CASHIER MILLER ON THE WITNESS STAND

Told Matters that the Sutton Bank Could Not Stand the Kiting of Checks Much Longer.

MATTERS HAD TALKED SUICIDE

Sensational testimony came into the Thomas H. Matters trial in federal court yesterday. Friday, United States Attorney Howell asked to have the jury removed from the court room, while he interrogated Cashier Theodore Miller, of the Sutton bank, on certain questions, disclosing proof. He presented this testimony while the jury was absent. The defense made objection to having this brought before the jury on the ground that it involved operations not alleged in the indictment. Judge Youmans, at that time, sustained the objection of the defense.

Scarcely had the trial proceeded again before the jury, when Attorney Burkett question witness on transactions, which opened the way for the prosecution to introduce testimony.

The United States attorney allowed him to proceed and then sprung a request to introduce the testimony which Judge Youmans had ruled out before. The judge ruled that it was now rendered permissable.

Cashier Miller Tells Story.

Cashier Miller then told how he had come to Omaha and had called at the office of Matters with $12,000 in notes, which could not be collected.

"I told him that the bank couldn't stand his 'kiting' his checks any longer," said Miller. "I said, 'Mr. Maters, this is an awful thing and if anything happens to the bank you and Luebben will be held criminally liable.'

"Mr. Matters said, 'Before I would stand trial I'd blow my brains out.'"

Preceding this testimony the government introduced copies of two letters written by Cashier Miller to Matters. These showed the nervous strain the cashier was laboring under at the time.

"I have stood this as long as my nerves can stand it," said one letter. "For many years I have helped you to carry Luebben's affairs. I must quit it soon if I wish to remain in this word a little longer."

Another Letter.

"The other said in part, "When the Merchants' National bank called me up and told me our account was $4,800 overdrawn, I thought I would go all to pieces."

The government introduced also a letter from Matters to Miller in reply to these letters, in which he stated that he had tried to assist the bank and that Miller's statement that Matters would be to blame if anything went wrong with the bank came with poor grace and that he, Matters, would take steps to withdraw his assistance from the bank.

Court adjourned at 3:50 p. m., to allow Lincoln attorneys to catch a train. The trial will resume Monday at 9 a. m.

United States Judge T. C. Munger was a caller for a moment and shook hands with Judge Youmans.

Certificates Are Traced.

Seldom do attaches of a federal court and attorneys practicing before a federal court, see such a businesslike use made of the well known and precious golden hours as is being made of them in the trial of Matters.

It is a big trial with scores of witnesses, hundreds of exhibits, and estimates of its probable length have run as high as six weeks.

When Judge Youmans denied defense a continuance last Tuesday and ordered the trial to proceed he instituted sessions that extend from 9 a. m. to noon, and from 1:30 p. m. to 5 p. m., instead of the usual 10 to 12 and 2 to 5 o'clock sessions.

He also ordered court to continue all day Saturday instead of adjourning at noon. When attorneys today asked to be allowed to catch a 4:10 train Judge Youmans ordered court to adjourn at 3:50. To make up in some degree for this he ordered the afternoon session to start at 1:15 o'clock.

Certificates of Deposit Traced.

The government by means of several witnesses traced four of the certificates of deposit of the defunct bank for $2,500 each, issued December 28, 1912, to the time when they were paid, showing that Matters exchanged these for notes of the Iowa Mausoleum company. Ira Hoover of Waterloo, Ia., testified that he bought two of these certificates from a Chicago broker. Other witnesses were then examined to complete the chain of evidence in the effort to show that Matters had had use of this money on the Sutton bank's credit during the three months from the time of issuance of the certificates of deposit until they were finally paid in March, 1913.

The defense brought testimony to show that Matters made deposits in the Merchants' National bank of Omaha to the credit of the Sutton bank and that credit was not given him subsequently for these deposits on the Sutton bank's books.

OUT OF THE DESERT TRAIL

Denver Broker, Lost for Five Days, Stumbles Into a Town.

Lost for five days in the desert, with no water and but a can of milk to sustain him, Samuel H. Baker, Denver attorney and real estate and mining broker, stumbled into Thompson, Utah, in an exhausted and famished condition Thursday, after posses had searched the barren sand trails in vain for him. He was verging on madness, according to reports received here today.

Mr. Baker and M. J. Gill of Denver were on their way to Salt Valley, twenty-two miles southeast of Thompson, to inspect some radium property.

Mr. Baker, provided only with a light lunch, hired a horse and set out alone across the desert. Saturday night he reached a sheep camp and in absence of feed turned the horse out to graze. The horse when freed galloped off to Thompson.

Sunday morning Mr. Baker failing to find the horse, started out on foot to search for the animal. He reached the uranium claims, but, continuing his search for the animal, became hopelessly lost.

From Sunday morning until Thursday morning—when he found his way back to town—Mr. Baker was without a drop of water to drink. He had no bed and only the coyotes for company. A small quantity of milk which he had carried soon was exhausted and his hunger and thirst became so intense he had great difficulty in retaining consciousness. His walk had been reduced to a crawl when he reached the town.—Denver News.

GRIDIRON CLUB HAS FUN WITH GUESTS

(Continued from Page One.)

verses which made up the evening's entertainment.

As usual, the opening chorus was sung in darkness. Then, as President Snyder uttered a few cordial words of welcome, the electric gridiron was flashed and the fun commenced. As soon as the oysters were served President Snyder was invested with the jeweled gridiron which is the insignia of the president's office. His inauguration was made the occasion of all the members of the club gathering in the space between the tables—the space which the Gridiron men call the well—and there they stood while Mr. Snyder was neatly roasted into office. The fact that Mr. Snyder has more than once impersonated Vice President Marshall in club stunts was duly emphasized. There was some question as to Mr. Snyder's eligibility until he solemnly swore that he would rather associate with the Gridiron men than with the senate. After that C. C. Brainerd of the Brooklyn Eagle; Arthur J. Sinnott of the Newark Evening News, and Harry J. Brent of the Portland Oregonian, were initiated into membership with appropriate ceremonies.

Presidential Candidates on Trial.

Twenty minutes of good fun were provided when half a dozen presidential candidates were put on trial. The judge sat on a high bench, wearing a wig and gown, and the representative of the common people was noticeable for an abundance of whiskers. The first three defendants were Charles S. Whitman, Myron T. Herrick and William E. Borah, against whom Woodrow Wilson "complains and says that the republican party has not had an idea for thirty years." Each of the accused said that his occupation was "presidential candidate." Whitman's examination then proceeded:

"What, if any, idea have you had in the last thirty years?"

"I want to be president."

"That isn't your own idea. That's the idea of William Jennings Bryan."

"Well, I've got another idea."

"What is it? Be short, but brief."

"The governorship of New York is the stepping stone to the presidency."

"That idea isn't yours, either. It was used over thirty years ago by Grover Cleveland."

Herrick, when cross-examined, asserted that his idea was that distinguished diplomatic service is the road to political preferment. He was told that this idea had been exploded by Ambassador Gerard. When he claimed that it would be a new idea to have a millionaire in the White House, the reply was made that Roosevelt had plenty of millionaires in the White House. Then this dialogue followed:

Herrick—I'm an ideal candidate.

Common People—Aren't you from Ohio?

Herrick—Yes, but that's no handicap.

Common People—Didn't William H. Taft hail from Ohio?

Herrick—No, he only sprinkled.

After Senator Borah had tried to give his idea of an idea in a sentence as long as the moral law, the judge decided that as an idea was an intangible thing, the corpus delicti could not be produced in court, and the defendants were therefore discharged.

Clark and McAdoo Answer.

Democratic presidential candidates in the persons of Champ Clark, Secretary McAdoo and Secretary Bryan were then brought into court. When asked to give a definition of hard times, Mr. Clark promptly responded, "The Baltimore convention." Mr. McAdoo was closely questioned as to the deficit in the treasury.

"In the first place," was McAdoo's reply, "there is no deficit; secondly, if there is one, the last administration is to blame; and, thirdly and lastly, I regard your question as insulting. I appeal for protection."

"Ah," said Common People, "you want protection. Wouldn't a little protection cure your deficit?"

The witness was spared the necessity of replying by being hustled off to his seat, and then Mr. Bryan was brought before the bar. He was asked where he was on or about the 4th of March, 1897.

"At Lincoln, Neb.," was the reply.

"Now tell the court where you were on the 4th of March, 1901."

"At Lincoln, Neb."

"How was the weather at that time?"

"'Twas bitter cold."

"So Did I," Says Bryan.

Then the examination proceeded thiswise:

Common People—Now, Mr. Bryan, let your mind travel a little further along. Where were you on March 4, 1909?

Bryan (savagely)—At Lincoln, Neb.

Common People—That appears to be your permanent home.

Bryan—It was.

Common People—And what was the weather on that day?

Bryan—Continued cold.

Common People—Mills all running?

Bryan—So far as I know.

Common People—Country's prosperous; everybody happy?

Bryan—Everybody except myself, I suppose.

Common People—Let's get down to more recent history. Where were you on March 4, 1913?

Bryan—I was in the White House.

Common People—The White House, Mr. Bryan? Pray, what were you doing there?

Bryan—I was eating luncheon with the president of the United States.

Common People—What was the weather on that day?

Bryan—'Twas a beautiful, balmy day, full of hope and promise; the birds twittered in the treetops, and every cloud had a silver lining at the ratio of sixteen—

Judge (pounds with gavel)—Confine yourself to facts, Mr. Bryan.

Common People—Now, Mr. Bryan, don't you know as a matter of fact that immediately after that luncheon the mills stopped running?

Bryan—So did I.

There was an outburst of laughter at the last reply. Finally the judge decided that all of the accused had but a single idea, which was to get into the White House, and that too much politics was the cause of hard times. At this juncture a person who had been constantly trying to inject himself into the proceedings was discovered to be Louis D. Brandeis, "the people's only friend," and when he had been thrown out by the bailiff, the court adjourned.

The Pirates of Politics.

The chief musical stunt of the evening was a parody on Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Pensance," which was given under the title, "The Pirates of Politics, or the Slaves of Booty." There was a pirate chief, a prohibition pirate, a suffragette pirate, a progressive pirate and a democratic-republican-old-time pirate. The pirate chief, announcing that the band which he headed was as fine a lot of political pirates as ever bolted a convention or scuttled a political party, also asserted that he was going to leave them forever. "I have been," he said, "the victim of a fatal error. I should have been apprenticed to the corporation counsel, but I was apprenticed instead to the counsel for a corporation. Having discovered this awful mistake," he hadded, "I feel it now my duty to destroy you."

"Gee! exclaimed one of the pirates, "your name must be Wickersham."

There was some merry badinage about some people thinking that pirates and prohibitionists go together, and then the prohibition pirate sang this song.

Hail, oh hail, the water wagon,
Fill, oh fill, the crystal glass.
We're resolved the merry flagon,
To our lips shall never pass.

We have joined the Hobson union,
In good standing, one and all;
No more will we hold communion
With the devilish high-ball.

At this point the pirates joined in gleefully with a rousing chorus:

Don't you think that we had ought'er
Always quench our thirst with water?

"This song,' said the pirate chief, "touches my heart, Mr. President, will you kindly order all the glasses removed from the table?"

"Not on your life," shouted the chorus, with tremendous emphasis.

Candidate Song Makes a Hit.

The progressive pirate, who wore a khaki uniform and a Rough Rider hat, made a hit with a song which was a parody on the pirate king's song in the opera. The first verse was as follows:

Oh better far to live and die
Under the spotlight's glaring eye,
Than play a simple quiet part,
With a modest mien and a shrinking heart.
Out of the country I may go,
To find where doubtful rivers flow,
But I return, I'm free to state,
To live and die a candidate.
For I am a candidate,
And I never, never hesitate,
To be a candidate.

The chorus came in strong on the refrain, "Hurrah for the candidate," and a burst of applause repaid the soloist and the singers for their efforts.

The Suffragette Also Sings.

The suffragette pirate, becomingly attired in what the society reporters call a fetching gown, warbled sweetly a desire to vote, as follows:

I want to vote,
Give me the ballot soon.
Then will I find,
True peace of mind,
O, grant me this one boon.

Then from the chorus came these encouraging lines:

Take heart, patient and true,
Some day 'twill come to you.

In response to which the suffragette pirate sweetly sang.

Yes, yes, I'd have you know,
Soon to the polls I'll go.

A Ballot Box Paradox.

Another number to score a big success was a trio, which followed the suggestion that if women really wanted to vote they ought to be allowed to stuff the ballot boxes. "I am sure," one of the pirates remarked, "no gentleman would object to that." Here are the verses of the song:

When women are allowed to vote,
And thus enact reforming laws,
We'd like to have them make a note
Of one good way to help their cause.
They can secure their victory
If they will stuff the ballot box,
Although we know that this would be
An awful paradox.

It's such an easy thing to do
With ballots that are thin enough,
For those experienced persons who
Manipulate the powder puff.
For we suggest a better thing
Than mending shirts or darning socks;
To their attention now we bring
This clever paradox.

A paradox, a paradox,
A really clever paradox.
The votes will come to them in flocks,
Whene'er they stuff the ballot box.
A paradox, a paradox,
A really clever paradox,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
This paradox.

A Triumphant Finale.

Then there was humorous song about the enterprising statesman being busy, after which the old-time pirate, in a deep bass voice, to the accompaniment of a ta-ran-ta-ra chorus, sang these expressive lines:

When election day is near,
We do not indulge in fear,
For we know the wisest thing,
Is to keep in with the "ring."
For whatever party's in,
Or what candidate may win,
All of us divide the swag,
And the people hold the bag.

At this point the suffragette pirate burst into the arena with this warning:

So, you pirates, do your duty,
Keep your eye upon the booty,
Promptly grab the tootle-frootle,
Don't let any get away.
For, despite your best endeavor,
You cannot hold on forever,
From your shaft you'll have to sever,
When new freedom gains the day.

To which the old-time pirate responded that although such sentiments were not cheering to men "who have always found it paid to make politics their trade, still we really do not mind, so let joy be unconfined." This sublime resignation inspired the chorus to joyfully sing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," to the stirring music of which they marched out of the hall. The applause lasted for several minutes.

Mother Democracy Does a Stunt.

A stunt which created much amusement was entitled "Mother Democracy." She had much trouble with two crying children, Ship Subsidy and Philippines, while another kid, Shipping Bill, came in crying because naughty boys had been throwing stones. Tariff, Income Tax, Currency and Trade Commission were four other children, and it was explained that Presidential Primaries and Rural Credits were asleep and did not want to be disturbed. Presently Cousin Willie came in with a rabbit which he had shot over in Virginia, followed by a game warden who arrested him "just as I would any poor woodchopper."

Then came loud yells from outside. "Oh, my," said Mother Democracy, "that's the horrid Filibuster family next door. Those children will drive me frantic. There's Burton Filibuster, Gallinger Filibuster, Root Filibuster and Lodge Filibuster. They're always breaking the windows and throwing stones at my children."

The Filibuster boys started to talk little Shipping Bill to death. "If you children don't stop quarreling," said Mother Democracy, "I know somebody who will keep you in school after March 4."

"And that," said Uncle Sam, "will be mighty tough on me."

Some Squash Center Observations.

Two members of the club read some items from the Squash Center Oracle for the edification of the company. One of the paragraphs was to the effect that "Theodore Shonts, John F. Stevens and John F. Wallace are visiting in our midst."

"Ain't them the fellers," remarked Silas, "that started in to dig the Panama canal?"

"Yes," replied Hiram, "but they sl'd out before the slides began."

A personal item was to the effect that "Charlie Hilles, the well known campaign manager, is in town visiting old friends from Vermont and Utah." An announcement that McAdoo is a candidate for president was discovered in the funny column. One of the advertisements read as follows: "If you fox trot don't fail to try one of Ham Lewis' speeches on your Victrola."

Before the Squash Center citizens finished reading from the newspaper some reference had been made to nearly everybody in the room and each sentence was punctuated with laughter.

Speakers Introduced with Songs.

Each speaker was introduced with a topical song, to which personal and appropriate words had been adapted. Mr. Depew was reminded of the ancient stories which he had imposed upon the club in former days, while Mr. Borah was suggested as a presidential candidate whose boom ought to be started immediately if it ever was to get anywhere. The song for Bryan referred to his efforts to find places for "deserving democrats" and ended with a refrain which asserted "I am sure to get a job from Bryan." As a compliment to the vice president, the chorus of his favorite college song, "Dear Old Wabash," was sung, and then he was welcomed with another college melody, the last verse of which was as follows:

He'd like to speak both night and day,
But we won't let him do it.
We'll let him have a little say,
So let him now go to it.

For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
We're going to hear Tom Marshall.

The songs served as texts for the speeches, and Mr. Bryan's allusion to lame ducks occasioned much laughter. There were more speeches than usual at a Gridiron dinner, but they were interspersed through the program and were all brief and thoroughly enjoyable. In fact, the dinner was undoubtedly one of the best ever given by the club, and every one regretted when the four hours' entertainment came at midnight to a close. The flowers were allowed to remain in the room in order that they may be distributed today among the city hospitals.

The Old Love.

Many years ago, when David Hammond of Wilmot, S. D., now known as Uncle Dave, was in the prime of life, he met and loved a young girl just budding into womanhood. Something estranged them. The young woman married another.

Recently Uncle Dave, long a settler of Roberts county, left on a trip to the east, the object of which he refused to disclose. He returned home accompanied by a bride, his sweetheart of almost a half-century ago. She was Mrs. Barberg Burke of Illinois.

The bridegroom is 84 years old, the bride 66.—Wilmot Dispatch.

STOP CATARRH! OPEN NOSTRILS AND HEAD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Relieves Head-Colds at Once.

If your nostrils are clogged and your head is stuffed and you can't breathe freely because of a cold or catarrh, just get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm at any drug store. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream into your nostrils and let it penetrate through every air passage of your head, soothing and healing the inflamed, swollen mucous membrane and you get instant relief.

Ah! how good it feels. Your nostrils are open, your head is clear, no more hawking, snuffling, blowing; no more headache, dryness or struggling for breath. Ely's Cream Balm is just what sufferers from head colds and catarrh need. It's a delight.

JOE GORMAN ANSWERS CALL

Old Time Street Car Man Dies at Alma, Where He Has Farmed for Last Six Years.

DROVE THE FIRST HORSE CAR

General Manager W. A. Smith of the street railway company has received advice from Alma, Neb., of the death of Joe Gorman, one of the most popular of the pioneer officers of Omaha's traction system. Mr. Gorman left Omaha about six years ago to take up farming near Republican City. He was in the street car business here for nearly thirty-five years.

Mr. Smith sent a floral token and the men of each of the car barns sent large floral pieces to the Gorman farm. Mr. Gorman was 8[illegible] years of age and had not been well for nearly a year. His last visit here was during Ak-Sar-Ben time last fall.

Mr. Gorman started work here as a driver on one of the four horse cars which comprised the local street railway system. He rose to be barn boss and then superintendent of the horse car system. When the Omaha & Council Bluffs lines were consolidated he was made assistant general superintendent under Mr. Tucker.

Afterward he was appointed superintendent of track and roadway. He supervised the laying of all of the tracks up to the time he left here in 1909. He was an old soldier and is survived by a large family.

P. J. Gorman, liveryman on Leavenworth street, is a brother. Miss Olive Gorman, stenographer at the Merchants hotel, is a daughter.

During the early days Mr. Gorman and General Manager Smith were fellow drivers on the old "red" and "green" line cars.

When Gorman left the employ of the street car company the directors voted to give him the horse he had driven and also a check for $1,000.

SNAKES ON DINNER TABLE

Novel Banquet in Honor of Curator of Bronx Zoo—Startles the Guests.

A score of writhing snakes, one of them more than five feet long, created terror among a quantity of supper guests at Cafe L'Aiglon, Fifteenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. The occasion was a "snake" dinner, given for Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of the Bronx zoo, who this week is delivering a series of motion picture lectures at the Academy of Music. The snakes were placed upon the dinner table in glass receptacles from which they could easily have escaped. When they appeared, several women at nearby tables, not knowing that they were tame, hastily departed.

But the snakes were not alone. There was a large jar of frogs and toads of many strange varieties that kept the cafe frequenters interested with an undertone of croakings. And the center of the table was occupied by a fern, filled with chirping insects, known throughout Japan, whence they came, as "walking sticks."

The menu was arranged in keeping with the decorations. There were, of course, eels and frogs' legs. There was a "Bronx zoo salad," which was full of mystery, even to the guests, because the ingredients were not revealed. But the most peculiar dish of all was porcupine steak.—Philadelphia Ledger.

SINCE TAKING PERUNA

I can say my bowels are much more regular. My heart is stronger. My appetite is much better. My throat is much better.

Mrs. William H. Hinchliffe, 20 Myrtle St., Beverly, Mass., writes: "I have taken four bottles of Peruna, and I can say that it has done me a great deal of good for catarrh of the head and throat. I recommend Peruna to all sufferers with catarrh. I do not think I ever felt better. I am really surprised at the work I can do. I do not think too much praise can be said for Peruna."

Those who object to fluid medicines can now procure Peruna Tablets.

$400,000.00

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Improved, Centrally Located, Omaha Realty.
Prompt, Reliable and Efficient Service — Easy Terms — Long Time Loans — Usual Payment Options.

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Yes, We Handle
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NEBRASKA FUEL CO.,
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FERNWOOD ANTHRACITE COAL

Omaha, Neb., Feb. 12, 1915.

Boyer-VanKuran Lumber Co.,
City.
Gentlemen:

We used to buy just ordinary furnace coal, never getting the same kind twice, but always getting a coal that was dirty, full of gas; in fact, causing no end of trouble. In the fall of 1913, a representative of your concern induced us to try FERNWOOD, which we did to our utmost satisfaction. We found the FERNWOOD ANTHRACITE an ideal furnace fuel, that is clean, hot, lasting and making very little ash.

We have been a steady patron of your concern since and will remain so as long as you handle FERNWOOD.

Yours very respectfully,
ADAMS-HAIGHT DRUG CO.,
24th & Lake and 24th & Fort Sts.

Will Hold Fire 3 Days

At Last FOUND—A Coal that keeps your home an even temperature day and night. No more early rising to find fire out—house cold. **FERNWOOD**

Does not clinker nor burn out fire box or grates. Starts quickly when drafts are opened and can be checked down to a point where there is practically no combustion without going out.

Will hold fire longer than any other coal

Save $1.25 Per Ton--Buy FERNWOOD Anthracite Coal

is prepared in three sizes; Grate and Egg for furnace, No. 4 or Chestnut for baseburners and ranges.

TRY A TON OF IT NOW *BEFORE WINTER IS OVER AND YOU WILL BUY IT FOR NEXT SEASON*

FERNWOOD MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE FOLLOWING DEALERS:

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Omaha Lumber & Coal Company.
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E. A. Winn.
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Keys Lumber & Coal Company.
Bowman-Kraus Lumber Company.
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BENSON
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FLORENCE
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Fenton-Wickham Coal Co.
Drogo Elevator Co.
Victor Jennings.