

Youthful Slayers Will Begin Work in Penitentiary

Leopold, Loeb Narrowly Escape Death as Car Swerves at Rail Crossing—Breakfast in Cells.

By Associated Press.
Joliet, Ill., Sept. 12.—Richard Loeb will be assigned to work in the prison chair factory and Nathan Leopold in the restan factory, Warden Whitman announced today. They go to work tomorrow.

By WILLIS C. O'Rourke, International News Service Staff Correspondent.
Joliet, Ill., Sept. 12.—The strident ringing of a brazen gong crashed through the silence of "court solitary" at 6 a. m. today. It was a summons to convicts 9,305 and 9,306, who so recently were Nathan F. Leopold, Jr., and Richard A. Loeb, young millionaire slayers of Bobby Franks, that the shackles had begun to bind.

Cool mornings, these, but never so cool as the outside world—at least not so clammy cold as stone walls on which the sun never shines.

It will be 6 o'clock from now on, at least on week day mornings. No more leisurely wakenings to prepare for a laughing journey to court where one could smile at friends and smirk at the curious.

Today was not a usual day at the prison. It was defense day, but its meaning is somewhat different to the 2,200 convicts. There will be held what Warden John L. Whitman refers to as "patriotic exercises." This is the limit to which the law allows these men, whose citizenship has been taken away from them, to participate in the nation-wide demonstration.

Breakfast in Cells.

Loeb and Leopold did not breakfast in the main dining hall today. Following the usual custom, they were fed in the cells by fellow convicts, who stared curiously at the newcomers in their prison clothes.

The pair was alert and eager to take its first steps through the routine that starts them on their program for the years to come. It appeared that the defense day program, however, would interfere with their desires.

They were far from being the two badly frightened youths who half carried and half walked across last night the 50-foot space in the administration building that to them represents a trap door, open and ready to shut them from the blue sky of freedom.

The last thrill before the prison walls of Joliet engulfed them, probably forever, perhaps the only one they have experienced since the killing of the Franks boy, was realized last night when their own lives were almost snuffed out in the mad race to the penitentiary.

Only the quick work on the part of newspaper men and deputy sheriffs accompanying the murderers and the keen eye of an engineer saved the two "supermen" and their guards from being ground to death under the wheels of a speeding train.

Caught on Track.

The accident which almost cost the lives of five persons besides the slayers, occurred just west of Argo, Darkness shrouded the road ahead. On through the night sped the seven cars making up the penitentiary caravan, 40, 45, 50 miles an hour they dashed over the ribbon-like stretch of cement before them. To the right were car tracks—the Interurban line to Joliet. Some distance down the track an express train was beating over the rails at breakneck speed.

Suddenly the curtained car—the one in which the slayers rode—veered, slipped from the cement, left the road and landed dead in the center of the track.

Down the track 1,000 feet was the blinding highlight of the train thundering closer and closer.

Newspapermen and deputy sheriffs ran down the road. Arms and hats were waved frantically. Searchlights were turned down the track. A shot was fired.

Leopold Loses Poise.

There was a rattling of steel on steel. Quick as a flash it was over. Less than 50 feet from the stalled car the train had come to a stop.

"My God," Leopold gulped, "we're driving too fast."

Babe, the unemotional, soon caught himself. His fear turned to levity.

"What's the hurry?" he said. "We've got at least 50 years."

A few minutes of waiting and then the race to the prison was resumed. The two slayers, manacled to the assistant warden of the county jail, sat on the rear seat of the machine puffing cigarettes.

Suddenly Babe broke the silence. "Tough town, Summit and Argo," he noted as they passed through them. "If there's going to be trouble, we ought to get it here."

The words gave Dick courage. "Gee! I remember this country," he said absently, stroking his chin as though it were a beard.

"High on 50 years ago," he continued with a farmer-like drawl, "I went through this town."

Mabel Normand Stole Mate's Love, Says Wife



Mabel Normand.

By International News Service.
Los Angeles, Calif., Sept. 12.—Naming Mabel Normand, screen star, as one of three women, who she charges stole away the love of her husband, a new divorce complaint was on file here today by Mrs. Georgia W. Church, against her millionaire husband, Norman.

Infidelity and cruelty are charged in the complaint, which was filed in lieu of an action started by Mrs. Church a year ago.

A total of \$1,000,000 in community property, not including a valuable estate inherited by Church from his father, is involved in the suit, which names the Northway Securities company as co-defendant.

According to the complaint, Miss Normand entered her husband's life in July and August of 1923. They met, the complaint sets forth, while both were patients in a hospital here, and became very friendly.

HESSIAN FLY SEEN IN IOWA FIELDS

Clarinda, Ia., Sept. 12.—Hessian fly has appeared in Iowa, 25 per cent of the flies having merged in Harrison county. It is impossible to tell when the flies will be through laying their eggs.

Three observation stations have been located as follows: G. B. Fulton, in charge of the Henry county district station on the Paul Hatchell farm, Mount Pleasant; F. D. Butcher, Mills county district, on the Bert Dunn farm, Emerson; and E. G. Kelsheimer, Harrison county station, on the Reuben Jackson farm, Missouri Valley.

Republican City Merchant Injured in Auto Crash

Republican City, Sept. 12.—J. W. Reeder, merchant, while driving his car from his farm west of Alma to town, was struck by another car, throwing him to the ground and causing concussion of the brain.

Prince of Wales Passes Up Fight

Heir to British Throne Fails to See Tiff Between Firpo and Wills.

By ROLAND KREBS, International News Staff Correspondent.
Sposset, N. Y., Sept. 12.—Despite announcements made in New York that Edward Albert, prince of Wales, would be a ringside spectator at last night's fight between Harry Wills and Luis Angel Firpo, Capt. A. F. Lascelles, his secretary, told newspaper men today that the prince was not at the fight.

"The prince spent a quiet afternoon," Captain Lascelles said, "dined privately and in the evening made a few calls on Long Island. He was not in Manhattan and he was not in Jersey City."

Confirmation of the fact that for once at least the prince actually did spend a quiet evening catching up on lost sleep came when newspaper men called the James A. Burden estate last night at 10 o'clock and were answered by a butler, roused from his slumbers, who said H. R. H. was asleep at that hour.

Long Islanders are amazed at the "pep" of the prince and his ability to keep up a strenuous round of engagements at dancing parties, polo, and social functions in his honor, but the prince shows no ill effects and appears to be vibrant with health and the joy of living.

Although no definite time has been fixed for Wales' departure for his ranch in Canada because of the postponement of the polo matches, he came to America to see, it was said today that he has made tentative plans to leave here either Wednesday or Thursday.

Beatrice—Tom Trueninght, farmer living south of Beatrice, reports the loss of three milk cows, caused from working themselves with green corn, after breaking into the field.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.
Everywhere along the way wonders happen every day. Peter Rabbit.

A Coat That Changes Color.

This big Frog in his dark coat looked up and laughing at Peter Rabbit had said that he was Grandfather Frog. In everything but the color of his coat he looked like Grandfather



"I'll wait," said Peter. Frog. His voice was the voice of Grandfather Frog. Still, it was hard for Peter to believe that it really was Grandfather Frog. That dark coat certainly did make a difference.

"No," said Grandfather Frog. "I haven't changed my coat. You see, I was down there in the mud at the bottom of the Smiling Pool for a long time. My coat just changed to match my surroundings.

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green flies to come his way. Peter also settled himself comfortably and watched Grandfather Frog.

Now, it was warm and very comfortable there, and presently Peter began to grow sleepy. He would doze off for a minute or two. Then he would open his eyes and hurriedly look at Grandfather Frog. He could not see any change in that coat. He grew more and more sleepy. He tried to keep his eyes open, but he couldn't. Finally he took a short nap.

When at last he was awakened by the rattling call of Rattles the Kingfisher passing overhead he forgot for a moment why he was sitting there. Then he remembered and eagerly looked at Grandfather Frog. Grandfather Frog's coat was no longer almost black. It was dark green. Peter rubbed his eyes to make sure. It was so. Yes, sir, it was so. That coat was now dark green. A suspicion that Grandfather Frog had played a trick on him and changed coats while he had been asleep crept into Peter's mind. But he said nothing. He didn't want to offend Grandfather Frog.

"Well, what do you think of it, Peter?" asked Grandfather Frog with a twinkle in his big, goggle eyes. "I think it is wonderful," declared Peter. And, when you come to think of it, it was wonderful.

The next story: "Little Friend Loses a Tall Feather."

Gas Prices Drop.

Des Moines, Ia., Sept. 12.—Gasoline prices dropped 1 cent a gallon here today, when the Standard Oil company of Indiana reduced its filling station prices to 15 1/2 cents. It was said that the company intends to make this cut general throughout the state.

Rites Held on Defense Day for Iowa War Vet

Shenandoah, Sept. 12.—John Ayers, 35, disabled war veteran, has succumbed to injuries. His wife, formerly Miss Grace Wax, survives. Mr. Ayers, who served overseas with Company E, 18th Infantry in the Rainbow division, was born at Leon, Ia., July 25, 1889. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. C. S. Hanley, war worker, and Rev. L. P. Goodwin at the Methodist church, Friday, national defense day.

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