

EXPERT CLASH WITH SMITH'S MEN

Dr. Harris' Evidence Is Hit

TAKE 2 GAMES

EXTRA THE ATLANTA GEORGIAN.

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ATLANTA, GA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1913.

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MORE.

DR. HURT SAYS FOOD IN STOMACH FAILS TO SHOW TIME OF DEATH

Here are the important developments of Saturday's session of the trial of Leo M. Frank:

Attorneys for the defense spring a sensation by threatening a move for a mistrial because Judge Roan has exposed a newspaper headline to the jury. A compromise is effected by the judge cautioning the jury to disregard any outside influence.

Dr. J. W. Hurt, after testifying along the line taken by Dr. H. F. Harris' testimony of Friday, admits that no examination was made of Mary Phagan's lungs, and that whether death comes by strangulation can be determined only in this manner.

Dr. Hurt testifies under cross-examination that he would not attempt to say that Mary Phagan came to her death within a half hour after she had eaten merely because some cabbage, only partially digested, had been found in her stomach. He declares the time it would take to digest cabbage depends on the individual.

He also testifies that in his examination of the body he discovered no indications that would lead him to say that the girl had been criminally attacked.

Jim Conley is made ready to testify Saturday afternoon, but court adjourns at 12:30 until 9 o'clock Monday morning.

A genuine sensation was sprung at the trial of Leo M. Frank Saturday morning when Luther Rosser and Reuben Arnold, attorneys for the defense, asked the State to consent to a new trial on the ground that Judge Roan had allowed the jury to catch a glimpse of a headline in the first extra of The Georgian.

Judge Roan had laid the paper on the stand in front of him, and, according to the defense headline across the first page could be read by the men in the jury box.

The headline said: "State Adding Links to Chain."

The defense's lawyers went into immediate conference with the judge, and a few minutes later asked Solicitor Dorsey to consent to a new trial. The Solicitor refused.

Rosser and Arnold then came into the courtroom and asked that the jury be withdrawn.

Rosser addressed the court:

"Your honor inadvertently displayed a newspaper when you came in just now. One side was turned up with large red letters reading: 'State Adding Links to Chain.' Every member of the jury read it. I saw them leaning forward to see it."

"We don't want to make a motion for a new trial, but we want this jury called back and such explanation made by your honor as will eliminate any harm that might have been done by the jury seeing this paper."

Solicitor Dorsey objects.

Dorsey objected to Rosser's explanation as to an isolated instance, said Dorsey. "It is only fair to the State to call that jury back and ask it if it had seen any newspaper. It is only fair to the State to tell that jury that this objection of protest was registered by the defense. The jury must have seen newspapers on the streets in going to and from the hotel that had headlines in them eminently unfair to the State's case. I will ask your honor to explain the matter fully to the jury."

Judge Roan heatedly said: "Call the jury back and I will tell it what I see fit."

Attorney Rosser during the Solicitor's speech spoke in undertones, threatening a mistrial if the prosecution's request was granted.

Judge Warns Jury.

Judge Roan said to the jury when the tribunal had been returned to the jury box:

"Gentlemen of the jury, this is an

Continued on Page 2, Column 1.

THE WEATHER.
Forecast for Atlanta and Georgia—Occasional showers Saturday and Sunday.

RACING RESULTS

AT HAMILTON.
FIRST—Six furlongs: Hodge 115 (Teahan), 3-4, out, won; Birdie Williams 105 (Buxton), 5-2, 11-2, out, second; Fathom 98 (Deronde), 5-1, 6-5, 1-2, third. Time 1:13 3-5. Also ran: Beau Pere.

SECOND—Six furlongs: Pat Rutledge 95 (Deronde), 5-5, 7-10, 1-3, won; Louise Travers 94 (Ward), 10-1, 4-1, 3-8, second; Requiram 101 (Buxton), 8-1, 3-1, 8-5, third. Time 1:07 4-5. The Urchin, Tattler, Single, Dickie, Skrocket.

THIRD—Six furlongs: Marjorie A. 102 (Deronde), 11-2, 8-5, 7-10, won; Panzarella 98 (Callahan), 3-7, 10, out, second; Sir Blaise 112 (Teahan), 7-2, even, 1-3, third. Time 1:12 3-5. Also ran: San Queen, Mediator.

FOURTH—1 1/4 miles: Hamilton 105 (Buxton), 9-5, 3-5, out, won; Flabbergast 108 (Turner), 11-5, even, 1-4, second; Flora Fina 107 (Teahan), 8-2, 4-5, third. Time 2:04 3-5. Also ran: Paton, Lochiel.

FIFTH—1 mile: Mowdy Howdy 108 (Buxton), 20-8, 3, won; Eloro 114 (Fairbrother), 7-5, 3-5, 1-3, second; Henry Hutchinson 110 (Gould), 30, 10, 4, third. Time 1:40. Also ran: Myrona, Marie T., Billy Vanderveer, Muff, George S. Davis, Capar Sauce.

AT SARATOGA.
FIRST—Six furlongs: Hobnob 111 (Musgrave), 7-2, 4-5, 1-3, won; Oliver Lodge 107 (Gardner), 12-1, 3-1, 1; Scalywag 108 (McCahey), 7-2, 4-5, 1-3, second. Time 1:13 1-5. Also ran: Palanquin, Crowe and Lodona.

SECOND—1 1/4 miles: Shannan River 134 (Allen), 3-2, 1-4, out, won; Mondale 190 (Grande), 8-5, 3-5, 1-2, second; Delium 132 (Heider), 9-10, 1-4, out. Time 5:38 1-5. Also ran: Tulle D.

THIRD—5 1/2 furlongs: Old Rosebud 112 (McCabe), 3-5, out, won; Stromboli 124 (McTaggart), 8-5, out, second; Black Broom 109 (Musgrave), 25, 4, 7-5, third. Time 1:07. Also ran: Fitter Gold, Prairie, Bradleys Choice.

FOURTH—1 1/4 miles: Cook of the Walk 107 (Glas), 7-5, 2-8, out, won; Lathrope 110 (Butwell), 8-5, 1-2, out, second; Rolling Stone 95 (Martin), 15, 4, 7-5, third. Time 1:06. Also ran: Bob R. Halloway, G. M. Miller.

FIFTH—1 mile: Colonel Ashmeade 98 (J. M. Clegg), 7-2, even, 1-2, won; Beaucomp 108 (Wife), 3, even, 1-2, second; Mary Ann 99 (McCabe), 8-5, even, third. Time 1:39 1-5. Also ran: Breaker 112, Star O'Ryan, Fred Mulholland, Sand Hog.

ENTRIES.
AT SARATOGA.
FIRST—Two-year-olds: selling; 5 1/2 furlongs: Edith W. 109, Susan B. 104, Nalad 109, Yankee Tree 107, Delft 114, Harvest Queen 109, Charmeuse 101, Florin 109, Lily O'Ryan 109, Ione 94, Flank 100, Noteworthy 100, Polly H 99.

SECOND—Maiden three-year-olds and up; 5 1/2 furlongs: about 2 miles: Son of the Wind 145, Handalad 130, Cliftonian 145, Bayport 132, Ed Rotan 145, Brother Folk 142, True Heart 132, Summary 132, Replenish 130, Turbine 142, Fallinweather 132, Exton 132.

THIRD—Selling; 7 furlongs: three-year-olds and up; Monstessor 101, Ching Tankard 109, Ivalbe 103, Ella Bryson 107, Euterpe 94, Virile 103, Owos 105.

FOURTH—Filles: three-year-olds and up; the Alabama; 1 1/4 miles: Cadu 113, Flying Fairy 113, Lodona 100, Always First 104.

FIFTH—Three-year-olds and up; selling; mile: Lad of Langdon 103, Beaucomp 103, Ella Bryson 105, Oliver Lodge 109, Breaker Boy 112, Royal Meteor 107, Flying Feet 103.

SIXTH—Three-year-olds; allowance; 5 1/2 furlongs: O'Hagan 115, Pomette 105, 102, Trade Mark 107, Hillstream 102, His Nibs 102, Dr. Samuel 112, Bringer 115, Spearhead 112, Surprising 115, Boot and Saddle 112.

Weather clear. Track fast.

VIRGINIA LEAGUE.
FIRST GAME. R. H. E.
Newport News . . . 000 000 102-3 6 0
Richmond . . . 010 020 32x-8 11 1

Score: 000 000 102-3 6 0
Richmond . . . 010 020 32x-8 11 1
Umpire, Norcum.

FIRST GAME. R. H. E.
Portsmouth . . . 300 001 304-11 4 0
Portsmouth . . . 001 000 000-1 7 4

Score: 300 001 304-11 4 0
Portsmouth . . . 001 000 000-1 7 4
Burden and Stewart; Brown and Holman. Umpires, Clark and Williams.

FIRST GAME. R. H. E.
Petersburg . . . 000 010 103-12 3 3
Petersburg . . . 000 020 000-1 12 3

Score: 000 010 103-12 3 3
Petersburg . . . 000 020 000-1 12 3
Hedgepeth and Brennegan; Enfrid and Weicher. Umpire, Kelly.

SECOND GAME. R. H. E.
Petersburg . . . 021 010 044-12 11 4
Roanoke . . . 000 000 000-2 4 3

Score: 021 010 044-12 11 4
Roanoke . . . 000 000 000-2 4 3
Cooper and Brennegan; Gardin and Perryman and Weicher. Umpire, Kelly.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.
Score: 022 000 010-5 8 5
Tolide . . . 000 101 000-5 5 4

Score: 022 000 010-5 8 5
Tolide . . . 000 101 000-5 5 4
Works and Casey; George, Benn and Devoght. Umpires, Chell and Irwin.

Score: 000 000 013-11 4 1
Minneapolis . . . 010 010 000-3 6 3

Score: 000 000 013-11 4 1
Minneapolis . . . 010 010 000-3 6 3
Dougherty and Marshall; Patterson and Owens. Umpires, Westervelt and O'Brien.

Score: 000 000 000 01-1 8 1
Louisville . . . 000 000 000 00-0 6 2

Score: 000 000 000 01-1 8 1
Louisville . . . 000 000 000 00-0 6 2
Ferry and Smith; Toney and Severio. Umpires, Murray and Connolly.

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE.
Score: 001 000 230-11 4 4
Jersey City . . . 000 010 005-7 14 3

Score: 001 000 230-11 4 4
Jersey City . . . 000 010 005-7 14 3
Dooscher and Blair; Maxwell and Bemis. Carpenter and Lavey.

FIRST GAME. R. H. E.
Newark . . . 110 140 021-10 18 0
Newark . . . 000 010 000-1 18 0

Score: 110 140 021-10 18 0
Newark . . . 000 010 000-1 18 0
Aitchison and McCarty; Hughes, Martin and Jacklitsch. Umpires, Nalls and Owen.

FIRST GAME. R. H. E.
Buffalo . . . 053 022 000-13 16 1
Buffalo . . . 000 000 040-4 6 2

Score: 053 022 000-13 16 1
Buffalo . . . 000 000 040-4 6 2
Danforth and Egan; Mair, Morse and McManis. Umpires, Mulen and Kelly.

LOCALS FIND VOLSE EASY IN FIRST

Wallie Smith Scores Two With Triple in Third—Conzelman in Great Form.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Nashville	000 000 000-1
Atlanta	100 000 01x-4
CRACKERS	R. H. O. A. E.
Agler, 1b	1 0 0 1 0
Welchance, cf	1 0 10 0 0
Smith, 2b	0 1 2 5 1
Bisland, ss	0 0 6 4 0
Holland, 3b	0 0 2 0 0
Holtz, rf	0 0 2 0 0
Conzelman, p	0 2 4 0 0
Totals	4 6 27 14 1

VOLSEERS. R. H. O. A. E.

Daley, lf	1 0 2 0 0
Callahan, 1b	0 0 2 0 0
Spratt, 3b	0 1 2 3 1
Gibson, c	0 1 4 1 0
Young, rf	0 0 2 0 0
Perry, 2b	0 0 2 0 0
Hofman, 1b	0 0 3 0 0
Lindsay, ss	0 0 3 0 0
Williams, p	0 0 2 0 0
Beck, p	0 0 2 0 0
Totals	1 6 24 12 1

SUMMARY.

Two-base hits—Chapman and Holman. Three-base hits—Smith and Bisland. Double play—Smith to Bisland to Agler; Holland to Smith to Agler. Struck out by Williams, 4; by Conzelman, 3. Bases on balls—Off Williams, 3; off Conzelman, 3. Sacrifices—Off Williams, 1; off Conzelman, 1. Errors—Smith, 1; Conzelman, 1; Beck, 1.

PONCE DELEON PARK, Aug. 2.—Bill Smith's men found the Vols easy in the first half of the double-header, as they won 4 to 1. Conzelman was in great form and outside of the first inning was never in danger.

On the other hand, Williams was found in the pinches. Wallie Smith helped the locals win with a timely triple, scoring two runs in the third inning.

FIRST INNING.

Daley drew a pass and trotted to the initial sack. Callahan, in attempting to bunt, popped a low foul which Holland caught with his bare hand. Spratt grounded to Bisland, who threw to Smith in an attempt to force Daley. Smith dropped the ball and both men were safe. Gibson singled to center and Daley scammed home with the first run of the game. Young hit into a double play, Smith to Bisland to Agler. ONE HIT, ONE RUN.

Lindsay scooped up Lonk's grass-utter and threw him out to Hofman. Agler fouled to Hofman. Welchance free batted. Spratt popped to Holland. Smith flied to Callahan. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

SECOND INNING.

Perry went out, and Agler. Hofman singled to center. Lindsay hit into a double play, Holland to Smith to Agler. ONE HIT, NO RUNS.

Bisland trotted to Daley. Holland grounded to Lindsay and was out to Hofman. Holtz struck out. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

THIRD INNING.

Williams slammed a one-timer to center. Daley bunted to Holland and was forced. Spratt popped to Bisland. Callahan grounded to Smith and Daley was forced at second to Bisland. Spratt out, Smith to Agler. ONE HIT, NO RUNS.

Chapman doubled to center. Conzelman bunted to Williams and Chapman was out at third to Spratt. Long walked, forcing Conzelman to second. Agler drew a pass, filling the bases. Welchance hit a sacrifice fly to Daley and Conzelman tallied. Wallie Smith tripled to right field, scoring Long and Agler. Bisland batted out to Young. TWO HITS, THREE RUNS.

Gibson and Young fanned. Perry beat to first on four bad ones to Bisland. Welchance singled to center. Smith flied out to Welchance. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

Holland did the Casey act and took a trip to the bench. Holtz was an easy out, Perry to Hofman. Chapman hit one to Spratt too hot to handle and was safe at Station One. Conzelman popped to Lindsay. ONE HIT, NO RUNS.

Lindsay singled through Smith. Williams sacrificed. Conzelman to Agler and Lindsay moved up to the middle cushion. Holtz made a great running catch of Daley's long drive. Callahan lifted a tall one to Bisland. ONE HIT, NO RUNS.

Long grounded out to Hofman. Agler was a victim over the strike-out route. Welchance singled to center. Smith flied to Callahan. ONE HIT, NO RUNS.

SIXTH INNING.

Spratt singled to left. He was out trying to stretch it into a double. Long to Smith. Gibson flied out to Holland. Young was out. Blind to Agler. ONE HIT, NO RUNS.

Bisland drove a long triple to left center. Holland out. Spratt to Hofman. Holtz fanned. Chapman popped to Lindsay. ONE HIT, NO RUNS.

SEVENTH INNING.

Perry out, Smith to Agler. Hofman doubled to center. Lindsay flied to Bisland. Schwartz, batting for Williams, flied to Hofman. ONE HIT, NO RUNS.

Beck replaced Williams on the mound. Conzelman singled past Lindsay; Beck popped to Spratt. Agler grounded to Lindsay and Conzelman was forced at second to Perry. Agler out trying to steal second, Gibson to Perry. ONE HIT, NO RUNS.

EIGHTH INNING.

LATEST NEWS

CHICAGO, Aug. 2.—Manager Clarke, of the Milwaukee American League team, was suspended to-day pending investigation of charges that he called President M. E. Cantillon, of the Minneapolis club, obscene names during a recent game. The investigation is being conducted by President Chivington.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—D. Billington, the English swimmer, to-day defeated O. Dickman, the Australian, in the world's mile swimming championship.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—Secretary Bryan announced to-day that he would probably leave Washington to-night to resume his Chautauqua lecture tour which was interrupted last week by Ambassador Wilson's visit.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 2.—J. L. Carroll, of Fort Wayne, riding in the 100-mile motorcycle races at the Fair Grounds here this afternoon, was probably fatally injured when he lost control of his machine and struck the fence with such force that he was hurled 80 feet. The accident occurred in full view of the grandstand crowd.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—State Department advice from Canton, China, received to-day, report that the Federal Governor of Kwang-si has arrived at Sam Shui in a march against Canton and that he has offered a reward of \$30,000 for the arrest of the rebel Military Governor, Chen Chun Ming.

CHATTANOOGA, Aug. 2.—Bradford Kimbro, foreman at the Caney Creek Dam, near Benton, Tenn., died to-day as the result of premature explosion, when lightning struck the wires leading to a charge of dynamite. Six laborers were hurt.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—Daniel H. Tolman, the loan shark king, sentenced in Trenton yesterday to pay a fine of \$1,000 and put on probation for three years, was arrested here to-day on a charge of

SOUTH ATLANTIC LEAGUE

AT CHARLESTON—

JACKSONVILLE—

AT ALBANY—

AT SAVANNAH—

AT COLUMBUS—

AT MACON—

AT THOMASVILLE—

AT WAYCROSS—

AT CORDELE—

AT BRUNSWICK—

AT THOMASVILLE—

AT WAYCROSS—

AT CORDELE—

AT BRUNSWICK—

AT THOMASVILLE—

AT WAYCROSS—

AT CORDELE—

AT BRUNSWICK—

AT THOMASVILLE—

AT WAYCROSS—

AT CORDELE—

AT BRUNSWICK—

AT THOMASVILLE—

AT WAYCROSS—

AT CORDELE—

AT BRUNSWICK—

AT THOMASVILLE—

SWITH MEN FIGHT FOR SECOND

Love and Brackenridge Hurl Final Game—Crackers Take Lead in Fourth Inning.

SECOND GAME.

PONCE DELEON PARK, Aug. 2.—The Crackers took an early lead over the Vols in the second game. Both teams scored one run in the first, but Smith's men came back with two more in the fourth.

Love and Brackenridge were selected to do slab duty.

FIRST INNING.

Daley hit a Texas leaguer over third. Callahan fanned. Spratt out, Bisland to Agler. Noyes doubled to right and Daley tallied. Young flied to long. TWO HITS, ONE RUN.

Long started off for the Crackers with a neat single to center. Agler sacrificed. Brackenridge to Hofman. Welchance grounded out to Hofman and Tommy reached third. Smith singled to center scoring Long. Smith was caught off first but was safe in a chase when Lindsay dropped the ball. Bisland popped to Perry. TWO HITS, ONE RUN.

SECOND INNING.

Perry popped to Agler. Hofman lined to Welchance. Lindsay singled to center. Brackenridge out. Love to Agler. ONE HIT, NO RUNS.

Holland fanned and sought a warm seat on the bench. Holtz grounded out to Hofman. Dunn batted out to Callahan. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

THIRD INNING.

Daley out, Holland to Agler. Callahan fanned. Spratt out, Love to Agler. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

Love was called out on strikes. Long out by Noyes. Agler beat out a grounder to Perry. Agler tried to steal second when Perry dropped Noyes' poor throw. Joe was safe. Welchance fouled to Hofman.

FOURTH INNING.

Noyes out, Smith to Agler. Young flied to Long. Perry out, Holland to Agler. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

Smith out, Spratt to Hofman. Bisland singled to second. Holland walked, forcing Bisland to second. Dunn hit a sacrifice fly to Daley and Holland tallied. Love was called out on strikes. TWO HITS, TWO RUNS.

FIFTH INNING.

Hofman flied to Welchance. Lindsay flied to Long. Brackenridge out. Holland to Agler. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

Long grounded to Lindsay and on his back he hit Holland. Long stole second. Agler sacrificed. Brackenridge to Hofman. Welchance grounded out to Hofman. Smith doubled to center and Long tallied. Bisland out, Spratt to Hofman. ONE HIT, ONE RUN.

SIXTH INNING.

Daley fanned. Callahan also fanned. It was Cal's third whiff. Spratt popped to Holland. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

Holland raised to Daley. Holtz struck out. Dunn died, Spratt to Hofman. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

SEVENTH INNING.

Noyes singled. Callahan fanned. Noyes at second, Holland to Smith. Perry grounded out to Agler and Young took second. To Hofman. Long stole second. Agler sacrificed. Brackenridge to Hofman. Agler out, Murray to Hofman. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

For remainder of detail see red type.

Beautiful Lily Elsie Sues Rich Husband

Special Cable to The Georgian.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—It is reported here and hinted by the newspapers that Lily Elsie, the famous Gayety and Daly's Theater actress, is instituting divorce proceedings against Ian Bullough, the young Scotch landowner, to whom she was married a little more than a year ago.

CAROLINA LEAGUE.

Score: 000 000 000-0 6 3
Durham . . . 000 000 001-1 3 0

Score: 000 000 000-0 6 3
Durham . . . 000 000 001-1 3 0
Shore and Hobbs; Ferris and Ulrich. Umpire, McBride.

FIRST GAME. R. H. E.
As

CORONER'S PHYSICIAN DAMAGES HARRIS' EVIDENCE FOR STATE

Dr. Hurt Says That Undigested Cabbage Does Not Prove Time of Death

EXPERT FOUND NO SKULL FRACTURE; SURE GIRL WAS STRANGLED TO DEATH

Continued From Page 1.

important case. You will have to be extremely cautious and extremely careful. You are to try this case from the evidence and from nothing else. It has been suggested that you have been able to see some headlines or some writings in the newspapers which may have influenced you in your judgment on this case. I desire to tell you that you are the ones trying this case, and I desire to warn you again that nothing you see in the newspapers or the streets or in the courtroom should have any influence upon you either in respect to the case of the State or that of the defense. Let the case proceed."

The examination of witness proceeded. The defense rallied sharply Saturday in a vigorous impressive attack on the sensational testimony of Dr. H. F. Harris, who declared Friday afternoon that Mary Phagan was killed within a half-hour after she ate dinner April 26, and that she came to her death by strangulation.

Hurt Hits Harris. From one of the State's own witnesses, Dr. J. W. Hurt, County Physician, Reuben Arnold obtained the important admission that the time it takes to digest cabbage depends on the individual and that the only way to determine with certainty if strangulation is the cause of death is by an examination of the lungs. He admitted the lungs were not examined.

Attacking the testimony of Dr. Harris, who collapsed while testifying on the stand Friday, Arnold asked the witness if Dr. Harris' statement that Mary Phagan had come to her death within a half hour of the time she ate her noon meal was not the wildest sort of a guess. Harris had based his conclusions on the fact that the cabbage he had found in her stomach had undergone only the slightest digestion.

"Is it not true that cabbage is one of the hardest foods to digest and that the average time required to digest it is from 3-12 to 4 hours?" asked Attorney Arnold.

Dr. Hurt replied that he thought this was so.

No Proof in Cabbage. Arnold then showed the specimen of cabbage taken from the stomach of the murdered girl, and called attention to the fact that it had not even been masticated, and that therefore it might have been in her stomach for several hours before she was killed.

Dr. Hurt accompanied this statement by the one, equally vital, that no examination was ever made of the murdered girl's lungs. From this testimony the defense will be able to argue that the State had no substantial foundation for its charge that the girl was strangled to death.

Arnold also forced Dr. Hurt reluctantly to admit that it was impossible for him to state positively either that the blow on the back of Mary Phagan's head had produced unconsciousness or that, on the other hand, it might not have been the actual cause of her death.

Jim Conley, who has sworn that he assisted in the disposal of Mary Phagan's body at the direction of Frank, was taken from his cell at the police station Saturday afternoon. At this moment Chief Beavers was notified by a Georgian reporter that the trial had been adjourned until Monday morning and the negro was taken back into the station.

Chief Beavers on Stand. Chief Beavers was one of the witnesses of the morning. An informal objection was made by Attorney Rosser to his appearing as a witness as the Chief previously had been in the courtroom as a spectator. Solicitor Dorsey explained that he had not known that he was going to call Beavers until the afternoon before. The Chief testified only to his examination of the red spots on the floor at the pencil factory. He said that he was present when the spots were chipped up and that they looked like blood to him.

Other witnesses of the day were Helen Ferguson, a factory employee, who testified that she went to the factory Friday night for Mary Phagan's pay envelope and that it was refused her; Robert Lassiter, a policeman, who found the parcel and a ball of wrapping twine at the bottom of the elevator shaft, and Dr. Hurt.

That at least three or four witnesses will be placed on the stand by the State before Jim Conley is called was indicated Saturday afternoon. Dr. Harris, who was examined Friday, it is said, will go on the stand early Monday morning for cross-examination, and following him will be one or two witnesses, experts in admiral surgery, who will be used by the State

to corroborate the testimony of Dr. Harris.

The defense, it is understood, will make a vigorous attack on the testimony of these experts.

Conley may be called Monday afternoon, although it is more than likely that the State will save him until Tuesday.

Helen Ferguson, a companion of Mary Phagan and an employee of the factory, was the first witness to be called when court resumed Saturday morning. The greatest crowd of the week besieged the courthouse clamoring for admission.

Pay Refused.

Solicitor Dorsey examined Miss Ferguson. Witness said she was an employee of the factory.

Q. Were you at work at the factory Friday, April 25?—A. Yes.

Q. Did you work that day or just go there?—A. I went to the office about 10 o'clock.

Q. What conversation did you have there?—A. I asked for Mary Phagan's money and was told that I could not get it. I talked to Mr. Frank.

Q. Did you ever get her pay before?—A. Yes, but not from Mr. Frank.

Rosser took the witness on cross-examination.

Q. Did you know who paid off?—A. No.

Q. Did you ever get Mary Phagan's money from Mr. Frank?—A. No.

Q. Did you work in the metal department with Mary?—A. Yes.

Detective R. L. Waggoner, who was detailed to watch Frank at the factory the Tuesday morning after the crime and who later rode to the police station with him, was the next witness called by Solicitor Dorsey.

Says Frank Wrung Hands.

Attorney Rosser raised an objection to Waggoner on account of his having been in the courtroom for twenty minutes Wednesday. Waggoner stated that he had heard nothing, and Judge Roan allowed him to testify.

Q. Where were you Tuesday, April 29?—A. Across the street from the National Pencil Factory.

Q. What did you see?—A. I saw Frank come to the window, wringing his hands and looking down. He did it about a dozen times.

Q. Was he nervous or composed?—A. Nervous.

Q. Were you in the automobile when he was taken to the police station?—A. Yes.

Q. Was he nervous?—A. Yes. His leg was next to mine. It shook very much.

Rosser took the witness on cross-examination.

Q. What were you doing in front of the factory?—A. Watching.

Q. Do you know whether Frank was arrested?—A. He was not.

Q. Could you see whether anyone was in the office with him?—A. No.

Dr. Hurt Called to Stand.

Dr. J. W. Hurt followed Waggoner on the stand.

Q. What is your business?—A. County physician.

Q. How long have you held this position?—A. Since January 1. Four years at another time.

Q. What are your duties?—A. To appear at all inquests.

Q. Where did you graduate?—A. I attended the old College of Physicians and Surgeons and also studied in New York.

Q. Did you see the body of Mary Phagan?—A. Yes; Sunday morning, April 27.

Q. Describe to the jury how she appeared.—A. I went to the undertaking establishment. She had a scalp wound on the left side of the head, about two inches long. The right eye was bruised. There were some broken places on the cheek and forehead, scratches on the right and left legs just below the knees. There was a cord around her neck. It is my opinion that she died from strangulation.

Q. Was this the cord? (Dorsey displayed a long hemp cord.)—A. Yes, so it appears.

Q. Was there any swelling in the neck?—A. Yes.

Q. What would that indicate?—A. That the cord was put around her neck before death.

Q. What was the appearance of the scalp wound?—A. It appeared to have been made by a blunt instrument from below striking upward.

Looked Like First Bruise.

Q. What about the wound around the eye area?—A. The skin was not broken. It looked like it might have been made with a soft instrument.

Q. Could a fist have done it?—A. Yes, it was quite possible.

Q. What do you think would have been the effect of these blows? Were they sufficient to have caused death?—A. No. I would think the blow on

FOREMAN OF FACTORY AN IMPORTANT WITNESS



N. V. Darley, presented by the State, proved to be one of the most important witnesses in the trial of Frank.

the back of the head would have caused unconsciousness.

Q. Did you find any evidence of assault?—A. I did not discover any evidence of violence. There was some blood, but I could not say whether it was from a wound or not.

Q. What was the nature of the wounds on the elbows and the leg?—A. I would say they were made after death.

Attorney Arnold took the witness on cross-examination.

Q. How did these scratches appear? Could they have been made by the body being dragged by the heels?—A. No. If she were dragged, I should say she was dragged face forward. The scratches ran back as though she was dragged forward.

Cut Two and Half Inches Long.

Q. How long did you say the wound on the scalp was?—A. Let me refer to my notes.

Q. You said it was two and a half inches long and Dr. Harris said it was one and a half inches long. I want to know which is right.

"Two and a half inches," said Dr. Hurt, after looking at his notes.

Q. Did you measure the wound when Dr. Harris dug up the body nine days later?—A. No.

Q. You are not absolutely certain about this examination? Just sort of guessing, aren't you?—A. I am not absolutely certain, but judging from the best of my ability.

Q. All expert testimony is guessing more or less, isn't it? It is just a question as to who can guess the best, isn't it?—A. I expect you are more familiar with expert testimony than anybody else, aren't you?

Skull Not Fractured.

Q. You didn't see any damage on the side of the skull, did you?—A. No, the skull was not fractured.

Q. The brain was not injured?—A. There was some slight trace of concussion on the inside.

Q. You had to be looking for it to see it, didn't you?—A. No, it could be easily seen.

Q. Did you ever hear of a test to see whether a hemorrhage on the inside would produce unconsciousness?—A. No.

Q. Did you ever hear of such a question or strain on the medical profession as to answer a question like that?—A. No.

Q. Were you ever asked before to examine the inside of a skull to determine whether a person was knocked unconscious?—A. No.

Q. Did you ever hear of a person being killed from a blow on the head and there being no scar on the outside?—A. No.

Q. Have you ever heard of persons living after a fracture having the inner and the outer table trepanned and a piece taken out and then living?—A. Yes.

Results Always Uncertain.

Q. You can reduce almost every faculty of the brain without producing death? The sight, the hearing?—A. Yes.

Q. Can you tell me what faculty of the brain was located where this

blow was struck?—A. No, I don't believe I can.

Q. One thousand different effects could be produced without producing death or unconsciousness?—A. Yes.

Q. What makes you say that one little blow could have produced unconsciousness?—A. I just believe it.

Q. That little hemorrhage was not what enabled you to say that she was knocked unconscious?—A. No. The exterior appearance was on what I based my opinion, but I strengthened it by the extent of the contusion on the inside.

Q. How do you know strangulation killed her?—A. I could find no other cause.

Q. What about the windpipe and the lungs in strangulation?—A. What do you mean?

Q. How do the lungs appear?—A. Congested.

Q. You never examined the lungs?—A. No.

Q. Why do you say strangulation caused her death?—A. Because I found the rope deeply imbedded in the neck.

Not Sure About Assault.

Q. Looking at that girl that morning would you say that she was ravished?—A. I haven't said so.

Q. Will you say so?—A. I do not know.

Q. You found no external signs of violence?—A. No, but my examination was not final.

Mr. Dorsey objected and was sustained.

Q. There are a great many things to cause a little inflammation?—A. Yes.

Q. Were you present at the first post-mortem examination?—A. Yes.

Q. Dr. Harris took the body a second time, didn't he?—A. I don't know.

Q. Dr. Harris is a sort of specialist on post-mortems, isn't he?—A. I don't know.

Solicitor Dorsey made a side remark that Mr. Arnold's cross-examination of the witness was a pedantic parade.

Q. Doctor, it depends on the individual just how soon cabbage is digested, doesn't it?—A. Yes; some digest it sooner than others.

No Rule for Digesting Cabbage.

Q. Isn't each man a law unto himself?—A. Yes; more or less.

Q. Cabbage is one of the hardest things of the world to digest, isn't it?—A. Yes; it is generally regarded as hard.

ing a mighty wild statement to get up here and state that a piece of undigested cabbage had not been in a stomach.

"I object," said Dorsey. "That is a question for a jury, and not Dr. Hurt."

"I thought it was wild," said Mr. Arnold.

"I object to that," returned Dorsey. "I withdraw it," said Mr. Arnold.

"It was entirely gratuitous and should never have been put in," said Solicitor Dorsey. The Solicitor was sustained.

Death Stops Digestion.

Q. Does death stop digestion?—A. Yes, sir; I think it does.

Q. When a person becomes unconscious, does digestion stop?—A. I rather think so.

Q. If you ate something and went to sleep, digestion would continue?—A. Yes.

Q. Why, then, does digestion stop when a person is unconscious?—A. It is an unnatural unconsciousness.

Q. Aren't the gastric juices and blood the only two things that have anything to do with digestion?—A. Yes.

Q. Well, do they die when a person becomes unconscious?—A. No, but the stomach is partially paralyzed.

Q. Didn't you say it was a wild guess to say how long she was unconscious until the time she died?—A. No, I don't think I did.

A mass of testimony followed that is unprintable. In the course of it, Dorsey said:

"I object to these comparisons." Judge Roan—He has not asked any question that was a comparison.

Arnold—I withdraw the question. Dorsey—I thought so.

Arnold—Then I won't withdraw it. Rosser—Don't pay any attention to Dorsey, Rubie.

Arnold—All right; I withdraw it. The witness left the stand and was followed by Detective R. L. Waggoner.

Cabbage Not Long in Stomach.

Q. Have you ever experimented or not with the digestion of food?—A. I have.

Solicitor Dorsey showed Dr. Hurt samples of cabbage and bread which had been taken from a healthy person's stomach after remaining there one hour, and the samples taken from Mary Phagan's stomach, both of which were submitted by Dr. Harris Friday.

Q. How long would you say this cabbage was in Mary Phagan's stomach before death occurred?—A. Not very long.

Attorney Arnold objected. "Your honor," he said, "this is unfair. For it is obvious that this cabbage was not chewed. This witness has testified that it takes from three to four hours to digest cabbage; also he has said the cabbage said to have been digested in one hour might have gone into the stomach almost in as liquid form as it now appears. It is not a fair comparison, because the two samples of cabbage did not go into the stomach in the same form."

Jury Gets Breathing Spell.

While Solicitor Dorsey was looking up an authority the jury was allowed to retire for a breathing spell.

Dorsey: "On that proposition I have this to say: Anyone can give an opinion, provided they give the fact on which the opinion is predicated. I don't know how many teeth Mary Phagan had; I don't know whether this cabbage was cooked a long time or a short time; I don't know that this man had as many teeth as Mary Phagan; I don't know that he chewed it as much or as little as she did; I don't know that the cabbage she ate was as highly seasoned as the cabbage he ate, or whether it was seasoned at all. I insist, your honor, that the jury can draw its own conclusions of the value of this witness' testimony."

Mr. Arnold: "Your honor, the witnesses tell us it takes at least two to four hours to digest cabbage. We do not contend that either of these specimens were digested. We merely say they are in a certain state of digestion."

Judge Roan: "Put your question again, Mr. Dorsey. I want to get it straight before I rule."

Headline Upsets Trial.

At this moment Judge Roan held up a 'Georgian' in which headlines reading "State Adding Links to Chain" were visible to the jury for a moment. Instantly Attorneys Arnold and Rosser were on their feet. Rosser spoke.

"Just a minute, your honor, we want to make a motion."

At this moment Arnold leaned over and spoke to Rosser.

"We will ask you to excuse us for a moment, judge," said Rosser, "while we confer."

Arnold and Rosser retired to a rear room, remarking aside as they went that they might make a motion for a new trial, as they were certain the jury had read the headlines in the paper.

In private conference they asked Dorsey to consent to a new trial and he refused.

After a five minutes' conference they returned to the courtroom and Attorney Rosser addressed the court and requested that the jury be withdrawn.

Says Jury Saw Paper.

"Your honor inadvertently displayed a newspaper when you came in just now," said Rosser. "One side was turned up with large red letters reading: 'State Adding Links to

Chain.' Every member of the jury read it; I saw them leaning forward to see it."

"We don't want to make a motion for a new trial, but we want this jury called back and such explanation made by your honor as will eliminate any harm that might have been done by the jury seeing this paper."

Dorsey objected to Rosser's request of Judge Roan.

"I object to your honor making an explanation as to an isolated instance," said Dorsey. "It is only fair to the State to call that jury back and ask it if it had seen any newspaper. It is only fair to the State to tell that jury that this objection of protest was registered by the defense. The jury must have seen newspapers on the streets in going to and from the hotel that had headlines in them eminently unfair to the State's case. I will ask your honor to explain the matter fully to the jury."

Judge Explains to Jury.

Judge Roan heatedly said: "Call the jury back and I will tell it what I see fit."

Judge Roan said to the jury when the tribunal had been returned to the jury box:

"Gentlemen of the jury, this is an important case. You will have to be extremely cautious and extremely careful. You are to try this case from the evidence and from nothing else. It has been suggested that you have been able to see some headlines or some writings in the newspapers which may have influenced you in your judgment on this case. I desire to tell you that you are the ones trying this case, and I desire to warn you again that nothing you see in the newspapers on the streets or in the courtroom should have any influence upon you either in respect to the case of the State or that of the defense. Let the case proceed."

Examination Resumed.

Dorsey was permitted to put his question to Dr. Hurt:

Q. How long would you say this cabbage was in Mary Phagan's stomach before death?—A. I would say that it was a much shorter time than the other.

Q. What kind of unconsciousness is sleep?—A. Natural.

Q. Are any of the functions arrested?—A. The brain.

Q. What kind of unconsciousness does violence produce?—A. Unnatural.

Q. Are any of the processes of digestion arrested or delayed?—A. Yes.

Q. Have there not been instances of a blow on the head when the skull was fractured and death did not ensue?—A. Yes.

Attorney Arnold took the witness on the recross-examination.

Q. You said some of the processes were delayed. What are they?—A. Motor and sensory nerves.

Processes Dormant in Sleep.

Q. Are they not dormant in sleep?—A. Yes.

Q. How do they affect the blood and the breathing?—A. Not at all.

Q. Then how do they affect digestion?—A. I don't know.

Q. When a man is sleeping, are not all the elements of unconsciousness the same?—A. Yes.

Q. You were shown three bottles by Mr. Dorsey. Can you say to what extent this food was digested?—A. No, sir.

Q. This could have been taken as a gruel and it wouldn't be in this shape, wouldn't it?—A. Yes.

Q. On the other hand, this man might have had a stomach that could digest a 10-penny nail?—A. Yes.

Q. You say that a blow on the back of the head will cause the eyes to blacken?—A. It might.

Dr. Hurt was then excused and was followed on the stand by Chief of Police Beavers.

Chief Beavers on Stand.

As Chief Beavers took his seat Mr. Rosser interposed with the question: Q. Chief, have you been sitting in the courtroom?—A. Not this morning.

"I did not know I was going to use him until this morning," returned Dorsey. The Solicitor then questioned the witness:

Q. When were you at the National Pencil Factory?—A. Tuesday after the crime was committed.

Q. Did you see any blood spots near the ladies' dressing room on the second floor?—A. Yes, I think it was Tuesday I saw them.

Attorney Rosser objected to Beavers testifying because the Chief had heard part of the trial. His objection was overruled.

Q. How did they appear?—A. There were spots on the floor that looked like blood.

Rosser took the witness on cross-examination.

ly Monday morning, wasn't it?—A. I was there when it was chipped up. If it was Monday, I was mistaken in saying Tuesday.

Q. Chief, you did not know it was Tuesday?—A. Yes.

Q. That blood was chipped up early?

Continued on Page 8, Column 1.

Will 5 Ounces of Cabbage Help Convict Leo M. Frank?

Are five and a half ounces of cabbage to be the principal factor in sending a man to the gibbet?

If the prosecution is warranted in its belief in the vital and incriminating importance of the testimony of Dr. H. F. Harris, director of the State Board of Health, this is exactly the outcome to be expected in the trial of Leo M. Frank, charged with the murder of little Mary Phagan.

It remains, however, for the State to show explicitly just how the sensational statements made last Friday afternoon by the medical expert any more clearly connect Leo Frank with the terrible crime than they connect Jim Conley, the negro, who was skulking in the National Pencil Factory at the same time. The testimony of Mrs. Arthur White is relied upon to do that very thing.

State Plays High Card.

LUTHER ROSSER EXEMPLIFYING THE GENTLE ART OF CROSS-EXAMINING



Rosser gently starting a battery of questions.

DR. HARRIS SHOWS FRANK HAD CHANCE TO KILL GIRL

By JAMES B. NEVIN.

The testimony of Dr. Roy Harris, chairman of the State Board of Health, and one of the most learned and approved physicians in Georgia, was dramatic, both in its substance and in the manner of its delivery Friday.

It was not calculated to help Leo Frank—and it did not.

The exhibition of a portion of the contents of the dead girl's stomach, for the purpose of approximating the time of her death, held breathless the packed courtroom—and the fainting of the physician during the progress of his testimony gave a final touch of melodrama to the trial that thrilled the audience as nothing else has thus far.

Dr. Harris impressed me, too, as believing in Frank's guilt—I do not know that he does believe that way, it merely happens that he seemed so to impress me.

And if he impressed that jury as he impressed me, then the things he testified may, if the remainder of the case against Frank holds together, prove eventually to be the defendant's undoing.

Shows He Had Chance.

To be sure, the State has not yet fixed the extent definitely on Frank—but it has definitely shown, unless its witnesses be impeached, which is highly unlikely, that Leo Frank MIGHT have murdered Mary Phagan and that he DID have the opportunity to accomplish it.

Having shown that the OPPORTUNITY was there, and that the murder likely was consummated during the time limits of that opportunity, the remaining elements of the case need but to be knitted properly together to make dark indeed the outlook for Frank.

Frank himself, Monteen Stover, Mrs. White and Dr. Harris—they together form a chain thus far apparently strong and dangerous!

That, from the standpoint of the defense, however, is the worst view to take of it.

It must be remembered that the defense as yet has introduced no witnesses. Such advantage as it so far has gained—and it has won many points—it has gained by wringing from the State's own witnesses matters of fact favorable to Frank.

When the defense comes to tell its story it may be confidently anticipated that additional weak points in the State's case may be discovered. The only question is, will they be found SUFFICIENTLY weak to cause the entire chain to fall apart?

Defense Seeks Weakest Link.
A chain is, of course, only as strong as its weakest link. Will the defense be able to locate the State's weakest link? And having located it, will it, can it be strained to the point of giving way?

That is the perplexing and grim puzzle that Rosser and Arnold are contemplating from one standpoint and to-day Dorsey and Hooper from the other.

The black, forbidding shadow of the negro, Jim Conley, has fallen heavily athwart the courtroom in the

old City Hall, where Frank is battling for his liberty, his good name and the restoration of his status as an upright and honorable man among his fellows.

The State is paving the way to the climax of its case—it is leading up, and with considerable skill and adroitness, to the test of its biggest asset or its most tremendous liability, as the case may be—Jim Conley, confessed accessory after the fact of Mary Phagan's murder and by many suspected of being the principal to the murder.

Somehow it seemed to me that Luther Rosser grew more and more cautious in his cross-examining Friday and Saturday, and certainly Reuben Arnold appeared to weigh well his words and carefully propound his questions.

Dorsey Has Temper in Leash.

Dorsey, too, has his temper more thoroughly in hand—and Hooper?

Hooper is the same as ever—smiling, calm, deliberate, rarely speaking at all, save to whisper directing words and "tricks" to the jury now and then.

When Jim Conley is on the stand, Leo Frank will be face to face with the crisis in his trial—either Conley will leave the stand Frank's final deliverance and refuge, or his eternal damnation on earth!

For this is a battle in truth to the very death—a battle in which quarter is being neither given nor asked! It means hope, and love, and life, and liberty to Frank, or it means—!

I looked long and earnestly into the faces of those twelve "good men and true," the "gentlemen of the jury" on Friday afternoon.

To me, the Frank jury appears to be much above the average. A composite picture of it would indicate, I suspect, intelligence, level-headedness, business knowledge and poise.

If it is the sort of jury I think it is, it is just the sort of jury that should try a case of such unusual quality as the one it now has in hand.

I am assuming that a vast majority of Georgians are hoping sincerely to see the truth of this famous case established—that it is largely an abstract proposition to the average man, that it may excite psychological effect!

The point, however, is not so much what any one of us thinks—the point is what does that JURY think?

The impressions that evidence produces are varied and sometimes marked. One never can exactly and precisely say which way it will cut.

And right here my mind goes back involuntarily to Dr. Roy Harris, and his remarkable testimony.

Undoubtedly the defense will have to put on its thinking cap, straight and firmly set, if it hopes not only to upset that testimony and discredit it as particularly and relatively in point, but to remove the profound impression it may have made upon the jury.

It is, after all, largely upon mental impression—perhaps more often than not—that jury verdicts are predicted.

The psychological receptiveness of the jury frequently controls the finding, I doubt not.

If, Dr. Harris' testimony has

weighed heavily against Frank in the mind of the jury, the defense will find it extremely difficult to remove that weight.

The Solicitor General may have been far more astute and incisive, too, than some have thought, when, time and again, he claimed to have been entrapped by his own witnesses—that they were not now swearing the same things that a few weeks ago they swore readily enough.

Effect May Be Decisive.

If the Solicitor has managed to get it into the minds of that jury that Frank needs protection against actually damaging circumstances, that witnesses deliberately have been drilled to protect him against sinister things, that witnesses have been tampered with in his behalf—all of which things may be inferentially set up, without many genuine reasons therefor, being given—then a psychological effect will have been achieved that may prove dangerous in the extreme to the defendant.

Now, I do not mean to say the State HAS succeeded in doing that, and I hardly see wherein those impressions would be warranted altogether in the minds of the jurors, still Dorsey and Hooper are driving at SOMETHING—and it may be they are driving at that exact psychological effect!

And you never can tell.

The way of a serpent upon a rock, of an eagle in the air, and of a man with a maid—these things have been said to be the strangest of all things. But the fourth strangest thing, and there may be so many as four superlatively strange things, is the way of a jury with a defendant at bar!

Therefore, if Hooper and Dorsey have been seeking, through the clever manipulation of their own witnesses and through the still cleverer directing of the cross-examination into desired channels, and if they have succeeded, which no man possibly may know now, the art employed has been consummately far-reaching and keen.

It will brace up the amazing story of Conley wonderfully and make his tale the easier for the jury to accept as true, and it will in inverse ratio discount the defendant's statement,

moreover, if the jury can be brought to that psychological status suggested in this article, if it be the true purpose of the State to bring it there.

Situation Rests on "Ifs."

There are a good many "ifs" in this idea, to be sure—but all psychological situations are built largely upon "ifs."

That the State is undertaking to establish a psychological effect in at least one other direction, too, is evident in the way it insists, over and over, that Frank was "nervous" or "extremely nervous" just after the crime was committed—the idea being that if he was agitated it likely was because of his guilty conscience.

The State has combated this wonderfully well, in so far as the substance of its denials are concerned—and yet into this idea obtrudes the thought that maybe here, again, the State has been cleverer than the defense have imagined, by forcing the State rather to overdo its hand in that direction!

Now, these suggestions may be more or less elusive and hard to get hold of, but they are in no way impossible. Indeed, when it is remembered that the State all along has been developing a rather weak circumstantial case against Frank always up to its star witness, Conley—at once both his hope and its despair—and that the story of that witness is grimly grotesque, in parts strenuously raining on the imagination, based, as it is, in portions, upon admitted lies and misrepresentations, the great help and assistance to the State of a mentally receptive jury may be, and doubtless will be, appreciated immediately by the reader.

In any and every aspect of the case it is but the simple truth to say that both the State and the defense have been forced to the skating on dangerously thin ice more than once so far.

Wilson Takes a Day Off; Golfs a Little

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—President Wilson to-day dropped all official business. He golfed in the morning with Dr. C. G. Grayson, his physician, and planned to go to the ball game in the afternoon.

Roan Holding Scales of Justice With Steady Hand

By L. F. WOODRUFF.

Emotion's entire gamut is daily run on the screen of faces watching the Frank trial.

A student of facial expression can find anything he seeks by watching the throng of spectators a half hour. A glance at one man may show a sneer of hate as bitter as gall. His neighbor in the next seat will probably be smiling in amused content as if he were witnessing the antics of his favorite comedian.

Looking to the left, he may see fear as vividly depicted on a countenance as trapped felon has ever felt. And another glance might show a spectator in studious contemplation as rapt as that of a philosopher endeavoring to fathom a new frailty in human character.

Men have been mad, and shown it, during the progress of Atlanta's most famous criminal case. And men have shown that they were glad to the point of jubilation at the very same instant.

Roan Utterly Impassive.
But throughout the tedious hours and hours of the hearing, one man sits, listening to every word. And he has yet to display the fact that his emotions are any more affected by the dramatic trial in which he is a commanding figure than those of a business man going through the daily routine of his prosaic grind.

Think of his position. It is one of supreme importance just at this time, when passion and prejudice are more likely to rule than cool reasoning. It is his work to uphold the theory that Justice is blind, and that the courts of the land are the blindfold that darkness the vision of the go'dess. He must see that the scales are evenly balanced. He must be sure that the sword is sharp.

There are scores, yes hundreds, of people in Atlanta to-day convinced absolutely of Frank's guilt in the Phagan mystery, and it would take a power of inconceivable magnitude to change their mental attitude.

There are scores and hundreds right here who believe thoroughly and honestly that Frank is innocent of any crime, and is as cruelly a persecuted person as the earth has known since the days of the martyrs. And so firm is this belief that it could not be shaken by dynamite or earthquake.

No Doubt as to Fairness.
Judge Roan's position and his oath of office call on him to see that both of these classes are firmly convinced of one fact in common, and that is that the case of Leo M. Frank is being fairly, honestly and effectively tried according to the law and evidence.

When he does this, he is removing a tremendous amount of the poison in the case. People are too prone to hint that a man's money can assure him of safety in any act he may commit. People are too likely to say that law and order becomes as nothing beneath a weight of prejudice.

Every word that Judge Roan speaks is as eagerly listened to as the voice of a diva. His every action is watched as closely as the moves of the President of the United States are by his secret service protectors.

Therefore, in action as well as in word, the judge must be impartial. Therefore, he can not smile on one side or the other scores a point. He can not evince extraordinary interest if it is apparent that the lawyers are about to tear to shreds the story of a witness. He must make a mental picture of everything in the long-drawn-out battle in order to give final instructions to the jury, but he must not permit this picture to be reflected on his face.

And he has not.
His rulings have been quick. They are spoken in a low voice, just loud enough for counsel and witness to hear. In rendering a decision, he rarely straightens himself from the reclining attitude he assumes in the office chair.

Heat Hard on Judge.
He sits through the long hours, his right hand waving a huge palm leaf fan, though two electric fans are turned on the bench. He needs all three, for the courtroom is stifling hot, and Judge Roan is no longer young. Occasionally he mops a halcyon spot on his high forehead with a handkerchief.

Several times during each day during the duller moments of the trial, he speaks a smiling word to some member of the bar, not connected with the case, who passes the bench or exchanges pleasantries with a court attaché.

But his mind is never off the burning issue that he must play so important a part in deciding.

Rosser thundering, his face clouded by anger.

The juror's life is not unmixt with care.

Look him over next time you attend the Frank trial. Size up his little job. Weigh his responsibility. Consider his problems.

And then, if seeking employment, go out and sign a contract to make little ones out of big ones.

It's a more satisfactory way of earning \$2 a day.

The juror's business is to collect evidence by the careful, sift the same, separate the true from the false, and make it into a verdict as between the State of Georgia and Leo Frank.

On the face of it, the plan is beautifully simple.

But the beauty is only skin deep. You are reckoning without the lawyers.

Here Entereth the Lawyer.
The simple-minded layman—and that rating includes the juror—starts out with the idea that the business of a lawyer is to extract evidence from the witness in available form for proper consideration by the juror.

It speedily develops that the full intent of counsel is to prevent the witness from unbundling himself in any way whatsoever. The more expensive the counsel, the less information the opposition will be able to wheedle out of its star performers.

The method of blocking is objective—that is, it is by means of objections. It appears that our system of jurisprudence takes cognizance of the juror as a mere babe in arms, not fit to assimilate the strong meat of evidence straight.

How the Juror Is Spared.
So he is sedulously raised on the bottle.

Mr. Dorsey (for example) has a witness by whom he is aching to show that Leo Frank was nervous the morning he was applied of the tragedy. Mr. Rosser and Mr. Arnold are equally positive that the witness is not competent to judge if Mr. Frank was nervous. Also they are quite sure that the bottle-fed juror is utterly incapable of deciding if the witness is competent to decide if Mr. Frank was nervous.

They do not intend that the juror shall endanger his delicate thinking apparatus by grappling with any such abstruse problem.

So they fix it up this way. Witness: "He insisted on having some coffee."

Mr. Rosser: "Object to the use of the word 'insisted.' It manifestly is a conclusion of the witness, and as such has no place in the evidence. I ask that the word be ruled out."

Objections Fix the Fact.
And the court orders it ruled out, thereby fixing the circumstance firmly in the mind of the juror. And then Mr. Dorsey twists the query around and gets the witness to state that Frank asked for coffee twice at his house and once at the factory.

Just why that arrangement suits the defense better than the simple proposition that Frank insisted on the coffee is not entirely plain—to the layman.

But it seems that the juror is to be shielded from any breath of anything not bearing strictly on the guilt or innocence of the accused. Specific and accurate information

being thus at a premium, the juror probably is amazed when Mr. Rosser, vibrating with grief and indignation, protests against Detective Scott reading from some notes he made while working directly on the case.

The court also is shocked, but permits Mr. Scott to "refresh his memory" by means of the notes and then retails the product of such refreshment by word of mouth.

This is agreeable to Mr. Rosser and the court, but when Mr. Dorsey offers further to refresh Mr. Scott's somewhat wilted recollection, Mr. Rosser intimates at the top of a robust voice that such a thing shall be accomplished only over his (Mr. Rosser's) inanimate form.

And that promptly affords the bottle-fed juror some more evidence to ponder.

Mr. Dorsey insists it is his right to "lead" the witness.

The witness demands to know if he is suspected of having had a glass of Mr. Dorsey's whiskey.

Mr. Dorsey declares he has been trapped by the witness, and Mr. Rosser appends the somewhat doubtful comment that Frank Hooper is a wise man.

Here Are More Hoopers.
Now, add this to the problems of the juror. Is Mr. Scott balking?

If so, has Mr. Dorsey the right to hold an ear of corn in front of him? And, in view of the foregoing, is it not Mr. Hooper a wise man?

Other problems for the exercise of the juror's mind are as follows: Would Mr. Dorsey be permitted to examine a witness without interruption by Mr. Rosser?

Should Mr. Rosser be permitted to object?

If so, should Mr. Dorsey show while Mr. Rosser is objecting?

Does Mr. Rosser consider whiskey a good remedy for indigestion?

Would He Hide Evidence?
Would anybody think that Mr. Rosser would have anything to do with suppressing evidence, except in the regular and approved objective method prescribed by law?

And one more thing that tends to lend an acrobatic cast to the mental processes of the Frank juror.

Once in a while—not very often, it's true—but once in a while something gets by Mr. Rosser and Mr. Arnold. The witness may be quick on the trigger. Or Mr. Dorsey may manage to frog up a subtle query with a joker in it.

And after the storm of objection has thundered out and Mr. Rosser is mopping the signs of honest toil from his brow, and Mr. Dorsey is wearing an expression similar to that of a cat that knows all about what happened to the canary—why, then the court orders the stenographer to strike out the answer.

And the obliging juror is instructed to forget it.

Would You Forget It, Too?
Just suppose that you, being an honest and hard-working juror, trying in an honest and hard-working way to extract a morsel of real information from a jungle of cross-questions and crabbed answers and objections and oratory and recrimination—suppose that the honest and hard-working witness should beat 'em to it for once, and disgorge something really interesting.

And then suppose the judge should tell you to wipe it right off your mental slate, and not remember it, or consider it, or think about it any more forever.

You would do it, would you not? Neither would we.

The juror's life is not unmixt with care.

Peter's Party

I FLUNG down the morning paper with a groan. Looking out of the window, a scene of springtime met my eyes. And the sky was blue—April blue.

I was blue, too, but it was another sort of blue; the sort you see when you read that everything has gone down with a slump, and that the rattling good thing you put every penny you could scrape together into a few months ago, expecting confidently on the word of your pet broker—a huge profit, has gone to ruin. Nice things for a man on a gay spring morning to look things in the face and read only one word where ever he looks—ruin.

My soliloquy was rudely interrupted by a ringing feminine voice, following hard on the arrested purf of a motor.

"Peter! Peter!"

"Here!" I shouted, flinging open the door. "What's wrong? Fire? Or—Good heavens—Sybil! What brings you here?"

Sybil Manley laughed and flung back the long, floating gauze veil. From beneath that pretty motor bonnet her sparkling blue eyes looked at me with gleeful amusement.

"A nice welcome for a long-lost cousin!" she retorted, presenting to me a cheek of such fragrant pinkness that what could I do but kiss it? "The motor brought me; it also shed William on the road where I left him staring, like one bewitched, at the lake. We've come to stay, if you'll have us. Peter—I know you will. We're on our way to the Allinghams, but they can't have us till next week."

"You're welcome," I replied, laughing, "but I've very little to offer you in the way of food. I don't keep a chef. When we don't know what to have, we go out and kill a chicken and eat it. Mind you, it's dull here."

A Party.

"If that's all, I'll soon change things. We'll give a party, Peter—or, rather, you shall."

"A party?" I stared at her agast.

"Yes, William always says I can't be five minutes in the country without arranging instantly a party of some kind. Peter, you ought to marry!"

"Marry? I? On what, pray?"

"On whatever you've got. It's enough for two, isn't it?"

"I don't know. I'm not at all sure that it's going to be enough for one even."

"Peter!"

"I nodded."

"True," I read the news only this morning. Something's gone smash in which I put the little capital I had. But don't look like that, Sybil. If I have to go out like a snuffed candle, I'll go cheerfully. And as to a party—why, I'll give one that the countryside shall talk about for many a day, Sybil!"

"She laughed. I know she thought my first words were only a joke. She had no conception of what the words 'ruin' or 'poverty' meant. She did not know, nor was she likely to know as long as her stolid, well-glided William kept his head. His was a head not easily lost!"

He was an excellent fellow—quite excellent. But dull—utterly wanting in humor—and ponderous both in person and mind. But he adored Sybil; and she adored him.

Of course, there was Lella; but what was I that I should aspire to Lella and her winsome charm; could I ask her to share a guest house and—practically, ruin? Impossible! Besides, there was another fellow in the field—an odious, plausible, good-looking Saxon, with sunburnt and a motor, and all the things Lella never give her. And Lella's people encouraged him, and were cold to me.

Very Bold.

Two days later Mr. Peter Lambert requested the pleasure of his friends' company at a fancy dress dance.

The humor of the situation struck me keenly, but nobody else. That a ruined man should give a fancy dress dance was a distinct anomaly; but I might as well come to the end with a flourish of trumpets and fireworks.

When it was all over I saw nothing

HUSBAND NAILED

RUBBER ON GATES

Wife so Weak and Nervous

Could Not Stand Least

Noise—How Cured.

Munford, Ala.—"I was so weak and nervous while passing through the Change of Life that I could hardly live. My husband had to nail rubber on all the gates, for I could not stand it to have a gate slam."

"I also had backache and a fullness in my stomach. I noticed that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was advertised for such cases and sent and got a bottle. It did me so much good that I kept on taking it and found it to be all you say. I am now Compound to all women afflicted as I was.—Mrs. F. Mullendore, Munford, Ala."

An Honest Dependable Medicine is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. A foot and a half medicine originated nearly forty years ago by Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., for controlling female life.

Its wonderful success in this line has made it the safest and most dependable medicine of the age for women and no woman suffering from female ills does herself justice who does not give it a trial.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

For it but—Canada, with the small amount of capital a sale would bring in. And for the rest—hard work far from all the haunts dear to me—far from everything and everyone. I cared a button about it. Far from—Lella.

I was far from her in any case. For she was rich and I was a pauper. The fellow with the hunters and a motor need have no scruples in trying to win her. Rumor had it that the thing was as good as done. But I couldn't—I wouldn't believe it.

However, I had to grin and bear it, for they would both come to the dance. I should have to play the part of the one who looks on.

Sybil was a marvel. The old house was transformed; the supper tables were a miracle when one considered the slender resources of the house; and Sybil herself, dressed in a silvery tissue gown, representing a snow queen, was the loveliest thing in creation. I thought, until I caught sight of Lella in a cloud of rose tulle veiled in gray—Dawn.

That Saxon fellow was there, in a sort of glittering armor. And yet it was at me at Lella smiled with such softness, such sweetness, as her hand lingered in mine.

"I'm so glad, Peter!" she breathed. "Glad! What about?" I stared at her.

"Why, this, of course!"

"This" was the dance—the pretty scene, with polished floor and ivy-decked walls, and persons who looked as if they had stepped out of a fairy tale.

Not Dancing.

"Oh, yes, it looks nice, doesn't it? I hope you'll have a jolly evening, Lella. I feel rather like a bear that's forgotten how to dance—horribly rusty."

Lella looked at her program.

"Oh, I forgot! Peter, let's dance the first barn dance together. We always do, don't we?"

"We used to," I said, writing my name on her program. "May I have two?"

"And supper?"

Lella looked up at me. Her soft hazel eyes were very bright; the color rose to her face.

"Why, of course, Peter," she said. She moved away on an arm of glittering armor, but looked back as she went, and there was a wistful happiness in her eyes that puzzled me.

Why had she said she was so glad? Glad for what?

The dance didn't seem a sufficient reason.

It went with spirit; dances were rare enough in those parts, and Sybil made an admirable hostess. Even her stolid William—dressed as a fisherman of the olden times—came out of his shell and frolicked with the rest.

I banished with an effort my own depression of spirits, the visions of Canada and coming exile, the realization of the ruin hanging over my head. For the place must go—the gaunt barrack of a house, so dear to me, that must find a purchaser in some rich American who wanted an old place with rough shooting and fishing and all the rest of it. It would sell readily enough; but I loathed the idea. If only—

Alone.

"Are you going to cut out our dance, Peter? Or are you dreaming?"

Lella was beside me. I offered my arm in silence. We danced once, twice, around the room. Then I drew her away into the corridor, where Sybil had contrived some wonderfully secluded nooks containing just two seats, no more. For the moment we were alone.

And there we sat—silent. I plunged in moodily thought—Lella, twisting her fan in restless fingers.

Suddenly I felt I couldn't bear it—the truth must come out.

"When is it to be, Lella?" I asked, roughly.

"When is what to be?"

"Your marriage."

She grew quite white, but looked at me with smiling eyes.

"He hasn't asked me yet, Peter."

I stared at her.

"But when he does—I stammered. 'I know I have no right to ask you—but with a flourish of trumpets and fireworks.'"

"Who has a better right than you, Peter?"

"Lella! Are you going to marry him? Tell me, for Heaven's sake! I shouldn't be here much longer; the place must go. I'm off to Canada and—"

Her cry cut across my stumbling words.

"Canada, Peter! What do you mean?"

"What I say. I've not to face ruin. I can battle with it better somewhere else."

A Wrong Guess.

"But, Peter, I thought—I imagined everything was going well. This party of yours—I thought it meant that luck had turned for you at last, and I was so glad—so glad!"

"That was it," my heart was suddenly like a singing bird.

"I've lost everything, Lella."

There was a momentary silence. Then—a soft hand stole into mine.

"No crying! Red," said a very soft voice, "because they still remain—me. Am I nothing?"

"You! You are everything; but you're going to marry that fellow in shining armor, everyone knows it, and—"

"Everyone knows nothing. I am not going to marry him."

"But—you people!" I said, stupidly, her hand still in mine. And mind you, she made no effort to get it back. I marry to please myself—not my people. I marry the man I—love or no one! And, Peter, I always wanted to go to Canada."

I sat there silent—stricken to stone—dumb.

"It's no longer long-year, you know; but all the same—"

She was in my arms in an instant. I held her fast.

"Lella! You don't mean it—you can't! I oughtn't to let you marry a ruined man! Why, they'll call me a fortune hunter; they'll—"

"Care! Let them say!" she said, with starry eyes. "What need I care, Peter, for anyone? I hated my money before; I knew it was keeping us apart. Now I'm glad, because it may make the way easier for you—for us both. Much makes more. And we'll come back, Peter, some day, and begin again. You dear old staid. I thought you never would understand. I was so very afraid."

"And yet I had the courage to nearly ask you to marry me! Oh, Peter! But for your party who knows what might have happened? It was that that gave me courage. You see I believed the barrier was gone. It has—now."

It had! Love had overthrown it as it overthrows all obstacles.

Beauty

"My ideal of beauty is health," says Blanche Ring; and other valuable hints.



Miss Blanche Ring.

Beauty is health. Health does not exist in the haggard, leathery, skinned woman. Fat is not pretty. Those who find it threatening them should avoid potatoes, food prepared in oils and sugar products. Magnetism, sweetness of disposition and willingness to work are all aids to beauty.

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

"YOU would never dream of setting a diamond in paste," would you?" said everyone's favorite—Blanche Ring. And in the deep underlying philosophy of the magnetic comedienne's remark lies the secret of the popularity and charm that place the jewel of her beauty in a worthy setting.

A theatrical star surrounded by a group of poor players so that her personality may be exploited and may occupy the center of the stage and of the attention is not giving her public what it wants. If she has real merit, it will be enhanced by the presence of clever people about her—well, Miss Beauty Editor, can't you apply that rule to beauty all through life?

Indeed, you can—for beauty that arrests the eye and has no further power to charm may exist in the person of a slovenly, ignorant, unlovely creature, who has only the picture qualities of a perfect animal, while true beauty must appeal to mind and heart as well as to vision.

True Beauty.

"You would never dream of setting a diamond in paste," I quoted to the author of the remark. "Now, Miss Ring, exactly what is your ideal of beauty and your idea of the setting therefor?"

"My idea of beauty is health," answered Miss Ring with prompt certainty. "And health does not exist in the haggard, leathery-skinned woman who has dieted herself into a state of near-decline. The healthy woman is at her normal weight, whether that be pleasing plumpness or sylphlike slimness—and she has not the nervous, heavy-eyed look of the woman who lives on a cracker and an apple a day so she can persuade a figure that might be a healthy looking thirty-eight to be a shadowy poster that

measures about thirty inches about its greatest girth.

"Of course, fat is not pretty—and if a woman finds it threatening her she would do well to avoid potatoes, bread, rich gravies and food prepared in oils and sugar products. But after a woman reaches 30 the red blood corpuscles go on a long holiday and she had better not hasten their demise by furiously banting herself to a consumptive shadow—or, at least, through overexercise. No, let her live out of doors all she can—swimming, tennis and gardening are the most delightful summer exercises, and, simple, sane diet with this little secret to help it along will do wonders to bring on attractive slenderness without painful swariness."

A Lasting Debt.

"Here is the secret: One day of every week live on this menu for each of the three meals: For breakfast, for luncheon and for dinner eat a baked potato seasoned with a bit of butter, some skinned milk and 'pepper and salt to taste.' Then you will have the proper compound of substance and shadow!"

"And now for the setting of this properly slender figure," I queried.

"Well," said the beautiful friend of everyone who has ever seen her, "the world does not owe me a living, but I owe the world a great deal in return for all it has done for me. So I try to give all I can in affection, in interest and in earnest effort to the world. I think it would be a good plan for girls to think less about what they have a right to expect from life, and to make sure that they are giving life all it has a right to expect from them; a happy, amiable expression and a sunny nature to account for it are bound to result from that attitude."

"But I started to tell you what I think forms the most beautiful setting for beauty—which is health, magnetism, sweetness of disposition and a joyous willingness to work. The last two one can cultivate, but magnetism, charm, the power that

breaks down walls of indifference and of possible misunderstanding between human and human—that is the gift women long most to possess—and is the hardest thing in all the world to analyze.

The Final Jewel.

"The nearest I can come to explaining my idea of magnetism is to suggest that women give all they can to the world, and that the desire to make others happy. Perhaps in this way they can add the final jewel to the setting about their beauty. At least, so it seems to me. 'Seems,' madam. Nay, it is not 'seems.' For the woman whose power reaches over footlights and luncheon tables alike is the spirit of beauty and magnetic charm incarnate—so her modest little suggestions for magnetism may surely point the way to all beauty seekers."

He laughed, feeling himself to be another being, and she another being from the man and woman of a week ago. Then he looked at her again, and uttered some tender compliment which made her blush deliciously, and then in answer to a wave of her hand, that seemed to say: "Enough!" was about to withdraw when he saw her eyes suddenly dilate and a look of such shock and fear cross her face that he involuntarily turned and glanced down the hall behind him for the cause. There was nothing there, absolutely nothing; only the figure of a hair dresser or some such woman who, in cloak and veil, stood with her little bag on her arm, awaiting to enter, and, astonished at the ease with which his mind lent itself to the most startling conjectures, he turned back to reassure himself by

Up-to-Date Jokes

The last train had crawled through the station laboriously.

In the waiting room the guard told the tale to a belated passenger.

"It was last year," he said, "a man wanted to commit suicide. He got on to the lines, put his head on the rails, and waited for the train."

"Well?" queried the passenger breathlessly.

"Oh!" said the guard, "he died all right—of starvation."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed an elderly lady to a laborer who surrendered his seat in a crowded car.

"That's all right, mum," was the rejoinder.

As the lady sat down the chivalrous laborer added:

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS One of the Greatest Mystery Stories Ever Written

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

(Copyright, 1913, by Anna Katharine Green.)

TO-DAY'S INSTALLMENT.

"I sent you one as soon as my daughter came back. Her explanations were entirely satisfactory, and there is no reason why any of us should think of the matter again. Yet you have talked in the very quarter where I desired you to be silent, and the consequence is that my daughter's happiness is threatened and her character impeached. It is an irreparable injury which I shall never forgive." And, leaving Mr. Gryce to digest these pleasing words, she turned again to Dr. Cameron.

"Sir," said she, "I do not know what excuse you can have for asserting that you have seen my daughter within an hour. I only know that the fact is impossible, for Genevieve has not been out of the house since her return at the time I mentioned, as a dozen witnesses at least can prove to you. As to the duplicity of which you complain, it amounts simply to this, that she felt her health giving way under the constant strain of our numerous preparations, and in a sudden freak, which she now deprecates as sincerely as myself, started off for Montclair without telling any one of her intention, thinking that the complete rest thus obtained would benefit her as it has for never but she looked more blooming or more fitted to be your wife than at this very moment when you hesitate to accept her."

For answer, the doctor walked up to the detective.

"Could we have been mistaken?" he asked. "Was it indeed another woman?"

"I will tell you in two minutes," was the haughty answer; and, quitting them with small ceremony, Mr. Gryce passed out of the room.

The doctor made no effort to apologize or answer Mrs. Gretorex till he came back. His whole future destiny was trembling in the balance and it was as much as he could do to retain his composure. Happily the time of waiting was short. Mr. Gryce rejoined them almost immediately, and bowing to the lady of the house, said in Dr. Cameron's ear, "Another case of mistaken identity. Mrs. Gretorex is correct in all her assertions. You have made a fool of me and I show my chagrin by simply departing."

The doctor attempted no reply. He was beside himself with joy. What? The whole dreadful business of the last four hours a farce? His marriage assured, his bride untainted, no Molester in her past, no possible jealousy in their future. He almost dropped on his knees to Mrs. Gretorex in his conviction; attempted explanations and then paused, thinking them too inadequate; laughed, asked questions about his bride's beauty, and betrayed impatience to see her; in short, acted like any man suddenly transported from unhappiness to rapture.

"The mother, understanding him better than he thought perhaps, only smiled, and pointing to his black necktie, asked if he had a white one in his pocket."

Changed to Joy.

His face grew suddenly long and he flushed with intense mortification.

"I have not come quite prepared for so grand a ceremony," he stammered. "If the guests will wait a little longer while I send for my coat and tie—"

"They must," declared Mrs. Gretorex, calling a servant at once and giving him one or two orders. "It will not take more than another half hour, and the hand can keep them patient till then."

"Let them be detained by an accident on the elevated road. As I was he merrily added, 'Keep them in good nature and give me a glimpse of my bride.'"

"You impatient lover!" was all the relieved mother could say; but her look was a promise, and in a few minutes a trim and quiet girl came tripping to the door, and, smiling coquettishly, showed him a room at the other end of the hall, saying:

"Miss Gretorex is all dressed, sir, and will speak to you for a minute if you desire it."

He did not linger an instant. Something—was it love, or only that old pride of his restored to its full life, burned in his breast, and made his short walk down the hall a remembrance of delight to him? Her door, just ajar, was like a beacon of hope, and when he saw it open wider and caught the one short glimpse she allowed him of her tall and elegant figure in its shimmering robes and many veils, he felt his pulse beat as never before, and scarcely needed the charming smile she gave him to complete a happiness which at that moment was supreme.

"I have kept you waiting," she murmured; and he found no answer for looking at her eyes, that, seen thus through her veil, possessed a beauty and a glow which made her absolutely beautiful. "I am all ready now," she cried, "and mamma says that you are not. Naughty man, to go careering downtown to look after some patient or other when you should have been thinking only of me."

He laughed, feeling himself to be another being, and she another being from the man and woman of a week ago. Then he looked at her again, and uttered some tender compliment which made her blush deliciously, and then in answer to a wave of her hand, that seemed to say: "Enough!" was about to withdraw when he saw her eyes suddenly dilate and a look of such shock and fear cross her face that he involuntarily turned and glanced down the hall behind him for the cause. There was nothing there, absolutely nothing; only the figure of a hair dresser or some such woman who, in cloak and veil, stood with her little bag on her arm, awaiting to enter, and, astonished at the ease with which his mind lent itself to the most startling conjectures, he turned back to reassure himself by

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 Elizabeth Gryce, a member of the Scottish Rite, by telling him that Miss Gretorex 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. Gryce ascertained that Dr. Cameron had been in the hotel, where he found her registered under the name of Mildred Farley. They drove to the hotel and peer through curtains into Room No. 153, where they see Miss Gretorex kneeling before a fire, weeping and burning up some letters. They go downstairs greatly mystified. Gryce makes some inquiries and learns that three hours before the girl was victimized by a man, who, when he left the hotel, notified the management that he would return at 9 o'clock with a clergyman who was going to marry them. Dr. Cameron, who is a member of the Scottish Rite, demands that Gryce tell him the name of this man. The detective hands him a card inscribed with this name: "Dr. Julius Molester."

Now go on with the story.

another look at his bride, when the door which had been swung open between them softly closed and he found himself but out from her presence with a new memory and a new fear to make discord of the notes of the wedding march he was soon to hear.

A Startling Interruption.

THE Gretorex mansion was eminent for its adaptation for large gatherings. Built since the introduction of the modern styles, it had intricacies and surprises innumerable; but it had also many and various rooms of spacious proportions opening into hallways so wide and upon staircases so ample that had the number of guests reached the full thousand that had been invited there would have been sufficient accommodation for all. So numerous indeed were the rooms on the first floor and so admirably were they disposed, it had not been found necessary to ask the guests to ascend the stairs at all. Thus it was that Dr. Cameron had met his friends on the landings, but none on the floor above, and thus it was that upon his return to the room which had been allotted to him he could pace its length for twenty minutes without an interruption. And a friend's face, a jovial word would have been so welcome! For he did not want to think, and was impatient at the solitude which forced him to do so.

When the die had been cast, when his future is decided upon, we wish to reach the culmination without delay, and Dr. Cameron, weary with many and varied emotions, only longed for the moment when amid music and bustle, the flash of lights and the murmur of voices, he should lead his young bride into the presence that would irrevocably seal their fate. For in these long and heavy minutes of waiting he had something besides his thoughts to contend with, he had impressions, a consciousness almost amounting to an intuition, that something strange, something dark, something entirely out of harmony with this scene of light and joy was taking place near him—in his sight if he could but see, in his hearing if he could but hear; at all events near him, awesomely near, as that closed door to the ward which he cast hurried and shrinking glances every time a turn in his walk brought him within view of it.

Of Common Sense.

That he had no reason, or at the most the slightest reason for this sensation did not make it any less vivid or powerful. It did not so much as suggest to him upon him and awayed him so completely that if the door I have spoken of had opened at one of the moments his eye was upon it and revealed a grisly skeleton standing on its threshold he would not have felt the shock as much as he did the ringing burst of melody that now and then soared up from the violin below. Yet in his mind he knew that he was but the fool of his imagination and that nothing more serious than the rearranging of a look of hair or the buttoning on of a refractory pair of gloves he had seen enter there would

be going on in this room his fancy peopled with images of fear and despair.

For he was a man of common sense and knew the fashionable world well and was moreover quite aware as a physician how far a man's imagination can carry him when his nerves have been unstrung by a series of such potent sensations as had visited him in the last four hours. Let that door once open and the bride step forth and all would be hope and cheer again. He knew it even while he was shuddering over the conviction that it had opened, and that a hand had been thrust out in a gesture of silent appeal and as quickly again withdrawn.

The coming of the servant with the articles necessary to complete his toilet was like cold water dashed upon a man heated with fever. It roused him immediately. As he tied his necktie and fastened his gloves he felt himself to be more a dreamer of nightmares, but Dr. Cameron, known throughout all the city for his practical common sense and sound judgment. He even laughed in his old, easy fashion as he peered down the hall and saw the servant who had waited upon him walk up and knock with the utmost assurance on the door he had been so long and fearfully watching.

Nor did he feel himself to have been any the less a fool when in a moment later he beheld it open and caught a glimpse of his bride's white veil and sweeping train as she gave her answer to the man and then waited with the door half shut for the summons to descend. As he had promised himself it would be, all was cheer and hope again; nor in the bustle of preparation that presently followed did he become conscious of a thought out of harmony with the scene till, suddenly, as he was half way down the stairs, he felt his bride lean a little heavily on his arm, and, turning to look at her, perceived not a woman, not an automaton even, but a specter, whose glassy eyes, fixed upon vacancy, froze the blood in his veins.

What Did It Mean?

What did it mean? Was she mad or was she—He did not stop to finish his thought; he clutched her by the arm and gently but firmly spoke her name.

A shiver seemed to go through her, then she turned her head and slowly, painfully, under his gaze her lips took on the semblance of a smile so forced, so meaningless, that he stopped her where she was, and, pointing to the surging sea of faces below, exclaimed:

"They are waiting for us; the minister has his book open, and your parents are already standing on each side of him; but if you do not wish to marry me, if there is any impediment in the way, or if you feel I can not be to you the husband you desire, say so, and we will turn back. No marriage is too late before the minister has

The Result

... One Woman's Story ...

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER

Chapter XII.

THE day following the evening on which Craig had taken her to the opera seemed to Mary Danforth different from any other day she had ever passed. She had heard much of dual personality, but she had never before had the sensation of possessing in her own being two distinct persons. One, the sensible, cool-headed, working creature, went through the usual routine of daily duties. The other—the true inner self—found time between tasks requiring thought and concentration to remember the events of last night; the look in Craig's eyes, the touch of his lips upon her hand at parting. She no longer chided herself for thinking of the man. She knew now that she could not help thinking of him. She did not know that she loved him, but she was sure that he cared for her, and the knowledge brought with it a new kind of happiness.

The evening meal in the Danforth home was served earlier than usual to-day, and Mary ate it alone. It was supper instead of dinner. It was the cook's "evening out," so the waitress prepared the repast. Mr. and Mrs. Danforth were dining out with another elderly couple, and as Mary was to remain at home, she had suggested that Jennie, the waitress, serve a simple early supper and then be allowed to have the evening to herself.

"Why should she stay at home when her work is done just because it is not her regular 'day out'?" she asked of her mother. "Girls of all classes like recreation. I know that I do."

Her mother smiled acquiescently at the suggestion. "Certainly, dear," she returned, "if you don't mind having your supper at 6 o'clock, there is no reason why Jennie may not be allowed the evening off."

Thus it came about that the sunset was still shining through the living room windows when Mary, her supper over, sat in an easy chair, watching the western glow across the river. She was vaguely happy, too happy to try to analyze her feelings. She was not lonely, for she had her work to do, yet she felt a distinct desire to begin it just yet. She would wait until darkness made it advisable to turn on the lights. Meanwhile she would have this quiet hour for thinking. She signed with content at the idea. So engrossed was she in her thoughts that she sprang to her feet with a gasp when the telephone bell rang, and she hurried to reply to its summons. The boy at the switchboard downstairs announced:

"Mr. Craig's calling, please, ma'am."

"Send him up," Mary ordered in a voice that was a little unsteady in spite of her efforts to make it firm. Why should he be coming at this early hour of the evening? And why had he not informed her that he was going to call? In the few moments

that elapsed before the ring at the door told of the presence of her caller, Mary had time to congratulate herself that she had put on before supper a pretty tea-gown. Few women are so absorbed in soul struggles or heart yearnings that they fail to consider how they look when a guest arrives. This girl glanced hastily in the mirror as she went through the hall to open the door for the young man, who started in surprise in seeing her instead of the maid who usually admitted him.

"You expected to see Jennie, you see me," Mary laughed. Then she turned on to explain the maid's absence, and that her parents were also out, talking against time of trifling matters because of the consciousness that the man was waiting for an opportunity to say something of importance. But at last he spoke.

"I am going West to-night," he announced without preamble. "A telegram from the firm calls me home. There are some changes being made in the office and I am wanted. I could not go without telling you goodbye."

The girl felt the color recede from her face, and for a moment the only words she could find were "Going to-night?" She heard herself repeating them dully, stupidly. She and Craig were standing, for he had told his news as soon as he entered the living room. She looked away from him across the river at the hills on the Jersey shore. The glory seemed to have gone out of the sky.

Craig spoke again, this time more softly. "Mary," he said, laying his hand on her clasped hands, "I am coming back soon if you will let me. Can't you tell me that you are sorry I am going now?"

She said nothing, but she clasped her hands together more closely in an effort at self-control, and, seeing this, the man drew her to him with a sudden gesture of tenderness.

"Dear," he said, "I love you very dearly. Won't you try to love me a little?"

"I don't know," Mary whispered, but as she dropped her head upon his shoulder, she felt a momentary sense of peace. The man was almost satisfied.

Before Gordon Craig left a half hour later, he told Mary Danforth that he would return for her answer in June. He had explained that it would be several years before his business would warrant his marrying, but he wanted her permission to work and wait for her.

"I am coming back to see you graduate, dear," he said with a whimsical smile. "The firm wants me to come East once more before midsummer, and I will try to make it the last week in June. Then you will tell me what I want to know—won't you, Mary?"

He bent his head to catch her low reply. "Perhaps I will," murmured the girl. But the look in her eyes as she raised them to his said more than her words.

... The Gold Coin ...

THEY picked up his mangled body at the foot of the cliff. In his pocket was a letter.

"To-day I want to meet you, child, when you come home from the office. You like so much to have me come and meet you these bright summer evenings, when it is still daylight at 8 o'clock. But you do not like me to call for you on dark winter evenings. You are so full of loving care for me, child."

"On the corner of Bergstrasse I stopped to wait for you. From this corner I can see the big office building in which you are working. I stood looking toward the door anticipating the moment when you came out."

"The clock in the church tower struck 8 and filled the air with the sound of its chimed and suddenly the thought struck me: To-day is the last day of the month, when you receive your month's salary. This will make you come a little later."

"Then a stylishly dressed young lady went by, tall and straight and handsome. I recognized her face under the big hat: It was Grete Allmers, your former friend and schoolmate. Now she is Grete Allmers no longer, for she has married a rich husband, whose name I forget. She saw me, too, and nodded her head with a friendly smile, though she is a fine lady and I am only a poor old man. I followed her with my eyes. She looked so proud, so young and vigorous that it was a pleasure just to look at her. And then I saw you coming out of the door and run almost into the arms of your friend. Grete Allmers laughed and there was a happiness in her voice, and you smiled as you often smile. And then, quite suddenly I saw something I had never seen before. A mother, perhaps, sees such things coming. A father does not see them until they are there. I saw that you are no longer young, child, and that you have dark shadows underneath your eyes and that the eyes themselves are not as bright as before. That your lips are no longer red and that there are lines running from your nose to your mouth. Never, child, did I see this before. I never noticed that time put new lines into your face, but now I suddenly discovered that I saw how bitter was your smile compared to your friend's happy young laughter. You and she are the same age, still she looked the same as always, while you had aged. You came toward me. You were happy and smiled. And I—I looked at your smile, child, as I have never looked before."

"The Coin."

"Was the evening long or did it pass quickly? I do not know. Then we said 'Good night,' and when I came into my room I found, what I have found every month in all these years, your gold coin. When you, seven years ago, got your present good position and for the first time brought home your salary, you came to me, and you were beaming with joy, and said: 'Look, father, what a lot of money I am making. I want to need nearly all of it. What does your little housekeeper cost? We are only two people. Now, please, take this for yourself—' and he handed me a little thing you might want. Do take it for my sake. And I took it, not for the sake of the ten marks, but for the light of happiness in your eyes. And since then

the same thing has happened every month—when I have come into my little room I have found your little gold coin. You were so kind to me to come East once more before midsummer, and I will try to make it the last week in June. Then you will tell me what I want to know—won't you, Mary?"

He bent his head to catch her low reply. "Perhaps I will," murmured the girl. But the look in her eyes as she raised them to his said more than her words.

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Confessions of a Medium

(Spirit Transference in Clairvoyance)

An Expose of Frauds Practiced in Spiritualism, Clairvoyance, Etc., Etc.



THE MEMBERS OF THE CIRCLE DREW SHRINKINGLY AWAY AS IF AFRAID, UNTIL SOMEONE ASKED, 'WHAT IS THE MATTER? IS THIS CHARLES D. ISAACSON, OR IS IT SOME OTHER COME IN CLAIRVOYANT POSSESSION?'

By Charles D. Isaacson.

(Copyright, 1913, International News Service.)

OFTENTIMES a medium loses her own personality and becomes for the time being another individual—so many are led to believe. That is to say, her spirit goes out of her body, floats temporarily in the atmosphere, goodness knows where, while some long deceased person occupies her material frame and discourses through her lip. Mrs. Piper, a famous clairvoyant of the last century, often permitted a mythical "Dr. Phinuit" to speak, and Mrs. Pepper was very kindly to an Indian maid, "Bright Eyes," as many will remember, through reports of a recent lawsuit. At such times their voices would completely change, and to all intents and purposes they were different people.

I have no opinions to offer on the truth or falsity of such experiments. I only know what I have done along the very same lines. And I have been told that some of the things that I have accomplished have far outdone any recorded of them, and were decidedly more convincing. (I am informing you that every so-called manifestation to my credit was founded on nothing outside of my own imagination and trickery.)

He Would Try.

I had often been asked by my followers if I had ever permitted my body to be occupied in clairvoyance. I had not, but I would try—I was my purpose to leave no field of mystery untouched.

One night I was seated with my circle, talking quietly and slowly. It was winter, and the faint moonlight streaks on the snow outside looked like vagrant ghosts of other days. A low light glimmered from one end of our room and reflected a ghastly yellow glare on my face. I had been asked a question, which I was about to answer, when I pressed my hand suddenly to my heart with a quick, short gasp. "What's the matter?"

"Aren't you well?" "Speak out, please."

I answered not a word. My body began to twitch and shake, my eyes closed, and I lay back on the sofa where they had taken me, motionless as if dead. Someone sprinkled my forehead with water, and after a moment, slowly I sat up, looked queerly about me, walked with shambling gait and bent shoulders like an old man, to the mantelpiece, examining with curious manner the familiar objects in the room.

The members of the circle drew shrinkingly away as if afraid, until someone asked, "What is the matter? Is this Charles D. Isaacson, or is it some other, come in clairvoyant possession?"

Got Him At Last.

Then I began to speak. Slowly and slightly rasping, and as if with great difficulty, I said: "This is Forster—David Forster. Do you not know me? Lawyer. Once of Manchester, England. Fine family. Friend of the nobility. Handsome man of my time in my younger days and popular with the ladies. Ah, I had the ladies. I passed out at 90 years—respected and loved. Have you never heard of me?"

And I advanced to one of the women, tickled her under the chin as I chuckled.

"Ah, you're a fine set here, you are. Fine women, fine women. Smart men. Clever medium, that Isaacson—I caught him this time, though, didn't I? He's been keeping me out for the damdest time. I got 'im this time, all right."

"So I went on, conversing with my friends, talking about Forster, his past life, his friends, his present existence; about myself, how I had been fighting him and how he had finally succeeded in beating me; about the members of the circle and intimate points about the private life of each, which he claimed to have witnessed himself."

Then I was taken again with a spasm—coming to—as myself.

"What did you think of that experiment?" I was asked.

"Don't know anything about it," I replied, to the growing astonishment of all.

Since that time David Forster has returned many times—in fact, he has been what might be called the counterpart of "Dr. Phinuit" and "Bright Eyes." He has uttered at every call a d d of the present beyond the grave, and of the future.

Forster has been the only one whom they thought, ousted me from my body in clairvoyant trance. On Washington's birthday, the father of his country delivered a long speech. Charles Dickens gave us the synopsis of a novel. A crazy Indian frightened everyone with his native war-whoops and dance. Dr. Johnson gave a very amusing discussion on decadent literature. One gentleman gave a long message in French, and still another amused us with a curious English description mingled with a conglomerate of Italian and Spanish. Paganini, the great violinist of ghoulish mem-

THEN I BEGAN TO SPEAK. SLOWLY AND SLIGHTLY RASPING, AND AS IF WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY, I SAID: "THIS IS FORSTER—DAVID FORSTER. DO YOU NOT KNOW ME? LAWYER. ONCE OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND."

FINE FAMILY. FRIEND OF THE NOBILITY. HANDSOME MAN OF MY TIME IN MY YOUNGER DAYS AND POPULAR WITH THE LADIES. AH, I HAD THE LADIES. I PASSED OUT AT NINETY YEARS—RESPECTED AND LOVED. HAVE YOU NEVER HEARD OF ME?"

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ory, came in and asked for a violin. He played what he called a noble melody, but if anyone listening had been a student of music he would have recognized it as the famous "Devil's Trail," which, I had carefully studied for several weeks previous to making the experiment.

Several women had "taken possession" and my voice had been very carefully changed to suit each case. But perhaps the greatest sensation of all was when there came Sir Henry Irving, the English actor, most artistic of all his time, who recited his favorite number, "The Dream of Eugene Aram," bringing tears to the eyes of many of my listeners.

Very Impressive.

At another time I described in detail a place far distant, giving names and dates, providing a very impressive example of clairvoyance:

"I am in a cemetery," I began in the person of an old Dutch settler of New Amsterdam. "There are many tombstones and many beautiful trees. Come with me and I will show you where my body lies. We go in the main entrance by a church. Here is my grave and on it the name, Von Glahn. Farther on, within a plot where many lie, we look over the railing, and there is a small headstone on which appears the name, Washington Irving."

The message extended over a full evening, telling everything about the old Dutch cemetery of Tarrytown—the estates nearby—the bridge—the streets and stores. Several members of the circle traveled up there to corroborate or disprove what they had heard.

Oh, it's a shame that people will be such ninnyes. Hadn't I been there a week before to make sure that nothing was said that wasn't right to the finest detail!

10c Package Equals 4 lbs. of Beef in Food Value

You spend too much money on meat—it's the one big item in your high cost of living. Cut your meat bill two-thirds and substitute Faust Spaghetti for awhile. A 10-cent package contains as much nutrition as 4 lbs. of beef.

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is made from Durum wheat, the cereal that is extremely rich in gluten, the protein that makes muscle, bone and flesh. Faust Spaghetti makes a savory, reliable, nutritious meal. Free recipe book tells how Spaghetti can be cooked to tickle the palate.

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Snap-Shots

Friendship is to be valued for what there is in it, not for what can be gotten out of it.—Trumbull.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it runs to it, it may run itself out of breath.

The strength of friendship consists more in liking the same things than in liking each other.

There is no folly equal to throwing away friendship in a world where friendship is so rare.

It is a fine thing to be yourself, and a true friend loves you most when you are?

Think less of your right to demand service from friendship and more of your sacred duty to give to it.

To be a hero, trust yourself—to be a martyr, trust the world—and if you are an idealist, trust your friend.

When your friend disappoints you it hurts—but the agony is bitter when you find yourself failing your own ideal of friendship.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

He who has a thousand friends Has not a friend to spare—And he who has one enemy Will meet him everywhere.

"You are my friend, for you have dwelt with me In gay or stormy weather; I like you for the times you've smiled with me— I love you for the tears we've wept together."

SEASHORE

EXCURSION

AUGUST 7. Jacksonville, Brunswick, St. Simon, Cumberland, Atlantic Beach, \$6.00—Limited 6 days. Tampa, Fla., \$8—Limited 8 days.

TWO SPECIAL TRAINS. 10 p. m. solid Pullman train. 10:15 p. m. Coach train.

Make Reservations Now. SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful Marvel Douche

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, send no other, but send stamp for book. Marvel Co., 44 E. 23d St., N.Y.

... Inviting Callers ...

By MRS. FRANK LEARNED.

Author of "The Etiquette of New York To-day."

MANY little questions are coming up constantly in the minds of people who are in search of the correct thing in manners. Small problems which are puzzling need to be solved.

For instance, a young woman or girl may be uncertain whether she should ask a man to call or wait for a request from him. Now, in social life, the rule is well understood that a woman has the right to choose who may be admitted to her house, and this rule should be kept in mind in a decision about asking a man to call or withholding that privilege.

A woman does not, therefore, hasten to ask a man to call who has just been introduced to her, and certainly does not if she knows very little about him. If she should do so she would seem very eager for his society, as well as rather injudicious in her selection of friends.

In the world of society a mother would usually know most of the young men whom her daughter would meet. They belong, for the most part, to families known to each other. When it is possible the invitation to call may be made by a girl's mother, who might say, informally, "We are always at home on Thursday afternoons," or "We like to have our friends come in on Sunday afternoons, and shall be glad to see you."

A remark of this sort gives ease in every direction.

A man, therefore, understands that he should wait to be given the privilege of calling. He should not ask a girl if he may call to see her unless he has some good reason to think that the suggestion might come from him, but he should know her quite well before making it.

Another reason why a girl should not be in haste to ask a man to call is that if he should prove indifferent to the privilege granted she has the unpleasant sensation that he is not anxious for her society.

If a man has been introduced to a girl at the house of intimate friends, and there is reason to believe that he is a desirable acquaintance, an exception may be made to the general rule of not asking him to call after a first meeting or conversation. In a case of this sort the young people may have heard much of each other and may become on a friendly footing quickly. The important thing is for a girl to be careful in her selection of friends. Of course, it is only respectful for a man to wish to be introduced to a girl's parents and there should be no delay about this.

It is not correct for a girl to urge a man to call who has failed to appreciate the courtesy offered, nor is it advisable to seem so anxious for his attentions as to name a time for him to come when he has not even inquired when he might find her at home.

In large cities evening visits are out of fashion.

... The Head Waitress ...

By HANK.

"WHAT'S the manager looking so cheery about, Louise?" asked the Steady Customer of the Head Waitress in the Cafe d'Enfant.

"A little girl stranger slipped into his home yesterday," she replied, "and, believe me, she was some cherub. Nine and a quarter pounds."

"Gee! No wonder Mr. Flakes is all puffed up," said the Steady Customer. "And what are they going to name this little Miss Flakes?"

"Miss Snow Flakes would be a hit," said the Head Waitress. "The Steady Customer chuckled. 'My, but you're getting facetious, Louise,' he said."

"It's Harmless."

"I'm going to look that word up," she replied, "and if it means what I think it means, I'll land you over the head with a plate of steamed hash."

"It's harmless," said the Steady Customer, "but tell me more about the manager's new arrival."

"Well, when he came in this morning," she said, "the telephone started ringing every five minutes with some one of his friends on it, all wanting to congratulate him. Later on he was called down into the basement to inspect the fresh baked pies and sinkers, and the assistant manager had to

Starr Wood

RITCHIE FEARS WOLGAST BUILT ASSERTS NOLAN

By W. W. Naughton.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 2.—Money talks.

So says the old sporting slogan, and by the same token there are times when money proclaims itself in clarion tones.

Ad Wolgast, who has been mooning around in a half-hearted way ever since it was brought home to him that an operation for appendicitis had robbed him of much of his fighting force, had almost despaired of getting into the limelight again, when a happy thought struck him.

He challenged Willie Ritchie for \$25,000 a side, and the sporting world, hearing the chink of so much money, immediately stopped to listen.

Then, right at the psychological moment, Ritchie said the proposition looked good to him, and the sporting world's sense of hearing became more acute than ever.

And the public, happy in the prospect of a match between fighters with pretensions to class, was quite content to have it that way.

IF Wolgast and Ritchie decide to have it out, never a single member of the grand army of fight fans will insist that the wager feature of the affair be lived up to. Of course, if the lads are stubborn about risking some of their accumulations, no one will object.

The notable thing about the situation just now is that there seems to have been a general awakening to the fact that Wolgast is entitled to a return match with Ritchie. It might be said that the feeling that Little Ad should be given a chance to retrieve the laurels he lost on a technicality has existed ever since the day Ritchie became champion. But the ticket of enthusiasm on the point was due to Wolgast's tactics. In many of his matches he was careless about his training, and even now, while in defiance at Ritchie, he is going around with his hand in a plaster cast.

What he needs is a couple of months far from the maddening crowd to give his splintered knuckles a chance to knit and enable the Wolgast frame to store up a little vitality. The Ritchie match will keep, and there is little fear of the public forgetting that the chance is coming to Wolgast.

BILLY NOLAN, ex-manager of Ritchie, is in town, and was asked what he thought of the Ritchie-Wolgast contest as an attraction. "I suppose," said Nolan, "that Tommy Murphy has the best right of them all to a match with Ritchie, but I honestly believe that Little Ad Ritchie would draw a big gate. To my way of thinking, it is the best card in sight. I have always made it a point to keep track of the sentiment in these matters, and I know that 70 per cent of the spectators who passed out through the gates the day Ritchie won the title from Wolgast gave a chance to regain what he had lost. And that sentiment will exist."

And whisper, Nolan is skeptical about Ritchie's good faith in saying he is willing to box Wolgast again.

Now that the strings that held manager and man together are severed, Nolan is prone to call a spade a spade, and he says that Ritchie never relished the thought of one day having to stand in front of Wolgast again.

According to Nolan, the names on Ritchie's roll of eligibles were Rivers, Freddie Welsh and Leach Cross. Ad Wolgast's name was "nigger mentioned" in any of the councils of war that Nolan and Ritchie held.

RITCHIE said in Los Angeles a day or so ago that he held aloof from Wolgast, thinking Ad would prove a poor card. That is poppycock. Wolgast, were he to train right, is the best lightweight card in sight to-day.

He is a card for the reason that fighters who perform as well as Wolgast has done are always strong with the fight-going public until signally defeated, and nothing like that has happened to Wolgast as yet.

He is a card for the further reason that the breath of suspicion has never attached to any of his contests. He always gave the best he was capable of, and in the matter of square dealing, Wolgast's record is on a par with that of Battling Nelson.

McGILL GOES TO MACON.

MOBILE, Ala., Aug. 2.—Outfielder William McGill, recalled from the cotton States, was sent to Macon, in the South Atlantic League. Miller, an outfielder from Duluth, Minn., batting .390, wired Manager Finn that he will report at Montgomery next week.

FORSYTH TWICE TO-NIGHT
2:30 and 8:30

JOE WELCH
Robt. L. Dail & Co.
Dolan-Lenah & Co.
Elsa Ward
Cunningham & Marion
Luffel Trio—Karl Gross

TO-DAY GRAND TO-NIGHT
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Mat. 10c; Night 10c, 15c & 25c

GEORGIAN SPORTS COVERED BY EXPERTS

Mutt's Patriotism Makes It Tough for the Canine

By 'Bud' Fisher

THIS MEXICAN TROUBLE MAKES ME SICK. THE UNITED STATES OUGHT TO TEAR RIGHT IN AND KNOCK THOSE BANDITS DEAD. EVERY TIME I HEAR THE WORD MEXICO I GET WILD. I COULD KILL A COUPLE EVERY MORNING BEFORE BREAKFAST.



IF WILSON HAD ANY NERVE HE'D SEND ABOUT FIFTY CITY HALL BUMS OVER THE LINE AND CLEAN UP. I CAN'T STAND ANYTHING MEXIKAN. A MEXIKAN TO ME IS LIKE A RED FLAG TO A BULL.



OH, MUTT, SEE THE SWELL LITTLE DOG A MAN GAVE ME. HE'S A SWELL FULL BLOODED DOG. HE'S VALUABLE TOO. HE'S A—



HE'S A FULL BLOOD MEXIKAN HAIRLESS SPITZ FROM MEXICO



Price Good and Thompson Bad Another Bargain Bill for To-day

By O. B. Keeler.

IN the sparsely occurring intervals when we have nothing else to do, we sit and wonder solemnly at the number and variety of the kinds of baseball that can be produced in the course of one reasonably short afternoon.

Once in a while it doesn't seem humanly possible.

But we turn to the old score book, and it is even so. There was yesterday afternoon, now.

You might frisk the Big Show with a vacuum cleaner and not bring to light a prettier or more workmanlike game than that first game. Four hits apiece, tight pitching, clean and brilliant fielding, and the score 2 to 1, settled up in the eighth round by a "sharp attack."

And the home club on the long end. Can you beat it?

AND then, as the well-known Bard of Avon puts it, being gazed on this picture, unwind another reel and turn in the riot call.

The bald fact that Fisharty slipped it to us conveys only a small percentage of the devastation. The redeeming feature of the aftermath was the fact that it traveled only six frames.

It was the wrong time, or else it stopped too early.

IN fact, the afternoon was consumed in a battle between the elements of two thousand earnest fans and a couple of ball clubs. At the end of the sixth inning, game No. 1, the heavens opened as usual and proceeded to save some more of the corn crop in the immediate vicinity of the ball park.

The umpires held up the proceedings for the entire 30 minutes prescribed by law, and then started the cruel war again. Atlanta was leading by a score of 1 to 0 at the time, and the Volunteers, taking advantage of the only flivvers of the game, knocked the count. Joe Agler then shot off a triple that scored Chapman, and added to the sixth and one in the eighth.

Welchone scored a wallop off Jack Spratt's upholstery.

GILBERT PRICE was in complete control of the situation from start to finish. The four hits of the opposition were in widely separated innings—one in the first, one in the fourth, one in the sixth and one in the eighth. Mr. More, who yielded the same number, was not so judicious in placing them. One was wasted on the fourth, but all the rest were produced in the eighth. A base on balls, a sacrifice hit, an out and a wild chuck by More spotted the Town Boys their first tally without the aid of a hit.

IN addition to his valuable triple, Joe Agler put on a bit of circus stuff in the sixth, when he made a neat steal of second while More clung to the ball, as if he was afraid somebody was going to take it away from him. Joe began to slide about the time More came to.

CIRCUS SOLLY SHOFMAN continued to meet with poor luck on the towpath. In the fifth inning of the first game, he walked, after two were down, and tried for second on a short passed ball. Chapman made a quick recovery, and Bismard stuck the pill on the sliding Artie for a hair-line decision. It was fast work all round.

IT took two misplays, only one of which shows in the box, to help the Volunteers to the one run in the first game. In the eighth inning, Holman singled and Lindsay sacrificed. More hit to Holland, who threw wild, and the pitcher was safe. Artie reaching third. The infield crept up on the grass, and Price did his part.

making Daley hit weakly to short. Bismard stuttered with his hands, and Solly was over, but the runner was retired at first, saving Bismard a boot.

CARL THOMPSON ran into something in the second game and bounced back before a hand was out. Daley singled to left, Callahan tripled to center, and Spratt singled in the same hole, in rapid and terrifying succession. Clarke came on, and the Volunteers stealing, after which two more singles went to waste, the five solid smashes producing only two runs. Clarke got in the next round, and then the rain came and three hits—one of the fluke Cincinnati variety—putting over two more runs and clinching things for the smiling Fisharty.

AFTER Manush had filed out for Clarke in the fifth, the fans got a belated treat. There was a delay, and then "String" Love, the human office building, was wheeled to the center of the arena.

The long chap got a great hand in responding with a burst of speed that in the thickening dusk was simply unhittable. Half dodging a shoot, Callahan scratched a Texas League into left, but the tall boy put some more swift on the pill, and Spratt's twisting short fly resulted in a sensational double play, put on by Tommy Long.

Callahan had reached second, when one of Love's fast ones got clean through Dunn, and when Tommy Long, who was Spratt's short, popped, Calley broke for third. Tommy froze the fly on the dead run, and raced on over to second for the other out.

Then Noyes fanned, bewildered by the speed of the long fork-handler.

ANOTHER bargain matinee for this afternoon, the trouble beginning at 2:15 o'clock. Manager Smith said this morning he had a good mind to shoot Thompson right back at the Vols in one of the games. He was undecided as to Conzelman and Love for the other. Manager Schwartz announced that Williams would work in the opener, with Brackenridge in the afterpiece. "That's all I've got," said Bill, cheerfully.

THE RULE PROVIDING heavily padded head-gears for motorcyclists in track competition is a wise one. We have always understood that it was a lot of money to build a good motor track.

IF JOHN BULL HAS ANY more valuable junk lying around over there, let's send somebody over after it and get the whole thing finished up.

THERE IS A LOT of unnecessary excitement about betting in ball parks, which is bound to die a natural death. The few with so little intelligence as to bet on baseball can not acquire much money or keep it long—so there you are.

AD WOLGAST HAS DECIDED to re-enter the ring in a match with Johnny Dundee, which is about as safe an entrance as could be devised.

CHANCE'S DIFFICULTY in making trades is occasioned by the fact that the Chicago dealer and the other managers resent his wanting anything in return.

Three Naps Using Matty's Fadeaway

CLEVELAND, Aug. 2.—Three members of the Naps' pitching staff have mastered the fadeaway ball invented by Christy Mathewson. The Chicago dealer is likely to deceive batters, Cy Falkenberg learned the delivery while with Toledo, and his employment of it is the chief factor in his successful comeback, he says.

Falkenberg showed Vean Gregg and George Kahler how to throw it, and after experimenting for a month, both added it to their regular repertoire about six weeks ago.

Gregg is believed to be the only southpaw in the big leagues that uses a fadeaway. The ball is hard to control, but the three Naps have achieved good results with it.

SPORTS AND SUCH

(By RIGHT CROSS)

FAMOUS IN SPORT—I.

THE BASEBALL IDOL. (CF. IDLE) is a state of mind. He was created by a lot of honest but thoughtless newspaper writers who were fond of jokes and never expected to be taken seriously. Thus we see that joking is a dangerous habit.

The Baseball Idol leads a life of busy inactivity. In the winter months he is on the stage or in the newspapers telling all and sundry how many thousands of dollars he will demand in the spring. In the spring he is hard at work demanding. In the summer he is in the hospital suffering from a comminuted fracture of the feelings or on the bench recovering from the effects of a collision with the umpire. He takes a much-needed rest in the fall.

Hailing from Marietta, Ill., or Broken Bow, Neb., he begins at once to talk for publication about his "loyalty to our city," that being the one that has bid highest for his services. His loyalty fluctuates with his pay, and is changed with the sum of human joy by nodding. He is a grandstand who at once rushes down to his office and demands a 50 per cent increase of salary.

On the field he can always be recognized, as he is the last member to emerge from the clubhouse and the first to leave. He is under the balance of the season, as was the case last season, for they have already had their annual slump, and are now in the ascending.

Has Changed His Style. Marquard has changed his style of pitching since he made his big run of nineteen straight wins under the heavy strain during that time last year, because he tried to get every man that faced him at the plate. He has not learned then to save himself for the tight place, but he now permits his teammates to do a little work whenever he has a lead, and, like Matty, uses all of his stuff when the situation demands it. For that reason he may be able to go along and win repeatedly without any long innings, and he may even win on a slump such as followed his streak last year.

Queer how quickly a world's championship team will disintegrate. Already eight of the champion Athletics of 1911 have severed their connection with that club, while six of the Red Sox who helped to win the American League hunting and later down the New York Giants are no longer with Boston.

Of the 1911 array of Athletics, Livingston, Hartel, Lord, Kraus, Danforth, Martin, Morgan and Derrick are no longer on the Philadelphia roster, while Danny Murphy, Harry Davis and Ira Thomas are but extras, and Jack Coombs prevented by illness from playing.

It is something new, however, for a world's championship manager to lose out before the following season is ended, but the going of Stahl was preceded by the release of Pitchers Pape and Brian and extra infielders Ball, Krug and Bradley.

Of the Giants who lost to the Athletics in 1911, Ames, Becker, Devore, Devlin, Drucker, Latham and Paulett are now missing.

Motorcycle Races Off Until Tuesday

Rain again caused a postponement of the motorcycle races. Just when everything looked rosy for some fast going at Jack Prince's saucer yesterday afternoon, a big shower blew up and put everything "on the bum."

So the management decided to call proceedings off for the week. Next Tuesday night the same card that was to have been held last evening will be run.

In the meantime all the riders will be working on their machines in hope of establishing some new records.

ELBERTON PASTOR IS ON THREE WEEKS' VACATION

ELBERTON, Aug. 2.—The Rev. R. C. Cleckler, of the First Methodist Church, is attending camp meeting in Hart County. After the camp meeting he will attend the conference of the Sunday school and Epworth League near Waynesboro, N. C. There will be no services at the First Church for three weeks.

FIREMEN GOING TO TAMPA. DALTON, Aug. 2.—Instead of sending their annual outing at St. Simons Island, as planned, the Dalton fire department will go to Tampa, Fla., and will leave here on August 7 in stead of August 2.

MARQUARD OUT TO BREAK HIS PITCHING MARK

By Damon Runyon.

CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 2.—Rube Marquard, McGraw's eminent southpaw, who hung up a record for straight victories last season that will probably be a mark to shoot at for some time to come, is loose again upon a record-making expedition. The Rube has now compiled nine consecutive victories, or nearly one-half of the number he brought last year, and is still going strong.

may be that Marquard will never again reach the mark he set himself last season and which such hurriers as Walter Johnson and Joe Wood have tried for and failed. But he has gone nearly half the distance without any difficulty whatever, and has a good chance to equal if not pass the nineteen straight, which now stands as the record.

Has Good Chance for Record. The thing that stands very much in his favor just now is that the Giants are going at top speed. They are winning just as often as they were early last year when he started his large run, and what is more, they are going to keep it up. The balance of the season, as was the case last season, for they have already had their annual slump, and are now in the ascending.

Mr. Evers' idea of the national pastime is to walk right in, bawl the ump's and walk right out again.

The Intrepid who threw the brickbat at Ty Cobb escaped to parts unknown. He probably is at home beating his wife.

EXERCISE. "O, baseball is a healthful game," a fan remarked to me.

"It stirs the sluggish blood and makes the heart beat merrily."

It clears the eye, it clears the brain, it makes the body strong; it lays aside a store of health to live and prosper long."

"How often do you play the game?" calmly made reply.

And as he spoke there was a look of pity in his eye.

"What? Me? Get out there in the sun and sweat to death?" he said.

"Perchance you have a notion I am crazy in the head."

There are those who hold that Larry Chappell has not struck his stride and there are others who hold that he has.

Mr. Weston's hike to Minneapolis may be considerable feat (not feet), but why should any one like that trouble to get to Minneapolis?

After months of persistent endeavor, the Cards have achieved last place, demonstrating that perseverance always brings its reward.

Even a pugilist believes in taking an occasional rest from the post-season. Wolgast has offered to bet \$25,000 in the last two days.

THAT FAMILIAR RAG. Warble not in mournful numbers; "Soz are getting bumped again."

I can hear it in my slumbers, So familiar is the strain.

BENTON TO LOSE SALARY AND PAY DOCTOR BILLS

CINCINNATI, Aug. 2.—President Gary Hermann, of the Cincinnati baseball club, says that if Benton, who was seriously injured when his motorcycle collided with a street car, would not be allowed to play, he would be requested to ride his bicycle.

The whole affair is an injustice to the club, said Mr. Hermann, who said that Benton means that we will have to get a pitcher or two and good pitchers are hard to get."

RED SOX BUY PLAYERS. BOSTON, Aug. 2.—Announcement was made to-day of the purchase by the Boston club, of the American League, of Pitcher Reiger, of the St. Paul team, of the American Association, and infielder Carl Strom, of the Lawrence, Mass., team, of the New England League.

Satisfaction in glasses depends upon their fitting properly.

Our skillful fitting will satisfy the most critical.

Sporting Food

By GEORGE E. PHAIR

SPORT.

McLoughlin smote the ball so hard he made them all look lame, and English critics up and wrote: "It is a crying shame!"

Such rude, uncultured tennis play will kill the grand old game."

IT MIGHT HAPPEN THUSLY: Old Honus Wagner came to bat and hit one to the fence.

"O, Roughneck! Roughneck!" yelled the fans, whose feelings were intense.

The umpire fined him fifty bones and told 'im beat it hence.

OR THUSLY: Ad Wolgast poked a scallop through the other fellow's guard.

"Yo, lose," the referee remarked. "You hit that man too hard, and as a member of this club you are forever barred."

OR IT MIGHT BE THIS: Chick Evans drove the pellet far across the grassy lea.

"Disqualified!" they said to him. "And wherefore?" questioned he. "Because," they said, "you smote the ball with too much energy."

While these English experts are about it, why not have McLoughlin indicted for cruelty to tennis balls.

McLoughlin may be guilty of trickery, as our beloved English brethren opine, but so is Walter Johnson when he heaves his smoke ball.

Lavern Chappell has been relegated to the bench as a result of a sore leg and paralysis of the batting average.

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Our skillful fitting will satisfy the most critical.

To Call New Club Atlanta A. A.

White Has Fought 4 Champions

By Left Hook.

ATLANTA Athletic Association. That is the name of Lou Castro's boxing club at Ponce DeLeon.

Lou is forming a regular club, and he expects to have some of Atlanta's most prosperous business men as members within the next few days.

It is going to cost a heap of money to get the skating rink at Ponce DeLeon fixed into a "regular" clubhouse, but the Count is going to spend the money.

All yesterday he had an architect going over the building. The plans will be ready within a day or two, and next Monday the carpenters will start work.

There will be seats for 6,000 fans. Boxes, containing six chairs, will encircle the ring. Back of these will be row after row of opera chairs.

The ring is to be of regulation size, 24 feet by 24. The ropes are to be extra heavy and covered with red plush. The posts will be of heavy brass, and highly polished.

The "seconds" will be forced to wear white uniforms. And so will the ushers, ticket sellers and takers.

Class will stick out prominently everywhere.

AND to open his classy club, he is Paul and Len. In Charleston, White has a real contender for the lightweight title. Whitney is a tough fellow, and the most popular of the heavyweights.

Frank has boxed some tough lads here, too. Among them Clarence Eng-

lish, Jake Abel, Joe Thomas, Charley "Twin" Miller, Battling Nelson and Tommy O'Keefe. And since leaving here last spring he has been defeating all comers through the West. Only the other night he handed out Phil Knight a tough beating in Denver. And Denver fans had been booting this same Knight as a coming title holder.

White has fought four champions. He has stopped Joe Thomas twice and Jake Abel once within the past two months. He fought Abe Attell to a standstill twice while the Hebrew was a real champion. He made Ad Wolgast look like a joke in a six-round no-decision mill when Ad possessed the lightweight crown. And he held Johnny Kilbane down.

Charley gave Joe Mandot a terrific eight-round scrap when Joe was looked upon as a champion two years ago. It was called a draw, although Charley did all the forcing. He gave Pat Moore a severe trouncing.

And he stopped Owen Moran, former English champion, in nine rounds. Young Shugrue, the man who defeated Leach Cross in New York last spring, twice lost the decision to White.

With a broken hand, broken in the fourth round, he gave Jack Britton the fight of his life in New Orleans. After the bout, Britton openly declared that White was the hardest puncher he ever met.

WHITNEY has never been knocked out. Can White turn the trick that hundreds of others have failed to accomplish?

Americus has been playing better baseball for the past few weeks than any team in the league. A casual review of the scores of games played shows that the team has put up some mighty pretty exhibitions.

Wild Bill Clark has added a one-hit game to his credit. Pitching for Waycross against Thomasville he let down with but one hit, a single that was secured in the first inning.

Signed as an outfielder, Dacey, of the Americus team, has developed into one of the best pitchers in the league. His string of victories is apt to establish a new record in the Empire. A few of his games were won by mere luck, but most of them have been deserved victories.

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By George McManus

Want Anything?

TELEPHONE 100

Atlanta 100

Telephone clerk will take your ad and, if requested, assist you in wording, or will write the ad for you—that's his business. He will also make a list of the results desired. In order to accommodate customers' accounts will be operated on cash basis, but after publication or when bills are presented by mail.

Classified Advertising Rates:

1 insertion 10c a line
2 insertions 15c a line
3 insertions 20c a line
4 insertions 25c a line
5 insertions 30c a line

No advertisements taken for less than the cost of two lines. Six words make a line.

To protect your interests as well as ours, an order to discontinue an ad will not be accepted until the advertiser has written to discontinue in writing.

TELEPHONE 100

Both Phones 100

LITTLE ADS THAT BRING BIG RESULTS

RAILWAY SCHEDULES.

PREMIER CARRIER OF THE SOUTH.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PASSENGER TRAINS, ATLANTA.

The following schedule figures are published only as information, and are not guaranteed.

No.	Arrive From	Depart To
1	Birmingham	New York
2	Chicago	New York
3	St. Louis	New York
4	St. Paul	New York
5	St. Paul	New York
6	St. Paul	New York
7	St. Paul	New York
8	St. Paul	New York
9	St. Paul	New York
10	St. Paul	New York

All trains run daily. Central time. City Ticket Office No. 1 Peachtree St.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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ROOMS AND BOARD.

NICE ROOMS and table board; home-like, all modern, two bedrooms, 42 Trinity avenue. Main 1583-J.

Two nicely furnished rooms with board, also one unfurnished room; newly improved, reasonable rates. 221 East Hunter. Room and board at reasonable rates. Apply 62 Houston street.

GOOD BOARD, close in, very reasonable, perfect, modern, clean. Apply 270 Houston street. Ivy 6654.

ONE furnished room, with or without board; private family; steam heat. Ivy 247.

516 WEST PEACHTREE. BOARD, with morning and evening meals. Gentlemen. Ivy 2719-L.

TWO delightful rooms with board; private home; Peachtree street. Ivy 1172-J.

LARGE, steam-heated rooms for gentlemen; also garage. Apply 230 Ivy street.

NICELY furnished room and board; all conveniences; close in. 111 Washburn street. Main 3261-J.

333 WHITEHALL. NICE, large front room and good board; young men or business men; all conveniences. Call Main 2120-L.

87 E. NORTH AVE. NICELY furnished rooms with all conveniences. Ivy 2423-J.

AUBURN HOUSE. Center of city, low rates. 27 Auburn Avenue.

FURNISHED room and board to young man in private family. 263 West Peachtree. Bell Phone Ivy 3534-J.

TWO connecting rooms on second floor. 181 Capitol. Main 3261-J.

982 PEACHTREE, fine location, suite of rooms suitable for three. First-class table board.

NOTICE—If you wish to find the best Southern table in the city of Atlanta with board and among the best people, try 47 Peachtree St. Ask the Georgian for references. 7-27-28

DELIGHTFULLY furnished cool rooms for nice young men only, with board. 181 Ivy St. 7-27-28

THREE furnished rooms, close in, low and reasonable rates, with or without meals, for men only. Phone Ivy 2918-L. 132 Courtland.

DESIRABLE rooms with board, 75 and 79 West Peachtree. Ideal location; reasonable. Ivy 2724-25

NICE furnished rooms, with or without board. 69 1/2 E. Alabama street. Atlanta phone 2833. 7-29-34

68 WALTON ST. BLOCK of postoffice, under new management; large, cool rooms, newly furnished, painted and papered. Meals a specialty at reasonable prices. 7-21-26

NICE rooms and board, ladies or gentlemen. 44 to 52 Capitol Ave. 6-28-36

23 E. CAIN, nicely furnished rooms and board; three minutes from Capitol. Ivy 578-J. 7-15-27

BEST MEALS IN TOWN, 43 WEEK ROOM AND MEALS, 149 197 SOUTH PRYOR. CALL MAIN 6048. 7-14-32

IVY HOTEL, 98 IVY ST. AMERICAN PLAN, \$1.25 up. Weekly Rates. 7-8-8

BOARD WANTED. YOUNG MAN with references wishes room and board with private family; North Side preferred. State particulars, Box 794, care Georgian.

WANTED—By business woman room and board, state full particulars when replying. Address Z. P. Box 860, care Georgian.

HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS FOR RENT. TWO light housekeeping rooms, close in, all conveniences. 86 Capitol avenue.

HOTELS WANTED. HOTEL WANTED—Commercial, in good live town in Georgia, or Florida, by an experienced man; either European or American plan. Address P. O. Box 293, Ferdinand, Fla. 29-21-7

SUMMER RESORTS. FOR RENT—Furnished for the summer, three cottages located on Southern Railroad, between Flat Rock and Saluda, N. C. For particulars, write Mrs. G. M. Brown, Zircow, N. C. 29-21-7

FURNISHED ROOMS FOR RENT. TWO connecting rooms, furnished for housekeeping; nice location. 58 West Peachtree.

NICELY furnished rooms in private home; gentlemen only. 19 East Harris street. Phone Ivy 6349-J.

TWO connecting furnished rooms for rent, also one single room. Main 3722-L.

WANTED—Roommate for nicely furnished room; close in, reduced rates, man, no cigarette smokers. Atlanta 5701-M.

ONE nicely furnished front room, close in; reasonable rates. Apply 226 East Fair street.

ONE nicely screened; furnished cool room; all conveniences. Gentlemen only. 238 East Fair. 7-27-28

TWO nicely furnished rooms; private family; all conveniences. Main 2968-L. 132 Capitol Ave.

THREE housekeeping rooms, partly furnished; private bath. Call M. 5227. Mr. Berry.

ONE OF TWO furnished rooms, with or without meals; use of adjoining bath; on the car line. In College Park. East Point 242. 7-27-28

PRIVATE BATH electric lights, furnace heat. Gentlemen. 101 Peachtree place. Ivy 4468-J.

SEVERAL nicely furnished rooms for gentlemen or couples; all conveniences. 365 Piedmont avenue, first door from Courtland street. 7-27-28

SEVERAL nicely furnished, large, well located rooms, close in; rates very reasonable. Apply 64 East Harris street.

BEAUTIFULLY furnished, cool and shady front room for gentlemen only. Apply 63 East Harris street.

NICE ROOMS, furnished for light housekeeping, all conveniences. 422 Whitehall.

LARGE, cool front room, furnished, one adjoining bath; close in, cheap. 216 South Pryor. 353 Peachtree.

NICELY furnished room and kitchenette; references; no change; 43 room. 353 Peachtree.

TWO nicely furnished front rooms; rates reasonable; close in. Phone Main 5088-J.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

W.A. FOSTER & RAYMOND ROBSON
11 EDGEWOOD AVENUE.
REAL ESTATE, RENTING AND LOANS.
FOR SALE.
FOR RENT.

ON BOULEVARD DRIVE, in prettiest block in Kirkwood, fronting the car line, attractive and well-built home of six rooms and sleeping porch, all conveniences; dandy lot. 100x200 feet; splendid oak shade; \$1,350, on attractive terms. This is the best buy in this rapidly growing section. See Mr. Frederick.

ON SUNSET AVENUE, between Simpson and Thurmond, a five-room home; lot 45x150 to alley; convenient to river cars, city conveniences; only \$2,350; terms. See Mr. White.

ON EAST NINTH STREET we have a modern home of eight large rooms; hardwood floors; furnace; pretty fixtures; interior finished in hardwood. This place is worth more, but the owner has instructed us to sell, so we are placing it at a price of \$4,500 on terms, for a quick sale. See Mr. Martin.

IN INMAN PARK, on Edgewood avenue, a two-story nine-room residence, with two complete bathrooms; dandy lot, 50 feet wide; heat car service in the city; splendid buy for \$4,500. See Mr. Wolfe, Terms.

EIGHT ACRES in the East Lake section, convenient to car service; city water, sewerage, electric lighting; best buy on the market for \$4,500. See Mr. Radford or Mr. Hook.

IF YOU HAVE MONEY to lend, we can place it safely.

WE NEED MORE HOUSES TO RENT. WHILE we have a goodly number of houses on our list to rent, we are unable to supply the demand. If you have a house that is vacant or is going to be vacant, list it with us. We will rent it for you. We have a big advantage over our competitors, for the fact that we move tenants free. We get the first chance with almost every one looking for a house.

JOHN J. WOODSIDE, REAL ESTATE, RENTING, STORAGE. Phones, Bell Ivy 671; Atlanta, 618. 12 "Real Estate Row."

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

East Lake Drive Bungalow. ONE BLOCK and a half from the North Decatur car line, on the East Lake Drive, we have a brand-new bungalow of 6 large rooms, bath, hallway. Has city water and electricity, and on level east front lot. School house around corner. Can sell you this pretty home for \$3,500, and make easy terms.

SIX ROOMS—\$3,500. ONE BLOCK and a half from the North Decatur car line, on the East Lake Drive, we have a brand-new bungalow of 6 large rooms, bath, hallway. Has city water and electricity, and on level east front lot. School house around corner. Can sell you this pretty home for \$3,500, and make easy terms.

THOMSON & LYNES
18 AND 20 WALTON STREET. PHONE IVY 718.

FOR SALE BY GREENE REALTY COMPANY
511 EMPIRE BLDG. REAL ESTATE, RENTING, LOANS. Phone 1599.

TWO WEST END BARGAINS. JUST OFF Gordon street we have orders to sell two houses. One is a 4-room, 2-bath, 2-story house, corner lot 55 by 200; light rooms; furnace heat; excellent house; garage, with natural shade; owner moved away; most jump up place in West End for sale.

SIX ROOMS—RIGHT next Peachtree Church; two lots, 100 by 100. Both of these places we want to sell you. Call on us.

FURNISHED HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS FOR RENT. ONE ROOM and kitchenette, gas stove, electric lights, use of phone. Ivy 3717-J.

FURNISHED APARTS. FOR RENT. ONE nice suite of rooms or one large room can be had at very reasonable rates. Apply 153 Ivy street or phone Ivy 5133.

NICELY furnished apartment, sleeping porch, private bath, use of library; \$22 month. 107 Peachtree street.

FURNISHED apartment, private home. Everything clean and new. Phone Ivy 5133. 7-27-28

UNFURNISHED APARTMENTS. FOR RENT. 12 electric lights, washroom, second floor, modern; veranda, stables, garage, electricity. Phone Main 4091-J.

THE EUCLID APARTMENTS. THREE and four rooms. Every apartment fronts Euclid avenue. Wall beds, wall safes for valuables. Every known modern improvement. The most perfect ventilated apartments in city. Neighborhood excellent, surrounded by handsome homes. Prices \$32.50 and \$37.50.

FITZHUUGH KNOX, 1613 Candler Bldg.

FOR RENT—Mendenhall Apartment, 621-623 Peachtree. Five-room apartment, second floor, bath, refrigerator. 1. Apply to W. H. Krieger, 330 Candler Building. Ivy 871.

DELIGHTFULLY comfortable 4-room apartment for rent, strictly first-class; best North Side residence; one block of Georgian Terrace; handsome grounds; large individual porch; automobile accommodations, etc. Phone Ivy 657-J.

FURNISHED HOUSES FOR RENT. NICELY furnished six-room bungalow on Boulevard Circle, for two months or longer. Ivy 2887.

UNFURNISHED HOUSES FOR RENT. FOR RENT—By owner, September 1, one six, one seven and one eight-room houses; furnace heat; hardwood floors; in main rooms; nice mantels; the porch, screen porch; in splendid location; convenient to car service. Call office phone Ivy 80; residence phone Ivy 2165.

ONE six-room bungalow, four rooms in house or bath; sample room; once Atlanta 3646. 39 Trinity Ave.

AT BALANCE of lease for month, \$15. Call 5 to 8 p. m. 49 Washington; apartment 3.

FOR RENT—Six-room steam-heated bungalow, with sleeping porch. 105 Green avenue. Phone Ivy 4883-J.

CLOSE IN—Nos. 63 and 65 East Cain street. Two modern 8-room brick residences; suitable for two families each. Phone Ivy 581-J.

FOR RENT—September 1, on South Side, near business center, ten-room bungalow; central water, barn, lot 42-24-7.

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED. HOUSES FOR RENT. FOR SALE OR RENT—New bungalow for sale or rent; private shade; will make terms to suit; furnished, unfurnished. 15 Jefferson place, Decatur. 7-16-15

WAREHOUSE SPACE FOR RENT. WE HAVE a desirable warehouse, cement floor, high ceiling, in the heart of the city; railroad sidetrack; can store several hundred boxes and more for a few months. Write X, care Georgian.

OFFICES FOR RENT. TO LET—Suite of three offices, with fixtures, for a long term, in one of the most central places in the city. Box 321, care Georgian.

FURNISHED ROOMS WANTED. WANTED—Two furnished rooms for light housekeeping; Inman Park section. Addressed to Box 402, care Georgian.

HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS WANTED. WANTED—Four housekeeping rooms by couple August 15 or September 1. Must be good neighborhood and reasonable. Phone Ivy 1880-L.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

ON NEXT Tuesday morning (legal sale day) at 10 o'clock, we are going to sell before the court house door

111 WHITEHALL TERRACE.

The lot fronts 42 feet, has a depth of 108 feet, and has on it a 7-room 2-story frame dwelling, now renting for \$20 per month, and with just a little money spent on the house it would easily bring \$25 per month.

This property is obliged to be sold in order to wind up the estate of Mrs. Victoria A. Foster. There is a mortgage of \$1,000 bearing 7 per cent interest, maturing September 1, 1918, which must be assumed by the purchaser, and the balance paid in cash.

Go out and examine this property carefully and attend the sale next Tuesday.

FORREST & GEORGE ADAIR

FOR SALE. HOME—SUNSET AVE. (Near Simpson St.)

HOUSE—Five rooms; gas, bath, street improvements; good condition; easy terms. Price \$2,500. Make offer. THOS. R. FINNEY, Sales Mgr., 12 "Real Estate Row."

We Will Sell Before the Courthouse Door ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 5, NEXT for the Administrators of the D. Gust Estate TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER, THE FOLLOWING VALUABLE PROPERTY

SOUTHWEST CORNER OF E. FAIR AND FRASER STREETS, fronting 67.10 FEET ON FAIR STREET and 90 FEET ON FRASER STREET, with THREE HOUSES AND ONE STORE on said property, 7 p. m. This is very close in property; within the half-mile circle, and is ripe now for business purposes. Remember, IT'S A CORNER. Terms: Half cash, balance in one and one-half years.

BE ON HAND AT THE SALE. GREENE REALTY CO. Agents.

SMITH & EWING

130 PEACHTREE ST. (Cor. James). FOUNDRY STREET

NO. 92 FOUNDRY STREET, between Elliott and Mangum streets, lot 40x90, 6-room brick tenement, rented for \$17.50 per month, and close to Terminal station. \$3,000 on terms will secure it. Getting closer in EVERY DAY.

UNFURNISHED ROOMS WANTED. WANTED—To lease in neighborhood Georgian Terrace, modern home, five bedrooms. Permanent. P. O. Box 28.

FOUR or five rooms with front porch by couple, no children, address K. L. C. Box 861, care Georgian.

WANTED—Two or three unfurnished connecting rooms; prefer upstairs and on North Side, close in, with conveniences for housekeeping. Address W. P. Reed, Jr., No. 8 Engine House.

UNFURNISHED APARTMENTS WANTED. WANTED—Two or three unfurnished heated apartment, close in, by September 1. Address Apartment, Box 860, care Georgian.

UNFURNISHED HOUSES. WANTED. TO LEASE—From owner, nine-room house, on or near Peachtree. Phone Ivy 3707-J.

FURNISHED HOUSES FOR SALE. FOR SALE—A very delightful, comfortable, cool five-room cottage on St. Simons beach; neat and nicely furnished; centrally located. Going away and will sell cheap. Apply to Mrs. O. L. Merrifield, St. Simons Island, Ga.

GARAGES FOR RENT. FOR RENT—Brick garage or repair shop at 23 West Cain; holds six or eight cars; electric lights, washroom and stock room. Phone Ivy 2467.

FOR RENT—Large garage with electric lights, 110 per month. 263 West Peachtree.

FOR RENT—Brick garage or repair shop at 23 West Cain; holds six or eight cars; electric lights, washroom and stock room. Phone Ivy 2467.

MONEY TO LOAN. MONEY FOR SALARIED PEOPLE AND OTHERS, upon their own names; cheap rates, easy payments. Contact D. H. Tolman, 820 Austin Building.

SPECIAL HOME PLOTS TO LEND. FOR SALE—Home plots in South Georgia, on Hale street, Inman Park. These are complete little homes and are very desirable. Price, \$2,500 each, on terms of \$250 cash and \$200 per month. This is \$500 under value. You can buy big bargain if you come quick. W. A. Baker & Co., A. L. Anderson, Joe D. Skinner, 1115-1116 Fourth National Bank Building. Phone Main 613.

LEASE OR SALE—Artistic bungalow, screened porch, modern kitchen, "Anxiety" park, care Georgian.

Special Inducements on THREE six-room North Side homes for a few days. See me at once. D. C. Smith, 901 Empire Building. Phone Main 2053.

\$100 CASH, \$20-\$25 MONTHLY. FIVE-ROOM COTTAGE in Oakhurst, \$2,500, new; five-room cottage in Inman Park, \$3,500, new; five-room cottage in College Park, \$2,500, six-room cottage in Capitol View, \$2,500. See us about these. D. C. Smith, 901 Empire Bldg. Phone Main 2053.

LOTS for sale in East Point, East Washington avenue, by owner. Address 110 Capitol Avenue.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE. HAVE about \$2,500 in North Side property yielding monthly income; will sell or trade for modern North Side home. Address A. Box 788, Atlanta.

FOR RENT—Two-story frame house, with lot in College Park, the most desirable suburb of Atlanta. See I. C. McCord.

LEASE OR SALE—Artistic bungalow, screened porch, modern kitchen, "Anxiety" park, care Georgian.

Special Inducements on THREE six-room North Side homes for a few days. See me at once. D. C. Smith, 901 Empire Building. Phone Main 2053.

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LOTS for sale in East Point, East Washington avenue, by owner. Address 110 Capitol Avenue.

REAL ESTATE WANTED. WANTED—To buy for investment, 21 room from owner, real estate. Good cash payment. Address Quick, Box 332, care Georgian.

THE ATLANTA GEORGIAN. Published by The Georgian Company, Atlanta, Georgia. Entered at Atlanta postoffice as second-class matter. Postpaid. Subscriptions: One year, \$5.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$1.50. Single copies, 10 cents. Subscriptions payable in advance. Delivered by carrier, six months, \$2.50; three months, \$1.25. Delivered by carrier, one month, 10 cents. One week, 5 cents.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

Sharp & Boylston

ORMEWOD PARK.

THIS is a new six-room cottage, with hall. It has city water and electric lights. Large, shady lot. Less than one-half block of car line, and in three blocks of good school. A real bargain at the price and terms we are asking for it. Price \$2,800, on terms of \$100 cash and \$20 month.

FOURTH WARD INVESTMENT.

THIS is a four-room negro house, which is always rented for \$7.50 per month. Can be bought for \$700—over 12 per cent. Lot 40 by 100 feet. A bargain.

REAL ESTATE AND CONSTRUCTION NEWS

Legislators Inspect Home of E. P. Ansley

Looking for Governor's Mansion Site. Druid Hills Property Brings \$11,000 Cash—Other Notes.

That members of the State Legislature have been quietly inspecting prospective sites for the new Governor's Mansion became known Saturday. A small delegation has been out several times to look over the fine residence of Edwin P. Ansley in Ansley Park. It is said and have sought to get a proposition from Mr. Ansley.

While Mr. Ansley's position in the matter has not been learned, close friends declare that he will sell. His lot is one of the highest in Ansley Park, with a commanding view of the surrounding country. It contains six or eight acres and about 1,000 feet of frontage on two streets. The house is two stories and built of stone quarried in the park.

The delegation is said to have looked over W. F. Wincoff's marble house at Ansley Park, which was sold to the Legislature two years ago. Mr. Wincoff wanted an appraisal board to determine the value of the place and agreed to sell at that price.

The A. G. Rhodes stone house at the foot of Peachtree circle on Peachtree also came in for casual inspection. This was likewise offered, among other houses, in 1911.

Druid Hills Cash Sale. Mrs. Alice A. Whitman has sold to Mrs. J. H. Morris, 12 by 100 foot lot and brick bungalow on the south side of Fairview road, near Moreland avenue, for \$11,000 cash, or at the rate of nearly \$2 a front foot, including the value of the improvements. The transaction was handled through the Forrest & George Adair Real Estate Agency.

Warranty Deed for \$30,000. John W. Alexander has conveyed to J. N. Hirsch the northwest corner of Peters street and Hills avenue for \$30,000. The deed was made Friday and warranty deed was placed on record.

Application for Building. J. B. Thompson applied Saturday to Building Inspector Ed R. Hays for a permit to erect a two-story business building on the east side of Fairlie street, between Peachtree and Capitol streets, to cost \$7,500. Mr. Thompson already had been given a permit to erect similar stores on the north side of Peachtree street, in the same block. The stores are to the north of the Postoffice Building. Mr. Thompson's lots adjoin in the back, but the corner between them is under different ownership.

Mansion Question Agitated. The question of disposing of the Governor's Mansion at the southwest corner of Peachtree and Cain streets is still engaging the attention of the legislators. The Committee on Public Property is practically unanimous in favor of building a handsome new mansion and selling the old one, and is expected to draft a resolution embodying features of resolutions offered by Senators Watts, Turner and Peyton.

Remodeling Decatur Depot. The Georgia Railroad is busy making repairs on its depot at Decatur, and there are other evidences of activity in this thriving suburb of Atlanta. E. P. Ansley, contractor, is erecting a building to be occupied by the Johnson Hardware Company, a firm which has moved from Decatur to Decatur. There are other improvements in progress, announcement of which has already been made.

PROPERTY TRANSFERS. Warranty Deeds. \$10 and Exchange of Property—Leone E. and Lynette E. Smith to Mrs. Ada F. Noyes, one-half interest in lot 50 by 168 feet, north side Baker street, 100 feet east of Williams street. Decatur, Ga. \$4,000—W. E. Talley to Sam A. Osburn, lot 50 by 136 feet, southwest corner St. Charles and Lakeview avenues. August 1.

\$25,000—Milton M. Armstrong to Edward M. Durant, lot 70 by 249 feet, at northwest corner of said Edward M. Durant's property, 467 feet north of Ponce DeLeon avenue and 400 feet east of Bedford place. May 25.

\$3,000—Peters Land Company to

Mrs. Lillian S. Harris et al., lot 50 by 150 feet, west side Penn avenue, 100 feet north of Fourth street. August 1.

\$900—Thorpe Bros. to R. S. Plisk, lots 25 and 26 of Lynnhurst subdivision, land lot 148, Seventeenth district. July 21.

\$1 and Other Considerations—J. N. Landers et al. to M. M. Anderson, lot 51 by 175 feet, north side Battle Hill avenue, 255 feet east of Matthews street. August 1.

\$155—W. C. Harper to J. N. Landers et al., same property, one-half interest. April 1.

\$155—Mrs. Sarah I. Weathers to same, one-half interest in same property. July.

\$4,500—Henry Hillier to William Hurd Hillier, lot 75 by 295 feet, north side the Prado, being lot 8, block 15, Ansley Park. June 2, 1909.

\$2,000—Annie E. Roddey to J. A. Allen, lot 43 by 110 feet, west side Crew street, 157 feet north of Ormond street. June 2, 1909.

\$2,427—Mary Campbell et al. to Society of African Missions of Georgia, lot 66 by 159 feet, east side of Boardman street, 25 feet south of Auburn avenue. June 23, 1913.

\$360—T. C. Holmes et al. to T. E. Minihmet, lot 50 by 193 feet, east side Texe street, 226 feet north of Peachtree avenue. July 22, 1913.

\$720—Frank C. Owens to E. Rivers, lot 70 by 227 feet, north side Lakeview avenue, 70 feet west of East Boulevard. August 1, 1913.

\$600—Same to same, lot 145 by 245 feet, north side Lakeview avenue, 337 feet west of East Boulevard. August 1, 1913.

\$800—G. C. Burckell to Warren O'Neal, lot 50 by 100 feet, west side McDanel street, 68 feet south of Burchell street. July 22, 1913.

\$2,000—John W. Alexander to J. N. Hirsch, lot 92 by 424 feet, northwest corner Peters street and Hills avenue. August 1, 1913.

\$4,500—William Owens and M. L. Throver to Joseph R. Cothran, No. 138 East Morris avenue, lot 40 by 95 feet. 1913.

\$151—Mrs. Sarah I. Weathers to J. N. Landers et al., one-half interest in lot 51 by 175 feet, north side Battle Hill avenue, 306 feet east of Matthews street. July.

\$151—W. C. Harper to same, one-half interest in same property. April 1, 1913.

\$3,300—Mrs. Sallie M. Ross to Miss Ella D. Booth, No. 385 St. Charles avenue, lot 50 by 200 feet. July 16, 1912.

Love and Affection—Mrs. Ella Booth Dillin to H. W. Dillin, same property. July 30, 1913.

Quitclaim Deeds. \$1—C. A. Lavender to John M. Hill, lot 62 by 78 feet, northwest corner of East Harris and Courtland streets. July 16, 1912.

Grain Notes

CHICAGO, Aug. 2.—The advance tendency of corn prices was uncheckered at the opening to-day, there being no

speculation over Sunday, although at present there seems to be very little prospect of rain.

"The day's trading by shorts was more seasonable than yesterday, but there was considerable outside buying."

St. Louis City and Omaha corn and wheat bulletins show no rain. Minneapolis' forecast shows a possibility of rain.

"Corn and wheat region
 shows no rain in Minnesota and
 was feeding wheat because of
 scarcity of corn.
 * * * * *
 The strength and higher prices ruled
 in corn carried wheat 3¢ to 3¢ high
 in September selling at 3¢ higher. There
 was a holiday at Liverpool. Reported
 showed weather in the Northwest of
 concern for during the week.
 Receipts at both Northwestern ports
 as well as Winnipeg, were light.
 Oats gained 1¢ to 3¢ on poor threshing
 and the strength of the strength of
 corn also moved higher.

Some of the best posted men in the corn trade are impressed with the fact that the rains will be in the 70s in the next week or so, and that the crops will advance until checked by rains. The rains were only a slight respite from the drought. Only 99,000 bushels of corn were

op at present an extremely favorable. But all agree that stands not as in 1911, and crop is later, ore, not as safe as in that year."

PLANTA LIVE STOCK MARKET.

at present an extremely favorable. But all agree that stands not so good as it was in the early part of the year, nor as safe as in that year.

ATLANTA LIVE STOCK MARKET.

W. H. White, Jr., of the White Provision Company.)

Live results for the better adjacent this week than usual. Several of Tennessee cattle were on sale, and one of the head founders from Wartrace. These were in to themselves, and they were sold to the Atlanta packer at between 7c, the top price of the week, over a year and a half ago. The price was not considered too

here and 45,000 bushels of oats. The price of corn was 10c. Cash sales were 45,000 bushels. Oats gained 8c to 1c. High products were lower all around. Grain quotations:

	High.	Low.	Prev. Close.
WHEAT			
Sept.....	88 1/2	87 1/2	88
Oct.....	91 1/2	90 1/2	91 1/2
May.....	97 1/2	96 1/2	96 1/2
WHEAT			
Sept.....	69 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2
Oct.....	68 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2
May.....	75 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2
OATS			
Sept.....	42 1/2	42	42 1/2
Oct.....	42 1/2	42	42 1/2

the quality. This only goes to	May....	48	47½	47½
that Atlanta is like other markets;	LARD--			
will pay good prices for good stuff.	Sept....	21.05	20.90	20.90
Assess cows and heifers were fairly	Oct....	18.97½	18.97½	18.97½
ful and prices ruled steady.	Jan....	19.35	19.07½	19.07½
are not so many half fat and	PORK--			
bunches in the pens, although	Sept....	11.65	11.50	11.50

to supply the demand for this					
Prices vary according to flesh and					
Oct.	11.72%	11.60%	11.60%	11	11
Jan.	11.77%	11.87%	11.67%	11	11
CIGBS—					
Sep.	11.62%	11.47%	11.50	11	11
Oct.	11.50	11.37%	11.49	11	11
Jan.	10.35	10.15	10.27%	10	10

CHICAGO CASH QUOTATIONS
CHICAGO, Aug. 2.—Wheat: No.
new, 87½¢; 88½; No. 3 red new, 87½¢;
No. 2 hard winter new, 87¾¢; 88½%;
3 hard winter new, 87¼¢; 88;
No. 2 soft new, 87½¢; 88½%.

Choice beef cows, \$8.00 to \$9.00,
and to choice steers, 1,000 to 1,200,
\$6.50.

Good steers, 800 to 1,000, \$5.25@6.00.
Good steers, 700 to 850,
\$5.50.

To choice beef cows, \$8.00 to \$9.00,
and to choice steers, 1,000 to 1,200,
\$6.50.

Corn No. 2, 69% @ 70; No. 2 w
 70% @ 70%; No. 2 yellow, 69% @ 70; N
 69% @ 70; No. 3 white, 70% @ No. 3
 low, 69% @ 69%; No. 4, 69; No. 4 w
 69% @ 70; No. yellow, 69% @ 70.

above represents selling prices of
and dairy types selling lower
to common steers, if fat, 800
to common cows, if fat, 700
to common, 600 to 800, \$3.00 to \$3.75;
and butcher pigs, \$3.25 to \$4.00.
Sows, 100 to 150, \$3.00 to \$3.75;
and butcher pigs, 140 to 160, \$3.60 to
\$4.00.
and butcher pigs, 140 to 160, \$3.25 to
\$3.75.
and butch pigs, 100 to 160, \$3.00 to \$3.25;
and sows and balked hogs, \$7.50
to \$8.00.

above quotations apply to corn-
ogs; mash and peanut-fattened 1c
c under.

LLOUGH BROS.' WEEKLY
LIVE STOCK MARKET.

CHICAGO, Aug. 2.—Hogs—Receipts 11,000. Market 5c to 10c lower. Makers and butchers, \$8.35@9.25; good heavy, \$8.70@9.10; rough heavy, \$8.25@light, \$8.8c@9.35; pigs, \$7.85@9.00; small, \$8.65@9.10.

local gardeners are at this time yielding to a large extent vegetables to meet the present limited demand. Virginia cabbage are moving, but in a way as yet, with high prices applying. The market is also active on

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 2.—Cattle received 300, including 100 Southern; market steady. Native beef steers, 5.50@6.00; cows and heifers, 4.75@5.50; stock and feeders, 5.25@7.50; calves, 6.00@10.00; Texas steers, 6.25@7.75; cows

hens, \$1.80 to \$2 per pair; lower than two weeks ago.

But it is yet too early for California fruit eastern or Western grapes. The reports are that these sections are moving their crop during the ten days or two weeks at values

hens, \$1.80 to \$2 per pair; lower than two weeks ago.

But it is yet too early for California fruit eastern or Western grapes. The reports are that these sections are moving their crop during the ten days or two weeks at values

...market is and has been over-

ed on live poultry, especially small medium fries, for some days. Hens are in demand at quotation prices. The market is looking up, showing a 1c per dozen advance over last week's price. Fair demand prevails for fancy ta-

and cooking butter. As usual, there is very little demand for dressed poultry at this season of year. A fair demand prevails for potatoes.

Money

I have funds to lend on long time, secured by improved farm or

pretended to have swallowed blade of mercury tablets and was out with a stomach pump. In he was baled out so many times he finally admitted that he had taken the poison at all.

Drug Store Changes Hands.
The Hopkins Drug Company of Detroit has been sold by Edwin Davis to Henry C. Jordan, of Tucker, Ga.

OWRY NATIONAL BANK

Capital \$1,000,000

Surplus \$1,000,000

Wings Department Safe Deposit Box

THE ATLANTA GEORGIAN

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday
By THE GEORGIAN COMPANY
At 20 East Alabama St., Atlanta, Ga.
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Payable in Advance.

How Would a Term in Jail Impress This Judge?

What Effect Would It Have Upon Him? Would It Make Him Realize That the Constitution of the United States Possesses Authority Bigger Than His Own?
(Copyright, 1913.)

First let us point out that some of our judges take themselves a little too seriously.

There are among them, fortunately, men of high character and ability. These, let us hope, are a majority.

But the public is not bewildered or dazed by a gown of black silk which some judges wear on the bench. In fact, these days the public has come to look more closely at the judges and refuse to take too seriously their estimate of their own importance.

And now let us come to the interesting case of a person called A. B. Pittman, who is a judge in Tennessee.

The news reports tell us that this interesting Pittman individual put in jail a newspaper editor, Gilbert D. Raine, of the News Scimitar, because, if you please, Mr. Raine had published in his newspaper an article that the judge had told him NOT to print.

The judge in sending this man to jail did not get the opinion of a jury or of other judges.

He simply had said to the editor of the newspaper, "You must not print such an article." And when the editor printed it he put him in jail.

We assume that this judge is personally honest and that the main trouble with him is that he hasn't read the Constitution of the United States and doesn't realize that a two-penny judge is a smaller factor in this nation than the Constitution.

If the judge had read the Constitution he would know that it says something about liberty of the press.

And he would know that those that wrote the Constitution, which unfortunately provides a pretty easy way for dishonest men to get on the bench, never intended that judges should be allowed to edit newspapers in advance.

We assume, as we have said, that this judge happens to be an honest man personally, that he is not a grafter, doesn't take bribes, isn't hired by a corporation, wasn't taken out of a corporation law office and put on the bench—in fact, that he is not the type of judge that USUALLY is found objecting to publication of the truth.

But, Judge Pittman, suppose that you WERE that kind of a dishonest judge.

Suppose you DID belong to the kind of grafting class occasionally found wrapped up in black silk.

And suppose an editor intended to print the truth about you and about your graft.

How simple it would be to forbid the publication of the article and to prevent its publication by threatening to lock up the man who printed it!

Would not that be a very easy way to keep your story and an account of what you had done out of the newspapers and thus TO SAVE YOUR OWN SKIN?

Are you not afraid that, immaculately honest as YOU are, in sentencing a man to jail for printing what you don't want in his paper, some other judge might take the hint and use the power that you have abused to prevent by threats of imprisonment the publication of truth concerning his own misdeeds!

Don't you think, Judge Pittman, that it is a more serious offense for a judge, taking the salary of the people, to violate the Constitution of the United States than it is for the editor of a newspaper to print something that YOU don't approve.

Do you think that man should be put in jail merely because he did what YOU said he must not do?

What would you think if it were said to you that YOU must be put in jail FOR DOING WHAT THE CONSTITUTION SAYS YOU MUST NOT DO?

What effect do you think a few months in jail would have on YOU and your views of the Constitution?

Don't you suppose it would be an excellent thing if the people of your State and of all the States had the right of REGALL, which would enable them to take from the bench, repudiate AND STOP THE PAY of judges like yourself who appear to lack appreciation of the Constitution of the United States?

Egmont and Horn

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

THE execution in the great square at Brussels, of Egmont and Horn three hundred and forty-five years ago, was one of the minor tragedies of history out of which, sometimes, there come tremendous consequences. Egmont, apart from the fact that he had very "blue" blood and a whole lot of "rank" and money, amounted to but little as a world force; while Horn was at best but a mediocrity, yet on account of the flagrant injustice of the charges that were trumped up against them by old Alva and the cold-blooded fashion in which they were executed, there resulted a state of mind in the Netherlands that was to work mightily for the good of humanity in all lands and ages.

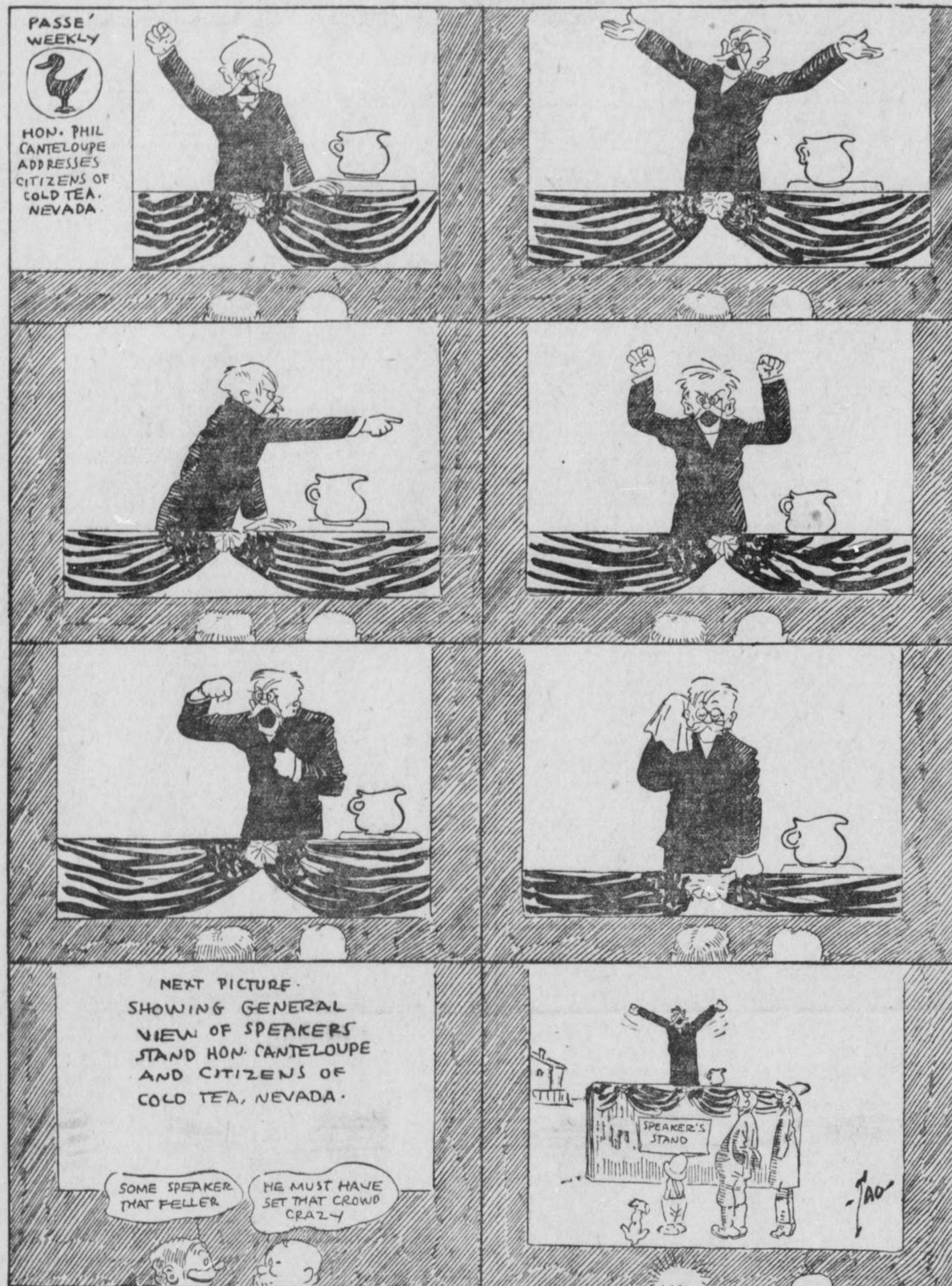
The story of Egmont and Horn is so long to tell here, but those who do not already know it may find it told to perfection in Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." It is enough here to note the fact that in consequence of the judicial murder of Egmont and Horn there came about the political unification of the Netherlands

which enabled William the Silent to lay the foundations for the little republic which has written its name so large and enduring in the annals of the race.

"Like things of another world," wrote a distinguished contemporary, "seem the cries, lamentations and just compassion which all the people of Brussels, noble or ignoble, feel for the barbarous tyranny of this Nero of an Alva;" and out of that feeling was born the opposition to Philip and his henchmen which made possible the Dutch republic.

In his iniquitous attempt to throttle the liberty of the Hollanders Philip overreached himself, permitted his favorite, the Duke of Alva, to gratify his personal spite by the murder of Egmont and Horn, and in so doing played into the hand of the very cause he hated and was trying to overthrow. Thus may we see how true it is that oftentimes in this world good comes out of evil, and out of the ashes of ignorance and bigotry, the flower of Freedom and Progress.

At the Movies



NEXT PICTURE
SHOWING GENERAL
VIEW OF SPEAKERS
STAND HON. CANTELOUPE
AND CITIZENS OF
COLD TEA, NEVADA.

SOME SPEAKER
THAT FELLER
HE MUST HAVE
SET THAT CROWD
CRAZY

Not a Lifeguard in Sight



PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

It is generally difficult to retain the friendship of the man to whom you have sold mining stocks.

The anxiety that some men experience in holding a soft job is more wearing than real work would be.

Do not look up to or down upon people. Give all the horizontal squint.

The railroad president has some troubles, but he usually gets salary enough to take care of the rent and grocery bill.

When we look at some husbands we cannot blame the wife for preferring the company of a pet dog.

"Pure Feud" laws don't seem to reduce the Kentucky death rate.

It is safer to trust the individual with a loud laugh than the one with the pussy-cat smile.

A man should either be very rich or very poor to enter the game of politics.

A faint heart never provoked a breach of promise suit.

Health brings happiness to all save the doctor.

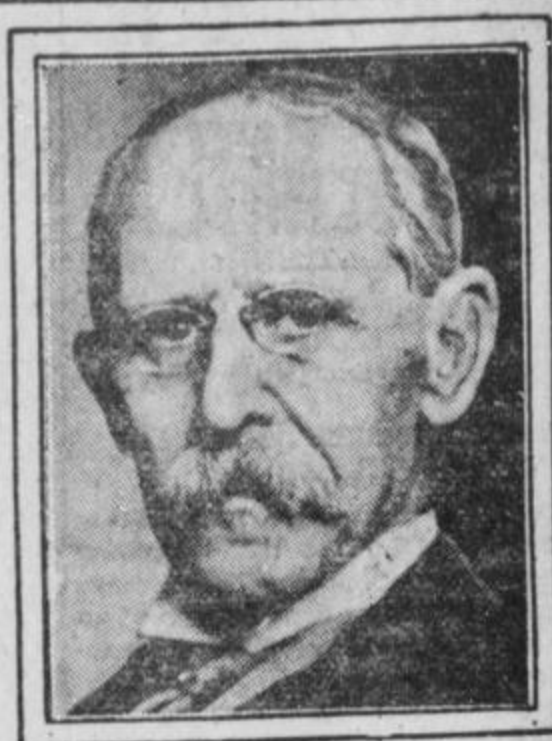
Promotion is liable to tighten the husband of the most level-headed individual.

"Wolf of Wall Street" is reported missing. Maybe he's hiding in a telephone booth.

The cheerful loser is generally the most powerful politician.

The young woman hardly ever marries an old man for love.

The Little Dramas of Nature.



Country Offers Amateur Naturalists of Animal Life as Absorbing and Fascinating Study as Ever Staged in Any Theater of the Universe—Studies of Nature Make Life More Interesting and the Mind Richer.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

I WISH I could persuade everybody who is going to take a vacation anywhere in the country this summer to become an amateur naturalist. You needn't study books nor pursue the subject scientifically nor systematically unless you want to, but just simply keep your eyes and ears open. Leave your gun at home, lest it tempt you to murder some innocent creature, but take an opera-glass in your pocket if convenient.

The stage of nature is full of actors and actresses playing dramas of absorbing interest and offering spectacles as fascinating and beautiful as any that ever the electric lights of the theater shone upon.

The trouble with most people who seek rest or recreation in the country is that they think only of automobile rides, tennis, golf, fishing and garden parties, and neglect the delightful little sights that are all about them. Birds are really more interesting than golf balls, and the charm of a brook is not summed up in the trout that spring at your bait.

Charms of Nature.

If a list were made, not of the greatest but of the happiest, men who have lived, it seems to me that Gilbert White, of Selborne, would stand near the head, because of the delight that he found in simply watching the little dramas of nature about him—a delight which he succeeded in transmitting, through his wonderful book, to many generations of his successors on the earth. He wrote only that one little book, and he talked only of birds, bees, wasps, fish, trees, storms, springs, ponds, glow-worms, squirrels, and even old tortoises—but what he wrote will be read with avidity after a million novels have been forgotten.

Consider only the pleasure the instruction, the philosophy and the delight that he got from that tortoise, which he made the most famous turtle in all history and whose shell is preserved, on Gilbert White's account, in the British National Museum.

The tortoise turns up at unexpected junctures in many parts of the book. When you have got a little taste of his quality, you look for him as you look for the appearances of Hamlet in the play. When the dandelions are starting the meadows, up comes the tortoise out of his mud bed. He is covered with a shell that could bear the weight of a cart wheel, and yet he pulls in his head

and runs for shelter at the slightest sprinkling of rain! A sultry March day bring him out, like a hibernating fly buzzing round a Christmas hearth, but a touch of returning frost sends him scurrying under ground. A golden day in November plays another trick upon his instinct, and out he comes from the mud, and hobbles to the feet of a good old lady whom he has known for thirty years.

Age Will Bring Wisdom.

But he is only a youth yet, for the cheelonian span of life covers a century or more, and if he were older, perhaps he would be wiser, and not let the vagaries of the season fool him.

Gilbert White studies all his movements, gets at all his secrets, admires his sagacity, and wonders at his deliberate movements when he begins to dig his winter bed in a swamp, for, "the motion of its legs is ridiculously slow, little exceeding the hour-hand of a clock!"

White made the acquaintance of this tortoise, at a friend's house in Sussex, and whenever he went there, looked him up or saw where he was sleeping. Finally he bought him, dug him out of his hibernaculum, or winter dormitory, hissing with anger at being disturbed, and carried him in a box of earth, 80 miles by post-chaise, and put him in his own garden. It does one's heart good to see how delighted the old naturalist was with his bargain. He thought as much of that tortoise as you might of a pet dog—perhaps more.

Then began a little life drama before an appreciative spectator.

You Can Enjoy Nature.

To the reader's regret, Gilbert White gives only brief glimpses of it in his book. You see the tortoise sitting comfortably on a cabbage leaf when the sun is too hot in midsummer; you catch a sight of him careened up against a southward-facing wall in early autumn to catch every feeble ray of warmth on his back, and, finally, you see him stealing out of the garden by back ways, eluding the eyes of the gardener and of his master, to keep a tryst in some neighbor's field, for Cupid's darts could penetrate even his hard shell!

Everybody might be a Gilbert White in a small way, and it is certain that anybody who tries to be will find the world a pleasanter place to live in and his mind richer for the experience.

THE PRICE HE PAID

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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I SAID I would have my fling,
And do what a young man may;
And I didn't believe a thing
That the parsons have to say.
I didn't believe in a God
That gives us blood like fire,
Then flings us into hell because
We answer the call of desire.

And I said: "Religion is rot,
And the laws of the world are nil;
For the bad man is he who is caught
And cannot foot his bill.
And there is no place called hell;
And heaven is only a truth,
When a man has his way with a
maid,
In the fresh keen hour of youth.

"And money can buy us grace,
If it rings on the plate of the
church:
And money can neatly erase
Each sign of a sinful smirch."
For I saw men everywhere,
Hotfooting the road of vice;
And women and preachers smiled
on them
As long as they paid the price.

So I had my joy of life:
I went the pace of the town;
And then I took me a wife,
And started to settle down.

I had gold enough and to spare
For all of the simple joys
That belong with a house and a home
And a brood of girls and boys

I married a girl with health
And virtue and spotless fame.
I gave in exchange my wealth
And a proud old family name.
And I gave her the love of a heart
Grown sated and sick of sin!
My deal with the devil was all
cleaned up,
And the last bill handed in.

She was going to bring me a child,
And when in labor she cried,
With love and fear I was wild—
But now I wish she had died.
For the son she bore me was blind
And crippled and weak and sore!
And his mother was left a wreck.
It was so she settled my score.

I said I must have my fling,
And they knew the path I would
go:

Yet no one told me a thing
Of what I needed to know.
Folks talk too much of a soul
From heavenly joys debarred—
And not enough of the babes unborn,
By the sins of their fathers
scarred.