

SHE IS HIS BRIDE

PARTICIPANTS IN THE FAMOUS CHANDLER POISON CASE.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Smith Pass Through Wichita From Chandler on Their Way to Neodesha, Kan., Where He Will Teach in the Public Schools—Description of the New Bride and Groom—Smith Says It Was All Sympathy Racket and a Drill Case and That He Did Not Make Love to Miss Allen at All.

W. Gill Smith of Fredonia, Kan., for whom it was claimed Miss Grace Allen of that place tried to poison Miss Phronia Eekes at Chandler some days ago, passed through Wichita yesterday with Miss Eekes, now Mrs. Smith. After the trial of Miss Allen was over Miss Eekes and Smith were married just one day later than the day they claim to have had set for nearly four years.

"She only beat us out of one day," said Smith yesterday. "We intended to be married Wednesday, July 28, but had to put it off a day on account of the trial and Phronia's health, as she was not entirely recovered from the effects of the poison."

As Smith said this Mrs. Smith sat looking down and picked nervously at the fringe threads in her husband's hat band. At the mention of her name by Mr. Smith she always spoke of him, she would look up quickly in an appreciative half smile, but the minute some one began looking her in the eye she would drop her head.

She is apparently about 25 years old, very quiet in her demeanor but without disposition to tell her story with emphasis and the coloring of her own feelings.

When asked how Miss Allen managed to get into the Eekes home, she said: "She came to our place on her arrival in the neighborhood and asked to be allowed to stay for a few days, as she was weary and almost out of money and wanted to find some way of making some money. She gave her name as Jessie Wiles and said she was from Appleton, Missouri."

"We turned her away and she secured another place to stay. While there she became acquainted with my brother and asked him if he wouldn't get our folks to let her go to our place as the place she was staying at was too dirty and uncomfortable. She won him and he persuaded mother to let her come."

As she said this Mrs. Smith's eyes moved up and down looking at her quiet and quickly away again. She is not handsome but there is something attractive about her face and her nervous attractive glance does not impress one that she has a part of the story that she does not wish to reveal. She loves Smith and is glad that he is hers to herself now. She leaves you no room to doubt that she is of a bright with his wife, probably 5 feet 7 inches. Her forehead is full and round, impregnating you with the idea of intellectual subserviency to the one controlling motive of her life—love, and she never loved anyone but Smith. There is no doubting that, either. And the firmness and oneness, the sentimentally intellectual strength and persistency of her devotion offers no suggestion of a query as to how she maintained her place in Smith's affections to the exclusion of her handsome rival, Miss Allen.

Smith is probably 29 years of age and is of a height with his wife, probably 5 feet 7 inches. His face is brown and hard as steel for the slightest brown mustache that hovers close in under his nose. To a person who can read faces there is no doubt of the part he played with Miss Allen. A woman who admires mental power and requires it as a part of her ideal to love would scarcely like the second look at Smith, though there are lines on his countenance indicating the mechanical drill of the school teacher's drudgery.

"I only went with Miss Allen two or three times," he says with a nonchalant and apathetic air intended for the most part to impress Mrs. Smith.

"We were not engaged and not in love and I never pretended to her that I loved her. I told her all the time that I was engaged to Miss Eekes and intended to marry her. Her statements upon the stand were false, but it's the only time I ever knew her to mistake anything. That was one thing I admired of her. She always told the truth and in such a way that you knew it was the truth. But honestly, I never told her that I loved her and we were not engaged. She was desperate." And he looked as though he was proud of his conduct. But you know the truth by watching his face and you cannot help knowing that it was his words and his actions that sent the blindly affectionate Miss Allen on a two hundred and fifty mile journey and seventy miles of it across the hot roads in a wagon paying borrowed money and leaving herself penniless to be first with the man she loved and who she thought loved her.

But Smith stoutly protests that it was all sympathy racket and a drill case case by Fitzpatrick and that tests showed Miss Eekes and her mother to have been poisoned.

They will live in Neodesha, where Smith has a position in the public schools.

ALL THE SAME KLONDYKE Premium Money for the State Fair Will be in Sight.

The premium lists for the big fair are out, and can be had by calling on the secretary at the city building. All the signs of the zodiac point to a successful fair. The new association does business for cash only—does not owe a dollar and will not owe one when the fair is over. The racing purses will be positively hung on the air and everything will be "all the same Klondyke," that is, the money will be there and all you've got to do is to pick it up. There will be a big field of horse here from Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio and Illinois, which, in addition to the local talent, will guarantee good racing.

It is the intention of the management to make every day a big day, and in addition to the regular racing, show display program, there will be several special features to interest the people. It is more than likely that the Nash Combination will be secured to give daily exhibitions of Roman chariot races and trapeze performances over the backs of four running horses. There will be a balloon ascension with a novelty parachute drop each day, and perhaps a speech by W. J. Bryan. Mr. Bryan is at present considering the proposition of the Wichita fair management and recently told a friend that it was more than probable

HIGH LIFE GALORE

TWO YOUNG MEN FROM NEODESHA HAVE LOTS OF FUN.

With Two Questionable Females They Drive All Over the North End, Returning With a Wrecked Buggy and the Horses Nearly Dead—One Escapes and a Party of Police are Hunting Him—The Rest are in the City Jail—The Two Women Claim to be Hotel Waitresses and Try to Shield the Young Men.

Yesterday morning two young men from Neodesha struck town, and immediately proceeded to have a good time. One put up at the Topeka Avenue hotel, while the other sallied forth in search of vermillion paint with which to decorate the city. They finally dropped down on Charlie Simmons of the Main street veterinary stable, and hired a double seater rig and the two big black horses he is so proud of. This was at 1 o'clock and the understanding was they were to be back at the stable by 2.

Night came but the gay quartet did not, so Mr. Simmons saddled two fast horses and sent his son and Ed Jenkins out in search of the lost party. They got on their trail at the packing houses, and from there tracked them to Sullivan's dam and to Tom Fennell's farm six miles above. They had been seen at all these places but had flown by the time the riders reached there. The two young men came back to town to get fresh horses, and while preparing for a new search to Lincoln, the two women came driving in. They were a sight, but so was the rig. The horses were just about gone and could hardly stand, and the buggy was literally wrecked. The two front wheels were ruined past repair and two spokes were cut out of the hind wheels. The girls stated that they had left the men up on Twelfth street, and that they must hurry back to their hotel.

Instead of hurrying to their hotel, Officer Stewart hurried them down to Chief Campbell's hotel, where they could have more leisure to think. Mr. Simmons and Ed Jenkins then went directly to Eighteenth street and to the old Exchange building, and after a short search captured one of the men and brought him down town. He was taken first to the Topeka Avenue hotel to see if his partner could be found, but he was not there. While Mr. Simmons was down town Officer Reeder of the Stock yards and Mr. Jenkins continued the search but without avail.

Man number one, who was first left at the stable but later was turned over to the police who placed him in the city jail. About midnight a hack was made ready and a posse consisting of Patrolmen John Fisher and Jimmy Carrs, and Messrs. Jenkins and Simmons drove north to a five in the stock yards district to raid the place and see if the missing man could be found.

The damage to Mr. Simmons' rig is considerable and it is to be hoped the lawless marauders will all be landed.

CADGET FIRE FROM SPARKS Wickets and Western Cars Burned on the Run.

Ransom Brown and Jim Doerr were coming in from the Ninnescah and saw the burning of the cars on the Wichita and Western. They say that the fire started from the top of the car and that this is one instance in which tramps are not to blame. They say that the cars were empty and that the blaze first appeared at the top and undoubtedly caught fire from an engine spark.

MISS HOWARD, Daughter of J. E. Howard, proprietor of the Union mills, left last evening for a visit at St. Louis with friends.

Mrs. Lottie Barton, accompanied by her father, were in the city a short time on their way from Topeka to their home in the Plains.

Miss Jennie Morrison left yesterday for Columbus, Kan., for a week's visit. Henry Huttman is in Garden Plain on legal business.

Miss F. Martin, stenographer at the Wichita Wholesale Grocer company, has returned from an extended visit in Chicago and eastern cities.

Mr. Skeeds of the veterinary department of the Wells, Fargo Express company is in the city looking after horses for the company service.

The Woman's Missionary society of the West Side Presbyterian church will give a lawn social on the church lawn, Wednesday evening, 4th instant.

Married, in Delta, Col., July 12, 1917, Leo Wallace Wynn of Montrose, Col., and Miss Evelyn Wolfkill of Wichita, Kan.—Delta, Colorado, Independent.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of Plymouth church will give a lawn social on their terrace corner Second street and Lawrence avenue, next Friday evening.

Colonel Cone, who has charge of the Tennessee agriculture exhibit at the Nashville exposition, passed through the city yesterday in company with Governor Renfrow.

The Rock Island 7:30 train from the north was nearly three hours late last night, caused by the engine being derailed about two miles out of town. No damage was sustained other than the inconvenience of delay.

Elder C. H. Warshaw, pastor of the First Baptist church, went to El Dorado yesterday afternoon to conduct the funeral of Engineer Jasper Clover, whose death from a Missouri Pacific wreck at Yates Center, Sunday morning, was noted in yesterday's Eagle.

The remains of Mr. Richard Spurrier, who died from softening of the brain at the Ossawatimie asylum Monday morning, will arrive here for interment this morning, and the funeral services will be held at his mother's residence, 709 South Market street, at 3:30 this afternoon.

LOVE AND SUICIDE

RESIDENT SPANIARD ATTEMPTS TO KILL HIMSELF BUT FAILS.

Francisco Espalza, a Horse Hair Artist From Mexico, Trifles With Life But Prompt Action by Dr. Tihen Quers the Deal—His Wife Takes Her Own Life, and Her Husband Who Liked to Live in Her Husband Who Liked to Live Attempts to Join Her But Prevented Carrying Out His Design.

For two months or more patrons of the railroads may have noticed on the platforms at every train, a scrawny, well-built Spaniard with his neck and waist encircled by beautifully woven horse-hair watch guards.

The man is a quiet, taciturn person of a marked personality and strong features. His voice is low and soft, of that mellifluous cadence universal among the provincial races. His watch cords are really beautiful and bear the imprint of innate native skill with long training.

He never became offensive in his patient efforts to dispose of his wares, in fact almost reluctantly offered them for sale. Yesterday he was not seen at the train as usual; and for a day or so seemed listless and morose. In his bosom he was carrying a load of bitter weal and anguish, and the haunting jeers of the hotel runners and porters never awakened any evidence of anger, save the deeper glare of his jet-black eyes. "Tony," as he was called, was plainly in some sort of mental distress, and in this morning it culminated in his ineffectual attempt to shuffle the coil.

There is more real romance in life than the cold world can know, and this dusky son of the south was one of its victims. Some months ago he left his young wife alone in a town in northern Texas and came north to ply his trade of weaving delicately constructed trinkets out of the hair of horse tails.

From time to time he wrote her and as often as he was able sent her money. But his peculiar trade was not always remunerative, and a fulsome pride sometimes prevented his writing unless he could endorse funds for her support. His long periods of silence provoked a keen suspicion on the part of his far-away wife, and at last in sheer despair and jealous frenzy she committed suicide last Sunday at Dallas.

A common friend at once wrote Francisco of this, and for a brief time he, too, was crazed with grief and despair, but this wore away and became a brooding, profound sullenness. Monday night he went hurriedly to a North Main street drug store to purchase twenty-five grains of morphine, five of which he took at once and then went directly to his room at the Centropolis house to die. His excited appearance aroused great concern among the colored inmates of the house and this morning they forcibly gained entrance to his room and found him lying on his bed, a very sick prodrome. Dr. Tihen and the police were immediately notified and the county physician very soon after responded.

He was promptly treated for morphine poisoning and was soon breathing regularly. He was removed to the city jail, where he could be treated better, and at a late hour was much better and considered out of danger. He not only frankly confessed that he tried to kill himself but further admits it to be the second time, the other one being by the strychnine route. He left a note written in Spanish insisting that no one had murdered him, but his death, if it came, was by his own hand; that life had ceased to be beautiful now that his wife had gone. He is supposed to be a native of Mexico and will be sent back upon his recovery.

DIED OF CONSUMPTION Mrs. Walter Kramer's General Field at Fatumont.

Mrs. Walter Kramer died of consumption at her residence on Fairmount avenue last Sunday afternoon. Brief services were held last evening at 8 o'clock by Rev. W. A. Bosworth at her home. A large number of neighbors and friends gathered to pay their last tribute of respect for the deceased and to show their deep sympathy for her son Ernest, the only surviving member of the family, in his affliction.

The remains were sent to her old home at Mason City, Illinois, which she left five years ago to come to Wichita. The funeral services will be held in the Presbyterian church there, of which she was a member.

HE HAS A HEAD ON HIM John Wiley and W. J. Gottschalk Have a Game of Lap Jack.

Yesterday at John Wiley came from Derby W. J. Gottschalk got in his road and, as the preacher said about his horse was established. Why Gottschalk got into the road is not known any more than that he wanted to cut a swell and look that instead of doing it. When Wiley asked him to get out of the road he said "No."

Wiley couldn't drive on, so he got out and the two men, arming themselves with boards, proceeded to lambaste the whey out of each other.

Wiley succeeded and it cost him ten in the justice court yesterday afternoon. Gottschalk has a head on him.

Dr. J. E. Van Noy, assistant superintendent of the Ossawatimie insane asylum, is here visiting Dr. Fordyce.

Mrs. Carson, for several years principal of the Welles high school, passed through the city yesterday on her way from Clay Center, where she had been visiting institute work, to her home in Wellington. Mrs. Carson visited Lewa academy and watched the teachers examination for a short time.

Was an chivalry and common politeness is at a low ebb, while feather-headed fusion is at a premium. At least forty men loitered unconcernedly yesterday, while a young lady stood in a shower holding an umbrella with which she had the whole tagging with the other at a refractory girl which she was attempting to save her saddle from the wet. Countess, another, a society girl, went riding by at the same time holding an umbrella with one hand and in the other a silk-trimmed eos-net and while and gift milking stool. The prayer of the distant observer of the two incidents was that lightning might strike the forty and the cow kick the barn the stool and the sensational milk-milk clear over the horizon.

TO HELP THE NAIL SUFFERERS

D. A. Wilson Still Pushing the Scheme to Farm his Seed.

D. A. Wilson is pushing the scheme to aid the people in the hail district. He says there are a hundred families in the strip visited by the hail who will be without bread or seed wheat unless they are assisted in some way. Mr. Wilson has headed the list with a subscription of 100 bushels and William Neece follows with 50 bushels though they say if everybody who can will give two bushels each the relief will be sufficient. Those who will give a bushel or more should see Mr. Wilson.

CITY IN BRIEF. Hon. M. W. Weeks and Dr. Evans of Norwich came in yesterday.

P. L. Arnett, clerk of the district court, is back from his Illinois vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Dickson are the happy parents of a ten-pound boy.

J. M. Harper of Conway Springs is in town because he got left last night.

Miss Vida Dunning is spending a week with Miss Grace Holliger of the West Side.

Ed Vail and wife left for the mountains of Colorado last night to be gone several weeks.

Dr. David Winters arrived in the city last evening to spend a short time visiting among friends.

Judge Glenn is home from his trip to Salt Lake and the west, looking much recuperated for his stay.

Several prominent railroad officials of eastern lines are in the city on business connected with their roads.

Mr. A. Wright is quite ill at his home on North Lawrence avenue, having been overcome with the heat.

Miss Agnes Davidson leaves today for a short visit among friends and relatives in Gueda Springs and Oxford.

Miss Evelyn Imbolgen gave a party Monday night to a few friends at her home, 215 North Emporia avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Hendrix leave tomorrow for Colorado Springs and other mountain resorts for an extended outing.

General Manager Christian of the Wells, Fargo Express company passed through the city yesterday on his way east.

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Men's Pants \$1.85

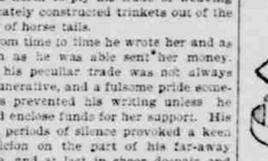
One and two pairs of a kind, left from suits and from larger lots. None that we are ashamed to call by their right name—Wool. All thoroughly well made and worth in a regular way nearly double today's price. Look at them in our east window, then look at the brown linen shirts in our west window that we offer for 90 cents.

HERMAN & HESS, 406 East Douglas.

Great Closing Out Sale

WE have a few of the \$25 wheels left. These wheels are dandies and can not be beat anywhere for double the price. They are regularly sold for \$85.00. We have them in different colors and saddies, etc.

Mead Cycle Company 209 N. Main Wichita A. J. Musselman, Mgr.



Is the oldest Laundry in the Southwest, best equipped Laundry in the state. Employs more help and does more work than all other Wichita laundries combined, which is sufficient proof of the superiority of its work. Newton Garst, Proprietor.

Don't Walk

We can fit you out with a High Grade Bicycle for a little money. We have sold a hundred this season and still have a few left. Also the finest line of Carriages, Phaetons, Buggies and Road Wagons in the city. Are headquarters for good horses, and we sell everything right. Don't buy till you see us.

A. N. WALLACE, 306 East Douglas

At Thomson's The gardeners tell us we won't have any more Tomatoes after the ones now ripening come in, but we have made arrangements to have on hand plenty while they last. Big, Red, Ripe Tomatoes Per Bushel, 30 Cents. We have Fine Boston Cantelopes, sweet, rich, "Jolly" Watermelons, Evergreen Sweet Corn, Apples, Peaches, Peas, Plums, Cabbage, Onions, Beans and Cucumbers. Don't forget the Tomato business, for you may be left out if you do.

AT FULLER'S

Tomatoes Now is the time to buy nice, ripe Tomatoes. Per half bushel basket, 25 cents.

Sugar 18 pounds California Granulated Sugar \$1.00. Try our Fancy Pastry Sugar for your ice cream, lemonade and cakes.

Flour Any Brand \$1.05 ICE COLD WATERMELONS

Crackers Soda Crackers per lb. 5c. Ginger Snaps per lb. 5c. Lemon Creams per lb. 5c. Frosted Creams per lb. 5c.

OUR STOCK OF Memorandum Books

C. I. FULLER CASH GROCER 202 E. Doug. Phone 355

YOU CAN Go to Buffalo, N. Y., without change of cars via the MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY.

ROUND TRIP RATE \$27.20. Diagram now open at city ticket office, 114 North Main street.

AT KERNAN'S Watermelons, Cantelopes, Peaches, Apples, Tomatoes. Everything in Fruits, Vegetables, Staple and Fancy Groceries, Choice Coffees, Teas, Cocoa, Cereal and Salt Meats. Present your health by buying first-class, fresh goods the kind we handle. Don't buy so-called snags in provisions if you don't want old, stale and inferior goods. We don't keep that kind.

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Dermod Plumbing and Heating Co., 313 East Douglas.

Liver Ills Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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