

FINNIGAN HAS CLOSE CALL

Mad His Ears Been Pierced He Might Have Been Arrested as a Wife Deserter.

Montclair.—John Francis Finnigan, a clerk in Baldwin's drug store, narrowly escaped arrest last night as a wife deserter, because of his close resemblance to the husband of Mrs. Andrew Apolick of 134 Broome street, Newark, who disappeared four years ago.

Finnigan, who lives in Newark, had been accused several times lately on the streets of that city by a woman who in scathing terms rebuked him for deserting his family and urged him to return home. As Finnigan happily married these attacks puzzled him, but he attributed them to dementia on the part of his annoyers. The woman a few days ago called at the first precinct station in Newark and said that she had located her husband in this town, where he was employed in a grocery store under the name of "Vinegar."

Last evening Policeman Eckerline and Rommels of Newark came here in company with Mrs. Anolick, to cause the arrest of the husband. They were unable to locate him in the grocery store where the woman thought he was employed and they were returning to Newark when Mrs. Anolick called their attention to Finnigan, who was entering the drug store, and cried, "There he is!" The policeman seized the drug clerk, who laughed when told that the woman charged him with desertion. "Why, I don't know this woman," said Finnigan. "I am not even acquainted with the language she speaks." Mrs. Anolick was excited and had broken in with a flow of Slavic expressions.

"Are you sure this man is your husband?" Eckerline asked the woman. "Yes, yes," she cried and she produced a photograph of half a dozen children, which she waved in Finnigan's face. "These are your children," she declared. Finnigan continued to deny that he was the woman's husband. Then Mrs. Anolick remembered that her husband's ears were pierced. Neither of the cops nor Mrs. Anolick could discover any piercings in Finnigan's ears, and that saved him from going to Newark under arrest.

PRANK MAY COST HER \$20,000

Fourteen-Year-Old Heiress Sued by Former Maid Who Claims Girl Pushed Her Off Sink.

New York.—The shadow of the law is hovering over Hope Kingsley, fourteen-year-old daughter of Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Life Insurance company, in the shape of a \$20,000 personal injury suit. The plaintiff is Terese Hakanson, formerly a maid in the Kingsley household, who alleges she was injured through a childish prank for which Hope was responsible.

Hope was on her way to school when a stock gentleman, standing outside her home, approached, lifted his hat and inquired politely, "Have I the pleasure of addressing Miss Hope Kingsley?" "You have," said Hope. "You had read of foreign noblemen who were quite bold about approaching American heiresses. But the man thrust a paper in her hand. Hope opened the paper and her eyes widened. She read that a certain defendant—none other than herself—was alleged to have "carelessly, negligently, recklessly and wantonly pulled or pushed" some one referred to as a plaintiff, "with great force and violence from an elevated sink to the floor." Hope told her father all about the gentleman and his paper and Kingsley's lawyers drew up another paper denying all Miss Hakanson's allegations.

HAS WORKED A FULL CENTURY

Coloradan Retires at Age 114—Said to Be Nation's Oldest Man—Wanted to Retire With \$100,000.

Grand Junction, Col.—"Cherokee Bill," an Indian-negro, said to be one hundred and fourteen years old, and declared by the United States census to be the oldest man in America, has announced that he will retire. "One hundred years of work is enough for any man," said Bill. "I wanted to retire with \$100,000 to my credit, an average of \$1,000 for every year of my life, but I cannot make it."

He is reputed to have 300 pounds of gold cached away in hiding places about the little shack which he calls home. His gold, according to estimates, is worth between \$75,000 and \$80,000. His fortune has been made within the last fifteen years from gold mining in Leadville, Cripple Creek and along the Grand River. The only name by which he has ever been known in this part of the country is "Cherokee Bill."

Finds \$10,000 in Wooden Leg. Oklahoma City, Okla.—An old wooden leg may not be much of a legacy, but when it contains \$10,000 it certainly is worth having, thinks Jacob Randall, a pauper at the poor farm of Canadian county. The leg was given to him by Alexander P. Hamilton, a supposed pauper at the farm, just before he died a few days ago. Randall later discovered a large roll of money in the stock of the artificial limb. If Hamilton had relatives they are not known of here.

ODD SOCIETY DANCES

Philadelphia's Elite Perform Daring Numbers at Cotillion.

Mrs. Jackson Fouraid Uses Snake—New York Entertainment Includes All Kinds of Terpalch-bran Varieties.

New York.—If elite and exclusive Philadelphia society people could have seen their two favorite cotillion leaders, Charles Gilpin and George Lee Thompson, the recently divorced husband of the beautiful Julie Phillips, escort Nance Gwyn, the actress, Titian haired and from Australia, to an entertainment given by Mrs. Jackson Gouraud a short time ago, they would have opened wide their eyes.

But if they could have seen Miss Gwyn dance the dance of the seven veils a little later they might have gotten their eyelashes tangled up with their eyebrows. Miss Gwyn's alluring figure and her startling Salome dance were both more or less revealed at a Soiree de la danse excentrique (quoted from the program) given by Mrs. Gouraud. Everybody was in masquerade costume.

Mrs. Gouraud arrayed as "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," and in pearls that would clothe a baby and ransom a king, received her guests at the staircase landing. The program included La Mazurka Russe, danced by M. Agrioff and M. Maurice; the Hawaiian Kuli, danced by natives; Le Whirl, by Kathleen Clifford and Harry Plicer and La Harem slide, by the whole company.

A native Igorrote in his native costume, mostly beads, electrified the company in La Danse des Igorrotes. Mrs. Gouraud herself appeared in La Danse de Cobra, and with M. Agrioff danced Le Marlona, and Nance Gwyn did the Le Tango Argentin.

But this was too much like a hymn at Christmas to suit Miss Gwyn. The company cheered her as she started her greatest dance, and veil by veil, unwound the seven veils. The last veil was just whirling in the wind of Chopin's music when Miss Gwyn espied a reporter. With a shriek she fled into the dining room.

Garbed like another Helen in the classic robes of Greece, Mrs. Gouraud delighted the company when she danced Le Madriena with M. Agrioff. A little later Mrs. Gouraud twined round her neck a twelve foot living cobra and danced and danced. Frankly the guests were afraid of the cobra, even if Mrs. Gouraud was not. They backed away from its emerald eyes and its darting firelike tongue.

But when the lady of the house patted the cobra on the head and told it to behave they drew near and asked questions. "It's as gentle as a powder puff," exclaimed Mrs. Gouraud.

MAN 71 TO WED WOMAN 38

Professor H. F. Fisk of Northwestern University and a Former Pupil to Marry in Spring.

Evanston, Ill.—Dr. Herbert F. Fisk, member of the faculty of Northwestern university, and Miss Carla Sargent, formerly a student in one of his classes, are to be married next spring.

Dr. Fisk is 71 years old and his fiancée is 33 years his junior. The romance began several years ago, when Miss Sargent was a pupil listening daily to Dr. Fisk's lectures.

Dr. Fisk has been an instructor in Northwestern university for nearly 40 years and is one of the best known educators in the west. He is a graduate of Wesleyan university. In 1873 he became principal of the Evanston academy, which position he held until 1904, when he resigned. Since then he has been principal emeritus of the academy and professor of pedagogics in the university.

Dr. Fisk's first wife was Miss Anna Green, whom he married in 1866. They had two daughters, the elder being the wife of Prof. Charles Zuehlbin, and Miss Nell Fisk. Mrs. Fisk died in 1908.

Miss Sargent was a student of Dr. Fisk, first in the academy, from which she was graduated in 1891, and later in his classes in pedagogics in the university, from which she graduated in 1895. She is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa sorority. In 1897 she became a member of the faculty of the academy.

She resigned, giving as her reason that she "wished to take care of her mother during her declining years."

Father Asks Prison for Son. New York.—Mercy will not temper the justice to be meted out to Timothy McMahon, a youthful criminal, for obtaining money on the name of his father, if the father, Joseph M. McMahon, a police lieutenant, can prevent McMahon, the younger, pleaded guilty to the charge and the district attorney asked that he be sent to the Elmira reformatory rather than to state's prison, when Timothy faced the court for sentence. Then up rose McMahon, the elder.

"I am the boy's father," he said, "and I don't agree with the district attorney that he should be given any mercy. He is a wayward, incorrigible boy and I want the court to send him to Sing Sing, where he will have plenty of time to figure out the sorrow he has occasioned me in my declining years." The presiding justice withheld decision on the unusual request.

PANG TRIPLETS BROUGHT

Ohio Man Bemoaning Because Infant Has a Tooth—Means Another Mouth to Feed.

Sympathy of all the fond papas in this city went out to Arthur Vanderhill of Akron, Ohio, whose wife presented triplets to him, one of whom had a perfectly formed tooth. They were able to appreciate his great sorrow in being deprived later of the chance to say "Baby's got a tooth," an announcement invariably followed by an individual celebration on the part of the proud parent. To be robbed of the opportunity of making the speech which every married man rehearses for weeks seemed too much for one man to bear, and one of the local dealers in coochie-coohee-coo talk sent messages of condolence to him.

"It's a hard blow," said one young man, who was around collecting liquid samples by way of celebrating the arrival of his baby's first tusk. "The fact that he has two more chances to make the speech will help alleviate his grief, but just think of the bun he could have organized if all three broke into the ivory game at the same time. I've been expecting my baby's tooth for weeks, and in order that I might be in proper shape to do it justice I have been dieting on salt pork."

"Aside from the misfortune of being robbed of the greatest joy in a married man's life, just think of the hard luck of having a baby born with a tooth these times, with all sorts of food bringing prohibitive prices," was the way another sympathizer put it. "Yes, it's a boy, the other members of the delegation being girls. While his sisters will be content with milk for a year at least, he will have to have steak and chops from the start in order to exercise that tooth. That youngster will be demanding evening clothes before he is six months old."

"Beats all the way nature favors these Ohio babies," complained a man who hasn't any teeth. Here's a youngster arrives all ready to tackle a beefsteak dinner, while I have to be content with gruel. I've been drinking my meals for years. Bet a dollar, if you investigate, you will find that the first thing he said was 'I accept the nomination.' All Ohio babies do that."

MAKE BOOKS FOR THE BLIND

Movement to Establish a System of Uniform Type Incorporated at Washington.

Washington.—An organization known as the National Library for the Blind has been incorporated here to carry on a movement to establish a universal type for blind readers and to distribute books among them.

Literature for the blind, now published at a rate of less than 50 books a year, is made less useful to them because it is now printed in at least five different styles of type. There is now no method of circulating books for the blind.

The national library aims to have all books for blind readers printed in type which shall be universally understood and to establish traveling libraries. The library will also buy and copy sheet music for blind students and assist them in new means of livelihood by transcribing books and music for the library.

Thomas Nelson Page is president of the library and Etta Josephyn Giffin is its director. Mrs. Champ Clark is national chairman of the membership committee and Mrs. Ernest W. Roberts, president of the Congressional club, is national chairman of the publicity committee.

The library has been incorporated with 500 charter members.

TO STUDY COST OF LIVING

New York Official Introduces Plan for Creation of an International Board.

New York.—Calvin Tomkins, commissioner of docks and ferries, introduced a resolution at the Chamber of Commerce favoring an international commission on the cost of living. Among the reasons he advanced for this commission are the following:

"The questions growing out of the increasing cost of living are not merely theoretical and for the future—they are practical and confront the business and financial world of today. If they are not solved promptly the perils of business, resulting from unstable prices, wages and interest rates, will continue to increase and dissatisfaction and discontent grow until most serious consequences may result—industrially, financially and politically.

"The world is entitled to a stable purchasing power of money and wages, if such is possible. Civilization and progress depend largely upon stability and certainty. If monetary stability is impossible, the world is entitled to know by what means, if any, the evils of wide price and wage fluctuations can be lessened.

"An international and scientific commission of experts should investigate the facts, study the causes and suggest possible remedies."

Ten Years for Twenty-Cent Theft. New York.—Maurice McGrath, of 93 Chambers street, was sentenced this afternoon by Judge O'Sullivan in general sessions to serve ten years in Sing Sing for a robbery that netted the prisoner just twenty cents. The prisoner has served several terms in prison and it was on account of his criminal record that the severe penalty was imposed.

PARIS HAS NEW FAD

"Radium Cure" Is Latest Craze in French Capital.

Affects Patient Immediately—Oxygen Passed Through a Reservoir Containing Mineral and Dispersed by Means of Electric Fan.

Paris.—The "Afternoon Radium Cure" is the latest craze of Paris society. The popularity of the treatment, new to Paris, has developed quite suddenly, and it is due no doubt to the fact that it is exceedingly pleasant.

Americans who spent last summer at either Carlsbad, Wiesbaden or Homberg are probably already acquainted with the treatment by radium emanations inhaled through the lungs. The new cure has been in operation only a short time, being a consequence of the discovery of the radio-activity of mineral waters. What has struck Paris society most is the novelty connected with it. There is nothing suggestive of the physician's consulting room in the spacious drawing room where the patients take their cure. All one has to do is to remain in this room for a couple of hours every day for a month, and he will, according to Dr. Frumesan, the director of the establishment, be cured of all rheumatism or, in general, of all affections of the heart or bone joints.

During the two hours of voluntary imprisonment the patients play bridge, read, talk, and take tea. In a corner of the room stands a tall, white cylinder looking like a radiator, which absorbs the superfluous carbonic acid and creates a supply of fresh oxygen to pass through a reservoir containing a few thousand dollars' worth of radium and to be dispersed afterward through the room by means of a small electric fan.

There are no smells and no discomforts whatever. On the contrary, the purity of the air and the invigorating effects of the radium give a pleasant sense of well-being. This sense of well-being is, according to the doctor, due to the radio-activity absorbed by one's body, which is retained for several hours after the treatment.

The establishment, which has been open only a few days, is astonishing how many society women have suddenly discovered that they are suffering from rheumatism in order not to miss the three to five o'clock "Radium Tea."

THIS "CORPSE" A LIVE ONE

Undertaker's Employee Who Goes to Sleep in Cab Stampedes Parade.

New York.—Riley knew just what it meant—the sober pace of the horses, the almost noiseless rumble of the rubber tired wheels, the swishing of the black curtains against the windows and the other sure signs of a hearse outbound. All these things were known to Riley from years of service as stableman in the undertaking establishment of Hirsch & Schwarz.

But when Riley realized after stretching out his arms cautiously and listening to the rumble of the wheels that he was the "gentleman deceased," he let drive with a No. 10 with all his might. It hit the rear doors of the hearse squarely. Glass flew in a shower as the doors burst open. Riley threw himself into the street. Samuel Kerstein, the hearse driver, dropped the reins and leaped from his perch.

Persons at Avenue C and 6th street heard the crashing of glass and saw Riley's black clad form pick itself up and dash off at the top speed of a pair of nimble legs. One woman fainted and two peddlers deserted their push-carts and fled, terrified.

As Riley in his flight flashed past the line of four carriages following the horses, a driver shouted: "It's Jim Riley; none other." Riley said he had been a bit groggy the night before and had gone to sleep.

PLEADS FOR PRISON LODGING

Wife of Oklahoma Life Termer Would Share Husband's Unhappy Lot at McAlester.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—A pathetic appeal from the wife of a life time convict reached the office of Governor Cruce from Dora, Ark. The writer, Mrs. Ada Greenlaw, stated that her husband had been away from her for a year and was doing a life sentence at McAlester. She asked the governor to make an order that would permit her to be with her husband, saying that she could possibly work at the prison for her board.

"I am a poor woman and alone," the letter read in closing the appeal, which bore no suggestion of a pardon wanted. The governor is without authority to grant the peculiar residence requested. Records here do not disclose for what crime or from what county Greenlaw is doing penal servitude.

Sermon Bares a Theft. Cincinnati, Ohio.—Steve Callahan, a negro, was so influenced by a sermon delivered by a colored evangelist that he confessed to burglary and returned to the home of Frank Holmes, 204 Sycamore street, a fur coat he had stolen. Today he told the police he had committed more than a score of other thefts.

CLEVER RUSSIAN SWINDLER

He Got Insurance Money by Fraud—Now St. Petersburg Police Have Him in Custody.

St. Petersburg.—A widespread swindle effected by fictitious life insurance operations has just been discovered by the St. Petersburg police. The chief figure is Sigismund Poplavsky, son of an insurance agent. He has owned to frauds on the New York Life, the Urbaine and the Kertch insurance companies. Poplavsky received a high school education in his native town of Tiflis and started swindling early. He got appointed to the traffic department of the Vladikavkaz railroad and there sold six wagon-loads of wheat belonging to a shipper. He was indicted and his mother bailed him out, giving him the title deeds of an estate she owned as security. He sold the ball security and hid in the Caucasus.

His first experiment in fraudulent life insurance was a dozen years ago. He insured himself with the Urbaine company for 15,000 rubles. The following year a very sick man presented himself at the Pakof office of the company, far away from where the policy was taken out, and duly paid the premium. He showed all the passport identification documents of Poplavsky. Soon the sick man, whose true name was Ivan Fedounin, died, and Poplavsky, who had taken the other's identity, drew the insurance policy. Still keeping Fedounin's name, he went to Narva and in a year had spent the money. Then in 1901 he insured as Fedounin with the New York Life for 35,000 rubles and in the following year he took a man from the hospital who was incurably ill and equipped him with all the Fedounin papers. The dying man was installed in the apartment of Poplavsky's brother, where very soon he died. His real name is so far unknown, but he was buried as Fedounin and once again Poplavsky got the insurance money.

Then Poplavsky married a young woman named Smurnoff and forthwith insured her with the Kertch company for 1,500 rubles. Soon he found a female patient in one of the St. Petersburg hospitals whose case was hopeless. He was able to get her furnished with his wife's civic papers, and when she died he collected his wife's insurance money. She also was buried in the name of Fedounin. Then he settled in St. Petersburg as Boleslav Kupinsky and opened a timber business. He tried to insure with the Helmsing company for 25,000 rubles, as he now admits, intending to repeat the swindle that had so far succeeded. But by this time he was being watched.

The police will exhume his and his wife's doubles to try and learn how they died. They believe that he had several pupils, who worked the trick on other companies. The obligation in Russia to produce passports and documents showing one's antecedents really made the swindle easy, because the production of them had the effect of stopping the inquiries that would have followed natural suspicion.

TUG HITS WHALE DURING FOG

Strikes Sea Monster Asleep Off the Pacific Coast, But Escapes Damage.

Tacoma, Wash.—With a mighty thump, that sent Capt. Crosby sprawling in his deck house, and deck hands flopping wildly out of the bunks, put the engineer on his back and set the mechanism shuddering, the tug Redondo came to a sudden stop near the light four miles north of the fork of the Fraser river on the sturdy tramp ship's trip here from Vancouver, B. C.

At first Capt. Crosby thought the tug was aground. But the real reason for the big thump and the cessation of the engines was even more hair raising. For it was discovered the Redonda was on the back of a whale. And it was a whale something more than three times as big as the tug.

Capt. Crosby said the sea monster must have been asleep, for otherwise he would not have lain about in the deep in that way and got bumped into. Whales have been reported as extraordinarily plentiful off the mouth of the Fraser, and constant lookout was kept for them, but the night was misty and completely hid the whopping, napping ocean giant.

The tug smashed into the whale with terrific impact, and as the big fellow struggled, the tug's propeller blades sank into his side. That put the engine out of commission. "The tug," said Capt. Crosby, "was really at the mercy of the big fish for several minutes. If he had been inclined to get mad over his loss of sleep and try tossing about a bit he certainly could have turned the Redonda over. But he was apparently a peaceful fish, for, instead of trying to throw us up in the air, he only struggled enough to get the propeller blades out of his ribs and then left us on the dive."

Couple Too Fat for Cab.

Dover, N. H.—Samuel Chesley Draw, the pride of the New England Fat Men's association, who weighs 450 pounds, is back at his home here after a honeymoon trip with his bride, who was Miss Rose Lavigne of Rochester, and who herself tips the scales at 278 pounds.

As there was no carriage in the town capable of transporting the happy pair they were carried from the train to their home in a hay truck. At the state hospital and poor farm here Draw is head chef and Mrs. Draw chief nurse in the insane ward.

ORLEANS LOSES HOPE

"Pretender" Changes Plans in Attempt to Form Monarchy.

Royalist Leader Attempts to Reconcile Few Warring Followers—Populace Care Nothing for Restoration of Throne.

Paris.—The royalists, who are always fervent in France, although their political influence ceased to be important long ago, were surprised and rather dismayed to receive from the Duke of Orleans an order that he will have no direct representative in France hereafter.

The Duke of Orleans, the royalist pretender to the French throne, of course, who is an exile in England, writes an open letter in which he expressly says that any one assuming to be his personal representative will do so without authority. In this way the duke hopes to end the discord which began several months ago after he changed his representative here. On the one side is the newspaper known as Action Francaise, of which Leon Daudet is head; on the other are individuals who oppose the militant methods of this newspaper.

In his letter the Duke of Orleans says he has undertaken to reorganize his followers in an effort to decentralize the royalist movement, as he has always been opposed to centralization. The political bureau is suppressed, but delegates will be appointed who, by means of committees, will carry on the royalist campaign.

As a matter of fact the cause of the Orleansists, the most important branch of royalism in France, has shrunk to a mere shadow. Tourists, particularly Americans, visiting France, are prone to discuss the possibility of the monarchy some day replacing the present republic. But these discussions spring more from romantic speculation than from any knowledge of the situation.

The French republic was never stronger, more solidly placed on its foundations than at this moment. The royalists proclaim themselves openly in the senate and chamber of deputies, but their number is insignificant; they fail to hold even the balance of power when the other parties are closely divided.

Among the working classes no desire for the restoration of the monarchy is apparent. The last stronghold of those who still retain loyalty to a king of France is found among the aristocracy, but even there the sentiment is not nearly as strong as it was a decade or even five years ago. The Catholic church has always been royalist in its tendencies, but since the separation of church and state this influence is not as far-reaching as it was.

Many officers in the French army and perhaps the majority of those holding highest rank in the navy belong to the old nobility or aristocracy, but the new generation is quickly crowding these representatives of the ancient life of France into the background. In spite of the Socialist efforts to decry militarism, the army is intensely loyal to the republic.

In a word, the old ghost, the restoration of the monarchy, seems to be laid definitely. Therefore the letter of the Duke of Orleans, completely changing his past plans, awakens interest only among his few followers.

KILLS SELF ON GIRL'S GRAVE

Cedarville (Pa.) Youth, Unable to Live Without Sweetheart, Commits Suicide.

Allentown, Pa.—Investigation that ensued when the body of a handsome young man was found in the graveyard of Cedarville church revealed a pathetic love suicide. It turned out that Joseph W. McCarty, aged twenty years, had killed himself on the grave of his sweetheart, Queenie M. Nickum, who had been buried on Thanksgiving day, a victim of typhoid fever.

Shortly after dark he appeared, lonely and forlorn, in the neighborhood of the church. Ellsworth Reinhard, who passed him, took him for one of the boys of the neighborhood, but on greeting him received no response. David Kehn saw him enter the front yard of the church and took him for one of the choir members going to practice. Shortly after daylight Thomas Rebenold, the sexton, yelled across the road to Mr. Kehn that he had found a corpse, and the crowd that gathered soon recognized it as that of the young man who had wept so bitterly at the Nickum girl's funeral. He had drunk carbolic acid on her grave and stuck the bottle underneath the wreath that he had given as a flower tribute.

A letter addressed to the girl's grandfather requested that he be buried beside her. The letter wound up as follows: "If her relatives will not allow me to be buried beside my sweetheart then deposit my body in the river, in some lonely spot in field or in the woods, or cast it in the sea."

Unearth 200 Skeletons.

Cincinnati.—Two hundred human skeletons were discovered on the farm of Enos Hayes, between Cleves and Elizabethtown O. It is believed the place was an Indian burying ground or the scene of a battle between the Indians and white men in pioneer days.