

THE SCRATCHED BULLET

By RUTH GRAHAM

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A man sitting in his office heard an explosion. He was counting a pile of bills at the time, but as soon as he had finished, and thrust them in his safe he went in next door and found the occupant, Daniel Jones, sitting in his chair with his head down on his desk, dead.

My office was in the same building and hearing of the murder I went into Jones' office. A surgeon was extracting the bullet from the wound, and as soon as he had done so it was seized upon by a detective who stood waiting for it. The detective rolled it up in his handkerchief and was going away with it when I said to him:

"I believe you detectives are humbugs, making a great ado about small things to keep up an appearance of efficiency. I'll bet you a hundred dollars to ten that the bullet you have taken never leads to the discovery of the murderer."

"Since you offer large odds I'll take your bet. I think in about one case in ten the bullet with which a man is murdered will lead to the discovery of the person who shot him."

"Very well," I replied, "if it is so in this case come to my office, tell me the story, and I'll give you a hundred dollars."

We exchanged names and addresses and I thought no more about the matter till I saw it stated in a newspaper that a man had been tried for the murder of Daniel Jones. The jury had not been ten minutes in coming to a verdict of justifiable homicide. The very next morning the detective with whom I had made the bet came into my office and claimed a hundred dollars. "I invited him to be seated and tell me the story."

"I examined the bullet with a microscope," he said, "and discovered a tiny scratch on one side, and, looking further, found another scratch twice the breadth of the first about one-third the distance around the circumference. If I could find a pistol with two scratches on a bullet fired from it I would have the weapon with which Mr. Jones was killed."

"The next move was of course to learn of a person or persons who would have a motive for the murder. The family of the murdered man were very loath to point a finger of suspicion at any one, and I had a hard time to get anything out of them. Jones had a debtor, Evans, whom the family admitted to have pressed so strongly for payment that the matter had troubled bitterly about the matter. Then there was a discharged coachman who at the time of his discharge went away muttering curses. These were the only suggestions I could get from the family, and I went to work on each of them at once.

"I effected an entrance to the house of Jones' debtor and found a pistol in his drawer, but of a different caliber from the one with which he (Jones) had been killed. Besides, from other indications I made up my mind that he had nothing to do with the murder. I also found the coachman who had been discharged, but no pistol in his possession.

"I sat down one day, lit a cigar, put my feet up on a desk and did a job of thinking. I can think out any soluble problem with a cigar in my mouth and my feet in the air. The murderer, after shooting Jones, would naturally be worried about the pistol which he committed the deed, since it might be used as evidence against him. Even the fitting of the ball in it, considered with other incriminating circumstances, might convict him. He would endeavor to get rid of it. How? He would either try to lose it, give it away, sell it or pawn it. I give greatly on criminals' anxiety to get rid of incriminating articles. There was a chance in this case that the pistol would find its way into either a second hand store or a pawnshop. I concluded to go through all there were of both in the town.

"In a pawnshop I found a new revolver, only one barrel of which had been used, that had been pawned a day or two after the Jones murder. I focused the sun's rays in the barrel with a glass and thought I saw some scratches, but could not be sure. I bought the pistol, loaded the barrel that had been used and fired the ball into a tank full of water. Recovering the bullet I found on it the scratches I was looking for."

The detective paused, and I, taking up my checkbook, wrote him a check for a hundred dollars. Handing it to him I remarked that the rest of his job was doubtless dead easy, but I would like to hear how it was managed.

"I was not long," he continued, folding the check and putting it in his pocketbook. "In finding the person who had pawned the revolver. He was a tramp and said he had been walking on a road toward the city and met a man in an auto driving furiously. The tramp turned to look at the registered number and made a mental note of it. Just then he saw the man in the auto throw something away. He went after it and found a revolver.

"Taking it into the city he pawned it. The man who threw it away was identified by his auto number. "Jones had broken up his domestic happiness by alienating his wife's affections."

PLANS TO STOP TIDE TO CITIES

Rudolph Spreckels Has Project For Prospective Farmers.

WOULD ENLIST CAPITAL'S AID.

Idea is to Have Wealthy Men Buy Up Desirable Land, Then Resell it on Long Payments So One Crop Failure Will Not Entail Loss of Farm—Says Capitalists Should Form a Fund.

Rudolph Spreckels, leader in the San Francisco anti-graft crusade, in addition to ideas for civic reform, has a plan for stemming the tide of the wave of population flowing toward the American cities with such alarming rapidity. "The trouble with the back to the farm propaganda today," Mr. Spreckels says, "is that, while it distributes a lot of free advice to the residents of congested sections in our cities, it offers comparatively little aid of a substantial sort. I think that it is not because city dwellers prefer the cities to the country that they remain in a state of industrial dependence, but because they have not the capital required to buy a farm and the stock and implements necessary to make it a paying venture.

"I think a fund should be formed. It belongs to the capitalists of the United States should form a fund so that they could buy tillable land and then resell it to prospective emigrants from the cities at actual cost, with provision for easy terms of payment. These payments could be so arranged as to extend over a period of fifty or even seventy years, so that there would be little question that the purchaser or his family would eventually own the land.

"As it is, many hesitate to leave their urban homes because farming is a great deal of a risk. They would be compelled to place heavy mortgages on their land, payable in a few years. Under this plan a series of unfortunate seasons would be fatal to the farmer, who would be unable to meet the demands of the incumbrance on his land and would thereby forfeit his holdings, together with the money he had expended in getting started.

"Calls it Mistaken Policy. "The plea to the man of the city to emigrate to the frontier to hew out a home for himself where land is cheap is mistaken. Pioneer life necessarily entails many hardships, which the city dweller and his wife cannot endure because they are not inured to them. To a man who has been reared on a farm it is difficult enough to transform a stubborn prairie or a heavily wooded land into tillable land, but for the inexperienced farmer, recruited from the congested cities, it is almost impossible. After a few years he will get discouraged and return to his old home and work.

"Here is the difficulty, however. To embark on a farming venture in a district which is already cultivated and settled to some extent requires a big outlay of capital, whereas in pioneer regions land can be obtained either free or for a nominal sum. And this is where the capitalists should extend a helping hand.

"Europe's Plan Succeeds. "In many parts of Europe the plan of long payments for land is in operation and is proving a great success. When the settlers are assured that in case of crop reverses they are not in danger of losing their homes and that if they fail to pay for their homes even in a lifetime their sons can continue the payments they do not hesitate to leave the bench of the wage earner for the plow and the reaper. I understand, too, that this plan has been undertaken in various parts of the United States on a small scale and that efforts along this line have been the source of great satisfaction to those who have supported them.

FRENCH HEELS RUIN FEET.

Spiral Curvature Another Phase, According to Minneapolis. Dr. Charles H. Keene of Minneapolis in a public statement says that the high French heels which high school girls wear are the cause of deformed feet that have to be cured by physical culture, and therefore such heels are to be barred from the school. Dr. Keene will have the physical instructor in the high school find out how many girls have curvature of the spine. He has found many boys in the Minneapolis schools so afflicted. He attributed the prevalence of curvature of the spine to bad posture, both in sitting and standing, and to faulty customs and to improper footwear, such as French heeled shoes.

To Dam Grand Canyon. Engineers are figuring on erecting a dam 700 feet high in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado to impound sufficient water to produce 1,500,000 horsepower.

STILL PLAN FEATS OF DARING IN AIR

Aviators Undaunted, Though Rendered More Cautious by Deaths of Moisant and Hoxsey. Ely to Fly from Land to Vessel, While Latham Will Try Antelope Hunting from Aeroplane.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

HAVING flown from the deck of a battleship to land, Eugene B. Ely, the aviator, became ambitious to reverse the process and fly from land to the deck of a battleship. So he arranged with the officials of the San Francisco aeronautical meet to skylight out from the California shore to the armored cruiser Pennsylvania.

In some aspects this is the most sensational aeroplane feat yet undertaken. It is a brand new, twentieth century way of boarding a man-of-war. This being the month of the San Francisco meet, the thing is brought before us with all its startling reality. Mr. Ely has not only reversed his process of flight, but his position on the count; the previous feat having been pulled off at Hampton Roads on the Atlantic coast. He has likewise reversed all previous human experience. The possibilities he has opened are staggering.

"What is to prevent a flock of aeroplanes from boarding a battleship while the aeronauts whip the crew before the jack tars recover from their astonishment? What is to prevent the sky passengers from dropping bombs on the admiral's head or blowing off the fighting tops and conning towers? It is plain to see that in future our fighting ships will have to be armored not only on the sides and ends, but on top.

Mr. Ely presents us a more pleasing prospect, however. Hereafter when an irate passenger loses his steamer, instead of jumping into the water or shaking his fist and hurling language at the disappearing liner, he can take an aeroplane and land on deck with the casual remark that he always takes ship that way.

Already Sensational Performer.

In Mr. Ely's previous flight, he gave a bunch of Uncle Sam's naval officers and men the sensation of their lives. An inclined platform had been improvised on the deck of the Birmingham, and from this the venturesome aviator made his start. It was a windy and rainy morning, and for this reason few believed that the trip would be made. Almost before the onlookers knew it the biplane had left the ship, dipped until it actually grazed the water, then arose to a height of 200 feet and bore away to the faintly outlined Virginia shore, two and one-half miles distant.

Mr. Ely said that when he struck the water his propeller was slightly injured and he himself was blinded by the salt spray covering his goggles. When he had taken time to wipe off the moisture he was far aloft and flying like a bird.

The machine used was the same one in which Glenn H. Curtiss made the journey from Albany to New York. Ely always uses a Curtiss biplane and with it recently won a speed contest against a Wright machine.

"If it would have been a star idea if Ely had decided to take with him on his shore to battleship flight some of the San Francisco belles who eagerly accepted invitations to go aloft during the San Francisco meet. It would have opened a new era in the social annals of the navy. The custom, once having started, might have continued and expanded until Uncle Sam's crews could have looked forward to regular visits from the aeroplane girls' brigades that would literally drop in on them every time their ships got near shore.

Miss Sears Starts Fad.

It was Eleanor Sears of Boston and Newport who started the San Francisco society fad to aviating. Miss Sears was not the first woman to go aloft, but she was about the biggest social noise that had done so, and the sport was soon the fad of the smart set.

Aeroplane is now in the aerobic stage. Man, having found his wings, is trying them out and is doing all sorts of freak feats in sheer enjoyment of his new powers. This is especially true in America, where we are naturally more venturesome and where trick riding and circus stunts have been indulged to the limit and beyond. Aviators are agreed that to this fact is due many of the deaths that have cast a shadow upon the sport. Later on, let us hope, we shall settle down to a more serious and cautious gait. While this may not be as sensational or profitable, it will at least be better for the future of aviation and will not break so many necks.

The flight of Ely to the battleship is not exactly of the freak class, since it demonstrated possible uses for the aeroplane in war. But spiral drops, excessive altitude tests and other sensational riding contribute little to the science of aviation and only go to swell the prize money and the death list.

We need not be discouraged, however. Even the bird, when he begins to fly has a few tumbles. If he, with tens of thousands of years of flying ancestors behind him, falls out of the nest and gets bumped in learning to use his wings what wonder that man, with no flying ancestors, should suffer a few mishaps? Perhaps the blackest day in the his-

tory of American aviation was that on which two star bird men, Arch Hoxsey and John B. Moisant, met their death. Moisant proved Merit. Hoxsey was comparatively new in the game, but his first big feat had centered on him the world's attention. This was a flight with a passenger from Paris to London. It was the first time such a feat had ever been attempted, and aviators agreed that it could not be done. To Moisant such an opinion acted as a challenge, and he immediately prepared to try it out. Taking with him his mechanic, a heavy man, he first sailed over the city of Paris, the first time such a flight with a passenger had ever been accomplished over that or any other big city, then by continuous stages flew to the coast, over the English channel and within twenty-nine miles of London, when a broken propeller forced him to wait for repairs. Here, misfortune after misfortune attended him, but he kept on with dogged perseverance till at last he landed in London. Moisant's great victory in America was that of winning the prize for the quickest flight from Belmont park around the statue of Liberty and return. That feat was even more daring and thrilling than the Paris-London flight.

Held Altitude Record.

Hoxsey was a high type of aviator, keen and intelligent. His daring is exemplified by the fact that a forty mile gale was blowing at the time he broke the world's altitude record. He then went up 11,474 feet, or over two miles. He is the man who, made the great cross country flight from Springfield, Ill., to St. Louis and who took Theodore Roosevelt up for his famous flight.

As a result of these and other fatal accidents, which spread a pall over the aviation sky in 1910, a conservative movement is on foot. Cortland Fleet Bishop, first vice president of the Aero Club of America, is out in an appeal for more caution and for useful results rather than spectacular effects. Following the death of Hoxsey, Wilbur Wright wired to his manager on the Pacific coast to instruct the other Wright fliers to attempt no more sensational or record breaking efforts, but to confine themselves to straightaway flights.

Despite the death list the record of 1910 is the most brilliant in the history of aviation. The number of machines



A PAIR OF AVIATORS WHO PLAN DARING FEATS IN THE NEAR FUTURE AND TWO WHO LOST THEIR LIVES WHILE FLYING.

and operators increased many fold, and all over Europe and America flying became a recognized sport. In France and other countries aviators are now being regularly licensed, and new laws to govern aviation are being enacted. The same tendency is observed in America. Governor Baldwin of Connecticut devoted a portion of his message to a discussion of aviation laws.

Moisant Proved Nerve.

For sheer nerve in aviation quite like it. The machine cost him \$10,000, which he had to pay on a mere chance. Then he failed a long flight in an untried machine over a populous city and a large body of water. On the start he encountered a stiff breeze, but took it at an angle. He won by working out a theory and following it. On the way to the statue he mounted rapidly until at one time he was 2,800 feet high. Then he coasted back, with the wind behind him and his motor going full force, at times reaching the marvelous speed of eighty miles an hour. He came in less than a minute ahead of his nearest rival, Claude Grahame-White of England.

Hunts From Aeroplane.

Following his successful attempts to shoot ducks from his monoplane, Hubert Latham says that this year he will go after big game, such as antelope. Several Frenchwomen have become experts at the sport, one remaining aloft recently nearly an hour. Feminine aviators promise to become a fixed feature of the sport during the coming twelve months. The year is young, and as the whole world has turned its thoughts to flying who can tell what progress will be made before the advent of 1912?

Among the dead Moisant's effects was found a pathetic letter to his son advising him "against the fascination that attracts you to the life of a bird man." It was the natural cry of a father's heart and revealed the fact that Moisant was not the reckless operator he had been pictured, but one who realized the perils of the air.

Despite the warning it is safe to say that thousands of other young men will harness the air and ride the winds this year and coming years. Man has tried his wings, and the flying fever is in his veins. One hopeful fact is that the Wright brothers, the inventors of the aeroplane and still the kings of the air, are among the living and may be trusted to guide and develop the art until finally it gives us a comparatively safe and general mode of travel.

Hoxsey Plunged From the Clouds.

Arch Hoxsey's death came at almost the same hour and in a similar manner. It occurred at the Los Angeles meet, where a few days before Hoxsey had circled above Mount Wilson in a sensational flight and earlier still had broken the world's altitude record. On the fatal trip, Hoxsey's machine glided swiftly down from an altitude of 7,000 feet. When within a short distance of the earth and while the crowd was cheering it began to turn over and over and fell a mass of wreckage with the dead aviator pinned beneath the engine.

Hoxsey's mechanic gave it as his opinion that the aeronaut had died from the swift descent while still 2,000

ELKINS OWED LIFE TO BANDIT COLE YOUNGER

SENATOR STEPHEN B. ELKINS of West Virginia, who died recently, has had his fame as a great railroad pioneer and as secretary of war in the cabinet of President Harrison obscured in the popular mind by the rumors about the engagement of his daughter to the Duke of the Abruzzi. He was born in Perry county, O., on Sept. 20, 1811. His father was a farmer and moved while he was still a boy in Missouri. He was graduated from the university of that state in 1830 and took up the study of law.

Just as he was admitted to the bar the civil war started, and Mr. Elkins showed his individuality by breaking away from his family and all his home ties to enlist in the Union army. His father and brother fought for the Confederates, but he joined the Missouri militia and served long enough to gain the rank of captain.

Soon after he joined he met with an adventure which nearly cost him his life. With his brother he had left the Union lines to visit a woman friend of the family, and as he was returning he ran into a picket of Quantrell's guerrillas. They were noted for their brutality and were known to shoot at their prisoners.

Saved by Cole Younger.

Mr. Elkins was taken to the guerrilla camp and there fortunately recognized Cole Younger, an old friend and pupil of his. Younger interceded with Quantrell for the future senator and obtained a respite. As the guerrillas moved off Mr. Elkins had to ride with them, but as he reached the crossroads galloped off for his life. Younger held his captors in check, and he escaped. Younger, after the war, became a bandit and was a member of the Jesse James gang. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life, and years after Senator Elkins not only helped to secure his release, but received him at his own home when he was a free man.

Before the war was over Mr. Elkins left the army and in 1864 struck across the plains to New Mexico, then a border territory of which two-thirds of the population were Spanish. He acquired that language in the course of a year and soon secured a large law practice. He was elected to the legislature and also served as territorial attorney general. President Johnson made him territorial United States district attorney, and he was one of the few New Mexico officials whom General Grant did not dismiss.

It fell to his lot as a federal official to enforce the act of congress prohibiting slavery. At that time there were in New Mexico thousands of peons, who to all intents and purposes were enslaved by the Mexican residents. The abuse had been tolerated so long that it had become a regular social custom, but Mr. Elkins, in the face of vigorous opposition, insisted on the restoration of these unfortunates to freedom.

But besides enforcing the law he was amassing a fortune. His law practice was lucrative, and he had little competition. In particular he was associated with the Maxwell land grant, which, through his loyal services, received the confirmation of the courts.

Re-elected Despite Declination.

Mr. Elkins first appeared in Washington as the delegate to congress from the territory of New Mexico in 1873. His popularity among the Spanish secured him the handsome major-

HORNED MAN-MONKEYS FOUND

Skeletons of Queer Shape Exhumed in California.

What are described as skeletons of a strange tribe of horned man-monkey pygmies are being exhumed from an ancient burying ground discovered near Jackrabbit Lodge, in the delta of Topogano canyon, near Santa Monica, Cal. Forty-four skulls and almost as many complete sets of torso and limb bones have been recovered, together with strange antiquities apparently used by the tribe as weapons and many stone mortars. The tribe is thought to have been the last of the kind, and it is asserted by a legend of the oldest Spanish families that Aztec Indians exterminated them upon their invasion into southern California.

RAISING FISH ON FARMS.

Nevel Scheme to Reduce High Cost of Living.

State Fish and Game Warden George A. Lincoln has advised Iowa people to go into the business of raising fish for food in view of the high cost of living. "Food fishes," he says, "can be raised with no more difficulty than chickens or vegetables. A pond of an acre or more in extent and with eight or ten feet of water in the deepest part will, if properly managed, give excellent results." The game warden has written instructions for the small fish farmer who cannot afford a pond more than a quarter acre big and declares that the business is a good one in which to engage.

America Leads Coffee Drinkers.

Germany, Holland, France, Belgium and Austria-Hungary, in the order named, follow next after the United States in coffee consumption.

Plague Again in England.

Four recent deaths from plague in Suffolk village were the first in England from that disease for nearly 100 years.

REAL HAIR GROWER FOUR

But You Must Seek Frigid Professor Preferably Polar. The latest "universal" hair grower discovered is a trip to the arctic regions or, failing time and inclination for that, employment in a cold storage company.

Extremes Cold Undoubtedly Strongens One's Hair.

As our party approached near the south pole our hair grew more slowly, but became thicker and stronger.

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Illustration of a man and woman in a domestic setting, part of the 'The Scratched Bullet' story.