

TERRIBLE REVENGE CHARGED AGAINST JEALOUS HUSBAND

Angered by Wife's Friendship for Crippled Man,
J. H. Crutchfield Is Accused of At-
tempting to Maim Her.

TRAGEDY HAS SHOCKED ATLANTA, GA.

Both Principals Belonged to the Best Society of the Southern City
—Mrs. Crutchfield Long Considered One of the Most
Beautiful Women of That Section—Public
Sentiment Entirely With Her.

Atlanta.—"Revenge!" This is said to have been J. H. Crutchfield's one word when he fired the two shots, says the New York World.

His wife fell, and he dropped the revolver to the porch. Both shots had hit, but if he intended, as they charge, to cripple both legs "to match that man," he was but partly successful. The right leg has been amputated above the knee.

"That man" knew his wife, and "that man" had lost his legs in a railway accident. Further than that it was nothing. No one dare say a word against Mrs. Crutchfield. She has always been a favorite in Atlanta society—handsome, clever, vivacious.

The Crutchfields have long been among the best known people in Atlanta, Ga. It had to be so, because Mrs. Crutchfield was considered the handsomest young matron in Atlanta, and southern gallantry still exists. She came from Columbia, S. C., and there she married young Crutchfield 14 years ago.

He was a rising young cotton oil broker then; to-day he is accounted well-to-do. Mrs. Crutchfield did not come of a wealthy family—in fact, her face was all the fortune she brought her husband, but that was enough. There has never been a better dressed young matron in all the south than young Mrs. Crutchfield. She had a figure and complexion to set off her beauty, too, and the beautiful clothes bought by her devoted husband. It was dinner and dance and drive all the time.

"There goes the handsome Mrs. Crutchfield!" could be heard in Atlanta any day.

Made Crutchfield Jealous.

The chivalrous southerners liked to hear her called that, because she really was. But Crutchfield resented this compliment to his beautiful wife. He didn't like the drives and the dinners and the dances. He had an idea that his wife should stay at home more and look out for Louette and Paul, their two little boys. Mrs. Crutchfield could not see things in his light.

They quarreled; they separated. Then Atlanta society learned for the first time that everything in the Crutchfield home was not as it should

be brought to court upon one. He was charged with striking his handsomest wife.

"I did it because of a letter," he swore. "I took it from her bosom myself. It was from a man in this town. I did strike her. I struck her several times. I dragged her out on the veranda, and I pitched her out into the yard. I thought I had killed her. And that is the only time I ever struck her."

The case was dismissed. Mr. and Mrs. Crutchfield left the courtroom arm-in-arm, apparently the happiest of couples. For months they lived together in seeming mutual regard. They were seen out together often, as devoted as two young lovers might well be. Then like a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky came a second suit for divorce. This is still pending.

Enter "The Man."

Mrs. Crutchfield took her two little sons and went to live at No. 500 South Pryor street, Atlanta. It was then that "the man" entered their lives. He was a splendid specimen of manhood—tall, good-looking, athletic, debonaire. He was clever and entertaining and the handsome young Mrs. Crutchfield was plainly interested—more than that, not at all.

This came the accident. This friend of the family was a railroad man. He fell between the cars and both "is legs had to be amputated to save his life. Mrs. Crutchfield was deeply moved by his misfortune and she tried to help him as he lay in the hospital, doomed to be a cripple for life.

And that aroused the husband to his fury. Mrs. Crutchfield had been to see "Zaza" at the matinee. Her husband had come to her new home to wait for her. He had to wait two hours. Then Mrs. Crutchfield said a merry "Good-night" to some of her friends who had been to the theater with her and ran up the stoop.

"Is that you, Sallie?" asked Crutchfield.

"Yes," answered his wife, without a thought of what was to come. There was a shot; then another. The handsome young wife fell prone and unconscious. Two bullets from

both limbs. But by a merciful mischance both bullets hit the same limb.

The 11-year-old boy, Louette, heard the shots. He started down to the door to let his mother in. He had just opened it when the first shot was fired. He jumped on the back of his father as the second bullet was sent on its errand of vengeance and fought with him to keep him from firing again.

Crutchfield started to get away. The boy clung to him.

"Don't you shoot again!" screamed little Louette, trying to get between the revolver and his mother.

The boy couldn't save his mother's limb, but he did save her life by spoiling his father's aim. Crutchfield ran down the steps.

"If you follow me I'll fix you, too!" he yelled, in his rage.

"I was afraid," said the boy, as he tells it now, "and I ran back to my mother. I saw him hit her once before and I tried to stop him this time."

Crutchfield was arrested at once and hurried to the police station.

Detective Lockhart says he declared: "It was an accident. I had the gun in my hand and she grabbed at it. In the scuffle it went off and shot her in the leg. It is a repeating Winchester, and the explosion of one cartridge loaded it again and this caused the second shot."

"I went to my home to look for the man who had ruined it. I did not mean to shoot Sallie, and I hope she will get well."

Over at the hospital Mrs. Crutchfield said: "It was not an accident, and if they don't look him up he will finish the job if he ever meets me again."

Gave Crutchfield Privileges. And here is the strange part of the whole proceeding: Crutchfield was not treated like the ordinary criminal. In fact, he had the liberty of the city. He was not locked in a cell, but was permitted to engage a special policeman at his own expense to accompany him about town, "buying" for his friends in the clubs and cafes, and at-

tending to his own business as a cotton oil broker.

Meanwhile the wife that he had named was fighting for her life at the Grady hospital. Gangrene had set in. Her life hung in the balance. The surgeons shook their heads. It was a toss-up whether the wounded woman would live or die.

Public sentiment was with the wife. So, Crutchfield's privileges were curtailed and he was sent to jail—the "Tower." But even here he was not locked in a cell, and there is likelihood of a police investigation as to why he was not.

Instead, Crutchfield was assigned to a sunny room. He has fitted it up as a combination library and sitting-room—this man who had his awful vengeance. There his stenographers report to him every day. He dictates his letters and cleans up his day's business, and after that he reads and smokes at ease. He has been allowed a big graphophone, and he has 100 odd records of the latest songs and marches.

"I Had Rather Be on the Outside Looking In Than on the Inside Looking Out" is the favorite tune with Crutchfield, and the other prisoners along his corridor enjoy it as much as does he.

"Rather suggestive, eh?" is the salutation given to callers when they enter while this song is being played, and he usually switches to another tune, "A-lookin' Out."

Play Suggestive Tune. The latest of his collection has just arrived. It is from "The Spring Chicken" and is entitled "They Sold Me a Lemon in the Garden of Love, Where They Told Me the Peaches Grow."

The climax came the other day when the surgeons said that Mrs. Crutchfield would get well, and that her husband could apply for bail. He at once decided to celebrate.

"Call up the best caterer in town," he ordered of his jailers. "Have a 'possum supper, and plenty of ale and cider."

They had it in the jail all right. The news of the feast to come was published in the afternoon papers, and two women admirers of the man who had his "vengeance" sent big frosted cakes as an addition to the repast.

When supper time came a large table was brought into Crutchfield's room and the prisoner-guests and several outsiders filed in for the fun and feasting. The man who had his vengeance did the honors.

Dr. O. H. Snyder, charged with selling liquor on Sunday, was the first guest to arrive.

He was followed by Ernest Naylor, charged with being a participant in

the riot on that eventful Saturday night in Atlanta when 15 negroes were killed. J. F. Clemmons, held on the same charge, followed.

Night Jailor Walter Johnson came next, to give an official tone to the party. John Dorsey, "the best trusty in Georgia," in charge of the jail laundry, next in importance, took his place. Three Ohio business men, two from Dayton and one from Springfield, who had made business appointments with Crutchfield before he was arrested, arrived in Atlanta that day, and hearing



Shot to Maim Her.

of his plight, called at his jail room, attended to the business under consideration and remained to enjoy the supper with their host.

One "Turned Down" Plate. Crutchfield made the ninth member of the party, and insisted on "turning down" an empty plate.

Whether this was a tribute to his wife or some visitor who did not arrive is not known.

While the revelry was at its height Mrs. Crutchfield was moaning on her couch in the hospital. She will soon be out now, crippled for life. Crutchfield was asked if he had not intended to cripple her in exactly the way he did.

"No," said he, "I didn't. I never said that, but I do know a friend who has lost both his legs. You just call up the hospital where they took him and see if she didn't go there and nurse him when he was hurt."

And that is where this case of latter-day revenge stands now. There will be two trials—a criminal one for felonious assault and another for divorce. Much that will startle will be brought out then.

But, no matter who wins or loses, all Atlanta is saying, "What a vengeance!"

SURELY WAS A MEAN MAN. In Presence of Hospitable Friends He Bought and Drank Alone.

"The meanest man I ever knew lived down in Texas and I worked for him," said the old-time reporter. "He owned the paper and he was a banker, besides. On top of that he had real estate strung around town till reporters on the opposition didn't know when they were trespassing and when they weren't."

"One afternoon, as we boys were starting out to gather up the day's troubles and had dropped into a friend's place to take the taste out of our mouths the city editor and the managing editor came in right after us and we all lined up. There had been one round and everybody was trying to tell his best story and wondering who would buy next when there was a gasp from 'Officer' Herrick, who 'did' police, and we followed his eyes to the front door. Who should be coming in all alone but the old man himself—and him a deacon! Nobody had ever heard of him being in a saloon before and it didn't seem to bode much good."

The m. e. was the first man to get his breath, as was right, seeing his position, him being closer to the old man than any of us, and he sung out tolerably cheerfully:

"How do you do, Mr. Campbell. We were just about to take something. Will you join us?"

"The old man sidled up to the bar without saying a word, much to our astonishment, though you could see he wasn't used to it."

"I believe I'll take a little beer, boys," he said, and we nearly fell over. What an unbending!

"Well, we all took what we wanted and the old man slipped his beer and snacked his lips. There was more conversation while the bar man polished the rosewood, and finally the old man spoke up again, snacking his lips, and says:

"That beer tasted pretty good. I believe I'll have another."

"And with that he laid a nickel very carefully on the bar and gave it a little push. One lone, lorn nickel. We glanced at each other out of the tails of our eyes and said nothing. The 'old man' drank his beer slowly. We? Why, we looked on."

Started on Lowest Rung. Oren Root, a nephew of the secretary of state, who scarcely over 30 years of age, was recently appointed vice-president of the Metropolitan Street Railroad company of New York. Root started at the bottom of the ladder. He began with a promotion gang as a laborer and a few months ago he had become a

CROSSING THE JORDAN

A STORY OF THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

By the "Highway and Byway" Proucher.

Scripture Authority:—Joshua, chapters 3 and 4, especially chapter 4, verses 12 and 13. Read also Numbers, chapter 32.

SERMONETTE.

There is a beautiful picture here in this service which the Reubenites and the Gadites and part of the tribe of Manasseh performed for their brethren.

It emphasized the vital relationship which one bears to others about him, and the responsibility which one must share in securing blessings for the lives of others.

These men had found their inheritance. They were at home with their wives and little ones, and flocks and herds. From a purely selfish standpoint they had nothing more to gain by war and conflict.

But they must needs cross Jordan, too, for their brethren needed them. These had not yet found rest. They had not yet come into possession of their inheritance, and so the Reubenites and the Gadites and the men of Manasseh willingly left their possessions behind to serve their brethren and help them obtain the blessing in which they were already rejoicing.

There is nothing which is receiving so much emphasis today as the duty which man owes to his brethren. Every man owes something to his fellow man.

Have you attained the land of promise, and come into your rightful possession? Then your duty towards your brother who has not yet obtained the blessing is increased many fold.

You must not, you cannot say: This is mine, I will enjoy it. Let my brother look out for himself. Nay, the fact of possession is the call to duty outside of yourself and for the sake of others.

"And they passed over armed before the children of Israel." It is one thing to be willing to go and another thing to go armed and prepared for the conflict.

The preparation which these men made was the earnest of their purpose to face danger and to be of real service. They didn't hold back but they took the lead. There was not a coward among them, and no shirk, watching for the opportunity to escape hardship and toil.

"As Moses spake unto them." Here was a pledge made months before which was now being fulfilled.

It is easy to promise something, but how hard to fulfill. In the flush of gratitude and delight at coming into possession of so pleasant a land, no doubt it was easy to say: "We will go." But when the weeks had sped by, and they were occupied with the enjoyment of their inheritance, then it was that the test came. Israel found them true men, and doubtless their enjoyment of their possessions was enhanced by the consciousness of faithfulness. They had promised, therefore they would serve. Ah, if only all our promises which we are so ready to make were as faithfully kept.

THE STORY.

FOR three days the children of Israel had been encamped by the side of Jordan. The swift-moving stream—flood full, for it was the time of the spring freshets and the waters had overflowed their banks—seemed to separate them effectually from the regions which stretched out on the other side in verdant beauty as far as the eye could see. And more than ever did the people turn with half envious eyes upon their brethren of the tribes of Reuben and Gad and part of the tribe of Manasseh as they saw them comfortably settled upon their inheritance. Their flocks and herds spread themselves over the plains and seemed to share the feelings of their masters that at last they had found rest and were at home.

To be sure Moses had granted their request in asking for inheritance upon that side of Jordan, but it seemed to the people waiting there by the side of the swollen Jordan, separated from their own inheritance, that the tribes of Reuben, Gad and Manasseh were getting quite the best of matters. And now it was the third day since Joshua had summoned the people together and had declared that within three days they should cross Jordan. What a day that had been! What rejoicing in the camp, and how the people had made haste to move from Shittim, where they had been encamped for so many weeks, and to come to the very brink of the river.

And Joshua had sent out messengers to the Reubenites, and to the Gadites, and to half the tribe of Manasseh, saying:

"Remember the word which Moses the servant of the Lord commanded you, saying, The Lord your God hath given you rest, and hath given you

this land. Your wives, your little ones and your cattle shall remain in the land which Moses gave you on this side Jordan; but ye shall pass before your brethren armed, all the mighty men of valor, and help them; until the Lord have given your brethren rest, as he hath given you."

And the Reubenites and the Gadites and half the tribe of Manasseh had promised that they would do even as Moses had commanded, but the first day had passed without their putting in an appearance, and then the second and now the third day had dawned, the day on which they were to go into the Promised Land, and still they did not appear. And as the people waited there by the swollen waters they wondered whether their brethren would fall them, and how they were to cross over.

It must be that Joshua would lead them across, for the night before he had sent word through the camp telling the people to sanctify themselves and declaring that on the morrow the Lord would do wonders among them. And that morning in eager expectancy the people had come forth from their tents, but the river was still there, and their brethren, the Reubenites and Gadites and the men from Manasseh had not yet come, and how, then, were they to cross Jordan and gain the Promised Land? Troubled and anxious they set about the morning task of gathering the manna, but scarcely had they finished, when messengers came from Joshua, saying:

"When ye see the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God, and the priests the Levites bearing it, then ye shall remove from your place, and go after it."

"But the river?" the people exclaimed, "and the armed men of the tribes of Reuben and Gad and Manasseh have not come, as they promised."

But the messenger had departed in haste even while they were making their complaint, and wonderingly, but obediently, the people struck their tents and prepared for the onward march.

In the meantime there was a testing time going on for the men of the tribes of Reuben and Gad and Manasseh, to whom the call had come to leave their families and their possessions and go before their brethren to help them gain possession of the land on the other side Jordan. God had blessed them, and given them rest in a goodly land. They must show their gratitude by helping their brethren in the harder task of winning possession of their inheritance. They must leave their possessions, even while they were just beginning to enjoy them. They must give up their rest which was so sweet after the long weary years of wandering. But they would do it because they had promised. While any of their brethren were still without the borders of the land God had promised to give them they could not enjoy their own inheritance. Nay, the permanency of their own possessions must depend upon their brethren taking possession of the land as Moses had parceled it out. Thus during those three days did they purpose to loyally support Joshua.

And on that third day while the people waited by Jordan's brink with their flocks and their little ones until the priests should set forth bearing the ark of the covenant they bade their wives and their little ones good-by, and turning their backs upon their own possessions they set their faces steadfastly in helping their brethren in obtaining the rest into which they had already come.

The bugle note had sounded and the people see the priests lift the ark and start towards the river's brink. And as they watch in awe and wonder, the waters suddenly stand upon a heap and those below the place where the feet of the priests have touched flow on revealing the bed of the river. On move the priests until the center of the river is reached, where they pause.

So absorbed have the people been, in watching this miraculous dividing of the waters that they did not observe the commotion in the camp in their rear, but now as the priests pause in the center of the river, there marches forth the long columns of the Reubenites and their brethren, armed and ready for war.

There are times when the joy and gratitude of the heart are so intense that the lips are dumb and the voice hushed before realization of the great blessing which has come into the life. There were the great multitudes of the children of Israel watching those mighty waters of the Jordan rolling apart and opening a highway by which their feet might gain the Promised Land; there were the armed forces of their brethren going before them into the land as token of the help which was to be given them in conquering the land. But no shout of triumph was raised, no voice gave expression to the gladness which surged within the breasts of those waiting multitudes.

Where now were their doubts and fears? Where now were their murmurings? Swept like chaff before the mighty wind of God's triumphant power. There was the ark of his covenant in the midst of Jordan as pledge of security as they should pass under that vast wall of water piling up above the point where the priests stood. There were their brethren the Reubenites and the Gadites and the men of Manasseh standing upon the far side of Jordan.

With glad, eager steps, but with the solemn hush which comes from a realization of the nearness of God and his mighty power, the people passed over Jordan to begin that heroic, yet tragic conquest of the land which God had promised to give Abraham and his seed, forever.



have been. There were divorce proceedings. The moment the news was printed, Mrs. Crutchfield called at all the newspaper offices in Atlanta and said:

"You have published an account of my divorce proceedings. It was all right and—all wrong. We have made up. There is nothing in these charges—nothing."

Under the law there is what is known as a peace warrant. Crutch-

field's husband's rifle had hit her in the right leg.

"I wanted to hit you once in each leg," yelled Crutchfield. "Then you would have been like that man."

He was right. So she would have been.

Full Revenge Frustrated. Had the husband's aim been as true on the second shot as it was on the first Mrs. Crutchfield would have lost