The Weather.
Unsettled Sunday. Local showers. Monday fair.

HEARST'S
SUNDAY AMERICAN

Atlanta Edition of The American
Consists of the Following Sections:
1—Late News. 2—Extra News. 3—Sports. 4—Autos. 5—Society. 6—Editorial. 7—City Life. 8—Magazine. 9—Comics. 10—Rotogravure Magazine.
BE SURE TO GET THEM ALL.

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Captain Scott's Tragic Death in Polar Wastes Told in Photographs

THE SUNDAY AMERICAN, in this issue, publishes seven pictures—the only ones in existence—showing the last dash of the ill-fated Scott expedition to the South Pole. These pictures vividly depict the brave struggle of the British explorers in their quest for the goal. They show the start of the expedition on the final dash; they depict their arrival at the pole, where, to their intense disappointment, they found the tent and flag of the courageous Captain Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer who had preceded them to the coveted goal; they show the pathetic tent of death in which Captain Scott and his brave comrades perished; and lastly, they show the cairn marking the final resting place of these heroic men.

These pictures are the most remarkable ever published of a similar tragedy and give some idea of the terrors of the Antarctic wastes. They should prove a most instructive study to both young and old, and as such, The Sunday American presents them. They will be found on pages 2, 3, 4 and 5 of the Second Main News Section.

ORSEY'S GRILL AILS TO MAKE ONLEY ADMIT HAND IN KILLING

es Not Deviate In Least From Detailed Story Despite Traps to Snare Him.

ANK APPEARS PLEASED

isoner Tells His Friends That Sweeper's Affidavit Is Good News to Him.

A grueling cross-examination of n Conley, confessed accessory in e murder of Mary Phagan, in an fort to break down his charges ainst Leo M. Frank as the actual yer of the little girl, was made by licitor General Hugh M. Dorsey late turday afternoon.

Before the rapid-fire questioning, which every imaginable snare was t to entrap him, the negro did not viate one iota from the detailed count which he made Friday to the lice. Every effort to make him con- ess that he was the slayer failed.

In amazing contrast to the attitude the negro is that of the pencil fac- ry superintendent.

Visitors who visited the Tower, here he is confined, Frank declared turday that Conley's statement was ood news to him. Frank had just ead the negro's affidavit in full in he Georgian. That the negro was eginning to talk meant that the mys- ery soon would be cleared, Frank old his friends. He had said pre- iously that the murderer should be anged.

Did Not Accuse Conley.

Frank did not declare outwardly that he thought Conley guilty of the murder when he spoke with his visi- ors Saturday. He stated, however, that he was glad that the negro had begun to talk, and predicted an early solution of the mystery.

Luther Z. Rosser the noted Atlanta lawyer and counsel for Frank, also expressed to friends of his client his opinion of Conley's statement Satur- day as a most satisfactory turn in the case.

Friends of the accused man declare that Frank was not in the factory at the time given by Conley. They stat- ed Saturday that Frank would offer five witnesses to prove an alibi to this effect.

Police Seek Meeting of Two.

The police will make another at- tempt this week to confront Frank with his accuser in an effort to break the deadlock. They look for a possi- ble solution of the diverging state- ments, should the two prisoners meet face to face.

It developed Saturday that should Conley be declared an accessory after the fact, as he will be adjudged should his present statement prove to be true, his sentence, under the Georgia Code, will be not under one year imprisonment nor more than three years.

It was reported late Saturday night that an effort will be made to prove Conley an accessory to the fact. Should this be established, and the negro is proved to have been an ac- tual participant in the murder, he will be liable to the death penalty.

Solicitor General Dorsey tried in vain to write a confession from Con- ley that he was alone in the crime.

Time and again during the inter- view the Solicitor cautioned the ne- gro:

"If you are guilty say so now. It would be found out later and it poss- ible it would go much harder with you. You must tell the truth, for the truth will be known."

Swears He Is Telling Truth.

And the negro's answer was al- ways the same:

"Before God, I am telling the truth."

Trying the trap him, the Solicitor often would completely turn the con- versation and discuss with Chief Beavers some case entirely foreign to the Phagan murder, the new police automobile, the Stevens murder and

Continued on Page 6, Column 5.

Fish Overrun Lake At Piedmont; Carey Lifts Ban on Angling

Public Invited to Raid Mischievous Bream That Persist in Nibbling Fair Bathers' "Tootsies."

Fish have become so plentiful in Piedmont Park and so pernicious in nibbling fair bathers' "tootsies" that Dan Carey, general manager of parks, announced Saturday that during June the public is invited to fish in the lake.

All entreaties of enthusiastic anglers have been resisted by Manager Carey. When the sparkling bream flashed their plump bodies in the sunlight it was almost impossible to restrain them. But the argument that finally persuaded was entirely different. It began last summer when a woman screamed to a policeman one day that a strange man had dived and tickled her feet. A fish was the culprit.

The lake was stocked with thousands of little bream by the Federal Government three years ago.

"June is to be the annual fishing month," said Manager Carey. "But the fishing must stop at midnight on June 30. We simply ask that these two rules be observed:

"No one person shall catch over six fish.

"All fish caught beneath pan size must be thrown back."

Cigarette Wins Wife For Austrian Officer

New York, Chicago, Budapest Girl Likes Brand of Tobacco and Brand of Verse Soldier Uses.

NEW YORK, May 31.—"I'm engaged to the finest soldier in Austria and all because of a cigarette," said Miss Rosa Roth, of New York, Budapest and Chicago, when she arrived from Europe on the Friedrich Der Grosse.

Miss Roth was smoking in a cafe in Budapest. Lieutenant Leo Nov Andrafy sent her a box of her favorite brand by a waiter. On the bottom he had written a verse telling her how ardently he admired her.

An introduction followed and soon afterward the engagement was announced.

MISS YOAKUM COMPLETES PLAN FOR JUNE WEDDING

NEW YORK, May 31.—Miss Bessie Yoakum, one of the first brides of June, has completed the plans of her wedding on Wednesday to Francis R. Larkin, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Larkin. Their marriage will take place in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church and Miss Yoakum will be attended by her sister, Mrs. Paul Ding Fordyck. Mrs. George Bourne and five bridesmaids.

WHICH OF THESE CALLS IS FOR YOU?

Calls from country to city by those who want good help. As usual, the people at the Summer resorts need all the efficient assistance they can get. There is room for many kinds of ability.

Calls from city to country by those who would give such help for fair wage. Employers will be glad to hear from them.

Calls for bright people to take advantage of Business Opportunities to be exploited at the Summer resorts. Good chances to make money are offered to those who recognize good chances when they meet them.

Other calls, as timely as sunshine and roses in June, will be sounded in the

SUNDAY AMERICAN AND DAILY GEORGIAN WANT AD SECTION

If you need help in Store, Shop or Home; employment for Hands or Brains, Capital, a Partner, a Business Opening, you will read this section carefully.

VANDERBILT TO GET $1,000,000 FROM CARNEGIE

Benefaction Is to Build and Maintain Laboratories in Charge of Eminent Scientists.

ONE-FIFTH AVAILABLE NOW

Income From Remainder To Be Paid Annually to Medical School of University.

NASHVILLE, TENN., May 31.—Andrew Carnegie has offered $1,000,000 to the medical department of Vanderbilt University, according to an announcement to-day by Chancellor J. H. Kirkland.

The only contingency the "Iron Master" imposes is that direction of the educational and scientific department be committed to a board of seven members, three of whom must be eminent in medical and scientific work and research.

Of the sum from Carnegie $200,000 will be given immediately for the erection and equipment of laboratories, while the income from the remaining $800,000 will be paid annually through the Carnegie Corporation of New York for maintenance.

Will Not Hurry Work.

"Already there is invested in the medical department of Vanderbilt about $325,000," said Chancellor Kirkland, in making announcement of the gift, "and while we do not consider that the million dollars from Mr. Carnegie will give us the greatest medical school in the country, it will lay the foundation for one of the greatest medical schools in the South, and we will proceed with this idea in view. We will not hurry. The laboratories which the donation provides for will be planned and erected with the utmost care. The three scientists provided for in the board of seven will be selected from among the most eminent men in the nation.

"This benefaction is largely the result of the great interest taken in Vanderbilt University's medical work by Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, of New York, president of the Carnegie Foundation."

It is understood to be one of the provisions of Mr. Carnegie's gift that Chancellor Kirkland himself be a member of the board of seven. Dr. Kirkland, however, did not indicate to-day whether any names had been considered for the remaining members.

Vanderbilt has been favored with several large gifts, but that of Mr. Carnegie surpasses them all. It is, in fact, the largest single donation ever given the university.

Statesmen Accept Spelling Bee Defi

Congressmen and Newspaper Men Will Be Matched in Contest Before National Press Club.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—Although many statesmen have declined for the reason, as they admit, that they are poor spellers and "we're not going to stand up there and make darned fools of themselves," sixteen have accepted the challenge of the Washington newspaper men and will meet in an old-fashioned spelling bee on Thursday next, to mark the annual "ladies' day" of the National Press Club.

The challenge had its origin in the comment by Chairman Underwood, of the Ways and Means Committee, on a dispatch sent out criticising the committee in respect to the duty on "diamidostilbendisulfonacid" in the tariff bill. Underwood forgave the criticism, but condemned the spelling. Hence the meeting at which Secretary of Agriculture Houston will be "teacher."

Suspicious Sailors Damage Imperator

Vessel's Accident and Kaiser's Refusal to Make Trial Trip Brand Her "Jonah Ship."

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 31.—A large portion of the equipment and furnishings of the Imperator have been irreparably damaged by vandals, according to statements made by German shipping masters to-day. Liquid cement has been poured into the water pipes and allowed to harden, thus rendering the system useless, while many of the costly paintings and carpets with which the cabins were furnished have been cut and slashed.

These acts are believed to have been committed by workmen who were angered at being forced to accompany the ship to a desolate part of the coast near Cuxhaven after the Imperator had grounded in the Elbe after being launched.

Sailors regard the Imperator with great superstition, and this has become more marked since it has been learned that Emperor William has refused to go on the trial trip.

Georgia Man Drowns Saving Friend's Life

John D. Artley, of Savannah, Victim of the Surf at Wrightsville Beach.

WILMINGTON, N. C., May 31.—John D. Artley, 22 years old, lost his life at Wrightsville Beach this afternoon in an effort to rescue Dr. Ralph E. Knouse, with whom he was in bathing and who had been caught by a heavy undertow. Dr. Knouse was afterward brought in by a life guard, on duty nearby, and resuscitated. The body of Artley was recovered by the life-saver, who returned in a boat and found it floating face downward near the surface. Artley leaves a wife and an eight-month-old child.

Mrs. Artley was Miss Fleming, of LaGrange, Ga., before her marriage. Mr. Artley was a son of A. Artley, a large contractor of Savannah.

COLUMBUS, GA., May 31.—Mrs. J. D. Artley, whose husband was drowned at Wrightsville Beach, N. C., to-day while trying to save a friend, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Newsome Cooper, in Columbus. She came here this week direct from Wrightsville Beach, leaving her husband employed there.

F. P. Smith, Former Atlantan, a Suicide

Washington, D. C., Chief of Police Notifies Brother in This City of Death.

F. P. Smith, formerly of Atlanta, and a brother of H. W. Smith, connected with the Fulton Bag and Cotton Company, committed suicide in Washington, D. C., Saturday night, according to a telegram from police authorities of that city to Chief Beavers.

The dispatch read as follows:

Notify H. W. Smith, 38 Cleburne Avenue, that F. P. Smith committed suicide here to-night.

—Sylvester, Chief of Police.

Mr. Smith left Atlanta four years ago. He was married, his wife having formerly been Miss Helen Watts, daughter of this city. No reason for the suicide could be given by his brother here Saturday night.

GALE SWEEPS ATLANTA; ONE DEAD IN STATE

Storm Which Does Heavy Damage in This City Covers Wide Area.

MANY SECTIONS ISOLATED

Loss Here From Terrific Wind Will Reach Thousands—All Traffic Halted.

One man is dead and another seriously injured as the result of the storm that swept over Atlanta and adjacent territory Saturday afternoon, leaving thousands of dollars' damage in its wake.

A man named Rosser was killed by lightning at the river bridge just out of Cartersville, while a man named Field suffered a broken arm at Villa Rica.

But meager reports from the storm-swept district have been received, because the wind played havoc with telephone and telegraph wires, whole counties being isolated Saturday night.

The storm seemed to have originated in the mountains at the headwaters of the Chattahoochee and Etowah Rivers and to have swept down the river valleys, gaining force as it progressed until it reached its maximum of intensity in Douglas, Campbell and Carroll Counties.

Houses Reported Wrecked.

Several houses were reported wrecked in Douglas County between Douglasville and the Chattahoochee River. Chapel Hill and Winston sections in that county suffered heavily. At Villa Rica, on the line between Douglas and Carroll Counties, a store was wrecked, Field being caught in the debris.

Reports from Fairburn are that the storm was intense in that section. All country telephone lines in the western part of Campbell County are down.

Heavy wind and rain were reported at Newnan, in Coweta County, and Hogansville and LaGrange, in Troup, but not as severe as in the counties just north. Carrollton reported a severe storm along the entire east side of Carroll County.

Paulding, Cherokee and Milton Counties were entirely cut off and no

Continued on Page 2, Column 3.

Ethel Barrymore in Quarantine

Little Daughter Has Diphtheria

Ethel Barrymore (Mrs. Russell Griswold Colt), and her two children.

Actress Forced to Abandon Her Theatrical Engagements and Trip to Europe.

NEW YORK, May 31.—Ethel Barrymore, in private life Mrs. Russell Griswold Colt, is spending a two-week quarantine in the Minturn Hospital in this city, where her 1-year-old daughter is confined with diphtheria.

Mrs. Colt has been compelled to cancel her professional engagements and her plans to sail for Europe a week from Monday have been interrupted.

When the family physician diagnosed the ailment affecting the baby as diphtheria, the mother hastened with the child to the hospital.

After seeing her daughter tucked in bed, she told the house physician that she would like to engage a room in the hospital for herself.

She promptly was told that she could not leave if she wished to, for she had been exposed to the disease for two days and must consider herself under a fourteen-day quarantine.

CAPTAIN AND CREW SAVE LIVES AS SHIP FOUNDERS

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, May 31.—During a 60-mile gale on the Nova Scotia coast to-day the Norwegian ship Frela was dashed to pieces on the rocks at Sunday Point, off Yarmouth, and her cargo of lumber was strewn along the coast for miles.

Captain Olsen, his wife and the crew escaped after a thrilling experience.

Raw Food Champion On Trans-U. S. Hike

Athlete Tests Efficiency of Uncooked Diet for Those Taking Violent Exercise.

NEW YORK, May 31.—Harry Sain, 21 years old, a member of the Irish-American Athletic Club, will leave Coney Island on a long hike for San Francisco some day during the coming week in an effort to prove that a man can thrive on an uncooked diet, though taking violent exercise.

His diet on the tramp will consist of cereals, raw oatmeal, vegetables, fruit and nuts, washed down with water and an occasional glass of milk. He expects to finish the trip by September. He will carry a letter from Mayor Gaynor to Mayor Rolph of San Francisco.

PROPERTY LOSS ENORMOUS IN HURRICANE IN VIRGINIA

PORTSMOUTH, VA., May 31.—Scattering reports received here today show that the loss of life from the hurricane which swept over this section yesterday probably will not exceed two. The property loss, however, is enormous. Wire communication throughout the stricken section is cut off.

STEVENS BOY TRAPS NEGRO PAIR SOUGHT AS SLAYERS

Son Points Out on Atlanta Street Two Suspects in McDonough Road Fire Mystery—Success Comes as Hunt Is Given Up.

Prisoners Are Placed in Solitary Confinement Preparatory to Grilling—Both Are Caught in Falsehoods, Police Declare.

Wilkes, Who Says That He Is a Preacher, Admits He Marked Bible Found in His Cabin Near the Scene of the Tragedy.

To a youth of 16—Wade Stevens—once himself suspected of slaying his mother, Mrs. William Stevens, and her adopted daughter, Nellie, whose bodies were found in the ruins of their burned home, will go the credit for the solution of the mystery of McDonough Road if two prisoners now held at police headquarters are rightly accused.

The lad, who was arrested a few days ago in Chattanooga at the recommendation of a coroner's jury, first dissipated entirely the clouds of suspicion about him, and then joined in the pursuit of the real criminals with such tenacity that late Saturday afternoon his efforts were rewarded.

The searchers, Detectives Roster, of the local force; L. M. Johnson, a close friend of the Stevens family, and young Stevens, were just about to give up the hunt after an exhaustive automobile tour of the city, when at Peters and Beerman Streets, the youth shouted:

Points Out Men.

"There are your men."

The machine was halted and a few moments later Walter Wilkes, a negro, who had been employed in the Stevens household, and Ernest Maynard, an Indian half-breed, seen hanging around the place, both of whom had been sought ever since the tragedy was discovered, were in custody.

Both suspects, denying they are guilty, are held in cells in the police station in solitary confinement. They will be "sweated." Both men, officers say, already have been trapped in falsehoods.

Wilkes admitted that he marked the Bible found in the cabin he formerly occupied when he worked on the Stevens place. Many of the passages marked referred to the taking of human life. He declared that he was "studying the Scriptures."

A few minutes later, when asked if he had read the newspaper accounts of the tragedy, he asserted that he was unable to read.

Wilkes at first also denied that he saw Wade Stevens in Atlanta Tuesday night, just before young Stevens left for Chattanooga with "Red" Merchant, the companion with whom he was arrested.

Under a fire of questioning, he finally admitted that what young Stevens said was true, that he did meet the boy, and that the latter told him he was going to Chattanooga.

Knew Women Were Alone.

Stevens told the officers that he met Wilkes and that when he told him he was going to Chattanooga, the negro said:

"Your father is already in Chattanooga, ain't he?"

Stevens answered in the affirmative, and said the negro then remarked:

"I guess your mother and sister will be alone to-night."

He then added, according to Stevens:

"I think I'll go out and see if I can't get my job back."

It required persistent effort on the

CONLEY IS UNWITTINGLY FRIEND OF FRANK, SAYS OLD POLICE REPORTER

Attorney Rosser Is Reflected in Policy of Silence of Man Accused of Murder of Mary Phagan---Negro Is Trying to Free Self by Falsehood.

By AN OLD POLICE REPORTER.

Developments came thick and fast during the past week, and one is able to approach consideration of the Phagan case to-day with more assurance and ease of mind than heretofore.

Distinctly have the clouds lifted, so I think, from about Leo Frank, and if not yet are they "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried," they have, nevertheless, I take it, served to let a measure of the sunshine in.

Leo Frank, snatching eagerly at that faltering ray of blessed and thrice-welcome light, may thank the negro Conley for it—albeit Conley let it in neither by way of an impulse of sympathy nor intentional truth.

If I were a de-tec-i-tiff—which, praise be to Allah, I am not!—I think I should cease shouting from the housetops my unshakable belief in Frank's guilt, and should begin to contemplate in solemn and searching analysis the shifty and amazing James Conley, negro!

It is my opinion, bluntly stated, that Conley is an unmitigated liar, all the way through, and that the truth is not in him!

His statement appeals to me—an Old Police Reporter—and not a de-tec-i-tiff, again praise be to Allah!—as distinctly the weightiest document in Leo Frank's favor that yet has been promulgated.

Would Belong in Asylum.

Certainly, if Frank DID do the astonishing things Conley attributes to him, he should not be sent to the gallows in any event, for he surely belongs in Milledgeville, safely held in the State lunatic asylum. But, more of Conley hereafter. The issue of murder has been made with Leo Frank, and he must face trial. The Grand Jury has indicted him, and he will be arraigned in due time and in order.

It will be a finish fight between the State and the defendant. There can be no compromise now—either Frank is guilty or he is innocent, and the truth of that is for twelve men, "good and true," to say.

They will be picked carefully, the State and the defense each exercising its right of elimination to the limit, no doubt, in seeking to frame a jury likely to hand in a just verdict. At least, that is the theory of it.

Solomon cited three strange things as the strangest of all things—the way of an eagle in the air, a serpent upon a rock, and a man with a maid.

Jury Strangest of All.

In Solomon's day, however, they did not have trials by jury, otherwise I feel sure his majesty would have added the way of a jury with a defendant as the fourth exceeding strange thing!

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and no man knoweth whence it cometh or whither it goeth—and by the same token, the verdicts of juries are past prophecy and sure anticipation.

Therefore, students of the uncertain—those people who delight to indulge in speculation and baffling forethought—have three puzzles to engage their minds.

First, who killed Mary Phagan? Second, what will Frank's defense be? Third, what will the jury say?

One thing seems certain, either the jury will acquit Frank utterly or condemn him utterly.

There will be no recommendation of mercy, if he is found guilty, for that would make it obligatory upon the presiding judge to send Frank to the penitentiary for life, with a possible pardon or commutation of sentence ahead.

He will not be found guilty of manslaughter, either voluntary or involuntary, for that would mean that he killed Mary Phagan, but not with deliberate malice aforethought.

The verdict will be written in one of two words—either "Guilty" or "Not Guilty."

Law Holds Frank Innocent.

Remember, Frank, although indicted, stands in the eyes of the law at this writing with the presumption of innocence in his favor.

That is the written law, and the judges will so charge the jury when he comes to deliver into their hands the case for a decision. The burden of proof will be upon the State to make out its case against Leo Frank "beyond a reasonable doubt."

Frank may introduce witnesses or not, as he chooses. He may, as he will have the right to do, undertake his defense entirely in a personal statement, given not under oath, which the jury may accept in whole or in part, or reject in whole or in part, and to the exclusion of all the sworn testimony, if it so elects.

That also is the written law, and the trial jury will be so charged.

The State of Georgia is very fair to a defendant, fairer than many States.

If Frank should elect to rely upon his own statement alone, it will indicate his firm faith in the weakness of the State's case against him, and a determination to risk his chances thereupon. To that extent, therefore, it would be calculated to affect the jury favorably to his point of view.

Point Favors Rosser.

Moreover, such a course would give that wonderful criminal lawyer, Luther Z. Rosser, both the opening and the concluding arguments before the jury, which otherwise he will forfeit to the State—and that, in a case of the Phagan character, is a matter of possibly tremendous consequence.

It will not surprise me if Luther Rosser takes his time about assembling the jury to try Frank, in so far as he may. Neither will it surprise me to see him exhaust every effort to get a jury of marked intelligence.

I think he will incline to secure as many high-class men upon it as possible—conservative business men, heads of families, non-emotional, middle-aged persons, perhaps a minister of the gospel.

Here is a case of nation-wide interest. Not only is Leo Frank to be put on trial; the State of Georgia is to be put on trial also!

Of absorbing interest now, of course, is the probable theory of Frank's defense.

I have some ideas with regard to what it may be, and these I state, merely for what they may be worth, and as matters of personal speculation purely.

What I say of the defense is not said to prejudice the case one way or another. I have no personal concern in it whatever—it interests me merely in the abstract. I have no acquaintance or connection with any party to the tragedy of Mary Phagan—not the slightest. It is, to me, an absorbing problem—that's all.

Murder is the unlawful killing of a human being in the peace of the State, with malice aforethought, either expressed or implied. It may be proved either by direct or circumstantial evidence.

Naturally, it is harder to make out a case of murder by circumstantial evidence alone than by direct or mixed evidence.

Will the State of Georgia be able to make out such a definite case against Frank that the State will be willing to take his life upon the gallows as a forfeit for his crime? It either is that, or acquittal.

No Definite Responsibility.

Prophecy is gratuitous in matters of this kind, of course, and venturesome, but inasmuch as I am speaking for myself alone, I think I shall go on record here and now as saying that THE STATE NEVER WILL FIX UPON LEO FRANK DEFINITE RESPONSIBILITY FOR MARY PHAGAN'S MURDER!

I do not believe the State's case—unless its most convincing elements yet are secret—will "stand up" in court to that degree necessary for conviction.

And, with no hint or suggestion from him to guide my mind or direct its trend, I predict that Luther Z. Rosser will bend his best energies to showing more the hopeless weakness of the State's case than the strength of Frank's defense. He will, I think, seek to clear Frank largely through a process of elimination directed at the various factors in the case set up against him.

He will put in fearful and full measure the tremendous responsibility upon the State of taking Frank's life without being very sure of his guilt.

And that argument, remember, is to be directed not to YOU, gentle reader, nor to ME, nor to the judge, nor to the spectators in the court house—but to those TWELVE MEN, "good and true," under oath to do justice, there in the jury box!

Must Remember Law's Majesty.

Luther Rosser is going to demand of that jury that it remember the majesty of the law—and he is going to picture its greatest majesty in its protection of the innocent rather than in its punishment of the guilty.

Let us now consider for a while the part the negro Conley is playing in this Phagan case.

Conley's participation began with a lie. He first ventured the assertion, vehemently, that he could not write. It was soon discovered that the negro was falsifying about that.

He next swears that he wrote the notes found beside Mary Phagan's dead body, and that he wrote them the day BEFORE the killing. Presumably, it finally filtered through his thick head that he had made out a case of premeditated murder against Frank in that statement—if he had made out any case at all—and so he shifted away, and again swore that he wrote the notes the day OF the killing!

Finally, he gave out a statement, sworn to again—he seems to be about the most willing swearer that ever came down the pike!—saying that he actually had helped Frank, AT FRANK'S INVITATION, somewhat difficultly delivered, to dispose of the dead body of Mary Phagan, penned the notes at Frank's dictation, and ALMOST GOT $200 FOR DOING IT!

Do you believe the moon, "the pale, inconstant moon, that nightly changes," is made of green cheese, gentle reader? If so, it may so happen that you believe Conley is telling the truth—otherwise, I doubt it.

Frank in Conley's Hands.

Look at it in a common-sense light. Look at it fairly and squarely. Face it in its abstract aspect.

Ask yourself this question: Would Leo Frank, a white man of at least average intelligence and good reputation, with a family at home and a good business standing abroad, kill a girl just in her teens, sure in the knowledge that no human being had witnessed the deed, and then deliberately go forth to find a shiftless negro to make him directly acquainted with the crime and its circumstances, and that to hide a body as effectively hidden as it was when found next morning?

Did Leo Frank do that? If so, he is not a murderer in any event—he is an irresponsible lunatic! And it doesn't occur to me as remotely possible that Mr. Rosser will enter a plea of lunacy in Frank's behalf.

What is there, outside the preposterous "confession" of Conley that might be damaging to Frank that he has not himself been first to admit?

Did Frank not admit, readily, being in the pencil factory at such and such hours, held to suggest the possibility of his having committed the crime? Did he not say, voluntarily, when shown the dead body of Mary Phagan, "Why, that is one of the girls I paid off yesterday?"

Shreds and patches will be about the proper words to employ in discussing Conley when Luther Rosser gets through with him, I suspect.

If the suddenly grown loquacious Conley only can be kept loquacious, we yet may reach the absolute truth of the Phagan murder, before Frank goes to trial!

Looking back over the articles I heretofore have written with respect to the Phagan case, and noting the thread of more or less unconscious optimism as concerns the final intent of the people to be fair, to be just, to be true to their higher ideals, I note little, if anything, that I would unsay.

Public Opinion Honest.

Public opinion yields readily enough now and then to passionate impulse and unreason, but, in the long run, it may be depended upon to right itself and to deal honestly with men and things.

I thought I was right in saying that judgment some time ago was suspended with regard to Leo Frank, that the public mind, free of its initial distortion, had settled itself into a calm determination to see fair play—fair play for all, for Frank, for the dead girl and for the great State of Georgia.

To-day, I think the public mind is more firmly set in that direction than ever. The people of Atlanta, of Georgia, of the South, of the nation ARE FAIR!

One or two further points, and I am through.

There are those who wonder why Frank, innocent, if so he be, so persistently declines to see people and to discuss his case for the public edification. In the first place, I may answer to that, Frank has employed for his defense the most discreet and secretive attorney in Atlanta. Luther Rosser is, and ever has been, the personification of silence when silence seemed golden. In the matter of keeping things to himself, the well known Sphynx has nothing whatever on Luther Z. Rosser. Mr. Rosser unquestionably long ago advised Frank not to talk—particularly when he (Rosser) was at Tallulah Falls trying a case. Besides, by declining to try his case in the newspapers, Frank has displayed much common sense.

Conley Badly Frightened.

There are those who ask why Conley confessed, when to keep quiet seemed so much safer.

Well, Conley is a negro and he started out with a stupid purpose to lie, remember his denial of his ability to write—and, when he found that he was being suspected, despite his lies, he became fearful that suspicion would shift from Frank to himself, and so he rushed forth to fix it upon Frank in so far as he might. He has had four weeks to frame his story in his mind and to rehearse it to himself. He has rehearsed it to himself so many times that, negro like, he actually may believe it, or at least part of it.

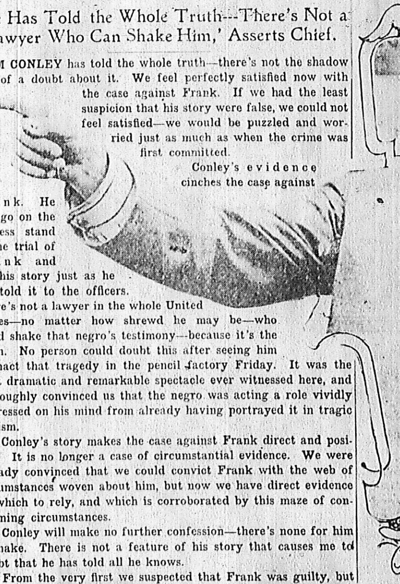
And I doubt capitally that he is through talking—and swearing—yet!

Our Rent Department is very thorough

2 1-2 Walton Street

Conley's Story Cinches Case Against Frank, Says Lanford

He Has Told the Whole Truth---There's Not a Lawyer Who Can Shake Him,' Asserts Chief.



JIM CONLEY has told the whole truth—there's not the shadow of a doubt about it. We feel perfectly satisfied now with the case against Frank. If we had the least suspicion that his story were false, we could not feel satisfied—we would be puzzled and worried just as much as when the crime was first committed.

Conley's evidence cinches the case against Frank. He will go on the witness stand in the trial of Frank and tell his story just as he has told it to the officers. There's not a lawyer in the whole United States—no matter how shrewd he may be—who could shake that negro's testimony—because it's the truth. No person could doubt this after seeing him re-enact that tragedy in the pencil factory Friday. It was the most dramatic and remarkable spectacle ever witnessed here, and thoroughly convinced us that the negro was acting a role vividly impressed on his mind from already having portrayed it in tragic realism.

Conley's story makes the case against Frank direct and positive. It is no longer a case of circumstantial evidence. We were already convinced that we could convict Frank with the web of circumstances woven about him, but now we have direct evidence on which to rely, and which is corroborated by this maze of condemning circumstances.

Conley will make no further confession—there's none for him to make. There is not a feature of his story that causes me to doubt that he has told all he knows.

From the very first we suspected that Frank was guilty, but we were never prejudiced against him. We have entertained every possible theory and worked on many different lines, as have all of the detectives on the case, and have been open to conviction. But every bit of real evidence unearthed pointed to Frank, and now the confession of Conley makes it all plain.—NEWPORT LANFORD, Chief of Detectives.

POLICE REPORTERS HAVE BEEN TREMENDOUS AID IN SOLVING MYSTERY

Perhaps as many of the great murder mysteries of history have been solved through the efforts of police reporters—men assigned by newspapers to "cover" criminal cases—as have been solved by detectives. At any rate, the police will always admit that police reporters have had a large part in unraveling the knotty problems. In a case of this sort the police reporter's analysis is particularly good, for he is simply seeking the truth. He, unlike the police, is not held responsible for the production of the criminal, and, therefore, whatever line of thought he pursues is solely in the interest of clearing up a baffling mystery. As such the accompanying article is presented.

DORSEY HINTS AT PLANS OF STATE

Continued From Page 1.

a score of other topics. But when the negro's mind was apparently distracted he would come back at him with a trip-hammer volley of questions covering time and again the ground that had been covered in the last affidavit of the negro.

Time Stressed by Solicitor.

On one point, particularly, the Solicitor placed considerable emphasis—the time Assistant Superintendent Darley walked to the factory entrance door with the woman who was crying. Darley placed the time as between 9:30 and 10 o'clock. The negro told the Solicitor that he was positive it was as late as 10:30 when this incident occurred and probably later. He said he would take a positive oath that it was not earlier than 10:30, and that Mr. Darley must have been mistaken.

The time he left the factory he placed as very nearly 1:40. He said he left by the front door and crossed the street to a near beer saloon where he got two drinks. He casually noticed the clock, he said, and his recollection was that it was about 1:40.

He was equally as ignorant on the subject of the condition of the body when he found it.

When the negro was taken from the Solicitor's office he was taken to the police station instead of to the jail and lodged by himself in a private cell. No one was allowed to see him except those directly interested in the case. He asked the detective chief to please allow him a short respite from the third degree and there was every indication the negro would not be again called before the detectives or the Solicitor until Monday.

Following his examination of Conley, the Solicitor intimated for the first time the line of his prosecution.

He explained, however, that later developments might make it necessary to change this plan. He would not comment on how much credence he placed in Conley's story.

Frank, indicted by the Grand Jury, he intimated, would be tried alone as the principal.

Conley, whom he expects to have the Grand Jury indict as an accessory after the fact, he will use first as a material witness against Frank. He may be tried later.

Newt Lee, held for the Grand Jury on a blank bill of indictment charging murder, he expects to see exonerated by a "no bill" when the jury meets again. Lee will be held in jail as a material witness.

Negro's Theory of Crime.

Conley gave for the first time Saturday his theory of how Mary Phagan met her death. Eliminating his dialect and rearranging the sequence of events it is:

Mary Phagan went to the pencil factory superintendent's office to draw her pay. She and the superintendent were alone and conversed rather freely. In the course of the conversation she asked Mr. Frank something about the metal. She decided to go to the metal department for some reason. Before going she placed her purse and pay envelope on the superintendent's desk. She was followed to the rear of the building where she met her death. (He would not express any opinion as to how.) Several minutes elapsed before he was called, probably twenty or thirty minutes. In this time Frank had had time to dispose of the purse and pay envelope and decide to call him to help conceal the body.

Today Is Mary Phagan's Birthday; Mother Tells of Party She Planned

Parents Intended to Give Child Happy Surprise—Now They Will Strew Flowers on Her Grave in Marietta Churchyard.

By MIGNON HALL.

This will be the saddest Sunday with Mary Phagan's family since that fatal Sunday just five weeks ago when the little girl's body was found hidden away in the basement of the National Pencil factory.

For to-day is Mary's birthday, and it had been planned by her mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Coleman, that they would give her a party. If she had lived it would have been celebrated last night in her little home on Lindsay Street, where she had spent the past fifteen months of her life.

Instead of that, there is a shadow over the household, and she was spoken of with an ache in the throat and tears. Where last night would have been so happy for Mary, there was silence, and to-day the family expects to go to Marietta to weep above the little mound where she rests and lay flowers on the grave.

Was to Have Been Surprise.

Mary's birthday party, Mrs. Coleman said, was to have been a surprise, and as she told of it Saturday morning over the ironing-board—spoke of her other childish birthdays, the things Mary said and did, and all the tender little recollections of her a mother's heart holds dear—her voice choked with sobs so that she could scarcely speak.

"It would have been the child's first party," she said simply. "The poor little thing never had had much in her life—she had to work so hard. It was Mr. Coleman's idea. He thought it would be nice for her. He was like a father to her, anyway, and the only one she had ever known. Her own father died before she was born.

"We were going to have about twenty-five of the young folks and serve them ice cream and cake and fruit—and now—"

The mother's lips twitched and her hands trembled as she straightened out the white waist and ran the iron across it.

Mother Broken-Hearted.

"Seems just like I can't get over it," she said. "I can hold up pretty well for a while, and then it seems I just have to cry it all out. I know that all the tears in the world won't help things, but I just don't seem able to do anything else.

"I just dread supper to-night. Poor little Mary—Mr. Coleman was going to give her a bracelet for her birthday—she had wanted one so long—as far back as I can remember."

She said that Mary had always been so happy over her birthdays, and she never forgot one of them, even those when she was a little girl.

"I used to cook a little something extra for her," Mrs. Coleman said, "and she would be satisfied, for she was always easy to please—the least little thing made her happy; and we'd have such a good time together."

Most of her life Mary had lived in the country, her mother said, and she had always worked, for Mrs. Phagan was a widow and there were four children besides Mary. The family had first lived six miles from Marietta on a farm, and then later in Alabama, till they moved here a few months ago, when Mrs. Phagan married Mr. Coleman.

"I never will forget Mary's birthday three years ago," Mrs. Coleman said. "Her sister Ollie gave her a little locket with a little bit of a heart on it. It was pretty, and Mary took a spell over it and wore it all the time till she bought another one day just before she got killed. I think the child paid a dollar or two for it, but, just like she was about everything she had, she thought it was the nicest thing in the world. She never envied other girls."

Longs for Slain Child.

Mrs. Coleman dropped down in the chair, her hands listless in her lap.

"You don't know," she cried to the reporter. "It seems to get lonesomer and lonesomer without Mary."

It was a few minutes before she could speak again, and then it was to tell of how the days went without the child. It seemed, she said, like she just couldn't remember that Mary was dead. Sometimes when she would be cooking in the kitchen she would be expecting her, and two or three mornings she had called her when it was time for her to get up.

"It's so quiet in the house," she said. "Mary was always laughing and talking, telling what she had done and what she was going to do and all that. Me and the children are just like we're dead without her. Mary always used to carry my picture in her locket—she was a good child to me.

"I remember so well how she looked the day she was born. It was the first day of June she came. She had right black curly hair, and the same smile she grew up with. I never will forget that smile. I used to see it the last thing every morning when she went to work. I never could bear to see her going off to the car without I watched her. Especially cold mornings, when I thought she might have to wait. I used to stand out there in the street with my arms hugged up almost freezing till I saw her get on. I couldn't be satisfied without I did that, seemed like."

Slain Girl's Last Week.

And then Mrs. Coleman told of the last week before Mary had been killed. The child had mentioned her birthday several times. She was not at work in the factory and had helped around the house. She had baked her first biscuit one day as a surprise to her mother.

"I was always so proud of the child—maybe I was too proud," Mrs. Coleman said. "I used to look at her when she was a little playful girl before she had to go to work out, and I used to think I was the happiest mother in the world. She wasn't much more than a playful little girl when she got killed. I'll show you just what size she was. Wait."

And she went into the other room and brought back a short blue dress with white embroidered collar and cuffs.

"Mary always looked well, no matter what she had on," she declared with moist eyes, as she held up the dress and took in its tender curves that would never again hold the little body. "The neighbors used to say if she put on a toe sack she'd look just like a morning glory."

Mrs. Coleman said she hoped some day to erect a stone over Mary's grave. They were too poor to do it now, though, and they would have to wait, she said. What they would get she did not know—but something simple and sweet—like Mary was.

RICHMOND AND RETURN $16.70 VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Tickets on sale June 7 and 8. Through Pullman Sleeping Car leaving Atlanta 2:45 p. m. daily, arriving Richmond 8:40 a. m. Dining car. City Ticket Office No. 1 Peachtree Street.

Established 1865 EISEMAN BROS., Inc. *Incorporated 1912*

READ WHAT WE SAY!

AND LEARN WHERE AMERICA'S BEST CLOTHES ARE TO BE HAD. We are exclusive representatives in Atlanta of SEVEN OF THE MOST NOTABLE MAKES OF MEN'S CLOTHES IN THE COUNTRY.

Amongst such a superb and representative collection of models, every style is thoroughly and exhaustively represented. The ENGLISH, and Semi-English; the NORFOLK in every version of the vogue; the conservative cut, too, all at their very best; handsomely tailored; beautifully finished; intensely correct in line, and made of highly finished fabrics in the popular colors, and modish mixtures.

Cool Canadian Crash Suits!

Extremely light in weight; two-piece models, coats quarter lined; all seams piped with silk; handsomely tailored; fine fitting garments. Made of GENUINE CANADIAN CRASH in tans, light and dark, sold colors, and with penciled effects. Extremely neat, dressy and comfortable.

$15---to---$35

Mohair Suits

Unconscious in weight, neat in appearance, and serviceable, the MOHAIR SUIT is a popular favorite, and thousands of men wear them. We have a splendid collection of MOHAIRS in dark colors, with pin and shadow stripes. All sizes, for all phases of slims and statures of stouts, as well as the range of normal sizes.

$15---to---$30

Cool Straw Headgear $1.50 and Up

Cool underwear of unconscious weight, 50c the garment up.

"HESS" Shoes, Blucher Models, English Last---Fine Modish Tans---$5---$6---$7.

Eiseman Bros., Inc.

11-13-15-17 WHITEHALL

ORDERS DELIVERED IN 8 HOURS. FOR EFFICIENT, QUICK AND QUALITY EIGHT-HOUR SERVICE USE MY "CO-OP" COUPONS.

BRING OR MAIL YOUR FILM ROLLS AND PACKS TO ME AND GET THE BEST RESULTS YOU EVER HAD.

MY LAB. IS ONE BUSY PLACE. Shelley Ivey, Mgr., THE COLLEGE "CO-OP," 97 Peachtree, Atlanta. FREE DEVELOPING ROLLS AND PACKS.

CUBA CABLES NATION'S THANKS TO MR. HEARST

ADMIRAL SIGSBEE PRAISES BUILDERS OF MONUMENT

I break my usual reserve and refer here, voluntarily, to my connection of fact and sentiment with the Maine in order that I may venture to attach to myself for this moment a sufficiently representative character regarding the Maine and her dead to offer my heartiest appreciation and my sincere congratulations to Mr. William Randolph Hearst, to General James Grant Wilson and his committee, to the subscribers to the fund, to the sculptor and architect, and to all others whose patriotic efforts have contributed to the erection of this noble and beautiful monument which we know accords with the hallowed sentiment of a whole people.—ADMIRAL SIGSBEE.

Continued From Page 1.

a young officer engaged in deep-sea exploration for the Government. He said, in part:

It lies on white bottom, in clear water, and cold nearly to the freezing point. At or near that place I also found the bottom profusely covered with Pentacrinus asteria, the beautiful long stemmed 'sea lilies' of varied hues and extreme delicacy of shape.

The Maine at the time of her destruction was under my command. I knew her people in life. I saw many of them when they were dead.

Influences aroused by the Maine will remain with me till I die.

Admiral Thanks Hearst.

I break my usual reserve and refer here, voluntarily, to my connection of fact and sentiment with the Maine in order that I may venture to attach to myself for this moment a sufficiently representative character regarding the Maine and her dead to offer my heartfelt appreciation and my sincere congratulations to Mr. William Randolph Hearst, to General James Grant Wilson, and his committee, to the subscribers to the fund, to the sculptor and architect, and to all others whose patriotic efforts have contributed to the erection of this noble and beautiful monument which we know accords with the hallowed sentiment of a whole people.

Governor Sulzer also paid a tribute to Mr. Hearst. He said:

Fellow citizens: That monument at the entrance of one of the grandest parks in the world will for years embellish our great city of New York. For decades it will teach the country the patriotic duty of American citizens. It will be a lesson to the people of our land that no man who dies in the service of his country ever dies in vain.

Sulzer Lauds Committee.

All honor to the men whose foresight and whose patriotism have made that monument possible. All honor to William Randolph Hearst, to the members of the committee, to the patriotic citizens who contributed to rear that monument.

That monument will be an inspiration to generations yet unborn, because it typifies a great idea, because it stands for a great inspiration.

Rear Admiral Badger, in command of the visiting fleet of warships, said:

The ceremony was one of the most remarkable I have witnessed in all the years I have been in the Navy. Particularly impressive was the unveiling, conducted by the young son of Mr. Hearst.

The arrangements in every detail were perfect. In all it was one of the most successful affairs of the kind I have ever seen, and there was nothing that was left undone. It was certainly a wonderful day; one that will long be remembered by the American people, and particularly by those who took part in the ceremony.

Maine Governor Joins Praise.

Joining with Governor Sulzer and Mr. Simmons, Governor W. T. Haines, of Maine, thus gave his views of the dedication:

Magnificent would perhaps be a proper term to apply to the whole celebration. The monument surprised me, for I had no idea of its grandeur until I saw it.

Mr. Hearst and the Hearst newspapers and his associates on the committee who promoted the monument deserve the praise of the entire nation for such a splendid tribute to those who gave up their lives in the service of their country.

The day for the dedication was perfect, and America can well be proud of the sailors and marines who marched in perfect alignment past the stand. I am glad that the battleship had been named the Maine, for it gave me the opportunity to witness the scene on the day this city paid tribute to its dead. I never wish to see a more inspiring sight.

Ceremonies Magnificent.

Captain Oscar Fernandez Quevedo, commander of the Cuban cruiser Cuba, sent here for the occasion, expressed his sentiments thus:

The monument, the ceremonies, the parade and all that had to do with the unveiling was magnificent, and none who had any part in it can ever forget it.

To Mr. Hearst and his papers the Cubans can only express their thanks for raising the funds that make this day's events possible. I am honored in being the one to express this thanks.

Congressman Filipo Tazos, one of the Cuban envoys to the unveiling, said:

I would like to express my gratitude not only to the Secretary of the Navy, but to all the American people, for the way in which we have been received. Especially do we extend our thanks to Mr. Hearst for making this day possible.

Cuban People Proud.

Nor were the feelings of gratitude and pride over the completed memorial confined to Americans alone. The new President of Cuba sent the following message:

Havana, Cuba, May 30.—President Mario G. Menocal requests me to say in reply to your cable that the Cuban people are feelingly proud of the part they have been permitted to take in the ceremony of dedicating and unveiling the monument to the men of the ill-fated battleship Maine. The friendliness of the United States toward Cuba was demonstrated by the invitation asking our officers and troops to actively participate in the ceremonies.

The courtesies which have been showered upon the men who went to New York to represent the Republic of Cuba on this solemn occasion can but cement the friendly relations which to-day exist between the two nations.

COSMO DE LA TORRIENTE,
Secretary of State.

Scott's Bitter Disappointment---He Arrives at the Pole Only To Find Capt. Amundsen's Tent and Flag

THE upper photograph shows Captain Scott peering into the tent erected by Captain Amundsen at the South Pole. The tent is in excellent condition, and one which would furnish adequate protection against Antarctic weather. Standing about it, from left to right, are Captain Oates, Petty Officer Evans, Captain Scott and Dr. Wilson. This is a most remarkable pohtograph, showing, as it does, the arrival of the Scott party at the South Pole, and at the same time the evidence of the triumph of Captain Amundsen. Flying above the tent is to be seen the Norwegian flag which Amundsen left flying as evidence of his victory.

In the lower photograph Captain Scott and his companions are shown starting their final dash over the ice and snow to the South Pole. Hauling the heavy sledges themselves, they covered the distance of more than 550 miles on skis. Some idea of the difficulties of their travel may be obtained by a glance at the weighted sledges shown in the picture.

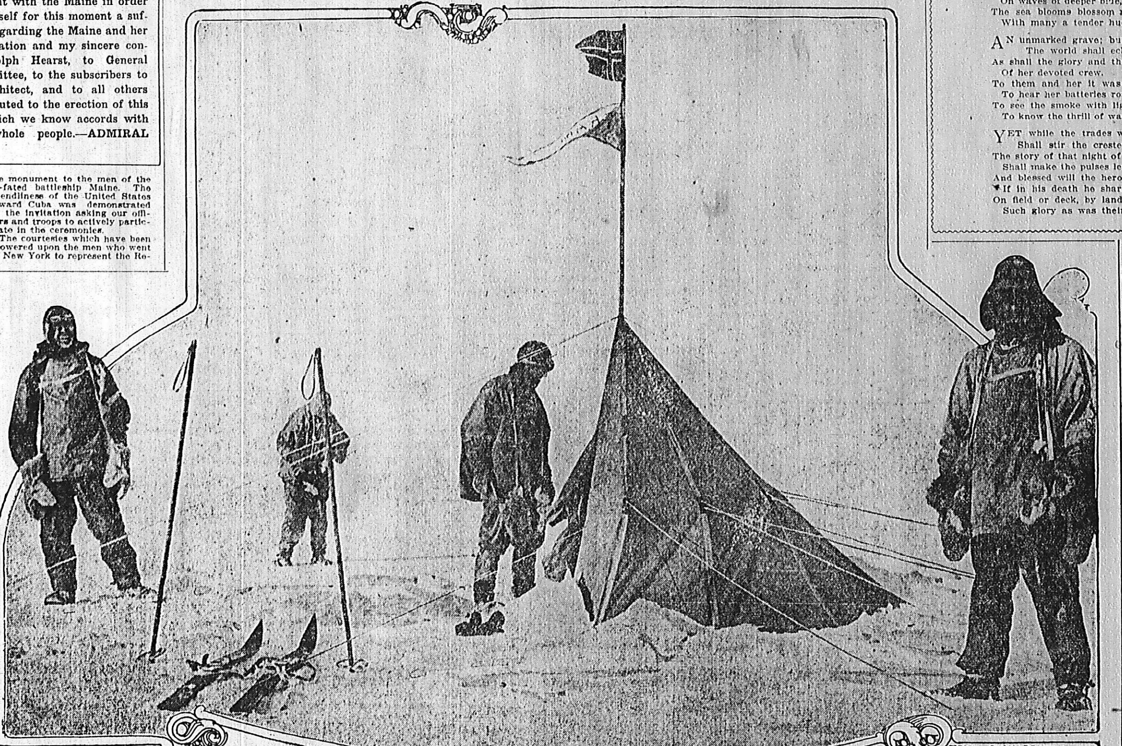


Photo copyrighted 1913 by International News Service.

Photos copyrighted 1913 by International News Service

The Maine and Her Crew

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

THE sea gull wheels above her grave,
The moon sails by at night,
And trails along from wave to wave
A wake of silver light.
And vessels come and vessels go
Above that billowing plain,
Nor dream that half a league below
There lies the brave old Maine.

THE climbing coral wreathes her round;
The star dust, through the deeps
Sifts down to raise the funeral mound
Where quietly she sleeps.
And when the skies shine blue o'erhead
On waves of deeper blue,
The sea blooms blossom round her bed
With many a tender hue.

AN unmarked grave; but still her name
The world shall echo through,
As shall the glory and the fame
Of her devoted crew.
To them and her it was not given
To hear her batteries roar,
To see the smoke with lightning riven,
To know the thrill of war.

YET while the trades with scented breath
Shall stir the crested deep,
The story of that night of death
Shall make the pulses leap,
And blessed will the hero be
If in his death he shares—
On field or deck, by land or sea—
Such glory as was theirs.

ATLANTA CLANS TO 'GAITHER' IN JUNE FOR PICNIC

Scots of City to Make Merry and Arrange Annual Outing at Meeting This Week.

A "gaitherin' o' the clans" has been called by W. A. Somerville, secretary of the Atlanta Scottish Association, for June 6 at 8 o'clock in the evening, to formulate plans for the annual outing of the association.

The "gaitherin'" will be held in the K. of P. Hall, in the Kiser Building, Hunter and Pryor Streets, and all who "claim Auld Scotia as Hame" are urged to attend and have a voice in the completion of the arrangements.

"Pibroch Is Soondin'."

Secretary Somerville and Chief Cruickshank have sent out to the members of the association the following characteristic Scotch postal card:

"The pibroch is soondin' o'er Georgia's hills and dales, and the Scots gaither the first Friday o' ilka month in the K. of P. Hall, Kiser Building, Hunter and South Pryor Streets.

"Dinna forget to meet wi' us at aucht o'clock at nicht on the saxth day o' June.

"Scotch sangs, Scotch stories and Scotch freends will mak' ye glad ye cam'."

Big Picnic Planned.

The annual picnic of the Atlanta Scotchmen is recognized as one of the most picturesque and interesting of the summer outings, and the outlook this year is good for the largest gathering of Scots that has ever assembled in Atlanta. The arrangements committee of the local Scots has received word from prominent Scotchmen of Georgia, Florida and the Carolinas that they will attend the picnic. There will be speaking by Scotch orators, Scotch music and Scotch stories, and the day will come to a grand close with athletic contests peculiarly Scotch.

Maine Monument Fund Raised By Public With Aid of Hearst Papers

NEW YORK, May 31.—The fund with which the National Maine monument was built was raised by William Randolph Hearst's newspapers. The idea of the monument to be built through small contributions, nationwide in their scope, was his, and to carry out this idea his personal contributions toward the monument itself, outside of numerous other expenses, will total $21,000.

The original sum raised was $104,000.

Prominent Men Who Subscribed.

Among the then prominent persons who contributed toward that sum were:

W. R. Hearst	$21,000
Col. Jacob Ruppert, Jr.	1,000
George J. Gould	500
Oliver H. P. Belmont	500
Richard Croker	100
General Howard Carroll	100
John J. Scannell	100
John H. Gunner	100
John R. McLean	100
Theodore B. Starr	200
Louis Stern	100
Andrew Friedman	100
John McQuade	100
Washington E. Conner	100

In the main the contributions were small sums that came from every part of the United States, and considerable of the money was realized by giving public entertainments. In addition to his personal check, Mr. Hearst contributed toward the original fund about $15,000, which is not considered as a part of the fund, because it covers the cost of executive management in connection with the raising of the fund and handling of it during a number of years. This is, of course, in addition to his direct contributions of $21,000 toward the actual cost of the monument.

Sum Raised to $143,000.

The fund has always been banked in the name of the National Maine Monument Committee, and trust fund interest has been accumulating until the original fund has expanded to $143,000. This amount would have been sufficient to carry out the building of the monument as originally planned. However, when the present site was settled upon, the municipal art commission requested that the beautiful entrance gates be added, and this additional burden was cheerfully assumed.

In addition to this $30,000 there were a number of other incidentals that came up and had to be met, and with the cost of the impressive dedication to be met it was found that the actual cost of the monument would be about $183,000, the dedication included.

Offers Dollar for Dollar.

Mr. Hearst, who had started the fund and used his newspapers to raise the original fund, then announced that he would be glad to make a public offer to give a dollar for every dollar that the Maine monument committee could raise in every other way. He also offered and gave the use of his newspapers, and small contributions have again come from all parts of the country.

Toward the fund the United Spanish War Veterans have contributed to date $1,710.

W. R. Hearst's personal contributions to date to offset above contributions, to be increased as other sums come in, $15,949.83, making a total of $31,899.66.

The above-mentioned contribution of $1,710 from the United Spanish War Veterans comes in small contributions from all parts of the United States, Cuba and the Honolulu Islands. It is from the veterans themselves, and camps throughout the country are still engaged in the work of raising funds.

It is understood that allied with the United Spanish War Veterans in Chicago the sum of more than $2,000 has been raised, but this has not yet been turned over to the New York committee. Just what the total amount will be can not at present be estimated.

The city of New York is to pay the cost of the foundation, which amounts to $7,000.

The Republic of Cuba contributed $5,000.

Among the other contributors are:

George Ehret	$1,000
J. R.	200
William Rhinelander Stewart	100
H. P.	100
Francis Lynde Stetson	100
Richard C. Veit	50
H. R. L.	50
J. P. K.	25
Allison V. Armour	25
Henry R. Towne	25
Robert W. DeForest	25
O. J. Gude	10
Frank V. Strauss	10
A. Oberstein	10
A. W. Whitcher	2
New York State Society Daughters of the Revolution	50
General Society Daughters of the Revolution	100
Charles D. Stickney	100
E. H. Tomlinson	5
D. Francis O'Leary	1
Miss Ilma Holske	1
Regimental Headquarters, Seventh Regiment, California National Guard	5
Company D, Seventh Regiment, C. N. G.	15
Company G, Seventh Regiment, C. N. G.	5
Company H, Seventh Regiment, C. N. G.	6
Solomon Robitzchek, Lowell, Mass.	1
Through Boston American	91.33
Governor Eugene N. Foss	100
W. F. Kinder	25
Unknown	10
Mary E. Bond, Auxiliary No. 4, Minneapolis, Minn.	1
Moses Samson, Boston	1

SEABORN WRIGHT CARRIES WAR ON LIQUOR TO MACON

ROME, GA., May 31.—Having closed up one locker club in Rome this week, Seaborn Wright, the famous prohibitionist, will go to Macon to-morrow and shell the woods there. He will speak in the afternoon at the city auditorium under the auspices of the Law and Enforcement League.

McKee Welcomes Postoffice Inquiry

Reports of Congestion and Inefficiency in Atlanta Station Vigorously Denied.

Postmaster Hugh McKee Saturday contradicted reports of congestion and inefficiency in the local office. The reports emanated in dispatches from Washington, which said that the Atlanta postoffice was to be investigated with a view of determining the cause of alleged delays in handling the mails.

"If there is any inefficiency or congestion in the Atlanta office I am unaware of the fact," said Mr. McKee. "We are getting the mail out in excellent shape and the deliveries never have been more prompt. I have no apprehension as to the result of an investigation."

The superintendent of the railway mail service also was seen in regard to the accusations that congestion in this department was responsible for the alleged delay in the mails. Denial also was made in this branch of the service.

Oil Mill Men to Meet in Atlanta

Joint Convention of Superintendents and Machinery Experts Opens at Armory June 4.

The joint convention of oil mill superintendents and machinery men will be held in Atlanta at the Auditorium-Armory June 4 to 6.

Indications point to an attendance more than double that of any previous year.

The convention was held in Macon two years ago with an attendance of 30 superintendents and twelve machinery men. Last year in Atlanta there were 150 superintendents and 44 machinery men.

An instructive educational program has been arranged. The machinery exhibits this year will be the largest of any convention.

On the last afternoon of the convention an old-fashioned barbecue will be served at the plant of the Atlanta Manufacturing and Supply Company at East Point.

WELTNER TO SPEAK ON CRIME TO SUFFRAGISTS

Philip Weltner will speak at a meeting of the Atlanta Equal Suffrage Association on Wednesday at 3 o'clock in Carnegie Library. His subject will be "Crime and Its Cure."

Beats All How "GETS-IT" Gets Corns!

The New-Plan Corn Cure, No Fuss, No Pain, Sure and Quick.

You never used anything like "GETS-IT" for corns, before! You're sure at last that every stubborn corn that you've tried so long to get rid of

"How I Did Suffer From Corns for Years! 'GETS-IT' Got Them All in a Few Days!"

is a "goner." You apply "GETS-IT" in 2 seconds, that's all. "GETS-IT" does the rest. There's no more fussing, no more bandages to fix, no more salves to turn the flesh red and raw. No more plasters to get misplaced and press on the corn. No more "pulling," no more pain, no more picking and gouging, no more razors. "GETS-IT" stops pain, shrivels up the corn, and the corn vanishes. "GETS-IT" never fails, is harmless to healthy flesh. Warts, callouses and bunions disappear.

"GETS-IT" is sold at drug stores at 25c a bottle, or sent on receipt of price by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago. Sold in Atlanta by Jacobs' Pharmacy Co., Elkin Drug Co., Coursey & Munn, Gunter-Watkins Drug Co., E. H. Cone, Inc., Lipton & Co.

SCOTT'S OWN PHOTOS ARE PROOF AS TO HIS BRAVERY

First Pictures of the Polar Journey That Cost Lives of Daring Englishmen Give Idea of Suffering His Pathetic Diary Related.

Camera Corroborates Words of Leader, "Human Beings Never Came Through Such Months as We Have"—Films Sent.

Photographs depicting more graphically than words the pathetic annihilation of Captain Robert Falcon Scott and his party of four daring English explorers in their amazing dash to the South Pole were received yesterday by Hearst's Sunday American. These are the first of the Scott pictures to arrive in the United States.

Most of them were made by Captain Scott and his band of heroes before they perished miserably during the early months of 1912, after having attained the pole on January 18, that year. The remainder were made by the rescuing party, which also was near destruction in the barren and tempestuous stretches of the Antarctic. The proceeds from the sale of the pictures will go to the family of Captain Scott.

Scott's Thrilling Message.

With death creeping over him in the tent where his frozen body was found, Captain Scott scrawled this thrilling message:

"For my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown us that Englishmen can endure hardship, help one another and meet death with as great fortitude as ever in the past. We took risks. We knew we took them. Things have come out against us, and, therefore, we have no cause for complaint.

"Had I lived I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance and courage of my companions which would have stirred the hearts of all Englishmen. These rough notes on our dead bodies must tell the tale.

Dead in the tent with Captain Scott were Lieutenant H. R. Bowers and Dr. E. A. Wilson. They had expired a few days after Captain E. G. Oates and six weeks after Petty Officer Edgar Evans.

Diary Gives Incidents.

Captain Scott's diary, found back of his head, as he sat, dead, against the tent pole, gives incidents leading up to his death. It said:

"The weather throughout the outward journey stopped us; the soft snow in the lower reaches of the Beardmore Glacier again reduced the pace. We fought these untoward events and conquered, but it ate into our provision reserve.

"The advance party would have returned to the glacier in fine form and with surplus food but for the astonishing failure of the man whom we had least expected to fall. Seaman Evans was thought to be the strongest man of the party and Beardmore Glacier is not difficult in fine weather.

"We got into frightfully rough ice and Evans received a concussion of the brain. He died a natural death, but left us with a shaken party, with the season unduly advanced.

Surprise at Barrier.

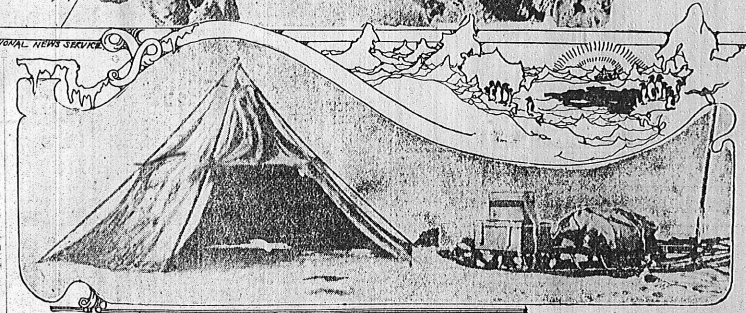
"But all the facts above enumerated were as nothing to the surprise which awaited us on the barrier. On the summit, in latitude 85 to 86 degrees, we had minus 20 to minus 30. On the barrier, in latitude 82—10,000 feet lower—we had minus 30 during the day and minus 47 at night with continuous head wind during the day marches.

"I do not think human beings ever came through such months as we have come through, and we should have come through in spite of the weather but for the sickening of our mates and the shortage of fuel in our depots, for which I can not account, and finally, but for the storm which has fallen on us within eleven miles of the depot at which we hoped to secure final supplies."

Photograph That Captain Scott and His Comrades Made of Themselves at the South Pole, and the Tent in Which They Died

THE upper photograph was taken at the South Pole and is the last one of the five heroic members of the expedition. Standing from left to right they are Petty Officer Evans, Captain Scott and Dr. Wilson. Below are Lieutenant Bowers and Captain Oates. The photograph was taken at the pole by Lieutenant Bowers, who first focused the camera, then took his place before the group, and exposed the negative by pulling a string, which may be seen in his right hand, and is indicated by the arrow.

The lower photograph shows the tent in which were found the bodies of Captain Scott, Dr. Wilson and Lieutenant Bowers. To the right, as shown in the photograph, was found the luggage of the party resting upon a sledge. The body of of Captain Scott was found in a half-sitting position against a tent pole. His head was supported by his diary, in which he had detailed the tragic last moments of the expedition, and it was in this tent that Captain Scott, starving and half frozen, wrote his last words. Bits of wind-blown snow cover it.



WALKER'S FATE WARNS AGAINST POISON TABLET

State Board of Health Prepares Bulletin Telling of Dangers of Having Bichloride in Home.

The death of B. Sanders Walker, the prominent young Macon capitalist who came to his end through accidental poisoning, is the inspiration of a health bulletin soon to be issued by the Georgia State Board of Health, warning the public against the danger which lurks in even the innocent use of bichloride of mercury in the home.

Walker swallowed a bichloride tablet by mistake, thinking that he had taken a grain of aspirin. The struggle of the young man against death aroused the sympathy of the entire nation. This story will be used as the text of the warning by the State Board.

Beginning with an explanation of the deadly nature of bichloride of mercury, the bulletin will discuss means of keeping it without danger to those in the home where it is used. More pointed probably will be a discussion of likely measures to restrict the sales of the drug, or to provide for its sale only upon prescription and for an avowed useful purpose.

Home Treatment Suggested.

Home treatment of mercury poisoning will be considered fully. Discussing the subject yesterday, Dr. E. R. Park, of the Board of Health, offered the following suggestion as to an antidote: "One of the best antidotes of mercury is the white of eggs—the white of one egg to every two grains of the chemical taken into the stomach."

It is explained that if too much albumen is introduced the chemical is likely to dissolve it instead of coagulating it. However, while the physician is on his way the introduction of eggs and milk into the stomach is the first step, and after that the emetic or the stomach pump.

The bulletin will discuss the subject fully. It will show that bichloride of mercury, which is commonly known as corrosive sublimate, is one of the most powerful poisons known. It is used as a disinfectant and physicians make free use of it in sterilizing their hands and their surgical instruments. The common form in which it is sold is in 7½-grain tablets. The standard formula for antiseptic solutions is one part of bichloride of mercury to 1,000 of water.

The poison is colorless, usually, but manufacturers, in order to prevent it from being mistaken for water, add to the tablet some mineral or vegetable coloring matter, usually green or blue. This gives a tinge to the solution and serves to draw attention to the tablets themselves and to impress upon the customer that here is something unusual in their composition.

Tablet Peculiarly Deadedly.

"The bichloride of mercury tablet," said an Atlanta druggist yesterday, "is peculiarly deadly, because it is compounded with some other chemical usually to increase its solubility. The bichloride is not readily dissolved in water. The surgeon is usually in a hurry and can not wait for the slow process of making a solution. For that reason the pharmaceutical chemists incorporate a little ammonia chloride. To hold the tablet together, a little inert binding material is used. This makes a tablet containing the 7½ grains of bicholride weigh about 10 grains. It is a sizable enough lozenge, and one which a man who had his mind on what he was doing would look at twice before swallowing.

Concert Prevented By Hardware Show

Series To Be Resumed Next Sunday. Wagnerian Centennial Highly Successful Affair.

There will be no free organ concert at the Auditorium this afternoon the Atlanta Music Festival Association announces. The Auditorium is occupied by a hardware exhibit.

It is expected, however, that the free concerts will be regularly resumed with the following Sunday. The Wagnerian centennial concert, held last Sunday, was one of the most successful the association ever has given.

Judge Offers Hope To Locker Members

Moses Wright, Though Closing One Club, Tells How Liquor Can Be Served.

ROME, GA., May 31.—Although Judge Moses Wright granted an order restraining the Hill City Club from operating, he gave hope to members of locker clubs by a clause in his decision. It reads:

"It may be that a bona fide club can serve liquors as an incident to the club's main purpose and organization. There should be no sale, however, to any member."

Seaborn Wright, as attorney for C. L. Wilkerson, closed up the Hill City Club several days ago on the grounds that it was a blind tiger. In his decision, Judge Wright declared the club was never operated for any other purpose than the sale of liquor.

ATLANTA MAN NEW HEAD OF SHORTER'S TRUSTEES

ROME, GA., May 31.—The Shorter College board of trustees has organized by electing W. W. Brookes, of Atlanta, president. He succeeds J. L. Bass, resigned.

Out-of-town members present were Frank Pidcock, of Moultrie; W. P. Johnson, of Washington; F. S. Etheridge, of Madison; Dr. L. C. Hardeman, of Commerce.

4 PEACHTREE
CITY TICKET OFFICE
EITHER PHONE
L&N
THE ATTRACTIVE WAY NORTH & WEST

Spectacles Blamed For Family Break

Wife of 33 Years Says Husband Wanted to Use Glasses All the Time, Except When Asleep.

CLEVELAND, May 31.—Mrs. Louis Magrander blames a pair of spectacles for the troubles between herself and her husband, Louis, to whom she has been married 33 years.

"I need them part of the time, but he wants to wear them all the time, except when he goes to bed," she says. "And he stays up late just to keep hold of them. They fit us both perfectly."

The husband's version, as related in a divorce proceeding, charges that Mrs. Magrander beat him with a club, the police interfering to save a knock-out, and refused to cook his meals. Magrander wants the court to compel his wife to pay him alimony.

BEER DRINKING BY CHILDREN CALLED AMERICAN MENACE

CHICAGO, May 31.—"Beer drinking among children in America is a menace," declared Miss Edith M. Wills, of Boston, to-day at the scientific temperance exhibit at the Coliseum.

Miss Wills cited [illegible] among children [illegible] are caused by their parents drinking

Coffee Drinking Cut By Cost of Living

Department of Commerce Report Shows Americans Use Less as Import Duty Increases.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—Americans have started out to cut the high cost of living by drinking less coffee. As the price goes up the amount each person drinks decreases, according to figures made public to-day by the Department of Commerce.

In 1909 the average consumption per capita was more than 11 pounds and the average import price 7 1-2 cents. In 1899, when the import price advanced to 10.3 cents, the average consumption dropped to 9.3 pounds, and in 1912, when the price was 13.3 cents, the consumption was only 8.9 pounds. In the nine months ended last March the coffee importations amounted to only 716,327,146 pounds, valued at $99,881,421. This is a big decrease in bulk and an increase in value.

Night School Girls Graduate June 3

Closing Exercises Arranged to Take Place in Central Congregational Church—Public Invited.

Closing exercises of the Girls' High School will be held Tuesday evening, June 3, at 8 o'clock, in the Sunday school room of the Central Congregational Church, Ellis Street and Carnegie Way.

An attractive program has been arranged, and all the friends of the school are invited.

ROME MAN PRESIDENT OF 7TH DISTRICT CARRIERS

ROME, GA., May 31.—Rural carriers of the Seventh Congressional District elected J. B. Lumpkin, of Rome, president, and James Latimer, of Cartersville, secretary. Nearly every county in the district was represented.

J. P. Bowie, recently appointed postmaster for Rome, was among the speakers.

Yoakum Refuses to Disclose Frisco Move

Group of Bondholders Will Meet to Stave Off Threatened Crash of System.

NEW YORK, May 31.—Benjamin F. Yoakum, chairman of the board of directors of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, declined to comment on the uproar caused in the financial world over his secret move in having a receiver appointed for the railroad at St. Louis early in the week.

A group of bondholders, anxious to see what can be done to stave off the threatened crash in the Frisco road, will meet to-day, it is reported, in this city and formulate a plan of action.

ONLY $16.70 RICHMOND AND RETURN VIA SEABOARD.

On sale June 7, 8. Through trains; new steel dining cars, a la carte service; steel sleeping and observation cars. Full information and reservations at City Ticket Office, 88 Peachtree.

White City Park Now Open

Relief For Rupture Without Operation

No Big Expense---No Time Lost From Work
No Misery-Causing Belts or Leg-Straps

60 Days Trial to Prove It

No longer any need to drag through life at the mercy of make-shift trusses.

No earthly excuse for letting yourself keep on getting worse.

No reason in the world for letting yourself get in such bad shape that you'll ever have to undergo a dangerous operation.

No big expense to stand in your way.

And you can prove every word of this—by making a 60-day test—without having to risk a single cent of your money.

Won't Cost You a Cent If It Doesn't Stand the Test.

Here is something—a guaranteed rupture holder—which has saved thousands of people from ever having to be operated on.

It has so thoroughly proved its merits that we are willing to let you try it sixty days entirely at our own risk—

We'll make it especially for your case—make it to your measure—and practically lend it to you that long just as a test—just to let you see for yourself how it takes all the misery out of being ruptured.

If it doesn't keep your rupture from coming out or bothering you in any way, no matter how hard you work or strain—if it doesn't prove every claim we make—then you can send it back and it won't cost you a single cent.

Will You Spend Two Cents To Find It Out.

We don't want you to send any money. All we ask you to spend is the price of a 2-cent stamp in writing for our big free book—that will tell you everything you want to know.

It shows how our guaranteed rupture holder—the famous Cluthe Automatic Massaging Truss—is so utterly different from everything else for rupture that it has received eighteen separate patents. How it is made on an absolutely new principle. How it is self-regulating, self-adjusting. How it instantly and automatically protects you against every strain so your rupture can't possibly be forced out. And how in addition it provides the only way ever discovered for overcoming the weakness which is the real cause of rupture—and how it does all that entirely automatically.

The book tells how our guaranteed rupture holder is so strengthening and beneficial that physicians in all parts of America now recommend it instead of advising operation. How it has completely cured thousands of people whose cases seemed almost hopeless. How it does away with the curse of belts, leg-straps and springs. How it is water-proof and will hold in the bath. How it is perspiration-proof and easily kept clean. How you can try it sixty days without having to risk a penny, and how little it costs you to keep it.

This Free Book Is Full of Facts Never Before Put In Print.

There are so many mistaken ideas about rupture and what to do for it that we have taken the time to sum up in this book all we have learned during forty years of experience.

You'll find it full of facts never before put in print.

It shows just why elastic and spring trusses are the ruptured man's worst enemies—why wearing them is simply slow suicide—why they are almost sure to shorten your life or make operation necessary—why the law should put a stop to their sale.

It exposes the humbug "appliances," "methods," "plasters," etc.

It explains why operation is nearly always a needless gamble with death—and why, even if you manage to live through it, you may have to keep on wearing a truss.

It shows why sixty days' trial is the only way in the world you can make absolutely sure of anything for rupture and how the Cluthe Truss is the only thing you can get on such a long trial because the only thing good enough to stand a day-after-day test.

Don't fail to get this book—don't put it off—the minute it takes you to write for it may free you from trouble for the rest of your life. Just use the coupon or simply say in a letter or postal "Send me your book."

THIS BRINGS IT

Box 724—CLUTHE COMPANY,
125 East 23d St., NEW YORK CITY.
Send me your Free Book and Trial Offer.
Name ....
Address ....

10,000 GROCERY EMPLOYEES TO FORM PARADE

Workers From 980 Stores Will Join in March Celebrating Half-Holiday Pact.

Two thousand delivery wagons and automobiles, gayly decorated, forming a parade three miles in length, will pass through Atlanta Wednesday afternoon. The caravan will be composed of the wagons used by the retail merchants of Atlanta and the parade will mark the establishment of the Wednesday half-holiday among the grocers.

Nearly every retail grocer has agreed to close each Wednesday afternoon during the months of June, July and August. Only a few insignificant stores are said to have declined to join in the movement to give their clerks a breathing spell during the week. In the parade will be the wholesale jobbers and packers and the ice dealers of the city.

The parade will move from the corner of Mitchell and Washington Streets at 1:30 o'clock and move down Washington Street to Fair Street, along Fair and Brotherton Streets to Whitehall, and along Whitehall and Peachtree Streets to North Avenue, along North Avenue to West Peachtree and back West Peachtree to Five Points, where it will disperse.

Police to Head Line.

A squadron of police will head the parade, followed by Harry L. Schlesinger and Nym McCullough, who will be marshals of the day. They will be followed by the Marist College drum corps, in a mammoth automobile. The Greater Atlanta Boys' Drum Corps and every band in the city will be scattered along the line of a thousand wagons of the retail grocers. These will be followed by the packing houses and jobbers' wagons. Four large auto trucks, each containing a band, will follow, while the wagons of the bakers and cracker manufacturers and the pickle manufacturers will come next. The Atlantic Ice and Coal Corporation will be next, with each of its 65 autos gayly decorated, their leaders on horseback and four bands playing.

Participating in the parade will be the 10,000 employees of the 980 grocery stores in Atlanta and kindred lines joining in the celebration. Great quantities of confetti have been ordered and the streets and persons thereon will be liberally sprinkled with it.

Joining in with the Atlanta merchants will be the retail grocers of East Point and College Park, while all the other suburbs are expected to join in the movement.

Establishment of a regular weekly half holiday for the grocery clerks has resulted from the untiring efforts of Harry L. Schlesinger; D. J. Simmons, president of the City Salesmen's Association; E. L. Adams, president of the Wholesale Grocers' Association, and W. O. Stamps, who is prominent in the jobbing trade. It will come as a pleasant break to the grocery clerks who work from 12 to 14 hours a day, against other trades working days of 8 to 10 hours. Many of the dry goods merchants have a half holiday on Saturdays. An effort will be made to have them change the day to Wednesday and thus make that day a general holiday.

Grocery Industry Important.

What the retail grocers have invested in Atlanta, the amount of business they transact and the amount of money they pay out, is interesting. They employ in their business more than $12,000,000 of capital. They pay to the Atlanta landlords annually more than $3,000,000 in rent. They pay out every Saturday night to their clerks and other help more than $80,000.

They buy more horses and mules than any other single industry in the city, as well as more wagons and and harness. They distribute more than $30,000,000 worth of food products each year. Collectively, it is the largest business organization in the city.

The retail grocers will form on Washington and Mitchell Streets, along Washington Street and the Washington Street viaduct, on East Hunter Street, on Capitol Square and the streets east of Capitol Square. The packing house wagons will form on Mitchell Street, west of Washington Street, and Central Avenue and East Mitchell Street. Commission merchants will form on East Fair and Trinity Avenue. Bakery wagons will form on Washington Street, south of Fair Street, and on Woodward Avenue. The ice and coal corporation wagons and manufacturers will form on Pulliam and cross streets.

The parade will assemble promptly at 1:30 and move promptly at 2 o'clock.

Decorations to Be Showy.

During the afternoon there will be many features of interest. There will be special performances at all of the theaters, while the Motordome will have Wednesday for its opening day, in honor of the grocerymen.

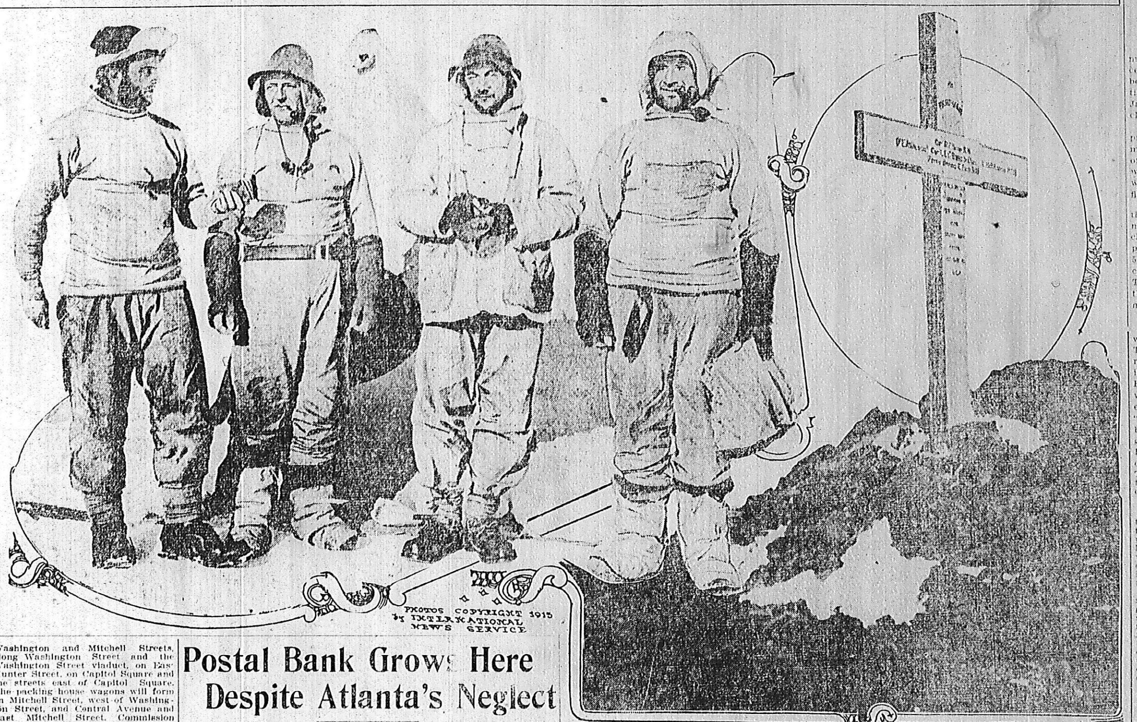
Every wagon in the parade must be decorated and the merchants are bringing all of their artistic temperament to the fore in the planning of the decorations. The dry goods stores already have found themselves swamped with orders for bunting and flags and extra quantities have been laid in for the occasion.

Among the retail merchants will be found owners of many magnificent horses and the appearance of these well-bred animals will be one of the features of the parade. Several of the owners will decorate their traps with flowers.

The Men Who Found the Bodies of Captain Scott and His Comrades---Memorial Cross Erected to Dead Heroes

IN the photograph on the left are shown pictures of the four men who actually discovered the frozen bodies of Captain Scott and his fellows. From left to right, they are T. Gran, assistant commander of the Scott Western party; T. S. Williamson, petty officer; F. W. Nelson, biologist of the Western party; T. Crean, petty officer. Crean and Williamson are both of the British Royal Navy. Gran, as the photograph shows, holds in his hand a quantity of hardtack, of which the rescuers were about to make a meal. Suspended about the neck of Petty Officer Williamson may be seen the snow glasses with which Arctic and Antarctic explorers protect their eyes from the terrific glare of the reflected rays of the sun.

At the right is shown the cross erected on Observation Hill by the rescuing party in memory of the immortal five. Observation Hill was used as a minor food depot. The cross, as the photograph shows, was made of rough timber. Upon it may be seen the words "In Memoriam" carved by rescuers, and beneath that the names of Captain Scott and men who died with him.



Postal Bank Grows Here Despite Atlanta's Neglect

B. W. Farrar, in Charge, Says Institution Establishes Confidence of Strangers.

The postal savings bank established by the United States Government is not the success in Atlanta that it is in other cities. Relatively few of its depositors are citizens or natives of Atlanta, according to the statement of B. W. Farrar, who is in charge of the postal savings department of the local postoffice.

Almost any fine Saturday afternoon a line of men can be seen threading its way along the lobby on the Plum Street side of the postoffice. The line is motley, even cosmopolitan in appearance, and interesting. The men who form it are depositors in the postal savings bank, and are for the most part wage-earners whose deposits are relatively small.

Deposits in the Atlanta branch of the postal savings bank aggregate little more than $25,000, with not quite 600 depositors.

"I don't think that many natives of Atlanta know that the bank is here or understand its functions," said Postmaster H. L. McKee yesterday, but he sees possibilities for great usefulness in the institution.

The mission of the bank, as he and B. W. Farrar, clerk in charge, outlined it, is considerable.

"We should like for one thing to promote the interest and the confidence of foreigners," explained Mr. Farrar. "Then probably would stop the steady stream of money that is sent back to the old country. The sale of international money orders is enormous, and a large portion of the money of these sons of other lands goes away from the United States."

Mr. Farrar thinks the amount of deposits in the postal savings bank everywhere is lessened by the restriction placed on depositors, by which not more than $100 a month can be deposited. This, he prophesied, would be changed, and the limit of deposits removed altogether.

Few of the depositors in the Atlanta branch are women, fewer even than the boys. There are a number of boys, mostly Boy Scouts, who, to acquire standing in their organization, must have a savings deposit of at least one dollar. But by far the most of the depositors, almost 90 per cent of the total number, are men, and most of them wage-earners.

Evidence of the great variety of personalities among the depositors in Atlanta is borne in the records of the local branch. The first depositor after the organization of the bank was a painter, the second a mail carrier; others, in the order of their deposits, were, respectively, engineer, modeler, bookkeeper, merchant, rabbi, printer, lawyer, school teacher, railroad man, machinist, wire worker, cook, tailor, meter repairer, blaster, housewife and plumber.

Little Money Withdrawn.

Little of the money deposited has been withdrawn, and a number of the depositors in the Atlanta branch have purchased Government bonds. According to the regulations governing the bank, "a depositor will be permitted to exchange the whole or any part of his deposits in sums of $20, $40, $60, $80, $100, or multiples of $100 up to and including $500, into United States registered or coupon bonds bearing interest at the rate of 2 1-2 per cent per annum."

"So, you see," remarked Mr. Farrar, "the bank helps out the habit of saving."

A few of the rules governing the bank are:

No person under 10 years old may be a depositor.

The name of a depositor can not be disclosed.

Deposits must be for $1 or more, although postal savings cards and postal savings stamps may be purchased for 10 cents each, to be redeemed later when $1 worth are accumulated.

Interest at the rate of 2 per cent per annum is allowed.

A depositor may at any time withdraw the whole or any part of his money.

Patronage of the postal savings bank in Georgia is less extensive than [illegible] other States, according to the 1912 report of the newly established department just given out in Washington. Deposits in Georgia up to that time were only $45,326. In New York [illegible] had been deposited. The State of the lowest deposits was South [illegible]

According to the report, however, the postal savings bank is growing and Uncle Sam rapidly is becoming the biggest banker in the world. He is adding deposits at the rate of $1,000,000 and depositors by the thousands every 30 days.

From February 28 to March 31, 1913, the deposits in all the branches increased from $32,500,000 to $33,500,000, and depositors from 325,000 to 335,000, and this rate of increase kept up through April.

According to the report for November 30, 1912, the deposits by States were:

New York	$3,632,504	Oklahoma	$227,541
Ohio	2,132,596	New Hampshire	171,770
Illinois	2,271,785	Rhode Island	158,459
California	2,216,746	Dist. of Col.	137,588
Pennsylvania	1,512,443	Tennessee	137,159
Washington	1,246,349	Virginia	131,373
Minnesota	1,232,559	Florida	125,217
Missouri	1,132,251	Maine	122,131
Massachusetts	1,104,038	Utah	113,324
Oregon	1,059,323	Louisiana	105,315
Michigan	896,007	Arkansas	93,355
Colorado	774,676	Wyoming	90,863
Indiana	749,240	Alabama	81,953
Wisconsin	666,265	West Virginia	71,716
Montana	580,143	Maryland	66,085
Kansas	538,593	Mississippi	65,511
New Jersey	517,408	South Dakota	51,508
Texas	427,114	Georgia	48,320
Connecticut	322,870	New Mexico	47,532
Idaho	302,244	North Dakota	36,932
Nevada	290,348	Vermont	36,163
Nebraska	278,243	North Carolina	34,533
Iowa	252,041	Delaware	33,655
Arizona	251,661	South Carolina	11,258
Kentucky	242,560		

More Changes Are Planned.

The act that created the system is to be so amended as to extend and popularize its most important features. Children under ten years old will be permitted to have accounts, and depositors will be given the privilege of drawing on their deposits.

A liberal interpretation, it is held, will permit regulations that allow depositors to check out their money to pay obligations to the Postoffice Department. The law says that "any depositor may withdraw the whole or any part of the funds deposited to his or her credit, with the accrued interest, upon demand and under such regulations as the board of trustees may prescribe."

July 1, when the parcel post officials put into effect the "collect on delivery" feature, the Postoffice Department expects to make it possible for a patron of a postoffice and a depositor in a savings depository to draw on his carrier instead of having to hunt up the exact change.

The lawmakers feared to go too far when the act was framed lest the opposition of the bankers hinder its passage. Since this the bankers have found that postal savings have helped rather than hindered them. There are now, 27 months after the establishment of the postal savings system, more than 345,000 depositors and about $34,500,000 deposited in the 12,160 offices. Some private banks may have more money on deposit, but none has so many depositors.

Thursday, when the postal savings division was transferred to the bureau of the Third Assistant Postmaster General, the head of that bureau became the chief officer of the most popular bank in America.

Growth Has Been Steady.

The growth of the system is told in the following figures:

June 30, 1911—400 offices, 11,918 depositors, $667,145 on deposit; $56.82 per depositor.

December 31, 1911—5,247 depositories, 162,697 depositors, $10,614,676 in deposits; average of deposits, $65.24.

June 30, 1912—10,170 depositories, 243,801 depositors, $20,237,084 deposits; average, $83.01.

December 31, 1912—12,823 depositories, 310,000 depositors, $30,000,000 deposits; average, $96.77.

January 31, 1913—12,823 depositories; 315,000 depositors, $31,000,000 deposits; average, $98.41.

February 28, 1913—12,825 depositories, 325,000 depositors, $32,500,000 of deposits; average, $100.

March 31, 1913—12,823 depositories, 335,000 depositors, $33,500,000 of deposits; average, $100.

Suspicious and timid persons now bring their money from all sorts of hiding places to deposit it with Uncle Sam's bank. Having learned that the "faith of the United States is solemnly pledged to the payment of the deposits made in postal savings depository offices, with accrued interest," they are not afraid to trust their savings to it.

Foreign born white persons, who used to hide their savings or send them back home for safe keeping, now bring them to the people's bank, as is proved by statistics.

MERCER TO GIVE DIPLOMAS TO 70 ON WEDNESDAY

Commencement Exercises of Baptist University at Macon Now in Progress.

MACON, GA., May 31.—The annual commencement exercises of Mercer University are now in progress, beginning last night with the reception tendered by President S. Y. Jameson to the faculty and senior class.

The commencement sermon will be preached at the chapel to-morrow morning by the Rev. W. W. Arnold, of Buena Vista. The graduating class will occupy reserved seats, and will wear their caps and gowns for the first time.

Monday morning at 10:30 o'clock the oratorical contest for the Hardeman medal will take place in the chapel, with about twenty young men participating. Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock the senior class will have class day exercises on the campus. That night the annual debate between the Phi Delta Theta and the Ciceronian Societies will take place.

Tuesday Alumni Day.

Tuesday will be alumni day. There will be three addresses at the chapel Tuesday morning by Rev. R. H. Harris, of Cairo, a graduate of Mercer in 1861, on the "Memories of the Past;" by A. W. Evans, of Sandersville, on "An Inventory of the Present," and by Judge W. H. Felton on "The Call of the Future." At noon a barbecue will be served on the grounds. At 8 o'clock Tuesday night Dr. John E. White, of Atlanta, will deliver the annual literary address. The faculty will tender a reception to the graduates Tuesday night at 9 o'clock.

Graduation on Wednesday.

Wednesday, June 3, will be graduation day, and also the occasion for the diamond jubilee. An interesting program has been arranged for the latter affair. The law class of 1903 will also have a reunion on Wednesday. Many of the State's most promising young lawyers were members of this class."

The trustees will meet in annual session Monday, with three matters of general interest before them for consideration. These are the proposed removal of President Jameson, the effort to abolish the Greek letter fraternities, and the report of the special committee on the alleged friction between the president, the prudential committee, the faculty and the student body.

Seventy young men will graduate from Mercer this year, 24 being in the law class.

ATLANTA GIRL RECOVERS JEWELS FOR ROME MAYOR

ROME, GA., May 31.—A handsome watch charm, recently stolen from the home of Mayor Yancey by a burglar, has been recovered and returned to the mayor by an Atlanta girl.

The girl, whose name has not been made public, wrote to the "Mayor of Rome" asking if he knew "Ben C. Yancey, little dreaming that he was the mayor himself. The letter promptly was answered and the charm returned. The girl found the charm on a street in Atlanta.

DINING CARS
WITH A'LA CARTE SERVICE TO CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE
L&N

BRING THIS AD
Examination Cleaning Painless Extraction Free
$3 BRIDGE WORK A TOOTH 22K. GOLD
Until June 10th we have decided to make our regular $10 set of whalebone teeth for $3.00.
Lightest and strongest plate known.
Guaranteed for 20 years. Call early and avoid the rush.
Gold Crowns . . . . $3.00 | White Crowns . . . $3.00
Bridge Work . . . . $3.00 | Special Open-Face
Fillings . . . . 25 and 50c | Crown $2.00
OUR OFFICES ARE COOL AND SANITARY
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ENTIRE SECOND FLOOR 38½ PEACHTREE ST. NEAR WALTON

EXCURSION RATE TO THE EAST VIA SEABOARD.
$20.85 Baltimore and return from Atlanta, proportionate rates from other points. On sale June 5, 6, 7. New steel dining cars, a la carte service, steel sleeping and observation cars. Full information and reservations at City Ticket Office, 88 Peachtree.

White City Park Now Open

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG
A Master Production in five (5) complete reels. History's greatest battle shown in moving pictures that cost $75,000.00 to produce.
WAR ONE DAY ONLY WAR
36 Peachtree St. THE NEW ELITE 10c MONDAY ONLY 10c A REGULAR 25c FILM

Here Is the Enemy for the Nation to Fight

Flies Will Kill This Year More Americans Than Will Ever Be Lost in a Battle.

We Talk About the Japanese Invasion and Prepare for It, Wisely. Why Do We Tolerate and Ignore the Annual Invasion of an Enemy More Deadly and Dangerous Than All the Yellow Men of Asia?

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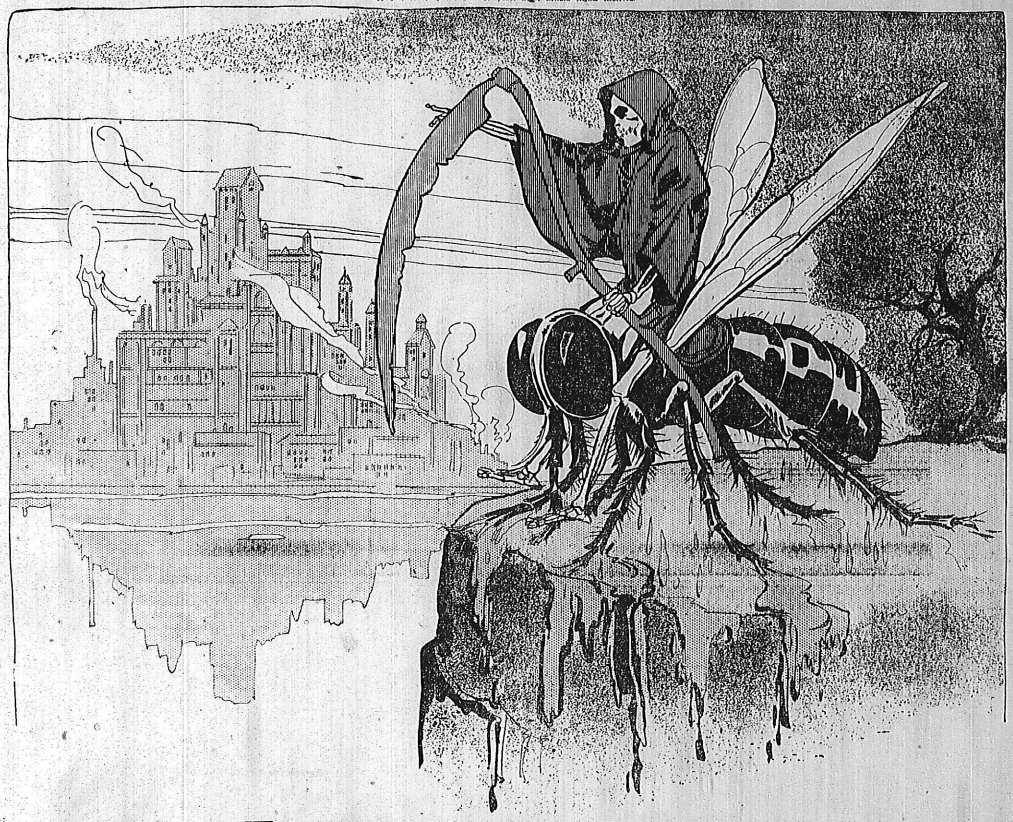


IT is not very interesting or exciting to talk about flies. They are not as romantic as venomous serpents.

They are not as huge and impressive as wild elephants or roaring lions.

They are not as mysterious and awe-inspiring as the plague or the "Black Death."

But the fly is more poisonous to-day than all the snakes of the world combined, infinitely more dangerous than all the ferocious animals.

And here in our civilization and so-called perfect science the fly destroys life on a scale that may fairly be compared with the ravages of the plague in days when the population was smaller, ignorance and indifference greater.

* * *

The fly kills tens of thousands of children every year.

The fly causes more blindness in children than all other causes combined.

The fly spreads every known disease to children and to adults, for it frequents every disease breeding spot and hunts purposely for filth.

Early in the season **KILL FLIES.**

In the middle of the Summer **KILL FLIES.**

And in the Autumn and in the Winter, if you can find them, still **KILL FLIES.**

Treat the fly as our ancestors of the old days treated the red Indians and the wolves.

First shut them out of your house, make sure that they won't get in, then kill them off as rapidly as possible and pray for the day when you will no longer have to protect your house against them.

Screen your windows.

Screen your doors.

New fly screens made of wire netting that will not rust are more important than a new coat of paint or a new automobile, for fly screens mean protection for children.

Protect your house from the flies, and as absolutely as possible, or nearly so, protect your food supplies and protect your babies' faces separately.

As the child lies asleep keep mosquito netting over it.

Keep your sugar bowl, butter dish and food supplies covered.

* * *

This talk about flies published to-day in the various Hearst newspapers will go into more than two million different homes of American families. It is only by the earnest, intelligent co-operation of those families and the others in the country that the fly can finally be abolished.

The citizens should combine, the national, state, city and village governments should combine with them, to wipe out the unseen enemies of man, the flies that carry all the diseases, or very nearly all, and the mosquito that alone infects men with malaria and yellow fever.

THE THING CAN BE DONE, for it has been done by governments in Cuba, in Panama and in New Orleans.

The trouble is that the country will not take the matter seriously.

We look with pity and contempt upon the ignorant Egyptian woman who allows the flies to gather in black clusters on the poisoned eyes of her sleeping child and who tells us that it is wrong to take their lives.

And we laugh at the ignorant Hindoos with their vile monkeys of Benares, and their ridiculous religion that protects even the vermin on their bodies.

But our indifference and carelessness are as stupid and as harmful as their religion and without religious excuse.

Every manure pile should be covered, on the farms and everywhere else. The intelligent farmer knows that this increases the value of the fertilizer more than thirty per cent. It decreases the breeding of flies to a greater degree. The manure pile, the heap of filth, such are the breeding places of the fly.

No accumulation of filth in stables or elsewhere in a big city should be permitted to stand more than six days. It takes the common fly nine days to hatch. Compel by law the removal of manure from stables every six days—and you remove the unhatched fly from the city.

* * *

This should be worked out by government through pressure of public opinion. When we have some slight threat of smallpox or of Asiatic cholera, we are all excited, health boards become active and quarantines are established, although there is very little danger now in such diseases.

Yet, with the buzzing flies everywhere, carrying disease germs on their spongy feet to the faces of the children, depositing these disease germs on food of all kinds, to be eaten later, and although these flies cause annually tens of thousands of deaths that are unnecessary, **WE REMAIN CALLOUS AND INDIFFERENT.**

If the foot and mouth disease breaks out among cattle, the county and State are quarantined. Hog cholera, sheep diseases and other cases are watched and suppressed with all the energy of the Government.

And in the meanwhile we have in every city the billions of disease-carrying flies hurrying from the accumulated filth to the table, and there is no effort for a change.

And we have the swamps breeding their endless billions of mosquitoes to keep alive malaria in the blood of human beings, and there is no real war against that plague. It is useless except for the protection of the individual family to suppress the fly nuisance in one place or drain the swamp or cover the cesspool in another.

Darwin told us that one single pair of flies in forty-eight hours—the quick-breeding African fly—will lay enough eggs and breed enough maggots to devour a lion, leaving nothing but the white bones.

A few flies surviving through the Winter start the plague afresh the following year.

And one careless citizen leaving a breeding ground for mosquitoes supplies enough to infest the whole country.

Fortunately, for two or three years the people have been alive to the fact that their enemies are the tiny fly and mosquito and the invisible disease germs—enemies more deadly and dangerous than ever were the great monsters of prehistoric times or the wolves and lions of our day.

Discussion has begun, newspapers have taken it up and offered prizes. A few public officials have at least **TRIED** to do something. But only a beginning has been made.

The country must realize the danger and the duty. Children must be taught that the killing of flies is a good and necessary act, painful as it is to take life.

Do what you can to arouse public feeling for the sake of the public safety.

And in the meanwhile **DO WHAT YOU CAN INDIVIDUALLY.**

Kill the flies!

Facts About the Fly

Scientists have been studying the housefly several years, and all of them unite in saying that this insect is more deadly and more dangerous to human life than the tiger or the cobra. It is the most dangerous insect on earth.

In New York City alone the fly causes thousand of deaths from typhoid fever.

It causes more than seven thousand deaths annually in this one city from other intestinal diseases.

Every Autumn there is a rise in the death rate from typhoid.

This rise is traced by the scientists directly to the fly.

An expert recently examined a fly found in South street. It was carrying on its legs and in its mouth more than 100,000 bacteria.

It had been walking over filth on the water front. The expert caught it on the edge of a glass of milk.

Don't forget that if you see flies their breeding place is nearby filth. It may be behind the door, under the table, or in the cuspidor.

If there is no dirt or filth there will be no flies.

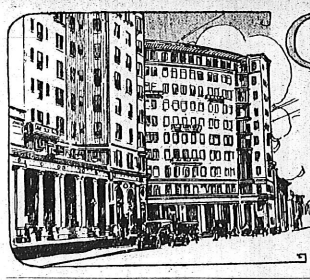
If there is a nuisance in the neighborhood write at once to the Health Department.

Do not allow decaying material of any sort to accumulate on or near your premises. All refuse should be removed at once or covered with lime or kerosene.

Keep all receptacles for garbage carefully covered and the cans cleaned or sprinkled with oil or lime.

See that your sewerage system is in good order. Pour kerosene into the drains.

Cover food after a meal. Burn or bury all table refuse. Screen all food exposed for sale. Buy no food that has been exposed to flies.

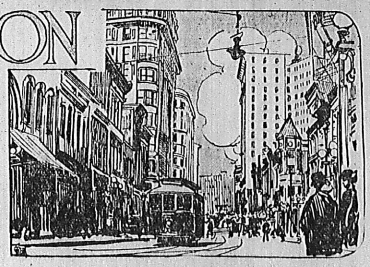


CITY LIFE SECTION

BEST HUMOR, MOVING PICTURES, VAUDEVILLE.

HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, JUNE 1, 1913.



READ

The Scarlet Plague

By *Jack London*

It Starts To-day in the Magazine of

HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN

Do Husbands of Atlanta Need a Training School?

IN London, say dispatches, they have started a school for the training of model husbands. Evenness of temper is the first thing taught. The prospectus of the school says that is the most important. What would you do, it asks, if you came home tardy to dinner and found a wife angry over the spoiled meal? What would you do if you came home, wanting dinner in a hurry, and found it not ready?

What do you do, Mr. Atlanta?

Here is a very true story, which shows what really happens. How about a training school for husbands in Atlanta?

* * *

The transom over the door of the apartment across the hall was open. By odd chance, so also was the transom over our door flung wide.

This is not often done in the very best of the Peachtree apartment houses, such as ours is, be it said with all due modesty. (The rent we pay gives us the right to mention that.)

But this was the first warm night of the season; hence the unwonted freedom of the transoms.

And this is what floated to our ears, as we sat abashed but interested by the open window and looked out at the blank wall of a neighbor's odorous garage.

We heard the door of the other apartment open softly, and close as softly. Then came the woman's voice.

"Well!" it said. Polar coldness, savage menace, cynicism—all were implied in that tone.

The man laughed. It was not the most jubilant chuckle in the world. It was toneless and pathetic, and pale.

"I'm a little late," he announced, with the regretfully apologetic air of a physician diagnosing a case of mumps.

Again the coldness, the menace, the cynicism; this time mingled with sarcasm.

"Oh, no," she said. "Just a small matter of an hour and thirty-five minutes. Don't mind me. It was no trouble at all for me to keep your dinner warm. Now, don't try to kiss me."

"Darling," he wailed, "why did you go to that trouble?"

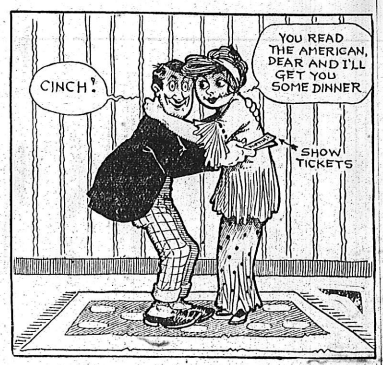
Oh, the saccharine sorrow in that tone of his.

"I didn't," she said.

"Oh," he said, a little flatly.

"No, not after the first half-hour. Of course it doesn't make any difference to you that the cook's gone now. But it does to me." (Crescendo.)

"Now, dear, don't. You know I have been crazy to get home to you the last two hours. But that Chamber of Commerce committee——"



Scornful laugh from her.

"Yes, yes, go on," she said. "The last time it was the Ad Men's Club meeting. Well, let's hear this new one."

Again that lugubrious laugh from him.

"Now, dear, don't talk like that. They're the best fellows in the world."

"Oh, sure, sure. Fine fellows. Good company. Better company than your wife. More attractive than your dinner."

She is a great mimic, that woman in the apartment across the hall. This is what we heard from her (falsetto tones):

"All right, boys. Let's thave another drink. The old lady s at home keeping supper. No hurry. Why should I worry."

He protested.

"Now, honey," he wheedled. "You know it's nothing like that. You know I had to fight off six of them the other day to get here when I did."

"Know!" she snorted. "All I know is that's what you say. All I know is that I'm the goat of this house. All I know is that I get as much consideration as a dog. All I know is that your supper's cold." (More crescendo.)

"Well, honey," he urged, soothingly. "That's all right. I'm not hungry a bit. All I want to do is to smoke. Do you mind?"

"Mind? Who? Me? Oh, no, I don't mind. Don't think about me. You men seem to do as you please, anyhow, you and your Ad Men's Club."

A little bit of defiance crept into his tone, just a wee bit. It was the beginning of the end.

"Anyhow," he said, "I was at a committee meeting this evening."

"Committee meeting! Yes. Well, what did you do? Nothing, I guess. You generally do. If we women could just vote and run things awhile."

"Yes, if you could vote! Then I guess there'd be no supper at all, and no home to come to and get bawled out. Well, maybe that would be the best thing."

"I'll have you know that home is just what you men make it. If you want to stay out all night, who's fault is it? If you want to keep supper waiting, who's fault is it? Home! Why, men are responsible for every ruined home." (Fortissimo.)

"Is that so? How about the wives who snort around and make a man think his home is a mad house?"

"And how about the man who will bat around, and keep his wife holding her hands over a cold dinner while he's drinking at some old club?"

"Why, darn it, I tell you——"

"There you go, swearing at me. And I guess you think Don't mind me; I can go over to Mrs. Smith's for the evening." I'm going to keep sweet-tempered and amiable and 'oh-yes-do-as-you-like-John' with a man who's all the time using profane language. You don't want a wife, you want an angel. You——".

He had caught her scornful laugh by this time.

"GOOD NIGHT!" he said. "You sweet-tempered! You amiable!"

And again:

"Good night!"

The end was coming. Her voice trembled.

"Well, if you don't like things around here, you can just go back downtown to your club and your booze. After I've been slaving my hands to the bone all day, to get this from you! Well, go on. I guess men just can't help being selfish.

"Well, I'll go, then. I reckon I'll find somebody who can use these tickets to the show."

"Show? What tickets?"

"The Forsyth to-night. I thought I'd get a couple of tickets for us, but I wasn't looking for all this.

"Well, John, who's fault is it?" (Moderato.)

She had called his name.

He was aggressive.

"Who's fault?" he said, surprisedly. "Well, say! For the love of Mike!"

"Well, dear, what can you expect, after I've gone and fixed you a nice dinner, and then have it get cold and spoiled! If you had telephoned now—you will, next time, won't you?"

His laugh was relieved.

"Well, if that's all the trouble——"

Kiss.

"Say, honey," he said. "I'm hungry as a wolf. Ain't there something to eat around the house?"

"Well. There's the Sunday American over there. Sit down and read while I fix you something. You'll have to hurry, though, if we're going to the show."

Jeff Might Have Known Better Than Suggest It

By "Bud" Fisher

Mutt and Jeff Every Day in The Georgian.

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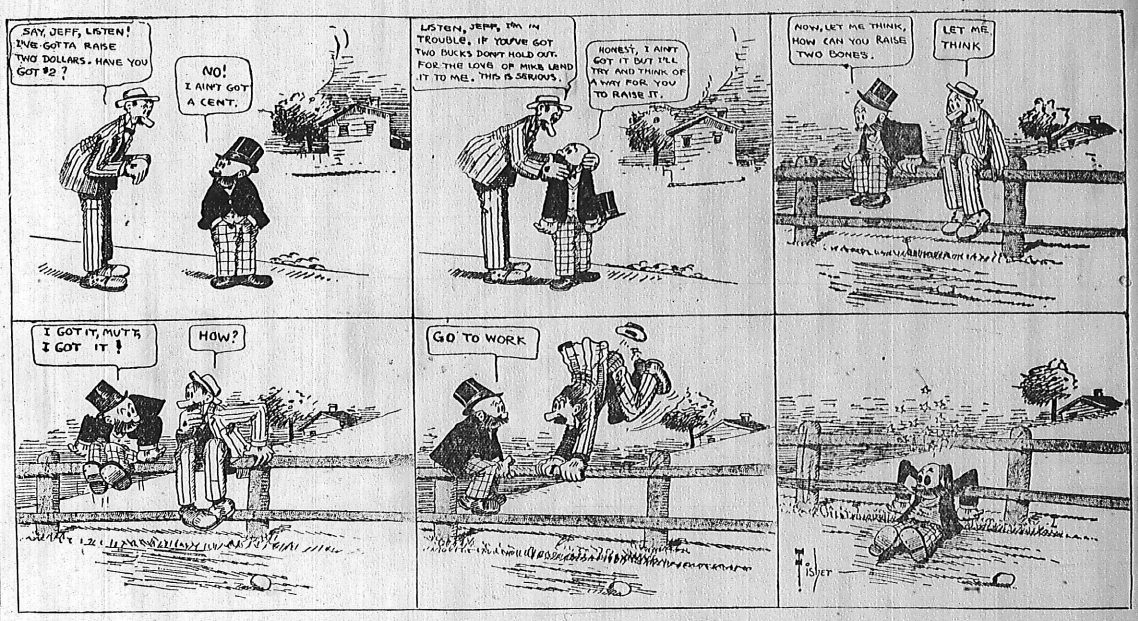

Billy Gould and Belle Ashlyn

In Chunks of Chatter

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BILLY—Ah, good morning!

BELLE—Do you know anything else good?

BILLY—Yes, I've just sold my French bull dog.

BELLE—How much?

BILLY—Five thousand dollars.

BELLE—That's some bull.

BILLY—And I have here a letter from father.

BELLE—What's he say?

BILLY—Come home; the District Attorney's dead.

BILLY—Well, I'd love to grow a beard, but I wouldn't know what to do with it at night.

BELLE—I don't get you.

BILLY—I mean I wouldn't know whether to leave it outside the bed covers or tuck it underneath.

BELLE—You're not supposed to worry about such a thing in New York.

BILLY—Huh. Anybody can tell you're from Brooklyn.

BELLE—Oh, can they?

BILLY—Sure. You're always blowing about New York.

BELLE—Say, what's your opinion about the bunny and the bear, and the bear dances?

BILLY—I think they're beastly.

BELLE—Well, I'm writing a book about them and I just wanted to get a few opinions.

BILLY—You're writing a book? Say, how old are you, anyway?

BELLE—I've just arrived at eighteen.

BILLY—What detained you?

BELLE—Can you tell me what makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring?

BILLY—A woman.

BELLE—I'm glad you admit it.

BILLY—But I went into a department store this morning to buy some stockings, and——

BELLE—And what?

BILLY—And the girl asked me if I wanted something for my wife or something expensive.

BELLE—You have an awfully good memory.

BILLY—Thank you.

BELLE—Because you know some of the oldest jokes I ever—

BILLY—Pardon me, how many grandchildren have you?

BELLE—Now, my dear Harry—

BILLY—Harry? You mean Billy, don't you?

BELLE—Excuse me. I was thinking this was Thursday.

BILLY—I saw our maid Bridget pencilling her eyebrows the other night.

BELLE—She'd better look out. She'll be arrested.

BILLY—What for, assisting Nature?

BELLE—No. Changing the map of Ireland.

BILLY—I went fishing the other day.

BELLE—Catch anything?

BILLY—Don't say that. This is a new fish story.

BELLE—Well, go ahead.

BILLY—But as the story goes, I didn't catch anything anyhow. They told me the fish were all asleep.

BELLE—Asleep? Where do fish sleep?

BILLY—In the river beds.

BELLE—Speaking of water and things, how do you like my new bathing suit?

BILLY—I can't see it.

BELLE—What!

BILLY—I mean it's a peach. There's nothin' to it.

BELLE—What do you think of my complexion?

BILLY—It's the clearest I've ever seen.

BELLE—Really?

BILLY—I can see right through it.

BELLE—Well, my hair is all my own anyway.

BILLY—It's false.

BELLE—It's true. Didn't I pay for it?

BILLY—There goes a man down the street who has a regular baseball family.

BELLE—Greetings of the season.

BILLY—Yes. His wife is there with the curves. His son bats. The baby bawls, and he himself has to steal home every night.

BELLE—Game's over.

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Why Crime Does Not Pay—

No. 9 of a Series of Remarkable Revelations by SOPHIE LYONS, the Queen of the Burglars

Sophie Lyons.

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Startling Surprises That Confront Criminals---How Unexpected Happenings Suddenly Develop and Upset Carefully Laid Plans and Cause the Burglars' Arrest or Prevent Their Getting Expected Plunder

Written by SOPHIE LYONS

The Most Famous and Successful Criminal of Modern Times, Who Made a Million Dollars in Her Early Criminal Career and Lost It at Monte Carlo, and Has Now Accumulated Half a Million Dollars in Honorable Business Enterprises.

ONLY one who has been, as I have, for years behind the scenes at all sorts of crimes can appreciate how often every criminal is brought face to face with the most startling surprises.

No matter how clever a robber is he can never tell when arrest, serious injury or death will bring his dishonest career to a sudden end. And, even if he escapes these fatal disasters, there are always a thousand and one chances which may develop at any moment to spoil his carefully laid plans and prevent his getting his plunder. Most of these are things which it is absolutely impossible to foresee and guard against. This is why only a small percentage of the crimes which are attempted ever succeed and why their success hangs trembling in the balance until the very last minute.

The brains we criminals expended in saving some robbery from failure or in escaping the consequences of our deeds would have won us lasting success and happiness in any honorable pursuit—used as they were for crime, they brought us in the end only disgrace and remorse. That is the lesson which these experiences have taught me and which I hope every reader of this page will learn.

If there was ever a thief who planned his crimes with greater attention to the smallest details than Harry Raymond, the man who stole the famous Gainsborough, I never knew him.

But even Raymond's painstaking care was not proof against all the startling surprises which confronted him and his plans were often completely ruined by one of these unexpected happenings.

Raymond was always a restless man—never content to remain long in one place. When stories of the rich gold and diamond mines in South Africa reached his ears, he began to cast longing eyes in that direction. Where there was so much treasure he thought there surely ought to be an opportunity to get his hands on a share of it.

He tried to induce Mark Shinburn to go with him, but Shinburn had his eye on several big robberies nearer home and so Raymond set out alone. On the way he met Charley King, a noted English thief, and the two joined forces.

Raymond hadn't been in South Africa twenty-four hours before he learned that a steamer left Cape Town for England every week with a heavy shipment of gold and diamonds on board. His next step was to find out just how this treasure was brought down from the mines.

As he soon learned, it came by stage each week, the day before the steamer sailed. The bags of gold dust and uncut diamonds were locked in a strong box which was carried under the driver's seat. There was only one other man on the coach besides the driver—a big, powerful Boer, who carried a brace of revolvers and a repeating rifle and had the reputation of being a dead shot.

There was just one difficulty in the way—Raymond really needed a third man to assist King and him. Among all the criminals in Cape Town whom he knew there was none he could trust and so he at last decided to ask a wholly inexperienced man to join the party. The man he selected was an American sea captain who had been obliged to flee from his native land after setting fire to his ship for the insurance. He was desperately in need of money and was, therefore, only too glad of the opportunity to share in the fortune Raymond proposed to steal.

Raymond, with his customary caution, studied the proposition from every angle. At last he was convinced that he had provided for every contingency which could possibly arise to prevent his robbery of the coach.

This was his plan—to stretch a rope across some lonely spot in the road and trip the horses. Before the driver and the guard could recover from their astonishment and extricate themselves from the overturned coach, Raymond and his companions would leap from their ambush and overpower them.

Half way up a long hill down which the coach would come, the three men concealed themselves—Raymond and the captain on one side of the road, King on the other.

Around a tree on either side of the road they fastened the rope with a slip noose, letting its length lie loose on the ground directly in the path of the coach. Carefully loading their revolvers, they settled down to wait for its approach.

At last their ears caught the rumble of its wheels and presently the four horses which drew the heavy vehicle and its precious contents appeared above the crest of the hill. They were making good time on the last lap of their long journey from the mines.

On they came until the hoofs of the leaders were within a foot of the rope. Raymond gave a shrill whistle and his companions stretched the rope tight across the road at a distance of about two feet above the ground.

As the forward horses struck the barrier, they fell in a heap and the ones behind came tumbling on top of them. The wagon pole snapped like a pipe stem.

The heavy coach stopped short, reeled uncertainly for a second—then keeled over on its side, hurling both the driver and the guard several feet away.

The three robbers sprang from their hiding place and covered the prostrate men with their revolvers.

As they did so one of the fallen horses scrambled to his feet, broke the remnants of the harness that clung to him and dashed down the hill, furious with pain and fear.

Not one of the robbers paid any heed to this incident—for who would have suspected that a frightened stage horse could interfere with their carefully laid plans?

The driver was easily disposed of, but the guard showed fight and it required the combined efforts of the three men to bind and gag him so that he could do no harm.

They were just knotting a piece of rope around his struggling legs when a shot rang out and a rifle bullet whizzed by their heads—followed by another and another.

An instant before the moon had broken through the clouds. By its light they saw six sturdy Boer farmers advancing up the hill, firing their repeating rifles as they came.

Resistance was useless—they were outnumbered two to one and they had all been in South Africa long enough to have a wholesome respect for a Boer's marksmanship.

Covering their retreat with a few shots from their revolvers they took to their heels. In the rain of bullets which was falling around them it was suicide to think of trying to take the heavy strong box with them, and they had to leave it there in the coach with all its treasure untouched.

Raymond was completely mystified. He and his companions had not fired a shot in their struggle with the men on the coach. How had those Boer farmers who lived in a house at the foot of the hill nearly half a mile away, happened to be aroused just in time to spoil the robbery?

The account the newspapers gave of the robbery cleared up the mystery. It seemed that the frightened horse which had dashed down the hill had plunged through the lattice gate in front of the Boers' house.

The crash of the woodwork and the wounded animal's cries of pain as he struggled to free himself had awakened the farmers. As they rushed out half dressed to see what the trouble was the moon shone out and revealed to them the overturned coach on the hillside above and the robbers struggling with the guard and driver.

You see what a surprising thing it all was and how impossible it was for Raymond to have foreseen that anything like this would happen. But these two little incidents—the runaway horse and the moon's sudden appearance—were all that was needed to snatch away $250,000 in gold and diamonds just as Raymond thought he had it safely in his hands.

Even more surprising was what happened when Tom Smith and I, with Dan Nugent and George Mason, were trying to rob a little bank down in Virginia.

The fact that the cashier and his family lived on the floor above this bank made it a rather ticklish undertaking.

There was, however, no vault to enter, and the safe was such a ramshackle affair that the men felt sure they could open it without the use of a charge of powder. So we decided to make the attempt.

As Tom Smith had sprained his wrist in escaping from a Pennsylvania sheriff a few nights before, he was to remain on guard outside the bank while I entered with Dan and George and rendered what assistance I could in opening the safe. This was the first time I had ever been on the "inside" of a bank burglary and I was quite puffed up with my own importance.

Dan opened one of the bank windows with his jimmy and held his hands for me to step on as I drew myself up over the high sill. Then he handed the tools to me and he and George climbed up.

The bank in which we found ourselves was one large room. A door led into it from the broad porch which extended along the front of the building. At the rear was another door opening into a long passageway, at the end of which was a staircase leading to the cashier's apartments overhead.

While the two men were hoking the safe over I unlocked the front door to provide an avenue of escape in case we should have to beat a hasty retreat.

I also opened the door at the rear and peered into the darkness of the passageway. There was no sign of life—no sound except the heavy breathing of the sleeping cashier and his family in the rooms above. I closed the door gently, for fear the rasping of the drills on the metal of the safe would be heard.

Just then my quick ears caught the sound of some one in the passageway. I tiptoed over to the door and pressed my ear against it.

I had barely time to draw away from the door before it opened wide and I stood speechless with amazement at the apparition I saw standing there within an arm's length of me.

I am not a superstitious woman, but what I saw in that doorway set my heart to thumping madly, and sent the cold shivers up and down my back. And I am not ashamed to confess how startled I was, for Dan Nugent and George Mason, the veterans of a hundred burglaries, later admitted that nothing had ever given them such a scare as this.

What we saw facing us, like a ghost, was a beautiful young woman. The filmy white night robe she wore left her snowy arms and shoulders bare and revealed her bare feet.

Her face looked pale and ghastly in the light of the kerosene lamp she carried high in one hand. The mass of jet black hair which crowned her head and hung in a long braid down her back, made her pallor all the more death-like.

Her eyes were shut tight.

For a minute we stood blinking like frightened children at this uncanny, white, silent figure. Then, gradually, it dawned on us that this apparition was the cashier's eldest daughter, and that she was walking in her sleep.

As we recovered our senses it didn't take us long to see what a dangerous situation we were in. At any moment our unwelcome visitor might awaken. By the time we could bind and gag her the rest of the family might discover her absence and start in search of her.

The girl looked so innocent and helpless and so strangely beautiful that for my part I was heartily glad when George Mason nodded his head toward the door to indicate that we would better be going.

The two men climbed out of the window and I made my escape by the front door. The last I saw of the sleep-walking girl she was groping her way across the bank with slow cautious steps, still holding the lamp high above her head and looking more than ever like a graveyard spectre.

Whether anybody except ourselves ever knew what a strange chance saved the bank from robbery that night I never heard. It was a costly experience for us as, according to what we learned later from the newspapers, that safe contained $20,000 in cash.

We missed that tidy little bit of plunder just because a young woman was addicted to the habit of walking in her sleep.

And now another instance—the very remarkable chain of surprises which resulted in the murder of a bank cashier, the blackening of a dead man's reputation and, finally, the imprisonment to two desperate burglars for life.

For many years the robbery of the bank in Dexter, Maine, puzzled everybody. This was a job of national importance because Mr. Barron, the cashier of the bank, was accidentally murdered, and the detectives, after failing to get any clue to the burglars bunoced the bank officials by inventing the theory that the unfortunate cashier had murdered himself!

They managed to fix up the books of the bank in such a way as to show some trivial pretended defalcation which amounted, as I remember it, to about $1,100. On the strength of this barefaced frame-up the memory of the poor cashier was defamed, and the bank actually brought suit against the widow for some small sum.

The real facts I will now tell you. Jimmy Hope, the famous bank burglar, first got his eye on the Dexter Bank as a promising prospect, and made all his plans to enter the bank where, to his disgust, he was grabbed for another matter, and given a prison term. In Jimmy Hope's gang was an ambitious burglar named David L. Stain, and Stain decided that there was no reason why the Dexter Bank should escape simply because Hope was serving a sentence.

So Stain looked over the ground, and decided to rob the bank with a little band of his own, consisting of Oliver Cromwell and a man named Harvey, and somebody else, whose name I do not now recall. They selected Washington's birthday because it was a holiday, and there was every reason to believe that nobody would be in the bank.

Late in the afternoon Stain and his associates forced their way into the building and sprung the lock of the back door of the bank. The burglars stood for a moment to put on their masks and rubber shoes, and then Stain moved forward toward the inner room of the bank where the bank vaults were.

Just at the moment that Stain put his hand on the door knob Cashier Barron on the other side of the door put his own hand on the inside knob as he, unsuspectingly started to leave the inside room, where he had been going over some of the books that were in the vaults.

As the door opened Dave Stain and Cashier Barron suddenly came face to face without the slightest warning. Barron stood paralyzed with astonishment as he peered into the masked face of the leader. Stain, with perfect composure, struck Barron a quick blow with a slung shot, landing the weapon exactly in the centre of Mr. Barron's forehead.

The cashier dropped to the floor stunned and Stain imagined that his victim's skull was crushed, or that, if the blow had not been fatal, Barron would come to his senses and make an outcry. In either case the burglars realized that they had done a bad job. Murder was not intended, and none of the gang had any stomach for going on with the robbery, even though the doors of the big vault stood invitingly open.

After a few moments hasty consultation the cracksmen picked up the unconscious but still breathing form of the faithful cashier, and laid it in the vault, and closed and locked the big doors. Stain and his gang made their way noiselessly out of the building, strolling, one by one, through the town, and out into the country, where a span of horses were waiting for them. They drove across country, stopping away from the railroad, and made their escape without leaving a clue of any kind.

When Cashier Barron failed to turn up at home at supper time, a search was made, and somebody went to the bank. The cashier's hat and coat were found in the inner room, and a faint sound of heavy breathing could be heard from the interior of the closed vault. Blacksmiths were hastily called, and after several hours work succeeded in freeing the imprisoned cashier—but although Barron was still alive and breathing, his face was black from his having breathed over and over again the poisoned air of the vault, and he died without recovering consciousness.

Several years later a clue to the real truth of the tragedy was picked up by a newspaper reporter, who devoted several weeks of painstaking work to piecing together the scraps of evidence he was able to collect. This reporter then had himself appointed a Massachusetts State detective, and arrested Stain and Cromwell, brought them to Bangor, Maine, was able to have them identified by several townspeople who had seen them in Dexter on the day of the murder, and Stain and Cromwell were both convicted of murder in the first degree, and the conviction was unanimously confirmed by the Supreme Court of the State of Maine. They were sentenced to life imprisonment.

I could go on indefinitely recounting instances as surprising as any of these of the unexpected things which are constantly happening to present criminals succeeding in their undertakings. But these which I have mentioned are enough to show any thoughtful man or woman how hazardous and how profitless crime always is.

Success in crime is achieved only at the risk of life and liberty. In a few rare cases the criminal escapes these penalties, but, even so, his ill gotten gains melt rapidly away and bring him no lasting happiness. And, as I have shown here today, a large percentage of the crimes he undertakes yield him nothing for all the time, thought and effort he has to give them.

Each chapter of my own life as I am now recalling it and the lives of all the criminals I have ever known only give added emphasis to the fact which I want to impress on you—that CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

SOPHIE LYONS.

"What we saw facing us, like a ghost, was a beautiful young woman clad in a filmy white night dress. Her face looked pale and ghastly in the light of the kerosene lamp she carried high in one hand; and her mass of jet black hair made her pallor all the more deathlike. Her eyes were shut tight, and, except for the gentle rise and fall of her bosom, she might have been a marble statue.

"For a minute we stood blinking like frightened children at this uncanny white, silent figure. Then gradually it dawned on us that she was the cashier's eldest daughter and that she was walking in her sleep."

"As the door opened the burglars and cashier Barron suddenly came face to face without the slightest warning. Barron stood paralyzed with astonishment as he peered into the masked face of the leader. Stain, with perfect composure, struck Barron a quick blow with a slung shot, landing the weapon exactly in the centre of Mr. Barron's forehead."

BEULAH MILLER AIDED BY SIGNS, SAYS SCIENTIST

Prof. Munsterberg Explains the Power of 10-Year-Old Psychic Wonder of Warren, R. I.

BOSTON, May 31.—Professor Munsterberg has explained the mysterious power of Beulah Miller, the ten-year-old "psychic mystery," of Warren, R. I. The scientist investigated her amazing powers and decided that her art is useless for any practical purposes.

"She cannot know anything which others do not know beforehand," says Professor Munsterberg. "Clairvoyant powers or prophetic gifts are not hers and, above all, her mind reading is a natural process. The edifice of science will not be shaken by the powers of my little Rhode Island friend.

"Beulah Miller has unusual gifts and her performances are extremely interesting, but I think everything can be explained through her subconscious noting of unintended signs.

"Where no signs are given which reach her senses, she cannot read anyone's mind. But the signs which she receives are not noticed by her consciously. She is not really aware of them; they go to her brain or to her subconscious mind and work from there on her conscious mind."

Professor Munsterberg discovered that the girl performed her feats more successfully when her mother and sister were present, even when she was blindfolded, but he declares there is no intended deception.

Regarding his tests and the results Professor Munsterberg writes in the Metropolitan Magazine:

"The psychical powers of Beulah Miller were not brought before the public by the child or her family; there was no desire for notoriety, and in spite of the very modest circumstances in which this carpenter's family has to live, the facts became known before any commercial possibility suggested itself.

"The mother was startled by Beulah's psychical gifts, because she noticed two years ago that when the family was playing 'Old Maid,' Beulah always knew in whose hands the dangerous queen was to be found. Then they began to experiment with cards in the family circle, and her ability to know of what the mother or sister was thinking became more and more interesting to them. Slowly her school friends began to notice it, and children in the Sunday School told the minister about Beulah's queer mind reading.

Child Always Willing.

"The mother, the 12-year-old sister Gladys and Beulah herself were most willing to agree to anything that would make my test difficult, and they themselves asked to have everything tried with no member of the family in the room. Beulah was quite happy to show her art under unaccustomed conditions, as, for example, having her eyes covered with thick bandages.

"When inadvertently some one turned a cahrd so that she could see it she was the first to break out into childish laughter at having seen it. In short, everything indicated such perfect sincerity and the most careful examination yielded so absolutely no trace of intentional fraud that I can vouch for the honesty of the intentions of all concerned in the experiments carried on so far.

"We may take a typical illustration. I drew cards which she could not possibly see, while they were shown to the mother and sister on the other side of the room. The first was a nine of hearts; she said nine of hearts. The next was six of clubs, to which she said first six of spades; when told it was not spades, she answered clubs.

"The next was the two of diamonds; her first figure was four; when told that it was wrong, she corrected herself two, and added diamonds. The next was nine of clubs, which she gave correctly; seven of spades she called seven of diamonds, then spades; jack of spades she gave correctly at once, and so on.

We saw that in order to succeed some one around her, preferably the mother and sister, who stand nearest to her heart, have to know the words or the cards. Those visual images must be in some one's mind, and she has the unusual power of being able to read them there. Such an explanation even seems to some a very modest claim, almost a kind of critical and skeptical view—a mere "case of mind reading."

When Beulah is Helpless.

"I mention at first one fact which was absolutely proved by my experiments, namely, that Beulah Miller's successes turn into complete failures as soon as neither the mother nor the sister is present in the room.

"All the experiments which I have conducted in which I alone, or I, together with the minister and judge, thought of words or cards or letters or numbers, did not yield any better results. In one series, for instance, in which we all three made the greatest effort to concentrate our minds on written figures, she knew the first number correctly only in two out of fourteen cases. In another series of twelve letters she did not know a single one of the first trial.

"Sometimes when she showed splendid results with her sister Gladys present everything stopped the very moment the sister left the room. Sometimes Beulah knew the first half of a word while Gladys stood still in the same room, and could not get the second half of the word when Gladys in the meantime had stepped from the little parlor to the kitchen."

BOYS ON COAST TO COAST WALK TO GET EDUCATION

WARRENSBURG, MO., May 31.—Walking against time to win scholarships in the Springfield (Mass.) Training School, Eric Nillson and Patrick Dobbs, aged 18 and 20 years, arrived in Warrensburg on their tramp from Newark, N. J., to the Pacific Coast. The youths are graduates of the Newark High School and are members of several athletic clubs of that city. The clubs offered to send the youths through the Massachusetts training school if they would make the trip. They are to cover the distance in 150 days.

Cat With a Harelip Whistles Like Boy

Animal Never Has Mewed and Is Regarded as a Musical Prodigy.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., May 31.—Stanislaus Czynszky of Prospect Avenue, West Springfield, is the owner of a cat with a harelip, which whistles with the facility of a schoolboy, but cannot mew or, at least, never has mewed.

Czynszky is inclined to believe that no animal in its normal state of mind would whistle, but is loath to do away with the cat, which, he says, attracts more attention than any other member of the family and is regarded as a musical prodigy.

Neighbors have suggested that the cat would prove a treasure to a maker of catgut violin strings.

Tintype 75 Years Old Gives Woman Fortune

Miser's Sister Identified After Long Search by Picture Taken in Childhood.

DENVER, May 31.—By means of a tintype photo taken more than 75 years ago, Public Administrator Woodward has found heirs to the $20,000 estate left by Leon Le Fevre, aged miser and recluse, who died here in February, 1912.

Woodward, after almost a year's effort, traced the photo to a small town in Belgium and succeeded in establishing that it is a likeness of the aged miser's sister, Amelia, taken when she was a girl.

Miss Le Fevre, who never has married, is past 87. She and two grandnephews of her brother, all living in Belgium, will receive the latter's estate.

Must Throw Stones, As a Punishment

Class Organized by Massachusetts Judge to Discipline Young Offenders.

MALDEN, MASS., May 31.—Judge Bruce of the local court has adopted the Mikado's system of making the punishment fit the crime. The Judge has organized a class in stone-throwing, and on July 3 it is expected that as many as twenty-five boys will be collected in a large field which the Judge is to hire, and there, under the eye of Probation Officer Killion, they will be made to throw stones for an hour, or, says the Judge, "until they get their fill," this receiving punishment fitting the crime and furnishing amusement to the crowd which will undoubtedly gather.

James Barnett, seventeen, and Leo Halligan, sixteen, of Revere, were the culprits who brought upon themselves this poetic justice. They were brought into court by Chief Hill of that town for stone-throwing. Judge Bruce looked them over and pronounced sentence.

WOMAN HAS TO PAY BACK $42,000 ALIMONY

GRAND JUNCTION, COL., May 31.—A decision rendered in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts places Mrs. Viola S. Martin, formerly of this section, in an embarrassing situation in that she is ordered to pay back $42,000 alimony awarded her by the Colorado courts in 1900. Meanwhile Mrs. Martin has spent a large portion of the sum she is ordered to repay.

DEER INDIGNANT WHEN NOT FED, AND KICKS MAN'S FACE

WINSTED, CONN., May 31.—John Moore met a tame deer browsing near the Highland Lake trolley junction. He extended his right hand toward the animal, which at once approached and sniffed it.

Finding the hand empty the deer suddenly wheeled and kicked the man in the face and bounded away. Moore is to-day minus two teeth and his face is badly swollen.

Count Szechenyi to Rest in U. S. Has Crippled His Wife's Dowry

Countess Szechenyi, who, when she married, had a fortune of	$8,000,000
In five years Count Szechenyi has spent	$4,000,000

Mrs. Vanderbilt Obliged to Change Her Plans for Entire Summer.

NEW YORK, May 31.—So serious are the financial losses of the Count Ladislaus Szechenyi that he and his young Countess, the former Gladys Vanderbilt, are planning to seek a refuge from their difficulties in America, according to report from Budapest.

The hasty departure of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt a few years ago to join her daughter in Austria is now believed by friends here to have been a rush to the rescue. That the Countess will be brought back to this country by her mother is predicted by society in New York and in Newport.

It is probable that the Count will come, too. That he has sunk $4,000,000 of the fortune that dowered his bride has not caused a break in his relations with her family, so far as is known.

Lost in Business Deals.

His losses were the result of unwise, ill-timed ventures on a scale far beyond his business capacity. The money was not squandered upon himself. He will in all likelihood find shelter from the financial storm under the protecting power of the Vanderbilt millions.

Word reached Newport yesterday from Mrs. Vanderbilt that she had suddenly changed her plans, and, instead of returning immediately would remain with her daughter until September.

At the time of her departure she intended, her friends say, to return after the briefest of visits. The alteration of her plans has caused surprise. Her departure itself was a surprise, because she was just completing arrangements for reopening "The Breakers" at Newport. Whether or not at that time she had received intimations of the Count's reverses is not known.

Budapest dispatches would indicate that the Count's investments, by which he is reported to have wrecked so great a fortune in so short a time, were almost fantastic.

Great sums, it is said, went into the promotion of a submarine wireless telegraph system, which was tested by the United States and other Governments, but which never reached perfection—nor profits.

Three other Hungarian noblemen besides the Count are said to be heavily involved with him.

These men, who were associated with him in various enterprises, are Count Paul Szapary, Count Karacsonyi and Count Degenfeld. The first one married money, his wife bringing him $1,000,000. The second owns the finest house in Budapest, and the last is the owner of a famous racing stable.

Among the stories circulated about Szechenyi is one that he wished to be the Vanderbilt of Austria. It is said that he conceived the idea of a group of capitalists dominated by himself and a few others for the handling of big enterprises. One of the big enterprises was the Krasso-Szoreny mines, near the mines of the Austro-Hungarian State Railway. These mines are iron and coal.

Mine Proves a Failure.

Years ago the railroad experts went over them and said they would not pay to work. The Count had a Belgian engineer make a report. It was all that could be desired. It declared the property worth $100,000,000. The Count and his friends accepted it and put in their money. Expensive machinery was installed, houses built, shafts sunk and men put to work, but the output of the mine never met the cost of production.

The Count also has figured in the Budapest and Vienna Boerses with out success.

The stories printed that the Countess left Austria because of the snubs by the Count are absolutely untrue. The American wife was well received. The cause of the departure is purely financial, probably to give the Vanderbilt family and the Count time to get a breathing spell and think it over.

What Some Titles Cost American Girls

Countess de Castellane, formerly Anna Gould, had to pay $11,500,000 for Count Boni's debts and extravagances, and then married the Prince de Sagan, who owed $4,000,000, which she is now helping to pay.

The Earl of Yarmouth had his debts of $2,000,000 paid by his wife, who was Miss Alice Thaw, and had $1,500,000 settled upon him. A half million of this was in real estate, and was saved by the Thaw lawyers when the couple separated.

Count Szechenyi had $5,000,000 settled on him, of which he was to have the income for life when he married Gladys Vanderbilt. Three million dollars more which she had as her share of the Vanderbilt estate is gone, and four years of the income with it in the Count's effort to be a financier.

BIG PRAIRIE DOG CITY KILLED OFF BY RAILROADS

Animals Interfering With Maintenance of Denver, Laramie and Pacific, Now Building.

CHEYENNE, WYO., May 31.—Five hundred million prairie dogs, the inhabitants of the biggest prairie dog town in the world, are soon to be attacked by the Denver, Laramie & Pacific Railroad, which is building northward from Denver, and which must pass through one corner of the town for a distance of about sixty miles or so.

The railroad officials plan to make war upon the little animals by dropping into their holes balls of cotton saturated with carbon bisulphide. The fumes, in which no animal life can exist, so penetrates and permeates the holes that there is no escape, and the prairie dogs are suffocated.

The railroad finds it necessary to exterminate the little animals to prevent them from so undermining the roadbed as to make traffic insecure. The entire town will not be attacked, but only that portion through which the line is to be constructed.

This town, the largest dog town on the continent, is located down on the line between Colorado and Wyoming. It is fifty miles wide, 140 long and contains 4,480,000 acres. Out in this country the ranchers estimate prairie dogs by the acre and the conservative number is 100 dogs to that much ground. On that basis the big town contains nearly 500,000,000 dogs—to say nothing of the owls, the rabbits, the lizard, the horned toads and the rattlesnakes which infest the dog burrows.

Difficult to Capture.

Of all animals the prairie dog is the most difficult to capture, either dead or alive. It is almost impossible to secure one by means of a gun; in case the shot kills it its comrades rush out, grab the dead brother and dash back into their burrow with the body. Should a snare be set and a dog caught he sets up a peculiar barking to which dozens of his fellows instantly respond. The string is gnawed in two and the former captive and his rescuers disappear. Should a wire be used instead of a string the rescurers will quickly gnaw off a foot or a leg in their efforts to assist his escape. The dogs never venture far from their dens, and, if for any reason they find it necessary to get to cover in a hurry, do not hesitate to run into the burrow which happens to be closest to hand.

That the dogs actually honeycomb the earth of the towns is well known by those who have studied their life. Dogs which run into one hole can be seen a few moments later peeping from a hole some distance away.

One of the strangest things about a prairie dog town is the manner in which the inhabitants secure water. The prairie dog towns are invariably located in desert localities, where there is no water for miles.

Scientists have proven that often the water strata lie several hundred of feet below the hard, barren, sunbaked clay and sand. But the carbon bisulphide, being heavier than air, will search out every nook and cranny of the burrows, and, after following the litle dog to his last stand, will overpower and strangle him to death.

Scanty Diet There.

Their diet consists of four articles: cactus, roots of wire grass, tender green shoots of the sage brush and grease wood. These four species are the only ones of all plant or tree life capable of growth in the Western deserts. The prairie dogs are thrifty enough to keep fat and sleek on a diet upon which a ground squirrel would starve to death in a week.

The colony of dogs which lives down in the big town evidently settled there hundreds of years ago. In its present size it has been known to exist for fifty years. While prairie dogs multiply about as rapidly as do rabbits, the younger animals remain in the burrow with their parents until there no longer is room for them. Then they are thrown out and are forced to either get into another den or dig one for themselves.

While there may have been millions of new burrows dug in the big town since white men first observed it, the limits of the colony are practically the same to-day as when early pioneers and gold seekers first located it.

The railroad company may be forced to asphyxiate millions of the little animals and to destroy hundreds of thousands of burrows in making its sixty-mile path through the colony, but the builders say it is absolutely necessary to clear the right of way before safety from that source of danger can be assured.

ADOPTED BOY, INHERITING FORTUNE, CAN'T SPEND IT

JENKINSTOWN, PA., May 31.—Randall W. Dickinson, the 11-year-old student of the Abington Friends' School, who is declared to be heir to $250,000 by the death of William Russell Randall, an uncle, is the admitted hero of all other boys at the school since the news of his windfall became public.

"As a matter of fact, young Dickinson's money will be treated as any other minor youth's money—it will, of course, be safeguarded by trustees and guardians until the boy reaches a legal age."

Young Dickinson is said to have been adopted from a Philadelphia institution eight years ago by Samuel T. Dickinson, a Virginian.

PIONEER'S HEARSE LUMBER WAGON ON DEATH REQUEST

LINCOLN, NEBR., May 31.—Dr. C. W. B. Cox, 70 years old, a pioneer, is dead in the sparsely settled sandhills of Blaine County, and his dying command that his hearse be a lumber wagon has been literally carried out. He settled in Blaine County long before the earliest homestead laws of the county went into effect. For nearly 35 years he lived in one community.

MILLIONS ONCE TOILED IN OLD WYOMING PITS

Scientists Will Explore the Famous "Spanish Diggins" in the Northwest.

CHEYENNE, WYO., May 31.—"Spanish Diggings," the famous Wyoming wonderland of American anthropology and archaeology, where in a prehistoric time a vanished nation manufactured its implements of war, agriculture, and the chase will this summer be the scene of active archaeological explorations at the hands of several Eastern universities.

Because of their remoteness from a railroad, the "Diggings" have received scant attention from scientists.

Recent Investigations.

The most recent investigator was Professor Loomis, of Amherst, who, four years ago, spent a short time among the old quarries and as a result shipped to his college more than 7,000 archaeological objects, besides a large number of invaluable new forms of paleontology.

The name "Spanish Diggings," was given these immense prehistoric quarries by early explorers who thought Spaniards from Mexico had worked the strata for a precious mineral of some kind. But scientists later made the discovery that the Spaniards never even heard of the "Diggings" and that the work was done by a prehistoric people.

From these old quarries the prehistoric people obtained materials for their stone weapons and to-day there are blocks of all shapes and sizes scattered around the pits by the million. The quarries gave up flinty rocks of all shades and colors, and it is supposed that this fact served as a magnet which drew aborigines from all over the continent.

Many Specimens.

There are agates, chalcedony, jaspers and flints in white, black, brown, light, dark and brilliant yellow, grays of all shades, lavender, violet, purple, pink, red and white mottled striped and vermillion banded. All these rocks are fine and dense and break with deep conchoidal fracture. Quartzites of scores of shades, rivaling the more beautiful agates in coloring, were made use of and quarries where this rock was secured are among the largest in the region.

The prehistoric workers showed grat ingenuity in their work of excavating through solid rock. One of the quarries shows a shaft about 20 feet in diameter and 30 feet deep. In this quarry a number of the granite wedges used by the ancient miners are still in place seemingly just ready for the strike of the stone hammer.

Ancient House Sites.

Down on the plains, 1,000 feet below the quarries, there are the ancient house sites in which the quarrymen lived. These sites line for miles the banks of a stream which long since ceased to flow. Yet the men who worked in the old quarries secured their water from that stream.

Furthermore, geologists say that in the days when the making of stone implements was the chief industry of this continent, Wyoming must have had a different climate and another elevation, one not so high as to-day's.

But by some freak of nature the lands have been pushed up above the line at which successful farming ceases. About these village sites on the dry stream beds thousands of fine stone implements can be gathered as easily as gravel in a sand bed. Why these people abandoned the implements in whose manufacture there was so much labor, is one of the unsolved mysteries of the "Diggings."

Numberless Paths.

As an indication of the numberless workmen who at different times worked in these quarries, there can yet be seen the old path leading from the villages down on the plain up to the quarries on the heights. And this old path is over solid rock, which was gradually worn down by the passing of thousands of feet.

The Eastern scientists expect to spend the months of July and August in their explorations of completed implements, as well as those of every stage of manufacture.

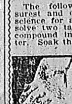
FIG CULTURE WITHOUT USE OF FERTILIZER IS TRIED

LOS ANGELES, May 31.—About 6,500 Smyrna seedlings are now potted at the United States Introduction Garden at Chico, Cal., undergoing an experiment for fertility without the aid of an insect. Seven or eight varieties are represented, and they are all fertilized from the pollen of other trees. It is hoped to produce a self-fertilizing seedling fig, and if this is accomplished it will be a great step in the fig raising industry, of this country.

Another interesting fruit is the alligator pear, or avacado.

Gives Quickest and Surest Cure For All Sore Feet

The following is absolutely the surest and quickest cure known to science for all foot ailments: "Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of Calocide compound in a basin of warm water. Soak the feet in this for full fifteen minutes, gently rubbing the sore parts." The effect is really wonderful. All soreness goes instantly; the feet feel so good you could sing for joy. Corns and callouses can be peeled right off. It gives immediate relief for sore bunions, sweaty, smelly and aching feet. A twenty-five cent box of Calocide is said to be sufficient to cure the worst feet. It works through the pores and removes the cause of the trouble. Don't waste time on uncertain remedies. Any druggist has Calocide compound in stock or he can get it in a few hours from his wholesale house. It is not a patent medicine, but is an ethical preparation.



Heart Breaks When Ball Team Is Beaten

Schoolboy Pitcher Grieves to Death Because His Club Lost in Contest for Pennant.

ST. PAUL, May 31.—"Hal I pitched, my school would have won the pennant, but it's too late now; we've lost——"

Willie Liesser, fourteen, champion pitcher of St. Paul Grade Schools, sobbed these words, buried his face in bed clothing and died of a broken heart.

Willie attended class at Baker School Wednesday. He won his third consecutive victory, pitching a two-hit no-run game. Thursday's battle was to decide the school's pennant chances. He worried, causing a headache, and was detained at home. The new pitcher lost the game.

When the principal and comrades called on Willie he still was confined to his bed with a headache.

"What's the score?" he cried. They told him, a moment later he was dead. Physicians say death was due to a broken heart.

Playmates placed Willie's baseball suit over his body.

Woman Just Escapes Being Devoured Alive

Lion Springs at Her Out of Cage, but is Killed in Time by Owner.

ALTOONA, PA., May 31.—With the hot breath of a lion fanning her cheek and his roar mingling with her screams for aid as he stood over her in an iron bound cage, Mlle. Florence, a woman animal trainer of the Ferari Carnival company, faced death by being eaten alive here this afternoon.

Mlle. Florence had forgotten her whip in the cage. As she went to recover it the beast sprang through the air, landing with full weight on her shoulders. Realizing that his sharp fangs would sink into her flesh, Col. Francis Ferari, who chanced to be nearby, acted almost instantly.

With two jumps he was at the cage with a Colt revolver. He sent a stream of bullets into the lion's hide at such short range that a burn surrounds every bullet hole. The revolver did its work and the king of the jungle fell dead with his claws entangled in the clothing of the woman. She was saved but severely scratched. The animal was worth $5,000.

Beats Dogs in 500 Mile Race for Gold

Alaska Miner, Afoot, Chases Woman, Who He Says Robbed Him of $5,000 Worth of Precious Dust.

TACOMA, May 31.—Walking 600 miles, making from 50 to 60 miles a day, Ben Dahl, a miner, reached Fairbanks, Alaska, before Norah Moore, who, traveling with a team of dogs, was, it is alleged, trying to steal gold dust belonging to Dahl. The woman was indicted on a charge of grand larceny. The gold is valued at $5,000.

Dahl asserts the woman promised to become his wife while he was at the Hammond River diggings, 600 miles north of Fairbanks. He signed a paper, which later turned out to be a bill of sale, and let the woman have the gold, he says, on the understanding that she would use it to establish them in the real estate business at Vancouver.

He declares the woman disappeared with the gold and a fast team of dogs. Then he set out on foot, reaching Fairbanks several hours before she did.

FIND THE MORAL.

MILWAUKEE, May 31.—One good way to get a husband is shown at the State University, where half the girls of the graduating class of the cooking department are wearing engagement rings.

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Air-Float

TALCUM POWDER

IMMIGRANTS IN DROVES COMING TO SEEK HOMES

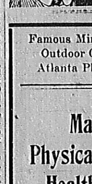
Figures Being Steadily Forced Upward—New Record Should Be Set by End of Year.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—The influx of immigrants into the United States for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1913, will probably be greater than for any other year in the history of the country. Judging from the reports now being received by the Commissioner General of Immigration, the arrival of aliens in this country by the end of June will pass the high water mark of 1907, when approximately 1,200,000 immigrants landed on the shores of America.

Statistics received by Commissioner General Keefe show that for the first nine months of the present fiscal year, which ended March 31, 1913, a total of 888,899 immigrants arrived in this country at all ports of entry. If this ratio should keep up it is estimated that at least 420,000 additional will arrive during the last three months of the year which will bring the grand total up to 1,308,800, the highest mark ever reached, according to the records at the immigration bureau.

There were admitted at the port of New York during the first nine months of the present fiscal year, 644,273 immigrants of all classes, including those who had previously been in the country and those who declared they intend to remain here but a short time.

According to the statistics prepared by Commissioner General Keefe, immigrants arriving at the port of New York brought with them $23,312,327, representing a per capita of $36. There were 6,755 immigrants disbarred from landing in New York during the first nine months of the present fiscal year. For the month of March 90,044 immigrants were admitted at New York. During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1912, but 838,172 immigrants arrived in this country at all ports, while for 1911, 878,587 landed.



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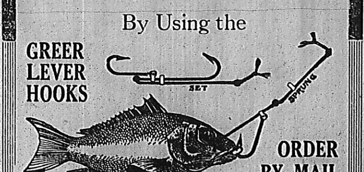

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HEARST'S

SUNDAY AMERICAN

EXTRA

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Captain Scott's Tragic Death in Polar Wastes Told in Photographs

THE SUNDAY AMERICAN, in this issue, publishes seven pictures—the only ones in existence—showing the last dash of the ill-fated Scott expedition to the South Pole. These pictures vividly depict the brave struggle of the British explorers in their quest for the goal. They show the start of the expedition on the final dash; they depict their arrival at the pole, where, to their intense disappointment, they found the tent and flag of the courageous Captain Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer who had preceded them to the coveted goal; they show the pathetic tent of death in which Captain Scott and his brave comrades perished; and lastly, they show the cairn marking the final resting place of these heroic men.

These pictures are the most remarkable ever published of a similar tragedy and give some idea of the terrors of the Antarctic wastes. They should prove a most instructive study to both young and old, and as such, The Sunday American presents them. They will be found on pages 2, 3, 4 and 5 of the Second Main News Section.

CONFESSION OF CONLEY MAKES NO CHANGES IN STATE'S CASE

Negro Will Be Used as Material Evidence Against Frank, Says Solicitor Dorsey.

LEE LIKELY TO BE FREED

Sweeper Sticks to Story Accusing Head of Pencil Factory of Phagan Slaying.

The startling confessions by Jim Conley of the part he played in the Phagan murder mystery have not changed the State's case in any of its essential features, according to an announcement from Solicitor General Hugh M. Dorsey, at the close of a long examination of the negro yesterday.

Stormed at for several hours by the Solicitor and the city detectives, Conley's story was unchanged and he threw no new light on the case.

"He has told everything he knows of the crime," one of the detectives said as the negro was led from the Solicitor's office to be taken back to the police station.

Regarded as one of the most significant announcements from the Solicitor was that the negro would be prosecuted as an accessory after the fact unless some new development connected him more directly with the crime.

To Be Material Witness.

The Solicitor also outlined his intention of using Conley as a material witness against Leo M. Frank. He explained that the negro, being under indictment as an accessory, would in no way interfere with his being used as a witness.

When the Grand Jury meets next Friday, it is more than likely it will take some action on the bill of indictment drawn at the same time with that of Frank, charging Newt Lee, the night watchman, with the murder.

Developments since the indictment was drawn have pretty clearly eliminated Lee from the case, except in the capacity of a witness, and a "no bill" is expected to the indictment.

Conley Grilled for Hours.

For hours Saturday James Conley, negro sweeper, whose sensational confession accuses Superintendent Leo M. Frank of the murder of Mary Phagan, explained in detail to So-

Continued on Page 6; Column 1.

WHICH OF THESE CALLS IS FOR YOU?

Calls from country to city by those who want good help. As usual, the people at the Summer resorts need all the efficient assistance they can get. There is room for many kinds of ability.

Calls from city to country by those who would give such help for fair wage. Employers will be glad to hear from them.

Calls for bright people to take advantage of Business Opportunities to be exploited at the Summer resorts. Good chances to make money are offered to those who recognize good chances when they meet them.

Other calls, as timely as sunshine and roses in June, will be sounded in the

SUNDAY AMERICAN AND DAILY GEORGIAN WANT AD SECTION

If you need help in Store, Shop or Home; employment for Hands or Brains, Capital, a Partner, a Business Opening, you will read this section carefully.

Statesmen Accept Spelling Bee Defi

Congressmen and Newspaper Men Will Be Matched in Contest Before National Press Club.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—Although many statesmen have declined for the reason, as they admit, that they are poor spellers and "were not going to stand up there and make darned fools of themselves," sixteen have accepted the challenge of the Washington newspaper men and will meet in an old-fashioned spelling bee on Thursday next, to mark the annual "ladies' day" of the National Press Club.

The challenge had its origin in the comment by Chairman Underwood, of the Ways and Means Committee, on a dispatch sent out criticising the committee in respect to the duty on "diamidostilbendisulfoacid" in the tariff bill. Underwood forgave the criticism, but condemned the spelling. Hence the meeting at which Secretary of Agriculture Houston will be "teacher."

Head of Morgan Co.'s Trunk Being Watched

Treasury Department Investigates Charge That Stotesbury Brought in Necklace Worth $70,000.

PHILADELPHIA, May 31.—The Treasury Department is investigating the charge that a number of trunks belonging to Edward T. Stotesbury, head of the banking house of Drexel & Co., and senior member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., were recently passed as free of duty by custom officials at this port.

It is alleged that one of the trunks contained a necklace belonging to Mrs. Stotesbury and valued at $70,000. Another version of the story is that the trunks contained chiefly valuable lingerie belonging to the banker's wife and that duty would not exceed $200.

Cigarette Wins Wife For Austrian Officer

New York, Chicago, Budapest Girl Likes Brand of Tobacco and Brand of Verse Soldier Uses.

NEW YORK, May 31.—"I'm engaged to the finest soldier in Austria and all because of a cigarette," said Miss Rosa Roth, of New York, Budapest and Chicago, when she arrived from Europe on the Friedrich Der Grosse.

Miss Roth was smoking in a cafe in Budapest. Lieutenant Leo Nov Andrafy sent her a box of her favorite brand by a waiter. On the bottom he had written a verse telling her how ardently he admired her.

An introduction followed and soon afterward the engagement was announced.

NEAR-TORNADO HITS ATLANTA; DAMAGE HEAVY

Windows Smashed and Signs Broken as Gale Sweeps Business Section of City.

BIG TREES ARE UPROOTED

Peachtree Pedestrians Have Narrow Escapes From Falling Glass.

Hundreds of dollars damage was done late Saturday afternoon when Atlanta was swept by one of the most violent wind and rain storms of the season.

The traction service and street traffic was paralyzed and thousands of persons who had come downtown were detained, most of them getting thoroughly drenched.

Windows in shops along Peachtree Street were blown out and a portion of the scaffold built around the new Winecoff Hotel was blown down, narrowly missing a crowded street car.

Panic at Ball Park.

At the Ponce DeLeon ball park, where a game was in progress, came the report that for a time panic reigned as the gale tore down a part of the fence and threatened the grandstand, which was crowded.

Upper Peachtree suffered the brunt of the gale. In the automobile row just north of Cain Street several big windows were blown out and the street was littered with broken glass and wrecked signs.

At the Piedmont Hotel junction, where the winds eddied with terrific force, pedestrians were all but blown from their feet and many barely escaped injury by falling window glass.

At the Daniels clothing store, in Peachtree, the wind blew out a large upstairs window and the falling glass showered upon the sidewalk, narrowly missing a group of women who were rushing into the doorway to seek shelter.

Storm Comes Suddenly.

The wind and downpour of rain followed the hottest and most sultry day of the year. The storm came from the northwest and broke with sudden fury.

Automobilists who were caught scurrying up Peachtree in an effort to reach home were forced to "lay to" the curbs, as the dust and falling glass made driving impossible.

Street cars were stopped before the full force of the storm broke and service was interrupted for nearly half an hour. Falling trolley wires tied up some lines for even longer.

Every Hotel Hit.

Casualties were so widespread that reports came into the police station slowly. That the storm enveloped the entire city was indicated early.

Nearly every hotel sustained damage. In some of them panics reigned for a while.

At the Aragon Hotel the skylight was smashed and the downpour of rain flooded the lobby for a time. Two horses hitched to carriages were blown from in front of the hotel down Peachtree Street. An automobile truck belonging to the Blue Seal Ice Cream Company was also blown over. Window panes in the Majestic Hotel were broken.

The plate glass window in the store of Carroll Tailoring Company, 174 Peachtree Street, was smashed in and the sign above the entrance torn from its lodging.

Many persons narrowly escaped death when the flagpole on top of the Piedmont Hotel was rent from its fastenings and cast eight stories down into the street.

Big Trees Uprooted.

In Piedmont Avenue, near Decatur Street, a tree was torn up by the roots and cast across the street. Another tree was uprooted near the county jail and thrown into Hunter Street. A part of the roof of Swift's Specific building, Hunter and Butler Streets, was torn away, leaving the torrents which were pouring down to flood the building.

In Peachtree Street downtown, the wind before the rain carried a blinding cloud of dust with it. The crowds which thronged the thoroughfare were blinded. Many persons had hundles torn from their arms and carried away.

Hundreds were caught in the torrents which fell suddenly and were driven in the face of the cyclone. Business houses were stampeded for shelter.

For more than two hours the storm raged.

Suspicious Sailors Damage Imperator

Vessel's Accident and Kaiser's Refusal to Make Trial Trip Brand Her "Jonah Ship."

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 31.—A large portion of the equipment and furnishings of the Imperator have been irreparably damaged by vandals, according to statements made by German shipping masters to-day. Liquid cement has been poured into the water pipes and allowed to harden, thus rendering the system useless, while many of the costly paintings and carpets with which the cabins were furnished have been cut and slashed.

These acts are believed to have been committed by workmen who were angered at being forced to accompany the ship to a desolate part of the coast near Cuxhaven after the Imperator had grounded in the Elbe after being launched.

Sailors regard the Imperator with great superstition, and this has become more marked since it has been learned that Emperor William has refused to go on the trial trip.

Coffee Drinking Cut By Cost of Living

Department of Commerce Report Shows Americans Use Less as Imports Duty Increases.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—Americans have started out to cut the high cost of living by drinking less coffee. As the price goes up the amount each person drinks decreases, according to figures made public to-day by the Department of Commerce.

In 1909 the average consumption per capita was more than 11 pounds and the average import price 7 1-2 cents. In 1899, when the import price advanced to 10.3 cents, the average consumption dropped to 9.3 pounds, and in 1912, when the price was 13.3 cents, the consumption was only 8.9 pounds. In the nine months ended last March the coffee importations amounted to only 714,327,146 pounds, valued at $96,885,421. This is a big decrease in bulk and an increase in value.

Spectacles Blamed For Family Break

Wife of 33 Years Says Husband Wanted to Use Glasses All the Time, Except When Asleep.

CLEVELAND, May 31.—Mrs. Louis Magrander blames a pair of spectacles for the troubles between herself and her husband, Louis, to whom she has been married 33 years.

"I need them part of the time, but he wants to wear them all the time, except when he goes to bed," she says. "And he stays up late just to keep hold of them. They fit us both perfectly."

The husband's version, as related in a divorce proceeding, charges that Mrs. Magrander beat him with a club, the police interfering to save a knock-out, and refused to cook his meals. Magrander wants the court to compel his wife to pay him alimony.

Alfonso Blamed for Miss Ferrer's Death

Anarchistic Newspapers Declare the Spanish King Hastened End of Daughter of Man He Executed.

Special Cable to The American.

PARIS, May 31.—Anarchist newspapers to-day made sensational attacks on King Alphonso in regard to the recent death of Paz Ferrer, the young actress-daughter of the Spanish teacher, whose execution caused a world-wide stir.

Miss Ferrer's death, it is asserted, was directly due to the shock of her removal from Fontainebleau, where she was critically ill with tuberculosis. She was taken in an automobile to an adjoining town by orders of the police, who feared a demonstration on the occasion of the visit to Fontainebleau by King Alfonso.

Miss Ferrer had won distinction in her profession. She did not share her father's anarchistic views.

YOUNG ELOPERS COME TO GRIEF IN STOLEN CAR

Schoolboy and Girl Companion Live in Style While Money Lasts—Land in Jail.

GASOLINE OUT IN CRISIS

Long Walk to Philadelphia Tired Feet but Didn't Cool Ardor, So They Took Car.

PHILADELPHIA, May 31.—Lloyd Williams, 17, of Chicago, a student in Phillips-Exeter School, who eloped from Boston with 17-year-old Edythe Mae Howe, daughter of a railroad official of Boston, and who was arrested with her in Lewiston, Pa., in a motor car belonging to Mrs. Helen Clayton Haverford, was brought back to this city early to-day. The girl was taken back to Boston by her parents to-day.

Two years ago I met Miss Howe at a football game and saw her often after that," said Williams. "Three weeks ago when I was on a vacation we decided to elope. We went to New York and lived in a fine apartment. We paid $5 a day for the room. The money went fast, and May 26 I told Edythe we were broke and advised her to go home and let me start to walk to Chicago.

"I started with you,' she said, 'and I am going to stick.' We went as far as Trenton on a trolley and then I had just 5 cents left. We walked into Philadelphia. Our shoes were worn out and Edythe was so exhausted that I had to actually drag her along. When we reached Philadelphia she was so tired that I made her sit on a packing box. I looked up and saw an automobile.

"I never ran an automobile, but I fooled around and got the thing started.

"When we arrived in the country, I managed to get the machine stopped. With my last nickel I bought a loaf of bread. We each ate half of it.

"When we reached Lewiston the machine stopped dead. We had run out of gasoline.

"Nothing can separate us. I intend to marry her. I acted like a gentleman on the trip. Edythe will substantiate what I am saying."

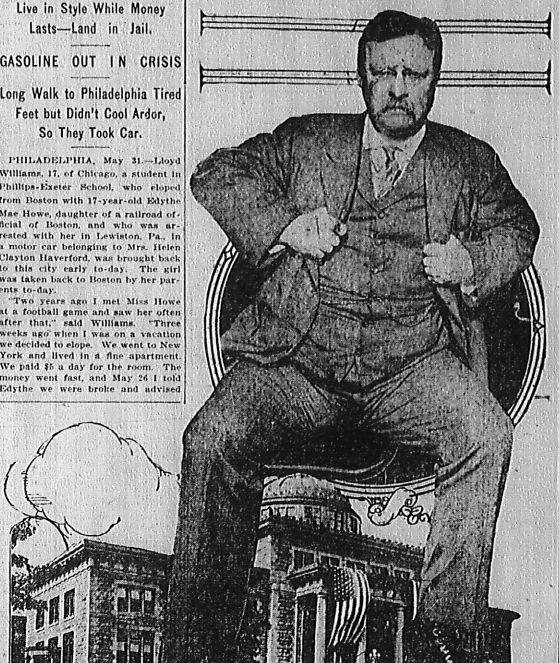
When the detective called at the jail in Lewistown for Williams, Miss Howe was in the hearing room with her parents. As the youth passed the girl he asked her for a kiss. The girl started toward him and was stopped by her parents.

The girl ran past her parents and, throwing her arms around Williams' neck, kissed him. Then the couple broke down, and Williams was led away to the railroad station to come to this city.

ROOSEVELT WINS SUIT

Awarded 6 Cents Damages for Libel

'Achieved My Purpose,' He Says



Amount of 'Balm' Is Fixed by the Jury After Sued Editor Had Declined to Submit a Defense and Confessed Judgment.

Colonel Declares He Believes That the Defendant Acted in Good Faith and Requests That the Nominal Sum Be Given.

Michigan Newspaper Publisher Had Charged Former President With Drunkenness — Accused Made Determined Court Fight.

MARQUETTE, MICH., May 31.—"I have achieved my purpose and am content," said former President Theodore Roosevelt, addressing the Marquette County circuit court this afternoon.

The trial of his $10,000 libel suit against George Newett, editor of The Ishpeming Iron Ore, came to an abrupt termination when Newett himself took the stand and asking permission of the court made a statement in which he said he had published allegations of Roosevelt's intemperate habits in good faith and that in view of the testimony now adduced he is convinced he was mistaken.

By agreement of the counsel Attorney William P. Belden announced to the court that Newett was ready to confess judgment. It was then that Colonel Roosevelt asked permission of the court to himself make a statement.

"I did not go into this trial for money," said Colonel Roosevelt. "Neither did I go into this suit for any vindictive purpose nor with any vindictive feelings toward the defendant. As my counsel has repeatedly stated, my reputation had been an issue and it is an issue because I have made it an issue.

"The reason I have done that is because I wished thoroughly and completely to deal with these slanders and libels, to deal with them in such a way that never again can any person or any publication repeat them, claiming to do so in good faith. I have achieved my purpose and am content. I am convinced that this defendant did act in good faith and I therefore ask this honorable court to assess merely nominal damages.

At the suggestion of Attorney Belden, Judge Flannigan then announced a recess of fifteen minutes during which counsel was to confer as to the nominal amount of damages.

Roosevelt swas awarded six cents damages.

Negro Pair Sought In Stevens Slaying Case Under Arrest

Wilkes and Half-Breed Maynard Pointed Out on Street by Slain Woman's Son.

Walter Wilkes, the negro preacher, and Ernest Maynard, the half-breed, wanted for the murder of Mrs. William Stevens and her daughter, Nellie, on the McDonough Road, were taken into custody late Saturday afternoon.

The negroes were pointed out to detectives by Wade Stevens, son of the murdered woman, at the corner of Peters and Beerman Streets.

They were taken immediately to the police station, where they will be put through a grueling cross-examination.

MISS YOAKUM COMPLETES PLAN FOR JUNE WEDDING

NEW YORK, May 31.—Miss Bessie Yoakum, one of the first brides of June, has completed the plans of her wedding on Wednesday to Francis R. Larkin, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Larkin. Their marriage will take place in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church and Miss Yoakum will be attended by her sister, Mrs. Paul Ding Pordyck, Mrs. George Bourne and five bridesmaids.

Kun'l Henry on Colonel Teddy and 'Getting Drunk'

LOUISVILLE, May 31.—In a long editorial "upon getting drunk," Colonel Henry Watterson makes the following remarks about the Roosevelt trial in The Louisville Courier-Journal:

"History and literature are so studded with the bonmais of vinous hilarity, all the way from Noah and onward through sons of notable persons who are not commonly represented as examples of strict sobriety, that it would seem a much ado about nothing in Colonel Roosevelt to seek to fix by legal inquiry and affirmation the various kinds of intoxicants he has never used, and which he actually detests, and the precise number of drinks he has not had for breakfast.

"With what purpose is his proceeding and to what end? Whether he drinks wine or beer, or cocktails, or mint juleps, or does not drink at all, may be said, in a sense, to be nobody's business but his own, assuredly nobody's concern except the immediate circle about him.

"Surely a man who has lived in the world three and fifty years, in the limelight thirty of them, the head of a happy and prosperous household, a good husband and father, a prodigiously hard worker, could afford to let tongues wag as they will about his exits and his entrances, his food and his drink and his intimate personality."

Yoakum Refuses to Disclose Frisco Move

Group of Bondholders Will Meet to Stave Off Threatened Crash of System.

NEW YORK, May 31.—Benjamin F. Yoakum, chairman of the board of directors of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, declined to comment on the uproar caused in the financial world over his secret move in having a receiver appointed for the railroad at St. Louis early in the week.

A group of bondholders, anxious to see what can be done to stave off the threatened bankruptcy in the Frisco road, will meet to-day, it is reported, in this city and formulate a plan of action.

BEER DRINKING BY CHILDREN CALLED AMERICAN MENACE

CHICAGO, May 31.—"Beer drinking among children in America is a menace," declared Miss Edith M. Wills, of Boston, to-day at the scientific temperance exhibit at the Coliseum.

Miss Wills cited statistics to show that illness and weak minds among children are caused by their parents drinking.

SOLICITOR WILL USE CONLEY IN TRIAL OF FRANK

Negro Lee Probably Will Be Freed of All Connection With Phagan Slaying.

Continued From Page 1.

licitor General Hugh M. Dorsey the dread mysteries of the National Pencil Factory on April 26, explaining many things that had not been clear to the officials, but sticking tenaciously to the story he told the city detectives.

Conley was taken to the Solicitor's office at that official's request and put through a severe cross-examination. With an elaborate diagram, drawn for the Solicitor by Bert Green, a Georgian staff artist, to guide him, the negro traced the various scenes in the factory after the slaying of the girl.

He told just where he first claims to have found her and how he and the superintendent he accuses attempted to dispose of the body. The drama he enacted in the factory Friday for the detectives he re-enacted for the Solicitor in the little room at the court house with the artist's chart as the stage and his finger as the tracer of tragedy.

Dorsey Well Satisfied.

The Solicitor was well satisfied with the results obtained in the secret conference behind closed doors and certain points that had been vague to him before were made clear.

At Conley's own request, through William Smith, his counsel, the negro was later transferred to the police station. The negro had been so besieged by questioners at the county jail that he asked to be put within the shelter of police headquarters, where he had been closely guarded and where none but policemen had been allowed to interrogate him.

Conley intimated that he had been threatened at the jail, but little credance was put in his ramblings. It was plain that he wanted rest. He had told his story so often—each time, it may be noted, in almost the same words—that he was tired. The police agreed that he had answered enough questions from outsiders and he was moved.

Police Urge New Test.

A determined effort is being made by the police department to bring Frank face to face with his accuser.

The detectives wish to learn how Conley will go through the ordeal of confronting the man he accuses of directing the disposal of the body of Mary Phagan, and dictating the notes that were found by her body.

They desire also to give Frank an opportunity to deny the negro's story as Conley is repeating it. Frank has been the man of silence in the Tower. He has had nothing to say in regard to the crime to anyone who has sought to talk with him on the subject, unless it was to his most intimate friends who have visited him in his cell.

He still refuses to have anything to say or to have Conley brought to his cell, except by the permission of his attorney, Luther Z. Rosser, and in Mr. Rosser's presence.

Plan to Ask Rosser.

The detectives propose to take the matter up with Attorney Rosser. They will represent that the case has reached a stage where it is necessary to give Conley's statements their final test. Conley went over the scene of the crime step by step on Friday and never wavered in his tale involving Frank deeply.

Now it is desired to have him appear before the very man he so strongly accuses and have him repeat the terrible charges. Some believe that if Conley is alone guilty of the crime, this ordeal will be the final straw that will bring about his full confession.

If Attorney Rosser agrees to the plan, the negro will be taken at once to the cell of Frank. Conley is still in an unsettled state from his long three-day grilling by the detectives, and is thought to be just in the frame of mind to break down and make a full confession, if he knows any more about the crime than he already has told.

Silent Regarding the Case.

In the event that the meeting is arranged, it will be the first time that Frank has broken his silence in regard to the case. He may have talked of it to members of his own family, but his most intimate friends say that he has played cards with them and conversed freely on the topics of the day as he has read of them in the daily papers, but that he never has discussed the Phagan mystery directly and at length. Some of his friends have been with him every hour of every day since he has been in the cell at the Tower. They have been most loyal to the imprisoned man.

They declare that he never has mentioned the subject to any of the attaches of the jail, except occasionally to the Sheriff himself. And then it was in an almost impersonal manner.

"I do not know who is guilty," he said, "but whoever he is, he should hang."

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[illegible] from Atlanta, on sale June [illegible]. Through trains daily, [illegible] lighted steel sleeping, observation and dining cars. Complete [illegible] City Ticket Office, [illegible] Peachtree.

'Conley Unwittingly Proves Frank's Best Friend'

Old Police Reporter Calls Negro's Tale Mass of Lies

Rosser Reflected in Policy of Silence of Man Accused of Murder of Mary Phagan—Black Is Trying to Free Himself.

By AN OLD POLICE REPORTER.

POLICE REPORTERS HAVE BEEN TREMENDOUS AID IN SOLVING MYSTERY

Perhaps as many of the great murder mysteries of history have been solved through the efforts of police reporters—men assigned by newspapers to "cover" criminal cases—as have been solved by detectives. At any rate, the police will always admit that police reporters have had a large part in unraveling the knotty problems. In a case of this sort the police reporter's analysis is particularly good, for he is simply seeking the truth. He, unlike the police, is not held responsible for the production of the criminal, and, therefore, whatever line of thought he pursues is solely in the interest of clearing up a baffling mystery. As such the accompanying article is presented.

Developments came thick and fast during the past week, and one is able to approach consideration of the Phagan case to-day with more assurance and ease of mind than heretofore.

Distinctly have the clouds lifted, so I think, from about Leo Frank, and if not yet are they "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried," they have, nevertheless, I take it, served to let a measure of the sunshine in.

Leo Frank, snatching eagerly at that faltering ray of blessed and thrice-welcome light, may thank the negro Conley for it—albeit Conley let it in neither by way of an impulse of sympathy nor intentional truth.

If I were a de-tec-i-tiff—which, praise be to Allah, I am not!—I think I should cease shouting from the housetops my unshakable belief in Frank's guilt, and should begin to contemplate in solemn and searching analysis the shifty and amazing James Conley, negro!

It is my opinion, bluntly stated, that Conley is an unmitigated liar, all the way through, and that the truth is not in him!

His statement appeals to me an Old Police Reporter—and not a de-tec-i-tiff, again praise be to Allah!—as distinctly the weightiest document in Leo Frank's favor that yet has been promulgated.

Would Belong in Asylum.

Certainly, if Frank DID do the astonishing things Conley attributes to him, he should not be sent to the gallows, in any event, for he surely belongs in Milledgeville, safely held in the State lunatic asylum. But, more of Conley hereafter. The issue of murder has been made with Leo Frank, and he must face trial. The Grand Jury has indicted him, and he will be arraigned in due time and in order.

It will be a finish fight between the State and the defendant. There can be no compromise now—either Frank is guilty or he is innocent, and the truth of that is for twelve men, "good and true," to say.

They will be picked carefully, the State and the defense each exercising its right of elimination to the limit, no doubt, in seeking to frame a jury likely to hand in a just verdict. At least, that is the theory of it.

Solomon cited three strange things as the strangest of all things—the way of an eagle in the air, a serpent upon a rock, and a man with a maid.

Jury Strangest of All.

In Solomon's day, however, they did not have trials by jury, otherwise I feel sure his majesty would have added the way of a jury with a defendant as the fourth exceeding strange thing!

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and no man knoweth whence it cometh or whither it goeth—and by the same token, the verdicts of juries are past prophecy and sure anticipation.

Therefore, students of the uncertain—those people who delight to indulge in speculation and baffling forethought—have three puzzles to engage their minds.

First, who killed Mary Phagan? Second, what will Frank's defense be? Third, what will the jury say?

One thing seems certain, either the jury will acquit Frank utterly or condemn him utterly.

There will be no recommendation of mercy, if he is found guilty, for that would make it obligatory upon the presiding judge to send Frank to the penitentiary for life, with a possible pardon or commutation of sentence ahead.

He will not be found guilty of manslaughter, either voluntary or involuntary, for that would mean that he killed Mary Phagan, but not with deliberate malice aforethought.

The verdict will be written in one of two words—either "Guilty" or "Not Guilty."

Law Holds Frank Innocent.

Remember, Frank, although indicted, stands in the eyes of the law at this writing with the presumption of innocence in his favor.

That is the written law, and the judges will so charge the jury when he comes to deliver into their hands the case for a decision. The burden of proof will be upon the State to make out its case against Leo Frank "beyond a reasonable doubt."

Frank may introduce witnesses or not, as he chooses. He may, as he will have the right to do, undertake his defense entirely in a personal statement, given not under oath, which the jury may accept in whole or in part, or reject in whole or in part, and to the exclusion of all the sworn testimony, if it so elects.

That also is the written law, and the trial jury will be so charged.

The State of Georgia is very fair to a defendant, fairer than many States.

If Frank should elect to rely upon his own statement alone, it will indicate his firm faith in the weakness of the State's case against him, and a determination to risk his chances thereupon. To that extent, therefore, it would be calculated to affect the jury favorably to his point of view.

Point Favors Rosser.

Moreover, such a course would give that wonderful criminal lawyer, Luther Z. Rosser, both the opening and the concluding argument before the jury, which otherwise he will forfeit to the State—and that, in a case of the Phagan character, is a matter of possibly tremendous consequence.

It will not surprise me if Luther Rosser takes his time about assembling the jury to try Frank in so far as he may. Neither will it surprise me to see him exhaust every effort to get a jury of [illegible] and intelligence. [illegible] will in time [illegible] as many high-class men upon it as possible—conservative business men, heads of families, non-emotional, middle-aged persons, perhaps a minister of the gospel.

Here is a case of nation-wide interest. Not only is Leo Frank to be put on trial; the State of Georgia is to be put on trial also!

How will a Georgia court conduct itself in a crisis of this kind? Will it do justice, though the heavens fall, and regardless of which way they fall?

I think so, sincerely and earnestly. Magna est veritas—and that is the point to keep in mind!

Of absorbing interest now, of course, is the probable theory of Frank's defense.

I have some ideas with regard to what it may be, and these I state, merely for what they may be worth, and as matters of personal speculation purely.

What I say of the defense is not said to prejudice the case one way or another. I have no personal concern in it whatever—it interests me merely in the abstract. I have no acquaintance or connection with any party to the tragedy of Mary Phagan—not the slightest. It is, to me, an absorbing problem—that's all.

Murder is the unlawful killing of a human being in the peace of the State, with malice aforethought, either expressed or implied. It may be proved either by direct or circumstantial evidence.

Naturally, it is harder to make out a case of murder by circumstantial evidence alone than by direct or mixed evidence.

Will the State of Georgia be able to make out such a definite case against Frank that the State will be willing to take his life upon the gallows as a forfeit for his crime? It either is that, or acquittal.

No Definite Responsibility.

Prophecy is gratuitous in matters of this kind, of course, and venturesome, but inasmuch as I am speaking for myself alone, I think I shall go on record here and now as saying that THE STATE NEVER WILL FIX UPON LEO FRANK DEFINITE RESPONSIBILITY FOR MARY PHAGAN'S MURDER!

I do not believe the State's case—unless its most convincing elements yet are secret—will "stand up" in court to that degree necessary for conviction.

And, with no hint or suggestion from him to guide my mind or direct its trend, I predict that Luther Z. Rosser will bend his best energies to showing more the hopeless weakness of the State's case than the strength of Frank's defense. He will, I think, seek to clear Frank largely through a process of elimination, directed at the various factors in the case set up against him.

He will put in fearful and full measure the tremendous responsibility upon the State of taking Frank's life without being very sure of his guilt.

And that argument, remember, is to be directed not to YOU, gentle reader, nor to ME, nor to the judge, nor to the spectators in the court house—but to those TWELVE MEN "good and true," under oath to do justice, there in the jury box!

Must Remember Law's Majesty.

Luther Rosser is going to demand of that jury that it remember the majesty of the law—and he is going to picture its greatest majesty in its protection of the innocent rather than in its punishment of the guilty.

Let us now consider for a while the part the negro Conley is playing in this Phagan case.

Conley's participation began with a lie. He first ventured the assertion, vehemently, that he could not write. It was soon discovered that the negro was falsifying about that.

He next swears that he wrote the notes found beside Mary Phagan's dead body, and that he wrote them the day BEFORE the killing. Presumably, it finally filtered through his thick head that he had made out a case of premeditated murder against Frank in that statement—if he had made out any case at all—and so he shifted away, and

Prediction Made That Lawyer Will Not Hasten Trial of Case but Will Wait Until Popular Mind Is Thoroughly Cooled.

again swore that he wrote the notes the day OF the killing!

Finally, he gave out a statement, sworn to again—he seems to be about the most willing swearer that ever came down the pike!—saying that he actually had helped Frank, AT FRANK'S INVITATION, somewhat difficultly delivered, to dispose of the dead body of Mary Phagan, penned the notes at Frank's dictation, and ALMOST GOT $200 FOR DOING IT!

Do you believe the moon, "the pale, inconstant moon, that nightly changes," is made of green cheese, gentle reader? If so, it may so happen that you believe Conley is telling the truth—otherwise, I doubt it.

Frank in Conley's Hands.

Look at it in a common-sense light. Look at it fairly and squarely. Face it in its abstract aspect.

Ask yourself this question: Would Leo Frank, a white man of at least average intelligence and good reputation, with a family at home and a good business standing abroad, kill a girl just in her teens, sure in the knowledge that no human being had witnessed the deed, and then deliberately go forth to find a shiftless negro to make him directly acquainted with the crime and its circumstances, and that to hide a body as effectively hidden as it was when found next morning?

Did Leo Frank do that? If so, he is not a murderer in any event—he is an irresponsible lunatic! And it doesn't occur to me as remotely possible that Mr. Rosser will enter a plea of lunacy in Frank's behalf.

What is there, outside the preposterous "confession" of Conley that might be damaging to Frank that he has not himself been first to admit?

Did Frank not admit, readily, being in the pencil factory at such and such hours, held to suggest the possibility of his having committed the crime? Did he not say, voluntarily, when shown the dead body of Mary Phagan, "Why, that is one of the girls I paid off yesterday?"

Has Frank dodged and shifted and given out contradictory statements since he was taken in charge by the police?

He has not. On the contrary, such things as he has said have borne the earmarks of naturalness and poise—and of truth.

Contrast that with the almost ludicrous, though grim, tissue of falsehoods Conley has spun from the very beginning.

No Doubt About Notes.

There is no reasonable doubt that Conley wrote the notes—the only possible doubt as to that, it seems to me, is that Conley "confesses" that he wrote them.

One can hardly suppress a smile, of course, when he recalls how the "experts" primarily opined that Newt Lee's handwriting was mightily like the writing in the notes—but let that pass. This Phagan case is a tragedy, and not a comedy—except in infrequent spots.

Will Conley be indicted as an accessory to the murder of Mary Phagan? If he is, how will the State corroborate him, as it must in that event?

And yet, if this statement is true, or if the authorities believe is to be true, certainly he IS an accessory.

Shreds and patches will be about the proper words to employ in discussing Conley when Luther Rosser gets through with him, I suspect.

If the suddenly grown loquacious Conley only can be kept loquacious, we yet may reach the absolute truth of the Phagan murder, before Frank goes to trial!

Looking back over the articles I heretofore have written with respect to the Phagan case, and noting the thread of more or less unconscious optimism as concerns the final intent of the people to be fair, to be just, to be true to their higher ideals, I note little, if anything, that I would unsay.

Public Opinion Honest.

Public opinion yields readily enough now and then to passionate impulse and unreason, but, in the long run, it may be depended upon to right itself and to deal honestly with men and things.

I thought I was right in saying that judgment some time ago was suspended with regard to Leo Frank, that the public mind, free of its initial distortion, had settled itself into a calm determination to see fair play—fair play for all, for Frank, for the dead girl and for the great State of Georgia.

To-day, I think the public mind is more firmly set in that direction than ever. The people of Atlanta, of Georgia, of the South, of the nation ARE FAIR!

One or two further points, and I am through.

There are those who wonder why Frank, innocent, if so he be, so persistently declines to see people and to discuss his case for the public edification. In the first place, I may answer to that, Frank has employed for his defense the most discreet and secretive attorney in Atlanta, Luther Rosser is, and ever has been, the personification of silence when silence seemed golden. In the matter of keeping things to himself, the well known Sphynx has nothing whatever on Luther Z. Rosser. Mr. Rosser unquestionably long ago advised Frank not to talk—particularly when he (Rosser) was at Tallulah Falls trying a case. Besides, by declining to try his case in the neswpapers, Frank has displayed much common sense.

Conley Badly Frightened.

There are those who ask why Conley confessed, when to keep quiet seemed so much safer.

Well, Conley is a negro, and he started out with a stupid purpose to lie—remember his denial of his ability to write—and when he found that he was being suspected, despite his lies, he became fearful that suspicion would shift from Frank to himself, and so he rushed forth to fix it upon Frank in so far as he might. He has had four weeks to frame his story in his mind and to rehearse it to himself. He has rehearsed it to himself so many times, that, negro like, he actually may believe it, or at least part of it.

And I doubt capitally that he is through talking—and swearing—yet!

There are two possible outcomes of the Phagan case that are interesting to think upon.

First, the indictment against Frank may be set aside because of the charge of strangulation therein set up. To dispose of the case after that fashion, however, would hardly leave Frank as clear as he undoubtedly must wish to come, if he is innocent—and, therefore, I do not believe that defense will be entered.

Again, a mistrial may result, is not so unlikely as the other thing—but a mistrial is rated in legal parlance as "a half acquittal." It merely would postpone the final disposition of the charge.

Well, every fellow to his own taste, as the old lady said when she kissed her cow in preference to her old man. As for me, I believe the State is further from a conviction of Leo Frank to-day than it ever has been—and rightly so.

GRANDMOTHER WRITES NOVELS FOR PASTIME

Mrs. Junie Candler Garrett's Romance, 'Janice,' Just Published, Is Old-Fashioned Love Tale.

Having reared her two children to full maturity, having been the patron saint of her grandchildren for many years, and now the proud possessor of three great-grandchildren, Mrs. Junie Candler Garrett, 655 Washington Street, now is devoting her spare time to the writing of books.

Mrs. Garrett, who is very modest, very retiring and very quiet, believes that every woman should have diversion suited to her needs, and for her the greatest pleasure is that found in writing. She lives in a romantic world of her own creation, and has found solace from many of life's sorrows in this way.

"Janice," a story of 110 pages, published by the Broadway Publishing Company, was issued from the press last week, bearing Mrs. Garrett's name upon the cover. This tale, which is full of poetic fancy, is an old-fashioned love story. Mrs. Garrett has created a very lovable character in Janice, the village beauty, and other typical village character seem to live in the little book. Beginning with the engagement of Janice to a promising young lawyer in the village, the story carries one through the unhappy married life of Janice, giving many scenes and incidents of real interest. Above her many trials and disappointments, due to her husband's fickle fancy and his craving for drink, Janice rises supreme, until, after many years, she finds in her former sweetheart a man who is truly worthy of her and in whose love she learns the fullness of life.

DEER INDIGNANT WHEN NOT FED, AND KICKS MAN'S FACE

WINSTED, CONN., May 31.—John Moore met a tame deer browsing near the Highland Lake trolley junction. He extended his right hand toward the animal, which at once approached and sniffed it.

Finding the hand empty the deer suddenly wheeled and kicked the man in the face and bounded away. Moore is to-day minus two teeth and his face is badly swollen.

White City Park Now Open

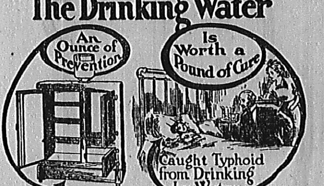
WOMAN HAS TO PAY BACK $42,000 ALIMONY

GRAND JUNCTION, COL., May 31.—A decision rendered in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts places Mrs. Viola S. Martin, formely of this section, in an embarrassing situation in that she is ordered to pay back $42,000 alimony awarded her by the Colorado courts in 1900. Meanwhile Mrs. Martin has spent a large portion of the sum she is ordered to repay.

MARC KLAW BACK; WELL.

NEW YORK, May 31.—Marc Klaw, head of the theatrical producing firm of Klaw & Erlanger, arrived home from Europe to-day completely recovered from his recent illness.

Don't Put Ice in The Drinking Water



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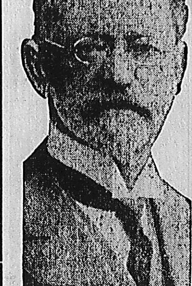
Nervous Debility

Its Symptoms and the Errors in Methods of Treatment

By DR. WM. M. BAIRD

WHEN I began the practice of medicine, these cases were entirely treated from the symptomatic outlook rather than from any real knowledge of the causes that were underlying the peculiar symptoms from which they suffered.



DR. WM. M. BAIRD,
Brown-Randolph Building,
56 Marietta St., Atlanta, Ga.

The consequence was that men would consult a physician for some lowering of nervous vitality, elderly men finding their vital powers slackening perhaps, and the doctor would simply prescribe for them from that point of view without ever looking into the causes that brought on the symptoms from which they suffered.

The laymen little appreciate the intricacies of the nervous system, the peculiarities of the nerve elements themselves and indeed it is only during the last ten years that we have had a proper conception of these elements, or the minute anatomy of the nervous system. A better knowledge of it has entirely revolutionized our ideas on the subject, and that during the last couple decades.

When I pointed out some two or three years ago in one of my Sunday talks the peculiar pain and distress that occurred around the base of the brain, running down the neck, due to trouble originating in the prostate glands and its annexes, I was laughed at by some doctors. One gentleman met me on the street and said that my idea on the subject was all nonsense, and yet in the last year I have noticed several articles in medical journals that point out the truth of the idea that I then stated.

No one realizes excepting he who has been delving in these subjects for years how much an irritated or congested prostate gland, or a chronic seminal vesiculitis due perhaps to some errors in earlier years will keep up the distressing nervous symptoms.

So that he that understands his business to-day will treat every one of these cases alike. One case may need treatment for the prostate, another case may need treatment for the kidneys or some other trouble. The same way in women. In one case it may be due to ovarian trouble, and in another some other condition, each of which will need separate and distinct treatment, for he who follows out a routine treatment or attempts to treat each case alike will certainly meet with failure.

The reader will remember that some time ago I published a letter from a gentleman from Stone Mountain who was very materially benefited by treatment by me for bladder trouble, and a little later a gentleman called on me, holding this write-up in his hands, saying that his symptoms were identically the same, and he wanted the same treatment.

Now, when I came to go into his case carefully and thoroughly, I found that he needed an entirely different treatment, but while his symptoms were practically the same, yet the causes and the underlying pathological condition were entirely different.

So we get back again to the old subject of diagnosis, which after all is the important thing.

A new edition of my work on Nerve and Brain exhaustion will soon be out, and I will be pleased to send it to any one who will request it.

Those who appreciate honest, conscientious advice and counsel, the outcome of over 35 years hard work and steady experience in practice, I will be pleased to see them any time at my office or to hear from them by letter, and if it is anything I can advise through the mail, I will be glad to do so.

Office hours, from 9 to 6:30 daily.

Sundays and holidays, from 10 to 12.

Dr. Wm. M. Baird,
Brown-Randolph Bldg.,
56 Marietta St.,
Atlanta, Ga.

Please send me your booklet on Specific Blood Poison. Also one on Health, and as soon as it comes from the press, your revised article on Brain and Nerve Exhaustion, and other articles you may publish from time to time.

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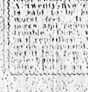

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