A WOMAN MAY HANG. | they knew of their own land outside of the small community where they

GEORGIA MURDERESS' CASE GOES TO THE BOARD.

Women Urge Female Immunity from Capital Punishment - Sentiment So Reau t.



NLESS the newlycreated board of pardons of Georgia shall grant the betitions 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. The court holds it is now too late to raise the question for the purpose indicated. More is involved in this matter than Mrs. Nobles. The point most interesting to the people of the state is the exemption of women from the death penalty. The petitions are all based on the theory that no court of that state should condemn a female to hang. Mrs. Nobles was sentenced in the superior court of Atlanta to this death and now the only hope of preventing its execution is to bring such pressure on the new board of pardons as will result in commutation. All applications for executive elemency must now be laid before this board. Petitions are being circulated and, it is said, extensively signed by the women of the state, asking that the sentence be made life imprisonment or such other term as may seem best. Mrs. Nobles' attorney, W. C. Glenn, has returned from Italy to do what he can to prevent the carrying out of the sentence. He says his return was due almost entirely to his belief that the old woman was wrongfully convicted and should not suffer death. The petitions so far completed have been filed with Governor Atkinson for the consideration of the pardon board. The case must be disposed of in a very short time and, whatever the ultimate result, is bound to cause some very spley proceedings.

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. About a century ago Polly Baker was hanged in Wilkes county for poisoning a rival. The other case was that of Miss Susan Eberhardt, who was hanged in 1872 for the murder of Mrs. Spann. At this time public feel- those plans Debby Nobles, Mary Faming was so strong against the hanging | bles, the wife of Gus, and Dalton Joinof a weman that Governor Smith lost all political influence when he permitted Miss Eberhardt to ascend the scaffold. His career ended with the fall of the drop.

The eloquence of Henry W. Grady probably saved Mrs. Souther from a similar fate. Mrs. Souther killed her rival in a ball-room in northern Georgia and was tried for the crime. The case would have gone against her but for the eloquent plea of Mr. Grady for the immunity of women from execution. Mrs. Souther was sent to the state's prison instead of the gallows, and later received a pardon. She showed her gratitude by naming one of her boys for the lamented editor.



MRS. NOBLES. But none of these cases had specially

anusual complications. That of Mrs. Nobles is so complicated, however, that the influence of these complications will add to the igterest of the case. Mrs. Nobles had an accomplice, a negro. This will have some possible effect, although it has not prevented many of the leading women of the state from adding the weight of their names and influence to the petitions. Mrs. Nobles is also of that peculiarly Georgian element known as "crackers." The family-what remains of it-was ignorant and shiftless to a degree. Whether or not this feature of the case will be brough! out or suppressed is one of the things so far unknown. But the strange people who constitute this element are little thought of among the better classes.

Mr. and Mrs. Nobles lived on a small place twelve miles from Jeffersonville. They had two children, Deborah, 18 years of age, and John, a boy of 10. They were types of the "cracker" element that might as well have been in another world for all with."

dwelt. They knew nothing of the outside world and cared less. They were content to pled along in the ignorance and poverty of that region remote from civilizing influences. Mrs. Nobles says her husband was cruel by nature and mistreated her shamefully. Strong Commutation of Sentence May | This is her motive for the crime. On the trial the alleged cruelty of the husband was urged in defense. But the witnesses for the state, the neighbors, all stoutly maintained that the reverse was true. The old man was not cruel to his wife; she was to him. But whichever is true, they did not get on well with each other and there were many quarrels before the fatal fight when the old man's head was split with an ax. Three negroes were employed by Nobies to help in the work. One of these was convicted as an accomplice, and has been under the death centence for a couple of years. Gus Fambles, a former Atlanta backman; his wife, Mary Fambles, and Dalton Joiner were the negroes who obtained employment on the farm. They were typical negroes, but Fambles had learned a good many things in the city not learned in the cane brakes or cotton fields. The murder was the result of a conspiracy which involved everybody on the farm but the victim and his son. Mrs. Nobles was accustomed the mere disposition of the case of to work in the fields with the farm hands, and it was while she was trudging along that the plot was hatched.



One day, while working with Fam-

"DEBBY" NOBLES.

bles, the complained bitterly of her husband's ill treatment. Fambles 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. During the three weeks which followed the plans for killing old Nobles were developed, and it is surmised that in the making of er materially assisted the two chief conspirators. Early one Sunday morning Mrs. Nobles awakened her husband and sent him out to drive away robbers who, she said, were stealing their corn. She had hidden his gun, and he went unarmed. As he stole out in the darkness Fambles brained him with an ax. Then Mrs. Nobles struck the dying man twice with the same weapon. While yet life was in the body the two buried it. Mrs. Nobles, it is said, paid Fambles \$10 for his services. The excitement following the discovery of the crime was great. The unusual heinousness of the crime and the character of the criminal made it a remarkable case. Mrs. Nobles was arrested, together with Fambles and his wife, Joiner and Debby Nobles. At the trial of the case a few weeks after the murder a verdict of guilty was brought in and Mrs. Nobles and Gus Fambles were sentenced to be hanged Aug. 16, 1895. Joiner proved an alibi, was acquitted and immediately left the state. Debby Nobles was acquitted. Mary Fambles was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Blow Killed Baby. The police of the Vernon avenue station, Brooklyn, recently sent to the mergue the body of a newly born infant which, without doubt, was murdered. A boy in the employ of the White-Potter-Paidge picture frame works, at Sanford street and Willoughby avenue, came across the body while closing the lower shutters of the factory. The child was wrapped in fairiy good goods and had evidently not been long in the place where it was found. At the station the clothing was removed and the face indicated that the child when born must have been exceedingly pretty. On its left side was a black mark. This, the police believe, was where the child was probably struck a vicious blow which caused its death. The police made an investigation, but failed to find any clew which would lead to an arrest.

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?" "Five dollars," replied the clerk "Well," said the stranger, laying down the money, "if that's all, I'd like to jine in. I've had a few hours' expetience in this court, and no one can feel a greater contempt for it than I do, and I am willing to pay for it."

A Roundabout Invitation. From Brooklyn Life: He (on the plazza)-"It's so dark I can't see, Isn't that another couple next to us?" She "Yes, and he is trying to kiss her." He-"Can you see so well as that?" She-"Oh, no. But I know who she is

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

INTERESTING NOTES ABOUT STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE.

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



EFORTS 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

in theatrical matters must be due to inferior plays or acting. It is an exremely rare case when a good play well acted fails to win public favor. And who are those who complain of poor business? Rarely those actors whose conscientious work has gained them popularity, and who appear in worthy plays. Inferior plays fail, as they should, and actors who cannot act must sooner or later understand that the public does not want them.

And the managers who send out a popular play with an inferior cast, will come to learn that after a few seasons the theater-going public finds out that it is not seeing the New York cast which is advertised and which it is paying for. There are, as a matter of fact, very few plays, which, after

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 highclass 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, duliness there is Monopoly of any sort is wrong in prinelple and had in effect. It benefits the few and injures the many; and in this ease it has a decidedly bad effect in that it controls and cramps American dramatic art-a thing which ought to be free as air. Art cannot live and thrive in an atmosphere of repression and suppression, and if the theater of America is to be in the hands of speculators, it is a sorry outlook for our dramatic art.

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. Patrician 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 dock, a run in New York, are sent on the more of the hardships of professional road with the identical cast that life than are experienced by the humachieved the original success of the blest performer. At last success has A boy put his head out of the shed and



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

The subject which has been absorbing so much attention in the theatrical world of late, and which threatens to develop seriously is the theatrical trust, now in a fair way to control the majority of attractions in this country. The theatrical trust, like all other monopolies, is feared and disliked by those who have to accept its dictates, and there are few managers and stars strong or independent enough to fight it successfully. The men who comprise the trust have control of the principal theaters throughout the United States, and produce a large number of the best attractions; they also control the booking of other attractions at their theaters which, being in each town the most prominent, are



naturally most desired by all manage/s 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 | are easily discounted.

crowned the heroic purpose of this hard-working player. But, although blue collar around her great neck. her long dream of financial and artistic ments for another tour, and before long quaintance with her.

Here is a famous stage beauty who has retired from the theatre to wed, it of the animal's danger. is whispered, millions. Kathrine miration for the young Californian was and I will run down the track." shared by William F. Cody who spent \$50,000 in furthering her dramatic ambitions. Another turn in her fortune came in meeting Howard Gould, who promptly fell in love with Miss Clemmons. If this marriage takes places Howard will be the third member of his family who has declared high esteem for actresses. Jay Gould was a constant admirer of women of the stage; George married Edith Kingdon a comedienne in Daly's,

One of the most prominent and popular of English actresses, but one who has never visited America, is Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Mrs. Campbell has played in romantic, classic and modern | He drove her off for me." drama, though her greatest successes have been in plays of to-day. In "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," several years ago, she made a great hit, and has since appeared in various other modern plays, "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," for example, while in Coppee's "For the Crown," in "Romeo and Juliet," and but recently in "Hamlet," she displayed her aptitude for the romantic and classic drama. Her Juliet was more successful than her Ophelia, but she is best in modern emotional roles. There are not many prominent English players who have not visited this country and we may yet see Mrs.Campbell on American stage. In London she appears with Mr. Forbes Robertson, and is a great favorite. Another interesting item about Mrs. Campbell is that she posed for Philip Burnes-Jones' painting, "The Vampire," which picture inspired Kipling's remarkable poem of the same name.

The musical notes of a hand organ own side.

disadvantages. It is hard to procure BERTIE'S PONY, JET.



ERTIE'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 world obey Bertle's nghtest

word; but he had one fault, and that was jumping the paddock fence into Mr. Dorr's cow-yard.

Mr. Dorr said he frightened his faverite cow, chased his chickens and played all sorts of pranks. Bertie's father said that if Mr. Dorr

would put up another rail Jet could not get into the yard, but Mr. Dorr maintained that Jet should be hobbled or fastened. Sometimes Bertle did fasten Jet, but the pony objected. He seemed to think

that he was turned into the paddock for exercise, and would often contrive to free himself. One day, after Jet had jumped the

fence and Bertie was leading him out of the yard, Mr. Dorr said: "Now, young sir, let this be the last

time. I'll turn that animal out into the road if I find him trespassing again." For several days Bertie watched Jet alosely, but one morning he was late

for school and forgot his pony completely. When he returned home Jet was neither in the stable nor the pad-Bertie looked through the fence into

the cow-yard and called "Jet!" said:

"That pony of yours was turned out of this yard about ten this morning. I saw him go toward the railroad." "Then perhaps he has been run

over," said Bertle, and the tears came into his eyes at the thought. "A horse don't let himself get run over," answered the boy; "it's cows

that do that." Bertie saw that Mr. Dorr's handsome Alderney stood close by the open gate, rubbing his collar against the bars. "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.

Bertle 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.

The banks were very high on each side, but he thought he saw something moving slowly along under an archway not far off, so he called:

"Jet! Jet!" He was answered by a long "Moomoo."

"That's a cow," thought Bertle, "and it sounds like Mr. Dorr's Alderney." He bent down and looked closer. The cow raised her head, and he saw the

"She will be sure to be run down prosperity has finally fallen true, Mrs. by an engine," thought Bertie. "I will Potter has no intention of retiring from go as fast as I can to the crossing and the stage. She is now making arrange- tell the flagman." So off he went as swiftly as his feet could carry him, our audiences shall renew their ac- quite forgetting little Jet, for the time, in his anxiety to save the poor cow.

He was tired and out of breath when he reached the flagman and told him

"I'll have her off in a few moments." Clemmons was originally a protege of said the man, "there's a place close to Rider Haggard, who persuaded her to the archway that she can be made to go on the stage. The Englishman's ad- climb. You go back along the bank 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. He was almost in sight of Mr. Dorr's gate when some one came running up behind him. It was Mr. Dorr himself.

> "Where did you find her?" he asked. I and my boy have been hunting for her this half hour."

> "She was walking up the railway track," said Bertie, "under the archway and I ran and told the flagman.

> "You are a good boy. Now, I suppose you would like to know where that pony of yours is?" said Mr.

> "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."

Bertie rushed through his garden and threw open the stable door; there was just light enough left in the sky to show him Jet's bright eyes staring at him, as the pony lifted his head from the big measure of oats that he was munching hungrily.

"You wicked, wicked pony," said Bertle; but he stroked Jet's head lovingly before closing the stable door for the night.

Well, that was the last time Bertle'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

YANKEE INVENTIONS.

Americans' Industrial Economy Offices by Their Domestic Waste.

A French englacer who has been on n tour of inspection in the states was not impressed by the blg 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 wastage in business and lose some of it by wastage 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 ships. 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 leviathan 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 he 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 farreaching that its effect can not be fully estimated."

In concluding Judge Brubaker said he hoped the sentence would prove a blessing to Liebold. 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 Liebold'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?" might try getting him elected to the vice presidency," replied the doctor; "he would then have four years in which to gradually decline before sink. ing 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 griet His wife's Christmas bills do appear; Then his good resolves will be but