

WOMAN COULD NOT GIVE UP THE GAME

WIFE OF SIX MEN DECLARES SHE WAS PURSUED BY AFFINITIES.

MARRIES FOUR IN ONE YEAR

Blames Her Predicament Upon Marriage Bureau, the Motto of Which Was: "Try, Try Again"—Clings to Her Little Daughter.

Chicago.—The plea of Mrs. Alice Hobbs-Goodwin-Eckle - Boze-Graham - Young-Hoskins as she broke into tears and sobbed a confession in which she admitted having wedded six men, five of them being collected from matrimonial agencies within a year, was that matrimonial agencies had driven her crazy.

"I was pursued by affinities, saw them in the daytime and in my dreams," she said.

"It seemed as if there was a continual mist before my eyes and that the only way I could break it was to marry my way through. Yes, I am a bigamist, but I was crazed and did not know what I was doing."

The much-married woman sat in the Harrison Street Police Station and prepared her novel defense, based on a new plea of "matrimonial madness." She was brought from Medford, Okla., where she was held on the complaint of James E. Young, almost the last of her many husbands. She was apprehended three days after she had deserted Hugh Hoskins of Wellington, Kan.

"These matrimonial agencies have driven me to desperation. They used to tell me that if I lived with one man too long he would find me out and that the only safe way was to keep changing."

"At night I used to lie awake and stare into the darkness to see the husbands I had deserted march past glaring at me and threatening revenge. The next moment I would be haunted by the faces of horrible men



The Much-Married Woman.



who were going to marry me. I am glad it is all over." She cried hugging closer to her pretty 10-year-old daughter, Olive Goodwin, daughter of her only legal marriage.

"I never took a dishonest dollar from one of them and made each of them a good wife while I was living with him. Through it all I have taught Olive her lessons from the Bible and kept her from knowing the awful sins her mother was committing."

"Marriage is the greatest game in the world and leads to the extremes of human enjoyment or misery. Some play it once and winning, quit the game. Others play it again, and lose. It grows on me like a gambling habit."

"When my case comes to trial I will tell the truth and convince any judge that I was not to blame; that I could no more help marrying than I could stop breathing. I will be free soon and take my little girl away. I never want to see a man again."

The mysterious power which the widow exercised over men, despite her unattractiveness, was demonstrated when she stepped off the train from Oklahoma and stood facing Young.

The man gazed at her for a minute and then forgot all his threats of vengeance.

"Oh, why did you leave me?" he cried as he threw his arms about her. "Why did you leave me when we were so happy?"

Later he reiterated his determination of going into court and demanding that the woman be sent to the penitentiary.

Folding Bed Traps Woman, Joplin, Mo.—Mrs. Elizabeth C. Alington, seventy-five years old, is in a critical condition as the result of the accidental closing of a folding bed, in which she was sleeping at the home of her daughter. Alarmed when the bed began to close, she tried to escape, and was caught by the edges. Two ribs and her right leg were broken and she suffered internal injuries.

HUSBAND AND WIFE FIGHT FATAL DUEL WITH GUNS

HE ARMED WITH SHOTGUN AND SHE WITH A REVOLVER.

Lake Charles, La.—A duel between husband and wife—he armed with a double-barreled shotgun, she with a revolver—was the death setting for Dr. Temple Smith of this city, who died here from a bullet wound inflicted by Mrs. Smith. This was the sensational story brought out by Mrs. Smith's testimony before the coroner's jury, which declared Mrs. Smith responsible for her husband's death. "He slapped my face," she said. "I protested at such treatment. He became enraged. 'Get your gun,' he told me. 'I'll get mine, and we'll fight it out right here.'" Mrs. Smith said that she got a pistol. A negro boy con-



Duel to the Death.

formed her statement that Dr. Smith had a shotgun. The pair met in the hallway of their residence. Whether the doctor attempted to use his shotgun was not brought out. Mrs. Smith fired two shots. The second shot struck her husband and he staggered to his room. "It was a fair fight; you won; now put me out of my misery," were his dying words.

LIVE "CORPSE" AT HOSPITAL

Farmer's Back Broken by Falling Tree—Wife Ships Him to Surgeons in "Dead Man's Basket."

Philadelphia.—John Cramer, a farmer, fifty-nine years old, of Bartonville, Pa., lies at the Pennsylvania hospital with a broken back. A huge tree which he was felling suddenly toppled over and pinned him to the ground.

After Cramer was injured the question arose as to how to obtain the services of the best Philadelphia surgeons. Mrs. Cramer and her friends had to act quickly, and it was decided to ship the farmer to Philadelphia in an undertaker's casket. The casket is called a "dead man's basket," and is of wicker.

The Pennsylvania hospital had been notified in advance, and an ambulance waited at the Broad street station for the patient. The baggage-master slowly carried the great oval basket to the car door.

Some mistake must have been made, thought the hospital attendants. They drew back, fearing that their wait had been in vain and that their only service would be to carry a body to the morgue. Quietly the train crew explained. The cargo, this time, in that temporary casket was alive.

The basket was tightly sealed with wire, which could not be untied at the station. The return trip to the hospital was quickly made. The wire binding was severed. With the raising of the lid the pale face of John Cramer was revealed. At the first glance it was thought that the ride in prison wicker had really been for naught, but the old man was only asleep in his hay-lined coffin.

At first surgeons at the Pennsylvania hospital believed the case to be hopeless. All the resources of modern surgery were drawn upon, however, and Cramer recovered control of one arm and then the other. Soon it is expected that he will have regained the use of all his limbs and that he will be able to go about as he did before the accident.

SNAKE RATTLES IN AN OVEN

Noise Duel Amuses Child, but Attracts Attention of Mother, Who Kills Captive Reptile.

Bethlehem, S. D.—Ethel Thode, aged two years, was having a fine time pounding on a stove and listening to the rattled replies from inside the oven. The stove is on a screened porch and had not been used of late.

Mrs. Thode, in the kitchen, heard the rattling in the stove, and went to investigate. She opened the oven door and jumped back in time to avoid a stab of a large rattlesnake. She shut the oven, found a club, and then released the snake and killed it, much to Ethel's disgust, for the little girl had greatly enjoyed the noise duel.

Burns Self as Sacrifice

Georgetown, Del.—Crazed over religion and believing that she must sacrifice herself on an altar, Mrs. Sarah L. Roberts, wife of a farmer, set fire to herself while her husband was away and burned to death. The house was burned. For several years Mrs. Roberts has suffered from attacks of insanity, and a few weeks ago killed and burned a cat and dog under the belief that she must offer a sacrifice.

Somebody's Baby

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

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Mrs. George Congdon had run into Philadelphia for the day to visit her mother. She had brought with her her girl baby, ten months old, and had been accompanied by her husband as nurse girl. His business was in the city, and at five o'clock he would call for and take her home. Mr. Congdon was a young man, but he understood babies. He knew that they should be held head downward—that they should be given a fatherly finger to bite when they cried, and that tickling the bottoms of their feet when they had the colic was a certain cure.

That was the finest baby in the state of Pennsylvania. The father, the mother, the grandmother, Aunt Ethel and all the neighbors at the Congdon suburban home said so. Realizing, young as she was, that she would be kept awake at night when her sparking days came, she got as much infant sleep as possible. She could be laid away on the bed, the window sill, the clock shelf or any other place, and she would continue to sleep.

Mrs. Huntington, the grandmother, had very little to do with the baby. It was her duty to recommend sage tea and catnip mixture and mild mustard plasters and to declare that the baby looked just like its father. Having done this, her duties were ended.

Ethel Huntington, Mrs. Congdon's only sister, was nineteen years old. She was not to blame for being an aunt at that age. Some of the girls poked fun at her, but she was loyal



Smiled at the Man Bending Over It.

to the child. She characterized it as the nicest, sweetest, brightest, handsomest, darlinest thing ever born, and if she could have kissed it often she would certainly have fattened its nose.

Mrs. Congdon and baby were duly left at grandma's and duly welcomed. The infant was kissed, toasted, hugged, flattered and talked to, and the day passed without calamity. Along toward five o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Congdon telephoned that his firm had given him an errand to do, and that the wife must make her way home alone. This brought Ethel to the front. She would not only accompany her sister to the depot in the taxi, but take the train home with her and hold that "darlinest" on her lap all the way. It was settled at once that this should be the program and at a certain hour it was carried out. That is, the two ladies and the young prodigy were landed at the Chestnut street depot twenty minutes too late for one train and thirty minutes too early for another.

The ladies' waiting room, of course, was the only place left to them. After ten minutes Mrs. Congdon went out to buy a ticket for Ethel, having her own return in her purse. She met friends and stopped to chat—the history of the baby had to be told. She was proud of the opportunity to tell it.

Time was passing and Aunt Ethel became impatient. More time passed, and she became alarmed. She picked up the sleeping baby and walked out into the general room to find her sister. Just then a young man waiting for a train fainted away. Some said it was a case of love, and some that he had a weak heart. A crowd gathered. Just then somebody said the depot was on fire. He lied about it, but his object was praiseworthy. He wanted to add to the excitement, and he certainly did.

Young Aunt Ethel was impetuous and excitable. Down went baby on a vacant seat, and away rushed the caretaker. She spent ten minutes looking at the young man and rushing around to find where the fire was, and was then taken by the arm by her sister and rushed for the train, and they were hardly aboard when the wheels began to move. They had found a seat when they suddenly missed something and cried out in chorus: "My stars, but where is baby?"

If Miss Ethel Huntington hadn't been so excited when she laid baby down she might have noticed Paul Ashley sitting close by. She would have pronounced him a young man of about twenty-three, very good-looking, well dressed and a gentleman. She could have figured, that he was there to take a train, but would have had to guess that he was a civil engineer. Yes, he sat there, and he saw baby dumped down and knew that the excitement had called its attendant away. He moved one seat nearer the infant, instead of three seats further away, as many a young man would have done, and he said to himself, referring to Miss Ethel:

"She isn't the mother, or she'd never have done that, and she's too good looking and well dressed for a nurse girl. Couldn't have brought the kid here to abandon. Not old enough to be so hardened. Probably come back in five minutes. Ha! There she goes for the train with another lady! Clear case, and the kid goes to a foundling home!"

But it didn't. It awoke and smiled at the man bending over it. He smiled back. Then a woman came up and blushed and laughed and said:

"So the mix played a game on you?"

"What do you mean?" "She's put it off on your hands and has taken the train. What are you going to do about it? She played the game rather neatly."

Mr. Ashley resented that word "mix." In fact, he resented the woman's tone and insinuation. He thought he knew people quite well, young as he was, and he was ready to swear that the leaving of the child was a blunder.

"If you want to hand it back on her I can help you," continued the woman with the same sarcastic smile. "There was another woman with her, and she went away to buy a ticket for Blankville, twenty miles out. That's where they have gone to gether."

"And that's where I'll follow," said Mr. Ashley. "I think I can get it there all right."

"Sure. You are a young man of spunk. It has a nursing bottle here, and if it cries, you feed it."

When the baby was missed by its mother and aunt the train was under full headway. The railroad company doesn't stop and back up its trains for lost babies. The only way was to get off at the first station, seven miles out, and send a telegram to the depot master and follow it by the first train. Another telegram was sent to the father. Mother and aunt returned to the city and rushed up and down the big depot. They found plenty of babies, but not the baby wanted. After twenty minutes of the greatest anxiety, and after Miss Ethel had pointed out the spot ten times over where she had laid the infant down, an old man who explained that he was going to Montana whenever his train came along, added:

"Say, I saw a young fellow steal that kid! Yes, sir, he looked E.L. around to see if anybody was watching, and then smiled and clucked at her and took her up and walked out to a train. I'd have tackled him, only I'm an old man and have a bad liver. The doctor told me not to get excited. Yes, sir, he stole that baby as sure as shooting, and he's a hundred miles away by this time!"

There was weeping and wailing and telephoning to Mr. Congdon and telegraphing to conductors. One of the latter answered:

"Young man with a baby in his arms got off at Blankville. Had my suspicions."

The trail led to Blankville. Irony of Fate! Young man steals a baby in Philadelphia and gets off the train where it's father and mother live. A telegram to the police at Blankville read:

"Arrest young man who got off five o'clock train with a girl baby. Case of kidnapping."

And there being no case for the police to blunder and arrest an old woman leading a goat, they nabbed Mr. Paul Ashley as he sat in the depot playing with the stolen child and asking everybody if they could identify it. Father, mother and Aunt Ethel arrived and rushed and precipitated themselves, and that sweetest, nicest, darlinest little bit of humanity actually kicked and fought and cried when torn from the arms of its bold-faced abductor.

The police had no case. The case they appeared to be, after explanations had been made, was between Miss Ethel and Mr. Ashley. It hasn't been fully concluded yet, but it has been settled that Paris will be one of the continental cities visited during the coming summer.

Cynical Grouch

Even at the time when crinolines were in fashion it was generally admitted that they were monstrous things, though some women defended them. One of those a silly woman, having archly remarked that if crinolines had no other advantage they at least kept men at a distance, added: "That, at least, you will admit is a great blessing." "To the men," growled an old bachelor who was present.



"Bound to a Cur."

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Hardly a Compliment

In the excitement of the moment public speakers often say the opposite of what they mean to convey, and "when Henry Irving gave a reading in the Ulster hall in 1878," says Bram Stoker, in "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving," "one speaker made as pretty an Irish bull as could be found, though the bull is generally supposed to belong to other provinces than the hard-headed Ulster. In descending on the many virtues of the guest of the evening he mentioned the excellence of his moral nature and rectitude of his private life in these terms: 'Mr. Irving, sir, is a gentleman what leads a life of unbroken blenchish.'"

BABY'S SCALP CRUSTED

"Our little daughter, when three months old, began to break out on the head and we had the best doctors to treat her, but they did not do her any good. They said she had eczema. Her scalp was a solid scale all over. The burning and itching was so severe that she could not rest, day or night. We had about given up all hopes when we read of the Cuticura Remedies. We at once got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and one bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and followed directions carefully. After the first dose of the Cuticura Resolvent, we used the Cuticura Soap freely and applied the Cuticura Ointment. Then she began to improve rapidly and in two weeks the scale came off her head and new hair began to grow. In a very short time she was well. She is now sixteen years of age and a picture of health. We used the Cuticura Remedies about five weeks, regularly, and then we could not tell she had been affected by the disease. We used no other treatment after we found out what the Cuticura Remedies would do for her. J. Fish and Ella M. Fish, Mt. Vernon, Ky., Oct. 12, 1909."

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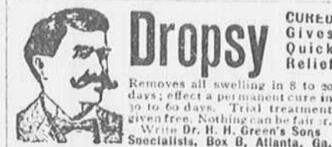
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