

AN EXCITING WOLF HUNT AT CHICAGO.

SOUTH SIDE POLICEMEN ENJOY DIVERSION.

PAIR OF BOLD OFFICERS

Dash Into Yard Where Little Girl is Trying to Make Friends with "Savage Beast"—Young Lady Claims Animal.

Chicago.—An exciting wolf hunt broke the monotony of life in the Stanton avenue police station the other day, the police arriving like stage heroes, just in time to save a child from the "savage beast."

For 24 hours a large black timber wolf had been at large on the South side. The animal was captured in the back yard of a residence on Calumet avenue, while a little girl, supposing it to be a dog, was trying to make friends with it.

The rescuers were Patrolmen J. P. O'Donnell and D. D. Morrin. Morrin comes from the Black Hills, and boasts of having caught coyotes with his bare hands. He had an opportunity to display his ability in this line when the telephone bell of the police station rang and a hysterical voice over the wire announced that a big wolf was eating up a child.

Five minutes later the men arrived at the wolf "lair." The baby, dressed in a red coat, was toddling toward the animal, which, when it saw the two intruders, bristled and showed its teeth.

"Nice doggie," said the little girl, as the animal, growling savagely, backed into a corner. A frantic mother ran out at this moment and, protected by the police, seized the child in her arms.

O'Donnell and Morrin advanced cautiously, one of them holding a rope ready to lasso the beast. The wolf snarled viciously at Morrin, but its teeth caught in the man's glove. Then the animal bolted for the basement. The occupants of the house, thinking that the wolf had come to devour them, fled in a panic upstairs.

In the gloom of the basement the wolf's eyes glowed like two jewels. Again the men pressed down upon

their quarry. There was a snarl, a scuffle and a cry. "We've got him." Cautious heads were projected from the upper windows, and a few more daring spectators peeped over the back fence.

While O'Donnell and Morrin were debating what to do with the captive, a young woman rushed up breathless. "Oh, you have got him," she gasped, kneeling down by the side of the animal.



"Nice Doggie," said the Little Girl.

mal she began to stroke its sides. "Nice puppy, and was it lost?" she crooned.

"I guess it was, ma'am," said the policeman. "You ought to know better than to let savage wolves run amuck around other peoples' houses," came an indignant voice from upstairs.

The young woman, who had provided a muzzle for the purpose, attached it to her pet and led the wolf away. The animal barked like a dog and seemed glad to be found again.

The owner is Thomas H. Pick, who caught the animal in the "Black Hole" of Colorado.

FIRST STATE CAPITOL.

BIRTHPLACE OF WISCONSIN IS STILL STANDING.

Erection of Imposing Structure at Madison Recalls Humble Building Where Territorial Administration Was Organized.

Madison, Wis.—Wisconsin's new capitol will be a sumptuous structure compared with the building the state fathers occupied when they gathered in legislative session in 1838. The development of the great commonwealth is shown in the required amplification of its statehouse. The legislature of Wisconsin has far outgrown the modest little building which at the time of its erection was considered the finest of its kind. It has demands that the enlarged capitol could not meet, and so the old will give place to the new.

Work on the new structure is being rapidly pushed, and at the meeting of December 27 specimens of the best grades of building material for the outside walls were submitted by Architect Post.

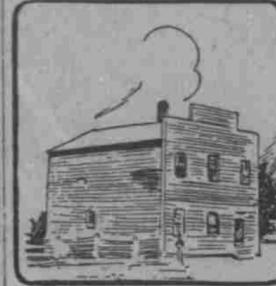
In the early days many towns were anxious to have the capitol building located within their limits, and many a bitter contest was waged over its location. None of the seventeen applicants succeeded in securing it. A town was laid out especially adapted to its needs, a site unrivaled in natural beauty by any Wisconsin town.

The location of the present state capitol was selected by James D. Doty in 1836, and in December of that year when the legislature convened at Belmont, an act was passed to establish the statehouse at Madison. There were many reasons why this site was selected, and chief among them was the central location. Milwaukee, Green Bay and the lead mine region in the southwestern part of the state were the principal centers of immigration and of activity, so in selecting Madison the distance from any one of the points would be about equal.

The Wisconsin territory had belonged to the Michigan tract. It was partitioned and organized at Mineral Point July 4, 1836, into the territory of Wisconsin. The first legislative body met at Belmont and there was a long struggle as to where the capitol of the new state would be permanently located. Seventeen towns desired it and each had inducements to offer. Fond du Lac, Dubuque, Portage, Helena, Milwaukee, Racine, Belmont, Mineral Point, Green Bay, Plattville, Cassville, Bellevue, Koshkonong, Wisconsinapolis, Wisconsin City, Peru and Madison. Some of these towns were, as yet, not laid out, but their promoters had hopes for them if the capitol was erected at the point advocated.

It was decided that the permanent structure would be at Madison and a

commission consisting of James D. Doty, A. A. Bird and John O'Neil was appointed by the government to begin work at once. On July 4, 1837, the cornerstones were laid with ceremonies appropriate to the occasion. The legislature of Wisconsin met for the first time at Madison in 1838, but, as the capitol building was not at that time in a suitable condition for occupation the session was held in the basement of the American house, where the annual message of the governor, Henry Dodge, was delivered. During 1836 and 1837 the national government appropriated \$40,000 for the capitol building, Dane county \$4,000, and the territorial legislature about \$16,000, making the complete cost \$60,000. The building, when finished, was a substantial structure, which in architectural



First Legislative Hall of Wisconsin.

design and convenience of arrangement compared favorably with capitol buildings of the adjacent states.

The building was enlarged from time to time to provide for the growing wants of the state.

In 1864 a portion of the north wing and the greater part of the interior of the capitol was destroyed by fire.

The first legislative hall of Wisconsin is still standing and there are many earnest people in the state who are pleading for its restoration, or at least, to have it saved from the desecration it is at present subjected to. At the time when the first legislative body sat in conference, the building was a story and a half frame house, battlement fronted. It was at the meeting in this humble place that the territorial administration was organized, the territory divided into counties, county seats established, ways and means of borrowing money discussed. This birthplace of the great state of Wisconsin must always be of interest to its citizens, who can never forget the wisdom and foresight of the pioneers who, meeting to establish a great commonwealth, laid the foundations for the good of posterity. The old building at Belmont is perhaps nothing more to many than any other old landmark, but to the earnest-minded it stands for something more.

GIRL'S FIVE-MILE RIDE WITH DEATH.

CLINGS DESPERATELY TO SIDE OF FAST-FLYING TRAIN.

COLLAPSES WHEN SAVED

Young Woman Mounts Step of Moving Car but Vestibule Door Refuses to Open—Operator Orders Limited Stopped.

Logansport, Ind.—Her dress the plaything of the winds, her hair blowing in wild disorder, Miss Edith Milliron, one of Logansport's prettiest and best known young women, desperately clung to the handles of a closed vestibule car the other week for five miles while the Continental limited, the Wabash's fastest train, tore through space at the rate of 50 miles an hour. When the cold, rushing winds were numbing her limbs and exhaustion was loosening her grip on the handles; when it seemed that she must let go and drop from the rushing train, to be rolled and pushed over the frozen ground, and then left inert, bruised, battered and dead, the train came to a stop. Operator Modrick, in Wabash, Ind., where the girl had boarded the train, had seen her predicament and peril as the limited was steaming out of the station. Peru, 20 miles distant, was the train's next scheduled stop, and Modrick, realizing that the girl could not possibly cling to the handles that length of time, rushed to his office and furiously pounded the telegraph key, calling the operator at Hartsman Station, five miles away. When the Continental limited thundered into view at Hartsman the operator was in the middle of the track wildly flaunting a red flag.

With grinding jar the train came to a stop, and Miss Milliron loosened her grasp on the car handles and sank to the ground, where she collapsed in a heap. She could not have held on a moment longer.

Miss Milliron will talk but little of her experience. Thought of that wild ride through space, with the wind howling and shrieking in her ears and striving to tear her from the train's side, even now send tremors of fear through her body. The strain which she underwent during the time it took for the train to travel those five miles would have caused a physical breakdown in a person less strongly constituted.

Miss Milliron had been visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. John Reed, of Lafayette, and the two went to Wabash to visit another sister. Mrs. Reed decided to remain for several days and Miss Milliron in the afternoon hastily made up her mind to take the Continental limited and return to her home in Logansport. The decision necessitated a hurried packing and fast walk to the Wabash railroad station. Miss Milliron arrived in the depot just as the train was pulling out. She gave her sister a farewell kiss, and clutching her skirts she raced out and pluckily grabbed the handles of a vestibule car. She was dragged a little before she clambered upon the steps. The vestibule door refused to open. It would not budge. She pushed and strained and, failing to open it, pounded frantically on the glass, hop-

ing to attract the attention of porters or passengers. Her efforts were drowned in the rattle and roar of the train, and she turned to alight. Fear seized her. The momentum was such that she dared not risk a leap into space. The train was increasing in speed each passing moment. Conflicting emotions filled her. She wanted to leap out, but dared not. She knew it was the right thing to do—the only thing to do, but her nerve failed. Twice she nerved herself for the drop, but each time she drew back and tightened her hold on the handles.

Hope was in her that one of the train crew or passengers would see her plight and rescue her. Ten, 20, 30 miles an hour sped the train. The engineer was trying to make up time and he pulled the throttle back another



Tenaciously the Girl Clung to the Handles.

notch. Fifty miles an hour rushed the train, stirring up the dust and gravel. To the passengers comfortably seated inside, telegraph poles along the track appeared as picket fence, and farm houses flashed into view only to disappear a moment later.

Tenaciously the girl clung to the handles. The rushing wind blinded and buffeted her. Her clothes were the plaything of its caprices and her hair was blown to ribbons. Loudly it shrieked and swayed her body, striving to tear her away from the car. Everything was forgotten except the thought that she was soon to drop down and meet the rushing, heaving earth.

But she did not. For this she has the operator at the station in Wabash, Modrick, by name, to thank. He had seen the girl board the car as the train was moving, ran to the telegraph office and had the train stopped as related above.

The rest of the journey to Logansport was made reclining on the cushions in the train. Arriving here she went to her home unassisted, but a reaction set in, and as the result of her wild ride and terrible experiences, she was confined to the house several days.

BOY PLAYS SANTA CLAUS; STICKS IN THE CHIMNEY

Lad Hauled Up Bruised and Penitent by Mother, Neighbors and a Clothesline.

Philadelphia.—Stuck in an old chimney for nearly two hours while his mother and neighbors fished for him with clotheslines, William Matson, a 13-year-old lad, of Shawmont, just



They Hauled Him to Safety.

above Rothborough, had the scare of his life while playing Santa Claus and was so badly scraped and shocked by his experience that he had to be taken to a hospital for treatment.

Matson, with his brother, Andrew; Matthew Conway, Joseph Miller and Harry Thompson, went to a vacant house in Shawmont avenue, near Ridge avenue, to play. The boys are from nine to 14 years old, and when it was suggested that the time-honored drama of Santa and the chimney be enacted William Matson clamored for the star part.

He got it, and, armed with an old satchel filled with straw, mounted to the roof of the old house, which has not been occupied for years. His companions waited on the floor below by an open fireplace, through which he was scheduled to make a triumphal entry.

Matson lowered himself boldly into the chimney, and began to slide down the ancient coat of spot with a joyous thrill. Half way down he stuck, and it became evident there was a bend in the chimney. His companions, instead of a joyous shout from the fireplace, heard a dismal cry from the wall above, and recognized their playmate calling wildly for assistance.

They ran to his home, a few doors away, and told his mother. She, thoroughly frightened, got a ladder, a clothesline and a stout boat hook. Getting on the roof, she lowered the rope, and managed to get the satchel,

but could not land the boy.

Then some men came out of the big crowd which had gathered in the street, and with several more ropes they managed to get a firm grip on young Santa Claus, and haul him to safety.

When the soot-begrimed, bleeding little figure was brought to daylight, no one laughed. The youngster was so frightened that he almost fainted; his clothes were torn, his face and hands were bleeding and raw from his frantic struggles to raise himself against the walls of the chimney.

He was taken to the hospital, where his cuts were dressed. He was then given a tonic, a good wash and sent home.

KEPT HORSE IN BEDROOM.

Animal is Member of Grocer's Household for Two Years.

Cleveland, O.—John Radic, a grocer, on St. Clair avenue, was very indignant when the police hauled him into court for violating a city health ordinance by keeping a horse in his house. Radic operates a grocery store and lives with his family in rooms in the rear. Until the other day his delivery horse occupied a room adjoining the sleeping apartments of the family with a door between and also one opening into the grocery store.

Sanitary policeman Blackstock happened to walk into the store and detected the presence of the horse in the adjacent bedroom. Radic was arrested, charged with violating the health code, and fined \$5 and costs. Radic waxed indignant over the alleged outrage.

"I keep my horse clean," he asserted. "He been in house two years. My wife and me and my boys are never sick. In the old country I sleep in a room with six horses and I was always well."

Radic has temporarily moved his horse to a neighbor's barn. Being frugal, he has posted a card on his house announcing a furnished room for rent. That is, the vacant stall.

Prince Subdues Wild Beasts.

Rome.—A strange affair has occurred at the exhibition grounds at Milan. In consequence of a dispute between the owners of the menagerie and the proprietor of a theater where the wild beasts were installed the lions did not receive their food for two days. They became very savage and fought so desperately among themselves that no one dare venture near their cage. Prince Wolfetta, who is a great lover of wild beasts, heard of the trouble and resolved to tame the animals. He accordingly took them in hand, and not only managed to subdue them, but forced them into separate cages.

Debtor and Creditor.

Against your share of that per capita circulation which is so very difficult to get hold of just set off your share of the public debt, which of course you'll never pay. It is thoughts like these that cheer one along through the dreary weather—Indianapolis News

Woman on Hospital Board.

Unique Distinction Held by Miss Bullard of Virginia.

Richmond, Va.—Dr. Irene B. Bullard of Radford, recently appointed by the general hospital board as third assistant physician at the Eastern State



Dr. Irene B. Bullard. (Southern Girl Who Has Had An Unusual Career.)

Hospital for the insane at Williamsburg, is the only woman physician in the state and probably in the south holding a responsible official position under a state government in a professional capacity as a doctor of medicine. Dr. Bullard, who is yet in her twenties, looks younger than her years. Her social standing is so high and her beauty so marked that she could long since have blossomed into a belle, but she would have none of it. She has been a bookworm from a child, devouring subjects far beyond her years, while other girls were yet with their dolls and their toys.

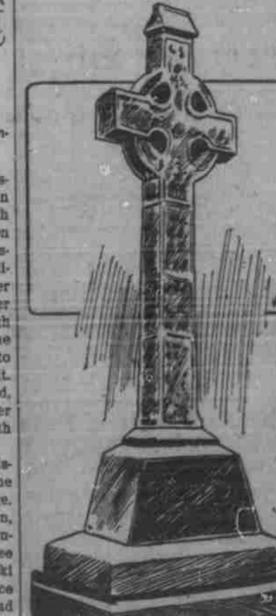
Dr. Bullard graduated from Wade high school, Radford, where she was born and reared, at an early age. She attended a school at Madison, Wis., afterward taking the professional course at Farmville, teaching three years in the public schools of Pulaski after her graduation. But the science of medicine, to which the child had been attracted, drew her to the city and she was attracted, and she graduated, and, broadening her studies as her years advanced, she in time obtained her degree as a doctor of medicine. To achieve this end she became a trained nurse, practicing her profession at the bedside of her patients for several years with great success.

Dr. Bullard is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Meta G. Bullard, and the late Daniel Bullard, who settled in Virginia prior to the civil war. Though a native born Virginian, she comes from Puritan stock, uniting the energy and progressive traits of the Yankee with the warm-heartedness and generous impulsiveness of the south.

IN MEMORY OF THOMAS MOORE.

Artistic Celtic Cross Erected on His Grave in England.

London.—Recently in the churchyard of Bromham, Wiltshire, England, the Celtic cross shown in the illustration, which stands over the grave of Thomas Moore, the renowned Irish poet, was unveiled with imposing ceremonies. Thousands attended the ceremonies and green flags and scrolls bearing quotations from the "Irish Melodies" were abundantly in evidence. Among the speakers were Jus



The Memorial to Moore.

tin McCarthy and John Dillon, M. P. Moore was born in Dublin on May 28, 1779, and died at Bromham on the 28th of February, 1852. His famous "Irish Melodies" were published between the years 1807 and 1834.

ROOSTER IS ADOPTED BY BIG LOCOMOTIVE

Bird Lives on Engine and Travels Everywhere with His "Foster-Mother" and "Chums."

Winsted, Conn.—Engine No. 1899 has adopted a rooster. "Her" engineer, E. H. Conier, swears "she" has, and certainly the rooster is devotedly attached to his ponderous foster-mother. Wherever "she" goes, there



"Hank."

goes the rooster, which, although "slightly disfigured, is still in the ring." Conier says, the proudest bird in the Naugatuck Valley.

"She," or Conier, has named the rooster "Hank." He has gone to Torrington, to Bridgeport, to New Haven and other places. "Hank" sleeps in the engine cab o' nights at Waterbury, and is becoming the pet of all the railroad men on the Naugatuck division of the New Haven railroad.

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When "she" was running past the Turner manufactory at Livingston, a month ago, Conier and his fireman, J. E. Downs, of Waterbury, saw "Hank" hopping and tumbling about near the tracks. Merciful men, they halted "her" and picked up the rooster. A train had run over him, cut off a wing and, so narrow was his escape, part of his bill. They nursed him tenderly, and after his wounds healed "Hank" would not leave "her" and those who had befriended him.

When "she" starts "Hank" jumps on the coal in the tender, and Downs is mighty careful not to scoop him up in a shovel and throw him in the firebox. When "she" comes to a standstill the rooster hops into the cab and to the ground, sometimes, while his chums oil "her" joints. Proud as he is, "Hank" crows only when he is hungry; then the engineer and fireman share their food with him.

CATCHES FOXES IN A CAVE.

Hunter Falls into Pit and Finds Game at Hand.

Port Jervis, N. Y.—On the last day of the hunting season just closed in Pike county, Pennsylvania, John Wurtzel, of near Promised Land Pond, shot a wild turkey, the first killed in that county in years. There were three turkeys in the flock, young Wurtzel shooting the gobble.

In going after the bird the hunter stumbled and fell into a hole, dropping 15 feet. Although bruised and much shaken up, he picked up his gun, which fell with him and, lighting a match he found he was in a triangular cave some 20 feet in breadth.

In the cave were three young foxes. A hole large enough for Wurtzel to crawl through led out on a side hill. A hole large enough for Wurtzel to jump through, gained the outer world, where he met the old fox coming toward her den with the turkey he had shot.

The hunter killed the fox and went home with his trophies. The hides brought him \$4. Wurtzel considers the day's hunt a profitable one.