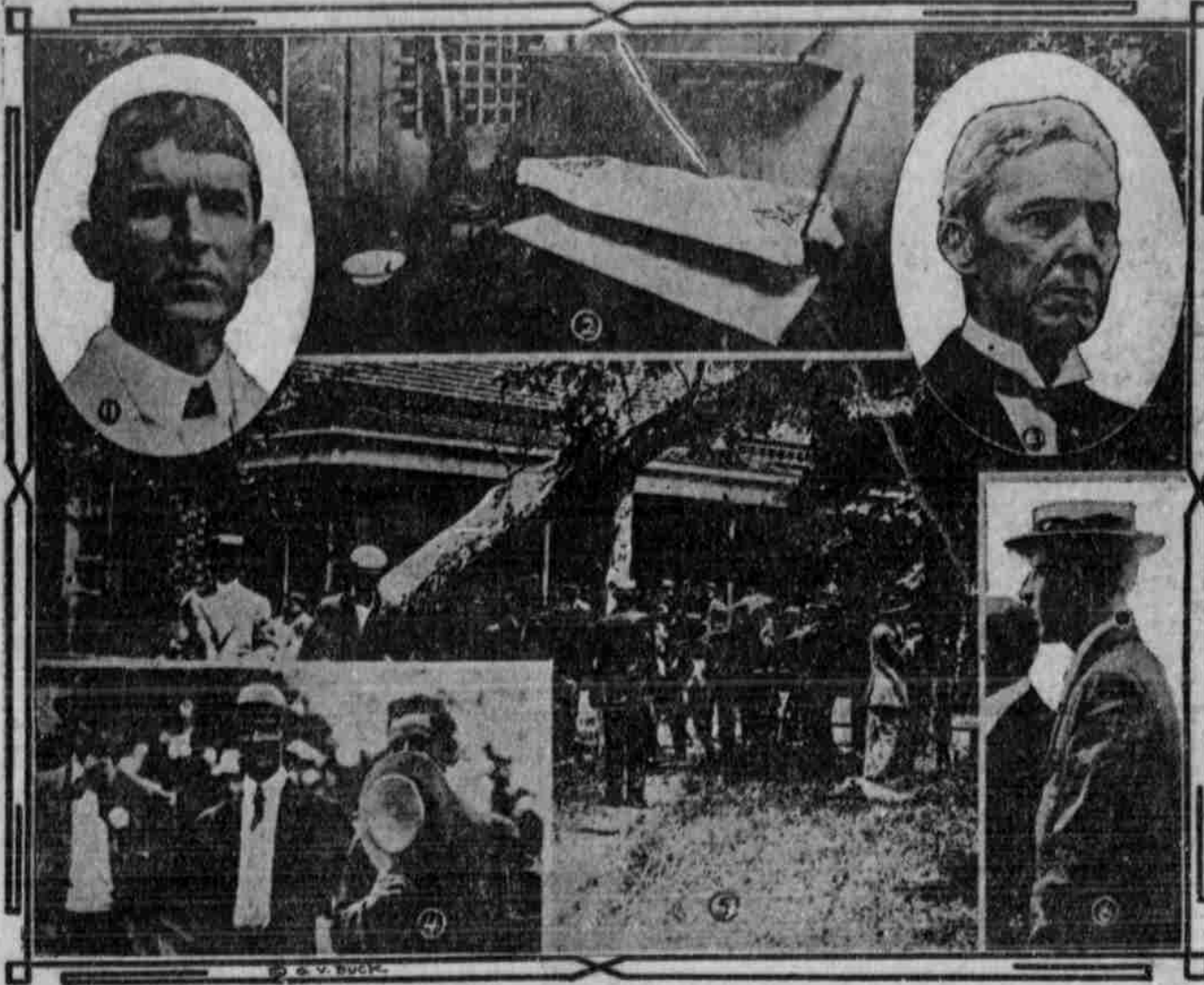


SENSATIONAL MURDER TRIAL IN VIRGINIA



THE trial of Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., for the murder of his young wife, which is now in progress at Chesterfield, Va., is replete with thrills and sensations. The actual standing of the accused, the circumstances surrounding the killing and the flippant bearing of the alleged murderer have already made the trial a cause celebre. In the picture above are seen (1) Judge Watson, before whom the trial is taking place; (2) the interior of the court that is occupied by the prisoner; (3) Henry Clay Beattie, Sr., the father of the accused; (4) Sheriff Gill, left; Captain Pollock, center; Beattie with his straw hat partially concealing his face; (5) crowd outside the little court house trying to obtain an entrance; (6) profile view of Beattie.

BITTEN BY RATTLE SNAKE

Experience of Oregon Stockman While at Spring.

Struck on Right Arm Between Wrist and Elbow by Snake, Man Makes Desperate Run for Medical Assistance.

Antelope, Ore.—William J. McGreer, who three weeks ago was bitten by a rattlesnake and all but lost his life, is one of the few men in Oregon who have received severe bites and been able to describe in detail how it felt. McGreer was riding the range for horses eight miles east of Antelope. He is a Clarno (Ore.) stockman. He dismounted at a spring to drink and was bitten in the arm. He has nearly recovered, and his story, as printed in Crook county newspapers is as follows:

"Oh, yes, I'm getting along all right; but the snake died as a result of his indiscretion. I've ridden the range so long that no reptile that bites me can survive.

"You can say for me—and I'm an expert now—that rattlers don't always rattle before they strike. This one didn't. I had just got into position to frisk from the spring in Galliger canyon when the cuss struck me on the right arm between the wrist and elbow. It felt as though some one had given my arm a hard jerk. The snake hung on by his fangs. I knocked him off with my left hand and killed him. He had six rattles and was about 18 inches long.

"I immediately tore my handkerchief into strips and bound the arm tightly at wrist and elbow. I reached for my knife, expecting to cut the wound. When I found I did not have it with me, I was scared. My arm did not

pain me then—it was in between my shoulders. That negro was right who said it was 'no disgrace to run when yo's scared', so I got on my horse and lit out for Antelope, about eight miles away. By the time I reached a mud hole, about a mile from the spring, I was having excruciating pains all over my body, as though my muscles were all contracting. I dismounted and plunged my swelling arm into the mud.

"I think I must have been crazed by the pain, for here I turned my horse loose and started on foot for Billy Malone's house, a distance of four miles. The only thing I remember from the time I left the mud hole till I got to Malone's house, was eating tobacco. My chaps were found later about two miles from the spring, but my hat hasn't been found yet.

"The horse I was riding was a good one, and if I had stuck to him he would have landed me in Antelope in 20 minutes from the time I was struck.

"However, as soon as I arrived at Malone's ranch John Malone cut open the wound and Jack Brogan sucked out as much of the poison blood as he could. Undoubtedly this service is all that saved my life until Dr. Flower arrived from Antelope, which was about 15 minutes after they telephoned for him. A drummer (whose name I do not know, but who has my sincere thanks), brought the doctor out in an automobile.

"It was some time after the doctor arrived until he got my arm to bleeding. I was suffering indescribable agony and my arm was swollen to an immense size and was a glassy blue color. Dr. Bower worked with me all night and I understand took two quarts of blood from my arm. The doctor and Jack Brogan took me to Antelope the next morning, where the treatment was continued through the day. My

brothers, George and Ed, had come over from Clarno and looked after me during that night, and then I was under the care of two trained nurses from The Dalles.

"I believe I was bitten about seven o'clock and arrived at Malone's about 9:30. So it was at least two and a half hours before I received medical attention."

SIX YEARS UNDER A CHURCH

Diver Is Given Silver Rose Bowl for Arduous Labor Under Cathedral—Scheme Cost \$500,000.

London.—The dean and chapter of Winchester cathedral, Hampshire, have presented to W. R. Walker, a diver supplied by Messrs. Siebe, Gorman & Co. of London, a silver rose bowl as a memento of his six years' work beneath the cathedral. Working in about 20 feet of water, Walker had to remove the peat and seal down the water in the gravel below the foundations by means of bags of concrete and concrete slabs. This work has been carried on in darkness, and those responsible for the preservation scheme have had to trust entirely to the conscientiousness and skill of the diver, as they could not inspect the work. The scheme, which has cost over \$500,000, is now nearly completed.

Eighty-Bushel Wheat. Chico, Cal.—The threshing of 409 varieties of grass has been completed at the government's plant introduction gardens at this place. Some varieties of wheat yielded at the rate of 80 bushels to the acre. This is about twice the average yield of common wheat in California's grain growing district. The varieties producing most heavily are Prietas and Chul wheats. H. F. Blanchard is the expert in charge of the experiments. The propagation and budding of deciduous fruits are now being followed. Corn breeding is also under way.

WOULD PUZZLE ANY SOLOMON

Pennsylvania Judge Finally Decides That Goose Must Be Cooked and Divided Between Two Women.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—A dispute over the ownership of a goose was settled the other day by Ald. John F. Donohue, who is famous locally for his common sense adjustments of lawsuits.

Mrs. Alice Kreiger of Shickelhany charged Mrs. Louis Pellius with the theft of a goose. Each woman claimed the goose had belonged to her ever since it was hatched, and the evidence on both sides was of equal weight.

"Well," said the alderman, after puzzling over the case, "there is but one way to settle it. Each of you women will go home, will get your flock and each bring one here. Then you will place the ganders on opposite sides of the courtroom and the goose in the middle and let her choose to which flock she belongs.

"Of course," he added, "there is the danger of her being a flirt."

The women objected to this plan because it involved an outlay in railroad fare of more than the value of the goose.

"Then," declared the alderman, "the defendant is sentenced to take the goose home, kill it, divide it exactly in half, and give one half to the prosecutrix."

Finds Prehistoric Skull. Laramie, Wyo.—E. B. Adair of Lost Spring, near Douglas, has unearthed a human skull imbedded in stone and believed by archaeologists to have antedated the biblical flood. The skull is well preserved.

ONLY WOMAN JAILER

Veritable Amazon Has Unique Position in Rhone Valley.

Record of Madame Jenny Porchet During Husband's Illness for Three Years, Makes Her Choice for Place.

Berlin.—Woman's rights, indeed! What more could the most ardent suffragette desire than to control the liberties of scores of more men. That is the privilege of Mme. Jenny Porchet, aged 51—the only official woman jailer in the world.

Her prison lies in the pretty town of Aigle, with a population of 4,000, in the valley of Rhone. It forms part of an imposing range of castellated buildings, the most conspicuous in that region.

Thirty years ago Mme. Porchet married the chief warden of the Aigle prison. When her husband became seriously ill she acted in his place without the local authorities being aware of the fact. Then after three years' illness, Porchet died and the place of chief warden becoming vacant applications were filed. Several men applied for the post, which is fairly well paid and many of them had excellent credentials. Mme. Porchet, however, presented herself before the local commission, explained that during the three years' illness of her husband she had carried on his duties so as not to lose the place, had introduced several minor reforms which had strengthened discipline,

and at the same time made the prisoners more contented. She concluded that she could carry on the same work without fear or favor if the commission would support her.

"I know it is an unusual request to make, for a woman to rule male prisoners and keep them in order, but I am not frightened of a man or half a dozen of them."

This statement brought smiles and nods of approval from the members of the commission, for Mme. Porchet is a veritable Amazon nearly six feet in height, powerfully built, and in the prime of health. Her face shows a character as strong as her frame, with powerful square jaws, a large mouth and piercing but kindly eyes.

"Gentlemen," she continued, "you may still think that if I were attacked by a prisoner I would be helpless. Will you kindly ask the heaviest guard on the premises to step here so that I can demonstrate to you what I could and would do with a man who dared to attack me."

The president asked Mme. Porchet to retire and after the commission had considered the matter for a quarter of an hour she was informed that it was unanimously agreed to give her a year's trial and if she gave satisfaction the post would be a permanent one.

"Gentlemen, I thank you," she said, "and I am sure that I will give you every satisfaction. I did not want to appeal to your sympathies as I have seven children to bring up and the loss of the position would have meant much to them and me."

Morality

By Rev. Guy E. Shipler, Assistant Rector of St. Peter's, St. Louis.

There is in our civilization a class of women branded as moral lepers, the presence of any one of whom would not be tolerated in our homes. Yet our daughters are allowed to mingle freely with the men who prey upon these women; to receive them in our homes—and too often—to marry them. Such is custom and conviction, so totally an inversion of the teaching and practice of Jesus Christ, who ate with harlots and sinners, not to condone their acts, but to save them from evil.

Let us ask in all frankness, is it not time for the church to inquire rather more seriously into this matter of conscience and morality? Shall we go on being satisfied that custom and convention have said the last word on these vital matters?

There are too many false judgments of morality in society, as a result of untrained conscience. The thing we call convention is too often but a cloak for false morality. Custom and convention are made up of elements both good and bad, though most of us, if a thing is conventional, adhere to its pronouncements without stopping to question the right or wrong of it.

Convention and custom are good when they conserve the good of the past; they are viciously evil when they cloak evil, and even worse when they so enslave the minds of the people that they stupefy all moral progress.

There is a tendency in most of us toward legalism; this false use of the law, and the subtle foe with which Christianity has had to cope. One of the most remarkable things in history is the speed with which Christianity morally "ran off the track" and allowed its freedom to become elaborated and stiffened into dogma, and then into legalism.

The church, which was to bring God and man together, became burdened with ecclesiastical machinery, which kept God and man apart. What is the standard? Shall we frankly become legalists and accept the law as our standard of conduct? Or shall we accept what are called the average judgments of mankind—the consensus of opinion—as our standards? If so, what shall we do with the prophets; those men of vision who sometimes rise in our midst, to point the way to a clearer conception of truth than the average man has attained?

And if we do not listen to the prophets—for example, those men of vision we have in our political life today—how can we hope to progress as a civilization? Or shall we accept as our standard that which satisfies us? Or shall we accept that which works—pragmatism, which has become popular among certain ethical thinkers.

This matter of conscience calls for clearer thinking than we have bestowed upon it as a church or as individuals in the past. Conscience is the soul's discernment of right and wrong for the purpose of its own moral choice. It has as a standard not any exterior law, which means the reduction of religion and morals to jurisprudence and restraint; but it must have an inner law, which means freedom.

Jesus Christ's most emphatic teaching, about which centered all else he said and did, was the sacredness of the self. We have Christian morality then when we set before us the task of developing this self. This self-love is the only morality we know. It is truth for truth's sake, not truth for expediency.

Conscience is the voice of God witnessing to eternal right within the individual soul. It is the voice of man's true self, and the true self is one with God. As our sense of beauty leads us on to things beautiful, so our moral sense should lead us to things moral. And, as in art, we turn to great masters, whose genius has wrought in the world of beauty for the standards of valuation; so in the world of morals must we turn with ever-increasing earnestness and appreciation and longing to the master of men.

And as our study of the great ones reveals ever and anon some deeper truth that lay in the heart of the artist, so our serious study of Christ must reveal more of the truth that lay like gold in the depths of his heart. It is for each one of us to say—for no one else can say it for us—whether the light that is in us shall become darkness and so spread the gloom of itself through the hearts of humanity or whether it shall become a part of that light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

The Crown for the Faithful.

The virtue of fidelity is not conditioned by great opportunities and responsibilities. It has nothing to do with splendor of circumstances. It needs no broad arena, no crowd of spectators. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." The humblest task is to be done as unto God. Our gift, our talent, may be insignificant, but it is to be used, not buried. What the world calls success is often the shipwreck of the soul. The dominion of God's world is the blessing of those who are "faithful in a very little," "faithful unto death." The crown is not for success, not for genius, not for position, not for greatness, but for faithfulness. Life's work and warfare are to test and train our fidelity.

Woman's Danger Periods Made Safe

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease.

Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs. Here is proof:



Natick, Mass.—"I cannot express what I went through during the Change of Life before I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was in such a nervous condition I could not keep still. My limbs were cold. I had creepy sensations and could not sleep nights. I was finally told by two physicians that I had a tumor.

"I read one day of the wonderful cures made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it, and it has made me a well woman. My neighbors and friends declare it has worked a miracle for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth its weight in gold for women during this period of life. If it will help others you may publish this letter."—Mrs. Nathan B. Groaton, 51 No. Main St., Natick, Mass.

ANOTHER SIMILAR CASE.

Cornwallville, N. Y.—"I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for some time for Change of Life, nervousness, and a fibroid growth.

"Two doctors advised me to go to the hospital, but one day while I was away visiting, I met a woman who told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and I know it helped me wonderfully. I am very thankful that I was told to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound!"—Mrs. Wm. Boughton, Cornwallville, N. Y., Greene Co.



The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as those above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



Milady Who Is Particular Insists on Having Nothing But



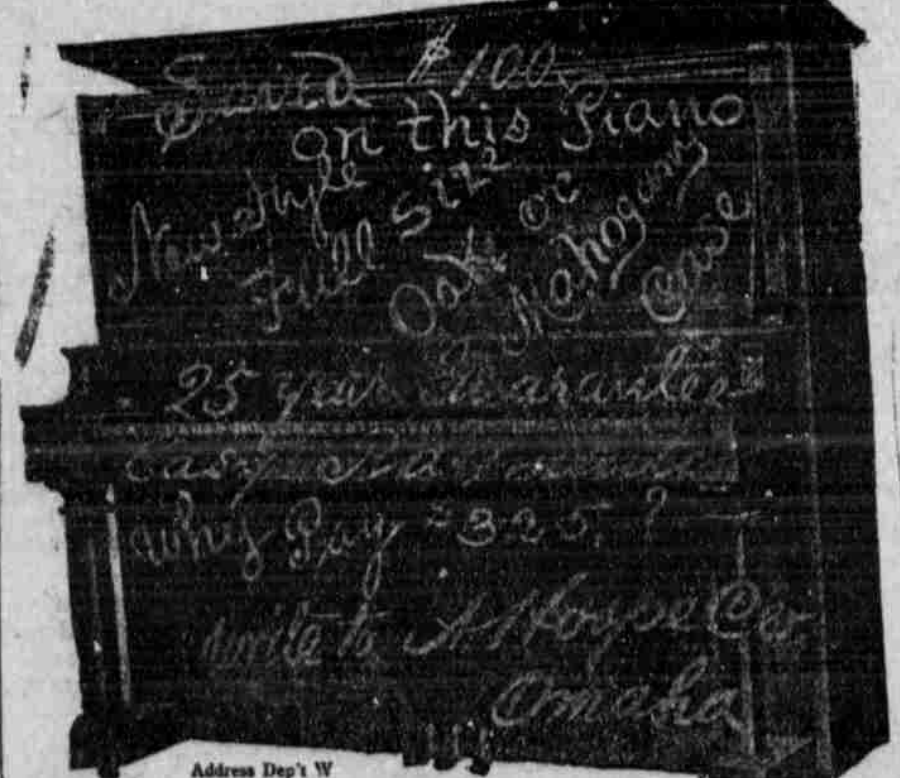
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For DISTEMPER Pink Eye, Epizootic Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever. Sure cure and positive prevention, no matter how long at any stage are indicated or "acquired." Liquid, applied on the tongue, acts on the blood and glands, expels the poisonous germs from the body. Give Distemper to Dogs and Sheep and Children in the Pen. Largest selling livestock remedy. Cures the Grippe, a-come, influenza, betage and the Run Kidney remedy. See and at a bottle, 25 and 50 a dozen. Put this on. Keep it. Show to your friends, who will get it for you. Free Booklet. Distempered Cures and Doses. Special Agents wanted. Chemists and Apothecaries GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.