TELL-TALE THUMB-PRINTS.

FINGER MARKS OF CRIMINALS LIFE LONG AIDS TO THEIR DETECTION.

A few weeks ago Inspector McLaughlin of the New York City Detective Bureau received remarkable evidence of the value of thumb-print identification. A letter was brought to him through the mails from London containing the picture and record of a noted criminal whose thumb-print, with his name and description, was sent to London to test the efficiency of this new method of recording distinguishing marks of criminals. means of the thumb-print alone, the English police identified the criminal captured by the New York police, whose record in England includes eight imprisonments on charges of larceny. The prisoner was caught by Inspector McLaughlin in the corridor of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in April. There were no charges against him in this country at the time, but the Inspector decided that his captive was an Enpatrons of the hotel had been robbed Meanwhile the Inspector sent the thumb-print to London and the reply

. THE BERTILLON SYSTEM.

For some time the criminal bureaus of prominent cities have been using Bertillon measurement system which also includes making two photographs of the suspicious character. but the French system and photography have fallen short in many cases, as a scheming criminal can adopt various subterfuges to cheat the law, but there is no way of changing the character of his thumb-print, for there are no two people whose thumbs are exactly alike, and each person has his own individual thumb-print whose character remains the same from the STUDY IN SCARLET FOR \$125.00. day of birth to the end.

OLD AS THE HILLS.

There is nothing really new in this mode of identification, as from time detective may be, the fact remains immemorial the Chinese have known that in Sherlock Holmes he has



MAGNIFIED THUMB MARK SHOWING DISTINGUISHED LINES.

the fact that every man carries on his finger-tips the proofs of his identity, and passports in the Celestial land consisted of a governmentstamped piece of oil paper on which the traveler has to record his digitalmarks before setting forth on his journey. So in India, where deeds transferring land have for centuries past been signed among the illiterate peasantry by a thumb-mark. Within recent years the government of In-dia has extended this native custom to postoffice savings bank books, milltary and civil pension certificates, emigrants' contracts, mortgages on growing crops, and other transactions where false personation has to be guarded against or an authenticated acknowledgment of money received has to be made. Naturally, also, the system was promptly adopted for the dentification of criminals, and it was an Indian police officer, E. R. Henry, inspector-general of police in Bengal, carried to England his experiences in the work, and when appointed



chief commissioner of police in London, introduced the method into New Scotland Yard.

FINGER PRINTS NEVER CHANGE.

Finger-marks continue permanent through life. Injuries may partially destroy them, but as the injury heals the original lines reassert themselves as before. In growing youth the ball of the finger enlarges; so does the pattern, but its distinctive tracings are healutely unchanged, whereas the absolutely unchanged, whereas the Bertillon method is applicable only to ome fixed. Yet youthful criminals, their own sake, as wer, as for their own sake, as were set of the sake of the

stage of their career, and the fingerprint system is the only means of dentification yet devised that makes

this practicable. Not only is it virtually impossible that any man's ten finger-prints, one after the other, should resemble in mere general mathematical form each Individual Finger Marks Permanent
Through Life—Adoption of System
for Identification of U. S. Soldiers

of those of another man, the chance against any such coincidence being calculated by Professor Francis Galton, the eminent anthropologist and mathematician, as one hundred and finger-prints should be identical in every detail.

Recently the United States government has also adopted the thumbprint system for identification of the sailors and soldiers in service, as this might become useful not only in cases of desertion, but also to more readily identify the bones of those who have fallen on the field of battle.

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

what I should do if some sporting kind of publisher were suddenly to stride in and make me a bid of forty shillings or so for the lot " When the book at last fell into the hands of Mr. Andrew Lang, then acting for Messrs, decided that his captive was an En-glish "crook." It was found that two success of Micah Clarke was assured. and its author's literary career placed and the prisoner was detained for a on a firmer footing. The "Sign of thorough investigation of his case. the Four" followed in 1889, in which story Sherlock Holmes, who had made brought a photograph of the "crook" and a duplicate photograph of his thumb-print and his record.

his bow to the public in "A Study in Scarlet," reappeared and increased Dr. Doyle's rising reputation. His heart, however, was in the historical poyel. his bow to the public in "A Study in and in 1890 he followed up the success of Micah with "The White Company," in the preparation of which be read one hundred and fifteen volumes, French and English, dealing with the fourteenth century in England. His delight in the work is expressed in his own words: "To write such books," he once said, speaking of Micah Clarke and The White Company, "one must have an enthusiasm for the age about which he is writing. He must think it a great one, and then he must go deliberately to work and reconstruct it. Then is his a splendid joy."

However, Dr. Doyle may prefer to write historical romances, and what-ever his personal estimate of his great reated a character whose exploits are as familiar as household words, and who has entered into the very fibre of Anglo-Saxon life and literature. It is actually said that at times Dr. Doyle has expressed a wish that Pr. Watson had never met Sherlock Holmes. It is on record that he thought so little of "A Study in Scarthe story in which Sherlock Holmes first appeared, that he sold it outright for \$125. The value of Sherlock Holmes has gone up since those days, however.

Dr. Doyle acknowledges some ir debtedness to Dupin, the detective in Poe's short stories, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "The Purloined Letter." This is the more interesting for the reason that in "A Study in Scarlet," Sherlock Holmes is made to speak rather contemptiously of Dupin's skill and acumen. To quote Dr. Doyle again: "In work which consists in the drawing of detectives there are only one or two quali. If which one can use, and an author is forced to hark back upon them constantly, so that every detective must really resemble every other detectives a greater or less extent. There is to a greater or less extent are discontinuous to face and smiled at her disappointed face.

"I want you to save it to talk to me—to gueried.

"I want you to save it to talk to me—to a the glory of the scene before her, then turned again toward the fire. The turned again toward no great originality required in devising or constructing such a man, and the only possible originality which one can get into a story about a detective is in giving him original plots and problems to solve, as in his equipment there must be of necessity an alert acuteness of mind to grasp and the relation which each of them bears to the other."

CONSTRUCTION OF SHERLOCK. Dr. Doyle went to work, therefore, to build up a scientific system in which everything might be logically reasoned out. Where Sherlock Holmes differed from his predecessors was that he had grounds so large," Dora deliberated. "I result, not of chance or luck, but of Anne, his characteristic qualities. "With Dor his characteristic qualities. "With this idea," says Dr. Doyle, "I wrote a book on the lines I have indicated, and produced 'A Study in Scarlet.' That was the first appearance of Sherlock; but he did not arrest much at- for the tention, and no one recognized him as being anything in particular. About three years later, howe r, I was asked to do a small shilling book for Lippincott's Magazine, which publishes as you know, a complete story to the same. At this Dora gave way and relapsed into a helpless fit of laughter, where-upon Anne laughed, too, half hysterically, helpless to stop herself—laughed until the crocuses shook in their tall vases—and both girls sank into chairs, laughlishes, as you know, a complete story in each number. I didn't know what to write about, and the thought occurred to me, 'Why not try to rig up the same chap again?' I did it, and the result was 'The Sign of the Four.' Although the criticisms were favorable, I don't think that even then Sherlock attracted much attention to his individuality." But this shows Mr. Doyle's modesty.

GET INTO GOOD COMPANY.

We are preparing for publication in this Magazine Section a treat for our readers, and will treat for our readers, and will the first flower the treatment of the room; a very treatment o very shortly present to you that most interesting novel of Sir A. onan Doyle's, "THE WHITE COMPANY," full of excitement and adventure, with a pretty

CHAPTERS.

In spite of all the talk and rumpus in the House of Representatives over an attempt to eliminate the free seed farce, with its attendant enormous expenditure, when it came to a yea and nay vote of the members a big majority stood in favor of the appropriation. Each year congress creates a diversion by invelghing against the proposition, and then enthusiastically votes it into the agricultural bill.

Crocuses in March.

BY EDITH DOANE. "Anne! Whatever in the world-The speaker, her fur coat white with snow, stood transfixed in the doorway. "Crocuses!" she gasped. "Crocuses—in early March—with the snow outside an inch deep and more to follow! Cro-

Words failing her, she stepped inside the heavy curtains and regarded the scene before her with astonished eyes. It was a pretty room and long, with a blazing fire of pine logs at one end; sixty-four million against one, but it a room that bespoke warmth and home is equally impossible that any two none of these. It was the mahogany table in the centre at which she gazed hypnotically, where masses of yellow crocuses glowed in reckless profusion They raised tremendous golden heads from a big brass bowl; they nodded from long, slender vases; they flamed over the edges of a pewter jug in riotous confusion.

girl standing beside the table poked the last slender green stalk into lace, and, stepping back, regarded her work with fine triumpn. She turned a flushed face toward the doorway. "The only trouble," she said, impressively, "will be to make him believe

they grew." "Yes, grew, naturally," with a vague wave of her hand in the direction of the window and the softly whirling flakes outside. "He won't believe it."
"Who won't believe it."
"He has the crosses believe it."

"He has the crocus hobby as seriously as daddy, and they kept at it until in a moment of wild enthusiasm Daddy insisted that his crocus came up in March. Once—" apologetically—"we did have a crocus the last day of

"But who-" began Dora again. "Daddy saw he doubted it, but he didn't care, for by that time he had begun to believe it himself; so when he said he was coming to New York in March he invited him out, insisted, set the date and all. This is the date, and," Anne dimpled, "here are the crocuses."

crocuses."
"Anne," insisted her chum, firmly, "will you please stop saying he' and him' and tell me who and what you are talking about?" "John Rexall," essayed Anne. "The man daddy met in camp and liked so

vell that he chummed with him, even though he shot more game than daddy did himself. He has money and good looks and-

Anne dimpled again. "If only I could make him believe they really grew!"

The door at the further end of the room opened to admit a gray-haired man, rugged but kindly featured, who came down the room, watch in hand, Anne smiled at him across the crocuses. "You may just as well put that watch out of sight," she cried, as she placed a bowl of flowers on the plano. "No more calls to-night, Daddy, in this storm, and 'company comin',' too." Slipping her arm through her father's she led him close to the nodding blos-

soms. "Pretty fine crocuses-for March," she said, her eyes dancing with mischief, as she reached up and bestowed a kiss upon him so vigorous as to leave him very little breath for protest. Dr. Nelson pretended great indignation. "Tut! tut! It isn't fair to take advantage of an old man," he chuckled, but his eyes were full of ten-derness as Anne laid her cheek softly against his.

You remember Milligan, the flagman?" Dr. Nelson said at last, again glancing at his watch.

Anne nodded.
"He has been seriously hurt-is dying. I must go at once, I shall be late."
"There is always somebody—" be-

Anne took the envelope from the out-directed tray and opened it.

"It is from Mr. John Rexall," she answered, with as much indignation as if that young man had just been convicted of some heinous crime, "and it gleam of light creeping from beneath "It is from Mr. John Rexall," she ansays that great and august personage is delayed by the storm and will not be here to-night."

"And you will be left alone—" cidedly ci

Dora swept a parting glance over the som. On every side flowers gleamed

yellow splendor.
"When I consider these wasted March rocuses," began Dora. Anne giggled. "And the florist's bill

wiping her eyes.

An hour later Anne descended the wide, open staircase. Her trailing gown hung in soft, straight lines; a row of tiny pearls clasped her throat; some crocuses were tucked in her belt, and

At the bottom step Johnson walted.

"Gentleman to see you, Miss Anne.
I done put him in de library."

"What is his name?"
"I disremembered to ask him his name. He said yo' all was expectin'

sweet and attractive figure, indeed, it seemed to the eyes of the man standing waiting in the shadow. Nearer and nearer she came, and the man stepped forward, offering his hand in easy, pleasant greeting, and then stood spell-

love story running through it, which ends "just right" and leaves everybody feeling good.

JOIN US NOW AND GET good boy to come," the vision said.

"I—" he began helplessly.

Anne's face softened.
"I am sure Dr. Nelson will intercede

home. "Then we are already old friends," clared the man eagerly. "In camp

declared the man eagerly. "In camp last September your father—but first allow me to present myself. I am—" "Mistah Rexali," announced Johnson, at the library door, bowing pomporsly as he held aside the hangings to admit a slender, dark-eyed man, who ad-

sharply at the newcomer, then stood motionless in the shadow. With a most unreasonable sense of disappointment Anne advanced to wel-

whom she instinctively dreaded—perhaps it was the flickering firelight that grim quiet of that awful silence gave that shifting gleam to his eyes. She touched a bell. "A light, John-on," she commanded, half nervously. "Mr. Rexail, allow me to present—"
Her words trailed off into amazed si-

One o'clock chimed the tiny time-piece on the mantel. Outside the sound was repeated somewhere in the distance to graver, deeper tones. Anne shivered. Two hours had passed since the household had settled into silence, but so far no sleep had come to her eyes. She had not even undressed, but still sat upon the hearth rug in front of the fire in her cozy bedroom, staring

into the glowing coals.

It was dreary waiting, but some vague fear had kept her awake, hoping nervously for her father's return, fistening anxiously for the first sound of his horses' hoofbeats on the gravel outside. Indeed, if he did not come soon she had the horrible conviction that she would scream. In vain she tried to reason it away, sitting, her face in her hands, her eyes on the clear glowing coals. What matter if she in-stinctively distrusted the man her fa-ther had found companionable? Was that such an extraordinary thing? What if the man she had found congenial—"for you know you did like him," she said to herself, "even if you did—" Here her cheeks supported by the slim hands grew unaccountably hot.

What if this man had chosen to take his departure suddenly? Was that so strange? He had come to see her father, and she herself told him that her father was not at home.
But reason as she might, the vague
misgiving remained.
At the sound of the clock she shivered

slightly, and getting up from her lowly position she drew back the curtains of her window. The storm had ceased, and the snow lay lightly on branch and wall; the night was brilliant with moon-"Exactly!" Dr. Nelson thrust his light, clear as day, full of hallowed

She left her room and walked swiftly

stretched tray and opened it.

"Whom is it from?" queried Dora.

Anne twisted the missive into a little sensation of fear ran through her; she ball and threw it defiantly hastened her footsteps and ran burried the crocuses.

> "Johnson has left a light for daddy, she thought, going steadily on and decidedly cheered by the thought that gloom did not await her.
>
> Pushing open the door very gently, she entered the room.
>
> At first the light dazzled her sight.

an immense fund of exact knowledge upon which to draw, in consequence of his previous scientific education. He was practical, he was sy ematic, he was logical, and his success in the detection of crime was to 2 the consequence of the detection of crime was to 2 the consequence of the detection of crime was to 2 the consequence of the will be company."

"Of course I should like it," agreed the fight dazzled her sight. She advanced a few steps, unconsciously treading lightly, as she had done all along, lest she would wake some member of the household, and then, passing her hand over her eyes, looked leisurely up. The fire was nearly out. She advanced a few steps, unconsciously treading lightly, as she had done all along, lest she would wake some member of the household, and then, passing her hand over her eyes, looked leisurely up. The fire was nearly out. She advanced a few steps, unconsciously treading lightly, as she had done all along, lest she would wake some member of the household, and then, passing her hand over her eyes, looked leisurely up. The fire was nearly out. uttered a faint scream and grasped the back of a chair to steady herself. With his back to her-all unaware of

man, evidently-and extremely good to her entrance-a bull's-eye lantern

man, evidently—and extremely good to look at. Just now amusement struggled with admiration in the clear-cut features, as he stepped forward and again held out his hand.

"Please forgive me," he began, quite as contritely as if he really were to blame. "I did not know—it was so insufferably stupid of me—" He stopped. ("You are altogether charming," said his eyes.)

Anne's face softened.

her entrance—a buil's-eye lantern throwing its powerful rays on the floor beside him—knelt the late arrival—her father's friend—before her father's safe.

Facing her, beside a window, from whose curtained recesses he had evidently just stepped, covering the other with the point of a gleaming pistol-barrel, stood her nameless cavalier of the early evening. His eyes, bright and

Anne's face softened.
"I am sure Dr. Nelson will intercede steady, were immovably fastened on the man before him.
"Hands up!" he said.
Anne smiled. "Dr. Nelson is not at home. I am his daughter" she said.

An inarticulate sound came from the other man's throat; his face grew livid. I am his daughter," she said He flung up his hands, palm outward.
"Who the devil are you?" he cried, beneath his teeth. His eyes were fixed with deadly hatred upon his foe.

For a moment no sound but that of the falling embers of the dying fire disturbed the stillness that reigned within the library. Anne stood motionless, her heart

a slender, dark-eyed man, who advanced a step into the room and then stood uncertainly in the dim light.

The surprise on Anne's face was equaled by that of the man beside her. He turned with a quick start, glanced sharply at the newcomer, then stood motionless, her heart thumping wildly, wondering what the end would be. Then, suddenly the silence was broken by the distant sound of horses' roofs coming nearer. A noise equaled by that of the man beside her. Of wheels on the gravel outside, a quick-spoken order to the driver, and some one came along the porch, through motionless in the shadow. the hall and into the room. Anne gave a quick little ery of relief and joy. "Daddy!" she cried.

come the new arrival.

"Father will be delighted. He has counted so on your coming—we were quite distressed over your telegram. So glad you managed to get here after rather pale, but perfectly self-possessed." all." She forced herself to the usual and kept his eyes on the man before him, but at Anne's glad cry of "Dad-So this was John Rexall, this man dy!" a slight smile crossed his face.

> loctor's voice: "Nothing surprising, Rexall, I warned you things were pretty lively here-in

. . . The day, begun so strenuously, was fast drawing to an end. The shadows closed softly in on the white world outside; inside the bright light of the great pine fire streamed cheerily over the room.

one corner of the huge Davenport, this thing keeps up much longer," announced, dramatically, "I shall lose

"As bad as that?" laughed John Rex-"Every bit. This last harrowing recital to Tom makes the third since

"I can understand," she went on, reflectively, "that that man might have gotten hold of your telegram in some way, either at the station or on the road, and so discovered that you were expected and delayed, and in that way conceived the idea of impersonating you. That part is clear enough. But what I cannot understand is how he knew we did not know you by sight."

"His face was familiar. I have seen him somewhere before. Probably he was hanging around the camp last fall, and judged I would know only the doctor. He had to take some risks-prob-ably conceived the whole idea at once when he saw the doctor leave. Sort of 'spontaneous inspiration,' as it were." His weak point was in not knowing

"He did not know it at first. I fancy he had a fairly clear idea of my pres-ense later in the game."

"But is he-"
"Never mind him now," he pleaded. 'By your own statement you are in langer of losing your voice over him; and I want you to save your voice," he continued, softly, "for better pur-

Anne looked up at him. "Yes?" she

lighted with what we send you, and it costs yo "Well, perhaps,"—Anne's dimples for reply, LORRIMER MEDICAL INSTITUTE howed in sudden mischief—"in March," lacorporated. Dept. 2029 118-120 North PacaSt, Saltimore. Md. she added, "when the crocuses come in March-again."-The Star,



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The next moment an embarrassed young man faced an equally embarrassed young woman with orimson cheeks and indignant eyes.

"Why didn't you speak?" she demanded wrathfully. "I thought it was Tom." She stopped in a vain search for words with which to annihilate this presuming interloper. "You know I thought you were Tom," she added indignantly. dignantly.

"Would that I were," fervently thought the new comer.

Curiosity tempered the wrath in Anne's eyes as she raised them to the face above her. The face of a gentle-

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