

CREW OF OIL BOAT DESERTS

Lascar Sailors From India Bay Stench of Cargo Was Unbearable, So They Quit.

New York—The picturesque Lascar sailors, clad in outlandish costumes, as is commonly supposed to be the garb of pirates, are taken before Magistrate McFarland of the night court and sentenced to 30 days each on the charge of attempting to desert the British oil steamer Indra, which is lying at Point Breeze. Captain Grain, master of the vessel, and Chief Officer Kennedy appeared against them, declaring the men started a row because they were refused shore leave. Mohan Ali, the only one of the crew who could speak English, was spokesman for his companions. He defended their action, saying that the captain ordered them to remain in the forecastle, where the stench of oil was so intolerable that they could hardly breathe.

Arraigned in the dock, the prisoners presented a novelty in the night court, so different were they from the usual types of prisoners. Most of them wore vivid colored handkerchiefs on their heads; some were garbed in wide trousers which extended only to the knees, and others were half naked. One man wore a yellow turban.

According to the testimony, the men were shipped in India, signing papers which stipulated that they were not to have any shore leave unless upon express permission of the captain. All said that the men had been deceived when these papers were signed, as they understood at the time that they were to be permitted ashore at all ports.

PAIR MUST MARRY AT SEA

Japanese Swain Can't Wed Woman in America—His Love Letters Yards Long.

Spokane—Love letters by the yard are the kind S. Kono, proprietor of a Japanese restaurant, receives regularly from his sweetheart of the flower kingdom. He exhibited one with considerable pride with the assurance that no one would read its sacred contents, as it is written in the Japanese language. Kono, with a bashful grin that extended from ear to ear, admitted that he was going to marry the little Japanese lass next September.

"We show something," he said, as he drew forth a crumpled mass of what looked like tissue paper from his inside coat pocket. Carefully smoothing it out, Kono displayed several sheets of Japanese silk paper delicately inscribed with the native characters on one side. Each sheet was about four feet long and the width of ordinary writing paper. Kono explained that it was a letter from his bride-to-be, and gleefully pointed out his name and the girl's on the paper.

RELICS FOUND IN GOTHAM

Celebrants at Fraunce's Tavern Make Interesting Discovery on Their Way Home.

New York—A party of Sons of the Revolution returning the other night from their annual Fourth of July gathering at historic Fraunce's tavern, were halted a few rods from the old tavern by a series of street excavations.

EXTRA HEADS ON STALKS

Government Becomes Interested in Grain and Orders an Inspection of Method.

Chico, Cal.—Barley and oat-growing experiments by G. W. Overton of Chico have developed grains that may be adopted throughout the United States.

PRIEST ACTS AS POLICEMAN

Minister of the Gospel is a Peace Officer in Los Angeles—First One in United States.

Los Angeles.—The city has a policeman-priest, the first official of the kind in California, and probably the first in the United States.

HEAD IN IRON POT

Child Taken to Hospital to Prevent Suffocation.

Boy Pulls a Kettle Over His Ears in Play and Efforts of Ten Physicians Are Needed to Release Him.

New York—It took physicians and nurses in Bellevue hospital more than half an hour to remove an iron pot from the head of Peter Szusca, two years old. Young Peter was pretending that the pot was a hat, when suddenly it slid over his ears and nose until the rim touched his neck. Then Peter began to yell.

His mother, Mrs. Jennie Szusca, heard the cries reverberating in the pot and ran into the room in which Peter had been playing. She could not see the lad's face, for the pot covered his face, and so Mrs. Szusca thought at first he was laughing. She said it was hard to tell whether a person with a pot over his head was laughing or crying on account of the weird noise that echoes from the pot. So the mother laughed too.

When she thought Peter was becoming too hilarious she attempted to move the pot, and it wouldn't come off, and Peter yelled something that sounded, in infantile idiom, like "it hurts." The more Mrs. Szusca pulled at the pot the tighter the iron mask seemed to hold. Then she summoned George Deyer, a neighbor. Deyer's attempts were futile, and he suggested that a plumber should be summoned.

Meantime Peter's walls began to sound like stage thunder, and Mrs. Szusca became frightened. Some one was said to have sagely suggested that Peter should be taken to a cold storage plant, turned upside down and water poured into the pot; the water would freeze, and the pot would be broken by the bulging ice. But Mrs. Szusca said that the hospital was the place for Peter. She wrapped the pot up in a shawl, and took it with Peter still attached, to Bellevue. In the hospital Dr. Savok took mother and child to a ward and tried to pull the pot off. The pot wouldn't budge. Several nurses came in to assist, but the pot was tenacious.

"We'll have to get a tinsmith at once," said the physician. A tinsmith was not available. Then a nurse suggested that soap suds on the pot's insides might ease it off. Peter was placed on his head and suds and soft soap was poured into the pot. The pot remained obdurate for half an hour, but finally the soap had the proper effect and Peter was released from his iron prison.

RECORD OF JERSEY FARMER

Never Word With Wife—Father to Twenty-Six Children, All Adopted.

Philadelphia.—Father to 26 children, and never a word with his wife, is the enviable record of Joseph Hinchman, 87 years of age, who resides on his farm at Merchantville, N. J.

Mr. Hinchman told how he had raised 26 children, all of whom he had adopted, and who grew up to be valuable citizens.

Mr. Hinchman said he adopted the first of these children when he was only 25 years old. At that time he was driving his milk wagon. He became associated with Mrs. Nancy Andrews, who was doing much work among the poor. From time to time she would tell Mr. Hinchman of her work. He became interested and offered to take some of the children. At times he had as many as five or six children under his roof.

DIAMONDS POUR INTO U. S.

\$38,500,000 Worth of Precious Stones Brought in in One Year at New York.

New York.—Despite the high cost of living, the American public has not checked at all its demand for diamonds, pearls and other precious stones. During the year ending June 30 the importations of those gems through the port of New York reached a total of \$38,500,000.

This is in addition to \$10,000,000 worth of uncut stones which are separately listed by the appraisers' agents. The total lacks only a few figures of constituting a new record.

MAN SET HENS IN HIS COFFIN

Edward D. Pomeroy Hoped Not to Die So Hatching Would Be Undisturbed.

North Adams, Mass.—When Edward D. Pomeroy was buried the other day in the little mountain town of Buckland in a coffin that he made with his own hands, a strange plea made by the old man to a doctor to save his life for two weeks came to light.

GIRL IS TREADED BY BEARS

Minnesota Young Woman Seeking Lost Cows Has Throwing Encounters With Bears.

Kinney, Minn.—While hunting for a lost cow in the woods adjacent to her father's homestead, seven miles north of Kinney, Mary McInnes, fifteen years old, encountered a black bear with two well-grown cubs. She was almost upon the animals before she saw them.

Screaming, the girl scrambled over fallen logs and dead brush, the enraged bear coming after her. Coming to a small tree she grasped the lower boughs and drew herself up until out of immediate harm's way. The bear hung around the tree and made several attempts to climb it, but its efforts were failures, owing to the small girth of the trunk, which prevented the brute from getting a solid grip. The weather was very cold, and as the evening wore on it became almost impossible for the girl to retain her hold on the boughs through cramps in her arms and the stiffness from cold.

When darkness came on the parents and elder brother became alarmed and started out with lanterns to find the girl, calling loudly as they proceeded through the woods. Miss McInnes heard the calls and endeavored to answer them, but at first found it impossible to make even the slightest sound because of the cold and nervousness. As the searchers drew nearer, however, she was heard calling faintly. The bears must have been frightened off by the lantern light, as nothing was seen of them by the rescuing party.

Miss McInnes collapsed when taken from her perilous position. She had been in the tree six hours.

IS 100 YEARS OLD

Famous Dormitory at Harvard Was Built in 1812.

Money to Put the Mail Up Was Raised by a Lottery, Which Made a Profit of \$25,000.

Cambridge, Mass.—Not only every Harvard man but every visitor who has crossed the classic yard of the old university will be interested in the fact that Holyworthy hall, one of the dormitories facing on the elm-shaded quadrangle, celebrates its centenary this year. For a full hundred years it has been occupied by successive generations of students.

The history of Holyworthy is interesting. Before it was built the college had faced our over Cambridge common, turning its back on what is now the yard. The three oldest buildings, Harvard (1672-3), the original Stoughton (1689) and Massachusetts hall (1720), formed three sides of a square open to the west. Later, 1763, Hollis was built in line with Stoughton and with the help of Holden chapel, three sides of another square were thus formed, this one also opening to the west.

These western faces were the front of the building. Behind them in what is the present yard were wood houses, the brewhouse and other outbuildings. Stoughton was finally taken down in 1780 and a different plan of arrangement then became possible. Still the present Stoughton, built in 1803 was placed on a line with Hollis and it also faced the west.

In 1811, however, another dormitory being needed, it was voted in the first place "that the corporation will proceed to erect a new college for the habitation of students on the site of old Stoughton hall" and Mr. Lowell and Loammi Baldwin were appointed a committee to make necessary contracts and superintend the erection of the building. If this plan had been carried out it would have effectually blocked the development of the present college yard.

Fortunately better counsels prevailed, says the Harvard Graduates Magazine. On March 11, 1811, Mr. Baldwin presented a plan for the new college, and it was voted "that the committee appointed to contract for the erection of the new college be requested to cause the same to be erected to the eastward of new Stoughton and extending its front southerly, nearly east and west, and that the same be built upon the principles of the plan exhibited by L. Baldwin with single rooms in the front and two studies in the rear, and to form the north side of a quadrangle which when completed, may be nearly equilateral."

The money with which to build the new hall was not derived from the Holyworthy bequest, received many years before, as might be inferred from the name, but came from the proceeds of a lottery which had been authorized by act of the legislature March 14, 1806. The treasurer's books show that the lottery produced about \$29,000, of which sum \$24,500 was spent on Holyworthy hall. This was a not unusual way of raising money for public purposes and no ill opinion was attached to it at that time. Stoughton hall had been built in the manner by a lottery authorized in 1794.

STRIKE FOR HAN HALTS SHIP

Captain of Steamer Farragut Tied Up Whether He Fires the Cook or Not.

Philadelphia.—The steamer Admiral Farragut, owned by the United Fruit company, was unable to sail for Jamaica, because on the trip to Philadelphia the ship's cook served to the members of the crew corned beef when their bill of fare called for ham.

Just as Captain Mardar was about to give orders to cast off the hawsers at 10 o'clock in the morning the 15 firemen and 10 officers of the steamship walked ashore and refused to return until John Conditine, the Jamaica negro cook, who had worked for the line 27 years, had been discharged.

SULTAN OF MOROCCO A POET

His World is Recognized in Mohammedan World as a Writer of Verse of Ability.

Paris.—Moulay Hafid, the sultan of Morocco who recently left for Spain, has a reputation as a poet in the Mohammedan world and is also recognized as a writer on philosophy. His best-known poem, his recent work translated into Spanish by Senor Eduardo Saez.

The sultan starts by confessing his disheartenment with life. Translated literally, this portion of his song reads: "From the beggars to which Fate has borne me, I am taught but he that heads worldly bowers. So high and plain that my hand's outstretched could not embrace any other hand, any worldly hand."

They he returns to the happy epoch when as a simple camel driver he loved the beautiful Bedouin girl, Africa, and her abode. Today surrounded with riches and honors, weary with pleasures the sultan sadly meditates upon the transitory past and upon his first love.

Three stanzas to more impersonal subjects, the sultan writes: "Fate's hand whispers to me. And while expecting that the star of accident shall shine again, I shall add pearls more and more pearls to the marvelous regalia of Islam; and may the keen edge of the sword of vengeance open to us at the propitious hour the road to the final triumph! Night slings my wings in secret today; but tomorrow they shall be fanned in the broad light, freely, gloriously."

The inference is taken to be that he hopes one day not distant, to shake off the yoke, or the proterotote of the fore-gear, and to recover his independence as the chief of the Moors.

FIGHT "ARSON TRUST" GANG

Outlaws Believed to Have Caused the Loss of Millions in the Last Five Years.

New York.—That the death knell of the "arson trust," a curious organization of New York's underworld, will soon be sounded is the belief of the fire department here as the result of arrests which it is expected will shortly be made after half a decade of endeavor to bring within the clutches of the law the members of an organization which has capitalized the bedding of incendiary fires.

According to the fire marshal, this gang in the conduct of its ingenious pursuit has caused the loss of more than \$1,000,000 in the last five years through small fires.

Although its existence has long been known, the make-up of the organization is apparently as uncertain and changeable as that of the "Black Hand." It is sometimes called the "Arson Syndicate" and is said to consist of a number of quasi-witted and rather aggressive scoundrels whose usual plan of campaign is to make bargains with persons willing to defraud insurance companies by which the fireman receives a stated sum, ranging from \$25 to \$50, for starting a blaze in small apartments with the connivance of those who live there, who have previously insured their petty belongings for as large sums as they can get.

PROFESSOR FLEES FROM BEES

Ledged Beneath His Under-shirt Made Him Do an Outdoor Marathon.

San Rafael, Cal.—Does not of the presidential kind, turned Dr. W. H. Dudley, one of the town's most dignified citizens, into an Olympic athlete to the great embarrassment of his neighbors.

Dr. Dudley had come home from a tour of duty and thought to refresh himself at a shower bath. So he spread his underclothing on the lawn to bleach in the sun and retired to the shower. Later he gathered up the garments, unaware that adventurous bees had meantime crawled inside their folds.

It was then the doctors were seen to keep through his front door and make circles around the house with Marathon speed while directing himself of his shirt in total defiance of the municipal ordinance regulating the premises.

FINDS CRYING BABY IN GRIP

Man in New York Unaware of Cow Hunts Until Infant Lets Out Howl.

New York.—A passer-by found a baby in a large grip at the corner of 42nd street and Lexington avenue shortly before daybreak. The infant, a week-old boy, was crying lustily.

John McAree, a builder, of Orono, L. I., happened to pass the corner, and the sight of the traveling bag and the woe of the Grand Central station suggested that some traveler in his hurry for a train had set it down and forgotten it. Suddenly the infant began to make itself heard and McAree opened the grip and found the child.

Chases Marshal Up a Tree.

Noblesville, Ind.—When the wife of Marshal Messburg of Warren sought to convince him that she should have the \$1.50 which he was trying to keep in hand, the guardian of peace playfully climbed a tree. Mrs. Messburg gave chase. A twig snapped—marshal and money came tumbling down to her feet. One dollar and fifty cents worth of restorative eliminated all traces of the downfall, except one wry face and a painful bump.

COUPLE END LIVES

James G. Smith, Former Broker, and Wife Drown.

Man Fills Pockets With Sand So They Will Sink, but Bodies Are Found With Their Wrists Tied Together.

Waukegan, Ill.—Their wrists bound together with a handkerchief, his left wrist tied to her right, the bodies of a man and a woman were found floating in the shallows at the shore of Lake Michigan near Waukegan. They were James G. Smith, formerly a wealthy real estate broker, and his wife.

They committed suicide Wednesday, the silver anniversary of their wedding, and all the silver they had left was in the man's pocket. There were two dimes.

Marks found on the shore told a graphic and pathetic story. On Wednesday afternoon the couple dressed carefully and walked to the lake shore. They were seen by C. F. Ingall strolling arm in arm along Sheridan road.

They sat down on the beach and removed their hats and looked out across the lake. As they talked together the man picked up handfuls of sand and filled his pockets with it, burying his two dimes in one pocket, and burying four pennies in another. There are little hollows in the beach, and finger marks that show where he scooped up the sand. Sand is heavy.

Mrs. Smith carried a parasol as the two set forth on their last stroll. When they reached the beach she struck it upright in the sand, and it was found there, with her hat and her husband's lying beside it.

Mrs. Smith had no pockets to fill with sand. So her husband loaded his own pockets heavier, and then tied one corner of a large handkerchief to her wrist. She tied the opposite corner to his wrist. And they walked down into the water.

Footprints on the sand showed that the couple had not hesitated when once they started—the prints led a straight path to the water's edge.

It was a pact of death. It is believed that the couple had planned it long ago, when it first became apparent that Mr. Smith would be unable to retrieve his fortune.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith leave a son, Walter Smith, who is employed in Chicago bank.

SAYS HE STARVED FAMILY

Wife Says Banker Made Her Pawn Game in His Own Shop.

Cincinnati.—Mrs. M. W. Hall, in an alimony petition, claims that her husband, J. Boyd Hall, wealthy banker, mining promoter and owner of the People's Chattel Loan company, has refused to give her more than five dollars a week for the support of the family, and that when she sought additional funds to buy drugs for their sick children he compelled her to pledge her jewelry at one of the pawn shops owned by him for the amount. The wife asks custody of two children and alimony.

Mrs. Hall alleges that her husband has refused her to secure a divorce, and threatened night until after midnight, and then threatened to eject her from home. She charges that he has an income of \$20,000 a year, and that he has put money in the business and has given other funds to his alleged woman manager, who is assisting him in concealing his property and putting it out of the reach of the plaintiff and her children.

Judge Leuders, as acting insolvency judge, granted a temporary injunction restraining the husband from disposing of property and restraining the company and the banking concerns here from disposing of any money or property they may have belonging to him.

TROUT STOP EXPRESS TRAIN

None Would Believe This Story From Wilkesbarre, Pa., If Told by a Fisherman.

Wilkesbarre, Pa.—After taking water at Beth Run station, on the Bowman Creek branch of the Lehigh Valley railroad, it was found that the injector of a locomotive on a passenger train was stuck up. When Engineer Murphy disconnected the injector he found it clogged with trout fry, and examination of the water tank disclosed many small trout swimming around in it.

The locomotive had to be taken to a roundhouse for repairs, and after the water was run out of the tank quite a number of small trout, or "fingerlings," were found in the boiler. The tank at Beth Run gets its water from a trout stream, and in this way the fish found their way into the tank. To prevent a recurrence a screen will be placed over the tank opening where the water is forced in.

Girl Washed Lover Outside. New York.—Barlow Guida, twenty-two years old, shot and killed himself in his room, while Miss Bogiaki, a pretty girl, eighteen years old, whom he was to have married in a few days looked on. He had been dependent of late because of long working hours. The girl had eloped with him and the pair was stopping at a boarding house.