



STRANGE STORY OF DR. OLIVER HAUGH

Searcher for Mysterious Drug Becomes Its First Victim.

SEEMS TO PROVE THEORY OF DOUBLE PERSONALITY

Long Series of Crimes Which Are Charged Against Man Now Confined in Dayton (O.) Jail—Said to Have Murdered His Father, Mother, Brother and Many Women.

Dayton, O.—The criminal record of the country furnishes from time to time cases of striking character, both as to the nature of the crime and the peculiar and mystifying circumstances connected therewith, that they command more than passing interest, and require more detailed treatment than ordinarily would be wise or justifiable.

Such is true in reference to the case involving Dr. Oliver Haugh, confined in the jail here on the finding of the coroner, whose verdict charges him with the murder of his father, Jacob Haugh; his mother, Mary Frances Haugh, and his brother, Jesse Haugh, whose burned and mutilated bodies were found in the ruins of their burned home on a farm near this city.

Awful as this crime is, it is said to be the culmination of a bloody



career the story of which is starting in its horrible details and fascinating because of its mysterious and fiendish ingenuities. It took the red blood of his own kith and kin to bring to light the details of the dark chapter in the life of this man who it is charged has been changed by the use of drugs from a respectable physician and student of medicine into a veritable fiend, the counterpart of Robert Louis Stevenson's Mr. Hyde.

A Long List of Victims.

It is alleged by officers here that the doctor got girls and women under his influence by the use of the same stupefying and degrading drugs which had made him a victim, took what money or property they had available, and then he would continue to feed his victims, it is believed, with the drug until they succumbed to its power. A score or more of women are al-

knowledge of the murder of these three girls.

W. C. Parish, a brakeman on the Baltimore & Ohio railway, was in Dr. Haugh's rooming house in Lorain the night of February 16, 1904. He became ill and Haugh gave him treatment. Then he began growing worse and was taken to the hospital, where he died.

"I gave him medicine," Haugh explained when an ambulance called for him. "But it doesn't seem to have done any good."

The physicians thought Parish was suffering with pneumonia and made no investigation.

Dr. Haugh advocated the painless killing of all aged and infirm people and those suffering from incurable diseases while he operated in Hamilton, O.

Before the Transformation.

It is only five years ago that Dr. Haugh was considered an authority in the state of Ohio on the origin and composition of drugs, and about his laboratory there hung an air of mystery and fascination for the people of Dayton, for he boastfully declared:

"I am at work on the evolution of a drug, which in its perfection, will create a new era of science, a new order of thought, and a new race of beings. I will bring into the reality of day something more wonderful than Stevenson in his wildest dreams ever imagined. I will prove that which he only suggested—the certainty that two beings can exist in the one body, the one blotting out the influence of the other."

In those days he had a pretty home on the outskirts of the town presided over by a comely, confiding little woman who was happy in the thought that her husband was on the verge of a great discovery which would some day startle the world of science.

The Unmasking.

But imperceptibly at first there came a change over him. He secluded himself more and more within his laboratory, and what at first he thought were only the effects of close study at last proved to be the violent reactions of the drugs he had been taking, for one day she rushed into the house of a neighbor crying that her husband, suddenly transformed into a fiend, would kill her. It was no longer the Dr. Haugh, whom his wife and the public had known, but the monster, Mr. Hyde, which his drugs had created. Henceforth he was to be under the power and control of that other self, that evil personality, which had been created and fed by the drug he had been experimenting with, hyoscin hydrobromate.

The Dark, Mysterious Chapter.

And now begins the dark and mysterious chapter in his career for which officers of the law are trying to find explanation in the long list of murders laid at his door. And the long-limbed, loose-jointed, shambling figure sits in his narrow cell alternately crying for the drug which has transformed his nature and brought him within the shadow of the gallows, and cursing the officers who have placed him behind the bars. He seems indifferent, nay, rather fiendishly gleeful, over his plight, and in talking about the crimes charged against him, says:

"They say that I murdered my father, my mother and brother with hyoscin for the sake of the money. Then they say that when I have taken enough of the hyoscin the man within me disappears, and Hyde is the power. It seems as though I must do something—destroy something. My only recourse is to get out into the street—out into the open country—away from men and women, lest I murder them. It is possible for me to have killed these people and know nothing of it. It is possible for me to have committed all the other murders of which they accuse me, and in my normal condition be in ignorance, for in my normal condition I am another man. All that I do know is, that if I die for these crimes, I shall have at least established the proof of the theory on which I have always insisted—that two beings, one of good, the other of evil, may exist in the same man, and in that respect at least I shall have rendered a distinct service to posterity."

WILD DAYS IN ODESSA.

Drunken Policemen and Soldiers Running Amuck Among the People.

Here is a correspondent's record of the minor hooligan outrages of one day in the city of Odessa recently: "Shortly before sundown a drunken member of a small military picket staggered across to the edge of the broad pavement, raised his rifle and fired wildly at a passing dorky carrying two women and a young girl. The bullet missed its mark. An officer, attracted by the shot, rushed over, and the drunken soldier ran as best he could, after dropping his rifle, but was brought down by a shot in the leg from the officer. On the opposite side of Cathedral place, 300 yards away, about the same time, an intoxicated policeman reeled out of a vodka shop and commenced blazing about with his revolver, one shot wounding a young woman in the hand. He was shot dead by a member of the nearest picket.

"Earlier in the day two small merchants returning through a busy thoroughfare from the custom house were stopped by hooligans and robbed of everything. Thirty yards away stood a picket of two soldiers and a policeman. The indignant victims demanded to know why the picket did not come to their assistance. One of the soldiers replied it was none of their business; they were there to control the traffic only.

"Two other cases of robbery with violence occurred in the afternoon close to my residence, in the outer districts of the city there were 17 similar assaults and robberies, and between midnight and midnight about 20. In three of the latter cases the military pickets were the bandits. A little girl of nine years, chased by the hooligans, was shot dead on her own doorstep."

IN THE METROPOLIS

SOCIETY FOLK DO NOT SPEND CHRISTMAS IN TOWN.

EXPENSIVE TOYS OF TO-DAY

New York Gives Welcome to Whit of Real Country—Kindliness of Some of the Big Papers—Manhattan Judges.

NEW YORK.—James Smith, the English satirist, has, as everybody knows, been dead exactly 66 years. Yet when he wrote about the Christmas of his youth he was fain to add:

"These pastimes gave oil to Time's roundabout wheel, before we began to be growing genteel."

Twos all very well for a cockney or clown. But nobody now spends his Christmas in town.

So it is nothing new, this equal-to-Fourth-of-July rush for the country a few days before the holidays. You see no diminution of the throngs at commuting stations or ferries and bridges, but, believe me, "nobody now spends his Christmas in town." The country house party is correct. It should not be far from the city; near enough for an occasional night at the opera or hour at the shops. And there should be very English rejoicings, the singing of "waits" and the like, and much giving of gifts to the "poor of the neighborhood." When there are practically no poor and very rich, as in the fashionable Hempstead colony, there is so much competition for the available objects of benevolence that parents as well as children are spoiled by the ostentation of kindness.

It has been the greatest Christmas season of the shops on record. Twice as much money has passed hands as in the same month two years ago. The toy automobile that will really run, the opera doll—dressed for the opera, as I understand, but with other clothes at home in her three-story house with its real cooking range and electric lights—but wait!

I will catalogue the six favorite toys of the season for boys whose parents are well-to-do. They are the toy automobile, the small typewriter, the cinematograph good enough for moving pictures, the toy battleship, the railway train and the toy animal covered with the right kind of real hair. Not one toy in the list could at any price even ten years ago have been procured in its present perfected form. The best toy lions, for instance, come to \$50. The most complete autos with suits to match and goggles and gloves for infant terror chauffeurs run above the hundred. It would be possible to get together quite an assortment of toys none of which cost less than \$150.

The County Fair.

THE town goes to the country for the County Fair, the county repairs the visit immediately after in the "County Fair" in Madison Square Garden. This show comes after a curious series—horse show, poultry show, dog show, bicycle race, with the sportsmen's show to follow, though in that the auto men and motor boat builders have driven out all the sportsmen.

And why not a county fair? One of the finest dairymen's shows ever held in the country took place some years ago in the garden and drew more New Yorkers than any but the very biggest circus. Clothide, I think her name was, the record-breaking Holstein cow, combed to a polish, had as many admirers as a polo pony. New York always welcomes a white of the real country—naturally enough, since there are in the city more ex-farmers than there are present-day farmers in any but the largest whole states. Of the men in my own office every one was reared either on a farm or in a village conveniently near grandpa's orchard and strawberry patch. The only one of a dozen strong men who has not had experience of farm work is one who early went into the navy. The proportion of "hayseeds" in a shop or factory would not be nearly so high. But again, most of the immigrants are from farms or farm villages.

The Newspaper Farmers.

AKE Chester S. Lord, who recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his taking charge of the Sun as managing editor. He was reared in Jefferson county, New York. One hundred highly paid newspaper men now or formerly on the Sun sat round the tables. Most of them were farm boys, the proportion of foreign peasants' children being rather high. And what a group of men it was! The Sun has been a great educator. Judge Bartlett, the most scholarly man on the New York bench; Fyles and Maps, dramatists; Huneker and Kobbe and Corbin, critics; Samuel H. Adams, the magazine writer; Arthur Brisbane, perhaps the highest salaried newspaper man in the world. The Sun is always called the newspaper man's paper. Its graduates leave it and get great wages elsewhere and new men are trained up to take their places, but the Sun is always the Sun. Like the Herald, it has for its protection against the "yellow" papers that seek men on an odd rule. No man who leaves the Sun of his own accord is hired there again. He may

come back if, he has been discharged for drunkenness; not if he went "to better himself," and repeated it. John Swinton was taken back to the Sun, but he had left to start his own paper, which was dead when he returned. The late John H. Jackson was returned to the Herald by executive clemency. Mr. Bennett himself asked the managing editor if he did not recollect that Jackson had been discharged. The managing editor's memory was bettered by the hint. Previously he had supposed that Mr. Jackson had resigned. Neither Swinton nor Jackson had long to live. Kindness like that is not uncommon in the press. Walt Whitman's last years were lightened by an arrangement with the Herald to pay him a stated sum every month for as much or as little as he might feel like writing. One month he had written nothing and returned the check. It came back promptly. That was the arrangement; he need write nothing when he didn't feel like it. The private accounts of the Herald or the World could tell many a curious little tale like that, if they were opened, as they never will be. Every great paper has a confidential pay roll apart from the big general list of those who "go to the window for theirs."

Jerome and the Judges.

ISTRICT ATTORNEY Jerome has been pounded for criticizing the New York judges of the higher courts. But he stands pat. He knows what he is talking about; there are seven judges to be elected next fall. Each will draw \$17,500 a year for 14 years, and Mr. Jerome means that if they were opened, as they never will be, the rate of men, not politicians named because of friendship with the boss and willingness to "give up." The Manhattan judges are inferior to those of Brooklyn and to the older ones up-country, named before Odell times.

Of 22 Manhattan judges 11 are worthy of their occupation, though most of them paid large sums for their nominations by way of campaign expenses, the price gradually rising from \$5,000 to \$10,000, and even higher. Of the other 11 none can be charged with such gross unfitness as Jay Gould's judges, Barnard and Cardozo, showed years ago. But one or two are lightweights named for family influence, several are engaged in outside business, and a number are subservient to the bosses. Morgan J. O'Brien, one of the ablest men on the bench, is most criticized for accepting the trusteeship of the Equitable Insurance company from the arch schemer, Ryan.

But there is one scandal which, if it comes out, will take precedence of all other judicial sensations. It is stated that one high judge owes his place to an exceptionally large "campaign contribution"—for which, of course, the boss gave no accounting and which came out of the pockets of insurance policyholders, being cloaked by the famous "yellow dog fund." What a sensation that would make, eh? No wonder the dispensers of the yellow dog money had bad health requiring residence abroad. Will the committee that is investigating insurance scandals go thoroughly into the yellow dog-payments? If they do they will find one or two of their own members implicated.

Two Big Railway Stations.

NEW YORK will soon have the biggest railway station in the world; also the second biggest. The Pennsylvania station proper will cover seven and one-half acres, the yards and all being much bigger. The new Grand Central station will have ten acres of office floor space, but not all on one floor. There will be 47 tracks. The baggage smashers alone will have an acre and a half to turn themselves in. The total yard space is 62 acres—imagine buying and clearing that space in the center of Manhattan. The Central is a "stub" station and needs normal space than the Pennsylvania, which is a "through" station. The Central trains back up to Mott Haven to be made up. The Pennsylvania trains keep right on out to cheaper land on Long Island. In both cases the main shifting tracks are ten miles from the station.

A difference of system keeps foreign stations smaller. London has a dozen main stations connected by the underground. Paris has half a dozen. Berlin the same. The largest English stations are apt to be at junction points like Rugby and Crewe.

Probably the man who travels has looked up at the big trust roofs of the stations with new interest since the Charing Cross of London fell in. There is no need. Charing Cross was famous because it is a point of departure for Paris. It was old and long ago needed rebuilding. It was iron, stronger, better planned girders, of course the only safe place is at sea, where nothing can fall. A modern railway station perhaps comes next.

Had to Have Them.

Husband—What d'ye call these things?
 Wife—Those are brand-new 1905 X unlaundered Duke of Marlborough shirts, which I got for you at Jobb, Lott & Co's great fire sale.
 Husband—They are three sizes too small.
 Wife—There was nothing larger left, and I had to take them, or lose a big bargain.—N. Y. Weekly.

Reciprocity.

Picking up a paper, the caller asked: "Are you a subscriber to this Journal?"
 "Not exactly," replied the would-be poet. "The editor has placed my name on the free list, however, with the understanding that if I am not to send him any more contributions."—Chicago Daily News.

FOR TREE PLANTING

PLANS FOR REPLACING EVERY ONE CUT DOWN.

The Enormous Demands of the Railroads—Awake to Threatened Short Supply—Good Returns from Well-Cared-For Plantations.

"Who does his duty is a question too complex to be solved by me; but he, I venture the suggestion, does part of his duty that plants a tree."

With our great rich country we have not earned a reputation for thrift and proper economy. Especially wasteful, criminally wasteful, are we accounted in our vandal methods of lumbering. But we are waking up. Perhaps it would be a better way to put it to say with loss of forest wealth we are learning economy. With our eyes opened to increasing demands for timber, we are beginning to make provision for future needs.

Look at the way the railroads that snake their way here and there and everywhere in this western hemisphere, are devouring the forest product; "the annual consumption of railroad ties alone in the United States is 120,000,000, or fully one-sixth of the total cut of timber. In addition to this there are vast drains upon the forest for telegraph and telephone poles and for crossarms and for timbers for railroad construction.

The railroads are put to it now to get their supply, now have to take the soft woods, which are treated with creosote to make them more durable, longer lived. Once they would accept nothing save the soundest ties, the purchasing agent was most particular, threw away seconds and thirds. Today they take what they can get. But not a few of them are trying to solve the problem of the future, several have started experimental plantations for the raising of ties. At Harahan, La., the Illinois Central railroad has a plot of 200 acres planted to trees, and one of 130 acres at Du Quoin, Ill. The Pennsylvania railroad has black locust plantations scattered throughout the



A PLANTATION OF LARCH.

state of Pennsylvania, and the Louisville & Nashville road plantations in Illinois, Alabama, Florida and Kentucky. Locust and catalpa trees are the trees used.

It may be of some interest here to mention that the famous young actress Maude Adams is helping on a little reforestation of our badly deforested lands. A hundred thousand locust trees have been set out on her Long Island property, these the trees most highly valued for telegraph poles and railroad ties.

The government, as well as are the railway companies, is forging ahead at the problem, and aid is being given both corporations and private parties in scientific forestry. On request a plan is sent as to proper trees for the soil and climate of a proposed plantation, the preparation of the ground, the spacing and setting of the trees. "Advantage has been taken of the assistance offered and hundreds of planting plans made for farmers who have planted wood lots, sneller belts and windbreaks."

The railroads, which own great forest lands of their own and have such great extent of right of way, are engaging the services of trained foresters to make the most of their properties. Forests are cleared of old wood, thick growths cleaned out, new trees set out, precautions taken against destructive fires. The suggestion has been made that the waste lands along the railroad rights of way be planted with trees, but answer to this is given that safety demands the right of way be kept clear, tracks unshaded and unobscured by tree growth. Private lands along the railroads are putting open lands to timber, the farmer, too, is going in for reforestation; is now planting where once he only cut down. Persons who own lands not well adapted to farming are urged to go in for systematically cared for forest plantations, and given assurance they will reap handsome returns on such investment. An article in the Brooklyn Eagle says: "When the trees have once reached a period of growth which gives to them a marketable value, intelligent management, cutting each year only a portion of the timber and allowing for reforestation would make such forest plantations a source of revenue as long as the country continues to be inhabited by men. The whole forest problem is a big one. The idea that a forest is to be cut over clean and then abandoned is nothing short of ridiculous from a national business standpoint. If we would begin as a nation to-day to plant a tree in every place where we cut one down and to replace forests that have already been destroyed and abandoned, we would not need to fear a timber famine in the future or the drying up of our rivers and streams and the loss of the water power they supply."

A Schemer.

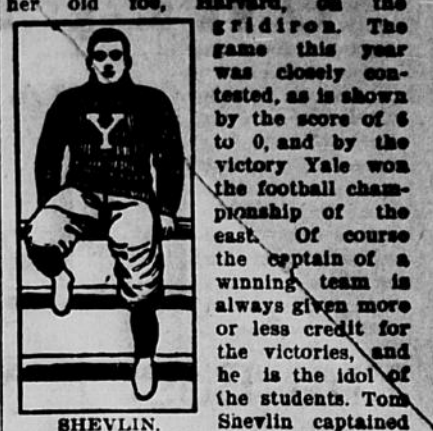
"Are the police of New York so very corrupt?" asked the English dramatist.
 "Why do you ask?"
 "I was wondering if I could bribe 'em to suppress one of my plays."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Human Nature.

"Scribbler, the novelist, is crusading against the divorce evil."
 "Why should he be interested?"
 "Well, for one thing, he has just got his divorce."—Chicago Sun.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Once again Yale has triumphed over her old foe, Harvard, on the gridiron. The game this year was closely contested, as is shown by the score of 6 to 0, and by the victory Yale won the football championship of the east. Of course the captain of a winning team is always given more or less credit for the victories, and he is the idol of the students. Tom Shevlin, the Yale eleven during the past season, but his head was not affected by the praise bestowed upon him. Shevlin is a figure unique in old Eli's democratic university. The son of an indigent millionaire lumberman, he has untrammeled access to cords of cash piled up in Minneapolis banks. Whenever "Shev" says anything he wants, all he has to do is to sign his father's name to a check, add his own initials below the signature and take away the goods. The problem of self help at Yale is not his; merely the formality of helping himself. In justice to Yale it must be understood that Shevlin's wealth had nothing to do with his election to the captaincy. It was his muscle, not his money, that landed him the football leadership. Still, he possesses the wherewithal in bulk worthy of remark in a Yale captain. There's a familiar saying that money talks. Sometimes Shevlin's is audible, and sometimes it isn't. Occasionally he bursts forth in a suit of clothes that is suggestive of a crashing fiend by Wagner (not Hans). "He's easy for the sartorial salesman," says his roommate. "If he's told that Reggie Von Astorbill has a suit or a pair of shoes just like those offered to him, he closes the deal then and there." Generally speaking, however, Shevlin's money tools rather than talks, for the automobile makers and repairers profit most by his disbursements. These are his two extravagances—his clothes and his motor cars. He neither smokes nor drinks. In his freshman year Shevlin won three Y's by playing end on the eleven, throwing the hammer on the track team, and filling in a gap at right field on the nine after the track team had finished its season. Since freshman year Shevlin has been on Yale's football and track teams and has been picked as an all-American end after each of his three football seasons. He has the strength of a battleship, with the speed of a torpedo, and takes more steps in a game than any other man on the field. Samuel F. B. Morse, who played right half back during the past season, has been elected as his successor.



SHEVLIN.

POLO

HE possibility of the visit of an American polo team to England next year which will attempt to lift the American polo cup has been discussed in the east recently. Should such a trip take place it will naturally assist the game in this country. For 19 years now has the coveted trophy been in the custody of Hurlingham. It was in 1886 that the challenge cup was presented by the Westchester County club, which had been founded some two years before, with headquarters at Newport, R. I., and an invitation was issued to Hurlingham to send over a team to play a series of matches against America. The invitation was accepted and the conditions made by the Westchester club were that the best of three games should be played, that the inaugural series should be decided under American rules, and that subsequent challenges should be played under the rules of the country holding the trophy for the time being. Only two games were called for, both being won easily by the visitors at Hurlingham, and the cup was taken to Hurlingham, where it has resided ever since. There was no challenge for the cup until 14 years later, in 1900, when four individual American players, who happened to be in England, banded together and played for the trophy.

The team was in no sense of the word representative, and but one match was played, England winning comfortably by 8 goals to 2. The latest series of matches for the cup took place shortly before Christmas, 1901. United States Polo association cabled over a challenge to Hurlingham, and sent over a thoroughly representative team, captained again by Foxhall Keene, the four other Americans who played in one or more of the three matches decided being J. E. Cowdin, R. L. Agassiz and the brothers J. M. Waterbury, Jr., and L. Waterbury. The Americans beat the English team in the first match by 2 goals to 1. The second match was won by the English quartet by 6 goals to 1, while the third match, and the rubber, was won by the British team by the score of 7 goals to 1, thus retaining possession of the cup.

The University of Michigan Athletic association netted \$25,000 profit on the 1905 football season, enabling it to pay a debt of \$5,000 which existed on September 1, the result of improvements on Ferry field, and has a handsome balance for further improvements of the field.

Battling Nelson and Terry McGovern will fight six rounds in Philadelphia last week in January.

Minister's Appetite.

A certain minister applied to his church for an increase of salary. "Salary!" cried one of the members. "Salary! Why, I thought you worked for souls."

"And so I do," meekly replied the impetuous minister, "but I cannot eat souls, and if I could it would take a good many souls the size of yours to make a decent meal."—Rebbooth Sunday Herald.