

BUMMED HIS WAY ACROSS THE SEA TO VISIT CROMWELL CAVE

Remarkable Exploit of a 17-Year-Old Detroit Boy.



CHARLES HOUGHTON.

Slept in the House Where "Jack the Ripper" Committed Some of His Bloody Crimes, and Visited the Home of Gladstone.

A three months' trip to Europe on \$7.50 is the record that is making Charles Houghton easily the most popular young man on the far east side. Charlie resides at 346 Kercheval avenue. He returned from his venture some trip only a short time ago, and is busy relating to his friends the many strange adventures that befel him. At first he is secretary of the Argyle Pleasure club, and captain of the Parke, Davis & Co. Association foot ball club.

"The idea first came to me last winter," said he. "I had read a great deal of old English history, and I had an intense desire to bum my way across the ocean and see something. I didn't let on to my folks for months, but finally I let the cat out of the bag and staggered 'em all with the assertion that I was going over and sleep in the cave where Cromwell slept, during the winter previous to his battle with King Charles. To cut a long story short, they bundled me on one day with a half bushel basket full of fried chicken, thinking I would return when I got hungry. I made for the stockyards, two miles from Windsor, was lucky enough to get in with the gang, and a few days later found me aboard a big, creaking tub of a cattle ship bound for Liverpool.

"The captain of the Buenos Ayres was a nice fellow and gave me \$5 when I landed. For the first week of the 34 days it took us to cross, I was so seasick I couldn't stand on my legs, and the last week the weather was so rough and the boat such an infernal tub that I didn't dare sleep more'n a wink or two during the whole seven days. You know it's a law over there that no lame or sick cattle can be landed, and all of those that hurt themselves in their pens during the rough weather were thrown overboard, with the exception of a few that were killed for meat.

In a Strange Land With \$6 and a Kodak.

"Birkenhead is just across the Mersey from Liverpool, and the night we landed there I got my first bit

of English life. I was at a dead loss what to do. I had \$5 and a kodak, and was about the greenest fellow that ever went traveling. Finally I hit on a two tough looking cut-throat, told 'em who I was, and said I wanted to go over to Liverpool and find a place to sleep, as I hadn't taken a wink in two weeks. They had just come in on a big freighter, and were off for a lark, and taking their invitation as the best thing at hand I bundled 'em to the toughest, dirtiest old rat-trap in all England.

"It was right down next the docks, filled with dirty women, sailors and street gamins, and everything was alive with that little bug that creepeth in the darkness and stingeth like adders. That was my first night, and I lay listening to the shouting and laughing, and cursing below, and fighting myself in a sweat to scare the other things away. I wished in every other breath that I was in bed at home, with a clean sheet above and under me, and a full stomach to sleep on.

"I was out before daylight the next morning and wandered about the city until I fell across Lord Bevington's big tenement hotel. I thought it a good chance to change my money, and found I could get a room, with bath, cupboard, towel and soap for sixpence a day, with a big kitchen set aside where all the tenants could cook their own meals. I stayed there five days, then tramped across country to the Hill of Overton, near Chester and Frodsham, where the Puritans had quartered for a winter.

In Cromwell's Cave.

"This was about the one thing that had taken me to England. It was a beautiful, warm evening when I tramped over the narrow, sweet-scented byway that led across the fields to Frodsham. I could see the historic old Frodsham church steeple pictured against a glorious sun, and regardless of crooks and other obstacles I might encounter had abandoned the highway to cut cross-country two miles from the town. When nearly there, as I supposed, I lost sight of the steeple in the gathering darkness and got mixed up in the woods. A little later I met a couple of boys and a girl of about my own age, and before we parted they made me promise to accompany them to their home in Chester the next day, and then they would take me to Cromwell's cave.

"Afterward I was not sorry that I accepted their invitation. Chester, you know, is one of the oldest towns in England, and is still surrounded by the old wall built away back in the fifteenth century. The river Dee passes by it, and on that side the wall is best preserved. It is built of old-fashioned brick, and is six feet wide and from five to 30 feet high, with the remains of two old Norman castles guarding it in the distance.

"Cromwell's cave is near Frodsham, and is just as the Puritans left it centuries ago. It is in the side of a large hill, shaded above by graves. When I first entered it the intense stillness and cold, musty odor made me shiver, for I had often read of the terrible scenes and odd revels enacted there, and if I had seen the ghosts of the old roundheads flitting about it would not have startled me much. Cromwell's bed, or none, is just what just large enough to allow a human body to lie in.

Gloomy Relics of Old-Time Horrors.

"If the cave proper had made me shiver with awe, the black, chilly, forbidding dungeons carried me into the very presence of Cromwell himself. The iron rings, with bits of rust-eaten chains still attached to them, showed, where the enemies of the Puritans had died, for the legends of Frodsham say but few left the cave alive; and in the gloomy corners were little piles of time-wasted stuff that

were once the beds of nobles and soldiers alike.

"The legends of the country protect the cave, and when you enter it you seem to pass into another world, without modern mortals and modern talk to break the spell and see you don't lug something off.

"From Frodsham I went over into Wales, tramping over the old English roads, and at times cutting across the fields haphazard, and inquiring once in a while the direction to Wales. When I got there I hunted up the homes of Gladstone and the duke of Westminster, took a good long look at both of them, strolled round the country a few days, then cut for London.

In Jack the Ripper's House.

"At London I was intent upon one thing above all others. Jack the Ripper had always held a sort of fascination for me, and it was my ambition while in the metropolis to live where he had committed his heinous crimes, in the same house if possible, and stand where some of his victims died. I picked up with me, and I got a room in the Custom house, east London, the very hostelry where his bloodiest crime was perpetrated. It is one of the toughest places in all London, and people seldom go out on the streets alone after dark. Illiterate classes live all about, and even now they are terrified with the belief that the ghost of Jack the Ripper still wanders about his old home, looking for victims.

"From London I crossed the river to Woolwich, to see the biggest arsenal in the world, and after wandering about the country on that side a while required to the city and began to look out for a way to get home. I would have gone to Paris, but I didn't give a snap to see it.

"Now my troubles really began. I had no papers showing I was an American, and as they are not allowed to land paupers in New York no sea captain would allow me to work my way back. For days I hung around the docks, and at last determined to become a stowaway. Then I hunted for a ship that suited me. I was pretty fastidious, for I possessed a sort of hang-over belief that if I wasn't lucky enough to stow in with a good-humored captain I'd be pitched into the sea when they found me out. Finally I got in with the first freeman of the big Chesapeake & Ohio railroad freighter, Raptian, and taking a fancy to me he promised to help me out.

A Stowaway.

"The docks in London are all walled in, you know, and I had a deuce of a time getting my boat. The gates were each guarded by a policeman, and no one is let in until he can satisfy the officer he's there for a good purpose. I was to climb over the side of the Raptian at 1 o'clock at night. I managed to make up a good excuse and the appointed time found me on board. My friend tucked me away on the top of the water tanks, and for three days above I stayed. The morning of the fourth I presented myself on deck, black as a stoker, told my story to the first mate and was set to shoveling coal.

"The next day my story got to the captain, who was a jolly, fat fellow, and he immediately called for me, gave me a change of clothing and offered me the position of assistant steward. When we arrived at port he offered me \$5 a trip to stay with them, but I had had enough of it for a time, and thanked him. College? I would like to go, and I think I shall some day." J. O. C.

A Question of Tactics.

"Ma, am I got to get 'nother plate of ' scream 'ides this un'?" "Why, little Jim?" "Cause, ma, I wan' to know whether to gobble this un up er drag it out."—Indianapolis Journal.

This Will Interest Many.

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, or neuralgia, will send their address to him at Box 1561, Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured. Hundreds have tested it with success.

Michigan Central Change in Time.

Effective at 10 a. m., Sunday the 25th inst., the following changes in time will occur: Toledo Division—Cincinnati fast train will depart at 12:35 instead of 12:45 p. m. Grosse Ile Accommodation will leave at 10:15 instead of 8:15 a. m. Train between Toledo and Saginaw will be discontinued. Grosse Ile-Detroit Accommodation will arrive at 12 noon instead of at 10:15 a. m., and the train heretofore reaching Detroit at 4:35 p. m. will also be discontinued. Bay City Division—Saginaw Valley Express will depart at 4:25 instead of at 4:45 p. m. Marquette Express will arrive from the north at 9:30 instead of 8:10 a. m. The Detroit Express from the Saginaw Valley will arrive at 4:10 p. m. instead of 11:30 a. m. The time of all other trains from Detroit remains unchanged. On the Bay City Division in particular the above change greatly improves the service, permitting people in the Saginaw Valley to leave early in the morning, giving them the entire day at Detroit, and a chance to reach home in the early evening, if desired.

AUTY IN THE BALKANS



CATHOLIC PEASANT.

back; flexible as a beautiful panther, like the Syrian Bernhardt of some 15 years ago.

"There is no suggestion of manhood about eastern women's divided skirts. They are indeed far less manly than the English knickerbockers, or the French chatouilles' shoddy dress. My eye was blessed by the sight of my first that when smarting from the spectacle of Japanese tailor-made wheelwomen—so wooden in body, so pinched in waist, so stunted in limb.

"The Serbian woman often wears on gala occasions a gold-embroidered zouave jacket, with the sleeve-seams general in eastern Europe, and so graceful in shading the arm or hanging at the back, as the weather or the wearer's will may order. Her smart cap is a sort of fez, not a special symbol of Mahometanism, but pretty generally in favor with all creeds. On neck and throat she wears a fortune in gems, coins and chains—probably all the fortune she possesses, saving her wealth in bracelets and belt clasps.

Des that like the... is a start... in Greek... Jews, or... a. After... in stock... igh unli... Moslems... ans, the... ed) can... e Turk... of the... no less... ous in... eling girl... Berajovo... i woman... wn Em...

W
a
W
g
an
on
yo
Th
a
I
Sa
JC