

SHAMEFUL RECORD.

Child Labor in Pennsylvania Mines

Little Girls Working Nights to Pay Debts of Their Families

Falseness of Wage Statement Made by Operators Shown up—Justice Gray Again Shows His Humane Feelings

Scranton, Dec. 17.—The coal operators before the inquiry commission today began their response to the charges made by the miners.

Former Congressman Wolverton, one of the operators' council began his address when the commission opened.

Justice Gray after hearing the testimony of several inspectors recommended the commission to petition the legislature, asking it to pass stringent factory inspection laws against the child labor.

Wolverton started to address the commission on behalf of the operators. Before Wolverton had actually started, Barrow said he desired to call a few more witnesses. Permission was granted, and Barrow called Dunko, father of the little girl who testified that she worked nights to help support the family. The company employing Dunko had entered a statement yesterday that he received \$1000 last year, of which

\$600 was his share. Dunko testified that the money has been divided between two miners and two laborers. He received \$30 a month, and was deeply in debt at the company store when his little girl went to work.

Justice Gray said he should not let his daughter work like this, no matter how deeply he was in debt to the company.

Another father called, testified his daughter made \$1.50 per week, and that his wife was sick. The silk mills never demanded a certificate that the age was over 15.

Gray said it is up to that boss now, and requested the witness to keep his daughter from such work. Council asked the Pennsylvania company for an explanation of the discrepancy in its statement, and was answered that the company had kept no record of how many men assisted in the contract with the miners.

GREWSOME REMINDER

Ex-Soldier Sends His Amputated Hand to Congress

Washington, Dec. 19.—Congressman Brown, found a package on his desk this morning and thought it was a Christmas present. Opening it, he found a human hand, sent him by Alan Gohege, a veteran of the war who wants a pension.

The hand was amputated several years ago as a result of a gunshot wound. The soldier thought an ocular demonstration would help his case, so took it out of pickle and forwarded it by express.

Ambassador to Italy. Henry White, who has been appointed ambassador of the United States to Italy, has been in the diplomatic service since 1883, when he was appointed sec-



retary of the United States legation at Vienna. The following year he was transferred to London, where he has been first secretary since 1886, with the exception of a four years' interim. He was born in Maryland about fifty years ago and was married in 1880 to Miss Rutherford of New York.

HIS MYSTERIOUS FRIEND

(Original.) Ernest Trevor was pacing back and forth nervously in his office. He had bought stocks by depositing with a broker 10 per cent of their value, and as they had declined 10 per cent he had been called upon for another 10 per cent. If it were not forthcoming, the stocks would be sold, and he would not get the benefit of a subsequent rise that would probably occur. In fact, he would be ruined.

Trevor was engaged to the daughter of a wealthy man who had given his consent to the marriage on Trevor's representation that he was worth \$100,000. This was true at the time the representation was made, but Trevor, having been caught in the decline of stocks, was now worth nothing. Nevertheless, as he had no more funds, he wrote a note to his broker to that effect and consenting to the sale of his security. This he did with a heavy heart since he considered it equivalent to the breaking of his engagement.

He was sealing the note when a messenger entered with a communication from the cashier of the bank where he kept his funds. He signed as he tore off the envelope, knowing that his account was overdrawn and expecting a notification to that effect. To his astonishment the note read as follows:

We have to notify you that the sum of \$20,000 has been placed to your credit in this bank.

Mr. Trevor's emotions may be better imagined than described. Was it a mistake of the bank? Had the wrong person been notified? He stepped to the telephone and called up the cashier.

"Who placed \$20,000 to my credit?" he asked.

"Hold the wire." In a few minutes came the reply. "The check was payable to Martin Copeland, who made it payable to you."

"You have made a mistake. I don't know such a man. Who is he?"

There was another request to hold the wire, and in five minutes the information came that the bank did not know Mr. Copeland and had no occasion to know him since the check had been certified by a bank that was perfectly good. This meant that the bank, and not Mr. Copeland, was responsible.

"Thank you. Goodby." Some one must have blundered. The money could not possibly come from any friend, for there was no one among those devoted to Trevor who could or would risk such an amount for friendship. Nevertheless, since he had honorably notified the bank of the probable error, he had done all that could be expected of him and, with plenty of money to his credit, did not propose to let a fortune slip through his fingers.

He tore up the note he had written to his broker and wrote another, inclosing a check for \$5,000. He stayed in his office till 5 o'clock, expecting to get a notice from the broker that the bank had after all refused payment, but no notice came, nor did any ever come. Later he was obliged to send another check for margins for \$5,000, which was also paid. When the market turned, Trevor plunged on the remaining \$10,000 to his credit, and in the end he not only regained what he had lost, but trebled it. He then sent a check for \$20,000 to his bank for Martin Copeland, asking the cashier to let him know what became of it. He was informed that his check had been sent to the bank on which the original check to him had been drawn and had not been returned. It was supposed that Mr. Copeland had received it.

The evening after Trevor had sent the check to Mr. Copeland he called at the house of his fiancée, Miss Eleanor Buckley, to take her to the opera. He found Mr. Buckley and his daughter standing over a number of necklaces, bracelets and other ornaments from which the gems had been extracted and were missing. There was a scowl on the father's face, and the daughter was evidently troubled. Trevor was informed that Mr. Buckley, noticing that his daughter was going out without her jewels, had asked where they were. The result was the production of a good deal of gold, but no jewels. For this she gave no explanation.

At this juncture a servant entered and handed Miss Buckley a package. She opened it and displayed the missing gems.

"How's this?" exclaimed Mr. Buckley. "Those are the identical jewels on which I recently lent \$20,000. The request for a loan came while stocks were tumbling, and, though I don't lend on jewels, at that time they were better than any securities offering."

The secret was out. Miss Buckley, knowing that her lover was in financial difficulty, had sent her jewels to her father through an acquaintance whom neither knew and placed the money borrowed on them to Trevor's credit.

Mr. Buckley frowned. He had heard that Trevor was a loser in stocks and feared that his fortune had disappeared.

"My consent," he said, "was gained on condition of your being worth a certain amount."

"Thanks to the loveliest girl in the world, I am worth three times that amount. Had the check not been forthcoming I would have been ruined."

This was an argument the capitalist could understand, and his frown turned into a smile. Going to his daughter, he kissed her affectionately and grasped Trevor by the hand.

Miss Buckley went to the opera without her jewels, but she was told so often during the evening that she was herself the most precious jewel in the world that this didn't matter. After the opera, when they were alone, her lover gave her a kiss for every jewel she had hypothecated, repeating the process as many times as there were jewels.

WALLACE FLOYD.

Chicago's Girl Messengers. The messenger boy is seen no more in the streets of Chicago. His place has been filled most acceptably, they say, by girls. It all came about



through a strike of the boys. The telegraph companies decided to try girls, and girls were at once secured. The girls in general are more reliable and industrious than their predecessors and are worth more. Whether the girls will displace the boys in other cities remains to be seen. That they have done so in Chicago is a fact.

Veteran of Two Wars. Captain Eugene H. C. Leutze, who has just been assigned to the command of the new battleship Maine, is a veteran of two wars, his first service for Uncle Sam being in the civil war, Cap-



tain Leutze is a native of Prussia. He entered the Naval academy in 1863, but in the following year obtained leave of absence to enter active service on the United States ship Monticello, then on blockade duty. During the Spanish-American war he was in command of the monitor Monterey on her voyage to Manila from San Francisco. He was promoted to the rank of captain on Oct. 8, 1901.

Happy at Last.



Simkins—Mr. and Mrs. Bickering are very happy just now. Timpkins—Indeed? Boy or girl? Simkins—Neither. A divorce.

Patiliter. You may break, you may shatter, The last testament and will, But the large-end of the matter Goes to pay the legal bill. —Baltimore American.

CAST ADRIFT IN THE PACIFIC

(Copyright, 1902, by C. E. Lewis.) We were, as near as I can remember, in the latitude of Midway island, in the Pacific, and all was going well with the bark Harvest Home when we picked up a sailor named Williams, who was drifting about in a ship's yawl. He told a story of shipwreck and suffering which we afterward came to know was utterly false, and after a couple of days he was put in my watch and entered as an extra hand.

Williams had no sooner got among the men than he began telling of a great treasure buried on one of the Kuril islands. Talk treasure to a sailor and you can bring him to mutiny. The amount of money was given at several million dollars, and Williams claimed to be able to locate the exact spot. It probably never occurred to one of the men to ask why he didn't go to the captain with his story and try to arrange for the removal of the treasure, but if it did he had some answer at hand. He proposed taking possession of the bark, sailing her to the treasure island, securing the great wealth and then using her to get to England. As to the officers and such men as would not join, they were to be cast adrift in midocean to take their chances. We had a cargo valued at \$125,000, and I think the man's game was to peddle it out among the Marine, Caroline and Marshall islands, get what he could and then look out for himself.

So quietly did he do his work among the crew that not the slightest hint of what was going on was wafted aft. He enlisted eight of the men in his cause, and on the seventh day of his coming aboard and while the captain and I were eating dinner the climax came. The second mate was seized, bound and gagged, and an alarm was raised that he had fallen overboard. Both of us rushed from the cabin, to be pounced upon and made prisoners. It was a surprise all around, and no insolence was offered any of us. When Captain Holt demanded an explanation, Williams promptly enlightened him. He said:

"We are in possession of the bark. We are going after a great treasure, which is to be equally divided between man and man. It was no use to talk to you, for you would have scoffed at my story. It was agreed that none of you should be hurt, and we have kept to the agreement."

"What do you intend to do with us?" "Send you adrift within an hour."

"Where is your treasure island?" "I will not tell you."

"If you really know of a buried treasure, why not let us sail the ship there and share with you?" "Because that would mean less money for the rest of us."

The captain appealed to the men, declaring that Williams had no real knowledge of a treasure and would lead them a wild goose chase, and offered to overlook what had happened if they would return to duty. The feeling of the crew was expressed by the old boatswain, who took off his cap and stood in humble attitude as he said:

"Captain Holt, we hev nuthin' ag'in ye nor the mates, but here's a chance fur every man of us to git rich fur life, and we feels as if we must take it." There was more argument, but the men were stubborn. Those who had refused to join in the plot now came forward and gave in their allegiance to Williams, and preparations were begun for casting us adrift. One of the quarter boats was hoisted out, and in it were stowed water and provisions sufficient to last three of us a fortnight. We were allowed a mast and a sail, but neither chart nor compass.

We had made 350 miles to the east and were having fair weather when we made a grewsome discovery. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon we sighted a strange object only a point or two off our course, and, running down to it, we found our old bark floating keel upward, with two of her masts and a great mass of wreckage surrounding her. There was but little sea on, and we scrambled upon the bark's bottom. We had a faint hope that if sound below she might be righted, especially if we sighted a craft which would give us assistance. She had probably been in that position for three or four days at the least, but there was still sufficient air to buoy her up. I had not yet walked her length when I heard a knocking, followed by faint shouts. The captain came aboard to see what he could make of it, and it was not long before we were satisfied that at least two men were imprisoned in the cabin. By lying down and placing our ears to the copper sheathing we could make out that they knew some one had boarded the bark, and they appealed to us to cut a hole through which they could escape. We had neither ax nor hatchet, but if we had been fully equipped the chances would have been against us. It was a spot where no one could stand upright to use an ax, and every fifth or sixth wave rose right over it.

We believed one of the imprisoned men to be Williams and the other the boatswain. We could catch their words pretty plainly, but they seemed unable to make out our replies. We could do

nothing for them, but decided to remain by the wreck for a day or two in hope of aid from some craft. At sunset the wind died away, and the night was without a zephyr. At sunrise next morning the first object our eyes lighted on was an English tramp steamer bound from New York to Japan with coal oil and close aboard of us. We looked for our wreck, but it had disappeared. The mainmast lay floating about, but the hull and its tangle and its prisoners had gone to the bottom of the sea.

M. QUAD.



She—It must be a terrible shock to a woman when a man proposes. He—It must be a bigger shock when he doesn't propose.



Harold—Did you ever take your girl out in an automobile? Percy—I did once, but she screamed so every time I ran over anybody that it made me nervous.—Chicago American.



"Is he a good dog for burglars?" "I guess so; de feller I bought him off was a burglar."—New York Journal.

Sanibar's Young Sultan. Said Ali, the new sultan of Zanzibar, who recently left school at Harrow, England, to ascend the throne left vacant by the death of his brother, is but seventeen years old. His reign over



his 125,000 subjects on the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba has already begun, although he will not actually rule until he is twenty-one. Pending his coming of age the government is vested in a regency.