

GERMANY ASTOUNDED BY A PAIR OF CRIMINALS

Cold-Blooded Murderers, Yet Kept Their Mother and Sisters in
Luxury—One of Them a Latin and French Scholar—A
Criminological Problem.

German criminals in recent years have presented students of crime with some strange problems. There was, for example, the curious case of Oscar Slater, a patient and gentle son who even in his direst distress, when the world went wrong with him, never forgot to send his mother a card, and could ill spare, and who even sent money from the prison where he lay under the murder charge left his mother far away in Upper Silesia should want, or lest his father should miss the few pence for his weekly game of dominoes. Oscar Slater, white-slave merchant, international swindler, and yet . . . "he was a good son to me, my son, my only son."

The columns of the German press have been filled of late with a story almost more extraordinary than that of Oscar Slater, the story, namely, of the brothers Carl and Fritz Coppus, who, for three years, have held Leipzig under a ban of terror, and whose crimes are possibly best summarized in the verdict passed on them on Thursday, Oct. 13. "The accused are sentenced twice to death for two murders, each in connection with robbery; further, to fifteen and seven years' imprisonment respectively for attempted murder, attempted robbery and blackmail."

Just a pair of thorough rascals, one is inclined to say, laid by the heels at last and put out of the way. Wait a little. At the beginning of their life, when they had just left school, these two desired to learn a trade, or rather, they wished, a more complete education. Carl Coppus was a native of the languages, but the father required that they should become wage earners immediately. Carl Coppus was obliged to turn his hand to any business that required no skill. He was bottle washer, assistant waiter, and hod-carrier in turn. During his two years' service in the army he won his corporal's stripes and desired to remain with his parents and in the family business, but in order to become a non-commissioned officer. But there was a difficulty in the way. When he was a boy matters went hard with his parents and he was a frequent visitor, so one day he stole a piece of meat and was given three days' imprisonment. There were no other crimes against him, but those three days' imprisonment were enough to remove him from the list of those

who may become non-commissioned officers for a year. He was ordered to an officer, and he became acquainted with the officer's table and the racecourse. It seemed an easy way to make money, and Carl, who had never learned a skilled trade, became an assiduous gambler, and later gambling led to theft, and theft to murder.

Now note: This unskilled laborer wrote letters offering a Leipzig publisher for a sum of £250. Full account of his life and crimes. His first murder was carried out on a postman from whom he stole £400. He seems to have had no difficulty in eluding punishment, for he changed his name with his brother, at other times he was dressed as a lady, and, as he said himself, "In these days, when the art of the toilet takes so much advance, it is very easy to make up as a woman, and I think many Leipzig ladies must have envied me, my color and my waist." The second murder was also intended to be followed by an attack on a postman. This was very simple. The brothers Coppus took a room in a flat owned by an old couple named Frederick. From a postoffice in the neighborhood they sent a letter, signed "Whittingham," money order to the Frederick, then waited for the money-postman, as he is called in Germany, who should deliver the money. They waited for the money-postman, as he is called in Germany, who should deliver the money. They waited for the money-postman, as he is called in Germany, who should deliver the money.

In the middle of this cool and calculated career of murder the firm Carl Coppus, spending every penny he possessed to support his old mother and his sisters. We find him devoted to a wife whom he had married in extreme poverty, and whose reason for marrying him was that he was a non-commissioned officer. I always felt a strong attraction for peaceful family life. And if these contrasts were not enough, follows the third in the strange career, signed "Argus R," wherein he offered the publisher an account of his life and at the same time threatened him and his family with extermination if his offer was not accepted. He was a bottle washer, a bottle-washer, and waiter, uses

French and Latin with an accuracy and appositeness with the master of all letter-writers. Marcus Tullius Cicero, might well have envied. Only in the last moment Carl made one appeal for his brother. "For him," he said, "I appeal for mercy, since had I never existed he would not have stood in the dock. And an eye-witness of this trial wrote afterwards, "One could not fail to understand that these two men had finished with themselves, finished with life and finished with their philosophy. Carl made himself the wolf and sharpened his fangs, but the triply-deserved fate has overwhelmed this amazing genius, this philosopher criminal, who built up a philosophy on the crimes he himself committed."

Was there anything to save at any time in Carl Coppus? Was he a criminal by instinct and inheritance, as would admit Mr. Balfour, who merely have lent him further weapons wherewith to terrorize Leipzig and perhaps after all to escape the headman? Or is it true that a piece of single talent, which he had, and which with imprisonment led a genius and a philosopher to the block?

Both are here playing golf. At least at Archerfield House, which is only a few miles away by the high road to Edinburgh or some three miles along the seashore. Mr. Balfour is here at North Berwick for the week-days at his favorite hotel; for the week-ends he goes to join his friends at a party at his seat of Whittingham, six miles south of this town, and to "worship," like an old-time Scots laird, in his parish kirk on Sundays.

An example, this latter, which Mr. Asquith does not neglect to follow, for, too, attends on Sundays his parish kirk—that of Dirleton, the pretty village which stands just outside the grounds, or "policies," as they call them in Scotland, of Archerfield. It will thus be seen that the holder of right honorable gentleman runs counter to that ancient act of the Scottish Parliament, which forbade, under pain and penalties, the game of "gowd" on the Sabbath. On other days they both play golf—Mr. Asquith as it were for his health and rather as a hobby, and Mr. Balfour as it were for his health and rather as a hobby, and Mr. Balfour as it were for his health and rather as a hobby.

The rival statements are very close to each other here—almost next-door neighbors, you might say. From the westmost putting green—the ninth of the North Berwick links, you might catch a glimpse of the round, branchless trunk of a young tree, stuck into the turf, and about a dozen feet in height, which stands just outside the half-way up with Turkey-red, that serves to indicate the bottom putting-green—also the ninth—of the private golf links, which stand just outside the Archerfield House, and goes with the tenancy of it. But if you were to climb to the top of one of the sand-hills which stand partly between and partly on the verge of the two sets of golf links, their bastions protecting their shore line from the rougher play of the public links, you might see, by chance, as near the same moment, as may be, on one of these bright September afternoons, both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour, each on his own course, adding a "bird" ball—a blessed change, so far as addresses are concerned, to one of them, at least.

For Mr. Balfour has never concealed his sentiments or ideas on this subject. There was more than a whimsical seriousness in his words when he declared to a company of friends that before politics they had better choose literature, and before clubs they had better choose golf. He has best expressed on his essay on the "Humors of Golf," written a good many years ago, but still characteristically enough. With a fine, clear, and a clear course in front of him, the golfer should find no difficulty in dismissing all worries from his mind, and regarding golf as a game, not a very indifferent golf—as the true and adequate end of man's existence. Care may sit behind the horseman; she may presume to walk with the caddie.

Mr. Asquith entered Parliament in 1885 as a member for East Fife, the constituency which he still represents; the coast and the grey-blue hills of the "Kingdom" in the far distance beyond the rocky, lighthouse-capped Isle of Eddra, are well in view. A new view, except when the "hairs" (sea-fogs) sweep over the Forth with an east wind, blotting out land and sea. That was the year in which Mr. Balfour came to play golf, the famous Tom Dun, a local caddy, being his teacher. In these very North Berwick links, which are well known to the world, marked for him, as Mr. Asquith, with mutations of high fortune not a few, he plays the game with undisturbed return to its original position after the train has passed.

The ordinary length of rails is 30 feet, though some roads use rails 33 feet, 45 feet and even 60 feet in length. The advantages of the longer rail are that the number of joints is reduced, thereby lessening the cost of maintenance and making a smoother riding track, and that there are fewer accidents and that the wheels of the locomotives are less liable to be struck by the joints. On the other hand, the cost of manufacture is greater, as there are a greater number of second-quality rails. Renewal of single rails is more troublesome and expensive and transportation and handling more costly. Experiments have been made in welding the rails together. Often they are laid with a view to eliminating joints, but this method has not proved successful, as the expansion and contraction of the metal due to variations in temperature.

The weakest point in the track is the method of fastening the rail to the tie. In spite of the increase in the weight of rail, volume of traffic and weight of engines and cars, the form of spike designed in 1830 is commonly used to-day. In spite of its imperfections it has proved more satisfactory than any of the various devices planned to supplant it. While it is easily loosened by the pounding of the wheels on the rail and does not withstand the lateral thrust of the wheels against the rail, it is less injurious to the fibre of the tie than any other device and is easily removed and replaced in making and rail renewals.

Owing to the scarcity of the wood supply the question of ties is rapidly becoming a serious problem to railroad managers, and the annual consumption is about seventy-six million ties for renewal and fourteen million ties for new construction, representing nearly one hundred million ties.

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several hours in a warm place, when you will find the milk thickened like lopped milk, only much richer. The Bulgarians and Turks make the matzoon usually from buffalo's milk, but cow's milk answers the same purpose. It must, however, be milk that has had no preservative applied. When it is impossible to get the starter of old matzoon it may be made with yeast in this manner: For two small bottles allow one quart of milk, a teaspoonful sugar and a third of a cake of compressed yeast. Dissolve the yeast and sugar in a small quantity of the milk that has been slightly heated to set the yeast working.

The remainder of the milk should also be scalded and cooled to lukewarm. In about one hour, when the yeast bubbles begin to come on top, mix the two milk mixtures and mix thoroughly. Turn into small bottles, and if the corks do not fasten with spring snaps, tie firmly into place the glass formed in the fermenting milk force them out.

**SPONGE FARMS
TO THE RESCUE**
U. S. Government Taking Steps to Prevent a Famine.

Were civilization to be deprived of sponges it would lose one of its most efficient forces. The use of them is so universal that we fail to realize how almost indispensable they are in the equation of cleanliness. Various substitutes have been tried, but none so perfectly answers the purpose as the sponge. In the household, the hotel, the hospital, the garage, the stable, in fact, wherever cleansing methods are employed, they are a main reliance. It is no wonder that the demand for them is increasing as our standards of living advance, or that as a result depletion has menaced the beds and that the prices have steadily risen in accordance with these conditions.

When famine threatens us along the line of so thoroughly demonstrated a necessity as this it is the office of science to step in and help us out, and this it has been doing for several years under government auspices. The United States bureau of fisheries has been for some time conducting experiments along the Florida coast and believing it has succeeded in establishing a method of propagation by artificial means that bids fair to make sponge farming a profitable industry. The experts having the matter in charge estimate that an original investment of \$250 an acre will yield an annual return of about \$200. What is more, comments the Boston Transcript, the artificially grown sponges are superior in quality to those taken from the natural beds. Already one company has been organized to engage in this enterprise and it is expected that private capital will be quite largely attracted to the opportunities here presented.

The longest have come from the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, but the wool sponge of Florida holds its own fairly well with the bath sponge of the former region, and with the Egyptian sponge, which cultivation is expected to effect, a quality may be developed that may take its place with the world's best. The experiments have covered three methods of propagation, from the seed, from grafting and from cuttings. The first is too slow a process. Grafting fails to amalgamate the component parts, but the cuttings have proved successful. Furthermore, the sub-prime heat for sponge gathering is better built and if successful it will eliminate the danger and suffering incident to diving for them as at present, though that very achievement may deprive a large number of natives of an occupation.

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**MAKING SPECIFIC
AGAINST OLD AGE**
How Professor Metchnikoff's Beverage is Produced.

The curdled milk to which the eminent bacteriologist, Professor Metchnikoff, refers as a specific against the more deadly germs of disease and old age, is the national beverage in Bulgaria, Turkey, Armenia and other countries. Yagurt is its Turkish name, matzoon is the Armenian designation for this form of fermented milk, while zooka is the trade name applied to it by the distinguished Armenian physician, Doctor Dardirian, who introduced its scientific manufacture in America. As a beverage it is becoming more and more popular, and while Americans have yet to learn how delicious it is served with bread, cereals, crackers or strawberries.

In hospitals and sanatoriums it is now being used with singular success. The results which follow the systematic use of yagurt, especially when in connection with a careful dietary system, are often most striking. Insomnia, biliousness, headaches and other distresses which the modern doctor now traces to a common origin in intestinal auto-intoxication yield in a short time. In malarial and typhoid fevers it proves not only most beneficial, but is exceedingly refreshing to the patient. Rightfully made it has an agreeable flavor and appearance, and being a pure lactic product is entirely free from alcohol and other deleterious substances found in ordinary kumys. One of the largest sanatoriums in the United States is now supplying its table with gallons of this valuable preparation.

The Starter.
To make the yagurt at home one must have a "culture" of the Bulgarian bacillus to start from, even as our grandmothers always kept on hand a jar of yeast for a "starter" for the home baking. You can buy some of the matzoon or yagurt from the Armenian restaurants. Then if the matzoon is made daily or every two or three days, you must keep out one-half cup or one cup of the soured milk each time it is made for a starter for the next batch. Here is a rule for its making—simplicity itself—which the writer brought home with him from Bulgaria.
Line out a cooking saucepan with cold water and without drying turn in three parts of sweet fresh milk. Watch carefully and bring to a boil, not allowing it to scorch. Take from the fire, cool to just a little more than lukewarm, then stir into it one-eighth of a cup of the old matzoon. Mix thoroughly and set the dish aside for

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Use Snowflake Ammonia. It takes the dirt off without injury to the paint. No rinsing necessary. Just polish with a clean cloth.
Try Snowflake Ammonia where finger marks are left when opening and closing a door. That will show you the wonderful cleaning and beautifying powers of Snowflake Powdered Ammonia.

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Price 25c. at your druggist. He should supply you. If he does not, send price to us, we forward prepaid. DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Toronto.

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