

GANTT HAS STARTLING EVIDENCE

Dorsey Promises New Testimony Against Frank

PHAGAN CASE RIVALED IN DALLAS

Mystery in Slaying of Girl Typist
in Downtown Office Grows.
All Clues Fail.

DALLAS, TEXAS, July 30.—After hours of the most thorough investigation the police of Dallas to-day admitted that they were no nearer a solution of the city's worst murder mystery than they were when the body of Florence Brown was found in the office where she was employed. A pearl button, evidently from a man's shirt, found lying in a pool of blood was the only tangible clue in the possession of the police. Wax impressions of the finger marks in the girl's flesh were taken. The detectives on the case have gone over the scene of the crime a dozen times and have compiled a complete history of the young stenographer's life without result.

Left Her Home in Auto.
Miss Brown left her home at 8 o'clock Monday morning. S. B. Cuthbertson, an employee of the real estate firm employing her, called for her in his automobile. Leaving Miss Brown at the office, Cuthbertson went on to the courthouse, where he spent less than 35 minutes transacting business. When he returned to the office, Miss Brown was not at her desk, but the other employees of the firm had not noticed her absence.

G. W. Swor, manager of the rental department, entered the lavatory and came upon the girl's body lying in a pool of blood. She had been dead only a short time, and there were evidences of a desperate fight waged by the girl against her slayer. Rings Torn From Fingers.
Blood was on the wall and the girl's throat was cut. Marks on her left arm showed where strong teeth had met in the flesh. Two rings were torn from her fingers. A blood-curved hammer was found. The sharp instrument that cut her throat was not found. The murderer apparently left the office in haste, although he stopped to wash his hands of the girl's blood.

Search began to-day for a woman suspect. The police said the scratches and teeth marks on the girl's arm were not made by a man, but that they were the marks made by a woman fighting.

The last of the 25 white men taken into custody as suspects were released to-day.

A new development disclosed by to-day's investigation related Miss Brown's activity in unearthing crookedness in the management of part of the real estate firm's business during the absence of Miss Brown's uncle, a member of the firm.

6th District Masons

In Session at Macon

MACON, July 30.—More than 150 Masons from the Sixth district are in annual meeting in Macon to-day. The sessions are presided over by J. T. Davidson.

This morning addresses were made by A. W. Lane, of Macon; T. J. Brown, Judge R. T. Daniels, of Griffin, and Grand Master Robert L. Colding, of Savannah. The visitors were complimented with a barbecue at noon at the Idle Hour Club. Tonight there will be degree exemplifications in the lodgerooms of Macon lodge.

Dreams of Baseball;
Chases Fly in Sleep

DALTON, July 30.—Dreaming of baseball Claude Prentiss, 12-year-old son of O. G. Prentiss, local agent for the Southern Railway, thought he was chasing a fly in the outfield and ran out of an upstairs window of a bedroom at his home and struck the brick pavement below.

The little fellow got up, dazed by the shock of the fall, but only slightly bruised.

'Uncle Joe' Thrown Into Lake by Auto; Never Loses Cigar

DANVILLE, ILL., July 30.—The only reason that "Uncle Joe" Cannon is alive to-day was the shallowness of the small lake in Spring Hill cemetery. The former Speaker and his daughter narrowly escaped drowning when their automobile went over a fifteen-foot embankment and alighted right side up in five feet of water. "Uncle Joe's" teeth clung to the thin, black cigar.

"I thought we started for a spin, not a swim," he said gruffly. Mrs. Ernest Leseure, his daughter, who was about to faint from fright, laughed. They climbed out of the machine and waded ashore. "Uncle Joe" rode home in a grocery delivery wagon.

Dream Tango and Horse Trot Make Others Look Slow

NEW YORK, July 30.—Two new dances, the dream tango and the horse trot, soon will make their appearance. Uriel Davis, dancing master to the "four hundred," who arrived from Europe to-day, says the new dances will make the tango, the turkey trot, bunny hug, banana peel glide and the others look like an old straw bonnet.

He is going to teach the summer colony at Newport the new ways to glide. The horse trot, he said, is a modified turkey trot, the dancers flitting over the waxed surface like prancing steeds, instead of wobbling all over the floor.

He declined to tell what his new tango is like.

\$900 Clerk Twits Mr. Bryan in Verse

WASHINGTON, July 30.—R. E. Norfleet, Jr., a clerk in the Department of Justice, has written a poem which was made public to-day, in which he twits Secretary Bryan for complaining that he cannot live on \$12,000 a year. The last stanza follows:

All things are out of proportion.
To us all a yard is a yard;
If the burden falls heavy on Bryan
On us it is equally hard.
And thus we word our petition,
And hope that relief may be near!
For if Bryan can't live on a thousand
We can't on nine hundred a year.

16-Year-Old Boy On
Trial for Slaying

GAINESVILLE, GA., July 30.—Bar-tow Cantrell, 16 years old, to-day is being tried for the murder of Arthur Hawkins on May 27. He first decided to plead guilty and said his brother, Jim Cantrell, hired him to kill Hawkins. Jim Cantrell has been found guilty of murder without recommendation.

Mrs. Silva Hawkins, wife of the murdered man, has not yet been tried. Jim Cantrell is likely to be the first white man to be hanged in Hall County.

Former Official of
Walton County Dead

MONROE, July 30.—Judge T. C. Arnold, former ordinary and Sheriff of Walton County and Chief of Police of Monroe, is dead. He was 44 years of age. He is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Mattie Galloway. Mr. Arnold had been declining in health for some weeks, but was critically ill but a short time, the immediate cause of his death being congestion of the brain.

The funeral and burial took place this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock in this city.

Mumps Conquered
Through Inoculation

SPECIAL CABLE TO THE GEORGIAN.
PARIS, July 30.—Inoculation of children against the mumps is now possible, according to an announcement of Drs. Nicole, Concell and Roux, who have been experimenting with the microbe.

They inoculated monkeys and made them immune.

SLAUGHTER OF MOROS CHARGED

Uncensored Report of Tribe's Ex-termination by U. S. Troops
Reveals Alleged Massacre.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 30.—The story of the killing of 2,000 Moros in the Philippine Islands by General Pershing's soldiers was related here to-day by John McLean, a civilian employee of the United States army, quartermaster's department, who arrived from Manila on the steamer Persia.

He said 196 women and 340 children were killed in one day's fighting. When the Moros saw the battle was lost to the American troops, they held their women and children in front of them as shields, and the fire from the rifles and machine guns of the troops mowed them down by scores.

News of Battle Censored.
"The news of the fighting was strictly censored at Manila," said McLean. "The American and Philippine officers only allowed the most meager reports to leak out of Jolo while the treacherous Moro bandits were being exterminated."

Three correspondents who managed to reach the seat of war were arrested on orders of General Pershing, and when I left the islands they were in danger of being imprisoned for attempting to violate the censorship.

Every Moro Slain.
"At the battle of Bagsak the scenes after the fighting were horrible. As the American troops rushed up the side of the mountain to the edge of the crater, the Moros seized women and children, many mere infants, and held them up to shield themselves. Hundreds of them were literally shot to pieces."

"It was believed that every Moro that took part in that battle was killed. By General Pershing's order, all of the bodies were burned."

Negress Accused of Plot on Employers

GREENSBORO, July 30.—Lucindy Park, a negress, will be tried at the present term of Greene Superior Court for attempting to poison the family of B. P. Kimbrough, a prominent farmer and dairyman, residing about two miles from Greensboro.

The woman, it is alleged, placed several poisonous drugs in the food prepared for the Kimbrough family, but it was detected before being eaten. It is said she put strychnine in a jar of jelly and the poison turned the color of the jelly, causing a member of the family to suspect something wrong.

Japs Offer Advice
To Chinese Rebels

SPECIAL CABLE TO THE GEORGIAN.
PEKIN, July 30.—The Government is taking active measures to suppress the secessionary movement in the southern states. Twenty thousand northern troops were to-day dispatched from Hsu-Chow-Fu for Chin-Kiang, 45 miles northeast of Nankin.

The rebels are being reinforced daily, although some of the southern states still remain loyal. It is reported here that Japanese officers are offering military advice to the rebels.

Quarrels With Wife
And Is Later Killed

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 30.—K. Sankpeal vice president of a lumber company, quarreled with his wife last night, left the house in anger, and a few hours later an automobile in which he and Miss Martha Hartlebin, of Rochester, were riding, was struck by a train a few miles from the city. Both were killed.

Mrs. Sankpeal was awake awaiting her husband's return when she was notified of his death.

FRANK TRIAL BATTLE WAGED AROUND PHAGAN DEATH NOTES

*He said he would lose me
land dab n play like the
night witch did it
but that lang tall black
negro did boy hit slab.*

Here is a facsimile of one of the notes found beside the body of Mary Phagan and introduced in the trial of Leo M. Frank. The defense met with little success in its effort to make Newt Lee admit that he had a part in the writing of this note. Sergeant Dobbs, however, testified that when the officers deciphering the note came to the word "night," Lee said: "That means me." "Night witch" has been interpreted to mean "night watchman." The real battle over the notes will come when Jim Conley, who admits writing them, is put on the stand.

PRISON BOARD IN FAVOR OF OPEN SENTENCES

Senate Committee Decides to
Recommend Bill—Commission
Head Praises It.

Chairman R. E. Davidson, of the State Prison Commission, appeared before the Senate Penitentiary Committee Wednesday and announced that the board is in favor of the indeterminate sentence bill.

After hearing from Mr. Davidson the committee voted unanimously to report the measure favorably to the Senate. It has been reported favorably in the House. It is expected to receive no opposition.

The bill provides that instead of sentencing a prisoner for a fixed term of years, the judge shall sentence him, for burglary, say, for not less than ten years and for not more than twenty years; or for not less than five and not more than ten, as the case might be. It is then up to the convict's own behavior as to whether he gets out under the minimum sentence or has to serve the full term.

Chairman Davidson said: "The Prison Commission is heartily in favor of the indeterminate sentence. We have had practical experience of the operation of such a law in the Boys' Reformatory, and it has worked well. We have found that it makes better boys. It gives them the incentive to work for their release, and yet we are enabled to keep an eye on them and keep them under our supervision after they have been paroled. They know that their only chance to get out before serving their full term is to make good in department."

"If the convicts are given indeterminate sentences I believe the same condition will prevail. Instead of increasing their evil tendencies and making them as sneaking and idle as they dare to be they will have an incentive to behave themselves and do good, steady work. They will be given the power to redeem themselves. We have discussed the measure thoroughly, and we are satisfied that with safeguards thrown around it as they are, it is a good and practical one."

The measure is framed to exclude from the indeterminate sentence persons who have been convicted of two former offenses, also persons sentenced to life imprisonment, or persons sentenced for treason, arson, criminal assault or attempted criminal assault.

THE WEATHER.
Forecast for Atlanta and Georgia—Local thundershowers Wednesday and Thursday.

Divorce Refused by Greene County Jury

GREENSBORO, July 30.—W. L. Branch, a prominent citizen of Bishop, Greene County, was refused a divorce in his suit against his wife, Mrs. Ethel Branch, of Woodville, Greene County, by a jury in Greene Superior Court.

Mrs. Branch received a verdict for alimony in Greene County, and Branch then instituted divorce proceedings in Greene County. Mrs. Branch alleged that her husband treated her cruelly and often drank. Branch alleged that his wife willfully deserted him.

Conference Thursday On Macon Depot Issue

MACON, July 30.—A delegation from Macon will confer with the Georgia Railroad Commission and officials of the Central of Georgia Railroad at Atlanta Thursday in regard to the proposition that the claims for damages arising from the closing of Cherry street, where the new passenger depot will be built, shall be settled by arbitration.

All but one of the property owners have agreed to arbitration and the proposition is now up to the Central of Georgia and the Railroad Commission.

Negro Lad Catches Two 9-Foot Sharks

CHARLESTON, July 30.—"I got one!" exclaimed Son Brown, a negro boy fishing for sharks off the Charleston waterfront, and he had a hard time to keep from being dragged into the Cooper River by the fish that his mullet-baited hook had caught. Sixteen men helped him pull the victim in. It was a man-eating shark, 9 feet 4 inches long, weighing 500 pounds.

A half hour later the boy caught another, only two inches shorter. These two sharks are the largest caught here this season.

Millionaire Is Buried In Big Cement Block

DES MOINES, July 30.—A coffin containing the body of Oliver H. Perkins, millionaire, who died recently, has been placed in the heart of a block of cement 10 feet deep by 10 feet square in Woodlawn Cemetery. An excavation 10 feet deep by 10 feet square was made. Cement was poured in to a depth of 3 feet, upon which was placed a steel casket. Then the pouring of cement was resumed until the grave was filled.

Knife Makes Little Town Appendixless

MOUNT PLEASANT, N. H., July 30.—Colebrook, near here, has gained the name of the "appendixless town." More than 200 of the 2,000 inhabitants have undergone operations for appendicitis.

BILL HITS BANKS TRYING TO STIR PANIC FEAR

Senator Would Have U. S. Deposits Taken From Institutions
"Intimidating Congress."

WASHINGTON, July 30.—Senator Lewis introduced a resolution in the Senate to-day authorizing Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo to withdraw Government deposits from all banks which he believes are in a conspiracy to "intimidate Congress and terrorize the citizens of the United States through inciting fear of a panic" and "which have falsely depressed securities of the United States and discredited the bonds of the United States Government."

The Secretary is further authorized to suspend all the privileges enjoyed by said banks and to withdraw their charter.

Birmingham Man Is Newest Price 'Heir'

BALTIMORE, MD., July 30.—A real live Price claimant blew into Baltimore to-day in the person of F. G. Alexander, a stock broker from Birmingham, Ala.

According to his statement, the Price heirs are entitled to nearly all of the upper end of the eastern shore, as well as to a large portion of Baltimore city and county.

"I am the owner of the original sheepskin parchment on which these grants of land were made to Andrew and Thomas Price by Lord Baltimore," said Alexander.

Evelyn Just Hates The Name of Thaw

NEW YORK, July 30.—Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, or, as she insists on being called, Evelyn Nesbit, returned to America to-day on the liner Olympic to fill a theatrical engagement.

"If the manager of my production in New York insists on billing me as Evelyn Nesbit Thaw," she said, "I shall positively refuse to appear in his company. I am done with the Thaw family for good. It is not right to make it appear that I am trying to parade the name of Thaw. I am positively Evelyn Nesbit."

FACES NEW CHARGES.

SAVANNAH.—Sentenced to a year's imprisonment last October, W. O. Brown, former manager of the seed and fertilizer department of the Southern Cotton Oil Company, has appeared in the Chatham Superior Court to answer additional charges of embezzlement and larceny after trust.

STATE ADDS NEW LINK TO EVIDENCE CHAIN BY BOOTS ROGERS' STORY

Sensational testimony by J. M. Gantt, discharged pencil factory employee, was promised Wednesday by Solicitor Dorsey and Frank A. Hooper, who is assisting him. They admitted that Gantt had testimony that had never before been published, and would be one of the State's most material and direct witnesses.

The defense has heard that Gantt will testify he saw Frank and Conley together on the day of the crime. Gantt was expected to follow Grace Hicks on the stand.

The State added another link in the chain of circumstantial evidence it is seeking to forge about Leo M. Frank by calling W. W. (Boots) Rogers to the stand Wednesday.

Rogers is the former county officer in whose automobile the policemen went to the National Pencil Factory Sunday morning after Newt Lee, factory nightwatchman, had called up the police station.

Rogers was on the stand two hours, but in this time he failed to give any material evidence that had not already been presented to the Coroner's Jury.

As in the testimony of Sergeant L. S. Dobbs, another of the persons who visited the factory the morning after the crime, it was the purpose of Solicitor Dorsey to emphasize the circumstances which he later proposes to construe as highly significant of Frank's guilt.

Frank Laughs for First Time.
During the testimony of Rogers, Frank laughed heartily for the first time since the trial began—in fact, it was the first display of any emotion that the defendant has made.

Rogers was telling of his visit to the Frank residence at No. 68 East Georgia avenue when the incident occurred which aroused Frank's laughter.

The ex-county officer said that Detective Black had suggested that a drink of whisky would do Frank good. Rogers said that Mrs. Frank had said that her father, Mr. Selig, had suffered an attack of acute indigestion and that there was no whisky left in the house.

"He had had an attack of acute indigestion and drank up all the liquor," repeated Attorney Rosser, humorously. "Well, I have those attacks occasionally myself."

Defense Hints Attack Theory.
Miss Grace Hicks of No. 100 McDonough road, followed Rogers on the stand, and Solicitor Dorsey, after having her tell of identifying Mary Phagan the morning after the murder, started at once on a line of questioning that indicated his theory that Mary Phagan was first attacked in or near the women's toilet on the second floor of the factory.

Attorney Rosser, on cross-examination, brought out that Frank seldom spoke to the girls and that she did not know that he was familiar with them.

The most important points in the testimony of "Boots" Rogers in the re-direct examination were:

That he heard Detective Starnes make no mention of what had happened at the factory when Starnes called Frank Sunday morning.

That Frank, although the interval between calling him and the arrival of Rogers' car at Frank's home was only five or six minutes, was dressed for the street, except for collar, tie, coat and hat.

Says Frank Was Nervous.
That Frank's shirt had the appearance of being freshly laundered.

That Frank appeared nervous and asked of Detective John Black if anything had happened at the factory, and if the nightwatchman had reported anything to the police.

That Frank's words were jumpy; that he continuously was rubbing his hands, and that he moved about nervously.

That he defendant, when he was taken to the undertaking room, avoided going into the room where the Phagan girl's body lay, and that he never looked into the face of the girl whom the State charges was his victim.

That Frank still was nervous when taken to the factory. That he witnessed Frank take the tape from the time clock and heard him remark that the punches were correct. That he (Rogers), while Frank was in the office after a blank tape, examined the tape taken from the clock and saw that none of the punches had been missed.

Mincey, the star witness for the defense, was not in the witness room Wednesday, nor was he there Tuesday. The prosecution openly stated it did not expect Mincey to be introduced as a witness. Attorney Arnold would not discuss Mincey's absence, but declared that he would be on hand at the proper time.

Factory Diagram Changed.
Court opened Wednesday with a discussion of the admissibility of the diagram of the pencil factory drawn by Bert Green, a Georgian staff artist. The key to the diagram and all objectionable wording had been removed.

Attorney Arnold still objected to the lines which he claimed outlined the theory of the prosecution.

"You don't have to label a horse to see it is a horse," he said.

Solicitor Dorsey cited legal authority which he claimed entitled him to present the diagram as evidence. Attorney Arnold said:

"Those dotted lines have nothing to do with the building proper at all. It undertakes to show something that the building itself wouldn't show."

Revised Chart Admitted.
When Solicitor Dorsey started to continue his argument Judge Roan interrupted and said:

"Do you mean for the dotted lines to show the theory of the prosecution?"

"Yes," answered Dorsey.

"But," continued the judge, "it is with the jury as to whether you prove this to be the correct theory or not."

"Yes," said Dorsey.

"On those grounds then I admit it as evidence," said Judge Roan.

W. W. Rogers, the county policeman, who was one of the first to visit the scene of the crime, was the first witness of the day called.

Rogers on the Stand.
The jury was brought in after the picture was admitted.

The men filed into their seats, showing for the first time some signs of the long hours of confinement.

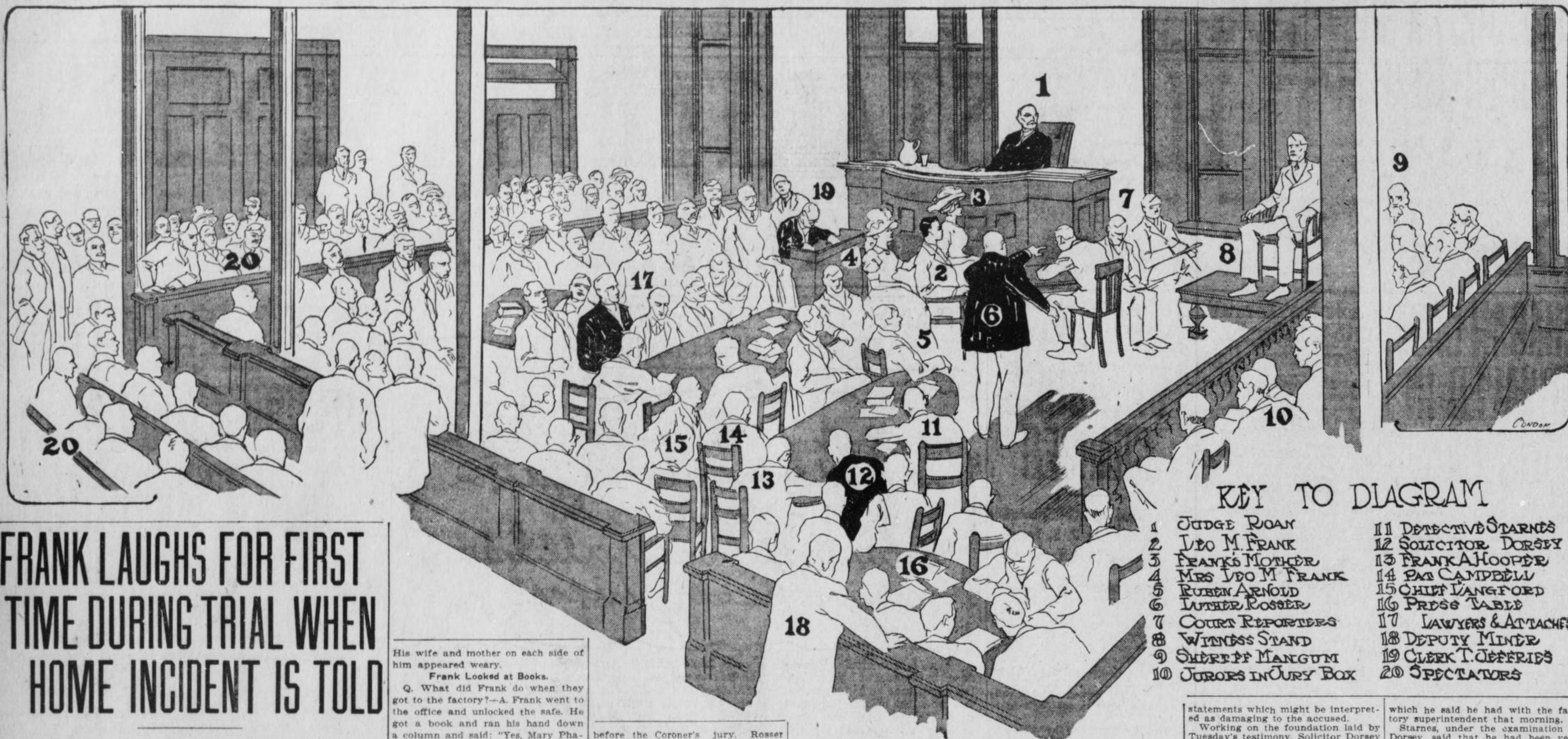
"Call W. W. Rogers to the stand," said Solicitor Dorsey, announcing his first witness.

The young man who took the police to the scene of the crime early that Sunday morning was sworn.

Q Where were you Saturday night, April 26?—A At the station house.

Q Where were you at about 3

DIAGRAM OF COURTROOM WITH FRANK TRIAL IN PROGRESS



FRANK LAUGHS FOR FIRST TIME DURING TRIAL WHEN HOME INCIDENT IS TOLD

Continued From Page 1.

o'clock Sunday morning?—A. I was still there.

Q. Where did you go from there?—A. I took the police to the pencil factory, where they had been called.

Q. What did you do then?—A. After a negro let us in I went down into the basement with the police and found the body.

Present as Starnes Phoned.
Q. Were you present when Detective Starnes called someone over the telephone?—A. Yes.

Q. What time was it?—A. About 5 or 5:30 Sunday morning.

Q. Do you know who he called?—A. No.

Q. What did he say?—A. I don't recall exactly, but in substance he was asking me one to come to the factory. I heard him say, "If you will come I will send an automobile for you." He turned to me and asked me if I would go to Mr. Frank's home and get him. He gave us the address and Detective Black went with me. Detective Black went to the door. I won't be sure whether he knocked or rang the bell. Mrs. Frank answered the door. She had on a heavy blue bathrobe. We asked if Frank was there, and he came through the curtain into the reception hall.

Q. Was he dressed for the street?—A. Yes, with the exception of collar and coat.

Q. Can you tell exactly what he had on?—A. A pair of shoes, blue trousers, white pleated shirt, and suspenders.

Neither Answered Frank.
Q. What was said?—A. When Frank came in he went directly to Black. He asked him, "Has anything happened at the factory?" Black did not answer him, and, turning to me, he asked the same question. I did not answer.

Q. What else did he say?—A. He asked, "Did the nightwatchman telephone you anything had happened at the factory?"

Q. What else?—A. Black did not answer him then, but told him he had better come to the factory.

Q. What did Starnes say to Frank over the phone besides what you have already told?—A. "Object," said Attorney Rosser, "on the ground that it is essentially a leading question."

"You will have to put the question differently," said Judge Roan to Mr. Dorsey.

Tells of Phone Talk.
Q. Detail now, what Mr. Starnes said first?—A. Mr. Starnes was talking to someone over the telephone. I won't be sure whether he told him who it was or not. He asked this party he was talking to to come to the factory. He said if he would, he would send an automobile for him. With that he turned to me and asked me to go to Frank's house and get him.

Q. Did you hear anyone else call from the factory?—A. Soon after we reached the pencil factory, about 3:30 o'clock, I was up in the office with Policeman Anderson and Newt Lee. Anderson was trying to get someone over the phone. I don't know who it was.

Q. What else happened at Frank's

home?—A. I think he asked his wife for his collar and coat.

Q. Was that all?—A. All I remember.
"Your honor," said Mr. Dorsey, "he has clearly overlooked something. Can I direct his attention to it?"

Frank Recalled a Dream.
"How do you know it?" interrupted Rosser.

"I have his testimony before the Coroner's jury and I have talked to him," said Dorsey.

"Oh, Lord," growled Rosser as he sat down.

Q. What was said about a dream?—A. Mr. Frank said something about dreaming or hearing the telephone ring during the night.

Q. Was anything said about whisky?—A. Yes. Mr. Frank said he had not had breakfast. He thought he would like to have a cup of coffee. Detective Black said a drink of whisky might do him some good. Mrs. Frank answered that Mrs. Selig had been ill with acute indigestion and had used all of the whisky in the house.

Q. How was Frank's voice that morning?—A. He was nervous.

Q. What about his voice? Was it fine?—A. Yes, it was fine; somewhat like a woman's. He asked questions rather abrupt, right off the reel. His questions were jumpy.

Appeared Very Nervous.
Q. What was his appearance when you first saw him?—A. He was rubbing his hands and was extremely nervous.

Q. Was his hair combed or tousled?—A. It was combed.

Q. What was the conversation on the way to the factory?—A. Black or myself—I don't remember which—asked him if he knew a little girl named Mary Phagan. He asked if she worked at the pencil factory and we told him we thought she did. He said he would have to look on his pay roll to see if she did; that he didn't know many of the girls there and that he never went out into the factory among them much. We suggested that we had better go by the undertaking establishment and let him see the body.

Q. Describe how you found the body?—A. The room was dark. Undertaker Ghesling went back of the body and turned on the light. The head of the dead girl was toward the wall. Ghesling took her face in his hands and turned it toward us. Mr. Frank had been behind me as we entered the room, but when Ghesling turned the girl's face to me I looked around and Frank was going out of the room.

Didn't See Her Face.
Q. How long did he have to see the face?—A. He didn't have any time, for when her face was turned to the light he had stepped outside the room.

Q. Did you ask him any questions?—A. Mr. Black asked him if he recognized the body. He said if her name was Mary Phagan, he could tell whether she worked at the factory by looking over his pay roll.

Q. What was his attitude at the undertaker's establishment?—A. He still appeared nervous.

Q. How?—A. Well, he stepped lively and moved quickly.

Frank sat passive during these questions, his expression an enigma.

His wife and mother on each side of him appeared weary.

Frank Looked at Books.
Q. What did Frank do when they got to the factory?—A. Frank went to the office and unlocked the safe. He got a book and ran his hand down a column and said: "Yes, Mary Phagan worked here; if I am not mistaken she was here Saturday and drew her pay."

He said it was some time a little after 12 o'clock. He asked us if we didn't find a pay envelope near her body. We told him no.

Q. What was the time exactly, according to Frank?—A. He just said it was something a little after 12.

Q. What was his manner?—A. He was nervous and quick.

Q. What was done about running the elevator?—A. I don't remember exactly who said it, but some one suggested that we see where the girl was murdered. Frank went out to the switchbox and opened it, and after he had turned on a few things the machinery began to run.

Tried to Start Elevator.
Q. Did anyone ask him about the switch box not being locked?—A. He said the insurance company had him stop locking it, saying it was against the law.

Q. Did Frank run the elevator?—A. He pulled the rope to start it, but it would not move. He called Darley and the elevator was started after some little delay.

Q. Did anyone comment on the murder?—A. I think Mr. Frank said Darley had worked Newt Lee and that if anyone could get anything out of him it was Darley.

Q. What else happened?—A. Frank said: "We had better nail the back door, Darley."

Q. What was done?—A. Frank and Darley went to nail the back door.

Q. What did you do then?—A. Frank said: "I guess we had better put in a new tape, Darley." He then took the tape out of the box and remarked, "They are all punched all right."

Frank Brought New Slip.
Q. Where was Newt Lee?—A. Lee was right behind me, handcuffed.

Q. Where was Darley?—A. He was right there.

Q. What happened next?—A. Mr. Frank went to his office, brought out a new slip. He took out the old slip and wrote on it April 24, 1913.

Q. What did he do with it?—A. He folded it once and went into his office.

Q. Did you see that slip?—A. Yes, I glanced at it. The first punch was 5:01 and the second at 5:32. There did not appear to be any skip in it.

Q. Did you hear Frank say anything about something to eat?—A. Yes, several times he said he wanted to get a cup of coffee.

Visit to Frank's Home.
Q. Was anything said about a little drink doing you all good?—A. Yes. When we were at Frank's home Black said something about a drink. Mrs. Frank called to Mrs. Selig and she said there was no whisky in the house; that Mr. Selig had an attack of indigestion the night before and used it all.

Q. When you were at the undertaker's, how did you get to the chapel?—A. We went down a long corridor.

Q. Did you know that Ghesling, standing in front of the corpse, saw Frank looking at it?—A. No.

Q. Then you won't say that Frank didn't see the young girl's face?—A. I do say that it would have been impossible for anyone to see her face when it was turned to the wall, and I can swear that no one but Mr. Ghesling and I went up to the corpse.

Might Have Seen Body.
Q. Wasn't it possible that Frank saw the body and the face at the same time you did and turned his

before the Coroner's jury. Rosser again objected. Judge Roan declared the witness could not be led.

Q. Did you see the officers do anything with Frank and Lee at the station?—A. I saw them take Mr. Frank and Lee up the stairs.

Q. Did you see Frank with a pencil?—A. I can't say that I did or did not. I was around there so much and saw so much.

Q. What was Frank's attitude at the station?—A. He appeared nervous, as he had all the morning.

Q. Did you or not have occasion to observe Frank's hand at the police station?—A. No, sir, I did not.

Rosser Takes Witness.
Mr. Rosser then took up the cross-examination.

Q. You never saw Frank before that morning?—A. No.

Q. You don't know whether what you considered his nervousness was natural to him or not?—A. No.

Q. How long after you had knocked at Frank's door was it before Frank came?—A. About a minute or two.

Q. You went to the factory with the police?—A. Yes.

Q. You had some trouble in finding whether the child was black or white?—A. Yes.

Q. Didn't someone have to pull down her stocking and look at the flesh before they could tell her color?—A. Yes, I believe so.

Tells of Victim's Face.
Q. Was there dirt on her face?—A. Yes.

Q. Was there dirt in her mouth?—A. Yes, and some in her eyes.

Q. How long were you at Frank's home?—A. About fifteen minutes.

Q. It took that long for the things you have told us to happen?—A. Yes.

Q. Are you sure of it?—A. Pretty sure.

Q. You don't know what time it was when you went to the undertaker's?—A. You don't know whether it was 7 o'clock or not, do you?—A. I can't be sure of that. I am trying to refresh my memory as best I can.

Q. Did you swear to that conversation with Frank about the pay envelope at the Coroner's inquest?—A. Yes, I said something about it.

Q. Are you as sure of that as the other things you have sworn to this morning?—A. I am sure I said something about it.

Q. When you were at the undertaker's, how did you get to the chapel?—A. We went down a long corridor.

Q. Did you know that Ghesling, standing in front of the corpse, saw Frank looking at it?—A. No.

Q. Then you won't say that Frank didn't see the young girl's face?—A. I do say that it would have been impossible for anyone to see her face when it was turned to the wall, and I can swear that no one but Mr. Ghesling and I went up to the corpse.

Might Have Seen Body.
Q. Wasn't it possible that Frank saw the body and the face at the same time you did and turned his

head at the same time you did?—A. Yes, I suppose so.

Q. Did Frank have any trouble unlocking the safe at the office? Did he work the combination the first time?—A. Yes, without any trouble.

Q. Mr. Frank tried the elevator and couldn't?—A. Yes.

Q. He called Mr. Darley?—A. Yes.

Q. Did it run smoothly when it started?—A. Yes.

Q. Did it stop with a jerk when it reached the bottom?—A. No; it just stopped.

No Stains in Sawdust.
Q. Was there blood on the sawdust where you found the body?—A. No; we couldn't find any.

Q. Was there blood anywhere?—A. Yes; some on her undershirt.

Q. Was there blood on her head?—A. Yes, there was some dry blood matted in the hair.

Q. Was there blood running anywhere on the body?—A. I don't remember any.

Q. Who turned her over?—A. Sergeant Dobbs, I believe.

Q. Were you there when they found the shoe?—A. No.

Q. Were the shoe and hat found that morning?—A. They were not before I left to get Grace Hicks to identify the body.

Went to Station With Party.
Q. How did it happen that Frank went with you to the police station? Did he volunteer to go?—A. I don't know exactly. He went along with the party without any hesitancy.

The question was interrupted by a whispered conference between Rosser and Arnold; then Rosser continued.

Q. When Mrs. Frank was telephoning to Darley, how far were you from the telephone?—A. About 3 feet.

The re-direct examination was begun by Dorsey:

Q. Could you tell by a glance at the hair whether the girl was white or not?—A. Yes, you couldn't tell by the face, but it was evident it was the hair of a white girl.

Couldn't Have Seen Face.
Q. Did you say Frank did or did not see that girl's face in the undertaking establishment?

"I object," said Rosser. "You can ask only what opportunities he had to see the face," answered Judge Roan.

A. He couldn't see it because her body was not lying so that he could see it. Rosser said: "Mr. Rogers didn't you tell me that you didn't know where Mr. Frank was when you were looking at the girl's face?"—A. Yes, but he couldn't have seen it unless he was standing near me, and he wasn't standing near me.

Dorsey asked: "Did Frank ever go into the room you know her?"—A. To the best of my knowledge he did not. He went in the direction of the toilet, or a room which I took to be a toilet.

Grace Hicks on Stand.
Rogers was then excused, and Miss Grace Hicks went on the stand. She was questioned by Dorsey.

Q. Did you know Mary Phagan?

light blue ribbons around her neck and elbow sleeves.

Q. How was she when you saw her?—A. She was covered except her head.

Q. How did you know her?—A. By her hair. It was so long and pretty.

Q. Was she pretty?—A. Yes.

Q. Where did you work?—A. In the metal room.

Q. What did you do first when you went to the factory each day?—A. Punched the clock.

At Factory Every Day.
Q. How often was Mary at the factory?—A. Nearly every day.

Q. Where was Mary's work place?—A. Right next to the dressing room.

Q. Did you see where the blood was?—A. Yes.

Q. A person going from the office back to the rear of the second floor would have had to pass the dressing room, the place near where Mary Phagan worked, wouldn't they?—A. Yes.

Q. Did Frank pass there every day?—A. Almost every day. He would come back two or three times a day to see how the work was going on.

Q. When was Mary at the factory last to work?—A. The Monday before April 26.

Saturday Regular Pay Day.
Q. Why didn't she work that week?—A. The metal had given out.

Q. Where was the metal kept?—A. In a little closet under the stairway.

Q. When was the regular pay day?—A. Saturday at 12.

Q. Was anyone paid off Saturday, April 26?—A. Most of them were paid off the Friday night before, as Saturday was a holiday.

Dorsey then had the witness point out the machinery where Mary Phagan worked on the second floor, as shown on the Bert Green diagram.

Then Rosser took the witness on cross-examination.

Attracted by the report that the State intended to introduce its most important witnesses during the day, a larger crowd than that which clamored for admission on the first two days of the trial besieged the courthouse Wednesday morning as the time for the resumption of the Frank trial approached.

That a sensation is to be sprung by the defense by the production of the mysteriously missing ribbon and flowers from the hat of the murdered girl was repeatedly indicated by Attorney Rosser's line of questioning Tuesday and the afternoon before.

Beginning with Mrs. J. W. Coleman, mother of Mary Phagan, the attorney for Frank interrogated every witness who saw the girl alive or dead that day in regard to the ribbon and flowers.

Mrs. Coleman said that the ribbon and flowers were on the hat when Mary left home. Newt Lee said that he had seen no sign of the missing trimmings. The testimony of Sergeant L. S. Dobbs was the same. Detective Starnes, when he was turned over for the cross-examination, made the same admission.

It is believed that Rosser will produce the ribbon and will attempt to establish that it was found in a place throwing suspicion upon the negro Conley.

statements which might be interpreted as damaging to the accused.

Working on the foundation laid by Tuesday's testimony, Solicitor Dorsey was understood to be prepared Wednesday and Thursday to introduce witnesses who would swear that the red stains found in two places on the second floor were splashes of blood and not aniline or any other coloring stain; also that the bloody fingerprints on the rear door of the basement were the finger-prints of Leo M. Frank.

City Detective J. N. Starnes just before he left the stand Tuesday night identified pieces of wood as pieces he had chipped from the rear door of the factory. There were fingerprints easily distinguishable upon them. A finger-print expert was in the employ of Solicitor Dorsey for some time during the investigation of the murder mystery and was named among the State's witnesses.

The red-stained chips from the factory floor were sent to Dr. Claude E. Smith, city bacteriologist, for analysis. Dr. Smith also is one of the State's witnesses and was expected to be called Wednesday or during Thursday's forenoon session.

Writing Paid Evidence?
It was understood when the trial opened Wednesday morning that Detective Starnes would be recalled to the stand by the Solicitor to tell of finding on a shelf just outside Frank's office writing pads of paper similar to that on which the notes found by Mary Phagan's body were written.

If the Solicitor did not alter his plans meantime, J. M. Gantt, discharged factory employee, was to be the next witness on the stand. Gantt told at the Coroner's inquest that Frank appeared nervous and apprehensive when he (Gantt) went to the factory at 5 o'clock Saturday night to get some shoes he had left in the building.

Starnes was on the stand practically all of Tuesday afternoon. While the direct examination was in progress the detective told of his part in scouring the pencil factory for evidence.

One of his statements on which the State is relying to establish that Frank acted and talked in an incriminating manner the morning the body was found consisted in his testimony in regard to a telephone conversation

which he said he had with the factory superintendent that morning.

Starnes, under the examination of Dorsey, said that he had been very guarded when he called up Frank that morning and had merely said that he desired Frank's presence at the factory. He denied that he had mentioned the fact that a girl had been killed.

Claim Frank Knew.
It is the purpose of the State to seek to establish that Frank, without being told of what had happened, had made remarks to the officers when they came for him which indicated he was not unaware that a girl had been murdered in his factory.

The main points of Starnes' testimony were:

That he had discovered stains resembling blood in two places on the second floor of the factory.

That Frank acted nervous when brought to the factory.

That Frank made a strange remark to Foreman M. B. Darley that he "had more than one suit of clothes," referring to the fact that he had on a different suit than the one he wore the day before.

That Lee appeared composed when questioned Sunday by the detective.

That he witnessed the new night watchman in the pencil factory make a complete punch of the time clock covering a period of twelve hours in five minutes.

Under Rosser's cross-examination Starnes admitted that it was practically impossible for him to remember the exact words he used in certain parts of his testimony at the Coroner's inquest. This admission was obtained by Rosser to show that Starnes' memory in respect to the telephone conversation with Frank could not be regarded as any more reliable.

Rosser brought out that Starnes failed to mention at the Coroner's inquest either the matter of the telephone conversation or of the alleged conversation he held with Frank the morning of the murder.

Starnes also admitted that the finger-print chips which were shown him by Solicitor Dorsey might not be the same chips he had taken from the rear door of the basement, as the chips had been out of his possession part of the time during the investigation.

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It is quite another thing to make them so that they are always better than all other soda crackers, always of unvarying goodness.

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ROSSER'S EXAMINATION OF LEE JUST A SHOT IN THE DARK; HOPED TO START QUARRY

By JAMES B. NEVIN.

If Mr. Luther Z. Rosser's bite is one-half so dangerous as his growl undoubtedly is disconcerting and awe-inspiring, there will be little save shreds and patches of the prosecution left when the State comes eventually to sum up its case against Leo Frank.

Rosser's examination of New Lee was one of the most nerve racking and interesting I ever listened to.

It reminded me much of a big mastiff worrying and teasing a huge brown rat, and grimly bent eventually upon the rat's utter annihilation.

A witness against one of Rosser's mighty bombardments is in a decidedly uncomfortable predicament—no doubt about that!

True, Lee snapped back at Rosser and growled angrily every little bit, and strove this way and that to get away from the insistent prod of the tremendously menacing mass of humanity forever in front of him, worrying, teasing, sneering, and threatening, but he could not.

Always the terrible Rosser was there—and so, every little bit, Lee would fall back into the witness chair, with an audible sigh, and say, ever so softly and abjectly, "Yassin, yassin, Ah guess dat's so!"

Sometimes Lee Countered.

Bulldozer Rosser may be, browbeater perhaps, he still is far and away the most picturesque figure in the trial as it has progressed to date.

The Solicitor General outspokenly represents the Rosser methods of examining witnesses and endeavors with all the resourcefulness at his command to counteract them and set them so far at naught as he may—just as plainly he fears the powerful figure leading the case for Frank, and dreads to the very limit the effectiveness of his methods.

It must be remembered that the State is relying largely upon the testimony of two ignorant negroes for the conviction of Frank.

Conley is the State's star witness and New Lee is its second best bet. Both are densely ignorant, and, theoretically at least, more or less easy marks for the Rosser method of examination.

Time and again, Lee rallied and came back at his tormenter with telling effect, and likely altogether that more than once the jury's sympathy went out to Lee in large measure, while Rosser was grilling him, and to the dawning of Arnold's will and adroit sidesteps, the spectators in the courtroom frequently responded readily with approving titters and snuffs.

Still, more than once Rosser mixed the negro up somewhat—and we may hear more of that when the adroit Arnold comes to the bar for argument.

'Rapiers' Second the 'Clubs.'

And so, it seems to me now that the battle is to divide after this fashion: Rosser is to wield the bludgeon, and Dorsey is to neutralize or ward off its shock wherever and whenever he can, while Arnold and Hooper are to undertake the more skillful and artistic, but none the less deadly, rapier work.

Rosser is to smash and bang things around, and Arnold is to puncture, thrust and parry.

It will be, in those circumstances, full and fair time for small boys and persons of hesitating dispositions to stand from under—but neither Dorsey nor Hooper is made of that variety of human clay.

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," of course—and Luther Rosser has scored many a brilliant victory in the past through the simple process of making the other fellow mad.

And he can make Dorsey mad, too—and does, frequently.

If only Dorsey had Hooper's poise and unruffled calm, the assaults of Rosser and the aggravating persistence of the man would be as harmless as the shots of a popgun against a modern man-of-war.

Dorsey Falls Into Trap.

But Dorsey isn't Hooper, and the consequence is that Dorsey gets very angry now and then, which is exactly what Rosser is driving at, and when Dorsey communicates some of his distress of mind and temper to the witness on the stand, the psychological condition is set up, and the doesn't make the most of it, and every time it happens, his hand will have lost its cunning and underbelly, and he'll not quarrel, you see, and that's all!

If that doesn't make the witness a thousand times madder than ever before, I can not imagine why!

When it comes to handling a witness of the caliber of Sergeant Dobbs, the defendant does not perform any particular transformation in his make-up or his methods.

He essays no Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde roles—no ever and always is the same big, massive, powerful, crushing, snorting, fighting, destroying mass of humanity, under full mental and physical steam ahead!

His Scowl Good Argument.

If anybody in this world is capable of lifting himself by the bootstraps, unquestionably Mr. Rosser is the man!

No one in all the courtroom watches him so closely as does the defendant's wife, Lucile Frank.

Frank watches him rather curiously, even quizzically; the older Mrs. Frank—the defendant's mother—not quite so closely—but the prisoner's wife rarely takes her eyes off her husband's leading counsel.

And there is something amazingly fascinating about Mr. Rosser.

He is fascinating physically—of course his superb mental equipment is not debatable—much after the same fashion that old John L. Sullivan used to be.

In many days of old John

L.'s scowls often served to scare an adversary instantly into a doubt that a second scowl not infrequently evolved rapidly into despair.

Old Jake Kilrain told me once in Washington city that he never was genuinely afraid but once in his life, and that was the first time his ancient enemy, John L. Sullivan, frowned ferociously upon him in the beginning of their first fight—and that he (Kilrain) never got over it.

Both Center on Purpose.

"If only once or twice he had smiled upon me and looked the least little bit pleasant, I might have licked him," said white-haired old Jake Kilrain, "but he never did once—indeed, I never once saw Sullivan smile while fighting, in all the days I have known him!"

And I mean it as a compliment to Luther Z. Rosser when I credit him with that same sort of terrible definiteness of purpose in trying a case.

Mr. Rosser lets it be seen, cautiously and carefully at first, that he had a deadly intent toward Lee. He made it plain by an adroit development of questioning that he proposed showing, if he could, more in Lee's connection with this crime than the public latterly has imagined to be possible.

Eventually it dawned upon the thick-witted negro there in the witness chair that Rosser was leading up, through all those puzzling and worrying questions, to a fixed and steady mark, and Lee could be seen plainly to squirm and twist as he drew inevitably nearer and nearer the perilous brink.

Story Virtually Unshaken.

He began to shift and back away from questions, to complain of inaccuracy in the stenographic reports of the Coroner's inquest, to evade and become indefinite. Evidently, at one time, the negro was growing afraid, and he undertook to be as cunning and as cautious as he might.

And yet, with all of that, he stood the ordeal pretty well, and came through relatively unharmed. I think his evidence, as an isolated thing, amounts to little, anyway—but I think it went to the jury fairly well unchallenged, at that!

The fighting so far, in its fuller aspect, has been so plainly skirmishing and jockeying for position that many spectators must have wondered often, as I did, what sort of accounting that other and far more important battle figure in the Frank trial, Jim Conley, might be expected to give of himself under the merciless fire of Rosser.

It is about the negro Conley that the battle will reach its zenith and the fighting will be the fiercest.

After Conley has been disposed of, one way or the other, the case against Frank will be either up or down, according to the status of Conley when his remarkable story has been put to the ultimate test.

Will Conley Stand the Test?

Will Conley be as nimble-witted as Lee was?

Will he be able to withstand the onslaughts of Rosser and Arnold, even approximately as well as New Lee stood them?

If he does—

Conley thus far has held himself together pretty well. His examinations, however, have been altogether one-sided. A very different story may be told after he has been up against the best legal talent the defense could secure.

Newspapers have reported, from time to time, how Conley was "grilled" by this and so—never a party to the defense—and it has been related how well he "stuck to his story" when, after three trials, he apparently succeeded in getting hold of a story, which could stick to overnight as a fundamental proposition; but whether the word "grilled" should not really have been "drilled" never has been perfectly clear in my mind.

Conley ought to have his story well in hand by now, in any event; and so, if it is a true story, neither Mr. Rosser nor Mr. Arnold will succeed in breaking him down.

On the other hand, if Conley relates an untrue story, surely Rosser and Arnold will be able to locate the loose joints in it, and when they do Conley should read as readily as anybody the big and sinister danger signal that flare and then will loom significantly ahead of him.

Rosser Shoots in Dark.

As for the examination of New Lee by Mr. Rosser, it impressed me as a mere shooting in the dark, hoping to hit something.

To my mind there is nothing much to be had out of Lee, and excepting the fact that he discovered the dead body of little Mary Phagan in the factory cellar.

He is a genuine negro, with all of a negro's superstitious antipathy for a dead body. He went into the cellar on a perfectly natural and ordinary mission, and there he discovered the body. Just so soon as he satisfied himself as to what it was, he undoubtedly did as he swore, "light a rag out of that!"

Immediately he called the police, as he had been instructed to do by Frank, when he (Lee) first was employed as a night watchman in the factory.

That is all he knows about the crime—and it is all Mr. Rosser ever got out of him, and ever will get out of him.

The remainder of his testimony is relatively unimportant, although, to be sure, there are bits of it that serve his account for any seeming unnaturalness in the behavior of Frank just prior to his departure from the factory Saturday afternoon and later along in the evening.

Battle Has Just Begun.

The battle for Leo Frank's life, liberty and honor as a man, the fight to serve his home of the shadow of tragedy forever, has hardly yet begun.

The fighting so far has been indecisive, and to neither side has fallen any advantage or the shadow of a victory. The State has sustained itself very well because it hasn't lost anything—and about as much may be said for the defense.

And not until Jim Conley gets into the case will the really big guns be unleashed.

ARTIST'S SKETCH OF FRANK AND HIS WIFE IN THE COURTROOM

The prisoner and his wife are the center of all eyes. Mrs. Frank is at her husband's side throughout every session.

They are unmindful of the gaze of the curious, and converse frequently—with satisfaction on the case.



Mrs. Frank at times turns a withering glance toward the prosecutor's table.

Frank sits calmly with his arms akimbo, seldom changing his position as the hours pass.

FRANK'S MOTHER PITIFUL FIGURE OF THE TRIAL

Defendant Perfect in Poise, His Wife Picture of Contemptuous Confidence.

By L. F. WOODRUFF.

Arm akimbo, glasses firmly set, changing position seldom, Leo M. Frank sits through his trial with his thoughts in Kamehahkua, Terra del Fuego, or the Antipodes, so far as the spectators in the courtroom can judge.

He may realize that if the twelve men he faces decide that he is guilty of the murder of Mary Phagan, his decree of earthly court will be that his sole hope of the future will be an appeal to the Court on High. His mind may constantly carry the impression of the likelihood of the solemn reading of the death warrant, the awful march to the death chamber, the sight of the all terrifying gibbet, the dreadful ascension of its steel stairs, the few words of religious consolation—and then the drop.

Frank's Face a Mask.

But if he does realize these things, his face is as completely masked against emotion as that of a skilled poker player.

To all appearances, he is the defendant in a civil suit on a contract of \$100, and he has the money in his pocket to pay the judgment if the court should rule against him.

An outsider entering the courtroom, uninformed, would look in vain for the man whose chief interest is in the trial.

There is a world of earnestness written on the faces of the array of counsel. The jurors sit with fixed faces. Their nervous fanning tells their emotion. The court is all interest and the spectators lean forward, eyes strained to catch every word, eyes keen to observe every move.

But Leo Frank sits there placid as a pool, calm as a champion about to go forth to assured victory. If anything, his appearance indicates that the trial is not a trial to him. It is simply a detail of a misfortune that is through circumstance.

Frank's months in prison have not affected him physically. His eyes are

extremely luminous. His olive skin is exceedingly clear. He holds his spare frame erectly.

He speaks seldom. Occasionally he turns to pass a word with his wife. Every now and then he has a brief conference with his counsel. More often he gazes straight ahead—at nothing.

He sits next to the massive Luther Rosser. When Rosser is on his feet he is next to studious-appearing Reuben Arnold. When he speaks to them, his voice is impassionate and his sentences are carefully framed.

Frank's Wife Confident.

Behind him is his wife. Mrs. Frank is a remarkably handsome woman. She shares the stoicism of her husband in the trial. Though she has not missed one minute of the hearing, she has never shown that she realizes that the outcome of the case may change her to a widow.

Twice after the court has taken recess, and Frank has been turned over to his deputy sheriff guardian, she has embraced and kissed him.

But afterward, she has walked from the courtroom, head thrown back, shoulders erect, apparently unconcerned. On the street she would be taken for a woman out for an afternoon of shopping rather than the woman charged with the blackest crime known to Atlanta criminology.

Then to the left of her sits the pathetic figure of the trial. To those who believe Frank guilty, his personality is not one to arouse pity. His self-assurance is too apparent. His wife hardly stirs sympathy. She, too, is apparently confident of victory.

But there's the mother. Hour after hour she sits and listens to men trying to send her firstborn to the gallows. Hour after hour she is thrilled by the skillful struggle that his counsel makes to have the family name cleared of the stain brought by the charge that now rests against it.

Mrs. Frank is a motherly-looking woman. Her form is ample, and in her younger days was evidently a woman of striking appearance. She

is typical of the mother of her race—the revered head of the Hebrew family.

In this trial, though, her eyes are practically always fixed on her son. Their yearning light spreads through the big courtroom.

Their every flash sends the message that she wants him back on her breast a free man.

No single feature of the trial escapes her. When the prosecution scores, another line is added to the face that has been wrinkled by the three months of waiting and horror. When the defense seems to have an advantage, there is a joy expressed as great as the power of Niagara.

When the attorneys ask a question, her eyes are fixed on the questioner. When the witness answers, her gaze is on him. When the court rules, every movement of his lips is marked by her.

But there is always an eye for her son. During the trial he wished a drink of water. The pitcher was on the desk of his counsel, far from his seat and near hers.

When he looked for it, she divined his wish. She was on her feet in a second. The glass was in her hand. The water was poured out. In her trembling grasp it was passed to him.

As he took it, his stoicism broke. He smiled, his acknowledgment of the little act of kindness, and there was a wealth of love in his smile, and she smiled back reassurance. Superlatives couldn't tell the meaning of that smile.

.....

Mary Phagan is dead. She died horribly, the victim of as cruel a beast as ever polluted the soil of the Southland.

But Mary Phagan is dead; she sleeps peacefully beneath a flowered sod.

The mother of Leo Frank is alive, and be her son innocent or guilty, the mother is the pitiful figure in this black and baffling mystery.

Flashes of Tragedy Pierce Legal Tilts at Frank Trial

By O. B. KEELER.

The trouble is, plain human emotions won't stick at concert pitch all the time.

And so the Frank trial, after the first twenty minutes, say, becomes much like any other trial.

Except in the flashes.

You get into the courtroom with some formality. At once you are in the midst of order. It is rather ponderous, made-to-order order. But it is order.

Officials stalk about, walking on the balls of their feet, like pussy cats. But they do not purr. They request you to be seated. You must not stand up; you must sit down. Unfortunately, you must stand up to walk to a place to sit down. And that grieves the of-

something. It is among the duties of counsel for the defense to be constantly injured. Mr. Arnold is good at that. He is not going to fail, if the court please, in his full duty to his client, who sits there. And the particular part of Mr. Arnold's duty at this moment is to see that his learned brother does not get before the jury from this witness any of his (the witness') ideas as to how the defendant looked the morning after the tragedy at the pencil factory.

Mr. Arnold Philosophizes.

Mr. Arnold begs to submit that an officer, if it please the court, thinks everybody looks guilty. Mr. Arnold begs to submit further that the human face is the most inscrutable thing in the world. And Mr. Arnold will say—

You discover the defendant's wife and mother, and lose the thread of Mr. Arnold's philosophy.

They sit by his side. The mother's face is of the inscrutable type pictured by Mr. Arnold. The wife's face is . . . That was thrilling No. 2. . . . You realize in a flash what the Frank trial means to her. . . .

She watches the witnesses move closely than her husband. She moves her fan nervously at times. She regards the prosecutor and his assistant with a certain contemptuous defiance. . . . The tingle lasts until you realize she is chewing gum.

Mr. Arnold's philosophic objection has spun itself out. Mr. Dorsey resumes his questioning. Mr. Dorsey has a querulous manner of asking questions. Mr. Arnold's injured objections may explain that.

The Pathos of a Dress.

The testimony just now is not thrilling. It has to do with a stairway and an office and some very usual-looking cord or heavy twine. The witness has to get up frequently and point out things on a framed plan of the pencil factory that hangs on the wall where the jury can see it.

He uses an umbrella. He may be pointing out the very spot where Mary Phagan . . . But the handle of the umbrella is bent. Is it his own umbrella? It looks like a woman's.

Where did Mr. Dorsey get that twine, anyway?

Oh! the suitcase. There are other things in the suitcase. . . . A little heap of things on the floor of the witness stand—a crumpled dress, a hat. . . .

And that time you wink your eyes very hard, because they sting. What was in that little girl's mind as she put on that hat for the last time? What painstaking care had she used, to make it her "best" hat—what needle pricks, maybe, in the small fingers? And the lavender dress. . . . And the end of all, in the dust and dirt of the pencil factory basement.

Just for a flash it's all real. And cold. And grim. And pitiful.

Rosser Soars—Regardless.

Then Mr. Arnold objects again, and there is another dreary wrangle, and the idea gets uppermost in your head that the city detective is a most literal-minded witness.

It is confusing. Mary Phagan's sister is there. She

wears a black hat and an unaccustomed veil. You look in vain for tributes to emotion. She shows a mild interest in Mr. Rosser's pomp and circumstance of language. Instead of another thrill, you gain a hazy impression that Mr. Rosser is an orator who loves to soar—who would soar, in fact, when he might get along faster by walking.

You hear the purr of the fans, the shuffle of feet, the clearing of throats. You are sensible that it is very warm and that the judge twice has handled his palm leaf as if it were a gavel. You see a juror yawn luxuriously and once more find proof that yawning is contagious.

Oh, yes—after the first twenty minutes (say), the Frank trial is much like any other, except—

Again a Thrill—Then Reaction.

"A big splash that looked like blood."

"Where was it?"

"Well, some of it was over in the corner. . . . It looked as if it had been swept over with something white. . . . The rest—"

"Well, tell the jury where was the rest."

"Around a nail that stuck out. . . . The top of the nail was covered with blood, and . . ."

You sit back and your hands hurt from squeezing the arms of the seat. They are talking about a stairway again, and the city detective is pointing out something on the map with the bent-handled umbrella.

No use.

Plain human emotions simply won't stick at concert pitch, even for the terrific romance of murder.

Once in a while, over the whirl of fans and the shuffle of feet and the interminable squabbling of counsel, you feel the shadow of a crime—an uglier crime than that which took Eugene Aram out of Lynn, "with gloves upon his wrist."

But only in the flashes.

Snake Rattles Sent To U. S. Postal Chief

WASHINGTON, July 30.—Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Blakelee, in charge of rural free delivery, to-day found among his mail a small pill box containing ten rattles and two buttons from the tail of a rattlesnake, and the following letter from Sarah Leles, of Pleasant Views, Colo.:

"I killed the rattler on the morning of the 19th inst. on the way to my letter box. I am 78 years and two months old."

Africa Strike Sends Food Prices Soaring

JOHANNESBURG, July 30.—Food prices are soaring in Johannesburg today. The continuation of the suspense over the difficulties between the railroad men and the miners on one side and the Government on the other will work hardship on the inhabitants.

The Government still remains firm in its determination not to grant the demands of the labor leaders.

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BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN
One of the Greatest Mystery Stories Ever Written

(Copyright, 1913, by Anna Katharine Green.)

TO-DAY'S INSTALLMENT.

"And this letter?" asked Dr. Cameron in a voice he strove in vain to keep calm.

"Was but begun. The girl only saw the line 'My beloved D—', a very proper beginning if she were writing to her future husband."

"Very," returned the doctor. But the suppressed sarcasm in his voice told

and haughty woman who had accepted his attentions, but who had never loved him or seemed to ask his love, added their weight to his conviction. He could perceive now that her thoughts and interest had been elsewhere. He laughed to himself with an immeasurable bitterness as he remembered how he had characterized by such terms as noble self control, dignified reserve and ladylike hauteur, the chill, studied manner he now saw to be the expression of indifference if not actual distaste. And he had come to his very wedding day



Kneeling Before a Fire He Saw a Woman.

the detective all he wanted to know.

"But it looked as if it were not to her future husband."

"And finding that she had no intimate friend whose name began with D—, I began to feel assured that my original surmise was true and that there was a third party in the case to whose influence Miss Gretorex's disappearance was due. I, therefore, added to the precautions already taken such others as my own judgment suggested, causing a description of her person and clothing to be sent to many quarters usually omitted by the authorities. Besides doing this I had her various haunts searched and her friends examined. A detective was even sent to this office, sir, and conversed with you a half hour day before yesterday without your suspecting his errand. But all was of no avail till this morning. This morning word was brought me that a person answering the description I had sent out had taken dinner at a certain restaurant and afterward gone to the C— Hotel, where she was to be found in room No. 153. In half an hour I was there and in five minutes more I had seen her."

NOT EXACT.

"And was, was she—?" stammered the doctor.

"I have said she was like the original of that picture," remarked Mr. Gryce. "But I can not swear she is Miss Gretorex. Her face was that of the missing heiress, but her clothing, while answering in general way to the description of what Miss Gretorex wore on leaving home, still shows points of difference which an old hand like myself can not but take note of. As for instance, the description reads: 'A dress of fine blue cloth trimmed with rows of black braid,' while this woman's dress is of blue cloth indeed, but not fine and not trimmed with black braid. Besides she has a watch on and Miss Gretorex, as we know, left hers behind her. Yet," he went on, as if in answer to Dr. Cameron's sudden look of relief—though how he was looking in quite a contrary direction—"clothes are alterable and faces not so much so. Though I do not profess to explain the discrepancies I have mentioned, I fully believe the woman in room 153 of the C— Hotel is the lady we seek, but that we may be sure of it I have come for you."

"But," cried the doctor with a frown, "if there is a third party, as you say—"

"Hark!" said Mr. Gryce, "the carriage."

"And he arose in a way that admitted of no dispute."

Room 153.

THE ride was comparatively a silent one. Mr. Gryce, never much of a talker except when he had an object in view, found sufficient occupation, for himself, in looking out of the window, while Dr. Cameron was in too perturbed a condition of mind to risk speech even if the confused nature of his thoughts had allowed it. He was suffering from the first raw blow his pride had ever received; for he knew now that it was his pride that had been hurt and not his heart, his pride which was so great that at the very thought of humiliation his whole future became clouded. He a betrayed lover! He an outraged bridegroom! It was an intolerable thought and yet he could not escape from it. For now that he had turned his back upon that part of the city which had held his hopes, and was en route with a detective to an obscure hotel down town, he knew as well as if he had already recognized her that he was going to see there Genevieve Gretorex.

The utter sinking at his heart assured him of it. The thousand and one memories of his acquaintance with the cold

What Has Gone Before.

It is the wedding day of Dr. Walter Cameron. He is to be married at 8 o'clock that evening to Genevieve Gretorex, a beautiful society girl. At 4 o'clock Dr. Cameron is called upon in his office by Ebenezer Gryce, a member of the Scotland Yard detective force. He informs Dr. Cameron by telling him that Miss Gryce has been missing for several days. Gryce says that the girl's mother requested his services in the hunt for her daughter, and showed him a note in which Miss Gretorex declared she would be back in time for the ceremony. Dr. Cameron is greatly distressed. Gryce is continuing his story concerning his interview with Mrs. Gretorex.

Now go on with the story.

without suspecting the truth; had bought his presents and fitted up his house for a bride that had actually left her home and resorted to the most miserable of subterfuges to escape him. It was enough to crush all gentleness out of him, to make of a once generous and amiable man a cynic and a misanthrope.

His working features showed his feelings, his clenched hand his determination. If it was as he feared, and Miss Gretorex could be found by him in hiding, instead of in her father's home dressing for a ceremony to which a thousand guests had been invited, he would flee the city, leave the country, and with it the derision of his enemies, and the no less unacceptable sympathy of his friends. In his imagination he was already half across the ocean, when the carriage came to a standstill. Looking up, he saw they were before the hotel and the character of his thoughts changed.

"What time is it?" he asked abruptly.

"Just five minutes to six."

Not Much Time.

"Late! If fate should be so unexpectedly propitious as to prove your surmise wrong, and I should wish to get back to St. Nicholas Place by eight."

"No," said the detective. "It has taken us just eighty minutes to come down, and it will take us just eighty minutes to go back. That will give us ten minutes for what you want to do here and leave you a full half hour in which to change your coat and don a white necktie—all that I see you need to do before taking your part in the anticipated ceremony."

"You calculate without delays."

"I see no cause for any."

"I can not always prevent them. I should not wish to be late if the bride is not," he somewhat sarcastically suggested.

The detective did not seem to fear any such result.

As they were alighting from the carriage the physician's thoughts seemed to take another turn. He glanced at his companion, and though he did not meet his eye—something which very few could boast of ever doing—he seemed satisfied with his scrutiny, for he remarked:

"You have meant to show me a kindness, Mr. Gryce."

The detective did not contradict him.

At the entrance of the hotel Dr. Cameron again addressed him.

"You have promised she shall not see me."

"I will keep my word."

"Give as little cause for scandal as you can," he said. They went upstairs.

Mr. Gryce shrugged his shoulders. "Trust me," was his laconic rejoinder.

They went up stairs, quietly passed down a hall or two and stopped in a dark passage.

"Wait," enjoined the detective; and he stepped up to a girl that was loitering in the vicinity.

A few words settled his business and she came rapidly forward, stepped by the doctor and opened a door near by with a key she took from her pocket.

"Room 153 happens to be a very convenient one for our purpose," whispered Mr. Gryce, as the girl passed in and left them a minute alone. "It has its main door and has this other and but little used one, opening into an alcove with curtains. The girl is gone to see if the lady wishes anything. She will leave the door ajar when she comes out."

Dr. Cameron flushed scarlet and drew hastily back.

It is a sneaking piece of business,"

he objected.

"But it must be done," quoth the other; "then as the girl came out, he added, 'if she is the patient you seek, her parents will be only too grateful to you for your attention.'"

Dr. Cameron frowned, subdued his natural feelings and followed in the wake of the detective, who had already stepped across the threshold.

The room or rather the alcove thus entered was dim and for a moment he saw nothing but the head that together with a wardrobe took up most of the space before him. But in another instant he had observed the thin streak of light made by the separation of the two heavy curtains that hung between him and the apartment beyond, and walking quickly up to it, he looked through.

Shook His Head.

A pathetic sight greeted him. Kneeling before a fire, whose leaping flames seemed neither to lend warmth to her icy cheek nor comfort to her miserable heart, he saw a woman; whose listless eyes, fixed upon a paper that was consuming on the hearth, saw nothing beyond, seemingly in this world or the world to come. But apparent as was her misery, the doctor saw in that first glance but two things, her face and her form. Both were unmistakable. They were those of Genevieve Gretorex.

His look as he fell back revealed the truth. The detective who was close at his side took his arm without a word and turned toward the door. But Dr. Cameron, moved perhaps by some vague memory of the despair he had seen, turned round again to the curtain and allowed himself one other glance. His face softened as he looked and he involuntarily raised his hand to the curtain as if moved by some uncontrollable impulse to enter, when he felt his companion's firm clasp close around his arm, and yielding to that kindly but inexorable will, he wheeled about and followed Mr. Gryce out of the room.

"So there is no mistake?" inquired the detective.

The doctor shook his head.

Mr. Gryce softly closed and locked the door out of which they had come. Giving the key to the girl, who was not far off, he remarked, "It is not the person we seek," and quietly led the way toward the stairs. But here Dr. Cameron stopped him.

"What are you going to do?" asked he.

"Ride to St. Nicholas Place as fast as I can."

"And what do you expect me to do?"

The detective opened out his hands in French fashion, "I have no further control over your movements," he observed.

Dr. Cameron still held him back.

"Mr. Gryce," said he, "have you seen this young lady yourself?"

"Certainly, before I went for you to identify her."

"You noticed how pale she was, then, how unhappy?"

"I did not think so."

"She is the living picture of despair."

Mr. Gryce's hand that was sliding up and down the stair rail suddenly stopped.

Your emotions make you exaggerate," he declared. "It is scarcely three hours since I saw her, and she struck me then as looking not only well, but full of bloom and hopefulness."

The Detective Looks.

"Go and look for yourself," suggested the doctor. "If I am any reader of countenances it is a wretched woman we leave in yonder."

Mr. Gryce paused no longer. Gliding swiftly back, he procured the key once more, took a glance for himself and came out troubled.

"I don't understand it," his look seemed to say to the unconscious key as he handed it back for the second time to the obliging chambermaid.

The girl may have surprised that look. At all events, she ventured upon a word or two that seemed to move the detective strangely. He gave the key another glance, asked a question or two and then hurried away to the office by another stair than that which was guarded by Dr. Cameron's tall figure. He was gone five minutes and the doctor was beginning to lose control over his patience when the detective appeared below, and hastily beckoned to

him. Dr. Cameron at once ran down. There was a change in the detective's manner which he could not but notice.

"It is as I said," remarked he.

Mr. Gryce laughed—he did sometimes—hastened toward the street door.

"We have no time to lose," he affirmed.

She Had a Visitor.

"You have not, perhaps," exclaimed his companion, energetically. "But my duty is here; Miss Gretorex looks as if she needed a friend, and if it is true that her mind is affected—"

"Hark!" cried the other in his shortest, sharpest accents. "Five minutes ago I might perhaps have agreed with you, but since then I have heard something which changes my mind. Sir," he asserted, "since I saw the lady three hours ago she has had a visitor, a gentleman. She received him in her room; they talked a full hour, and when he went out he stepped up to the girl we saw upstairs, and—summon up your courage, sir, if you love her—said that he was coming back again at 9 o'clock; that he would bring a clergyman with him; that, in short, he expected to marry the lady this very evening in the room in which he had just left her, and wished it put in readiness for the purpose. He told the same story to the clerk downstairs, and—"

"His name—what was the villain's name, or didn't he leave any name? Quick! let me know my whole disgrace at once!"

"He left a card, and the name on it is one you may know."

And the detective handed over to his companion a visiting card on which was inscribed—

DR. JULIUS MOLESWORTH.

"Molesworth," repeated the other in a tone of incredulous amazement. "Impossible! Some one has made use of his card."

An Amazing Thought.

"You think so?"

"I know so. She could never have become entangled with him. He is a graduate of the Medical School and is all right in a professional way, but he is on the Health Board, and confines his practice to charity patients in the—"

Ward. She could never have even met him."

"It is not always safe to say whom a woman may or may not meet."

"She would never have been attracted to him if she had. Molesworth is one of the most eccentric of men."

And Dr. Cameron drew up his fine figure in a way that was sufficiently significant.

Mr. Gryce smiled and shook his head.

"Let us make ourselves sure of the matter," said he. And, leading the way back to the office, he asked a description of the owner of the card.

"A peculiar looking person," answered the clerk. "Medium-sized, but with a face that means business. His hair is dark and he wears no beard. He has a pleasant smile, but his frown makes you feel as if you wanted to stand from under. His clothes—"

But Dr. Cameron had already drawn the detective to the door.

"Let us get away from here," he cried.

To Be Continued To-morrow.

Not Slow.

A reverend gentleman was addressing a school class recently, and was trying to enforce the doctrine that the hearts of the little ones were sinful and needed regulating. Taking out his watch and holding it up he said:

"Now, here is my watch; suppose it doesn't keep good time—now goes too fast, and now goes slow. What shall I do with it?"

"Sell it!" shouted a small youngster.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

THAT IS HER PRIVILEGE.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am a foreigner, aged 21, and deeply in love with an American girl of 17 years. I call to see her two or three times a week and she seems to like it very much, but her parents wish me to come over often than that and take her out for good times and other places of amusement. She says she loves me, but tells me the good times she has with other boys in my absence. I told her to stop going out with other boys, and she promised me not to do so. Friends have told me she still goes out with other boys, and this is very displeasing to me.

A WOOLING LOVER.

She is not engaged to me, and therefore not bound to obey you.

I am afraid, being only 17 and frivolous, she loves a good time more than she loves you. She will outgrow all that in time, and you must be patient.

YOU ARE NOT ENGAGED.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am 19 and deeply in love with a girl one year my junior. I am with her every other night. On the night she is not with me she is with some other man, which makes me feel bad, as I love the young lady dearly. If I remonstrate with her about this matter she says it is none of my affair. Do you think she is true to me?

CARL.

I think she is having what every girl of her age regards as "a good time," and as she is not engaged to you or to any, she can not be accused of being untrue to any man. Don't find fault unless she has given you the right.

DON'T TAKE HIM SERIOUSLY.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

Please tell me how I should punish a young man who really thinks a great deal of me (as all his friends have told me), but who has with her every other night. On the night she is not with me she is with some other man, which makes me feel bad, as I love the young lady dearly. If I remonstrate with her about this matter she says it is none of my affair. Do you think she is true to me?

N. A. G.

He likes to tease you, and will continue to tease you as long as you let him.

Don't take him seriously; that may cure him. But it may please you to know that men never tease a girl they do not like, very much.

The Bright Side.

Mrs. Knaoll was greatly puzzled—and not without reason. The fact is she happened to meet Mr. Newlywed one morning as he was rushing to catch his train, and ventured, with her usual solicitude for other folks' affairs, to hope that Mrs. Newlywed wasn't having trouble with her servants.

"We've got three," said Mr. Newlywed.

Then he dashed off, leaving Mrs. Knaoll gasping. Three servants, indeed! Why, it was common knowledge in Suburbville that the Newlyweds were anything but rich. How on earth, then, could they afford to keep three servants? Mrs. Knaoll felt forced to call on the bride that afternoon to make investigations.

On his return home in the evening Mr. Newlywed was greeted with this question:

"Just what ever made you tell Mrs. Knaoll this morning that we keep three servants?"

John smiled.

"Well, don't you, my dear?" he asked. "It seems to me that we always have one going, one coming and one here!"

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Enjoy the healthful water at the spring or have it shipped to your home. For sale by all druggists, in sterilized bottles, filled and sealed at the spring.

Send postal to-day for illustrated booklet, giving rates, location and description of this ideal place for the summer outing. Address

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The Mistakes of Jennie ... By HAL COFFMAN

Being a Series of Chapters in the Life of a Southern Girl in the Big City



"We don't want girls that flirt."

JENNIE started in to work at the new place Monday morning. In the meantime, Jennie had tried to figure out how she was going to keep up the payments on her clothes.

Her salary was now \$5 a week and the weekly payment she had to make was \$1.50. That, with home to live on. So Jennie resolved to keep on looking for another job every spare minute she could find.

Tom came over to Jenni's house once in awhile now, in the evenings. Sometimes Jennie was home but more often she wasn't, and Tom would sit and talk with Jennie's boarding housekeeper. That kind old lady was broken hearted the way Jennie acted and asked Tom if there wasn't anything he could do to show Jennie how wrong it was to act the way she did. Tom didn't see what he could do—he had asked her to marry him and she had refused him, but he told Jennie's old friend that if there ever WAS anything he could do to help, to let him know.

There was a young man that Jennie often used to flirt with on the car, and one noon time, when she was on her way to a place to look for a job she had heard about, she met the young man going into the same building she was. When she went into the place to inquire of the manager for a job, who should be the manager but the same young man that she had flirted with on the car. When Jennie asked him for a job, his curt answer was, "No, we don't want girls that flirt with strange men, we let the other firms hire that kind."

—HAL COFFMAN.

(To Be Continued.)

Do You Know That—

The largest proportion of suicides in European countries is to be found in Germany.

There are over 850 licensed employment agencies in London.

There are nine thousand cells in a square foot of honeycomb.

Diamonds were first discovered in South Africa in 1857.

Wine is sometimes made from potatoes.

Africa is three times larger than Europe.

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PACK IT—THAT'S ALL

For the ICE-KIST all you have to do is to pour in the cream, sherbet or whatever refreshment it may be, and pack in the ice as in the ordinary freezer.

Then the work is ended. There is no working a dasher, no turning a handle or crank, no straining your arms and back, no opening the freezer to "see" if it is freezing, no extra packing in of ice. All you do after packing is to open the freezer and serve the refreshment. It saves work, time, trouble and—YOU.

Perfect Freezing

The Ice-Kist has no dasher or crank because it has two freezing surfaces. The old-fashioned freezer had only one freezing surface—that is why a crank and dasher were necessary. The Ice-Kist has a metal freezing tube that extends directly through the cream to the bottom. This gives the two freezing surfaces. The cold penetrates from the center and from the outside, too. The cream is frozen with a smoothness that will delight you.

The Ice-Kist makes a beautiful and perfect-frozen mold.

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We want you to know the joy of having an Ice-Kist Crankless Freezer in your home. We will send it post-paid upon the return of the coupon together with \$1.95—our introductory price. If, after trying the ICE-KIST for 30 days, you are not delighted with it, return it and we will return the \$1.95. Don't let the coupon get lost. Send it NOW.

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Enclosed is money order for \$1.95. Please send the ICE-KIST CRANKLESS FREEZER for 30 days' trial.

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Loss of Power

and vital force follow loss of flesh or emaciation. These come from impoverished blood.

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enriches a torpid liver—enriches the blood—stops the waste of strength and tissue and builds up healthy flesh to the proper body weight. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it sets to work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, routes every

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"I GUESS it's all up with Wilfred," said the Manicure Lady somberly. "Ever since he gave up everything else for poetry I have felt the day would come when we would see him being dragged away between two keepers to be put in some nice, quiet place, where everybody thinks he is Julius Caesar or Wellington. It ain't quite come to that yet, George, but it is coming, I guess. Dear brother won't be with our happy household much longer."

"What makes you think he is going crazy?" asked the Head Barber. "Maybe it's just the hot weather."

"No, it ain't the hot weather," argued the Manicure Lady. "The poem he wrote the other day and tried to read to us was written on the coldest day we have had this summer. He has been reading a lot about the mysteries of India, and all them old mystics that believe in a lot of junk about having two bodies, one here and one goodness knows where. Yogis, he calls them, or Bogis, or something like that. Wilfred says they set in front of their huts for years, sometimes, never going away and always thinking, thinking. I guess it wouldn't do my brother any harm if he could find a nice hut and set in front of it long enough to do a little thinking. Anyhow, get this poem:

"My soul is now in India, beside The soul of some grand Hindu long since dead. My soul holds converse with the soul of him And his soul smiles at mine as might a seer Smile at a toddling child. The Hindu's soul Knows more and senses more than ten such souls As my poor soul which dares to speak to his."

"That does sound kind of nutty," admitted the Head Barber. "I can't make any sense out of it, anyway. Of course, that ain't no sign your brother is losing his mind, because there is a lot of poetry that was written by sane men and is beyond me just the same."

"This ain't no real poem; this is lousy stuff," insisted the Manicure Lady. "Kindly listen some more, George:

"Yet I am living, as my soul well deems, And thus my soul is not within a ghost. But in my living body. Is the soul Of one long dead as good a soul As one like mine while I am still alive? The Hindu's soul stands baffled and aghast At this grim question, and it swallows hard. If any soul can swallow. But it answers not."

"Lay off on that!" exclaimed the Head Barber. "I don't ask you to stop gabbing very often, kiddo; but you have went too far to-day. The next time you start reciting poetry to me I am going to walk right away from this head chair and get a job in some other shop. I suppose there will be a manicure girl there without no more sense than you; but maybe she won't have a nut brother who thinks he can write. Now, stop, and remember what I say goes!"

"Gee, I hope you go!" snapped the Manicure Lady. "I like to see new faces once in a while, and I think that new barber which has went out to lunch would fit in fine in your place. I think he is a interesting talker, too. He talks so soulful and has such fine teeth. There is lots of worse poets in the world than me, George, and maybe after he have went you will offer to think of me with unavailing sighs."

A Matter of Doubt.

Two Irishmen, both members of the building fraternity, were busily engaged recently in affixing slates to the roof of a newly-erected house, when suddenly a horrid mishap occurred.

Murphy slipped. In vain he sought for something at which to clutch in order to save himself from falling. His hands grasped nothing but empty air, and by their frantic exertions caused Murphy completely to lose his foothold.

So Murphy fell, Mike saw him fall, and presently after he seemed to him hours of hideous suspense, heard his friend's body strike the ground with a dull thud.

Pearfully Mike leaned over the edge of the roof.

"Are yez dead, Murphy?" he called in apprehensive tones.

"Oh, O'm alive all right!" gasped Murphy feebly.

Mike gazed at the prostrate body wondering.

"Sure, I don't know whether to believe you or not," he remarked. "You always was a liar!"

Painfully Murphy raised himself on one elbow.

"Then O'm dead!" he wailed. "You'd never dare call me a liar were I alive!"

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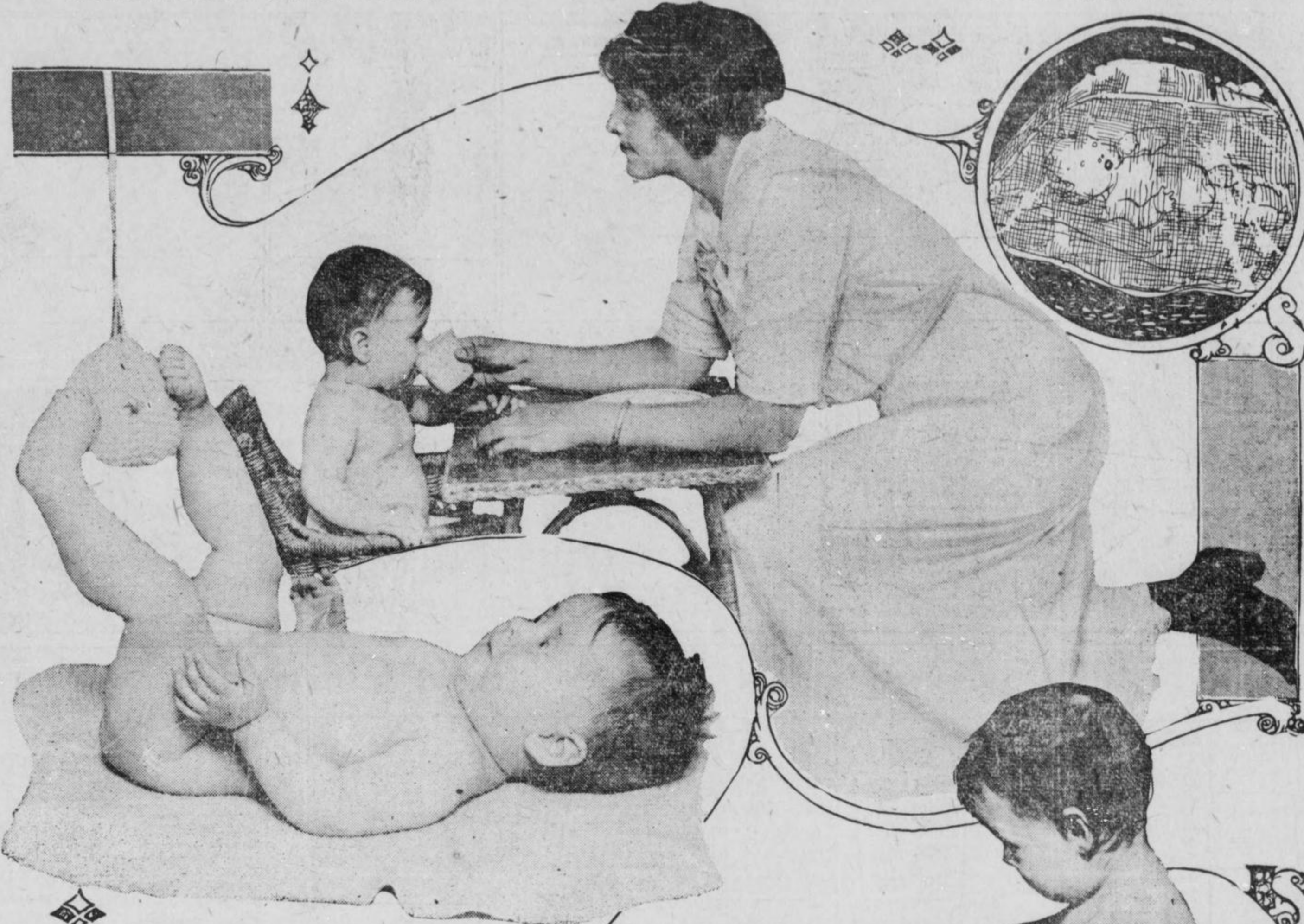
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SHOULD HAVE PLENTY OF WATER TO DRINK.

KEEP OFF FLIES WITH A SCREEN.



PLAYING WITH NO CLOTHES ON.

The Judge

KHIRONDA, at the far end of her youth, woke up one morning to find that her lover had departed in the night, leaving her destitute. She found that, in all the 23 years of her life, she had not even made one concession, but the child was dead, even to the corner of a home in which to live and die. She realized that life had no pity upon her and would relax none of its claims which must be attended to down to the smallest detail, and she rolled on the floor, beating its hardness with her forehead in an agony of despair.

Evening came and it grew dark. Khironda had not the heart to tidy the room, nor to light the lamp. Her hungry child cried till it could cry no longer, and fell asleep. A knock came to the door and a man's voice called out, "Khironda, Khironda! Khironda flung open the door and rushed out at him who stood there with her broom putting the youth to precipitate flight. Then, convulsively clutching the child to her bosom, she went out of the house and jumped into the well.

The splash brought the neighbors hurrying to the spot and the bodies were fished out. The mother was unconscious, but the child was dead. Khironda was brought round in the hospital and was committed to the sessions by the magistrates.

Mohit Datta was the Sessions Judge. He sentenced Khironda to death. Her advocates tried their utmost to get some mitigation of the sentence, but without success.

There was some reason for this severity of his attitude toward feminine frailty, as a glimpse into his earlier history will disclose.

Mohit in his undergraduate days lived near the house of an elderly couple with a young widowed daughter, Sasi. What little of the world Sasi used to see from behind the barrier of her lonely widowhood seemed to her like some roiling land of mystery, where happiness stalked abroad. Unsatisfied longing cramped the beatings of her heart.

In the intervals of her domestic duties Sasi sat at the window watching the crowd on the public road. She thought to herself how happy were the passersby, how free the tramps, what gay characters were the hawkers in the comedy of life, and morning and evening she saw the well-groomed Mohit strutting past in the fullness of his self-conceit. To her he was a demi-god, far above the mortals she saw around her.

Perhaps Sasi could have cheerfully spent all her life playing with her demi-god in the heaven of her fancy had not her evil star made the demi-god smile upon her and materialize.

Up-to-the-Minute Jokes

They were talking about that terrible cry, "Man overboard!"

"Only those who have been roused from midnight slumber on board ship can comprehend its meaning," said the traveler. The sudden alarm, the fear and horror—

"Oh, yes, they can!" replied a very little shoemaker, who had no reputation as a traveler. "I heard it once when I wasn't on a ship, and I realized the horror of it more than anyone else."

"You couldn't," said the great traveler, scornfully. And the assembled company sided with him to a man.

"But I could," persisted the shoemaker. "You see, I was the man who fell overboard!"

the heaven within her reach. It is needless to relate at length when Mohit's covetous glance first fell upon Sasi, how he began to write to her under the false name of Binode, when the first trembling, ill-spelt reply reached him; how, at last, the whole of the poor little widow's world was turned topsy-turvy in the whirlwind of ecstatic surrender.

Late one night Sasi left her father and mother and got into a carriage brought by Mohit, alias Binode. When her demi-god, with all his finery showing, got inside and sat close beside her, a sudden inrush of remorse bowed her to the dust. And when the carriage actually began to move she fell at his feet, crying, "For pity's sake, let me go back home." But the carriage rapidly drove away.

To narrate all the episodes of Mohit's early career would grow monotonous. This will serve as a sample.

Reformed.

To-day there was no one to remember the escapades of young "Binode." Mohit Datta was quite a reformed character. His reading of the sacred books was incessant; he even practiced austerities.

A few days after passing sentence on Khironda, Mohit happened to be in the prison garden, with a view to securing some nice, fresh vegetables for his own table. He heard from inside the jail the sound of high words and entering found Khironda in the midst of a vigorous bickering with the warder. Mohit smiled a superior smile. This is what woman is! Death haunts her, and yet she must quarrel. She would dispute, thought he, amused at his conceit, even with the doorkeepers of Hades!

As he drew nearer, Khironda with clasped hands, addressed him, saying, "Mr. Judge, for mercy's sake, tell him to give me back my ring!"

On inquiry, he found that a ring had been hidden in the loops of Khironda's hair, which the warder discovered and appropriated. Mohit was again amused. This desire for a bauble on the steps of the gallows! Oh, woman, woman!

"Let me see the ring," said he to the warder, who handed it over to him.

Mohit started as if it had been a piece of live coal. In the ring was set a miniature portrait on ivory of gold rim was engraved the name "Binode." He raised his eyes from the ring, and for the first time looked Khironda keenly in the face. He seemed to see there the fresh, fond, tear-bedewed countenance of twenty-four years ago. But, ah! and what a difference.

BE A WOMAN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

THE boy, a big, husky youth of 18, had complained incessantly of his troubles all day.

"Oh," I said at last, in some impatience, "why can't you be a little braver? For pity's sake, try to be a man!"

The words had no sooner left my lips than I felt to wondering. I had urged him to be a man! If I could take him by the arm and lead him to some man who would be to him a shining example, where would I find him?

Where could I find a man who would bare his back to the rod and make no complaint?

Was there a man who could teach him patience, gentleness, forbearance, charity, tenderness?

Was there a man whom he could emulate, day after day, and increase his strength in so doing?

I cast my eyes around all the men I knew in search of one who on all occasions knew how to be a man.

One was quick of temper, irritable, rash, headlong, and though withal a good man, the boy would find no instructions there in the lesson of patience everyone must learn.

Another blustered about his bravery and fooled all but those who knew that when there was a mysterious noise at his house in the night, his wife had to investigate.

Another had a reputation widespread for philanthropy, and only the close-observing saw that his family lacked the necessities of life in order that he might enjoy seeing his name on the billboards with an imposing row of figures after it.

All cared more for their own creature comforts than for the well-being of the wife who supplied them. All complained loudly of a little pain, and there was not a man among them who did not say often to his wife, "Look,

long suffering, brave when everyone around them faltered, denying themselves that they might give to those they loved, cheerful and smiling when there wasn't a scrap of hope left, inspiring, cheering, urging on the men who walked beside them, and throwing arms of protecting tenderness around husband and children!

It was a noble sight. It filled my eyes with tears, and I felt an emotion too deep, and somehow too sacred, to find vent in cheering.

"I will take it back," I said to the young man. "Don't be a man! Be a woman!"

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One Woman's Story

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER X.

TO young people the commonplace drudgery of the workaday world is accomplished swiftly and pleasantly if they have some happiness in anticipation as a sort of objective point toward which they are progressing. Mary Danforth did not appreciate that from the time she received and accepted Craig's invitation, each task completed and each hour passed were to her inner consciousness but steps nearer to Wednesday night when she would again be with the man who had begun to mean much to her.

She did not see the Texan in the four days which intervened between the receipt of his note and the night on which "Aida" was to be sung. On Monday evening her father had mentioned casually that Craig had once more called at his office. "He dropped in this morning," he remarked, "and I asked him up to dinner to-night, but he said he was going over to Philadelphia for a day or two, so he could not accept. He sent his kindest regards to you, my dear," turning to his wife, "and wished also to be remembered to Mary."

As he spoke he bestowed upon his daughter another of the searching looks with which he regarded her frequently of late, but she made no comment. She was at a loss for something to say, and under the circumstances, sought safety in silence.

On Wednesday afternoon, returning from school earlier than usual, she found that her mother had gone out, but that, before leaving, she had laid on her daughter's desk a penciled memorandum of it. "Mr. Craig telephoned this morning just after you had left the house. He wished to remind you that he is to call for you at a quarter before eight."

The girl's heart beat faster as she read the few words. He must care a great deal, she thought, to go to the trouble of emphasizing by a telephone message an arrangement already made by letter. As if she could forget! She smiled happily and hummed gaily to herself as she went about her various tasks. Yet it was characteristic of her that later, when her parents spoke of Craig and her plans for the evening, her demeanor was cool and almost indifferent. At dinner she was quiet and demure, although the glow of excitement burned on her cheeks, and she lingered after she had finished her dessert, chatting with her father and mother while they drank their coffee, always kept for the conversation upon commonplace matters.

"You have never looked prettier than you do this evening, sweetheart," her father declared as she rose to go to her room to don her wraps. "Upon my word, mother," he continued, appealing to his wife, "does it seem possible that this is our little girl all grown up into a beautiful lady so soon?"

The girl turned impulsively and threw her arms about the speaker's neck.

"The beautiful lady," as you call her, is never going to grow up so far as you are concerned, daddy dear," she whispered, clinging to him. "I always want to be just your little girl."

He kissed her fondly. "Run along and get ready, dearie," he said huskily. "I hear the Texan hero's ring at the door now." He laughed teasingly, but there was a note of sadness in his voice, and he looked wistfully after the slight figure as the girl hurried away.

Craig, handsome and distinguished in bearing in his correct evening dress, rose to greet Mary as she entered the drawing room, cloaked, with a filmy scarf thrown over her hair.

"Behold a wonder among women!" he exclaimed smiling. "You are on time to the minute."

Mary's greeting was cordial, but unfilled by any inward perturbation. "My father is to be thanked for the punctual habits of his daughter," she said after salutations had been exchanged. "It is he who has made me a bit more careful in that matter than girls usually are."

"I have already learned," the man answered gravely, "that you are different from all other girls in many ways. If your father is responsible for this fact, society in general, and I in particular, owe him a debt of thanks."

The entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Danforth caused a diversion that Mary found welcome, and soon she and her escort bade the elderly pair good night and took the elevator down to the street door. Here a taxicab stood, its engine throbbing with a clamor discordant to the cents and dollars that were being marked off on the dial at the chauffeur's side. Craig assisted the girl into the semi-darkness of the limousine, gave an order to the driver, then followed her, sinking into the seat by her with a sigh of content.

"Who knows but the world may end to-night?" he quoted laughingly.

"In a taxicab that sounds more like a grisly prophecy than a delicate compliment," retorted Mary. "Are you fond of Browning?"

"If the note of surprise in your voice implies that you did not know that Texans were capable of enjoying him," he retorted, "I am theoretically wild and woolly." He raised admiringly at her flushed face as he spoke, and his voice held a significance that Mary recognized. But she pretended not to notice it.

"Tell me about the wreck," she commanded hastily.

"It was hell," he said simply. "And I am too dead the seventh heaven just now to want to think of it."

"Who taught you to say such pretty things?" he asked, laughing to hide her embarrassment.

"Nobody taught me," the man answered. "I say them as they come at present, they are but the result of reflected radiance and the outcome of my great happiness as being with you again."

And, as once before this evening, the girl found refuge in silence.

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WEATHERMAN INTERCEDES FOR CRACKERS

By O. B. Keeler.

FOLLOWING is an entirely exhaustive summing up of the baseball situation at Mobile yesterday, where the Crackers apparently were doomed to encounter the Gulls in the third game of the series.

This is the complete idea: "Oh Rain, where is thy sting?" If you want to add anything more, go ahead.

NATURALLY, Birmingham won again. It rained there, too, but held off until the Browns had sneaked over the winning tally in the fifth, the game being just as shy as the rules will stand for and the record books publish.

But it counts exactly as much in the percentage column as if it had rained twenty-three innings.

EVERY now and then somebody comes to bat with a scream of rage and tries to hit the "commercialism of baseball" out of the lot. Yesterday every club president in the Southern League agreed to permit the Atlanta club to suspend Whitey Alperman the rest of the season, with full pay. And the Atlanta club is doing that very thing.

And now Whitey, with a wife and three little Alperman dependent on his pay envelope, can take his own time and get well comfortably from the appendicitis operation.

We prefer to think that's an example of the true spirit of baseball. Commercialism should be made of sterner stuff—and is.

LOSE one Cracker, gain another. Wallop Smith, Jr., arrived at the home of his parents in St. Louis yesterday afternoon and is stopping with his mother. He weighed in at 9 pounds, 3 ounces, and is reported to be in grand condition. Bill Smith is preparing a contract for Wallop Junior. He will be used as jinx buster.

WALLOP JUNIOR. Hello, little Wallop—By Golly, We're glad to meet you And greet you. In this bum old Vale of Years And tears, We need something to cheer us And steer us—You see, it isn't all Baseball. Still, if you would please us ginks—Bust that Jinx!

MURPHY DEFEATS GALLANT IN TWELVE-ROUND BOUT. BOSTON, July 30.—Eddie Murphy, of South Boston, using a straight left almost exclusively, defeated Gilbert Gallant, of Chelsea, in twelve rounds at the Atlas A. A. here last night. An effort will be made to match Murphy and Baldwin for the next show here.

BROWN GOING TO AUSTRALIA. MILWAUKEE, July 30.—Pal Brown, of Hibbing, Minn., and his trainer, Jack Dougherty, of Milwaukee, left here to-day for San Francisco, from where they will sail for Australia on August 29. Brown has a contract for six matches in Australia, one of which will be with Hugh McKeegan, champion lightweight of Australia.

WALTER THORNTON IN CELL. TACOMA, WASH., July 30.—Walter M. Thornton, a few years ago a twirler for the Chicago National League club, last night was placed in the padded cell of the county jail at Everett, to be held for examination by the County Sanitary Board. While pitching for Chicago he was struck on the head by a batted ball. He has never been quite sane since.

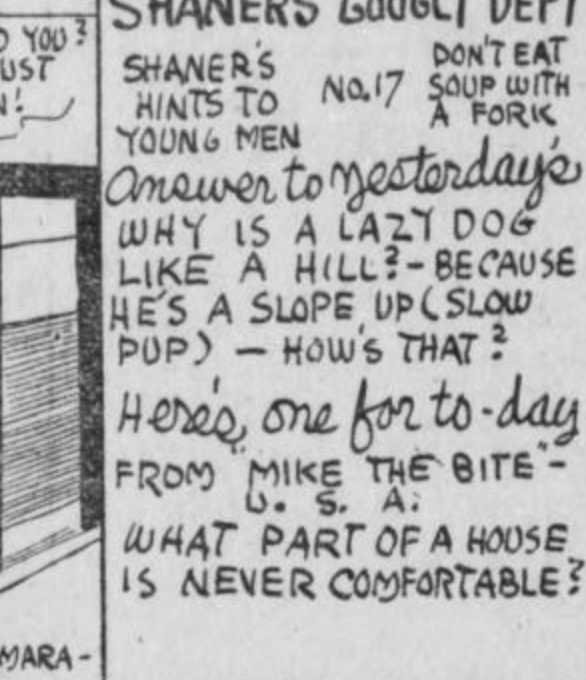
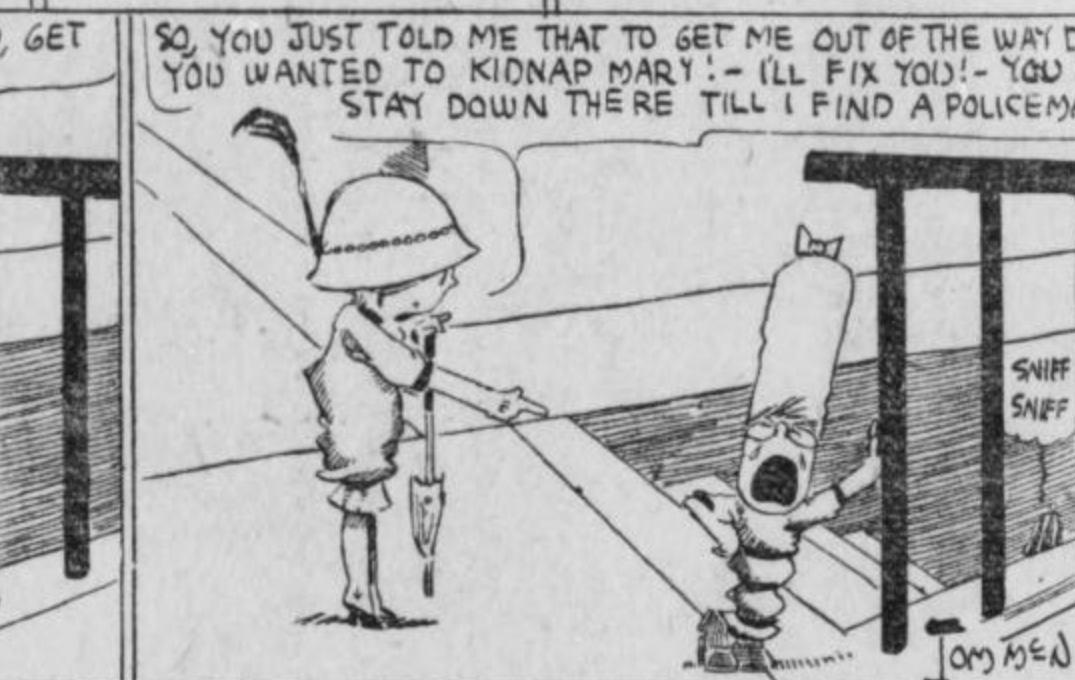
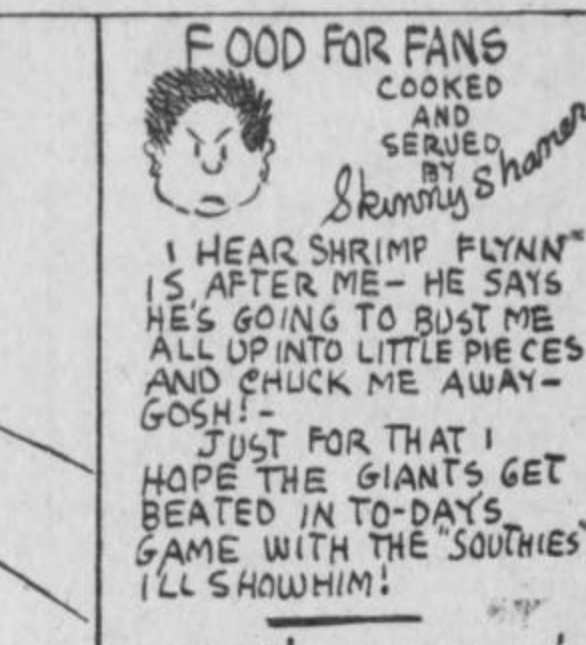
3 FIGHTS "STAMPEDE WEEK." WINNIPEG, MAN., July 30.—During the celebration of "stamped week" here in August a number of boxing bouts will be held. Among those scheduled are: George Ashe, New York, vs. Jack Dillon, Indianapolis, August 8, fifteen rounds. Steve Ketchel vs. Sammy Trot, August 11, twelve rounds. Carl Morris vs. Fred McLachlan, August 13, fifteen rounds.

OTHER RESULTS. American Association. Raleigh 5, Asheville 3. St. Paul 3, Milwaukee 0. Minneapolis 3, Kansas City 2. Columbus 3, Toledo 3. Louisville 5, Indianapolis 2. International League. Baltimore 5, Rochester 3. Montgomery 4, Newark 3. Buffalo 7, Jersey City 2. Toronto 5, Providence 4. Federal League. St. Louis 5, Cleveland 3. Indianapolis 2, Kansas City 0. Chicago 5, Pittsburgh 2. Appalachian League. Knoxville 4, Morristown 3. Bristol 8, Middleboro 1. Johnson City 6, Rome 5. Texas League. Houston 4, Waco 2. Beaumont 4, Fort Worth 3. Galveston 5-12, Dallas 0-3. Austin 4, San Antonio 2.

FORSYTH TWICE TO-DAY 2:30 and 8:30. NEXT WEEK: Joe Welch, Robt. L. Bailey & Co., Dolan-Lenhar Co., Elsa Ward, Cunningham & Marion, Lefel Trio—Karl Cress. TO-DAY GRAND TO-NIGHT 2:30 8:30. CARNEGIE MUSEUM ALASKA-SIBERIA PICTURES. And High-Class First Run Movies. Mat. 10c; Night 10c, 15c & 25c.

GEORGIAN SPORTS COVERED BY EXPERTS

Us Boys



Polly and Her Pals



Graves-McNeil Team Confident Hold Postponed Races To-night

Jack Prince wants to square himself with the motorcycle fans, he had better leave the city for the next twelve hours. The "Rainmaker" is in awfully Dutch with the saucer bugs who had been expecting to see some thrillers out at the Motordrome last night, but who were robbed by J. Pluv.

Pluv's wet assignment caused a postponement from last night until to-night. The same card scheduled last evening will be run this evening, that is if J. Prince will kindly let him away from the village.

J. Pluv and J. Prince are bitter enemies, and the former J. holds several decisions over the latter J.

While the showers last evening dampened a heap of enthusiasm for a while, it failed to dampen any spirit within the riders. They are more anxious than ever to prove that in a thirty-minute grind that they are "there."

McNeil and I were only forced to wait twenty-four hours longer to prove that our team is the fastest. said Marty Graves this morning. The other riders laughed when Marty said this, and every one of them tried to get him to bet a few extra cigars on the outcome.

"Tex Richards and yours truly will

SPORTS AND SUCH

BY RIGHT CROSS. "I WANT to join the Giants," said the athlete. "On the square."

There is a team that wants me—I can get more money there. The Magnates glared upon him. And answered stern and grave: "You signed an honest contract—Now go back and behave."

An in-curve on the beeper. Put his hitting on the blink; His thrifty owner speedily Gave him the rinky-dink. Again he sought the Magnates: "This contract—how about?" "Ha, ha!" they said, "Bring in some wine, And chuck this rummy out!"

FOLLOWERS OF THE BOX. fight will be interested to know that Kid Williams has disqualified Champion Johnny Coulton because of illness and has assumed the bantamweight title.

WHEN OUR GALLANT ARMY officers escape from shore's jaws; They will turn with relief to a little campaign in Mexico.

THERE IS ONLY ONE TEAM in baseball to-day—the Athletics," reports Manager Chance. But the P. L. is hardly an unbiased judge. In the light of his record he has to boost them.

KID WILLIAMS AND TOM McCarey evidently figure that in dealing with Coulton the double cross is more effective than the right cross.

RITCHIE LIKELY TO SIGN TO-DAY WITH WOLGAST

SAN FRANCISCO, July 29.—If Willie Ritchie and Ad Wolgast are as serious about re-matching and betting \$25,000 on the outcome as their words indicate, the match should be closed before the shades of night fall over Los Angeles.

Ad and Tom Jones arrived in Los Angeles to-day. They left here for the purpose of meeting Ritchie and closing for a second match.

Incidentally Ad's recent talk that he is now his own manager goes to the four winds. Jones accompanied Ad as manager and will do most of the negotiating to-day. If the champion and ex-champion come together again it will be in a twenty-round battle some time in September.

Just before taking the train for Los Angeles Wolgast said: "Yes, I will bet \$25,000 that I can beat Willie Ritchie, and I am willing to let the bet go as I originally stated it. I will bet \$12,500 that I can stop Ritchie inside of twenty rounds, and I will bet the other \$12,500 that I beat him. I am not bluffing when I say I will make the wager. The only fear that I have is that Ritchie will not accept. As soon as I get in Los Angeles I will hunt up Ritchie and see if he will take me on."

BOXING

News of the Ring Game. Big Jess Willard, the Texas cowboy, is still making strenuous efforts to obtain recognition in California. At present he is trying to inveigle Arthur Pelly, the Chicago heavyweight, into a match.

Within a few weeks the Kenosha, Wis., promoters will inaugurate a revival of the sport. Boxing in that State now is legal, and the boxing fraternity anticipates a busy fall and winter season. Legalized bouts will do a lot to help the sport in the Middle West.

Jack "Twin" Sullivan, of Boston, has been matched to box Soldier Kearns, the Brooklyn heavyweight, in a ten-round bout to go at the Queensberry A. C. Philadelphia, on the night of August 22.

Ad Wolgast declares that he has broken with manager Tom Jones for good, and that he will be his own matchmaker in the future. When he wins back the championship he says, he is going to get a new manager.

New York fight fans expect to see fireworks aplenty on August 5, for that is the date on which Gunboat Smith and Jim Flynn have agreed to mingle for ten rounds. Both these scrappers are already on the battleground training for the fray.

Again we hear from Charlie White, the Chicago sensation. Charlie is after a return engagement with Jack Britton, and says he will not rest until he drags the latter into the ring with him again. A bout of this sort should prove a corker for any promoter in the country.

Mike Saul and Eddie Hanlon are practically matched to meet in the semi-windup to the next boxing show to be staged here. Mike and Eddie have been wrangling over the weight question for the past week, but finally came to terms yesterday, when Eddie said he would make 135 pounds at 3 o'clock for the Hebrew brawler.

A wire received here last night from Chicago states that negotiations have been opened leading toward a ten-round contest between Lightweight Champion Willie Ritchie and Paeky McFarland. The bat in in move a date in October. McFarland has agreed to the weight, and Ritchie is said to be considering the offer.

Kid Wonder is in our midst once more. The little bantamweight wishes to announce that he is after a bout with either Kid Duke or Kid Brooks.

Abe Attell denies the reports circulated in the East that he was bested by Willie Beecher. The ex-champion featherweight says he was at least entitled to a draw.

Bat Nelson may enter the ring again. Promoters in Saratoga, N. Y., are after the "Durable Dane" to meet Jimmy O'Haban there some time next month.

August 15 is the date set for the Jack White-Dundee scrap at Los Angeles. The heavy featherweights are scheduled to go twenty rounds to a decision.

Leach Cross Defeats Baldwin Twenty-Round Bout a Fizzle

By H. M. Walker. VERNON ARENA, LOS ANGELES, July 30.—Leach Cross and Matty Baldwin stood in the center of the ring at the finish of twenty rounds of mild milling and embraced like brothers. Truth to tell, they performed like kinsmen throughout the evening. Cross was given the decision. He outpointed Baldwin in at least 18 out of 20 rounds. The big fault to be found with Leach's work was that he did not try at any time to bring the battle to a finish.

So unsatisfactory was his work in this respect that at the end of the fifteenth round Referee Eytan stepped to Cross' corner with a warning: "You are not trying," said the official. "Every time you get your men going you stall and allow him to strengthen you. You'll have to do better."

This warning had little effect upon the New Yorker. He had Baldwin on the run in the last few rounds, but was content to box in such cautious fashion that the ring-siders were all barking their disapproval. The one charitable way to view Cross' work was that Leach knew of Baldwin's ability to travel twenty rounds, but was not sure of his own stamina.

On his showing last night Cross can make no immediate claim for recognition at the hands of Ritchie, Wolgast or any of the other top-notchers. Indeed he may consider himself a lucky lad if Promoter McCarey ever uses him in another coast bout.

HENNESSY VS. SHEPPARD. NEW YORK, July 29.—Walter Hennessy, the crack featherweight of New Orleans, will hook up with Jack Sheppard, a local boy, in a ten-round bout here to-night.



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CUBAN IS WINNER OF CHESS MASTER'S TOURNEY

NEW YORK, July 30.—Winning his thirteenth game, Jose R. Capablanca, of Havana, yesterday became the victor in the chess masters' tournament through which he played without a defeat, duplicating the record of Lasker in a similar tournament played in this city in 1892. Capablanca's triumph was from A. Kupchik, the metropolitan master, after sixty moves in a game adjourned from Thursday. Kupchik holds second place and Black is third in the standing to date.

PIRATES BUY INFILDER. FULTON, MO., July 30.—Douglas Baird, member of the Westminster College "Blue Jays," of this city, who won the college championship of Missouri in 1912, after one of the most successful seasons ever experienced by a college nine, is slated to become a member of the Pittsburgh National League team next season. Baird is an infilder.

COBB RELEASED, NOT TY. LINCOLN, NEBR., July 30.—President Jones, of the Lincoln club of the Western League, this morning announced the unconditional release of Paul Cobb, outfielder, and Tom Tucky, pitcher. Cobb is a brother of Ty Cobb.

FODDER FOR FANS

The downtrodden Yanks went down to defeat twice before the Cleveland sluggers. Chance used two pitchers in each contest but the runners up in the American League took kindly to their battering.

Andrew Jelsma, 17-year-old pitcher, is claiming a new record for pitched balls during a contest. The youthful twirler claims he delivered but 44 balls during a recent game between the Elk team of the Guthrie City League team and the Santa Fe nine. Christy Mathewson of the Giants has a record of 67 balls for a game.

The Cincinnati Reds jumped out of the cellar position when they again snatched a victory from the Dodgers while the Giants were trimming the Cardinals twice.

Artist Demaree won the first game for his team-mates, when his sacrifice enabled Chief Meyers to score the only run of the game. The young twirler on McGraw's staff switched from right to left after two strikes had been called on him, and it proved a lucky switch. In the second contest Promme had the St. Louis batters guessing.

Engel pitched the Senators to their third victory over the Browns when he held St. Louis down to three hits yesterday.

Long Bob Ewing, for several years a star pitcher on the Cincinnati Reds, is through with baseball. He started to pitch in a game at Lima, but snapped

EVANS PREDICTS ROSY FUTURE FOR E. J. ALLIS

By "Chick" Evans.

CHICAGO, ILL., July 30.—The Western has come and gone, and we have a new and very representative champion. Wood has played golf of championship quality for many years, and has been finalist in the Western three times and once in the National. His friends—and they are legion—are delighted that, after years of trial, his fine golfing skill is fittingly rewarded.

The surprise of the tournament was the playing of E. J. Allis, of Milwaukee, and he has certainly made himself a big star in the golfing firmament. He was almost the whole show at Homewood, and certainly did remarkably well. In consequence, much interest was taken in an analysis of his game. Golfers I consulted were unable to decide whether he had good golfing form or not. It was easy to be seen that he has been playing for a long time, for his game was developed during the era of the hook, and he plays every shot with that addition, except his putts. This is an excellent way of playing, when it goes right, but without constant practice it has many dangers. Allis plays all his shots off his right foot—that is, the position of his ball is nearer the right foot than the left, a stance not seen very often. His swing was not too full, but of a strong, even, length.

Approach Puts His Best Shot.
His best shot is an approach put, and I am glad to see that he uses an iron putter rather than a barbed center-shafted type. Not only does he put his approach put so close that it is impossible to miss the next one, but he frequently holes it. His putting stance is a good one, but known a long time. He puts both elbows out along the line of play, he hangs his putter with a turn-over of his head and gets splendid results. The rest of his game is fair. He has little confidence in wooden clubs, and his long irons have too large a hook to be reliable. He knows little about bunker shots, but had little use for this knowledge at Homewood, also, his shots out of the long grass are not good. These shots will come in time, and his golf future looks rosy, indeed.

Possessing an ideal "chip" temperament and an abundance of "nerve" and every thoroughgoing sportsmanlike champion-ship of nation-wide importance, he is not far away from him. His name must be added to the ten or twelve National possibilities.

Too Many Good Golfers Absent.
From a golfing standpoint, the tournament last week was not very strong. It is true that there were good golfers there, but the players who qualified did not comprise all of the very best players in the West. There were too many absences. The best golfing round was a 72, and the best two rounds were Ned's medal play, 72 in the morning against me and an easy finish for the same score in the afternoon. The scores ran between 75 and 80, rather than below 75. The weather, the golfer's best friend or worst enemy, was perfect.

SHELTON BEATS NEELY IN WESTERN TOURNAMENT

CHICAGO, July 30.—John C. Neely, of the Wanderers' Club, one of the favorites in the Western tennis tournament, was defeated by Robert Shelton, of Texas, one of the doubles champions of the South. Neely won the first set 6-4, and defaulted on the third. Shelton took the second 6-3.

W. T. Hayes defeated A. L. Green, Western intercollegiate champion, 6-2, 6-2.
Miss Gwendolin Rees, of Minneapolis, Central Western champion, won an easy victory over Miss Elizabeth Moore, of Chicago, 6-1, 6-1, in the women's singles. Miss Rees and Miss Carrie Neely, of Chicago, are considered leading candidates for the women's Western title, now held by Mrs. Thomas Bundy, formerly Miss Sutton, of San Francisco. Miss Neely won from Miss Elizabeth Rees, 6-2, 6-1.

BRITISH PAPER FINDS AN ALIBI FOR TENNIS TEAM

LONDON, July 30.—An anonymous letter appearing in The Standard to-day declares that the English competitors in the Davis cup tennis matches were the better all-round players, but that the Americans won the trophy because McLaughlin had mastered and concentrated on a smash, and in service, in which any number of English players could have equally perfected themselves.

CHICAGO FOLLOWS LOCAL EXAMPLE IN MARATHON

CHICAGO, July 30.—A 26-mile Marathon race will be the feature of the card at the Riverview Motordrome to-night, it being the first event of its kind ever scheduled for decision at the North Side track. Wiley Gibson, of St. Louis, who holds the Marathon race record of 19:45 will ride against the field, which will be composed of Mike Caffarella, Kenneth Verrill, Al Savalaki, George Meyers and Ed Har-

GEORGIAN SPORTS COVERED BY EXPERTS

Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



M'FARLAND WAY TRY HIS ART ON MIDDLEWEIGHTS

DON'T be surprised if this coming campaign you read of Patrick McFarland butting into the heavier fellows' game.

For unless the authorities governing the execution of the muffed fist, whoever they are, move the weight beam of the lightweight class, that is what will happen.

McFarland, while in training for his ten-round contest with Jack Britton that he can take the measure, inch by inch, of middleweights. Eddie McGahey, one of our most prominent 155-scale artisans, worked out with Packey for the Britton. The black-haired and Sven-gall-orbed Irishman, gave Ed a boxing lesson every day of the jousting.

NOW McGahey is accredited a clever gentleman, the cleverest in his department outside of Gibbons, and a stiffer biter with his left. He can feint out an opening and drive his punch in ahead of an opponent almost as well as anybody, and he knows the counters. Still McFarland, ring rancor adopted for the moment, "made a monkey out of him."

While working out for the Britton festival, Packey likewise learned that the fat does not leave his body as readily as it used to, for the reason that there's not much fat on him. An ounce over a certain small amount and he is removing solid flesh on a good trainer will not allow his man to train off solid flesh except under rare circumstances, such as when a big fight must be staged.

Packey did not train hard enough for Britton, or rather did not give himself enough time to reduce to the prescribed figure. It does take time in Packey's case. As a consequence, when he got in New York, he and the Turkish bath to make the weight and he went into the ring registering in the neighborhood of 140, with a yowling howl as his face and circles under his eyes.

McFarland has not been a legitimate lightweight for two years or over. But he is a smart fellow and has been getting away with more stuff than any boxer in the profession. He has had pounds on most every man he's boxed for many a day. More power to him for doing it, but the end probably came in the Britton affair. The public saw how big he was and now he will indeed have to show some sharp tactics to get on with any more lightweight fights. What's more, I don't think Packey wants to. He's taking on more muscle.

DANVILLE HURLER WORKS NO-HIT SHUT-OUT GAME

DANVILLE, ILL., July 30.—Harry Chapman, pitching for the locals, shut out Bloomington yesterday without a hit, Danville winning 5 to 0. This is the first time this year that a pitcher has thrown a no-hit game in the Three I League this season.

No Place to Stage Mixed Match Promoters After Best White Man

By Ed W. Smith.

CHICAGO, ILL., July 30.—They are saying a lot of sarcastic things about the white hopes just now because one or two of them made the statement when Sam Langford landed in this country that they had put up the bars and would not meet a colored fighter. Jess Willard, out on the Pacific Coast, is credited with the statement that he would have nothing to do with the black fighter, and Arthur Peck, Tommy Burns' gladiator, is said to have given utterance to something along the same order. These statements caused many sporting writers to say mean things about the "white hopes."

IT is a queer situation. It can be summed up in this wise: The white man is roasted and toasted for declining to have anything to do with the blacks. Yet not one of the men who are saying these unkind things about the white man could find a single place in America where a match between a big white man and a star black could be staged! There is no such place on the map. So why should there be a howl because the whites decline to mingle? If Willard or Peck agreed to take on Sam Langford they couldn't find a promoter anywhere who would stage it.

ALMOST as soon as the announcement was made that Langford was on his way back looking for a lot of trouble, the subject of mixed matches came up, and they were promptly tabooed in the chief boxing centers. New York was one of the first to put the ban on, and California followed in a hurry. In most of the other spots where boxing is tolerated, and is not protected by any State law, it would be the next thing to suicide for a promoter to suggest.

BASEBALL SUMMARY

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Games Wednesday.
Atlanta at Mobile (two games).
Chattanooga at Birmingham.

Standing of the Clubs.
W. L. P. W. L. P.
Mont. 59 28 596 Chattanooga 49 47 570
Mobile 61 44 381 Memphis 50 56 472
Pam. 53 46 555 Nash. 52 57 424
Atlanta 51 45 526 N. O. 34 63 351

Tuesday's Results.
Birmingham 4, New Orleans 2.
Chattanooga 2, Montgomery 2 (six innings, rain).
Nashville 2, Memphis 1.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Games Wednesday.
Detroit at Washington.
St. Louis at Philadelphia.
Chicago at New York.
Cleveland at Boston.

Standing of the Clubs.
W. L. P. W. L. P.
Phila. 56 28 702 Boston 46 45 500
Cleveland 58 25 594 Detroit 50 59 494
Wash. 55 49 575 St. Louis 39 62 384
Chicago 51 45 510 N. York 29 62 319

Tuesday's Results.
Philadelphia 8, Detroit 0.
St. Louis 4, New York 1.
Boston 5-2, Chicago 3-0.
Cleveland 6-6, New York 3-2.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Games Wednesday.
Brooklyn at Pittsburgh.
Philadelphia at Cincinnati.
New York at Chicago.
Boston at St. Louis.

Standing of the Clubs.
W. L. P. W. L. P.
N. York 45 27 707 Brooklyn 42 45 483
Phila. 53 34 585 Boston 39 51 433
Chicago 48 45 519 Cincinnati 37 59 285
Pitt. 45 46 495 St. Louis 36 58 381

Tuesday's Results.
New York 1-3, St. Louis 0-1.
Philadelphia 7, Pittsburgh 4.
Cincinnati 6, Brooklyn 4.
Boston 9, Chicago 1.

FLY CASTERS TO ORGANIZE.

Atlanta interested in fly and bait casting are to meet Friday night, August 1, 8 o'clock, at the Yancey Hardware Company, Peachtree street. All interested in the sport are invited to be present and participate in the organization. Fly and bait casting clubs are in existence all over the country, and tournaments are held. Chicago, Denver, San Francisco all have clubs and one of the most interesting sights of the New York and Boston Sportsman Shows is the casting tournaments. Prizes are offered for distance and accuracy.

Sporting Food

By GEORGE S. PHAIR.

ABSENCE.
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

That is why I long for you,
Thus a loveliest poet scribbled.
When his chicken-up and blew.

Absence makes the fan grow fonder
When the team is far away,
And is burning up the circuit,
Winning pastimes every day.

But when things are breaking badly
And the team goes on the blink,
Absence makes the fan grow fonder
I—DON'T—THINK!

Quoth Charlie Somers, the well-known baseball impresario: "Few of the major league clubs will show a dollar profit this year." We notice Mr. Somers and his fellow impresarios selling out, do we not?

We note that Sam Langford is matched to fight some mysterious person whom he does not know. We might also say that said fighter's relatives will not know him when Sam has finished the job.

It is said that red-headed men have great executive ability. Likewise it is rumored in England that red-headed men can play lawn tennis.

While we look upon tennis as considerable pastime, we do not hesitate to say that a snapshot of a woman playing that game would never win a prize in a beauty contest.

Washington fans are raising a fund to buy a loving cup for Walter Johnson, and it is rumored that seven American League managers are raising a fund to retire him on a pension.

Ad Wolgast having parted with Tom Jones, it might be said that he has lost his voice.

In view of the success of Napoleon Lajoie after every session on the bench, it would be advisable for Frank Chance to bench his whole team every other day.

E. WALSH.
The little old spitter is on the fritz
And feeble and weak it floats,
No more like a shot through the air
To capture the foe's men's goals.

Time was when his little old arm was
And he was a strong young geek,
And then never gave him a thing
To do.

But work seven days per week.
It is true, as the papers say, that Pat Browne is of the fact, Joe Woodman will vouch for the statement that any fighter who goes to Australia is off.

SPEAKING OF LEFTY RUSSELL.
Lives of pitchers all remind us
We can kill our pitching arm,
And a few short years will find us
Pitching hay upon the farm.

MIDSEASON MUSINGS.
The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
When baseball teams go on the bum
And not a fan to cheer—

When fans no longer rise to shout
And often rise to jeer,
And managers are trying out
Recruits to use next year.

When Ray Schalk is chased out of the game for protesting a decision there is a general snarl for Anat, said Jack Joe Woodman will vouch for the statement that any fighter who goes to Australia is off.

There is no doubt about the game next Wednesday being a success. Everybody is talking about it. The Capitol City and Athletic clubs will turn out in masses. It is not unlikely that these two foremost clubs will form teams for a match a few weeks later.

The Port McPherson team, which comprises four lieutenants, captained by Lieutenant Hornsby Evans, is hard at work training. Tom Weaver, Lamar Hill, Dr. J. O. Seamons, who will play on the All-Southern team, will start practicing to-morrow.

Two crack players from South Carolina are expected to arrive Friday to help the All-Southern in their attempt to down the soldier boys.

WOULD you give 25 cents for a good job? Place a "Want Ad" in The Georgian and get one.

Sam Langford and Joe Jeannette are said to have been matched. We were about to add the word "again," but we considered it unnecessary.

The fact that Carl Morris knocked out Al Benedict reveals the sad fact that you can always find something worse.

Headaches caused by eye-strain are cured by our scientifically fitted lenses. Oculist service at opticians prices. L. N. Huff Optical Company, two stores, 52 West Mitchell, 70 Whitehall, adv.

Clarke and Conzelman Selected Two Games With Gulls—Perhaps

By Joe Agler.

MOBILE, ALA., July 30.—One of the hardest rains I ever saw spoiled our chances of cleaning up on the Gulls yesterday, or maybe it spoiled the Gulls' chances for cleaning up on us, the way things have been going lately.

Anyway, about ten minutes before time for the game to be called, the bottom fell out and there never was a chance for the game. We are going to try to wind up the fall season by playing two games this afternoon.

Clarke and Conzelman will do the pitching for our side, with Chapman and Dunn back of the wood.

The team will present a new line-up, and may not work very smoothly at first. But at any rate the

POLO CLAMOR BE ERECTED ON PONCE DE LEON

SO sure are those who are promoting the exhibition polo game at Fort McPherson a week from to-day that the game will prove a success that they are planning for a permanent club and grounds.

It is not unlikely that the club will be located on Ponce DeLeon avenue, just opposite the baseball park. This would be an ideal spot. It wouldn't cost a heap of money to tear down the old amusement buildings that now "decorate" the grounds.

Would Be an Ideal Spot.
The club would surely prove a success if located there. It would be only a fifteen-minute ride on the street car, and the members could easily get out there after business hours, enjoy an hour or two of playing, and still be home in time for dinner.

The backers of the polo venture have also looked over a stretch of land out Peachtree Road, not far from Buckhead. Another desirable location would be at the Speedway. The track could be torn down. There is an ideal clubhouse there now, while the grandstand would surely be a marvel to witness a polo match from.

Game Sure to Be a Success.
There is no doubt about the fact that Ty Cobb scored from second base on an infield hit. Why, Bud, I pulled off that same stunt two times in one series over twenty years ago. I used to go around the bases in fourteen seconds from a standing start. It's the player who has plenty of gray matter and passes up the booze who keeps in the spotlight.

They double-columned the fact that Ty Cobb scored from second base on an infield hit. Why, Bud, I pulled off that same stunt two times in one series over twenty years ago. I used to go around the bases in fourteen seconds from a standing start. It's the player who has plenty of gray matter and passes up the booze who keeps in the spotlight.

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DOBBS NOT TO LEAD BROWNS, SAYS HEDGES

ST. LOUIS, MO., July 30.—President R. L. Hedges of the Browns returned from a trip to Montgomery, Ala., last night, with Branch Rickey, the club's secretary, and the announcement that he had exercised his option on Pitcher Ed Manning and bought Outfielder Walker, of the Montgomery team.

Still another player from the same club may be obtained before the close of the season. The Browns paid \$4,000 for Walker, who is esteemed the best asset on the club, in the fielding department.

Doesn't Want to Buy Club.
President Hedges, when asked if he had closed a deal to buy the Montgomery club, said he had not.

"Further than that, I don't expect to. The club is a loser, and worth nothing. Montgomery is a town of 40,000 persons, half of whom are negroes. The team has never been a money maker, and in my opinion can never be made a paying investment. For the sake of a place to send my players, I might have bought the club, but the price was laughable."

Incidentally, Hedges took occasion to deny the rumor that has been going the Southern rounds that Manager Johnny Dobbs, of the Montgomery club, would be made manager of the Browns.

Dobbs Will Not Lead Browns.
"Dobbs is the smartest man in the Southern League to-day," declared Hedges. "He could be manager of any one of four teams if he cared to accept the job. But as for his coming here, you can dismiss that from your mind."

"Dobbs, however, is a better major league manager than half the men now in charge of big clubs to-day."

President Hedges stated that he expected to go to Indianapolis Saturday. He wants to look over the players of that club. Hedges will also take a peek at Niehoff, of the Louisville club.

Secretary Branch Rickey departs to-day for a tour of the bushes in search of good-looking baseball material.

LOOK—You have read this; if you want anything, others will read your ad if it's in the Want Ad Section.

SANTAL MIDY

OF THE
BLADDER
Relieved In
24 Hours

Each Capsule contains the MIDY name brand

Because of its purity

Coast-Wise Ships
For Pleasant Trips

CENTRAL OF GEORGIA RY.
TO
SAVANNAH, GA.

Thence a cool ocean voyage on
palatial steamships.

Round-trip Fares from Atlanta
Including meals and berth while at sea
New York.....\$38.50
Boston.....42.25
Baltimore.....29.25
Philadelphia.....34.00

Correspondingly low fares from
and to other places.
Ask nearest Ticket Agent.

W. H. Foss,
District Passenger Agent,
Central of Georgia Railway,
Atlanta, Ga.

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PRISONERS DENY 'PEEPING TOM' ACCUSATION

Pair Caught on Roof of Church
Assert They Were Looking
for Hammer.

W. E. Nace, 32 McDaniel street, and R. R. Greenlee, 400 Spring street, arrested Tuesday night on complaint of a young woman living at 49 Washington street, who told the police Nace and Greenlee were peeping into her room from the roof of the Central Presbyterian Church, emphatically denied Wednesday morning that they are "peeping Toms." Nace is employed by the W. R. Jones Slate Roof Company, and Greenlee is a stenographer for the Orr Stationery Company. They will be tried in Police Court Wednesday afternoon.

"Neither Greenlee nor myself was looking into any woman's room," declared Nace Wednesday morning. "We were up on the roof looking for a hammer that I had left there. I had been doing some work on the roof of the Central Presbyterian Church, and had left my tools and working clothes there."

Took Part in Exercises.
"Last night my employer told me to get my tools and go to Fairburn, Ga., this morning. I went up to the church early in the evening and found that an athletic exhibition was being given by Captain W. C. Massey's Sunday school class, of which Greenlee is a member. I am interested in athletics, and I watched the exhibition for a while. Then they invited me to take part in it, which I did for an hour or two."

"About 9 o'clock I began to gather up my clothes and tools and missed one of my hammers. I remembered I had left it on the roof of the church, and asked Greenlee to go up with me to get it. It was very dark up there, and we were searching all over the roof when the officers arrested us. If there were any women in the apartment houses we didn't see them."

Backs Up Friend's Story.
Greenlee corroborated Nace's story in every detail. He says he is a member of the Central Presbyterian church.

According to the story told the police by the young woman who had the men arrested, she was lying on the bed in her room in Apartment 3. She happened to look out of her window, and saw Nace and Greenlee looking into her room. She slipped out of the room, she says, and telephoned to the police. Call Officers Shumate and Cochran answered the call.

Intense Heat Again Cooks Middle West

CHICAGO, July 30.—Intense heat made Chicago suffer to-day, caused nearly a score of prostrations and drove thousands to beaches. Two deaths were recorded from yesterday's sudden change from cool temperature to a record for the season, when the mercury touched 99.

The country surrounding Chicago was visited by the unexpected hot wave. In Burlington, Iowa, the official temperature was 110.

Electric Light Men Of South to Convene

MACON, July 30.—The southeastern section of the National Electric Light Association meets in Macon at the Hotel Dempsey August 14-16. Among the dozen papers to be discussed will be John S. Black, general manager of the Columbus Railroad Company. President P. S. Arkwright, of the Georgia Railway and Power Company, will make the report of the public policy committee.

Georgia, Alabama, Florida, North Carolina and South Carolina are embraced in the southeastern section, having about 150 central stations, with a membership of 300.

H. A. Scamp, Emory College Tutor, Dead

H. A. Scamp, well known in Atlanta and for eighteen years professor of Greek at Emory College, died last Sunday at his home in Parkersville, Ky. During his last year Professor Scamp was engaged in research work for the Smithsonian Institution.

He was distinguished for his scholarly attainments and was one of the pioneers of the temperance cause in Georgia. His book, "King Alcohol in the Realm of King Cotton," aided the movement greatly.

OBITUARY

The funeral of Rosa Lee Pierce, eleven months old, who died at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Pierce, No. 154 Ormond street, Tuesday afternoon, will be held from the residence at 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. Interment at Westview.

The body of Joseph J. Lawyer, No. 163 East Georgia avenue, who died Tuesday, will be taken Thursday to Hiram, Ga., for funeral and interment. Mr. Lawyer was thirty-eight years old and is survived by a wife and three children. He had been with the Southern Railroad for twenty years. He was a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and of the Capitol Avenue Baptist Church.

Funeral services of Mrs. T. C. Jordan, No. 23 Oliver street, who died Tuesday afternoon, were held at the residence Wednesday morning. Mrs. Jordan was forty-two years old, and is survived by her husband and two children. Interment was at Casey's.

Turks Defy Powers To Force Them to Give Up Adrianople

Special Cable to The Georgian.

ADRIANOPLE, July 30.—Enver Bey, chief representative of Turkey in the recaptured city of Adrianople, to-day threw down the gauntlet to Europe.

"We will not evacuate the city we have recaptured," he said. "Europe can not drive us out. The quicker the powers understand this the better it will be for the peace of Europe."

This was his reply to the contemplated move by the powers to drive the Porte out of Adrianople.

BELGRADE, July 30.—Despite the overtures among the Balkan allies heavy fighting is still going on. A dispatch from Sofia says that the Bulgarians forced the Greeks to retreat from Mehomia and Nevrokop.

New Salad Makes a Hit in Washington

WASHINGTON, July 30.—Mrs. George R. Smith, wife of a new representative from Minneapolis, has invented a dish called the "Congressional salad," which has grown in vogue among hostesses here.

Mrs. Smith has been besieged for the recipe. Here it is:
One grape fruit, one orange, one pineapple or two apples, nuts according to taste and a pinch of salt. To this chopped up fruit, she adds cream, double whipped. When completed, the salad is served on squares of buttered toast or browned crackers.

Infant Paralysis a Disease of Fowls

ST. LOUIS, July 30.—A demonstration of his theory infantile paralysis was originally a disease of fowls and transmitted to children by the larvae of the fly, was presented to the St. Louis Medical Society by Dr. E. W. Saunders, an authority on children's diseases.

A monkey, a Plymouth Rock chicken, several guinea pigs and three rabbits were used to demonstrate the deadly effects of the larvae.

The monkey, which expired while Dr. Saunders was lecturing, exhibited all the symptoms of the disease.

Masons to Confer Degrees at Conyers

The Masons in the Fifth Congressional District are preparing to hold their annual convention in Conyers, Ga., on August 14.

The grand master, Robert L. Colding, of Savannah, is expected. The various Masonic degrees will be exemplified by special degree teams from the Atlanta lodges.

Watchcase Company A Trust, Is Charge

WASHINGTON, July 30.—Declaring the Keystone Watchcase Company and allied concerns of Philadelphia form a combination in restraint of trade, Assistant Attorney General Chantland, of the Department of Justice, in a brief to be filed in Philadelphia in October, asks that the combination be dissolved.

ENNIS RESCUES HOUSE LIQUOR MEASURE

Hixon-Searcy Bill Merely Goes
Over Until Next Year, Awaiting
Decision on U. S. Statute.

That the Hixon-Searcy bill, proposing to extend the Webb law provisions to Georgia, was not killed outright in the House Temperance Committee, rather than sent over to next session in charge of a subcommittee, is due to the work of Mr. Ennis, of Baldwin.

When the question of this bill's probable unconstitutionality was raised in the committee, it was pointed out that the Webb law is being tested in the United States courts, and that by this time next year it will be ruled upon finally. If the law is upheld, it was contended, Georgia might extend its laws to meet the Federal statute. If ruled unconstitutional, however, Georgia would lose nothing by waiting.

In addition to this, it was shown that to pass the law now simply would shut off approximately \$300,000 already on hand, and more to accumulate within the year, would pile up a total deficit to the appalling extent of over \$1,000,000.

When these things were made clear to the committee, a disposition was evident upon the part of several members to kill the bill outright, with the idea that it might be reintroduced in the next Legislature. If it then seemed advisable, tax reform having been enacted in the meantime and the present deficit wiped out.

Mr. Ennis, vice chairman of the committee, strenuously objected to the bill's slaughter in the committee, however, and prevailed upon his colleagues to refer the entire matter to a subcommittee for a report next session, rather than let the bill go to its death in this Legislature.

The bill was given that direction, and Mr. Ennis was made vice chairman of the committee having the measure in charge.

'Salome' Prescribed As Flesh Reducer

PITTSBURGH, PA., July 30.—Dr. Otto Zeh, of this city, has a class of business men doing Salome dancing every morning to reduce fat and build up unused muscles. His star pupil is Franz W. Schuster, a wholesale grocer, who weighs between 350 and 400 pounds, according to how regularly he does his wriggling.

Shuster could take off from 5 to 10 pounds at a single dance.

Dr. Zeh, observing the success of the experiment, advised others to take it up, with the result that he soon had a class of enthusiasts.

Spine Is Dislocated By Mother's Slaps

WINCHESTER, KY., July 30.—Sorrow has come deeply into the life of Mrs. Shirley Pace, of the Muddy Creek pike, who unintentionally may be the cause of the death of her child, Leon Allen, aged 3.

Because of some act of disobedience the mother, catching the child by the arm, administered several sharp slaps on his back just below the shoulder blade.

The punishment dislocated three of the spinal vertebrae.

DELUGE OF FREE VOTES CLOSES LAST BONUS

Pony Contest Manager Repeats
Warning That No Contestant
Is Safe—Shetlands Parade.

"Red Letter Ballots" came in an avalanche Tuesday afternoon and evening, burying the clerks in the contest manager's office.

This was the last bonus offer, the last bit of help for the boys and girls who are striving for The Georgian and American ponies. Wednesday, Thursday—Thursday midnight, and the race is over.

Admiring crowds in the business district of Atlanta stood along the sidewalks Wednesday morning to see the 22 ponies which will go to the two winners in each of eleven districts. Though unused to city sights, the ponies behaved very well, and certainly made a splendid showing.

District Races Close.

There is just one thing for the boys and girls to remember—it all will be over Thursday at midnight. There are close races in almost every district. The boy or girl who is nosed out of first place by a very few votes will regret for years that he did not see just a few more people the last day; that he did not try for at least one more subscription than the number he thought enough.

Some of the most confident—the bragging sort—are in most danger of losing. This is the "tip" from the contest manager.

No one is safe.

And Thursday is at hand.

Followed Advice.

Hardly one of the contestants overlooked his opportunity, offered by the "Red Letter Ballots," to get 2,000 votes for \$2. Some of the boys and girls brought in dozens of these "Red Letter Ballots."

They followed the advice of the contest manager and concentrated all their efforts on subscriptions to The Sunday American up until Tuesday night.

That offer now is history. A brief, sharp sprint, with no favors asked or given, and the pony contest will end in a blaze of glory.

Baby Brought to Life By Use of Pulmotor

HARRISBURG, PA., July 30.—Forty-four minutes after an eleven-pound baby was born to-day to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Weaver, of this city, without any heart action and no signs of breathing, life was put into it by means of a pulmotor.

It required seven minutes to rush the machine across the city, and after thirty-seven minutes of work the infant began to breathe and cry.

Profits of Farmers Average \$640 a Year

WASHINGTON, July 30.—Farming is not the most profitable business in the world, according to a bulletin of the Department of Agriculture.

For the first time in the history of farming in the United States, the department has managed to get accurate data on the subject. It reports that the average income of the American farmer is \$640.40 per year.

Slain by Bolt, Falls Into An Open Grave

PHILADELPHIA, July 30.—While he was digging a grave in Holy Cross Cemetery here, Patrick Toney, 50, was struck by lightning and killed. He fell into the open grave.

Indian Declares He Is In His 151st Year

TULSA, OKLA., July 30.—John Black, a half-breed Indian residing near here, declares he was born 151 years ago in an Indian camp on the plains of Tennessee. He possesses all of his faculties.

Peace Near in Mine War; Unions Victors

CHARLESTON, W. VA., July 30.—Before to-night peace terms will be signed by the miners and operators of Cabin Creek, where a state of civil war has existed for more than a year.

where many have been killed and where martial law has twice been declared. More than 10,000 miners will return to work.
The operators will not recognize the United Mine Workers, but they will give recognition to the local unions, a nine-hour day, a net ton, semi-monthly pay, the right to employ checkweighmen, an increase of one cent on each ton of coal and arbitration of labor disputes.

EISEMAN BROS., Inc.

The Famous

MANHATTANS!

At CUT Prices!

SALE OPENS TO-MORROW MORNING!

MANHATTAN SHIRT SUPREMACY needs no exploitation. You will be chiefly interested in KNOWING—that this invitation to our Midsummer MANHATTAN bargain-fest carries the assurance of the largest stocks and greatest variety to select from, displayed by any other concern in the South.

The lines include the season's smartest productions in French MADRAS—PERCALES—PURE SILK—AND—SILK and LINEN GARMENTS.

The Sale includes White, Plaited and Negligee Manhattans. Full range of sizes in stupendous variety.

PRICES!

Manhattan Shirts---	\$1.50 Values---	Now	\$1.15
Manhattan Shirts---	\$2.00 Values---	Now	\$1.38
Manhattan Shirts---	\$2.50 and \$3.00 Values---	Now	\$1.88
Manhattan Shirts---	\$3.50 and \$4.00 Values---	Now	\$2.65
Manhattan Shirts---	\$5.00 Values---	Now	\$3.55

Brilliant values in high-class shirts other than Manhattans. The "E B" Special and other sterling makes of garments!

Fancy Madras---Percales---Silk---Silk and Linen

\$1.00 values, now75	\$3.00 values, now	\$2.15
1.50 values, now	1.05	3.50 values, now	2.50
2.00 values, now	1.25	4.00 values, now	2.95
2.50 values, now	1.75	5.00 values, now	3.65

Sweet, Crisp, Cool Underwear

From the World's Best Mills---American Hosiery---Otis---Roxford---B V D---Gotham---"E B" Specials

Two-Piece Garments

50c per garment values, now35
75c per garment values, now59
\$1.00 per garment values, now75
1.50 per garment values, now	1.13
2.00 per garment values, now	1.50

Union Suits

\$1.00 garments, now75
1.50 garments, now	1.13
2.00 garments, now	1.50
2.50 garments, now	1.85
3.00 garments, now	2.25

Pajamas and Night Shirts

Extensive variety of high class, finely finished, correctly fashioned Pajamas and Night Shirts of Silk, Silk trimmed Pongee and Soisette, also fancy silk trimmed—also popular solid colors—Pink, Lavender, Tan, Blue, etc.

Pajamas!

\$1.00 garments, now75
1.50 garments, now	1.13
2.00 garments, now	1.50
2.50 garments, now	1.85
3.00 garments, now	2.25
3.50 garments, now	2.63
5.00 garments, now	3.75
8.50 garments, now	5.00

Night Shirts!

.50 garments, now38
.75 garments, now57
1.00 garments, now75
1.50 garments, now	1.10
2.00 (fancy trimmed) garments, now	1.40
5.00 (silk) garments, now	3.00

Now is the time to buy Neckwear and Hosiery. The greatest collection in Atlanta, by far, is here!

Fancy Silk, Silk Knitted and Wash Neckwear

All the varieties of Four-in-Hands, also the Bat Wings. A regular rainbow of variety—sumptuous stocks.		WASH TIES!		SILK HOSE!	
50c Ties	now 35c	50c Ties	now 35c	Imported and Domestic. Best makes.	
3 for \$1.00		3 for \$1.00		All shades. All sizes.	
\$1.00 Ties	now .65	\$1.00 Ties	now 65c	\$1.00 values	now \$.65
1.50 Ties	now .95	500 dozen to select from, including		1.50 values	now 1.00
2.00 Ties	now 1.15	all the novelties.		2.00 values	now 1.28
2.50 Ties	now 1.45			2.50 values	now 1.69
3.00 Ties	now 1.85				

Brilliant Values and Clearance Prices in all other Departments

Eiseman Bros., Inc.

Store Closes at One o'Clock on Wednesdays Till Sept. 1st

11-13-15-17 Whitehall St.

No More Headaches

Coffee drinking induces headache, indigestion, nervousness, heart trouble, and many other ills. This because coffee contains the poisonous drug, caffeine.

A prominent business man of Memphis, Tenn., writes under date of April 21, 1913, of his experience in quitting coffee. He says:

"For a number of years I had been a great sufferer from headaches and indigestion. About January first of this year I left off coffee and began the use of Instant Postum. Since getting from under the influence of coffee, headaches have ceased. I can eat anything I want to, and have no indigestion. In addition to this I have gained in weight."

"I attribute it all to the stopping of coffee, and the use of Postum. I write this letter simply to add my testimony to the many you already have, and to induce some fellow sufferer to get relief by quitting coffee and turning to Instant Postum as a morning beverage." (Name given on request.)

INSTANT POSTUM

is a pure food-drink, made only of clean, roasted whole wheat and a small quantity of molasses. It contains no drug whatever, but does contain the vital phosphates of the grain which are essential for the upbuilding of brain and nerve and muscle tissue.

If something interferes with your comfort, suppose you try leaving off coffee and use Instant Postum.

Postum comes in two forms.

Regular Postum (must be boiled.)

Instant Postum doesn't require boiling, but is prepared instantly by stirring a level teaspoonful in an ordinary cup of hot water and adding cream and sugar to taste.

A level teaspoonful makes it right for most people. Some use a heaping teaspoonful and temper it with plenty of cream, and it has a delightfully snappy flavor that is wonderfully pleasing. Find out how you like it and always have it served that way.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

BO SECURITIES NOW, IS ADVICE BY FORBES

Expert Recommends Convertible
Bonds—His Prediction of
Improvement Realized.

By B. C. FORBES.
Financially, we are emerging from the thickets that have seriously retarded prosperity. Every day brings us nearer clear fields and bright skies.

"Do you recommend the purchase of securities?" I am asked.

Yes, many excellent bonds are today bargains, notably the convertible issues of sound railroad and conspicuously strong industrial companies. Among the attractive investments that rush to mind are the convertibles of Baltimore and Ohio, St. Paul, Atchafalaya, Norfolk and Western, and American Telephone. They are safe, they yield a fairly generous income, and the convertible privilege gives them an added speculative value not to be ignored.

What about stocks?

Well, a month ago, after having urged caution for a year, I ventured the opinion that the turning in the long lane was near and that discriminating outright purchases could be made with every probability of certainty, almost of generous profits in addition to the high dividend returns. What has occurred to change that view, except that prices have already enjoyed so substantial an advance that I believe a temporary reaction is in order. Then the best stocks will again be very attractive.

I have enjoyed confidential chats with certain of our most powerful financiers, and their views are exactly in accord with what has just been written.

Bonds, however, are favored. Investors who like a speculative string to their purchases are recommended to buy trustworthy convertible bonds in preference to stocks.

The strongest banking interests are opposed to speculative activity in stocks at present. "There should not be, and very probably will not be, much speculation in stocks for two or three months," remarked a financier whose judgment is second to none and whose position is one of great eminence in American and international finance. "Margin trading is not to be encouraged. Nobody should buy stocks just now unless prepared to hold them, no matter if a setback be suffered. Of course, 50-point margins are all right. I am speaking only of narrow margins. Small investors who can pay in full and who buy on credit are pretty sure to come out well."

Plungers are not to be encouraged until the money necessary to market the crops has been supplied.

I hear that cotton growers will be at the earliest moment and that grain growers will also be urged to market part of their product without delay. The double desire is to have debts liquidated at home and credits built up abroad.

Our financial prospects are better than our business conditions, although these are not wholly bad, in any means.

Financial stringency, once gravely threatened, now promises to be averted. Inflation has been curtailed throughout the country and the desire of new security issues has been stopped. Abroad also, the banking situation has been strengthened at every important center. If need arises, the United States is to obtain assistance from London without protest, for the Bank of England's reserve is phenomenally high and the leading Continental banks are also unusually well fortified with bullion.

THE PLAY THIS WEEK

Grand Films Interest.

Lovers of nature study and animals are having an inning at the Grand, matinee and night daily this week. In the illustrated report of the Carnegie Museum Alaska-Siberia expedition, given by means of the motion pictures taken by Captain Kleinschmidt throughout the cruise. Arctic monsters of land and sea, night glaciers moving majestically down the mountain sides, icebergs in formation and afloat, and the wild life of the frigid North are shown in all phases.

Foray Bill Pleasing.

There is a splendid bill of comedy at the Forsyth Theater this week. There is a tremendous advance sale for all performances.

Among the headlines, Bob Daley in a sketch called "Our Boy" is a scream.

Joe Welch is again registering his big hit that he made last season by his droll manner of telling stories and his rendition of a quartet song.

Joe Dancer a Hit.

There is a little Joe dancer this week with "The Girl From Dublin" at the Bijou who is making one of the big hits of the show. Such vivacity and energy has seldom been displayed by a dancer on a local stage. Her work is decidedly pleasing. A female quartet is also one of the pleasing features of the performance.

ACCUSED OF WHISKY THEFTS.

COLUMBUS.—Paul Edwards and Lige Truett, young white men, arrested in Griffin for the theft of 39 pints of whiskey in Girard, Ala., have been taken to Seale county site of Russell, to await preliminary hearing.

WANT AD WAY IS QUICKEST BEST AND SUREST

Business Man's Lost Keys Prove
It—Contestants Find It Easy
to Secure Want Ads.

When you lose something, do you bid it good-bye and say nothing? That's bad business. Why not find it?

An Atlanta business man lost his office keys a few days ago. He telephoned The Georgian's Want Ad Man and had three lines published in the "want" pages, asking that the keys be returned to his office, where a reward would be paid.

Next morning he was offered just fourteen bunches of keys. One bunch was his own.

The thirteen other losers may not have their keys yet, unless they advertised for them. The finders had no clue to the ownership. A Georgian want ad will get most anything you want, from a housegirl to a twelve-room house. That's the reason you see so many business houses using them.

The contest is still open and new contestants have a fine opportunity to enter and win a prize—an automobile, a piano, a trip to California, a motorcycle or any one of the dozens of trophies offered. There isn't any guesswork to rack your brains over. No disappointments. Energy will bring results and the prizes will go to the best hustlers. The Want Ad Man will tell you all about how to enter, how to work, how to win.

Master Organists Will Compete Here

Many of the master organists of America will come to Atlanta to "try out" for the position of city organist made vacant by the resignation of Dr. Percy J. Starnes. At a meeting of the Atlanta Music Festival Association Tuesday afternoon a list of the most prominent was selected and a call sent to each of them to appear at the next two Sundays will be given by Professor Charles Sheldon, of Atlanta, who has assisted the association greatly. He organized the chorus and helped out on many other details.

The association decided that in future nothing will be allowed to interfere with the concerts and that conventions and exhibits will have to meet elsewhere on Sundays.

Mystery in Slaying Of Man in East Rome

Rome, July 30.—Mysteriously killed last Saturday night, the death of Floyd Frisco has just become known. Coroner Miller learned to-day that Frisco had been done to death on White Row in East Rome, and so far he has been unable to unravel the mystery.

Frisco was at the home of Will Watley, but Watley, who was also shot in the arm, can not or will not divulge the name of the assailant, except that his name is Fred. Watley is being held until "Fred" can be found.

Gulf Stream Speedy; Seaman Fears Storm

CHARLESTON, July 30.—Sea captains coming into Charleston continue to report an unusual speed for the Gulf Stream, which is raging along, according to more than one mariner, at a rate of two or three knots faster than usual.

Captain Pennington, well-known coast sailing master, believes that the speed of the Gulf Stream forecasts a big storm, this being his experience in the past when the stream was unruly.

Women Voters Buy Auto Fire Equipment

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., July 30.—The purchase of two automobile fire trucks and other modern fire-fighting appliances by the city of Champaign was possible to-day because the women at yesterday's election voted unanimously for the issuance of bonds for the purchase.

Without the ballots of the women, it was estimated, the proposition would have failed.

Winged Fire Wagons Forecast in Salem

SALEM, MASS., July 30.—A flying machine fire department for Salem was predicted by J. F. Hurley, Mayor of this city.

Fire engines, hook and ladders, hose wagons and aerial water towers of the future will go through the air on the wings of aeroplanes, according to Hurley's ideas.

COTTON MARKET OPINIONS.

Miller & Co. "We can still only repeat the opinion expressed during the past few days, that we think prices for the time being are in control of Texas weather."

Atwood, Violet & Co. "We believe the rally has gone far enough."

Morris H. Rothschild & Co. "The trade is awaiting further climatic developments."

Thompson, Towle & Co. "Until rains occur the market will not decline and may go higher temporarily."

MINING STOCKS.

BOSTON, July 30.—Opening: Butte Superior 26, Granby 60, Calumet Hecla 40, Alaska 19, East Butte 12, Boston Elevated 28.

COTTON MARKET

NEW YORK, July 30.—As there was no rain in Texas over night nor any immediate prospect of moisture, according to the early weather map, the cotton market opened rather active to-day, with first prices at a net gain of 2 to 3 points, except May, which was 4 points decline from Tuesday's final.

After the call a precipitant selling movement, led by Wall Street and the uptown crowd, sent the market back to the lowest level of the month, July was dumped on the market in a sensational manner, resulting in a rapid decline 20 points from the initial level, which was 11.92. August dropped 10 points to 11.56. Other positions were heavily liquidated and displayed a net decline of 9 to 13 points.

Weather news not quite as bearish as had been hoped for, but was considered favorable; except in Texas, where some private reports indicated deterioration from the dry, hot weather. This, however, was offset as a bullish argument, when Oklahoma reported beneficial rainfall. In addition to this a Liverpool cable stated that spinners taking from Liverpool were more freely as stocks and pretty well used up. The other hand Manchester is quiet, as India is not a free buyer and there are troubles reported again in China, which have caused orders for that market to be canceled for the time. This, together with a bearish circular from F. M. Cordill on the condition of North Mississippi and Tennessee crops promoted sufficient selling to send the market back into the lowest levels.

Following are 11 a. m. bids in New York: July, 11.78; August, 11.62; October, 11.19; January, 11.09.

Following are 10 a. m. bids in New Orleans: July, 11.50; August, 11.60; October, 11.24; January, 11.21.

Estimated cotton receipts: Thursday, 1912.

New Orleans..... 500 to 1,000 82.

Cotton quotations:

	Open	High	Low	Noon	Prev.
July	11.92	11.93	11.72	11.72	11.89
Aug.	11.66	11.66	11.56	11.56	11.63
Sept.	11.25	11.25	11.17	11.17	11.25
Oct.	11.25	11.25	11.17	11.17	11.25
Nov.	11.21	11.21	11.11	11.11	11.18
Dec.	11.21	11.21	11.11	11.11	11.18
Jan.	11.14	11.14	11.04	11.04	11.12
Feb.	11.21	11.21	11.11	11.11	11.18
Mar.	11.21	11.21	11.11	11.11	11.18
May	11.21	11.21	11.11	11.11	11.18

NEW ORLEANS COTTON.

Cotton quotations:

	Open	High	Low	Noon	Prev.
July	11.64	11.64	11.54	11.54	11.65
Aug.	11.64	11.64	11.54	11.54	11.65
Sept.	11.27	11.28	11.17	11.17	11.25
Oct.	11.27	11.28	11.17	11.17	11.25
Nov.	11.25	11.25	11.15	11.15	11.22
Dec.	11.25	11.25	11.15	11.15	11.22
Jan.	11.21	11.21	11.11	11.11	11.18
Feb.	11.21	11.21	11.11	11.11	11.18
Mar.	11.21	11.21	11.11	11.11	11.18
May	11.21	11.21	11.11	11.11	11.18

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.

LIVERPOOL, July 30.—Due 6 1/2 points higher on July and unchanged to 3 1/2 points higher on other months, this market opened steady at a net advance of 1 point. The market was steady at a net advance of 3 points on July and 1/2 to 2 points higher on other months. Later the market advanced 1 point from 12 1/2 p. m.

Spot cotton in moderate demand, at 1 point decline; middling, 5.53d; sales, 100 bales, including 6,000 of which 1,000 were American bales.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.

Quotations opening quiet.

	Open	High	Low	Noon	Prev.
July	6.25	6.25	6.25	6.25	6.25
Aug.	6.25	6.25	6.25	6.25	6.25
Sept.	6.17	6.17	6.17	6.17	6.17
Oct.	6.08	6.10	6.08	6.07	6.07
Nov.	6.04	6.04	6.04	6.04	6.04
Dec.	5.99	6.00	5.99	5.98	5.98
Jan.	5.94	5.94	5.94	5.94	5.94
Feb.	5.91	6.02	5.91	6.00	6.00
Mar.	5.91	6.02	5.91	6.00	6.00
Apr.	5.91	6.02	5.91	6.00	6.00
May	5.91	6.02	5.91	6.00	6.00

Closed steady.

COTTON GOSSIP

The New York Journal of Commerce has the following on the condition of the cotton crops in Texas, Oklahoma and Missouri:

"Texas—Continued drought and high temperatures are reported from nearly all sections, and have lowered prospects somewhat from a month ago. Sections that are still needing rain for port shedding and stoppage of growth. But, as one correspondent remarks, dry weather and hot winds don't go together and as a consequence, weevil are doing very little damage. In districts where the rainfall has been good, the cotton is generally of good size, strong and healthy. Fields are well cultivated, clean and labor plentiful. Some sections are late, but as a rule, no complaints are made of this feature. Oklahoma—The general need of rain has caused some deterioration from a month ago, when percentage condition was 86.8. The plant is generally small, but strong and healthy, well cultivated and clean. Fruitage is generally good, and the crop is free from insect. Many sections have received the needed rainfall and prospects are for a big crop. Missouri—Except for lack of rain in some localities, the crop is in excellent growing condition."

Dallas wires: "Texas clear, rain at Houston yesterday, Oklahoma clear."

NEW ORLEANS, July 30.—Hayward & Clark: "The weather map shows a round cloud over the Gulf of Mexico over the remainder of the belt; no rain in the Western States; general rains over East Mississippi, Alabama, Western Georgia and light showers in the Memphis district. Indications are for generally fair weather over the Western States, except perhaps cloudy over Galveston coast districts, cloudy showery in the Eastern and Central States."

The New Orleans Times-Democrat states: "The cotton market presents a small anomaly, a sort of forerunner of what may be expected in the event of a distribution of a death blow with its legislative club. America believes both Arab horse and the world will be large, but the world can afford to pay current values, and that, under normal conditions of supply and distribution, the cotton harvested in 1913-14 will raise into consumers' hands at a splendid profit to the farmer. But America fears the Clarke stamp tax and is in no humor to enforce its price opinions. On the other hand, continental Europe believes that America will try out the unbecoming desire of many people, by making the Clarke stamp tax on futures a law, and Europe knows full well that the death of the American future market will mean the reassertion of consumers' control over the value of the raw material."

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

CHICAGO, July 30.—Receipts, 27,000. Market weak to 5c lower; mixed and butchers, \$8.45@9.25; good heavy, \$7.92@8.15; rough heavy, \$8.35@8.70; light, \$8.95@9.20; pigs, \$8.00@9.10; bulk, \$8.75@9.05.

Cattle—Receipts, 7,000. Market steady; beefs, \$7.35@9.10; cows and heifers, \$2.25@4.20; stockers and feeders, \$6.25@7.20; Texans, \$6.75@8.15; calves, \$5.35@11.00.

Sheep—Receipts, 22,000. Market steady; native and Western, \$3.25@5.10; lambs, \$5.25@8.00.

Weston on Last Leg Of Minneapolis Hike

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., July 30.—Edward Payson Weston, the 75-year-old pedestrian, was on the last leg of his hike from New York to Minneapolis to-day.

He was officially welcomed yesterday as he crossed the State line at Hudson, Wis., and into Minnesota by Governor Eberhart and members of his executive staff.

GRAIN MARKET

CHICAGO, July 30.—The corn market was again the speculative leader on the Board of Trade at the opening this morning, prices during the first half hour showing gains of 1/4 to 1/2c, when the market was quiet. Dry and hot weather continues generally in the corn country, maximum temperatures being about 2 points higher than this time yesterday. Numerous buying orders were executed in the pit for people located in the corn belt, and there was a good demand from local speculators and professionals.

Although conditions surrounding the wheat market at the moment are in favor of the bears, values at the opening showed some firmness because of the strong position occupied by the corn market. Fine weather was reported in the spring wheat country and Liverpool was somewhat easier in price.

Further gains were shown in oats on unfavorable thrashing returns and the strength in corn.

There was a dull trade in hog products at the opening, but values held steady despite a break of 5 to 10c in the price of hogs at the yards.

Grain quotations to noon:

	High	Low	Noon	Prev.
WHEAT—				
July	86 1/2	85 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2
Sept.	86 1/2	85 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2
Dec.	90 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	90 1/2

CORN—

	High	Low	Noon	Prev.
July	66 1/2	65 1/2	65 1/2	66 1/2
Sept.	66 1/2	65 1/2	65 1/2	66 1/2
Dec.	62 1/2	61 1/2	61 1/2	62 1/2

OATS—

	High	Low	Noon	Prev.
July	49 1/2	49 1/2	49 1/2	49 1/2
Sept.	47 1/2	47 1/2	47 1/2	47 1/2
Dec.	44 1/2	43 1/2	43 1/2	44 1/2

LARD—

	High	Low	Noon	Prev.
July	21.50	21.15	21.17 1/2	21.30

ORK—

	High	Low	Noon	Prev.
July	11.77 1/2	11.77 1/2	11.77 1/2	11.77 1/2
Sept.	11.85	11.77 1/2	11.77 1/2	11.45

WAB—

	High	Low	Noon	Prev.
July	11.70	11.65	11.65	11.77 1/2
Sept.	11.52 1/2	11.45	11.45	11.80
Oct.	11.52 1/2	11.45	11.45	11.80

LIVERPOOL GRAIN MARKET.

LIVERPOOL, July 30.—Wheat opened unchanged to 1/4d higher. At 1:30 p. m. the market was unchanged; closed 1/4d higher to 1/2d lower.

Corn opened 1/4d higher. At 1:30 p. m. the market was 1/4d to 1/2d higher; closed unchanged to 1/4d higher.

EGGS—Fresh country, candled, 16 1/2c. BUTTER—Jersey and creamery, in 1-lb. blocks, 27 1/2c@30c; fresh country, in 1-lb. blocks, 27 1/2c@30c.

UNDRAWN POULTRY—Drawn, head and feet on, per pound: hens, 13c; roosters, 12c; turkeys, 15c. Turkey, 15c. Turkey, 15c.

LIVE POULTRY—Hens, 40c@45c; roosters, 35c@40c; turkeys, 45c@50c; ducks, 30c@35c; geese, 25c@30c; chickens, 15c@20c.

FRUITS AND PRODUCE.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—Lemons, 12c@15c; bananas, 2 1/2c@3c; cabbage, 10c@12c; cauliflower, 10c@12c; celery, 10c@12c; choice, 10c@12c; sweet potatoes, 10c@12c; pumpkins, 10c@12c; radishes, 10c@12c; turnips, 10c@12c; watermelons, 10c@12c; cantaloupes, 10c@12c; peaches, 10c@12c; apples, 10c@12c; pears, 10c@12c; plums, 10c@12c; cherries, 10c@12c; strawberries, 10c@12c; raspberries, 10c@12c; blueberries, 10c@12c; blackberries, 10c@12c; currants, 10c@12c; grapes, 10c@12c; figs, 10c@12c; dates, 10c@12c; pineapples, 10c@12c; mangoes, 10c@12c; guavas, 10c@12c; papayas, 10c@12c; avocados, 10c@12c; coconuts, 10c@12c; pineapples, 10c@12c; mangoes, 10c@12c; guavas, 10c@12c; papayas, 10c@12c; avocados, 10c@12c; coconuts, 10c@12c.

FISH—Bream and perch, 10c@12c; snapper, 10c@12c; bluefish, 10c@12c; mackerel, 10c@12c; mixed fish, 10c@12c; black bass, 10c@12c; oysters, 10c@12c; sweet potatoes, 10c@12c; pumpkins, 10c@12c; radishes, 10c@12c; turnips, 10c@12c; watermelons, 10c@12c; cantaloupes, 10c@12c; peaches, 10c@12c; apples, 1

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How Many Dignified United States Senators Are Getting or Hope to Get Money from the Express Companies?

We Shall Know Exactly When We See How Many Senators Fight Improvements in the Parcel Post.

(Copyright)

Betterments suggested and predicted in this and other newspapers have already "arrived" in the parcel post system. Mr. Burleson, the present Postmaster General, deserves credit and praise for his efforts to make the parcel post a useful servant of the people, instead of leaving it like a pigeon with its wings clipped—clipped to oblige the express companies.

The silly special stamps that were first necessary have been abolished.

The Government has arranged to send parcel post C. O. D.—a great convenience for merchants and the public.

The sending of larger packages, raising the limit from eleven to twenty pounds, will be of great benefit to business men—especially to the small merchants throughout the country who require and ought to have for the benefit of their customers a complete postal delivery service.

Thanks to Burleson, the stupidities of the zone system are being corrected with reasonable speed.

Before long it is safe to hope that the zones will be abolished, that the postoffice will be the real delivery service of all the people, facilitating transactions and exchanges of all kinds, bringing in many millions of revenue of profit to the Government, saving still many more millions to the people, and abolishing the dishonest, extortionate, monopolistic and stupid reign and control of the express companies.

Do you need to be told that these improvements in the postal service are opposed violently and as usual BY MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS, ESPECIALLY BY "DIGNIFIED" SENATORS?

One thing is quite certain, you won't need to be told when United States Senators of the Lorimer type are taking or have taken the cash of the express companies.

You will have a fairly complete list of those gentlemen, when you find which of the "honorable Senators" are most ardent in opposing parcel post improvement, and most vicious in their attacks on Postmaster General Burleson.

Is Your Child Afraid at Night?

Treat the Child Kindly, Indulgent. Such a Child Needs Sympathy. Harsh Treatment and Scolding Are Very Harmful.

(Copyright, 1913.)

Many little boys and girls are frightened at night.

They are in terror if compelled to sleep alone in a dark room. They awake, frightened by bad dreams, shaking with fear, tormented with all kinds of apprehension.

Such children are to be pitied, and they are to be pitied especially when they happen to be "blessed" with parents that do not understand the treatment of such children.

There are many so-called "old-fashioned" fathers and mothers, which usually means IGNORANT fathers and mothers, who believe that nervous, frightened children should be disciplined and made to get over their fears.

Such old-fashioned, ignorant parents send the child to bed alone, preferably up a dark stairway. They put out the light and shut the door when the child is in bed.

AND THE UNFORTUNATE, UNFIT PARENTS DO NOT REALIZE THAT THEY ARE DOING THEIR VERY BEST TO DESTROY THE CHILD'S CHANCE OF SUCCESS AND NORMAL GROWTH.

Fathers and mothers should remember that the one important thing the child possesses is brain. And they should remember that the one valuable thing in the brain IS IMAGINATION.

The child that is frightened, afraid of the dark, afraid of its own strange dreams, is the child with an active mind and an active imagination. AND THAT IS THE CHILD THAT IS APT TO AMOUNT TO SOMETHING LATER ON, IF THE PARENTS WILL GIVE IT A CHANCE.

Remember that the mind, in its nervousness, feeds upon the body.

If you compel your child night after night to undergo the torture of fear you are destroying the child's health, its nerves, taking away its chance of strong growth and future useful work.

A child such as we have described, imaginative, timid, should be constantly surrounded with sympathy and the deepest affection.

In extreme cases, such a child should be allowed to go to sleep within hearing of the voice of an older person. If it is a young child, it is simple enough to allow it to sleep in an adjoining room while you read or talk. It can be moved to its own bed still sleeping when the time comes.

Or the father and mother fit to have a child, fit for the responsibility for developing a human being, will take the trouble to spend the hours of the evening near enough to the child's bedroom so that an occasional kind, encouraging word may dispel fear.

If the child is happier with a light, LET THE LIGHT BURN after the child goes to bed, placing the light in such a way that the child will know it is there, without having any glare in the eyes.

Or a very small night lamp, a mere tumbler of water with a few cents' worth of oil on the water and a floating wick, will answer the purpose.

Remember that a child's fears, nervousness and strange dreams are THE EXPRESSION OF THAT CHILD'S INTELLECTUAL FORCE.

If you were the father of a little gorilla, it would go to sleep at once, not dream, not imagine anything. BUT YOU WOULDN'T BE VERY PROUD TO HAVE A YOUNG GORILLA OR CHIMPANZEE FOR YOUR CHILD.

If you are the father of a highly strung, nervous, imaginative child, be glad that you have such a child, and do all that you can with sympathy, love and kindness to make the child's early years happy and free from nervous strain.

In the Movies In Real Life



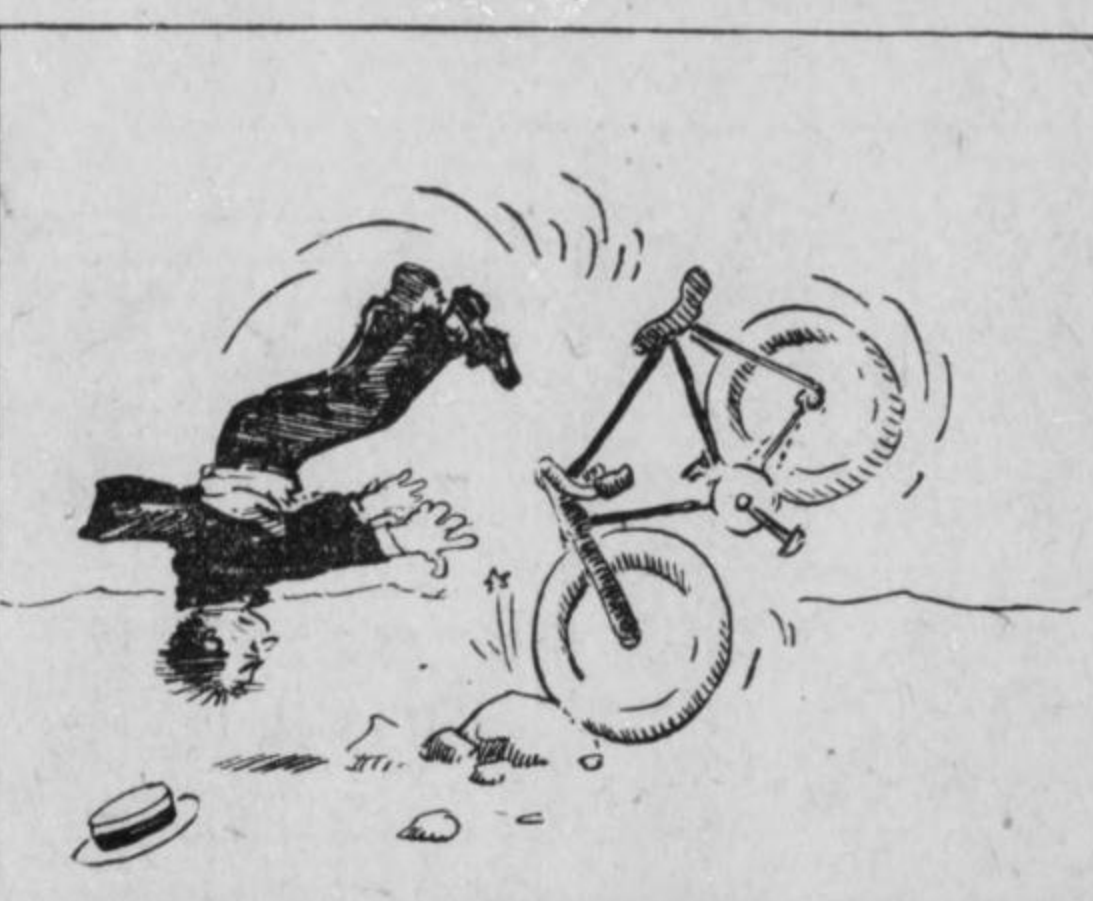
THE BRONCHO BUSTER



THE SPANISH CAVALIER



THE BIG GAME HUNTER



WHAT YOU DOIN' AROUND HERE!



OOF?



The Good and Evil of Modern Inventions

Where They Endanger the Peace and Safety of One They Brighten and Better a Hundred---It Is Foolish to Rail at Them.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

(Copyrighted, 1913, by the Star Co.)

TWO bright and gifted women have spent much valuable thought, time and words in condemnation of the telephone and the automobile.

Both women assert that these modern inventions have done much to lower the standard of manners and morals in the last decade.

Young girls particularly have been led to do foolish and undignified things by the use of the telephone and by the convenience of the motor car.

The Evils These Women See In "Auto" and "Phone."

Invitations are given over the telephone to meet friends who own a motor car, and the lack of ceremony and lack of time for reflection lead quite frequently to lack of discretion. The bodiless voice and the horseless vehicle seem (so these good ladies think) like secret emissaries of Evil, moving through the earth to work mischief for the unwary.

Besides this, the motor car has led women to be careless in dress and careless in deportment.

It has led to noise and hurry and confusion and extravagance and roadhouse indiscretions. And to a disregard for the nice proprieties and courtesies of life.

People drive now to speed from somewhere to nowhere and back again, without having enjoyed the scenery or the fresh air—just to make a speed record. And much more, these good ladies say in condemnation of the motor car and of the telephone, which interrupts all efforts at quiet conversation, and which has quite done away with the art of letter writing or the habit of sending pretty notes of invitation or

greeting, and which very often makes an excuse easy where social obligations have been neglected.

However true all these accusations are against the telephone and automobile, there is no waste of energy more foolish and none which brings less reward than railing at new inventions.

Precisely so was the railroad assailed when it first appeared as a means of locomotion. Its noise, its expense, its dangers, its vulgarity, were set forth beside the time-honored stage coach; where people could be comfortable and safe and dignified; but the assailants achieved nothing, and the stage coach departed and the railroad remained.

And, despite its objectionable features, the railroad opened up new worlds to commerce, industry and art. It brought education to remote places and gave a larger aspect to life for millions of mentally and physically starving human beings.

The bicycle was the first vehicle after the railroad which brought forth the condemnation of the type of mind which produces the Protector.

The Bicycle a Wonderful Factor in Woman's Development.

Its lack of dignity, its boldness and its danger were all dwelt upon as features which made it a particularly improper conveyance for woman's use. Yet the bicycle has been a wonderful factor in producing our present type of athletic outdoor woman.

Before it came into use, the delicate woman with a thousand feminine ailments was prevalent everywhere—in the country places. Now she is rarely around,

because for two generations woman has been able to go beyond her doorway without waiting for the men folks to "hitch up" a tired horse and drive her to make a call or do an errand.

The bicycle made it possible for woman to occupy a better-paying position than that of household drudge, because she could go to and from her more agreeable labor independently and swiftly.

The automobile is doing more to help the cause of the suffering horse than all the S. P. C. A. and humane associations combined.

It is teaching geography more practically than all the schools of the land; and it is one of the most efficient aids in detective work, and in first help to the wounded, the sick, the needy and the overworked.

Where it endangers the peace and safety of one individual, it brightens and betters a hundred. Where it brings into one home temptation and indiscretion, it helps a hundred people to do good deeds and to carry comfort and joy into other homes. Where it destroys one life, it restores health to human beings whose lung cells have been starved for fresh air.

Where one person uses a motor car for evil purposes, fifty use it for doing good deeds, for speeding through familiar scenes in order to enlarge the vision by the sight of the unfamiliar, and for giving pleasure to relays of other human beings who have not the money or time to travel by train, or the strength and leisure to travel by foot.

Besides which, the automobile is bringing human beings in halting distance and doing away with the sense of separateness, which means a foe to real altruism.

All the world needs for its re-

generation is a clear knowledge and understanding between the various classes and denizens of earth.

The motor car is a great introduction and interpreter.

People who waste their time and energy in fighting against, or even in decrying, such an invention as the railroad, the telephone or the motor, are working against their own best growth and progress.

It is wiser to learn to understand the great psychic meaning underlying all these modern inventions, and we must get into touch with their vibrations, and feel their rhythm in our own minds and bodies, and to use them as they are meant to be used—sanely and helpfully.

Great Mental Realm Will Not Be Closed to All But Few.

All these marvellous things are being invented that man may rise out of drudgery and avail himself of the still more wonderful opportunities which are coming to the race.

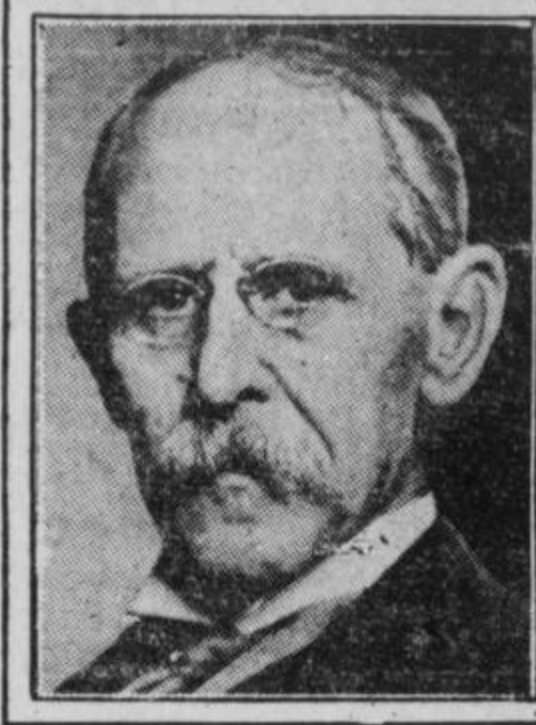
The vacuum cleaners are emancipating the dust-smothered slaves of the broom. The world's work will eventually all be done by machinery, and three hours' time will be quite sufficient for each individual to give in directing this machinery.

Then the great mental realms, the realms of art and literature and research, will not be closed to all save the favored few.

All hail to the age of invention! And let us devoutly thank God that we are privileged to live in this most remarkable and glorious era of the world's history. The best thing about the Past is that it has gone, to give us the better Present, and to make ready for the still better Future.

Mysteries of Science and Nature

Microbes, When Trained, Are Capable of Aiding Efficiently Man's War Against Disease, Such as the Infections That Are Spread by Flies, Aid Industry Also.



By GARRETT P. SERVISS

THE name "microbe" is one that generally inspires terror because of all the wonderful discoveries that have been made concerning the fearful death-dealing powers that many microbes possess.

But, in a most interesting article in *Hearst's Magazine* for July, Sir William Ramsay has just pointed out how microbes may be, and are, engaged as allies of man, either by changing their malignant nature, or by setting them to war upon other minute foes with which we can not ourselves directly fight.

In some cases the services which microbes are able to render in the battle against disease might be compared to that of fleets of small armed boats sent out from a squadron of battleships to enter the shallow and hidden creeks and coves on an enemy's coast, and attack the foe in positions unapproachable to the heavy vessels.

Our trained microbe allies may race through our blood, and penetrate the most secret regions of our bodies, either destroying the enemies already lurking there, or laying waste the territory against their advance by depriving it of the means of subsistence upon which the invaders must depend.

Microbes Are Scouts.

And all this may be done without harm to the tissues or the functions of the body.

Such beneficent microbes are like scouts and guerrillas, and where they have skirmished the enemy is found to be so disorganized and broken up that it can be swept out of existence.

A dramatic example of the way in which the discovery was made that microbes can, as Professor Ramsay says, be "harnessed" for useful work, is afforded by Pasteur's experience with "chicken cholera." He had been inoculating healthy chickens with microbes taken from fowls infected with the disease, in order to study its method of development. The vacation period came along, and Pasteur went away, leaving some of the cultures of microbes in his laboratory. When he returned he resumed his experiments with the microbes that had been left over, and which seemed, as far as appearances went, to be as virulent as ever.

But to his astonishment, when he inoculated them into healthy chickens, the latter went about their gallinaceous (henlike) affairs with their usual zest and good appetite, and did not develop diseases of any kind. Here was an opportunity for genius, and Pasteur was a genius. Instantly

he set to work to find out the reason for the immunity of the chickens from so deadly an enemy.

First he inoculated them over again with microbes taken fresh from fowls that had the cholera. But the chickens remained as lively and healthy as ever. Then he found out that if the microbes were exposed for a long time to the air, at a certain temperature, they lost their virulence, they could no longer communicate disease, but they could, like scavengers, remove from the blood of the chickens into which they were introduced the elements upon which the disease-breeding microbes subsisted.

Pasteur's Discovery.

Thus Pasteur, led by a happy accident, had learned how to "harness" the microbes of chicken cholera and make them work for health and life instead of for disease and death. They became his guerrillas, with which he waged successful war upon an enemy of the domestic fowl that had hitherto defied attack.

After that it was found that many other microbes, some of them deadly enemies to human life, like the terrible germ of spinal meningitis, could be subdued and trained in a similar way, and thus the great science of inoculation against disease had its birth.

Professor Ramsay shows that microbes can be employed not only in combating disease, but in aiding man in a hundred other ways. For instance, the preparation of tea, the curing of tobacco and the manufacture of butter and cheese are all processes conducted through the intervention of our microbe friends, which are falling more and more under our control and guidance. Science is teaching them new duties.

Public Should Approve.

"New bacteria," says Professor Ramsay (bacteria are microbes), "are being discovered, or old bacteria are being given unaccustomed food, from which they evolve useful products. The conversion of starch, a cheap commodity in the form of maize or potatoes, into two chemical substances, named acetone and butyl alcohol, is likely to have far-reaching results, for the latter can easily be transformed into India rubber, and the former is largely used in the manufacture of certain kinds of high explosives."

Mistaken people who would interfere with such work on purely sentimental grounds are capable of doing much harm to the best interests of humanity.

Julius Caesar

As the Movies Would Have Given It
By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

SCENE ONE—A crowd of scowling thugs, in flowing bathrobes clad, Whose gestures seem to indicate that some one is in bad.

They crowd around a high-browed gent, and whisper in his ear; He waves a deprecating hand, as if in doubt or fear.

A tall, gaunt person enters now and winks a leering eye, And next appear these fateful words:

"WE GOT TO GET THAT GUY!"

SCENE TWO—A statue in a street—a large, imposing man, Surrounded by the gang we saw when first the show began. And as they move along they shield their faces with their hats, And each deposits as he leaves a dagger in his slats.

The large man starts; among the gang a friend he's recognized, And this appears upon the screen:

"WHY, BRUTUS, I'M SURPRISED!"

SCENE THREE—A man with waving arms is talking to a crowd; At first he doesn't seem to stir them much, although his voice looks loud. But by and by they pay more heed and make quick movements, showing That something he has said to them has really got them going.

Some now grab brickbats and run off, a dozen at a time, And on the screen these words appear:

"ANOTHER BLACK-HAND CRIME."

SCENE LAST—A tent, two generals indulge in jeer and scoff, But presently by shaking hands they seem to call it off. And now a page comes rushing in, and by his attitude You know the plotters' army has been walloped and pursued. The generals calmly kill themselves; the reels no longer hum, And this appears upon the screen:

CHEW GALIEO'S GUM!