lay her mother, dead. Lying on her body, unable to get from the crib because of the raised side bars, was the frantic baby.

A doctor was called and said Mrs. Eichler had killed herself with poison and had been dead about twenty-four hours.

Eichler arrived at his home at ten o'clock, and entering the room saw a policeman standing guard over the body of his wife.

"What's this?" cried Eichler. Then he was told that his wife had committed suicide because she believed he had done so.

"I have been working for my brother, William," he said. "I went to work for him Saturday night and tried to communicate with my wife, but could not get her by telephone. I've been busy night and day trying to make some money to tide us over these hard times. Now she has killed herself because she thought I'd ended my life."

BIDS DEFIANCE TO JUDGE

Court Room Half in United States and Half in Canada Causes Dilemma.

Malone, N. Y.—Two chickens flew to the north end of the room occupied by a justice court the other day and bid defiance to the justice and his constabulary minions. Then a man accused of stealing the chickens did



American Justice Was in a Dilemma.

the same thing and American justice was in a dilemma, an "international episode" being imminent.

The court room is one-half in the United States and one-half in Canada and the prisoner, for himself and the chickens, claimed they were outside the jurisdiction of the court.

Francis Cantwell, a young Malone attorney who represented the people in the case, was summoning all his tact and diplomacy to coax the feathered and unfeathered bipeds back under the stars and stripes, when the former, unlettered in the law of jurisdiction, cackled their way across the line, followed by the defendant, who tried to shoot the chickens over into Canada again. He was unsuccessful because he was grabbed and held to the bar on the American side until found guilty and sentenced to 30 days in jail.

The SUITORS OF Mrs. MERRIWD BY KENNETH HARRIS



MELISSA TURNS DOWN A PRINCE AND A GOOD FELLOW.

"I declare, it seems to me as if I hadn't seen you for about a month, Melissa," said Mrs. Merriwd's maternal maiden aunt Jane. "Not more than long enough at a time to ask you when you expected to be home."

Mrs. Merriwd laughed as musically as it is possible for a woman to laugh when she is bent double, with her back hair thrown forward.

"I guess it is about a month since Mr. Stoxan began calling, isn't it?" pursued Aunt Jane, archly.

Mrs. Merriwd resumed her upright position with a jerk that threw her hair back. "About that, dearie," she replied, "and I don't mind owning that I'm beginning to breathe hard and get a stitch in my side. The pace is certainly a little rapid for me. You know, Auntie, dear, I've not been accustomed to it. Poor Henry never took me out oftener than four nights in a week."

"I didn't suppose it was as often as that," remarked Aunt Jane.

"You're a clever little guesser," said her niece. "Four times was about the average for a year with Henry. He was strong for the domestic hearth and an early retreat to the excelsior, Henry was. Once in a while an interesting and instructive lecture on 'Ethical Culture Among the Ancient Egyptians' would lure him out and keep him up to the unearthly hour of eleven at night, and of course Friend Wife shared in the giddy dissipation; but the programme never included things like broiled lobster and sixly beverages. The only fancy stuff Henry approved of was a temperate sedlitz powder, poor dear! No, Mr. Stoxan is different."

"He must be very rich," Aunt Jane hazarded.

"No, auntie, he's not very rich, he's merely made a killing," corrected Mrs. Merriwd. "When a board of trade speculator makes a killing the first thing he does is to buy a self-starting six with electric lights and all she'll catch cold without the post rope."

"I really thought that you thought seriously—" Aunt Jane began.

"I do, now and then," said Mrs. Merriwd. "That's all that saves me. If I hadn't taken three or four years to carefully weigh the advantages and disadvantages of Mr. Stoxan from a matrimonial standpoint, there's no telling what might have happened. It is, I fear me that the gentleman will honk his horn beneath my bedroom window about one more time, and that will let him out. He's going to give a farewell supper tonight, and he doesn't know it. I'm not disposed to deny that he's a very nice man in every respect, but he's not to be trusted with matches anywhere near money, and I don't want to go to the expense of a fire-proof safe for what poor Henry left me."

"Well, I'm glad," observed Aunt Jane. "At the same time I'm a little surprised."

"I don't see why you should be surprised," said Mrs. Merriwd. "I don't say that I've any particular objection to luxury. I like good things to eat and drink and pretty things to look at and to wear; I like broiled lobster once in a while and I don't find champagne hard to take; all my life I've wanted sables, and I certainly expect that woman the pearls she was wearing; but I also like to feel reasonably sure of a continuance of breakfast bacon and eggs and the ability to spring myself for a hundred dollar note made in a twenty-five dollar bill once in a while. Isn't that sensible? Isn't it logical?"

"That's what surprises me," said Aunt Jane.

"If Mr. Stoxan could only think of some way of enjoying himself, I wouldn't be so bad," sighed Mrs. Merriwd; "but breaking the speed of machines to the tune of 'Good Bye, My Lover,' and imbibing cocktails at every stop, palls on a person of average intellect after a little, and Mr. Stoxan calls 'the show proposition' gives one an acute pain in



CONSIDERED HER REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR.

modern conveniences, and get into a 'bunch.' That puts him out of all danger of getting rich, especially when he acquires the 'little supper' habit, and Mr. Stoxan has got that in its acute stages. His idea of heaven is an everlasting round of hot birds, cold bottles and green Chartreuse, with the celestial choir playing rag-time behind a clump of artificial palms in green tubs."

"My dear!" protested Aunt Jane, in a shocked voice.

Mrs. Merriwd wound a thick strand of hair in an experimental coil on the top of her head and considered the reflection in her mirror. "Well, perhaps I'm wrong," she said. "I don't really suppose he gives much thought to a future state. May what is about as far ahead as he cares to speculate. But that 'bunch!' They've certainly got to cut the string and let me out of it."

"I'm glad you feel that way, Melissa, dear," said Aunt Jane.

"This thing of high living and peroxide dyeing gets on my nerves," declared Mrs. Merriwd. "That's the female part of it. I hope I'm not too particular, but it does seem to me that a single rope of pearls is an awful poor chest-protector, and I don't like to look conspicuously different from my sister supper-eaters, at that. Well, I'm going to take the rest cure, auto-rest and change. Mr. Stoxan is up against a strong bear movement."

"Of course, being a bachelor may account for his extravagance," Aunt Jane suggested. "If he married and settled down—"

"They never do," said Mrs. Merriwd. "Once in a while they settle up, but that's only when they've guessed right; and every once in a while they guess wrong and then there's a self-starting six for sale at a sacrifice. Owner can give excellent reasons for selling. Don't you ever think that a stock gambler's wife is going to make him put his winnings into a safe, three per cent, solution of brine and carry his lunch to the office, because she isn't, dearie. She's got to accept her Russian sables and diamonds without a cheep of protest. If she doesn't, some other lady will, so she might as well resign herself to her fate and enjoy herself until hubby comes home and tells her that Facellians have unexpectedly dropped six points. Then

fond of society, but I get sick of it when it means nothing but stale cigarette smoke and caviars sandwiches and red faces and white shirts and trousers and stories that you don't know whether you ought to listen to or not. That makes me think tenderly of the ancient Egyptians. No, dearie, set your mind at rest. Mr. Stoxan is a good fellow and a prince and the son of the earth, when he isn't fresh, but at the same time he's a horrible, horrid, ample and I shall be obliged to turn him down. Nevertheless I feel that I have deceived him, cruelly."

"How so?" queried Aunt Jane.

"I've made him think I was a good fellow, too, and after all, I find that there's considerable of the old hen about me," replied Mrs. Merriwd.

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Germans Fear American Cars.
The German motor car manufacturers are worried over the American peril. An agitation has been started to shut out the rapidly growing invasion of American cars before it is too late.

Not only are the number of American machines imported into Germany increasing, but the German industry is suffering in the export trade from the sharp competition.

The American tariff is tenfold higher than the German tariff on American cars. German manufacturers demand that the government shall place like same tariff on American cars as America does on German cars.

It's Good. Help It Along.

It happened in Topeka. Three clothing stores are on the same block. One morning the middle proprietor was to the right of him a big sign—"Disrupt Sale," and to the left—"Closing Out at Cost." Twenty minutes later there appeared over his own door a larger letter—"Main Entrance."—Everybody's.

No Clinch.

Lulu's mother heard a great splashing in the bathroom, and, upon investigation, found her little daughter standing in the partially filled tub in a most bedraggled condition.

"Why, you see, mamma," she explained, "I've been trying to walk on the water, and it's no fool job, let me tell you."—Judge.