



LITTLE ROBERT GROSS

## KILLED HIS FATHER IN DEFENSE OF HIS MOTHER

### The Little Hero of a Domestic Tragedy Held in a Mountain Prison in Kentucky.

## HAS EIGHT BURLY MURDERERS AS COMPANIONS

### Boy of Tender Years Whose Only Crime Was Protection of His Mother from Murderous Attack of a Drink-Crazed Father—Locked Up Pending Action of Law's Slow Course.

Beattyville, Ky.—"My son was right. He should have killed me." Thus spoke the father of little Robert Gross on his death-bed, as the sheriff took charge of the child who had fired the shot which ultimately resulted in his father's death.

The day's plowing, awaiting his father's belated arrival. Often his mother turned to him with cheery words of affection. All within spoke of peace, and there was naught to mar the harmony of the evening. To be sure, the mother's brows were close-knit, and her weary eyes showed signs of the anticipated trouble as the evening waxed late, for she knew too well the cause of her husband's protracted stay. There are no clubs in the mountains; or business engagements to keep the mountaineers from their hearthstones, and she feared for the homecoming which was to end so fatally for them all.

With Eight Murderers. Little Robert Gross is the most pathetic figure now confined in the Lee county jail. Here in this bleak prison house are eight men, all of whom have the mark of Cain branded on their brows. Two of them are young men, not yet 30; one of them even younger than this, and, with the exception of this child, who is of such tender years, the rest all men of mature age.

A heavy, reeling step was heard without ere the door opened to admit of his drunken presence. Like a wounded animal at bay, she raised her eyes and watched him enter, yet with patient voice bade him draw near and be seated at the simple re-

What impulse but that of protection, what impulse but that of fair fight would prompt the boy to cry out: "Let my mamma be—let her be, I say, else I shall kill you first?" For it was thus little Robert Gross pleaded with the drunken man whom he knew as father, even as he saw the inhuman monster advance toward the helpless and wretched woman who bore his name, ere he finally, in an agony of desperation, fired the fatal shot which lay low the would-be murderer.

It requires all the wild setting of this mountain home his set in the Kentucky hills, and all the fierce atmosphere which surrounded the tragedy to bring out in detail the pitiful facts attendant on this murder of a father by a baby son. Little Robert Gross opened his eyes to sorrow almost at his birth, and lived out his small, narrow life with no light shedding its rays upon his little world except that of a great love for a mother who crooned him to sleep in arms that never tired of the young form close-pressed against her throbbing breast. Her loving heart often beat wildly in fear and trembling against the home-coming of a father who lost his reason ere he left the town's confines by imbibing of a liquid which had been made against the laws of the state.

When his wife confessed that she had given of their small store to her aged father, he was not content to curia her, but, rising from the table, advanced toward her with upraised hands, preparing to strike her. She arose and ran from him. Then he became frenzied with the rage of drunkenness, and cursed her again and again. Crying aloud in her grief that she should be so taxed with the generosity which inspired her to help her father, she retreated from him, shielding her eyes with her hands. He followed her, becoming more and more excited, and was only interrupted in his rapid progress toward the cowering woman by little Robert. Then a blind rage and the effects of the wildcat whisky acting on him at once, he turned toward the fireplace and grasped from the hearthstone the

doubly bereaved, awaits him with outstretched arms and longing love. In his baby mind there will linger over the memory of that night, and he can only await the reckoning before a Judge who is more merciful than our poor human men who presume to pass judgment upon a soul. Poor little Robert Gross, baby murderer, who is suffering for obeying the primal instinct of man—that of chivalry—the noblest and best impulse which dominates the human heart, and cannot stand by while a woman is unprotected. It was this instinct which set afire the vibrant cords of a noble young nature and put strength in the feeble arms of little Robert. He was but obeying the impulse which is instinctive and inherent in the heart of every true American. Yet he is treated as a hardened criminal!

He can only cry out in an agony of feeling: "I loved my mamma, and my papa was trying to kill her. I killed him to save her!"

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from poker which lay, alas! so conveniently near, and strode across the room cursing her with the concentrated bitterness of his mad rage. "Let my mamma be," cried Robert, frenzied with the scene, "let her be, I say, or I will save her!" But the man laughed at the child and his feeble pleas as the demoniac gleam glowed in his eyes. Like the fires from hell's embers, while, with upraised hands, he made ready to bring down the iron poker upon the furrowed brow of his faithful wife. In his work-hardened hands little Robert Gross grasped up his father's pistol, which lay close by on a shelf, and, pointing it toward the drunken man, cried out a warning. "Stop!" he called, his baby voice quivering with terror and all the wild love for the mother who had suckled him at her breast, saved him so often from his father's brutality, and taught him the only lesson of love he had ever known. "Stop!" he cried again, his voice vibrant with the strength of the protector. "Stop or I will shoot!"

Again the father's laugh rang out, scornfully, contemptuously, and he shot a glance of hatred at the child who so determinedly approached him with commands. He made still another step toward his wife, who shrank farther back in the shadows, her upraised arms shielding her blanched features, and made an effort to bring down the deadly weapon upon her defenseless head. Just as his arm descended a shot rang out. The baby son had come to the rescue! He had held the pistol straight enough—even in the mad terror of that fearful moment—and had shot straight enough to save his mother's life. The father fell forward, the iron poker falling from his now useless hand as his great figure sprawled over the white floor and his life blood stained the boards.

Tenderly the mother and son lifted him to the rude bed which stood in the corner, and laid him high upon the rough mattress. Then the neighbors flocked in, for the nearest residents of the adjoining farms had heard the shot, and the news, like all evil tidings, soon spread.

The Father's Confession. Then, amid the solemn silence of the night, the father made his confession. He related in detail the fearful struggle which had been waged alone there on the bleak mountain side, with only the terror-stricken woman, the brave little son and the drunken man, who had meant murder, but whose plans were so frustrated by the daring recklessness of the child. "My son was right," he gasped. "He should have killed me!" And with one feeble intake of his short-coming breath, he died.

Yet in spite of this death-bed statement, which was made by a man who realized the enormity of his crimes ere he passed away, and lived only long enough to make a final effort to save his son, little Robert Gross, a mere baby, is learning the bitter lessons of life, while his tender heart is breaking under the weight of his punishment and the grief which has lived with him since the tragedy. The poor boy, who knew only the fierce love of the mountain child, for a loving, if rough, mother, and the cruel tyranny of a drunken father, languishes among hardened criminals in the Lee county jail, because there has been no one in all this section who has been sufficiently interested to make an effort to give his bond, which at most is not over \$1,000. So he awaits the law's slow course to bring him back to his mountain home, where a lonely and heart-broken woman,



## IN THE METROPOLIS

### NEW YORK POLITICS AND SOME OF HER POLITICIANS.

#### THE REAL SEAT OF POWER

The Failure of Fusion—Insurance Investigation Cutting Deep—Both Members of Legislature Tarred with Smut of Disclosures.

NEW YORK.—When McGowan, a man new in politics, was nominated by Tammany as president of the board of aldermen, he went to a little clubroom not known by sight or name to one New Yorker in one hundred, and thanked "the members and our leader, John T. Oakley, for the nomination—which, if Mayor McClellan should be elected governor next year, would mean three years as mayor by promotion. Oakley is McGowan's "district leader," a saloon-keeper.

New York is ruled from such clubrooms. Rich and powerful as he is, "Charley" Murphy still holds court in the Anawanda club, over the saloon at Twenty-third street and Second avenue where he made his first money, and which he is still supposed to own. The clubroom is a dingy little place, with usually half a dozen disreputables hanging about in the hope of something turning up. It could be matched upon 500 frowsy street corners of the city. When the great man appears all except the sordid setting of the scene changes like magic. Sleek and prosperous men in loud raiment, puffing expensive cigars, toil up the dirty stairs and wait for audience with the stout, impassive man who rules the destinies of the costliest city government in the world, and who expects to have something to say about the spending of nearly \$8,000,000 of tax and bond money within the next four years.

Croker ruled in such a club for years. Drunk with power he at last set up expensive bachelor quarters—he has not lived for years with Mrs. Croker—in the Democratic club, which he housed gorgeously on Fifth avenue. Evening dress was the rule. Croker did not last long after that. Plain district leaders felt uncomfortable in claw-hammer coats every evening; their constituents made a row about it.

There are different standards. R. Fulton Cutting, leader of the Citizens' union, wears evening dress whenever he attends an evening meeting of politicians. Once, a few years ago, J. Sloan Fassett came down to the city to make a speech. Fassett is an able man, interested now in Korean mines; he was running for governor. It was an intensely hot night on the East side. No ladies were present. Addressing his audience as "boys," Fassett removed his coat. Ninety-nine per cent. of the listeners were coatless at the moment, but they knew what to expect of an orator. The air grew cool with their displeasure. To this day Fassett would fare ill as a spellbinder on the East side.

The Tammany spokesman always wears at political meetings what he calls "funeral clothes"—frock coat, shiny high hat.

Whittling Hugh McLaughlin. For years Hugh McLaughlin made his headquarters in the little back room of Kerrigan's auction rooms, near the city hall, Brooklyn, the city which McLaughlin ruled as absolutely as Croker ever did New York.

McLaughlin was worth about \$7,000,000, he had a beautiful home, his family life was pleasant; a model, in fact; but he practically lived in the auction room for 20 years except in mid-summer toward the last. The auction room connection made the numerous Kerrigans well-to-do, though none of them ever became rich or especially prominent in politics.

Hugh O. Thompson, in the palmy days of the old County Democracy, held the office of head of the department of public works—not to his enrichment; he died as poor as suddenly. His office was called the fort, and he was referred to as "the old man in the fort." Few local bosses have held important office. Croker was city chamberlain years before his power climaxed. McCarran today is a senator, but his Albany activities take little time. His summer headquarters are at Dreamland, Coney Island, in which he and other politicians have interests; and spring and fall he follows the races. By the new arrangement with Murphy, who has himself been a state senator, but holds no office now, McCarran's supremacy in Brooklyn is assured. The City of Churches is ruled by a race-track gambler.

Sullivan, coming power in Tammany, proconsul of the East side, has long been a senator, is now a member of the house, in Washington, but proposes to give up that honor. His city office is a clubroom not far from the Bowery, though he is often seen in the little office of the Dewey theater or some low-class house of amusement which he controls. The city hall is a dignified building. It is not the seat of power in New York, which is in reality ruled from dark, dingy and unknown places.

By R. Fulton Cutting, balked at going into partnership with Hearst's people. Many of its "respectable" members, who are sound enough on questions of police morality, are allied with what Mr. Stephens calls "business graft." They are stockholders in street railroads or gas companies or something of the sort, and they take alarm at the issue of public ownership, just as they took alarm almost 20 years ago when Henry George ran for mayor, and was actually elected, but counted out.

The failure of fusion left the republicans and the Hearst people in the field. Man after man was approached to take the nomination, and refused. Nomination day approached. It was a luckless Friday. Three hours before the convention met, everybody supposed that Horace Porter had been drafted for the war. The name of Hughes was sprung upon the convention, only three men having been informed. One of these men, Mr. Odell, is not a resident of the city.

Under the circumstances a convention was rather a useless formality. Hughes had not been warned, because he had positively refused a month earlier. Odell took the desperate chance of naming him, and relying upon newspaper praise to make him stick. The praise was prompt, for Hughes, with his marvelous conduct of the insurance investigation, is the hero of the moment; but his positive refusal followed.

It was a curious situation for the great historic party to be in, less than one year after Theodore Roosevelt's great triumph in the state. As for Hearst, he wanted to support Hughes or any fairly good republican—anything to beat Tammany being his motto.

It is not strange that the Murphy people are already talking about next year, and running McClellan for governor—quite another story.

The Great Struggle Next Year. THE only issue upon which McClellan's election next year could be successful would be an arrangement for permitting the insurance corruption to get so rank while they held power in Albany. That is why the republicans are making such honest efforts to cure the corruption now. The investigation is cutting deep. So far as members of the legislature are tarred with the smut of the disclosures, they are of both parties. Senator Brackett has said publicly that there were only seven senators who refused to vote as the insurance lobby wished, even so late as last winter. In the defense of the act it may be said that how like others utterly failed to realize how bad the situation was.

But about the governorship: Parker had a plurality in New York city of 37,000. Yet Roosevelt carried the state by 175,000. There you have the difficulty of electing a democratic governor unless prosperity falls, or unless the republicans can be caught in some scandal which the democrats do not share—and the insurance scandal is not that kind. Up-state democrats do not take kindly to Tammany methods. They never have done so. They remember how Thiden fought it. They remember his opposition to Cleveland. They do not understand the flashy politician Tammany stands for. The rural democrat from Greene county is a farmer and a deacon in church. He looks as if he came out of another world from the Tammany saloon keeper delegate. The Tammany man can control the convention, because the whole city is now consolidated and its population greater than that of all the rest of the state. But the Tiger cannot control the votes.

Here is one reason why McClellan might win a splendid victory this year and fall in the state next year. Which would be a woful waste of a fine young man, a good deal better than most of his influential supporters.

The Musical Season. JAMES LENOX used to live in one of the old brownstone houses on lower Fifth avenue. The elder August Belmont was his neighbor. The Lenox house was left to the Presbyterian missions board and occupied by them. Mission boards now build great office buildings on speculation, like insurance companies. Frank Damrosch is starting a new music school in the old house. The school has a semi-public character because a benefactor gave a half million to establish it in memory of his music-loving mother. Kneisel will be one of the teachers. Henschel another. Interesting is the fact that Ethel Gerster is to instruct in voice culture. The news is like a breath out of the past. Mme. Gerster was the sweetest singer with Campanini. She went out of sight very quickly, so far as this country was concerned; still in vigorous health, and at an age when she can do her best work, she almost seems to belong to a past generation. A woman who has kept continuously upon the stage. Lillian Russell, has the same effect of calling up pictures of old times. I heard Miss Russell singing in 1878; she was a mere girl; she is a young woman still. There are disadvantages in being famous in your teens. Interesting is the fact that the "operatic force of importance is that Caruso is coming. New York is always ready to fall down and worship a virile tenor, though Tamagno was an apparent exception. Wagnerian heroes do not attract the same extravagant "gallery." Herr Knote did Wagnerian heroes beautifully last year, no doubt, but Caruso nights brought out the money.

New York audiences do not buy tickets for the opera, unless it is a novelty, nor for the ensemble, but for the solo singers. Hence the star system, and you cannot get away from it. OWEN LANGDON. She Laughed. George—You are not calling on Miss Rosebud any more, eh? Jack—No, I got disgusted. She has such a coarse laugh. George—I never noticed that. Jack—You would if you'd been with in hearing when I proposed to her.—N. Y. Weekly.

## FOR ENTERTAINMENTS

### SOME SUGGESTIONS TO HELP OUT TROUBLED HOSTESS.

A Silhouette Party Amusing—Timely Autumn Tea—For Club or Church Society—Jack-o-Lantern Night.

A Silhouette Party, given for a bride-elect, was declared by the guests to be one of the most delightful and amusing affairs they had attended. Each guest was given a small square of black paper (procured at a stationer's or picture framer's) and a pair of scissors, with instructions to cut a silhouette of the bride-elect performing some household duty. The subjects were: "Her First Baking Day," "Saturday She Scrubbed," "Monday at the Tub," "Tuesday She Ironed," "Thursday Sweeping Day," "Friday She Dusted." One of the girls posed for the amateur artists, sitting or standing as she was requested. Of course everyone protested that she never could cut out anything recognizable, but the results proved the contrary. After the figures were cut out, they were pasted on white mats, given the titles they were supposed to represent, signed by the artist, and all given to the bride-to-be—a souvenir of a most delightful afternoon. When refreshments were served, the table was decorated with a baking pan which was filled with flowers, a scrubbing brush bore the guest of honor's name card, a small flatiron held her napkin down, while a miniature broom and a half dozen cheese cloth dusters were on her braid. This was a very practical bridal "shower" and was much appreciated.

#### A Sun-Flower Tea.

This is the season of the year when sun-flowers, golden-rod and the glorious golden glow are in their prime. Nothing could be more gorgeous than these decorations for an afternoon tea, a luncheon or even for a reception. Fill jars, wall pockets and all available receptacles with these brilliant flowers; the great bunches of them to the porch pillars and bank the fireplace. Place the punch bowl inside a large tin bread pan which has been covered with green paper; inside the circle, between the bowl and pan, place sun-flowers, thus making a wreath of glory beautiful to behold. Have a fruit lemonade or Roman punch in the bowl and serve "sun-flowers," which are made by using the ordinary recipe for white cookies, cutting the dough with a small round cutter, then pressing blanched almonds around the edge to represent the petals. In the center put a dab of chocolate colored dough. When baked carefully they are pleasing to look at and good to taste. The invitations, if sent by a messenger, should have a small sun-flower fastened to the envelope. After the guests have arrived, pass cards with the inscription, "I'm as happy as a big sun-flower," in one corner with the date. If one is skillful with the brush, it takes only a short time to do a big sun-flower in water-colors instead of writing the word. On this card have "Sewing Intinacities" written, with the words "Thread," "Tape-measure," "Scissors," "Thimble," "Needles," "Braid," "Twist," "Sewing silk," "Linen," "Cotton," "Emery," "Whalebone," "Permaline," "Stiletto," "Buttons," "Feather-bone," "Silesia," "Cambric," all transposed into such words as "Blimeth," which, with the letters properly placed, becomes "Thimble," "Toncot" is "Cotton," etc. This will afford occupation for some time.

For prizes give a pair of embroidery scissors in a case of Mexican leather—it is quite yellow in color—and a work bag made of yellow and black ribbon. If a third prize is desired, give a needle case in the shape of a sun-flower. The refreshments consist of feed cream served in tiny flower-pots, covered with a real sun-flower, which when removed reveals the cream in a waxed paper case. Yellow draperies of cheese cloth may be used with good effect in door-ways and windows. The hostess should wear a yellow gown, with belt and stock of black, and a sun-flower in her hair.

#### An International Tea.

This is a delightful affair to be given by a club or church society. Decorate the rooms with the flags from all nations; these may be purchased in the department stores in all sizes. Young ladies dressed in costumes to represent "America," "Italy," "Scotland," "France," "England," "Germany," "Japan," "Manila," etc., form the reception committee and serve the refreshments. National songs, such as "America," "La Marseillaise," "God Save the Queen," "The Watch on the Rhine," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Beautiful Venice, the Bride of the Sea," are sung or played during the evening. When refreshments are served, the guests are asked to choose at which table they will sit. "America" will serve an abundance of baked beans, dough-nuts and pie. "Scotland" will have porridge, oat cakes, scones with cheese and haggis. "Italy" presides over vermicelli soup, macaroni, grapes and figs. Sausage, pretzels and rye bread will be found at "Germany's" table, while the "French" table will have dainty rolls, salads and omelet. "England" will be represented by roast beef and plum pudding. "Japan" will be gay with chrysanthemums, cherry blossoms, tea with delicate sweetmeats, rice and wafers. "Manila" will serve bananas, lemonade and oranges.

#### A Halloween Party.

Each year entertaining on Halloween, which comes on October 31, becomes more and more popular. The dinner described below was given for ten guests, who were most enthusiastic over the novelty of the affair. Jack-o-lanterns and candles made the only lights and the effect was weird enough. The "jacks" stood on top of china cabinets, serving table, and taboret placed in the corners of the rooms; interspersed were candles in sticks made from carrots, turnips and potatoes.

The table center-piece was a jack-o-lantern with a face cut on all four sides, so the light was evenly distributed over the table. Around this candles were placed in holders made from carrots, fat turnips and potatoes. Beautiful autumn leaves were laid on the table-cloth, interspersed with dainty vines. Small "Brownie" figures bore the name card on which was written "This season of the year, is to the Brownie's heart most dear."

The unique menu cards were made by the hostess, each being different in decoration. Cards of white, ten inches long, five inches wide, were used. On one of these at irregular intervals were pumpkins, which had been cut out and pasted on. Another had autumn leaves, brownies formed another ornamentation and cabbage graced one card. (In olden times Halloween was called "cabbage" night). Bunches of grapes made a very effective card. The hostess said she had collected most of the material for these cards from seed catalogues and advertisements. Here is the menu that was written on them in black ink with a stub pen:

- Soup—A Bovine Appendage (Ox-tail).
- Fish—Collect on Delivery (C. O. D.).
- Meat—An intimate friend of Mary (Lamb).
- Vegetables—A kind of toes never found on man or beast (Potatoes—Tomatoes).
- What is desired in time of War (Peas).
- Pudding—The Beautiful (Snow).
- Pie—Related to a Well—(Pumpkin).
- Fruit—A kind of ammunition (Grapes).
- Drinks—An illness and what a physician asks. Coffee (cough-fee).
- How does Bernhardt take her medicine? (In Cider).
- Gathered from many lands (Nuts).
- The guests were asked to divine what each course was before it was served. After dinner ghost stories were in order, nuts were roasted in the grate fire, and fortunes told with apples. Bon-bons were passed in a hollowed-out cabbage lined with waxed paper. The invitations to this dinner were sent by a messenger who wore a grotesque mask and carried a huge jack-o-lantern on the end of a stick.

Here is a game which sounds very simple, but never fails to create amusement. It is called the "King of Hunky Bunk." Select two persons, place them at opposite sides of the room, the farther apart the better. Give each a lighted candle and tell them they must not laugh or even smile. They are to advance very slowly, looking each other directly in the eye. When they meet in the center of the room, with hands uplifted in great sorrow, one says: "The King of Hunky-Bunk is defunct and dead." The other responds: "Alas, alas, how did he die?" The first person with increased sorrow says: "Just so—just so—just so—just so," then comes the response: "How sad—how sad—how sad." The couple rarely ever get beyond announcing that the "King is dead" before they are off in fits of laughter. A little prize may be awarded the couple who completely finish the "message," something that may be divided, like a box of candy or bunch of flowers.

#### If You Would Be Beautiful.

The too much stress cannot be laid upon the tremendous need of simple, substantial food and sufficient rest. The average young woman of to-day is as busy as a bee. Beauty is only another name for health, and to overtax the system is like putting \$99 in the bank and drawing out \$100; you never get ahead that way. Few women eat what is best for them. They nibble on sweets and pastries, keeping the stomach in a continual state of strife and turmoil. Instead of bon-bons and cakes, eat fresh fruit and drink mineral waters. A daily bath is a great aid to beauty. Rub the body well with moistened salt, jump into the tub and turn on a tepid spray, chilling gradually. Rub down well with a coarse towel and you will feel as fine as a fiddle.

#### Oatmeal for the Face.

Oatmeal has very cleansing properties, as you may see by mixing some with water, tying it in a bag and letting the water be impregnated with it, and then washing the dirtiest embroideries, lace or fine muslins in the decoction they become quite clean, as with bran. It draws out the dirt equally well from the face. A good plan is to have some oatmeal powder on the washing-stand and mix a tablespoonful with the lukewarm water in which you wash the face. It is very improving to the complexion. The water should be tepid, about a tablespoonful to a quart is about the proportion, dry with a soft cloth and rub the face till quite warm.

#### Intensely English.

The Canadians are said to be more British than the English themselves. So they are doubtless in political sentiment, but in matters of business that feeling is never allowed to interfere. A correspondent of the London Mail writes that "No English need apply" is a common addendum to advertisements in Canada. He attributes it to the "Yankee leaven" in the Canadian population. Probably the reason is a certain lack of adaptability in the English character, as compared with the colonial or the American.

#### Chemistry in Mining.

So great is the service which chemistry has rendered mining in the extraction of gold from ores, by the use of a dilute solution of cyanide of potassium, that in the short period from 1889 to 1905 the quantity of that compound consumed has increased from not more than 50 tons a year to about 10,000 tons. The Transvaal mines alone require from 3,000 to 2,500 tons of cyanide annually.

#### Care of the Feet.

When you start out to walk, cover the feet with a thick lather of soap suds, which should dry on the feet. This will prevent blisters. When you come back soak your feet in hot water and rub a little vaseline into them. You will be surprised at the ease which this will give you.

Fishes of the Nile. The Nile is noted for the variety of its fish. An expedition sent by the British museum brought home 2000 specimens.