

HISTORIC CRIMES and MYSTERIES



WHAT HAPPENED TO HERR KELLER.

ON the evening of September 12, 1816, Herr Keller, chief magistrate of Lucerne, left his office for his home in the city, accompanied by his valet, Salustia and Hildegarde. It was a disagreeable night, with every variety of rain and wind. Their path followed the course of the tempestuous Reuss, and was in places dangerous, but they all knew it so well that they could have followed it blindfold.

Now then Herr Keller called out a cheery greeting to the girls and they answered in kind, for they were robust, happy people. They walked in single file, Salustia first, the father next, and Hildegarde last. As they neared the end of their journey Hildegarde lost a shoe in the mud, and was engaged a minute or two putting it to her foot when she hastened after the others. Eventually the house was reached and the girls opened the door and looked around for their father, but he was not visible. They were astonished. They were quite sure that he had been with them a few minutes before. Servants were summoned, and a party started out with lanterns to search for the missing man. Their search was in vain. On the following day the body of Herr Keller was found where it had been washed ashore by the swollen torrent.



The Following Day the Body of Herr Keller Was Found.

The doctor who examined the body said that the lamented magistrate had fallen in a fit, and probably had rolled into the water. As it was well known that Keller occasionally had fits, this seemed conclusive, so he was buried with appropriate honors, and Salustia and Hildegarde saw that his grave was kept green for many summers.

There were people who hinted darkly that the good man was the victim of foul play, for he was the active leader of the Liberal party, and was bitterly hated by some of the wheeler-dealers of the Ultramontane party, but the hints were not taken seriously by the citizens of Lucerne and the mystery of the death of Herr Keller became a winter tale of the old wives.

In those days that part of Switzerland was infested by roving bands of vagrants and thieves known as the helmet-men. They had no homes, but slept in barns and stables, without asking the owners' permission, and carried off whatever wasn't nailed down. They were a great nuisance, but they had existed so long that they were accepted as an institution, much as the gypsies are accepted in some other countries.

Their chief was John Wendel, a rascal of great cunning and enterprise. It was morally certain that he was guilty of every crime from stealing green apples to murder, and he had been arrested a score of times, but he was such an expert in perjury, and his followers were so well drilled, that it was impossible to convict him.

On a May night in 1824 a shop at Nefels was robbed, and a few days later a young woman of the helmet-men, named Klara Wendel, was arrested, with some of the stolen goods. She was known to be a daughter of John Wendel, and the magistrate who examined her thought he saw an opportunity to get some interesting facts concerning that individual. He asked her a number of questions, and she answered him until she thought he must have been an expert. At last she confessed

to some of the minor misdeeds of the gang and then went a little further, and confessed sundry grave crimes, and then, as the magistrate still kept up his questioning, she told a story that shook Switzerland from one end to the other.

She said that her brother and two or three others of the celebrated gang, had murdered Herr Keller. They had been hired to do so by two eminent citizens of Lucerne, and had ambushed themselves in some shrubbery bordering the path along the Reuss on that night of storm. They knew Keller would come that way, but were not expecting his daughters. When they saw the outlines of the girls in the darkness they thought their plans were frustrated, but just then one of the girls turned back to find her shoe and at that moment they seized Keller and threw him into the water. The story agreed in every particular with the known facts, and the resulting sensation was tremendous.

The alleged instigators of the crime were at once arrested and thrown into jail. They were Joseph Pfyster and Dr. Leodegar d'Orelli, citizens of high standing, members of the cantonal council and leaders of the Ultramontane party. Their hatred of Keller had been well known, and it was against them that the Jack blinets of foul play were directed immediately after the death of Keller.

A dragnet was put out for the vagrants, and many of them, including the chief, were brought in. The trial was long drawn out, and Switzerland was in a ferment while it lasted. The confession of Klara Wendel was corroborated by her brother and the alleged accomplices. They confessed so freely and fully, and with such engaging candor, as to create some suspicion. Their story was that they had met Doctor d'Orelli and Pfyster at an inn house on the evening of the crime, and had agreed to remove Keller for a certain sum of money which would be handed over as soon as the deed was done. The doctor informed them that Keller would return home on foot after eight o'clock, and they laid in wait for him, as related above. The job done, John Wendel waited upon the doctor next day and was paid his wages in gold.

The story was circumstantial and covered every possible point, but Wendel was such a notorious liar, and his associates were so celebrated for plain and fancy perjury, that the very audacity of the story raised in the minds of the jurymen. As the trial went on, and the witnesses were examined and re-examined, and badgered by lawyers, they began to contradict each other, and to confess things which were known to be untrue, so it was easy in the end to show their testimony full of holes, and the doctor and Pfyster were acquitted, after having been in jail six months. They suffered more than the imprisonment, however, for they were ostracized as long as they lived. The acquittal failed to convince their neighbors that the story of the Wendels was untrue.

In order that not only might accuse the court of granting away for six months to no purpose, John Wendel was placed on trial at once, and, after a brisk and breezy trial, was convicted of murder, perjury, arson, assault and battery, mayhem and sundry other crimes, and was promptly hanged, to the great gratification of the leading business men. Deprived of its chief and inspiration, the helmetmen lost its grip, and twenty years later it was practically extinct.

Driving a Bargain.
A drummer tells an amusing story of a trade he witnessed in a small Indiana town. A man with a wagonload of brooms was dealing with the proprietor of the grocery store, who was anxious to buy his entire stock and pay half in cash and half in merchandise out of the store. The broom man wanted the money. At last the grocer offered half in cash and half in goods at cost.

With some reluctance the broom-maker closed the trade. There were 20 down brooms at 20 cents a broom, in all \$48. The man was paid his \$24 in cash and the brooms were unloaded and stacked up in the grocer's big front window.

"Well," said the grocer, with a wave of his hand, "just make your own selection from anything in my store at cost, \$24 worth."

The man stood first on one foot, then on the other, and thought. Then he said: "Well, I believe I'll take \$24 worth of brooms at cost." The Christian Herald.

Holding a Wake.
Pat had arrived at a strange town, and, after securing lodgings, asked the landlady if she had any fees in the house.

"Well," said she, "there is one, and one only; that is telling you the truth." That night (as Pat explained afterwards) he was actually "dittin' alive." Next morning he remarked to the landlady: "I'm glad to say your fees is dead."

"Oh," said she, "I'm so glad. How do you know?"
"Well," said Pat, "every flea in the neighborhood was in the room last night. So I suppose they were at your flea's wake."



Enthusiasm for Furs.

Furs have invaded every branch of woman's apparel as the most desired of garments. There is an immense enthusiasm for them. They add a sumptuous touch to coats and suits and wraps of all kinds. In millinery a border or collar of fur on a lace or flower-trimmed hat makes places for its summery gayeties in the depth of winter. Millinery designers delight in the touch of fur.

Just about the best asset in the winter's wardrobe is a fur set of some sort: neckpiece, hat or big, and a smart muff. They are worn with coats and suits, one-piece frocks, and evening wraps. Anything unusual or original in designing them, so long as it is graceful, adds much to their distinction. The woman who is clever about making things for herself at home can make small fancy neckpieces and pillow muffs of fur or of fur and a material combined.

The handsome set pictured is made of moleskin bordered with Hudson seal. The small cape, rather full, is lengthened by two ruffles of moleskin, and has the effect of a triple cape, each one of them bordered with the seal. There are two similar ruffles at each side of the muff. The ruffles are lined with mole-colored satin, and the very modish collar muffs up the neck in the approved style.

All the soft, loosely woven cloths that are fashionable are combined with fur bandings of smart sets. Velvet, brocade, and rich ribbons play an important role also in fashioning them. Neckpieces in combinations of fabrics and fur are usually small, but muffs are larger than many other muffs. Large fur-covered buttons and hanging balls of fur are among the embellishments that fashion approves. Occasionally a bright-colored material is veiled with a sedate color in chiffon and encircled with fur in unusual sets, and encircled with fur in unusual sets, and encircled with fur in unusual sets.



Concerning Skating Sets.

The golden days of Indian summer might make us forget winter, or cease to believe in it, if it were not for forecasts in the shop windows. They are full of fusties and furbelows for Christmas gifts, and furs and wraps that will warm those who wear them to the soul; or let us hope so. It is to be gathered from them that skating will be winter's foremost pastime, for there are all sorts of skating outfits displayed.

There are costume among them in which sports cloths reach the apex of luxury and beauty, and there are many unpretentious but captivating skating sets, sometimes of three pieces, and often of two. The three-piece sets include muffler, cape, and hat to match, and the two-piece sets muffler and cape or hat. They make ideal Christmas gifts.

Several of the new materials, as wool velours, Bolivia cloth, and the lighter fabrics are perfectly adapted to these sets. Eldown is an ideal material for them, and the set shown in the picture is made of it. By any of the sort, woolly cloths might be used for the plain muffler and to cover the small hat shape, with

about the same good effect. The hat is held on by a bridge of elderdown, and the sportive-looking pompon is made of yarn which is of all things the best for decorating skating sets.

Besides the sets made of fabrics there are practical and handsome ones of yarn. Angora is the coolest looking of these. White bordered with colored stripes and bright colors, trimmed with white, seem to match up best with a winter landscape; at any rate this is the opinion of those who have designed skating tops. But more audacious color combinations may expect to meet with approval against a background of ice and snow, and after all is said, there is nothing better than vivid Scotch plaids for winter sports.

Beware the Trained Short Skirt.
There is one Parisian horror made only for American buyers in which the brave Parisienne would be seen and which I warn you to avoid—the short, full skirt with a long train attached to it. Every time I see women thus paraded I almost laugh right out; they look so funny—Lucile in Harper's Bazar.

EMPHATICALLY

We Have Only One Pair of Eyes
In a Lifetime

therefore they should be properly cared for. If your eyes are giving you any trouble whatsoever, the only safe course to pursue is to consult a reliable Optometrist.

This optical office is conducted on strictly scientific principles. Its methods are the most approved and modern. Its equipment is the finest in the city. Every bit of work, from the most insignificant bit of repair work to the fitting of the most complicated cases, is backed by the strongest kind of a guarantee. What optical office in the city or the state offers more?

L. GOLDSMITH

Exclusively Optometrist and Optician
AT THE J. L. HUDSON CO., DETROIT



Stio
Tite
Lens
Shields
Used

SWEATERS

"We only handle the Better Kind" . . . \$5.50 to \$20.00

No. 666 is a hand made, heavy weave, pure worsted sweater in maroon, white, gray and navy, 7 in. collar. Regular price \$12.00, to interest you, special . . . \$8.98

Complete line of Skates and Skating Shoes—Buy them here at "Before the War Prices."

SPECIAL—Black shoe, leather lined, buckle and strap complete with Hardened Steel Canadian Hockey Skates attached . . . \$5.00

SEND FOR CATALOG

Jackson
SPORT SHOP
177 GRISWOLD ST.
DETROIT, MICH.

Send
for
Catalogue

Detroit Theatres

FRITZ KRESLER AT DETROIT
ARCADIA, DEC. 7.

The world in general and music in particular owes a great debt of gratitude to a humble private of the Third Jaeger Regiment of Great in which organization, Fritz Kresler, the great violinist, served as lieutenant in the early part of the great war. It was the bravery and devotion of this man which has saved to the world the greatest violinist of our time, and who comes to Detroit, Dec. 7. As Kresler has said, "Without doubt I owe my life to my orderly. The trenches my regiment was holding were rushed by the Cossacks on the night of September 6."

"I can remember being hit by one horse and knocked down. Then I became unconscious. After the fighting had moved on my orderly came back and started to look for me, using a pocket flash light to examine the faces of the dead and wounded. He says that several times he was nearly caught by Cossack patrols, but escaped by dropping to the ground, where he was taken for wounded or dead. He found me about 3 a. m. so I must have been lying there about four hours."

GAYETY.

Rose Sydel's Famous London Belles, "The New Guard" of extravaganza shows is the attraction at the Gayety next week. From all reports the management Wm. S. Campbell has been particularly fortunate in securing the cream of talent and beauty for this popular organization. The performance is musical pot-pourri and gives ample opportunity for the gayety men to be funny, and the pretty girls to wear costly costumes, sing sweetly and dance daintily.

Hunter With a 24-Pound Gun.
An American sportsman tells of an incident he witnessed at the well-known Shaba, or lower barrier, of Nadoo creek, in North China. A native sportsman had a grudge with him for a most uncanny-looking weapon. There might be no question as to its length; it was placed upright along side the American. It exceeded his height by two feet two inches, making the piece of ordnance over eight feet in length. Sportsmen in this country sometimes complain of the weight of their guns—six or a quarter of a ton. So it is astonishing to behold a Chinese hunter carrying a 24-pound gun all day long.

Crushed!
A certain worthy bishop was very fond of a quiet smoke, and he did not think that the habit was out of keeping with his high office. The archdeacon of the diocese, however, thought differently, and did not hesitate to proclaim his opinion. On one occasion the archdeacon was the guest of the bishop, and preached at the cathedral evening service. Having returned to the episcopal palace, he was gazing from the library window when he detected the bishop walking in the garden behind the smoking a cigar, as he thought, in safe privacy. "Ah, bishop," said the archdeacon, as he opened the window, "so I have caught you burning incense to the devil." "Perhaps you are right," replied the bishop; "but I didn't know he was so nosy."

OUTSTANDING EARS



Are prominent from the rear view as well as side or front view. Outstanding ears, ears that are not properly set, spoil the harmony of the face by throwing the "outline" out of "balance," and should be corrected or reset into harmonious position. The ears lend themselves very readily to plastic skill, and there is no reason why advance should go through life with ears that spoil or mar the "balance" of him. Have your ears in normal, harmonious position or reshapened if necessary. Call or write for Free Ear Photo Exam.

Pratt-Racial-Institute
213 Woodward Ave. Detroit
Hours: 9 to 1 daily; Sundays 10 to 2.
New York, Chicago
The Greatest Institution of Its Kind

Freedom and Fate.
It is very curious to note that the words "experiment" and "experience" are related as mother and daughter. Experience issues out of experiment. The experience that you and I have in the ordinary course of life—our experience of work and its discipline, conduct and its requital, thought and its influence, spiritual adventure and its fruit of definite knowledge—are all within our own control. We are too much fatalist if we doubt this. Fate is both free and fated, but both his freedom and his fate are written in his own nature. His freedom, indeed, is his fate. He is fated to determine a large part of his own experience, and free to do it.—Exchange.

Painting Windows.
An effective and cheap method of darkening windows is to stipple them by means of a brush with white lead and turpentine, applied lightly or thickly as desired. Red lead could be used where a tint is preferred, or other colors could be obtained by mixing the pigment of the desired shade with the white lead. This preparation can easily be removed.

Real Events.
"Do any events of importance ever occur here?" peevishly demanded the experienced young man from Kansas City. "Well," calmly replied the landlord of the Pettulia tavern, "morning, noon and night happen here with unfailing regularity, and some of our house folks 'pear to regard them as events of considerable importance."—Kansas-City Star.

Four Dollars Weekly.
When Mark Twain first went to New York, where he was to spend so much of his life, he lodged at a mechanics' boarding house in Duane street. Albert Bigelow Paine, his biographer, says that "He did not like the board." He had been accustomed to the southern mode of cooking, and wrote home complaining that "New Yorkers did not have 'hot bread' or biscuits." His work was a printing establishment in Cliff street, near the home of his future publishers, the Burtons. He was paid \$4 a week in yuletide money.