

## LAST TRIBUTE TO THE MARTYRS OF THE MAINE



FINAL tribute to the officers and men who went down in the battleship Maine in Havana harbor was paid when thirty-four unidentified bodies were interred in Arlington cemetery in the presence of President Taft and other high government officials and a great gathering of soldiers, sailors and private citizens. Our photograph is a scene on the cruiser Birmingham, which brought the bodies from Havana.

## FRAUD IN OLD BILLS

## Confederate Money Still Used to Swindle Immigrants.

## First Issue of Currency in South—Problems That Confronted the Treasury of the Confederacy During the War.

Boston.—Confederate money is still a favorite medium of the confidence man in his dealings with the raw immigrant, though it is hardly a currency to deceive any man acquainted with the country's history or even with the negotiable paper money of today. It is not surprising that Confederate money is so plentiful after a half a century as to make it more valuable to the confidence man than to the collector when one realizes the immense amount turned out by the industrious presses of the Confederacy.

The Confederate treasury kept on printing paper money almost up to the fall of Richmond. A note dated Richmond, February 17, 1864, declares upon its face: "The Confederate States of America will pay \$10 to bearer two years after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States of America." When the Confederate treasury began business there was a clear enough perception among the public men of the Confederacy that cheap money would be one of their government's perils. They had been brought up in the old democratic monetary theory of a currency composed of gold and silver at a fixed ratio intended to correspond with their relative bullion value, and paper money based upon such currency.

Almost exactly fifty years ago the issue of \$1,000,000 in interest-bearing notes was authorized. This was the earliest Confederate paper money issued. By July of that year the treasury had exceeded the authorized amount, and the issue of double the original issue was then sanctioned by law. The smallest denomination of these early issues was \$50, for the treasury hoped that means might be

found for using silver and gold in minor transactions. Before the end of the year the authorized issue had again been exceeded, and in spite of oft renewed good resolutions the Confederacy by July, 1863, had \$1,000,000,000 of notes outstanding. For a few months devoted Confederate patriots permitted their gold deposits to get into general circulation, but soon everybody who had gold hoarded it or sent it out of the country to a place of safety.

Almost at the very end of the Confederacy Jefferson Davis vetoed a bill for the issue of \$80,000,000 in paper and congress passed the measure over his veto. The funding plans resulted in a temporary contraction of the currency and a fall in prices, with the consequent enrichment of some of the desperate gamblers that hung about Richmond and fattened upon the hardships of the Confederacy. After each contraction of the currency the convenient presses were set going again, and instead of a circulating medium

of \$175,000,000 as the treasury once planned, of of \$200,000,000 as it planned at another time, the outstanding paper money swelled and swelled until it had exceeded the \$1,000,000,000 of midsummer, 1863.

The banks of Virginia tried to protect themselves and the treasury by refusing to receive the depreciated currency, but in vain. When soldiers in the trenches of Petersburg were paying \$10 for a tin plate from which to eat their frugal meals, and \$600 or \$800 for a pair of boots, the people were still clamoring for larger issues of paper.

You may still buy crisp, fresh looking Confederate notes at prices varying from two cents to two dollars per hundred notes.

## Wants Servants Without Souls.

London.—Canon Otley, in a sermon delivered at Bow church, spoke severely about "the insolent disregard by the wealthy of the sanctity of Sunday." He stated that the other day a lady whose servants had all given notice because of her Sunday entertainments, went to a registry office and asked, "Can't you find me a cook without a soul?"

## Old Fued Comes to Light

## California Men Kept Strange Vows for Many Years—Arrest of One Reveals Compact.

San Bernardino, Cal.—Never to set foot upon each other's sidewalk, and always to be prepared to shoot to kill if they should meet outside the city, is the strange compact that for fifteen years has been in existence between C. W. Richardson and Joseph and John Shafer, prominent business men of this place. Their places of business are opposite each other on Court street.

This compact was violated last week when Joseph Shafer, trying to catch a better glimpse of an aviator, crossed to his enemy's sidewalk. Richardson came forth with a jump to make an attack. Shafer fled to his own side of the street, but hurled back a challenge. This aroused Richardson, whose high-voiced reply made it possible to

secure Richardson's arrest for disturbing the peace.

At the trial the strange compact was made public. Richardson was found guilty, but the jury recommended mercy. The feud started fifteen years ago, when as a bachelor Richardson and the Shafer brothers occupied adjoining houses. Richardson broke the bachelor atmosphere by marrying, and the fight was on. Several court cases have grown out of seemingly trivial quarrels between the contestants.

## Has Prepared 1,000,000 Chops.

London.—Of very few men can it truthfully be said: "He has cooked a million chops." Yet William of Edwards in Fishmonger alley, Fenchurch street, who will presently celebrate the jubilee of his professional career, is believed to have cooked 1,500,000. About 10,000 of these he has eaten himself.

ror and anguish being more than I could bear.

"The president of the bank has never ceased to reproach himself for what he terms his negligence in not giving a more complete explanation when he wrote the letter, and since my husband's sad death the kindly bank official has seen to it that I have all the work at dressmaking that I can do."

## SAYS RINGS BELONG TO GIRL

Given in Token of Betrothal, She Need Not Marry to Keep Them, Rules a Pennsylvania Judge.

Blairville, Pa.—A girl owns her engagement rings, whether or not they lead to her marrying the donor. So rules Justice Gelb of this place.

Miss Josephine Graham and Charles Vachal, both of Saltsburg, became engaged to be married two years ago. Vachal presented a diamond ring to his fiancée, following this with another ring later.

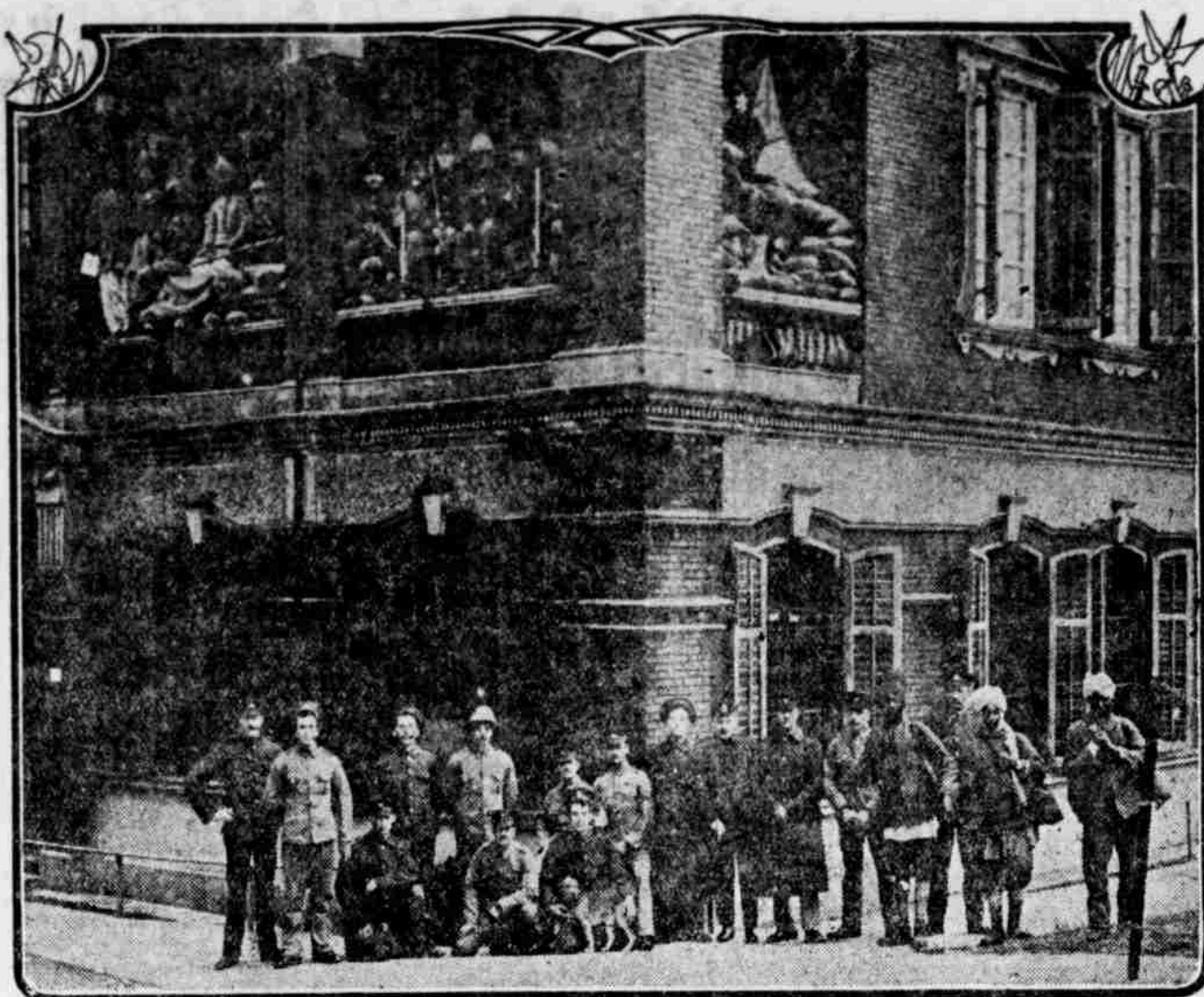
Vachal some time ago told her of a circumstance that temporarily would prevent their marriage, and asked for the rings, promising to return them at her request, as she did not consider the engagement broken. Miss Graham later requested the return of the rings, but Vachal is alleged to have refused them.

Suit for their recovery was brought by the girl. At the hearing before Justice Gelb the rings were returned to the young woman and Vachal paid the costs of the suit.

## And Rarely Profitable.

The things men do for spite are seldom worth doing.

## LEGATIONS IN CHINA PROTECTED BY TROOPS



DEFENDING FOREIGN LEGATIONS IN CHINA

WHILE the Chinese revolutionists were looting and killing in Canton, the foreign legations on Shameen island, connected with the city by drawbridges, were protected by heavy detachments of American and European troops. These soldiers are still on guard there, as the disorders are far from being over.

## CLEVER THIEF TAKEN

## Europe's Most Daring Swindler Is Under Arrest

Robbed the Charitable, Posed as Prince, Marquis and Monsignor of Church, and His Loot Totals Millions.

Rome.—Nerve was what kept this phenomenal rascal skating gracefully over the thinnest kind of ice. And his nerve has not deserted him, now that the ice has broken under him and he has sunk overhead in the muddy waters of trouble.

Behind his prison bars he seems, indeed—like most clever criminals—to take a sort of professional pride in his achievements. When he realized that denial was henceforth futile he shrugged his shoulders and said:

"I congratulate the Roman police. I have traveled all over the world and got away with many hundreds of thousands of lire.

"However, that which I stole I stole from the rich. I never trimmed any one for less than 100,000 lire (\$20,000). What a pity that the law must punish me! I have helped an infinite number of poor priests. Today I had an appointment with another prelate; instead, I am in jail. What a pity!"

This unique scoundrel is a sort of combination of Tartuffe and Barry Lyndon. He posed as a priest and wore priestly garb, but he was not content with that, for he wore purple at his throat and a purple girdle, which indicated that he was a monsignor of the church.

The bearer of these noble names and ecclesiastical titles had no right to any of them. He never was a priest. He had no right to wear even a cassock, much less the purple of a prelate. He is just plain Giovanni Battista Gindri, son of a respectable Turin hotelkeeper. He obtained his familiar-

ity with church affairs while receiving his education in an ecclesiastical seminary. His father probably hoped that he would become a priest. But the youth found his vocation along very different lines.

It would be impossible and useless to make a list of those he has swindled. It is believed he has got away with several millions of francs in all. The greater number of his victims have made no formal complaint against him, preferring to pocket their losses rather than to suffer the chaffing of their friends because of their gullibility. But it is known that among the sufferers are cardinals, archbishops, abbots of monasteries, mother superiors and abbesses of convents and noble men and women who are charitably disposed.

How did he do it? In many ways. He forged letters of introduction from one bishop to another. He ingratiated himself here and there by conspicuous acts of charity and piety and so got genuine letters of introduction from prelates and nobles.

Among those upon whom he imposed was the dowager duchess of Genoa, mother of Queen Margherita of Italy, in whose private chapel at Novara he said mass, and from whom he received a present.

When caught in Rome he was about to go to St. Peter's to say mass, the authorization so to do being signed by Cardinal Respighi, which signature is declared to be a forgery.

There was nothing new about his swindles; they were the old, well-worn devices, with which every one ought to be familiar, but which work just as effectively today as they worked in the time of Gil Blas.

He is to be sent successively to each of the cities where he is "wanted," in each of them he will be tried and, if convicted, will be sentenced. So he has the prospect of four or five prison terms, one after another, in different parts of Italy.

## FIGHTS SNAKES ALL NIGHT

## When Rescued in the Morning the Badly Bitten Cowboy's Reason Is Destroyed.

Galveston, Tex.—Fifteen hours' battling with a dozen or more snakes forty feet below ground, in an abandoned well, was the racking experience of Charles Wellbourne, a cowboy residing in Waller county. When rescued in the morning after a night in the well, Wellbourne had lost his reason and his arms and legs were literally covered with bites from the snakes.

Eight dead reptiles, measuring in length from two to four feet, were taken out, but the details of his frightful experience will not be known unless he recovers, and his condition is said to be serious.

Wellbourne was riding horseback when seen in the neighborhood about five o'clock in the evening, and his horse returned to the Little Branch about midnight. Shortly after a search was instituted, and at nine o'clock the next morning his maniacal screams directed the searchers to the well on the side of an old ranch. With ropes the man was pulled out.

## CAT ACQUITS MAN OF ARSON

## Story of Overturned Lamp Dispel "Black Hand" Theory and Jury Frees Prisoners.

Pottsville, Pa.—Accused of setting fire to a residence at Palo Alto at the instigation of the "Black Hand," Donato L. d'Angelo was acquitted in court when he placed the blame on a cat which overturned a kerosene lamp. The fire was begun shortly after the midnight hour and several persons had narrow escapes with their lives.

The police found gasoline cans exploded near the place where the fire started and became convinced that the defendant, in company with a friend from Philadelphia, committed the crime, but the jury believed the cat story.

## Note is Man's Doom

## Husband Out of Work Forges Wife's Name to Check.

## Banker Goes to Her Aid and Writes to Offer Position, But Woman's Spouse, Fearing Prosecution, Ends Life.

Chicago.—Receipt of a letter by a Chicago man recently, a letter which should have brought employment and happiness, caused the man who received it to commit suicide. The strange story of how her husband, who had long been out of work, took his life upon the receipt of a letter which meant the offer of a job and future comfort is told by the suicide's widow.

"My husband, after being long despondent over sickness and his inability to obtain a position, in a moment of weakness took my bank book, which recorded a small amount of deposit, and forged my name to a check for \$12. I know that he used the money in an endeavor to find employment and that he would have paid it back to me, but fate willed differently," said the widow, sadly.

"I discovered the forgery accidentally when I went to the bank a few days later.

ability to find work. The banker seemed touched by my story and treated me with the utmost kindness.

"I do not feel," said the bank official, "that this is a case for the courts. It seems that perhaps your husband has been more or less a victim of circumstances, and I think that if he is given a chance he will be an honest man henceforth. So strongly do I believe this that I will show your husband that every man's hand is not against him. I am going to have him call upon me and I will give him a position in the bank as a porter, and if he does well I will make him a watchman. I will write a letter to him at once."

"The bank president wrote a letter simply asking my husband to come and see him. I went out to do some work and did not return home until evening. The letter had reached my husband in the afternoon at home. I suppose that since the letter did not speak of a position, and as my husband was conscious that he was guilty of the forgery, he became crazed with the thought that his act had been discovered at the bank and that the letter telling him to call meant that he would soon be in the clutches of the law."

"I suppose the terror of his position drove him insane, for he went into a shed on the rear of our lot and killed himself by hanging. The letter, taken out of the envelope, was in his coat pocket, a mute witness of the cause of his self-destruction. I found his body later in the evening when I went to the shed and was almost crazed with grief, the sudden changes from despair and fear to joy and then again to hor-

## SQUIRREL STOLE THE ACE

## Card Game Mystery Solved—It Happened in Winsted, Conn., of Course.

Winsted, Conn.—On a pleasant day last fall a spirited game of "set back"—high, low, jack and the game—was played in a grove on the shore of Highland lake, between four men out for a walk. When the final game of a series was being played and Fred Jacobs, who declared he had drawn the ace of hearts, went to play the card he discovered it was missing and his "hand" was declared dead.

After the game the card could not be found and a count of the deck showed fifty-one instead of fifty-two cards. The robber was discovered the other day. A tame red squirrel, which has made its home in the grove for two years, had carried the ace to its nest in a high pine tree, where it was found by a boy who climbed the tree to see if the squirrel had survived the winter.

## Fattening Hogs on Prunes.

Palouse, Wash.—M. V. Ewing, a pioneer farmer living eight miles west of here, has a twenty-five acre prune orchard which he says has yielded big returns for many years. In answer to suggestions that it would pay to dig up his orchard and plant the land to wheat, he replied, "If none of the crop was marketed, the orchard would pay if devoted entirely to hogs. Hogs would not only thrive and grow well on prunes after they began to fall from the trees, but they would fatten on them alone without feeding a pound of grain."

## Says Science Holds Secret

## 'Study and Talk,' Says Wife, 'I Don't Love You;' Judge Gives Man Absolute Divorce.

New York.—Frederick W. Vroom, a mining engineer, was granted a final decree of divorce from Maude M. Vroom by Supreme Court Justice Newburger.

The record in the case shows that Vroom appealed to his wife, after she had separated from him, to return to her home, and she told him that if he consulted a scientist he would soon be consoled to her absence. She is now said to be living in Los Angeles, Cal., as the wife of Emil Moulter Heinsey, a teacher of the French language.

"I asked you not to write," she replied to a particularly strong letter from her husband, "and knowing my dread and weakness, you did it just the same. When I analyze it myself it does seem to me right."

"The same feeling should prompt you to say to me, 'Yes, go. I know you don't love me.' What do you want with a woman without her heart and soul?"

"I am very, very sorry. But I am determined to be true to myself, no matter what happens. I've never been free before."

"Go to a scientist, study and talk. In a month you will see how and why no one can really help us. We must work it out alone."

The chief witness in the divorce proceeding was A. E. Lightner, attorney of the United States land office, Bakersfield, Cal. He testified that

Mrs. Vroom lived in Los Angeles as "Mrs. Heinsey," after she had taken a long trip to Mazatlan, Mexico, with the French instructor.

## OLD MYSTERY IS SOLVED

## Messenger Buried Seven Years in the Desert Sands, Committed Suicide by Shooting.

Berlin.—After having been buried for seven years in the desert, the body of a German trooper named Rogge has been found in a shifting sand-dune near Kolmanskop, German Southwest Africa. The unfortunate trooper had been sent to convey the mails from Luderitzbucht to some remote inland station. He never arrived.

His route lay via the Ukama springs, a small oasis, and from notes found in a pocketbook on the body it appears that he lost his bearings, owing to desert mirages. He wandered about aimlessly for days, without finding his way.

His last note was to the effect that he was suffering fearful torments from thirst, and that he intended to blow out his brains before his reason gave away completely. The body was found with a bullet hole in the temple, and the packet of letters lay beside it intact.

## No Sale for Them.

The market price of wild oats is pretty high for those who buy them, but they won't sell for anything.—Atchison Globe.