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Sleuths of the Secret Service

WHEN kings and emperors go abroad plumed knights on dashing steeds surround them. When the president of the United States goes out, unless it be an occasion of greatest state, we see no men on horseback. In democratic simplicity Theodore Roosevelt travels from the White House to the "summer palace" at Oyster Bay. Apparently he is unguarded, yet from under the hat brims of the plain clothes men by his side peep the piercing eyes of secret service agents. In pockets of innocent looking trousers lurk big pistols. In sleeves of civilian cloth are biceps ready to launch blows at suspicious persons who approach too near the president. The chief of the republic is really as carefully protected as many monarchs, though the protection is unostentatious.

Occasionally the vigilance of the president's bodyguard gets it into trouble. On the president's latest arrival at Oyster Bay a secret service man struck a photographer who was taking an unauthorized snapshot of Mr. Roosevelt. The photographer swore out a warrant for the guard's arrest, and when the defendant came up for a hearing half Long Island flocked to the trial. It was to be a famous case. Great lawyers were expected to make memorable addresses, but the secret service man spoiled the show by pleading guilty to a charge of assault and cheerfully paying a ten dollar fine.

Guarding the president is not, of course, the only or even the chief duty of the secret service. Trailing and capturing counterfeiters and smugglers, running down moonshine stills, rolling foreign spies—all are in its day's work. Counterfeiters are its particular enemies. Slickest of criminals are the counterfeiters, and slickest of detectives are the men who catch them.



CHIEF WILKIE AND HIS ROGUES' GALLERY.

Pretty nearly every counterfeiter in the world has his "mug" in the secret service rogues' gallery in Washington.

At the head of this great detective system is John E. Wilkie. Mr. Wilkie used to be a reporter in Chicago. He did his first Sherlock Holmesing in that capacity. A heavily insured grocery store had been mysteriously burned. Suspicion pointed to its owner, one Arbuckle. Arbuckle proved an alibi, and the police were baffled. Wilkie wasn't. He poked around the ruins until he found a tintype of Arbuckle with a Philadelphia address on its back. He sent the picture to Philadelphia, where it was recognized as the photograph of James Moan, who had abandoned his wife and eloped with a seamstress. Armed with this exclusive information, Wilkie went to Arbuckle, who thought that all was discovered and confessed.

Wilkie in 1881 became city editor of the Chicago Tribune and continued in newspaper work in Chicago until he was selected by Secretary Gage in 1898 to command the government's detectives. Mr. Wilkie has a great fund of stories showing the ingenuity of "shovers of the queer." One is this:

Dressed like a prosperous carpenter, with a beam on his shoulder, the counterfeiter plods along the street. In front of a promising show window the beam gets the better of him; he lurches; he loses his balance—crash! Through the plate glass shoots the beam. Out comes the proprietor.

"Say, you, pay for that window."
"Boss, I can't afford it."
"The deuce you can't. You look prosperous enough."
"Boss, you can search me. I ain't got a cent."
And the fellow turns his pockets inside out and inadvertently drops a bank note, which he picks up quickly and attempts to conceal.

"Holy smoke! A \$100 bill!" exclaims

the owner of the window.
"But it ain't mine, boss."
"All right. I'll have you arrested anyway. Come in here now, and"—
"Boss, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you \$25 and call it square."
Then the dealer, joyous and well pleased, takes the counterfeit \$100 note and gives the crook \$75 in good money.
But even with such original schemes as this the counterfeiter is tripped up in the long run.

"THREE CENT TOM."

Cleveland's Unique Mayor and His Anticorporation Ideas.

Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland, who recently put himself in danger of being sent to jail for contempt of court, is always doing out of the ordinary things. He is a fighter and believes that in combating greedy corporations quiet and parlorlike methods will not always answer. He has been working for years to get three cent fares on street cars for Cleveland and is sometimes known as "Three Cent Tom." It was in pursuance of this



TOM L. JOHNSON.

contest that he recently disobeyed an order of the court. The city council of Cleveland had ordered the Cleveland Electric Railway company to remove its tracks from one side of a certain street to the other in order to permit the Forest City Railway company, which was organized to operate lines on a three cent basis, to lay its tracks in the street. A month elapsed, and the company did not comply, and bright and early one morning the mayor went out with a gang of several hundred men and began tearing up the tracks which had been ordered removed. An injunction was obtained by the company's attorneys commanding the mayor to desist from the performance, but he calmly put it in his pocket until the job was completed.

The mayor is reputed to be worth about \$5,000,000 and has retired from active business life. As he does not have to worry about making a living any longer, he devotes his time, energy and often his money to efforts in the direction of carrying out his political and social ideas. He is an advocate of the Henry George land theory, and his methods of fighting corporations have made him famous far beyond the bounds of his own city and state.

Mayor Johnson began his remarkably successful business career as an errand boy. He was not very rich when he married, which was when he was only about twenty years of age.

"What have you with which to support a wife?" his prospective father-in-law asked.

"These two hands," was the characteristic reply, and it won him his wife.

BRAINS AND NERVE.

On Friday when they completed the task of opening the bids for the \$30,000,000 issue of Panama Canal gold bonds the U. S. treasury officials found that the issue had been several times oversubscribed and that the whole issue would be sold at a premium considerably higher than had been expected.

Samuel Byerly, the New York clerk, provided with a two-cent stamp and a monumental nerve, bid in \$5,800,000 worth of Panama Canal bonds and turned a handsome profit of \$30,000 on their transfer to a banking firm with real money, is already being referred to as "a lucky man."

But there was a very small element of luck in Mr. Byerly's successful effort to make something out of nothing. It was not luck that prompted him to get in line with the bona fide capitalists when other circles were content to play the part of spectators at the high finance entertainment; it was not luck that enabled him to so closely estimate the value of the bonds to the banking world that his bids were high enough to secure an allotment and not too high to permit of the transfer of the allotment at a profit. Pluck, brains, keen judgment—the qualities that make our great financiers—these are very different from luck, and their possession justly entitles the clerk who knew how to use them to the very handsome stake he won in his Panama Canal bond enterprise. Not one in every hundred thousand of those who imagine that they could have done equally well if they had only thought of it could have come within a mile of carrying through the deal that has stamped Samuel Byerly in the minds of the unthinking as "a lucky man."

Colonel Churchill of Cornish

THE scholar in politics is a familiar phrase, but "the author in politics" is a phrase which still possesses some novelty, in this country at least. An idea has prevailed that all the authors in politics are from Indiana. The fact that Booth Tarkington and some other Hoosiers noted in the literary world have dabbled in politics forms a basis for the impression, but it now proves that Indiana has no monopoly of the article. New Hampshire has an author politician, too, and he is no less a literary personage than Winston Churchill. Mr. Churchill's latest work, "Coniston," deals with the problem of the political boss. In Jethro Bass he has typified the well known character who obtains control of party machinery and uses it for his own advantage.

From writing about things he thought ought to be reformed to taking an active hand in bringing about the changes advocated was easy, and he is a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor on an anti-boss, anti-corporation platform. He claims that the government of New Hampshire does not at present belong to the people of the state as it should, but is in effect the property of a single powerful corporation, the Boston and Maine railroad, and he says that if nominated and elected he will see that the government is returned to its rightful owners.

The New York Sun has termed Mr. Churchill a "carpetbag" politician. That is in allusion to the fact that he is an emigrant from another state and not long since resided in Missouri. Being from the land of Folk and Hadley, how could he be otherwise than a reformer? Admirers of Mr. Churchill have claimed that he placed St. Louis under a heavy debt of gratitude when he helped to make it famous by writing "The Crisis" and that after the publication of this romance it only needed the world's fair to lift that



WINSTON CHURCHILL.

municipality to a pinnacle of glory. Though the book made him popular in his home town, Mr. Churchill removed from it to Cornish, N. H., where a summer colony of artists and literary people has sprung up. At first Mr. Churchill, too, expected to make New Hampshire only his summer home, but he liked it so well he decided to stay the year round. He is a young man still. He will not be thirty-five until November. It is not yet ten years since his first novel, "The Celebrity," appeared. As a boy he had an ambition to become an admiral of the navy and so went to the Annapolis academy, but he found that writing rather than fighting was his forte and so turned aside to journalistic paths. He had hardly turned thirty when he went to Cornish. His neighbors liked him, and he and his wife entertained them, 500 at a time, at their beautiful home, Harlakenden House. As one of the old inhabitants of Cornish expressed it: "Cornish is lookin' up. Twenty odd new houses hev been built within th' last half dozen years. We've got the best sculptor in th' world, and Mr. Churchill ken stay in harness with th' best on 'em when it comes to writin' novels. They tell me his stories are ez real and lifelike ez newly hatched chickens."

So he was sent to represent the Cornish district in the lower house of the legislature and served two terms. It was supposed that the colonel—he has been a colonel on the governor's staff—would be a candidate for the state senate and perhaps after that for congress. But his admirers decided that such promotion was too slow. The Lincoln Republican club proposed him for the nomination of its party for governor, and he accepted its support. He promises that if nominated and elected he will work for these things: Abolition of the railroad lobby in the legislature, a direct primary law and more equitable state taxation.

The capital of New Hampshire is Concord. In this connection the

young novelist's well-wishers shy that throughout his career his winning letter has been C. As a young man he edited the Cosmopolitan. His first book was "The Celebrity" and on "Richard Carvel" he won his place in literature. Then came "The Crisis" and later "The Crossing," and at Croydon he found the hero for "Coniston." If the luck of the C's follows him he will in place of Churchill of Cornish become Churchill of Concord.

DENTIST TO A HIPPO.

Billy Snyder, Animal Expert, and His Novel Work in New York.

Billy Snyder, guide, philosopher and friend of the big animals in the New York zoological gardens, has lived, eaten and slept with elephants and hippopotamuses so long that he can talk their languages as well as he talks United States. For many years Snyder was elephant man in Central park, and he is known to every small boy who ever visited the city's menagerie armed with peanuts and sweets. Nobody knows more about elephants and hippos than Billy Snyder. Many a sick monster has owed his recovery to Billy's gentle ministrations. Pulling



SNYDER RELIEVING A HIPPOPOTAMUS TOOTHACHE.

"shivers out of elephants' feet, oiling their leathery sides and looking for trouble in the cavernous mouths of hippopotamuses are just what he likes to do. A hippopotamus with a toothache is not the most amiable thing in the world, but soothed by Snyder's sympathetic touch Mr. Hippo will open wide his ponderous jaws and stand like patient on a monument while the veteran keeper locates the offending molar and plugs it with a wad of cotton soaked in oil of cloves. If animals could draw up resolutions Billy would be able to paper his rooms with them.

Snyder and his predecessors in the New York zoo have been remarkably successful in raising hippopotamuses. Seven baby hippos have been born there, five living to maturity. Calliph, father of the herd, is the biggest hippopotamus in captivity. He weighs four tons and eats a ton of hay for breakfast. His wife, who was Miss Murphy, weighs three tons. Their first child died in infancy. A year later came Fatima, who has toured the world with a circus. Their next baby died. Cyrus and Iris were sold to Hagenbeck for \$35,000 and a miscellaneous lot of rare animals to boot. Miss Croker was sold to the Chicago zoo. Pete, the latest, is still in the New York park. You can buy him for \$15,000.

Scarcity of Coal Cars.

There is a big scarcity of empty coal cars on the Pennsylvania division of the New York Central just now, and the officials are handicapped in their efforts to get things moving lively again. The cars are scattered all over the country being used on other railroads not affected by the strike.

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Charter for Clinton County Road. At Harrisburg on Wednesday of last week a charter was granted to the Nittany Railroad company of Clinton county to connect with the Beech Creek railroad at Mill Hall and extend to Cedar Springs and Salona.

W. C. Lingle, of Patton, is president of the new road and the company is capitalized at \$40,000. This is evidently the road that is intended to open up the limestone quarries near Cedar Springs and Salona.

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