

\$173,000 THEFT AT CHICAGO

Money Taken, Apparently by Employes from Sub-Treasury Vault.

SUSPICIONS ON THREE

Missing Bills Traced to Cage of a Teller—One Employee Makes Admissions but Mystery is Still Un-solved—Money Taken in Large Denominations.

Chicago, Feb. 27.—The theft of \$173,000 from the United States treasury here has come to light. It was discovered at the close of business last Wednesday, and the authorities here and in Washington have been working night and day on the robbery since. Secretary Shaw has told it when in Chicago last week. Three men, two of them employes, are suspected.

The money taken consisted of even \$10,000 bills, fifteen \$5,000 bills, and the remainder in \$1,000 bills.

At first it was believed there must be some error in the bookkeeping; it was thought to be impossible that such a large sum of money could have been abstracted in face of all the safeguards thrown around Uncle Sam's strong box. The ledger men strenuously denied any error, and an investigation showed there was no possible clerical mistake. This brought the inevitable conclusion that robbery had been committed.

Bills Traced to a Teller.
The missing bills were traced to the "cage" of a teller. "A mysterious stranger," one of the men under suspicion, had been allowed inside the telling of the teller's "cage," his name has not been disclosed by the officials. He had credentials which put him almost on the same footing as an employe.

Every man who could have had anything to do with the case was called into Treasurer Bolden's office and put through an exhaustive examination and a still more rigid cross-examination. Capt. Porter, of the Secret Service, assisted in the investigation.

All stood the ordeal well and denied any knowledge of the theft. They protested their innocence with unanimity and vociferousness.

The investigation after having been in progress five days, finally sifted down to two suspected employes who were on most friendly terms. The older has not wavered in his persistence of innocence. The younger man has been "tripped" into making a statement which proved to be untrue. That was the first wedge which the Secret Service men succeeded in obtaining. It led to slight admissions at first.

Gradually more admissions were made by the suspect, which showed at least that he had not used all the money expected from an employe who handles millions of dollars almost daily.

George W. Fitzgerald, the teller, who was in charge of the \$173,000 when the money was taken, places the blame on three carpenters, who he declares, were making repairs on his cage on that day. He refuses to divulge their names. Little credence is placed in his account by Treasurer Bolden.

A smooth stick, found on the floor of the Sub-Treasury in Fitzgerald's cage on the evening the shortage was discovered was used, according to Fitzgerald's theory, by the workmen to push from the desk the bills that are missing. This was done during the luncheon hour Wednesday, the day the money disappeared, according to Fitzgerald. He says Thomas F. Dunne, change teller, found the stick on the floor. Every employe of the office is under a bond, but not to any amount near the loot secured.



William E. Cook.
A native of Independence, Iowa, who is the first artist to paint a portrait of Pope Pius X. He studied at the Chicago Art Institute and the New York Academy of Design. He has a studio in Paris.

Loses \$300,000 at Faro.
Tonopah, Nev., Feb. 26.—All records for plunging in gambling games were broken here when Abe Brown, part owner of the Tonopah Club, a famous gambling resort of Southern Nevada, lost \$300,000 at one sitting. Gamblers here say that Brown's loss is the greatest ever known at faro. It is said that Joseph Letter once lost \$140,000, and John W. Gates \$150,000 at one sitting at faro.

ALL CANAL BIDS REJECTED.

President and Cabinet Recognize Necessity for Changes in Plans.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 28.—The Panama Canal work has come to a sudden stop, although, of course, laborers will continue to carry out certain unimportant duties, that is, unimportant when considered in relation to the actual success of the great waterway. John F. Stevens, the engineer-in-chief, dropped out of



John F. Stevens.

the department, following his colleague, Mr. Shonts, into a more profitable position—although the identity of the job is not made known. Coincident with the announcement that Stevens, the head and front of the canal enterprise, had run away from the work, so to speak, came the news from the White House that the Panama Canal contract would not be let to any bidder, and that the Government would revise the plans for the work.

91 and a Beef-Eater.

New Jersey, Feb. 26.—Mrs. Cornelia Durand Ball of Orange, N. J., who is 91 years old, attributes her longevity to the use of beefsteak as a staple article of diet.

Mrs. Ball, as an argument in favor of the use of meat, points to the fact that only once in the last half century has she been attended by a physician. That was in 1892, and she "was so seriously ill that the doctor gave up hope of saving her life." Mrs. Ball called for beefsteak, and after eating it a speedy improvement was noticed and she was soon well again.

Dog Checked at Theatre.

New York, Feb. 28.—For the first time in history, so said the wisecracks, a dog was checked in the courtroom at a New York theatre. It happened at the Herald Square. Two women entered the theatre and went immediately to the retiring room near the lobby.

One of them had carried in a bulldog under her opera cloak. She asked whether she could have him checked, and checked he was, like a cane or umbrella, until the end of the performance.

Saved 96 Lives.

New York, Feb. 28.—It came out at the inquest into the death of Channing F. Bullard, who wanted to learn how to build tunnels and was killed by "the bends" after his second day in the Pennsylvania tubes, that he had saved the lives of 96 persons while acting as a life saver near Boston. He was the son of a banker of Boston, said his cousin, Wolfert Delacy, who testified, and was a perfect type of the athlete. The jury found a verdict of accidental death.

Shaken in School; May Die.

York, Penn., Feb. 28.—Barney Fissel, 18 years old, a teacher in the Manheim schools, gave one of his pupils, John Wildason, a severe shaking some time ago. As a result he is now held under \$1,000 bail pending a hearing on charges of aggravated assault and battery.

It is said that the Wildason boy had a weak spine and that the shaking by the teacher will probably cause his death.

Joseph Letter on Trial.

Duquoin, Ill., Feb. 28.—Prosecution of the case against Joseph Letter on the charge of criminal negligence in the operation of a colliery at Zeigler, Ill., was begun here.

A gas explosion occurred in the colliery in April, 1905, killing nearly sixty miners. Relatives of the victims brought suit shortly after the accident, but for various reasons trial of the case has been delayed. The civil suits are said to aggregate \$400,000.

Smoke Kills 16 Children.

Montreal, Feb. 28.—By the burning of the Hochelag Protestant School in the east end of the city, the principal, Miss S. Maxwell, and sixteen children lost their lives. The little victims were caught in the building without a chance to escape, hemmed in by fire, suffocated by smoke and driven back from the windows and all hope of safety.

Swindlers Clean Up \$200,000.

Berlin, Feb. 28.—Various Hamburg and Bremen firms have been defrauded out of about \$200,000 by means of forged bills of lading in connection with three British steamers from Galveston, the Harlyn and the Strathairly at Hamburg, and the Inchmaree, at Bremen, were loaded with cottonseed.

THE NE'ER-DO-WELL

By Anita Clay Muncie

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THE Van Houstons were an aristocratic family—people of the world—and as happy as most but for the fact that a family skeleton lodged in their hearts in the memory of an older brother—Peter Van Houston—who had been expelled from college and after running wild for a time had suddenly ended it all by forging his father's name to a check for \$5,000, collecting the money and departing for the west.

At that time his father, Hubert Van Houston, was one of the rich men of Wall street. Years before he had buried his first wife, who left him this troublesome son, and had married again, a fashionable widow, who duly presented him with a daughter. This lady comforted him when his boy went away, cared for him through his last illness, wept gently when he died and after a time settled down to enjoy the money her husband had left exclusively to her and their daughter Elizabeth.

Since then time had brought its customary gifts—white hair to Mrs. Van Houston and a husband and children to her daughter, now Mrs. Marmaduke Odell.

One afternoon at about this time their legal adviser, Mr. Clarendon, sat in his office at his desk when the door opened to admit a man of about fifty years of age, who said, "Are you James Clarendon?" "Yes, sir." "Legal adviser for Mrs. Van Houston?" "I am, sir. But what is your business with me?" "I should like to make my will," the man replied. "It's a long story. Have you time to listen?" "Go on." The newcomer leaned forward. "Don't you know me, Mr. Clarendon?" "I do not." He laughed a low, bitter laugh. "Forgotten by every one, I suppose. The ne'er-do-well, the black sheep!" Mr. Clarendon looked at him keenly. "You are not—" "I am—Peter Van



"I SHOULD LIKE TO MAKE MY WILL."

Houston!" The lawyer fell back in surprise and dismay. "Well," he said, "and what do you want?" "I desire to make my will. I'll not keep you long," his visitor said dryly. "They say that the way of the transgressor is hard, but I have reason to doubt the truth of that statement, for the stolen money brought me luck from the moment I went to the far west. The great business out there was lassoing wild horses. I became an expert at this and bought and sold until I had accumulated a good sum of money."

"Are you married?" "No. Women have no attraction for me. A little black trunk that I keep under my bed and that holds all my securities is my only love. People call me a miser, and I rather enjoy the name. It means so much," he cried, "and such a sure means of revenge!"

"Revenge. Ah!" The lawyer grew attentive.

"Mr. Clarendon, I acknowledge I did wrong, and I have suffered. An out-cast for thirty years, hidden, unknown! And my sister Elizabeth—she is rich and sensitive to disgrace! She would not receive me, for instance?"

"Of course," the lawyer said, "I cannot answer for my clients. As you say, they are proud, but money is often a strong influence."

"Get your papers out, Mr. Clarendon." The man's voice was husky. "Draw up a will for me. Wait." He grew white, put his hand over his heart and gasped. "An attack of the heart! The doctors say I cannot live a year. Draw up the papers, lawyer. I want revenge!"

"You will leave the bulk of your fortune away from your family?" the lawyer queried. Mr. Van Houston appeared to be waiting for strength to continue. "Tomorrow I shall go to my sister's house. I want them to think I am poor! I want to find out if they are cruel enough to live in luxury knowing that the rightful heir is starving in their neighborhood. You alone are to know the truth! My fortune amounts to \$1,000,000. In a black iron box in my room are my papers of value. I have decided to dispose of my fortune in this manner—\$100,000 to you, Mr. Clarendon, and the bulk to my sister Elizabeth—but with this stipulation: If she or any of them slights me then I leave my fortune to charity."

When Van Houston had gone Mr. Clarendon paced up and down thought-

fully. "If I do not act at once it will be too late," he observed.

That evening when Mrs. Van Houston and her daughter, Mrs. Odell, returned from the opera they found Mr. Clarendon in the reception room.

"I hope this visit is not to tell us that our funds are low," laughed Mrs. Odell.

"I have not come to scold, dear madam, but to tell you a bit of news. I have business of a private nature to communicate to you, Mrs. Odell. Peter Van Houston was in my office today."

Both women uttered sharp exclamations; the younger shivered. "I hoped he was dead," she said.

"Will he sue for his share in his father's estate?" cried Mrs. Van Houston. "Oh, what a blow! Elizabeth, we will not receive him!"

"I always expected it!" Mrs. Odell said. "And now this awful news is brought to us! I shall refuse to see him!"

The lawyer, instructing the ladies to secrecy, told them of Mr. Van Houston's will and the conditions imposed and later took his departure.

"Peter evidently inherited his father's talent for money getting," Mrs. Van Houston observed. "Thank fortune, he can live but a year longer. Peter as a young man was extremely tiresome."

"Never mind, mother," Mrs. Odell cried. "I am going to get that money. Ah, the front door! Marmaduke," she called out, "news!" Her husband, a fastidious looking man, entered the room.

The next day Peter Van Houston presented himself at his sister's house. Mrs. Van Houston and her daughter received him.

"We are so surprised!" said the older woman, extending her hand cordially.

"Only the bad penny turning up again," her stepson answered. "I've had a hard life, mother. For years, rather than return to my family penniless, I have lived by doing odd jobs here and there, but at last ill health and poverty drove me home."

They asked him to remain to dinner, and he accepted the invitation.

Later in the evening, as Mrs. Odell was showing him to the door, Mr. Van Houston surprised him by asking for the loan of \$50.

"I am a poor man, Marmaduke," he said as he took it. "I do not know when I can return it."

"Do not let that worry you, my good fellow," Mr. Odell replied. "Any time will suit me." He shut the door. "How the man tries to catch us!" he exclaimed.

A night a week later Mr. and Mrs. Odell were receiving their friends. The house was ablaze with the glare of many lights. Women in handsome toilets and men immaculate in evening clothes moved about exchanging greetings.

All the pleasure of anticipation of this evening's enjoyment had been spoiled for the hostess by the uncertainty in her mind whether to invite her brother or not. After much talking she decided to run the risk of his accidental coming and resolved that if she got over this night safely to venture on no more public entertainments until Mr. Van Houston's heart trouble had relieved them of his presence. But now she could not keep her eyes from glancing apprehensively toward the doorway. Half past 10 and he had not arrived! She was certain now that he would not come and began to talk brightly until suddenly she felt the unwelcome touch of a cold, clammy hand on her bare arm. Peter was at her side, saying slowly: "Good evening, Elizabeth. Having a party? I am just in time!"

"Why, Peter! I am glad to see you." Mrs. Odell smiled, but her voice trembled.

Mrs. Van Houston instinctively crossed over to her daughter's side and extended her hand to her stepson with well feigned cordiality. "Would you



"WHY, PETER! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU."

like to join Marmaduke in the smoking room or would you prefer to meet some of our friends?" she inquired. With cruel and deliberate slowness he said, "Elizabeth's and your friends are my friends, mother, so I would be glad to know them." His stepmother slipped her hand through his arm, saying, with a nervous laugh, "Ah, here is Mr. Clarendon," as the lawyer crossed over the threshold.

"You must meet the family adviser, Peter. Mr. Clarendon, this is Peter Van Houston."

"Glad to see you back, sir," Mr. Clarendon said genially.

The next day Mrs. Odell was ill in bed. Peter's way of claiming every one's attention, with lamentations over his poverty, was maddening to his mother and sister, and the fear that

he would resent the effect of not having been invited added to their discomfort.

It was just before Lent when Mr. Van Houston came home. All through this season the family lived quietly. As he saw more of his newly found family Mr. Van Houston appeared to get on with them better. He would sit for hours at a time with his brother-in-law, smoking one after another of his best cigars, and no matter how stringent the money market was or what bills were pressing Peter did not scruple to ask Mr. Odell for loans of money. Through the summer he visited them at their country place, turning up at odd times, usually when most inconvenient. Frightened them with frequent attacks of weakness of the heart and in the autumn when the leaves were falling he died.

This is how it happened:

One morning he sent for Mr. Clarendon, stating he was ill.

The lawyer made haste to reach Mr. Van Houston's bedside. Away at the



THE MAN THEN CEASED TO BREATHE.

top of the house in a small hall bedroom Mr. Clarendon found Van Houston stretched on a pallet in the corner, weak, gasping, dying.

The lawyer's quick eye caught a glimpse of the black iron box under the bed.

The sick man smiled sarcastically. "Well, I guess I'm done for," he whispered. "The folks can take a little—comfort—now."

Clarendon took his hand. "My dear friend," he said sadly. "Any parting messages to your family?"

Peter had to struggle for strength to say, "No fortune."

The startled lawyer lowered his head to catch the whispered words.

"A scheme—for—revenge." The man then ceased to breathe.

With something cold clutching at his heart, Mr. Clarendon hastily lifted out the black box and raised the lid. He discovered some soiled collars, a few worn-out neckties and a new pair of shoes. In the small, bare room there was nothing else that could hold or conceal anything. The lawyer, stunned and dazed, walked down the staircase and out of the house without a backward glance.

Outside the fall day had grown gray and bleak. Mr. Clarendon felt cold and proceeded on his way shiveringly.

The news of the death of Mr. Van Houston had preceded him, so later when he presented himself at the residence of the deceased man's family he found them all assembled in the drawing room. Lurking under looks of decorous mournfulness, the lawyer could detect expressions on their countenances of relief and exultant joy. Mr. Clarendon had put off the telling of these unpleasant tidings as long as he could, and now that the disagreeable duty was fully upon him he hardly knew how to proceed.

"I am the bearer of very, very bad news," he began solemnly.

Mr. Odell approached him. "Of course, Clarendon, you immediately secured possession of the black iron box? And you have the will?"

"I am not good at breaking bad news gently," the lawyer paced up and down the rooms nervously—"or prolonging suspense. The truth is that I did not secure the black iron box because it contained nothing but trash, and the will is not worth the paper upon which it is written. Your brother, Mrs. Odell, died absolutely penniless."

They turned blanched, startled faces toward him, and no one spoke. Then their son Hubert broke the silence with a sharp laugh.

"A cool hand, by thunder! Fooled the lot of us, including the lawyer!"

"The devil!" exclaimed Marmaduke Odell, fairly shaking from shock and chagrin. "It can't be true! Why, man," approaching Mr. Clarendon desperately, "think of my cigars and the money I loaned him! Am I to have nothing in return?"

"It is all terrible, of course," Mr. Clarendon assented gravely. "And what adds to the misfortune is that you, being the next of kin, will have to defray the expenses of burial."

Mr. Odell shook his head and groaned aloud.

"We have been deceived, tricked and cheated!" his wife shrieked. "I shall go and thinking of it! Such fools as we have been!" She wrung her hands in an agony of suffering.

Equally distressed, Mrs. Van Houston rose from her chair and, throwing out her arm tragically, exclaimed in angry tones, "Peter Van Houston was always a ne'er-do-well, a black sheep, a disgrace! And he died one!"

And while his family alternately stormed, raged and wept, the dead man lay rigid on his pallet in his little room, a smile of peaceful satisfaction adorning his white, set features.

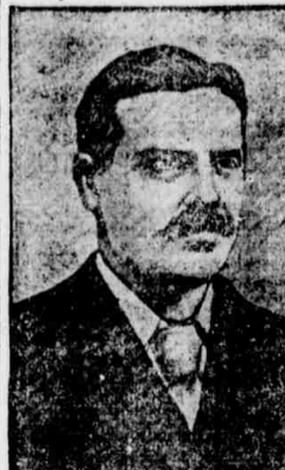
DEMOCRACY IN ATHLETICS.

President Talks to Harvard Students on Football.

Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 26.—President Roosevelt, on his visit to Harvard, made a frank speech to Harvard men. He discussed some subjects that have been moot points at the university for some time, and did it with such frankness that many of his hearers were astonished.

He characterized the proposal to abolish football and other rough sports as "simple nonsense." He did not think Harvard should turn out "mollycoddies." President Eliot has favored the discontinuance of football, basket ball, and hockey and those sports are placed upon a reform basis, on the ground that they are rough and sometimes brutal.

Mr. Roosevelt also protested against cliques in college. He was scornful about "oversensitive" and "overeducated" men who hold aloof from strife and merely criticize, instead of engaging in the hilly-burly of politics and business.



Rev. C. F. Aked, D. D.
the pastor and famous preacher of the Pembroke chapel, Liverpool, who has been offered and accepted the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Church, New York. The latter has one of the richest congregations in the world, numbering millionaires amongst its deacons.

FINANCIAL.

Negotiations between the Morris and Bradford interests have resulted in annulment of sale of Chicago, Cincinnati and Louisville road to the Cincinnati Hamilton and Dayton.

Dulness and irregularity characterized the last week on the London Stock Exchange says a cable dispatch.

In Paris the Bourse, as pointed out by a despatch, was under the influence of a boom in African mines and depression in other securities.

Figures of the bank statement showed a decrease in surplus reserve of \$121,475, a decrease in deposits of \$12,524,500.

Development plans of the Atchafalaya, Rock Island and Colorado and Southern systems are blocked in Texas owing to restrictive legislation.

Osteopaths and others devoted to healing went to Albany, N. Y., to oppose the Medical Unity bill, which provides that they must submit to examinations and spend four years in a medical school.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices of Farm Produce Quoted for the Week.

The Milk Exchange price for standard quality is 3 1/2 c. per qt.

Butter.
Creamery, extra.....32 @ 32 1/2
Firsts.....29 @ 31
State dairy, fancy.....27 @ 29

Cheese.
Fancy.....18 1/2 @ 14 1/2
Small.....13 1/2 @ 14 1/2
Part Skims.....7 1/2 @ 8 1/2

Eggs.
State and Penn.....28 @ 31
Western—Firsts.....25 @ 27
Duck.....30 @ 32

Live Poultry.
Chickens, per lb.....11
Fowls, per lb.....13 1/2

Dressed Poultry.
Turkeys, per lb.....10 @ 15
Chickens, Phila. lb.....20 @ 25
Geese, spring, lb.....13
Ducklings, per lb.....15

Fruits—Fresh.
Apples—Greenings
per bbl.....\$1 50 @ \$3 35
King, per bbl.....2 75 @ 4 00
Ben Davis, per bbl.....1 50 @ 2 75

Vegetables.
Potatoes, L. I., bbl.....1 50 @ \$1 75
Cabbages, per 100.....2 50 @ 4 50
Onions, per bbl.....3 00 @ 4 50
Carrots, per bbl.....1 00 @ 2 00
Turnips, per bbl.....75 @ 1 00

Hay and Straw.
Hay, prime, cwt. \$1 00 @ \$1 15
No. 1, per cwt. 95 @ 1 00
No. 2, per cwt. 85 @ 1 00
Straw, long rye.....65 @ 67 1/2

Grain, Etc.
Flour, Win. pats. \$3 00 @ \$3 85
Spring pats. 4 10 @ 4 90
Wheat, No. 1.....91 1/2 @ 93 1/2
No. 2, red.....82 1/2 @ 85 1/2
Oats, mixed.....44 @ 45
Clipped white.....46 @ 48

Live Stock.
Beaves, city dr'd. 7 @ 8
Calves, city dr'd. 8 @ 14
Country, dr'd. 7 @ 12
Sheep, per cwt.....\$3 00 @ \$4 50