

The Man in the Mummy Case

By A. SANSFIELD WARD.

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The day's business being concluded, the staff of police who patrol nightly the Great Portland Square museum duly filed into the building. A man is placed in each room, it being his duty to thoroughly examine every nook and cranny; having done which, all doors of communication are closed, the officer on guard in one room being unable to leave his post or to enter another.

The constable in the Etruscan room glanced into the various sarcophagi and cast the rays of his bull's-eye lantern into the shadows of the great stone tombs. Satisfied that no one lurked there, he mounted the steps leading up to the Roman gallery. Then a singular thing occurred.

From somewhere within the darkened chamber beneath there came the sound of a hollow rattle.

By no means deficient in courage, the constable went down the steps in three bounds, his lantern throwing discs of light on stately Egyptian and gloomy tombs. It was upon reaching the rays of his bull's-eye into the last sarcophagus that he experienced a sudden sensation of fear. It was empty, yet he distinctly remembered, from his previous examination, that mummy had lain there!

"Very strange!" muttered the sergeant; and a moment later his whistle was sounding.

From all over the building came men running, for none of the doors had yet been locked.

"There seems to be some one concealed in the museum," search all the rooms again!" was the brief order. The constable disappeared, and the sergeant, accompanied by the inspector, went down to examine the Etruscan room. Nothing was heard there, nor were any of the other searchers more successful.

"A mummy in the end tomb!" exclaimed the curator of the museum antiquities when consulted the next morning. "My dear sir, there has been no mummy there for nearly a month!"

"But my man states that he saw one there last night!" declared the inspector.

The curator looked puzzled. Turning to an attendant, he said: "Who was in charge of the Etruscan room immediately before six last night?"

"I was, sir."

"Are you sure that no one concealed himself?"

"The man looked startled. 'Well, sir,' he said, 'butting, I'm sorry I didn't report it before; but when the head attendant called me, at about twenty-five minutes to six, there was some one there, a gent in a seedy frock-coat and a high hat, and I don't remember seeing him come out.'"

"Did you search the room?"

"Yes, sir; but there was no one to be seen!"

"You should have reported the matter at once."

The words had but just left his lips when a museum official, a well-known antiquarian expert, ran up in a perfect frenzy of excitement. "Good heavens!" he gasped, "the Rhenzi vase has gone!"

"What?" came an incredulous chorus.

The circular top of the case had been completely cut out and ingeniously replaced, and a plausible imitation of the vase substituted.

Never before nor since, was such a scene witnessed in the museum. It was in this juncture, and whilst everybody was speaking at once, that one of the party standing close to a wall-niche, suddenly uttered a warning finger. "Hush!" he said, "listen!"

A sudden silence fell upon the room, so that people running about in other apartments could be plainly heard, and presently, from somewhere behind the glass doors surrounding the place, came a low moan, electrifying the already excited listeners. The keys were promptly forthcoming, and there was made the most astounding discovery of the eventful morning.

A man, gagged and bound, was imprisoned behind a great mummy case! Eager hands set to work to release him, and restoratives were applied, as he seemed to be in a very weak condition. He was but partially dressed.

On regaining his senses he had disapparently little to tell. He was Constable Smith, who had been on night duty in the Egyptian room. Some time during the first hour, and not long after the alarm in the basement, he had been mysteriously pinned as he perceived.

He caught no glimpse of his opponent, who held him from behind in such a manner that he was totally unable to defend himself. Some sweet-smelling drug had been applied to his nostrils, and he remembered no more until regaining partial consciousness in the mummy case. That was the whole of his testimony.

The matter was carefully kept out of the papers, although the museum, throughout many following days, positively bristled with detectives. As the second week drew to a close, the Egyptian room still remained locked, well-informed persons began to whisper that a scandal could no longer be avoided. There can be no doubt that, in many quarters, it must be made known to an unsympathetic public, that certain high authorities gave out that the vase had been recovered,

and that none of the night staff were in any way implicated in its disappearance.

Whatever the true explanation, and the secret was jealously guarded by the highly paid Senario, who almost knew the truth, suffice that the Egyptian room was again thrown open and the Rhenzi vase shown to be reposing in its usual position.

Now that it again stands in its place for all to see, there can be no objection to my relating how I once held the famous Rhenzi vase in my possession for 12 days. I am a person of keenly observant character, and my business is to detect vital weaknesses in great institutions and to charge a moderately high fee for my services.

I knew that a body of picked police promenade the museum at night, and that such of the rooms was usually in charge of the same man. I learned later that there were three bodies of men, so that the same police were in the museum but one week in every three.

The first policeman I found who patrolled the Egyptian room at night was short and thickset, and I gave him up as a bad job. I learned from him, however, that the post during the coming week, and presently I unearthed the private bar which this latter officer, his name was Smith, used. Eureka! he was tall and thin. He knew the museum thoroughly.

Every night throughout the rest of the week I spent in this constable's company, studying his somewhat colorless personality. Then one afternoon I entered the museum disguised. I went up to the Egyptian room to assure myself that a certain mummy case had not been removed, and having found it to occupy its usual place, I descended to the Etruscan basement.

For half an hour I occupied myself there, but the commissioner never looked from his chair. Luckily, an incident occurred to serve my purpose. The chief attendant appeared at the head of the steps. "Robins!" he called.

Robins ran briskly upstairs at his call, and then—in 15 seconds my transformation was complete. Gone were the weedy gray beard and mustache—gone the seedy-black garments and, behold, I was attired in mummy wrappings!

Into the empty sarcophagus at the further end of the room, a hideous rubber mask slipped over my features and attached behind the ears, my arms stiffened and my hands concealed in the wrappings, and I was a long-dead mummy—with a neat leather case hidden beneath my arched brow.

Break work, I assure you; but one grows accustomed to it in time. The commissioner entered the room very shortly afterwards. He had not seen me go out, but, as I expected, neither was he absolutely sure that I had not done so. He peered about suspiciously, but I did not mind. The real ordeal came a couple of hours later when a police officer shone his lantern into all the tombs.

For a moment my heart seemed to cease beating as the light shone on my rubber countenance. But he was satisfied, this stupid policeman, and I heard his footsteps retreating to the door. I allowed him time to get to the top, and extinguish the light in the Etruscan room, and then . . .

I was out of my tomb and hidden in the little niche immediately beside the foot of the stairs. I coughed loudly. He came back down the steps with such velocity that he was carried halfway along the room. He searched the Egyptian room, but before he had examined the first of them I was upstairs in the Roman gallery.

Poor Constable Smith. I was sorry to hear of the capture of a small party after the closing of the doors of communication of the Egyptian room I came on him from behind. I had a pad ready in my hand, saturated with the contents of a small phial that had reposed in my mummy garments.

I thrust my knee in his spine and seized his hands by a trick which you may learn for a peseta any day in the parlors of Tagner. A muscular man, he tried hard to cope with his unseen opponent; but the pad never left his mouth and nostrils, and the few muffled cries that escaped him were loudly unheard. He soon became unconscious, and I had to work hard lest the inspector should make his round before I was ready for him.

The rest was easy. Wrapped up in my yellow mummy linen were the various appliances I required, and in the leather box was the imitation Rhenzi vase. The circular glass top of the case I have some trouble to handle and thick was it that I had to desist five times and conceal my tools, owing to the hourly visits of the inspector.

I slipped out with the other police in the morning in the clothing of Constable Smith, the Rhenzi vase inside my helmet.

My fee, and the conditions to be observed in relation to it conveyed to the authorities privately.

The Egyptian and Vase room of the Great Portland Square museum has again been opened to the public.

Buffalo Sacrifice. The Kounds, of the Madras presidency, India, have to offer a buffalo sacrifice now instead of a human being. In so doing they must make a long apology to their deity, explaining that they themselves would willingly make the customary sacrifice, but was prevented by the British government, by the whole of their people, that any anger at their neglect of duty may be visited.

Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

Makes Charges of Bribery.

Sturling—Bribery in the recent election of a supervisor of Jordan township is charged, on the ground that a judge of elections gave five dollars to a supporter of Elmer E. Mensch, on a promise to vote for Eugene Blank. Mensch's opponent, the voter half of the winging if Blank was, and, it is charged, thereby caused the man to change his vote, accepting a bribe of \$2.50 for voting for Blank. Mensch was declared elected by one vote and Blank is contending the election, making charges of illegal voting.

Broom Corn Burned at Frisco.

Mattoon—The San Francisco earthquake will have its effect in the broomcorn trade throughout the country as well as in other lines of business. The distributing point for broomcorn and broom supplies on the Pacific coast and carried extensive stocks. These were all located in the district where the flames first started, and there is nothing left but a heap of brush but a memory. That broomcorn will be worth seven cents a pound—\$140 a ton—within the next 30 days is based upon the opinions of those who know the wants of the manufacturers.

On Watch for Incendiarism.

Arcola—Threats on the part of a certain element to burn the town of Garrett seem in a fair way to be carried out. Two fires in the business district, presumably of an incendiary origin, within a few days, have thoroughly aroused the people, and citizens now take turns at night watching to prevent further arson. The chief element, over half of the business houses of the town.

Wants Trust Deed Set Aside.

Rock Island—Myron Jordan, of Moline, filed a bill to set aside a trust deed, alleging that he signed away the right to property worth \$500,000, belonging to his wife, formerly Miss Ada Stapp, to a daughter of his, a Stapp, plow manufacturer, with the understanding that it return a recognition to be effected between them. It asserts his wife refused to return to him.

Odd Fellows to Picnic.

Mattoon—Plans are under way for an immense picnic to be held on the grove at the Odd Fellows' old folk home in this city on Friday, June 15. It is said that one delegate will be present from each and every lodge of the order in the state, while Lincoln and a number of nearby towns will send delegations numbering into the hundreds.

Fire Loss at Chesterville.

Chesterville—Fire destroyed the National Elevator company's elevator and engine, valued at \$25,000, and grain, a large horse barn belonging to George Nickles, four box cars, three of which were loaded with corn, and a small barber shop, causing a total loss of about \$22,000, mostly covered by insurance.

Philippine Student Winner.

Champaign—Charles Victorres, a Philippine student and a member of Company G, won the Hazellon medal in the annual regimental and competitive drill at the University of Illinois.

Victorres is the youngest of Philippine students who entered the university last year during commencement week.

Shelbyville to Be "Dry."

Shelbyville—By the vote of Mayor W. J. Eddy on the liquor license question at the meeting of the city council of the license people were defeated, and there will be no saloons here this year. It also was voted to exclude billiard rooms for this year.

Smallpox in Deatur Family.

Decatur—Four cases of smallpox in the family of James H. Johnson have been reported to the board of health and the members of that body at once took the matter in charge.

Odd Fellows' Reunion.

Carbondale—Three hundred attended the opening of the Southern Illinois Odd Fellows' Reunion association at which Grand Master William R. Humphrey spoke.

Chicago Firm Gets Window Bonds.

Window—The refunding bonds of the city of Windsor have been sold to a Chicago firm for \$147 premium. There are 24 bonds of \$1,000 each, due in 13 equal payments.

Burglars Get Rich Hand.

Chicago—Burglars looted the vaults of Levi Z. Lester estate, securing negotiable securities to the value of \$150,000.

Herote Act Brought Death.

Urbana—Eugene C. Johnson, an old resident of Urbana, was killed by a runaway team which he attempted to stop. The action saved the life of Warren Rice, the driver, a 16-year-old boy.

Postmaster in Difficulties.

Alton—Postmaster Elmer Hatfield, of West Alton, was arrested, charged with defrauding the post office department, by the fraudulently obtaining of money orders. It is said Hatfield made out many orders and cashed them himself.

Beats Out Rival Railroad.

Quincy—By stealing a march on the Burlington and by putting a force of men at work at ten o'clock at night, the promoters of the new Quincy-Hannibal interurban line gained possession of the right of way on Second and Vermont streets, which right of way, it was generally thought, would be utilized by the Burlington at an early date. The Quincy-Hannibal interurban line will cost \$750,000. It is expected cars will be running by January 1.

Crumbaugh Will Set Aside.

Bloomington—The jury in the suit brought to set aside the will of the late James Thomas Crumbaugh, of Arcora, agreed upon a verdict which declared that the will of James Thomas Crumbaugh as probated in the county court was not his will, but that when he made the will he was subject to undue influence and was suffering from insanity, which was the subject of litigation. The case will be carried to higher court.

Lieutenant Governor Will Speak.

Mattoon—Word has been received by the committee from Lieut. Gov. Lawrence V. Sherman, stating that he has accepted the invitation, extended to him by local post, Grand Army of the Republic, to deliver on Decoration day the address at the unveiling of the monument to the old soldiers, the foundation of which has been put in at Dodge Grove cemetery.

Red Men Close Sessions.

Jacksonville—The sessions of the great council of the reorganization of Illinois of the I. O. R. M. and Degree of Pocahontas closed in this city. The chief center of interest in the selection of the new council president, the honor went to Moline, which city had a very large delegation here. Mrs. Jennie Baird, of Colchester, was chosen to head the order in the state.

Fair Annual Summer Outing.

Peoria—The Illinois Association of Circuit Riders and Recorders are planning to hold its annual meeting here the last week in July or the first week in August. It is the intention to have a week's boat excursion down the Illinois river in connection with the annual meeting. Should this be determined upon, the wives of the members will be invited.

Railroad Man Dies Suddenly.

Peoria—Charles Villet Carpenter, secretary to General Manager Gruber, of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, died here last night. He was sent to Downers Grove, Ill., his home. His death was caused by liver trouble, which in its serious stages developed rapidly while he was on the Illinois river on a fishing trip.

Coley Court Judgment Paid.

Chicago—The first part of the judgments against Coley, judgment for the building and furnishing of a new courthouse six years ago, has been paid by County Treasurer Jeffries. The amount was \$14,655.32, and with the exception of \$1,100 is the first payment ever made on an indebtedness of more than \$200,000.

Investigate Graft Charges.

The finance committee of the board of trustees of the sanitary district has begun an investigation of the charges of extravagance and mismanagement of graft contained in the recent report of the expert accountants employed to look into the financial records of the district from 1890 to December 31, 1905.

Hurt in Grand Stand Collapse.

Astoria—At the annual athletic meet of the Fulton County High School association at Astoria, part of the grand stand, seating about 2,000 people, collapsed, injuring 25 or 30 people, none fatally. The injuries were chiefly broken bones and bruises.

Jealous Man Commits Murder.

Jacksonville—Alonzo Pitt, of this place, in a fit of jealousy shot and instantly killed his wife. Before the arrival of the police Pitt attempted to kill himself by cutting his throat and stabbing himself over the heart. It is thought he will recover.

Fine Residence Burned.

Lerna—The large two story residence of A. B. Stephenson, living two miles west of Lerna, together with much of its contents, was burned to the ground. Insurance to the amount of \$1,000 was carried, while the loss will reach about \$2,000.

Illinois Methodist Conference.

Taylorville—The M. E. annual Illinois conference will convene on September 15, at Taylorville. John W. Hamilton, of San Francisco, will preside.

Bondage Causes Boy's Death.

Mattoon—The charred remains of Harold Hoag, the five-year-old son of Joseph Hoag, were found in the ruins of a barn which caught fire from a bonfire in the alley. The child was burned to a crisp and was wholly unrecognizable.

Alleged Absconder Captured.

Mattoon—Walter Morse, who disappeared from this city several months ago and left his accounts \$15,000 in the lard, has been captured in St. Louis.

Modern Steel Structure Is Quake Proof

By ROBERT E. DOWLING, Professor of Thirty-story Sky-scraper for New York City.



THE San Francisco calamity has verified the judgment of the men who have always argued for the steel construction's element resisting qualities and has given them a proof of their judgment that does away with words. There has always been an element of capital that has set up from time to time the argument that steel construction had never been tried in an earthquake or a big fire and now it has been tried in both to the entire satisfaction of every advocate of it. It was not the very best sample of the steel construction that went through the trial at that. The buildings of steel construction in San Francisco were far from being up to the standard of the modern New York steel construction, but they were enough to make their sponsors satisfied and will go a long, long way toward the adjustment of building questions of the future.

If I say that an earthquake might shake out from under one of our modern steel structures one-third of the ground it stands on and it would still stand, I say it with the reservation that the remaining two-thirds of the ground would have to be good ground. In all the stories I have seen of the San Francisco calamity, and the performance of the steel structure, there has appeared, a vein of optimism that would make it appear that all you need for an element and earthquake resisting building is to have a steel structure. As a matter of fact, when it comes to earthquakes a steel building is just as liable to have some of its juxtaposition disarranged as one of ordinary masonry and iron if it is not on good ground.

A modern steel structure is based on concrete piers that reach to something solid. Concrete is the best kind of rock after it has hardened; therefore the solidness of rock has been brought up to the steel feet of the building. From there up the steel frame is tied together in such a fashion that unless there is a lot of flaws in a lot of the steel it has all the resilient qualities of a well-constructed bird cage. Take a very ordinary bird cage and try to jar it apart; note the resistance. Multiply that several thousand times, and you begin to have an idea of the hold-togetherness of a steel building skeleton. On this skeleton there is placed rock or terra cotta in such a manner that as a body in itself the walls are made up of many bodies that amount to only two, and in some cases one story only is a unit; that is, the walls of a 20-story steel building are really only a series of walls one two stories high, and a quake might shake out the walls on the first and second floors and leave the walls standing between the fifth and sixth, and all the rest for that matter, and when you consider that of the whole, it is easy to see that it would take a shake greater than man has recorded to disintegrate a modern steel structure.

Why Some Men Love

By C. O'CONNOR ECCLES.

Beauty is a great and a good gift. That a woman should be loved for it is no wonder. We all naturally love what is beautiful, or what we think beautiful, and this will ever be the case. Where the city comes in, is that anyone should love or be loved for beauty only, since it cannot last, and if there is nothing behind it, nothing that appeals to the heart, the end of that love must be sad and hopeless. Many men love only exterior and material things in woman. It is their misfortune, and it is also the misfortune of those they choose that they are incapable of going a degree below the surface. Often such people are during courtship the most tender lovers, the men most desirous to please. They are like a child admiring what is bright, that will refuse half-a-crown and eagerly seize on a bit of glass because it shines. Sometimes they have the luck to find something shining that actually proves to be half-a-crown, but this was not by forethought or on purpose. They did not seek for it. They did not ask for harmony of feeling, for high principles, for unselfishness, for domestic tastes, for anything that is useful and lasting in the girl they admire, then when her looks go off, they feel they have been deceived—disappointed. They are like a country boy buying a book because it has a red cover. The woman married only for her money is scarcely more to be pitied than the woman whose personal charms, and nothing else, have won her a husband, for the money she may keep, but the good looks she cannot keep; yet how few are those who take precautions to ensure that they are loved not solely for looks, but also because there is in them something worthy that attracts their lover that answers to the deepest and highest demands of his nature, something that makes the beloved the one woman in the world for him, his second self. If she be beautiful into the bargain, so much the better, but a union of natures, perfect understanding, and good fellowship, are the important matters.

It looks to me as if the woman orator, a product of our most recent evolution, were here to stay. It is growing each day less and less unseemly for a woman to do ought but sit by her fire and spin. And far from being one of the unconventional of feminine practices, public speaking has come to be accepted as quite a matter of course. The woman's club showed her that she possessed the germs of oratory. She grew used to addressing her fellows. And when she realized that her message deserved a greater audience she did not hesitate to venture out in the world to spread it abroad. Or maybe she did hesitate—because woman has a great inheritance, thousands of generations of timidity, indecision and a lamentable lack of self-reliance. So she hesitated, no doubt, but got bravely over her timidity, and, putting her other oratorical faults behind her, climbed to the platform—man's most tenaciously guarded monopoly—and, as usual, beat her masculine rivals at their own game.

The Woman Orator Here to Stay

By MRS. FREDERICK NATHAN.

For some of the cleverest public speakers I have ever heard have been women. Time and time again I have been to dinners and mass meetings where the only talk worth listening to were those of women, and it looks as if the woman orator had come to stay.