

Smallest Detective in the World.

He Belongs to the Police Department of the City of New York.

This Is the Boy Who Is Used as a Spy Upon Saloon Men.

BROUGHT SORROW TO AN OLD FRIEND

Is Not an Admirer of Commissioner Roosevelt—His Story as Related by Himself—Sorrow for "Jim."

The smallest and the youngest detective of which any city can boast is attached to the police force of New York. His line of work has been criticized with extreme harshness, but his claim to distinction is undisputed.

There are thousands of detectives, however, who have served in the department for years who have not succeeded in gaining a small part of the fame which little Freddy has won for himself at a single day.

Detective Freddy Kaiser was born in New York City in 1885. He entered the Police Department, therefore, as all the world knows, at the tender age of eleven years.

To say the least it would be exceedingly difficult to fit this youngest member of the force with any of the ready-made uniforms. Freddy would be completely lost in the very smallest of the suits. His little arms would scarcely reach to the elbows of the great sleeves. The helmet would cover his head completely and rest on his shoulders. This would probably, if it were seen, prevent him from being a really good side-door detective, according to Commissioner Roosevelt's reform ideas.

Detective Freddy Kaiser is hard to find. Like most of the Police Department he has little time to devote to outside business matters. It was therefore a very difficult matter to get him to visit the Journal office in order to be interviewed



The Youngest Detective in the World.

(Sketched from life by a Journal staff artist.)

and have him sit for his portrait. In the first place, like many other cunning detectives, Freddy was exceedingly difficult to locate. A Journal reporter was obliged to spend nearly two days in tracing him and in arranging an appointment with him on Park Row. The police who had pressed him into the service of the Detective Bureau were curiously ignorant of the whereabouts of this important member of the force. They said that they had employed the first ragged little boy they could find to do this work for them, and had afterward paid him and dismissed him without taking his address. After this crew had been run down the saloon which this little detective had betrayed was visited. This saloon keeper naturally remembered Freddy very well indeed. Freddy, he said, was an old friend of his, and Freddy's family had been more or less regular customers of his for many years.

The good-natured bartender was very anxious to explain how he came to be caught by so young a detective. He said that he knew Freddy very well, and, in fact, had known him much longer than Freddy himself could remember. Last week, therefore, when Freddy came into the saloon with a nickel and asked for some whiskey, he of course imagined that the liquor was for Freddy's father. He measured out the whiskey, therefore, very willingly, and, putting it into a bottle, handed it to his little friend. It would be difficult to picture the amazement and indignation of the good-natured bartender when he learned that Freddy had not a member of the police force of New York. This news was broken to a few minutes later by a couple of Police Office detectives, who rushed into the saloon and arrested him. At this time Freddy did not wear the uniform of the department, nor, in fact, any other sign of his authority. The fact of the matter is that he wore a hat with about three-fourths of the brain missing, a pair of trousers minus their seat, shoes in which the soles and uppers had commenced to part company and a coat more or less out at the elbows. This simple wardrobe had been worn by our young detective for a good many months past, and naturally did not arouse any suspicion on the part of the old friend behind the bar.

"Now yer see gents," began this young scoundrel, in relating his story of his well-known adventure, "me and Levin—he's the other kid, as went into the saloon with me—was playing one night at holding bon-

fire on a lot near home. Well two men came along, called to us, and one of 'em says, says he: 'Say, kid, we're sailors, go- ing down to our ship, and we want youse to go into that saloon over there and buy us a drink of whiskey, and here's a nickel to pay the price.' Well, me and Levin took the nickel and went over to the saloon, and Levin stood outside and I went in to see Jim—Jim's the bartender, yer see, and I know him.

"Jim" said I: 'give me 5 cents' worth of whiskey.'

"He sort of held back, but some one says, 'That's all right.' He wants a row of brass buttons with the large 'G' which had been sewn along the seam of his ragged trousers. Freddy is not bursting with pride because of his connection with the Police Department. He looks upon Commissioner Roosevelt with scorn, and is filled with

sorrow at his innocent treachery to his old friend Jim.

IN A CAVE OF PLATTE CANYON.

Stolen Goods Recovered by a Gulf Railroad Detective.

[Denver Republic.] Up the Platte Canyon, three miles above the little station of South Platte, where the swirling stream sweeps around a rugged cliff, there is a cave for which officers have been searching several weeks. Detective William Reno, of the South Park Railroad, and Sheriff Kelly, of Jefferson County, found it a few days ago, and within its depths a large quantity of merchandise which had been stolen from South Park freight cars. Following the clews radiating from this cave, the officers arrested six men yesterday and brought them to Denver. They are Ed Kelly, William Bartley, Jim Hunt, David Hunt, Bert Hunt and Thomas Shanahan, all of whom were arrested at West Creek on the charge of grand larceny. They are now in the Arapahoe County Jail.

There has been for months past a steady stream of goods being taken from the cars of the South Park Railroad, and it has been carried on so secretly and systematically that the officers of the railroad were unable to detect the headquarters of the road in Denver reports of cars being broken open and filled with all kinds of value which they contained. Detective Reno, assisted by Sheriff Kelly, finally located the cave, and a systematic effort to run down the thieves. They patrolled the suspected places in the canyon, and were at last successful in tracing a wagon, supposed to be loaded with stolen goods, to the vicinity of "The Narrows," the narrow south of South Platte. They watched all night, but could not discover the rendezvous of the robbers. By daylight they examined the rocky walls of the canyon and came upon the entrance to the cave. It was a hole in two feet square, quite hidden from the sight of train crews as travelers along the wagon road by a huge rock that jutted out a few feet above the level of the stream. The officers entered the cave and found themselves within a dry canyon about twenty feet square. The roof was so low that they could not touch it with uplifted hands, except around the sides. Spread away in this recessed space was much of the stolen merchandise. The officers did not take it away, but kept in hiding to wait for the coming of the thieves. In two days some twelve men came, and they started out to follow up their clews, they had. These men were dressed in the usual rough clothing of the country, and in that camp they are fighting goods from the railroad to the south. Fire seemed everywhere and the smoke formed a cloud through which the flames gleamed fiercely. Undaunted Mr. Keogh and the man who had awakened him made their way through smoke and flame to the interior of the house.

In two great rooms on the first floor were Mrs. Keogh, who is an invalid, and four children. Lifting his wife from the bed, Mr. Keogh bore her in safety to the open air. Four times he re-entered the furnace in each instance returning with a senseless child in his arms. When he appeared with the fourth child, his hair, beard and clothing were in flames. As he staggered into the open air his strength left him, and

he fell to the ground. Blankets were thrown about him and the child in his arms, but not until both were seriously burned by his blazing clothing.

By this time half the population of the village surrounded the burning house. For a moment it was believed all the inmates had escaped in safety, when screams came from behind the curtain of flame and smoke that obscured the front windows. Almost at the same instant a girl, with hair and night dress aflame, rushed from the front door and fell unconscious at Mr. Keogh's feet.

Then, as if by the action of Providence, the smoke and flame seemed to clear away from the burning structure's front, and the spectators saw a girl leaning from a window in the third story. Her cries for help were pitiful, but there seemed no possible hope for her rescue.

There are in Sturgeon Bay three young men who have long prided themselves on the athletic feats they can perform together, the "living chain," the "human ladder" and the "swaying tower," being among their achievements. This trio—Delos Richardson, Harry Melton and Joseph Harrington—were present at the fire. As quick as they realized the situation all three ran to the front of the house. The first and second story windows were directly in line with the window in the third story, from which the now frantic girl leaped. Harrington leaped to the ledge of the first window, and in less time than it takes to relate Richardson had mounted Harrington's shoulders and Melton was perched on his. By this means Melton was elevated to a sufficient height to gain a firm hold on the inner sill of the second story window, and

to make up one of the most curious scrapbooks in existence, as it is wholly composed of the letters written by suicides and discovered after their deaths.

This big book, for the letters it contains are several hundred in number, clearly shows the varying moods which control persons bent on self-murder, and the different methods of expression are as remarkable as they are diversified. They extend the entire gamut, from the sublime to the ridiculous, and taken as a whole are more than interesting.

One of the most striking features of the book is the fact that the letters of suicides of the same nationality bear a strange resemblance to one another. Germans who take their own lives are found to be always very temperate and matter-of-fact when they sit down to write their last letter.

The French suicide's letter, on the other hand, is usually short, tragic and tending with attempted eloquence.

In the letters of the American suicides, however, are found the greatest variety of

expressions. Their letters give evidence of determination and a depth of despair on the part of the authors unequalled in the epistles of the foreigners.

A letter characteristic of the French suicide, which has been preserved for some years in the coroner's office, is as follows: "Dear Tom—Take good care of the children. I have taken French leave."

The woman in this case took morphine. The cause of the suicide was unknown. Here is another letter written by an American who blew his brains out while showing a hippopotamus not equaled by the French woman: "I am dead. What shall they do with my corpse? In recent days your good services, and also your salary due you. Kindly send my watch and ring to my wife."

Another moralizes after this fashion: "Self-destruction is a crime, but living in such a state as I am isn't worth while. I have tried my best—no use. With my remains do as you please."

One of the most singular of these German letters was that written by two women, a mother and her daughter, who took poison and died together in a most matter of fact way. The details of the suicide were carefully planned and as carefully executed. After taking the poison one of the women played a concert organ, which both sang until their strength failed them. The letter they wrote and which awaited the husband and father when he came home that night was as follows: "Dear Otto—When you come to the house the letter was signed by both women. A large percentage of these letters are naturally written by desperate men and women who have been driven to suicide by either debt, grief or shame. One of the letters by a woman is as follows: "To avoid a more desperate fate, this dreadful deed is done. I hope to be forgiven. I believe God will pardon me and help my poor old mother and mother-in-law. The letters of those who have killed themselves an account of their poverty are probably the most common in this strange volume. In many cases they hint at threatened disclosures of forgery or embezzlement. The saddest are, however, those which tell stories of want and destitution. The following letter will serve to illustrate the general tone of these messages: "Dear Wife—do not know how to write this. I have no work, and I know you will be better off without me. I can get no money. I guess I am mad, but I cannot go home and face you today without money."

Here is a letter which tells a story of another sort of despair: "My dear wife gone. I am going too."

May God forgive me for this act. It is more than I can bear."

Another suicide wrote: "I am tired of living. I want to die. I can die easier than I can live. Do not blame anybody for this except myself. The deed is all my own."

The coroner's collection also contains several letters written by members of suicide clubs. There have been a number of men in New York during the past few years who have taken their lives calmly and kept the astonishing oath they have taken as members of their clubs. Unfortunately, these letters make no reference to these singular organizations, the suicides having sworn to keep the identity of their clubs secret. The letters are probably the most business-like and matter-of-fact in the coroner's entire collection. They usually explain briefly that the suicide is tired of life, and give directions for interment.

There are, however, some humorous pages even in this gruesome volume. The amusing letters are the ones written by very young men and women who have, or fancy they have, been crossed in love. There are letters written by mere boys and girls which ending state that they cannot live after the lovers' quarrel of the night before. One young man explained his reasons for committing suicide by writing a very extremely sentimental passage of a very sentimental novel and sending the book to one of his friends.

The Coteau Hills. [Minneapolis Journal.] The Coteau range in Eastern South Dakota is a most interesting subject of study both from a geological and a botanical point of view. This range is a low, broken range of hills about twenty miles wide, surrounding an elevated plateau—has an altitude of 2,000 feet. It enters the State from the southeast at Gary, and crosses the north line near the northern corner of the Sisseton Reservation. It is the terminal moraine of the great glacier which enveloped some of the northern part of the continent so thoroughly and so generally that almost every spot of the ground yields up traces of some of them in gold, silver, iron, copper and other minerals, gem stones abound in great variety, and some are valuable. Only within the last few years a native brilliant, for which she accepted \$200 from a Chicago jeweler, and J. F. Young, a farmer near here, received \$800,000 one he found in the earth thrown up by a pocket gopher.

A Legal Definition. [Utica Observer.] Mrs. Anna Fall, the woman lawyer of Malden, Mass., says that "osculation may be taken to mean the free of the law. The act of two mouths coming together so as to have a common curvature at the point of contact. The Old Dutch would never let it be a legal definition. Here is more of the all-ther-staying variety."

A Crowded Course. [Union Advertiser.] Mr. Pillsbury, the American chess champion, is in this city in the tournament now in progress at St. Petersburg. But we suspect that he is as the course is crowded.

Saved by a Human Ladder.

Wonderful Bravery of Three Village Boys at a Fire.

Without Support or Rope They Lower a Girl from a Third-Story Window.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE FAMILY.

Invalid Mother and Eight Children Rescued from the Burning Dwelling—The Father's Heroism—No Life Lost.

Sturgeon Bay, Wis., Feb. 1.—The rescue of a young woman from the third story of her burning home recently by three young men forms a worthy chapter in the book of



"The Rescuers Formed a Human Ladder."

brave deeds. With no other aid than their strength and bravery they constituted themselves a human extension ladder and saved the girl, whom the other spectators had shudderingly abandoned to death.

A man who was passing the residence of James Keogh, the banker, at 2 o'clock on the morning in question, saw a bright flame spouting from the chimney of the main section of the house. After hammering the door and shouting to Mr. Keogh, the discoverer of the fire at last succeeded in arousing the inmates of the house. Mr. Keogh was the first to make his appearance, but his wife and eight children remained in the blazing home. Fire seemed everywhere and the smoke formed a cloud through which the flames gleamed fiercely. Undaunted Mr. Keogh and the man who had awakened him made their way through smoke and flame to the interior of the house.

Presently, however, through a rift of smoke, the spectators saw Melton lift the girl from the window and hand her to Richardson, who in turn lowered her until Harrington could place one arm about her and stand her on the window ledge beside him. Then the human ladder tumbled down and the three men and the rescued girl were soon with their friends. Five minutes later the roof of the house fell in.

Last Letters of Suicides.

A Curious Scrapbook in a New York Coroner's Office.

Strange Indications of How Different Nationalities Regard Self-Murder.

LOVE, DESTITUTION AND DESPAIR.

Epistles Which Relate Situations That Cover the Scale from Ghastly Humor to the Saddest of All Tragedy.

It is a characteristic of suicides that they almost always leave letters explaining the reason for their action. One of New York's Coroners has taken advantage of this fact

A Wondrous Monster Found.

Perfect Specimen of the Iguanodon on Exhibition in England.

When It Existed in Prehistoric Days This Creature Was 125 Feet Long.

COULD LUNCH OFF TOPS OF TREES.

Looked Like a Fat Serpent and Threw the Ordinary Animal into Paroxysms of Fear.

A mammoth iguanodon has lately been mounted by English scientists and is now on exhibition in the South Kensington Museum. The remains of this monstrous creature have been found imbedded in the lower chalk strata of the southern coasts of Britain. It was in a fair state of preservation, and required but little study on the part of the scholars to restore it to its original form and position.

There is only one other iguanodon on exhibition in the Old World, though not less than twenty-one skeletons have been found during the century; but the one on exhibition in the South Kensington Museum excels all of them in contour and proportions.

In order to form a conception of the prodigious dimensions of the giant mammal it need but be stated that its length from tip of tail to end of nose is nearly 122 feet; that its front legs are 10 feet and its hind legs 15 feet in length.

It would make the modern whale turn green with envy to see this overgrown lizard skip lightly along the green shores of the Atlantic. The sight of one of these uncanny creatures must have filled soulless beings, if any existed in that prehistoric period, with awe, and frightened the wits out of the smaller animals.

Having the shape of a large fat serpent, it possessed all the qualities and habits of a mammal. Geologists can now minutely describe the daily life of this and other prehistoric creatures. The many fossils unearthed in various parts of the globe, the wonderful fauna and flora encountered in

carevans, lakes and sea bottoms, the excellently preserved carcasses of great mooses, the petrified skeletons of the rocks are the foundations of a science which has enabled them to describe in remarkable detail the life and progress of the inhabitants who dwelt on the earth thousands of years before the appearance of man.

Supporting its body on thick hind legs and a powerful tail, the iguanodon could embrace with its smaller hand-shaped forepaws the high trees and pluck off the top branches.

From all observations it has been determined that it was a frugivorous animal. If the earth possessed during its period the abundance of flora with which geologists credit it, it is not to be wondered at that this species thrived and multiplied. It is impossible to find in the present animal kingdom anything that in form or size resembles it, though undoubtedly it once reigned as the king of beasts. In his time, the geologists say, Central and Northern Europe were in a hot climate, while the Arctic world yawned under a tropical sun, so that north of France flourished the fauna and flora of the earth.

First Native Philadelphian. [Philadelphia Times.] There is an inquiry as to who was the first native-born Philadelphian. His name was John Drinker. His father left Beverly, Mass., some time subsequently to 1670, and came to the shores of the Delaware, then inhabited by Indians and a few Swedes. At a spot that is now designated as Second and Walnut streets the old Drinker erected a cabin that was the primitive house of Philadelphia. Therein John Drinker was born on Christmas Eve, 1680, which was two years before the arrival of William Penn's colonists. John went to Boston when twelve years of age, but he returned to his native home in 1745, and lived there until his death, November 17, 1822. He was nearly 102 years old, and his son has not upon record his belief that his death was caused "by drawing what a terrible warbling in those who use the word? Had John Drinker not been a consumer of excessive hot smoke of tobacco into his mouth, he would have lived to see the day when the world-famous might have lived to a green old age, instead of one which barely cut down in the early part of his second century.

The President Is Busy. [Washington Correspondence Chicago Times Herald.] President Cleveland continues to work very hard. He is frequently advised to give up his close attention to details, but says he is too old to learn new tricks. The evidence of the crash of business which the President has struggled with is found in the report of the Congressman Barham, of California, who takes great interest in the Nicaragua Canal, called at the White House to ask why the report of the engineers which was submitted about December 1 had not been sent to Congress. "The truth is," said Mr. Cleveland, "that I have not yet found time to examine the report. I have not even opened the thing, containing it. There is one improvement in nature which would suit my convenience very well, and that is to have forty-eight hours in a day."

A Monster 125 Feet High. (Drawn from a photograph by a Journal staff artist.)

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