

CHILDREN ARE CLOSELY WATCHED.

The nursemaids are having troubles of their own. They must possess unassailable credentials from former employers who may be seen in the flesh and interviewed when they seek employment. No ordinary "character" will do. The employer would perhaps like to call in experts in criminology to examine the prospective nurse, and to consult a clairvoyant about her, but such measures seem a trifle impracticable. A woman with a heavy jaw or thin lips or a sinister squint cannot get a foothold in the homes of the people who are inclined to be cautious. All this is because fear of kidnapping has elbowed appendicitis and smallpox aside and is again causing trouble to parents. The last epidemic of the kind occurred about two years ago, just after the Clark baby was stolen. Then, as now, some wealthy parents distrusted every servant in the household, and stories were circulated that when the baby went out with his nurse they sent the second man to watch the nurse, and the footman to watch the second man, and a plain clothes detective to watch the footman. Perhaps the surveillance was not really quite so complicated as that, but it is a fact that many parents would not allow their children to go out alone with a nurse, and sent a man to dance attendance whenever the nurse and her charge stepped outside the door. The little babies didn't mind, but life was made a burden to the small boy whose prospective millions tied him to the apron strings of a fat nurse who couldn't run.

It was during those Clark baby days that a N.Y. Sun reporter was rash enough to get mixed up in an animated scrap between a nurse and her charge, conducted with no regard for Queensberry rules on the Park Mail.

"It's all along of the kidnapers," explained the desperate nurse. "He will be playing bear in the bushes, and his mother telling me if I let him out of my sight for a minute I'll lose my place."

Things are quite as hard for the boys who want to play bear in the bushes now. Since the Cudaby kidnapping case the terror which had to a great degree subsided has revived and, so the detectives and police say, is stronger than at any time since the Charlie Ross case stirred up the whole country. It is an accepted belief that one notorious crime, particularly if successfully carried out, invariably leads to a succession of crimes of the same character, and there has been widespread expectation that the Omaha kidnapping would be followed by other kidnappings throughout the country. Some families whose great wealth might make their children the objects of such crimes have taken radical measures of precaution, and in almost every home where wealth and children are found the children are being more vigilantly guarded than usual. Parents have consulted detective bureaus with regard to precautions against kidnapping, and in one or two instances the bureaus have furnished men who will keep an eye on the youngsters until the kidnapping idea is, presumably, crowded out of the public mind.

"Nobody needs a detective to watch a child," said one old detective to a New York Sun reporter, "but the fact is, some mothers get hysterical over a thing like this, and if it sets their minds at rest to know that a professional detective is watching their children and they are willing to pay for the luxury, it's no one's business but their own. I don't know anything better worth expending money for than peace of mind."

Certain New York families have always taken what might be considered extreme measures for the protection of their children, special vigilance being shown at their country places, where opportunities for attempts at kidnapping are, naturally, much greater than in the city. It would be hard to prevent the children from roaming about the grounds that surround the ordinary country home, and yet it would not be safe to let them play alone, or accompanied merely by a nurse; so an intelligent, trustworthy man is engaged for the purpose of watching the children and is ordered not to allow them out of his sight so long as they are out of doors.

In reality, the danger from kidnapers is practically nil. Kidnapping has never been a popular crime among professional criminals. The risks are too great, the chances of success too small. No other crime is so hard to carry through successfully. One may hide any other plunder and leave no clue, but a live baby isn't of any value unless it is alive. There must be communication with the parents, and communication means clues for detectives

and danger for the kidnapers. It is the next thing to impossible for any one who steals a child to cover up his tracks. Occasionally, as in the case of Charlie Ross, the scheme for extorting money fails, yet the child is never found, but such cases are extremely rare in the annals of crime. The ordinary criminal prefers sticking to the routine programme of safe blowing, administering knockout drops, &c. Such business can be handled according to the recognized traditions of profession, but in kidnapping the stolen child represents x, the unknown quantity, and complicates the problem.

Another thing that makes kidnapping unwholesome business is the universal indignation and alarm which the crime excites. Blow open a safe, and only the owners of the safe are particularly interested. Hold up a man and rob him, and only the man's relatives and friends regard the matter as important. Even murder doesn't awaken much interest outside a narrow circle; but let a child be stolen and every father and mother is up in arms. Such a crime as the recent one in Omaha is a menace to every wealthy family in the country and it would have been easy to raise the offered reward to almost any sum through voluntary contribution. It must be a tolerably certain prospect of a very large haul that will tempt a gang to risk the dangers and notoriety of such an undertaking, and it is not surprising that kidnapping cases are few and far between.

Capt. Titus, chief of the Detective Bureau at police headquarters, New York, when asked about kidnapping as a profession, smiled in rather a disdainful fashion.

"There has been so little of it that one hardly takes it into account in reckoning up crime," he said. "Within my memory there have been only two kidnapping cases of any importance, the Ross case and the Clark case, and in the latter the kidnapers were captured and the child returned to her home. There isn't one chance in thousands that a kidnapping deal will go through successfully, and the men who are unscrupulous enough to undertake it are too clever to take such chances. They can make the money more easily in some safer way. This Cudaby affair was clever from its very simplicity, and yet it is practically a foregone conclusion that the kidnapers will be run to earth. The whole country is excited. The capture of those criminals is necessary for the protection of all wealthy citizens. Such a mystery as the Ross case doesn't occur twice in a century."

"It is easy to see the effect of the Cudaby scare in New York. We notice it everywhere. Children are being guarded more carefully and people are paying more attention to the character of their servants, and to the doings of their nurses and children. It's a good thing that something comes occasionally to wake parents up. Ordinarily they will go to an intelligence office and engage a woman to take charge of their children, with as little concern about her history and character as if they were engaging her to scrub the front steps. Some wealthy parents take great precautions though, especially when they have the children at their country homes. Everybody who has money has been frightened lately. It is only the poor youngsters who have had any fun for the last week or two."

"I'll tell you one place where we notice the effects of the scare, even more than at intelligence offices. You've no idea of the number of children who have been in the habit of going back and forth to school alone, but who, now, are being taken to school by a maid or a man servant, and called for when they are ready to go home. I don't suppose it is necessary, but even when somebody murders a man and cuts him up into pieces, to be dropped around in different places, some fool is pretty sure to imitate the trick; so I shouldn't be surprised to hear of more kidnapping and, until the story blows over and loses its influence, a little extra precaution isn't a bad thing."

"New York is a discouraging place for kidnapping because the penalty for the crime is severe here. A man can get twenty years for it. Out west the penalty has been much lighter, and I understand that in Nebraska the penalty is particularly light. They can get around that though by tacking on the penalty for extortion. If the kidnapers had carried out their threats and maimed the child, in case of non-payment of the money, the punishment would have been very severe, and they wouldn't have been likely to chance it. Bills providing for a heavy penalty for kidnapping

have been proposed in many of the western states and, of course, they will be passed, hands down, when the legislatures get at them.

"Most of the kidnapping cases nowadays are cases in which a husband and wife are separated and one steals a child from the other. Those can't be considered important. It is always easy to find the child and the court decides where it belongs, and there's an end of the matter. There are more cases of kidnapping in Europe than in America—particularly in Paris; but over there the motive has usually seemed to be not extortion, but a desire, for one reason or another, to get possession of the child, and put it out of the way. Success is more probable in such a case, because there's no necessity for communication with the family."

As Capt. Titus said, only the poor youngsters are having fun just now. But then they are the children who always do have most fun, under all circumstances. They can go to school and home alone, and fight with the other boys on quiet streets, and play hockey joyously, and talk with strange friendly men on park benches, and accept a ride whenever by happy chance a driver proposes it. And when they do get to the country they can foot it merrily across country and climb fences and wade streams and chase stray chickens and lie under trees, without anyone to get between them and the sun, or spoil their holiday. It's a dreadful handicap to be born heir to millions. The only really lucky child is the one that's not worth stealing.

BUFFALO MEAT TO RAT.

A Dozen Bison Slaughtered to Satisfy the Curiosity of Epicures.

A dozen selected specimens of the only remaining herd of American bison now in captivity were this week led to the slaughter in Helena, Montana, to gratify the appetites of the American public for something unusual. It is not because the meat of the buffalo is better than beef, for even an epicure—given to exploration in the realms of the new—would say that it is not, but rather because the animal that once stopped wagon trains for days on the plains has at last become a curiosity and because there is a romance connected with the mention of his name that will never die as long as the memory of man runs to the era of the conquering of the West.

No farmer builds a fence that will stop the mad rush of a single buffalo determined to make progress, and so the precautions for the unusual event were of an exceptional character. The animals were a dozen of a herd numbering 140 that roams at will in the plains of the narrow Flathead Valley, Mossoula county, Mont., between ranges of mountains that form a natural barrier. They were purchased by a Helena butcher and driven into a specially constructed stockade, built as a cul-de-sac into which the veterans of the plains, in all innocence, went to seek a fancied refuge. Strong ropes were twined over their horns by men trained at throwing the lariat, but then the trouble had only just begun. It took blocks and tackles and machinery to induce them to enter the big stable cars in waiting and then the journey to the capital began.

Out at the fair grounds, where a public exhibition was made of the slaughtering, a crowd of 1,500 persons gathered. The venturesome among the butchers thrust their arms into the car and managed, after many efforts, to hook a rope with a running loop over the horns of a fine specimen. The rope led to where a crowd of men pulled to a tackle rove many times through blocks to give an ample purchase, and even then it was no easy work. One buffalo and twenty men strove for the mastery. The men had some knowledge of mechanics. They knew that a block and tackle may be slow work, but that it adds to the power of the forces at the other end. On an equality the buffalo would have had far the best of it. The superior knowledge of his antagonist prevailed, however, and, fighting for every inch, the splendid fellow was hauled to his doom.

The chutes were made for the unloading of ordinary cattle. For this occasion they were re-enforced with heavy timbers, and massive posts. There was a runway on top. The workmen took no chances. As the head of the animal was finally drawn to where it could be reached with a spear the lance fell.

Every butcher knows how it is done. There is a sudden and a deep thrust at a point behind the hores. As if he had never been alive, the monster is suddenly inert. And then the huge mountain of flesh is drawn by other blocks and tackles into the wagons in waiting.

The crowds looked on all day while the killing went on. At times they were moved to applause for the men who did the killing. It was rather a sort of admiration for the splendid fight that every animal made. There was a fascination

about it. The butchers, with aprons dripping red, cut the throats of the vanquished pioneers and men with pitchforks full of straw came to cover the pools of gore, as if to wipe out the stains of a crime. It was more than a butchery of so many cattle. It was the murder of surviving representatives of a vanishing tribe. It was an unequal combat, the like of which the old plainsman—and there are many such in Montana—never knew. It is the only time since the West was open to the plains—man that the buffalo was ever laid low without a fighting chance for his life. The arrow of the Indian and the rifle of the hunter have given him his quietus in his day. Never before has he fallen a victim to the butcher's lance.

"I still remember the days of '63," said Otto Zeigenfuss, one of the old trappers and scouts, today, "when the steamers coming up the Missouri River to Fort Benton were stopped for days by the crossing herds of buffalo. There was no end to them then. It seemed as if they didn't stop to eat or drink, but were ever pushed on by the ceaseless activity of those behind. One time in July, 1863, we were tied up to the bank of the river three days by a single herd. No living thing could endure in the path of such a rush."

"One buffalo in point of strength is equal to half a dozen of strong bulls. There isn't a fence in the land that would hold one if he made up his mind to go through it. This exhibition here hasn't given him a chance to show what he can do. If he had made a rush for the gate instead of indulging the cattle instinct to pull back on the rope, he would have broken the thing to pieces. And there would have been a scattering."

"My partner, Jack Johnson, got in the way of them once up at Benton. He had fired and the gun missed fire, and before he could recover himself the old fellow was on him. Jack had five broken ribs and a broken ankle, and there wasn't flesh enough on his right leg to wad a shotgun with. He lived, though he is a cripple to the day of his death, and he is the only man I ever knew who came alive out of an encounter with a buffalo."

Epicures in St. Louis, New Orleans, Buffalo, N. Y., New York city and San Francisco will taste of the meat of the dozen carcasses that have been killed here. Orders from those cities and from others have been placed in advance. Some of them will say it is good, but beef is better. The flesh of the bison is coarse and dry as compared with domestic cattle and other wild game. But those who eat are contributing to the reduction of the last 400 of the animals in the world. In addition to the Allard herd, in the Flatland Basin, from which these were taken, there are in existence only a scattering few in the Yellowstone National Park, a captive herd in Wyoming, a small herd in Texas and the few specimens in Eastern parks and with menageries.

The Only Thing.

A man wrote to a western lawyer for information in regard to a person who had owed him a considerable sum of money for a long time.

"What property has he which I could attach?" he asked.

The lawyer's reply was brief and to the point.

"The man died six months ago. He has left nothing subject to attachment save a widow."

Indisputable.

There was a momentary pause in the conversation at the five o'clock tea.

The voice of a buckster in the street outside broke in upon the silence.

"Ap-pul! Ap-pul!" he yelled. "Aw-r-inges! And lemons! Gra-a-a spes! Fresh fruit! Fresh!"

"He seems to be putting on the loud peddle," remarked one of the guests.

Yet they say five o'clock teas are stupid affairs!

The Joys of Anticipation.

"Now, auntie, you know I want to marry Jack, and you know you are going to leave me all your money so we can set ourselves up nicely."

"But, good gracious, child, I am not going to die yet!"

"Of course you're not, you dear old thing, and I wouldn't have you for the world. But don't you ever get any fun out of anticipation?"

Three Mottos.

The Spanish Motto—"Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow."

The English Motto—"Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today."

The American Motto—"Never put off till this afternoon what you can do this morning."

The Boom Spirit in Kentucky.

First Kentuckian—"There don't seem to be no local pride nor enterprise at all over

in Stony Holler. Everybody pulls in the breechin' instead of on the tugs."

Second Kentuckian—"That's right! They had a meetin' over there last week, to try to organize a feud. The town, sah, couldn't even institute a dog-fight; and now, I'll be eternally burred, sah, if they haint offerin' a bonus to any feud that'll locate there from any other town!"

A Sum in Multiplication.

Bill—"Did you say that gun of yours would shoot 1000 yards?"

Jill—"That's what I did."

"Well, it's marked to shoot only 500 yards."

"Yes; but there are two barrels."

Ordering to the Public.

Friend—"Why dy you dump all that dirt into your soap kettles?"

Soap Manufacturer—"If folks don't find the water dirty after washing they think the soap is no good."

Mr. Johnson—"Did you remark at de club last night dat I looked like a lobster sah?"

Mr. Jackson—"No, sah. I am no back-biter, sah. If I wished to cast any aspersions upon de lobster family I should go right to de fish market and do it straih to deyr faces, sah. Dat's my style sah!"



PROGRESS.

Some time ago there was a notable automobile procession in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. It was notable for its size, and also for the fact that it was entirely composed of automobile wagons (like that in the cut above), built to distribute the advertising literature of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors and manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's medicines. In many a town and village Dr. Pierce's automobile has been the pioneer horseless vehicle. These wagons, sent to every important section of the country, are doing more than merely advertise Dr. Pierce's Remedies—they are pioneers of progress, heralds of the automobile age.

And this is in keeping with the record made by Dr. Pierce and his famous preparations, which have always kept in the front of their merits. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is still the leading medicine for disorders and diseases of the stomach and digestive and nutritive systems, for the purifying of the blood and healing of weak lungs.

Women place Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the front of all put-up medicines specially designed for women's use. The wide benefits this medicine has brought to women have been well summed up in the words "It makes weak women strong and sick women well."

The reputation of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets as a safe and effective laxative for family use is international.

It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that no other firm or company engaged in the vending of put-up medicines can rank with the World's Dispensary Medical Association, either in the opinion of the medical profession or of the intelligent public. The Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, which is connected with the "World's Dispensary," is alone sufficient to prove this supremacy. Here is a great modern hospital, always filled with patients, where every day successful operations are performed on men and women whose diseases demand the aid of surgery. No hospital in Buffalo is better equipped, with respect to its modern appliances, or the surgical ability of its staff. Dr. R. V. Pierce, the chief consulting physician of this great institution, has associated with himself nearly a score of physicians, each man being a picked man, chosen for his ability in the treatment and cure of some special form of disease.

The offer that Dr. Pierce makes to men and women suffering with chronic diseases of a free consultation by letter, is really without a parallel. It places without cost or charge the entire resources of a great medical institute at the service of the sick. Such an offer is not for one moment to be confounded with those offers of "free medical advice" which are made by people who are not physicians, cannot and do not practice medicine, and are only saved from prosecution by artfully wording their advertisements so that they give the impression that they are physicians without making the claim to be licensed.

Those who write to Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., may do so with the assurance that they will receive not only the advice of a competent physician, but the advice of a physician whose wide experience in the treatment and cure of disease, and whose sympathy with human suffering leads him to take a deep, personal interest in all those who seek his help and that of his associate staff of specialists.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (in paper covers), 1008 pages, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume, to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.