

A WOMAN MAY HANG.

GEORGIA MURDERESS' CASE GOES TO THE BOARD.

Women Urge Female Immunity from Capital Punishment—Sentence So Strong Commutation of Sentence May Result.

UNLESS the newly-created board of pardons of Georgia shall grant the petitions of the women of Georgia for a commutation of the sentence of Mrs. Elizabeth Nobles that woman will be executed by due process of law.

Mrs. Nobles was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged for the murder of her husband. She killed him with an ax in 1895. The supreme court of the United States has refused her application for a new trial on the ground that at her trial the question of her sanity was never raised.

There is a deeply rooted sentiment in that state against the hanging of women, especially those of the white race. But two of the latter have ever been executed in the history of the state.



MRS. NOBLES.

But none of these cases had specially unusual complications. That of Mrs. Nobles is so complicated, however, that the influence of these complications will add to the interest of the case.

they knew of their own land outside of the small community where they dwell. They knew nothing of the outside world and cared less. They were content to plod along in the ignorance and poverty of that region remote from civilizing influences.



"DEBBY" NOBLES.

Mrs. she complained bitterly of her husband's ill treatment. Families asked her why she didn't "put the old man out of the way." Mrs. Nobles asked him how it could be done, and the first step toward the commission of the crime was taken.

Blow Killed Baby. The police of the Vernon avenue station, Brooklyn, recently sent to the morgue the body of a newly born infant which, without doubt, was murdered.

Contempt of Court. A stranger once walked into a criminal court and spent some time watching the proceedings. By and by a man was brought up for contempt of court and fined, whereupon the stranger rose and asked: "How much was the fine?"

A Roundabout Invitation. From Brooklyn Life: He (on the piazza)—"It's so dark I can't see, isn't that another couple next to us?"

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

INTERESTING NOTES ABOUT STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE.

Poor Business on the Road This Season—The Theatrical Trust Is Becoming Odious—Good Acting Sure to Win Against It—Popular Players.

REPORTS are coming from the road of poor business and of companies closing, but as Prosperity is supposed to have arrived, and as in business circles few complaints are made, whatever dullness there is in theatrical matters must be due to inferior plays or acting.

When the story of her life is written it will be found that Mrs. James Brown Potter's history is as romantic as that of Peg Woffington. Patricia born, she married at an early age into one of our most aristocratic families; beautiful incomparably, witty, vivacious, brilliant to a degree—yet she has undergone more of the hardships of professional life than are experienced by the humblest performer.



KATHRINE CLEMMONS.

production. Almost always there are some changes for the road, as players who can afford it work only in New York, but managers never hesitate to advertise the "original New York cast."



CORA URQUHART POTTER.

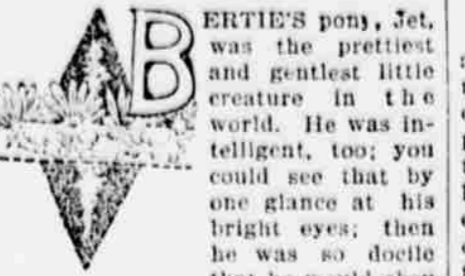
naturally most desired by all managers for their companies. Consequently, managers and stars are obliged to submit to the terms of the trust as to booking, time, percentage, etc., and those who are independent enough to refuse terms which are unjust or time which is unfavorable, find themselves confronted with many difficulties and

disadvantages. It is hard to procure the best booking independent of the trust, and whenever an independent star is to play in a town where the trust controls a theater, the very strongest possible attraction is sure to be booked in opposition.

The public cares little or nothing for the trust; it can make no difference to an audience who supplies the attractions so long as the play and players are good. But when the public realizes that some of our best actors are fighting the trust and its methods, and that in some cities the most popular actors will be obliged to appear at inferior theaters, because the high-class houses are controlled by the trust, or, in some cases, that a few favorite actors will be entirely barred from certain towns, then the people will understand what effect the trust has upon the theater-going public.

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BERTIE'S PONY, JET.



BERTIE'S pony, Jet, was the prettiest and gentlest little creature in the world. He was intelligent, too; you could see that by one glance at his bright eyes; then he was so docile that he would obey Bertie's slightest word; but he had one fault, and that was jumping the paddock fence into Mr. Dorr's cow-yard.

Bertie looked through the fence into the cow-yard and called "Jet! Jet!" A boy put his head out of the shed and said: "That pony of yours was turned out of this yard about ten this morning. I saw him go toward the railroad."

"Your gate is open," he said, as he turned away. "I know," answered the boy, carelessly, and went on pitching the hay into the loft.

Bertie walked along the road, looking up and down, feeling very hopeless and helpless. He had been talked to so much about not allowing Jet to jump the fence into Mr. Dorr's yard, that now he did not like to ask any one to help him find him.

There were so many lanes and turnings, and so many patches of woodland that Bertie scarcely knew where to look first. He went on whistling and calling "Jet! Jet!" at every few steps, but no Jet answered. It was tiresome work, and, besides, the afternoon was so short. Already the sun was going down behind the tall trees.

Bertie had often been warned not to cross the railroad track, and he seldom went near it; but now, when he had tried every other place he could think of, he ran over an open field, on the other side of which lay the track.

When Bertie reached the archway again the flagman had sent Mr. Dorr's Alderney up the bank. Bertie thanked him, and, breaking a long switch from a bush, began driving her toward her home. Then once more he thought of Jet and wondered where he could be.

"I am afraid I shall never see him again," said Bertie, sadly. "I have looked everywhere." "Go right along and look into his stable now," said Mr. Dorr, laughing. "I took care of the pony."

Well, that was the last time Bertie's pony jumped the paddock fence, for the next day Mr. Dorr put up another rail, and so Jet was forced to keep to his own side.

YANKEE INVENTIONS.

Americans' Industrial Economy Offset by Their Domestic Waste.

A French engineer who has been on a tour of inspection in the states was not impressed by the big things of the country, says invention. "I shall report to my government," he says, "that the biggest things in America are the little things. The French people are experts in domestic economy and live comfortably by saving what average families in the states throw away. But Americans are, on the other hand, experts in industrial economy. They make money in saving waste in business and lose some of it by waste in domestic economy. The attention paid to small details in big works is amazing to me; I have visited some establishments where I believe that the profits are made not in the manufacture proper, but in the saving of material and labor by close attention to details that are with us unconsidered trifles. For example, I saw little grindstones in operation at a big works automatically sharpening lathe and planer tools. This machine costs probably as much as 100 of our ordinary grindstones cost, but I see that it automatically grinds all the tools for 300 high-priced mechanics, and it only works a few hours each day. The skilled mechanics in our country frequently stop their regular work to grind their own tools, and then they do it imperfectly. In the states tools are all accurately ground to the best shape by the machine, so that they do more and better work on this account in a given time. I believe that that machine has brains—the brains of the inventor—and it has no doubt revolutionized work of this kind in American machine shops. This is but one case out of many that I have noted." The visitor correctly defined a peculiar characteristic of American inventive genius. The great engineering undertakings, the immense manufacturing establishments and the levithan machinery are, of course, most conspicuous and impressive; but these big things are comparatively few in number, while the novel improvements in little things—usually classed as "Yankee notions"—are legion, and each one contributes its mite toward the general sum of prosperity of the business of the country.

SIX CENTURIES IN JAIL.

Sentence That Might Have Been Inflicted on a Boy.

William A. Leibold of Lancaster, Pa., aged 18, who was convicted of forging the name of his employer to 67 checks, was sentenced by Judge Brubaker, who had inflicted the maximum penalty, would have consigned the prisoner to a cell for 670 years. As it is, the period of the lad's incarceration will depend, to some extent, on his behavior, the court sending him to Huntington reformatory. The court, addressing Leibold, said:

"The maximum punishment for each of the 134 counts on which you were convicted is five years, but the court would take into consideration the recommendation of the jury for mercy. Your sisters are much more hardened and older in sin than yourself. We were astonished to hear from their lips the disgusting revelations concerning their relations with the prosecutor in his room and office, which they have seen fit to reveal in your defense. This we believe had much to do with the prompt verdict of guilty by the jury. It has shown such moral turpitude in all that were concerned in it that the community must have been shocked, as was the court. The tale as told by one of your sisters makes her as vile as the most depraved of her sex. Your acquittal would have done you and this community a great wrong. The good effect of the verdict will be so far-reaching that its effect can not be fully estimated."

In concluding Judge Brubaker said he hoped the sentence would prove a blessing to Leibold. The law allows the authorities at the reformatory to retain the prisoner for the maximum term fixed by the law for the offense committed. The authorities, however, may parole the prisoner after a period which, in Leibold's case, is three years.

Informal Receipt.

Uneducated people sometimes have a happy knack in coming to the point. Here, for example, is a story from the Boston Herald. Dan and Mose, neither of them noted for erudition, were partners in an enterprise which it is needless to specify. One morning a customer called to settle a small bill, and after handing over the money asked for a receipt. Mose retired to the privacy of an inner room, and after a long delay returned with a slip of paper, on which were written these words: "We've got our pay. Me and Dan."

Slow, but Sure.

"Doctor," said the young wife, "I am uneasy about my husband; I'm sure he is working himself into an early grave. Can't you suggest something that will prevent his rapid decline?" "You might try getting him elected to the vice presidency," replied the doctor; "he would then have four years in which to gradually decline before sinking into the depths of oblivion."

Man, Poor Man.

Now with the dawn of the glad new year Each husband will turn a new leaf; But he'll turn it with trembling and fear, Lest he finds on the page to his grief His wife's Christmas bills do appear; Then his good resolves will be but brief.