

Dressing for Damages
A Story of Law and Lawyers



In one of the Cook county courts the other day sat an exquisitely dressed woman. Her gown was a dead black cloth. She wore the daintiest of black bonnets. A white tie, her white face, the aristocratic little hands ungued and a small white lace handkerchief only served to emphasize the pitableness of the little figure—and, oh, yes! She wore a single heliotope in the lapel of her close-fitting coat. During all the long hours that her case was before the court she scarcely looked up once, and never once did her glance stray about the room. She seemed absolutely crushed.



"SHE SEEMED ABSOLUTELY CRUSHED."

fact that he was in court all but defenseless. He had two witnesses; one was a large motherly woman who told how she had cared for the little woman when she was a motherless orphan. The other witness was the defendant's pastor—who said he had "ministered to her spiritual wants" on one or two occasions.

As he shouted the last words, standing almost directly over the small defendant and shaking his big finger almost in her face, she looked up at him for just the fraction of a moment, while two big tears started down her cheeks. Then her eyes sought the floor again.

Her own attorney never mentioned the evidence except in a general and deprecatory way. His half hour was occupied in telling the jury how he came to take the case—a duty by his conscience, he said it was. She had told him all about her life and she had not failed to tell him of the circumstances.

Black Bats Fill Woods
The woods in the vicinity of Lancaster, Ill., are thick with strange winged creatures like bats. They are of various sizes, specimens killed weighing from two ounces to a pound and a half. They subsist on squirrels and sometimes invade chicken houses for prey.

The Outcry Against Tainted Money Hushed
By DR. D. K. PEARSON, Chicago Philanthropist.
Tainted money? To the popular mind excited just now by the outcries, there is no wealth that is untainted.

It is unfair. It is not American. It has become the rallying cry of the socialist, the drone, and the discontented member of society, who hates those whose talents or fortune exceed his own.

It has become concentrated on one man who is now held up to ridicule and hatred. In five years the reaction will come and the person now reviling John D. Rockefeller will reverie him, while his traducers will be forgotten. The series of attacks on Mr. Rockefeller are shameful and unjust. I know him from top to bottom, and I love him.

that would show up against her. But in the face of it all he knew she was innocent—else he would not be there, and his faith in human nature was so great that he was willing to give her case into the keeping of that jury—each man to judge her as his heart might dictate.

The jury retired. It was not necessary, but it looked better. In a quarter of an hour the juror in charge handed a paper to the clerk, who read: "We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty," and the little woman followed her attorney out of the courtroom and into the street.

On the very same day a New York paper published the following special telegram: "Springfield, Mass.—Mrs. Ethel Kennedy, the young Brooklyn woman forger, whose smiles and blushes and faultless attire made a deep impression upon the authorities, to-day was released upon probation by the superior court. Her husband, destitute of good looks and possessing only a moderate wardrobe, was sentenced to the Massachusetts reformatory."

These two cases are types that have been of new interest to lawyers the world over since the law came to be a science—or art. They are types of what a London paper recently called "dressed for damages."

While there is no "chair" in any well-regulated law school set apart to discuss millinery, or tears, or fair, sad faces, yet every lawyer recognizes the potency of these little incidents in a law court, and while every good lawyer would far rather lean on "the law and the evidence," there are times like those quoted when appearances have got to be taken into account, and it has come to be an unwritten law that an attorney's duty extends to his clients' wardrobe and "make-up" in court.

"It used to be a rule," said one of Chicago's great criminal lawyers, when questioned about this matter of "dressing for damages," "that a lawyer should take the case of anyone who wished to employ him, even if the client confessed his guilt, and do the very best to clear him. Now, however, many attorneys will not take a case unless they are assured of the client's innocence. You know the advice the old law professor gave his class: 'If you have the law on your side, stick to that. If you have the evidence, harp on that; and if you have neither law nor evidence, holler like hell!'"

Well, it's the same about this thing of appearances in court. It's the duty of a lawyer to make the most of every detail he can command, and I have no doubt that many lawyers on occasion coach their clients about "dressing for the jury," as it might be called.

"But there is almost always the danger of a faux-pas in making up for the part. Once, I recall, a man sued a corporation that I was representing for damages for the loss of his wife in a wreck. On the crucial day the plaintiff came into court dressed most solemnly in black, with even a crepe band on his hat. His face, too, was dressed in a most we-be-gone style, mouth down at the corners, eyes sad, with a far-away look and a real or well-gotten-up pallor. But he neglected his necktie, which was a most vivid and aggressive red. I was able to completely spoil his whole mourning get-up by pointing to his gay necktie, and exposing his shallow attempt to work upon the sympathy of the jury, got a verdict which threw him out of court."

"But there is less danger of a break when the client is a woman. Women are better actors than men, and they are strong on tears. Now, if that little woman the other day had been a man, the heliotope boutonniere would have been brazen and impudent—no matter what garb he wore—but with the little woman every juror would say to himself: 'Poor little thing, she is trying to brave it out with that little flower! No lawyer ever got her up. It was a woman's wit that did that. It was too subtle for some experience he had had with a woman.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

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The woods in the vicinity of Lancaster, Ill., are thick with strange winged creatures like bats. They are of various sizes, specimens killed weighing from two ounces to a pound and a half. They subsist on squirrels and sometimes invade chicken houses for prey.

Say, you ought to have heard the snort that comes off then. The fair Agnes pulled down her veil with a jerk that dislocated the bird on her hat, and gets up and goes out after Handy Dobson to have him take a punch at all concerned. Handy had been tipped off by the conductor, though, and is lying low in the baggage car. I found him there after awhile playing cards with Flint Hardy, the heavy man that has a voice like a foghorn and a face that would spoil your digestion. He's a wise mug, this here Hardy, though, and I hadn't been next to him five minutes before I pick him out for one of the old-time circus gruffers, who's wise to every turn in the dock. I can see where he and I will do some neat foregathering out on the tanks.

When we got in here I did a fancy quickstep to the hotel and found Flint Hardy and the lead taking in a few at the bar. The lead is a good fellow all right, but he's dead sure he's got Billy Faversham whipped to a whisper and it shows through.

"Order yours, kid," he says to me, and I whispered to the barkeep that I'd have a little of the same.

"I'm positively sore," says the lead. "Here I've got to go through the season speaking soft things to that chrome who can't smile because it's freeze fast, and do the come-to-my-arms-y-brave-girl when she's been eating onions. It's a four to one odds on that she's a garlic fiend, and if I can stick two weeks I'm a wonder."

Me and the heavy hand him the sympathetic look and he buys twice more. I can see him purchasing frequently, but I'll bet I can see where he'll hit the big spots before long. I've got to tell you about the opening, though. We're slated to do "East Lynn," and Percy, honest, it was fierce. I've seen some queer stunts in my time, but this bunch is the limit. Where Handy Dobson found them I'll never guess. Everything went batty from the start.

Aggie was doing one of her fanciest stage stunts when she trips over a rug and goes into the fireplace. The howl that went up from the nigger heaven was a shame. Then she goes up in her lines and the property man lets a stage brace fall up against the thunder roll just in time to head off a bunch of cuss words that would make a truck driver sore at his limited education. The lead takes his cue to help her from the old folks' door to the cheerful wintry street, and there's a

ON ONE-NIGHT STANDS
EXPERIENCE OF A BARNSTORMER IN CENTRAL WEST.

(Being the Letters of Algernon Henry Fitzmaurice, Leading Juvenile with the Agnes Howard Montagu Comedy Company, to His Bosom Friend, Percy Hogan, in New York.)
BY CAMPBELL MACCULLOCH.
(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)
Dear Percy: Just landed here in Oshkosh, the first jump out of Chicago, and since our arrival this morning things have been greatly to the pork with the troupe. When I blew away from Broadway with this bunch of

trape artists, I knew it was no swell tribe, but I did think I was going to get out of it for awhile at least.

I can see a moving picture of Old Man Trouble's eldest son following us all the way from here to the place we close, wherever that happens to be, and I have a hunch that your little playmate is going to be in on every play that's made, for I sure smell joyous things ahead.

The first thing that came off when we came up from Chicago on the train. The fair Agnes, a cute little thing who lends her fair name and the thingy bankroll she accumulated with that comely troupe of Corse Payton's she was with so long, is easily 45, if she's a day, and wears the grease on and off. To get down to your inartistic level, Percy, she carefully makes up her face for daylight, fearful, no doubt, that the wise guys will get wise to her record of hard winters.

As I was going to tell you, something came off. Agnes was sitting in the parlor car and the conductor blew in and asked for her ticket. She refers him to Handy Dobson, who's managing this trick. The puncher looks her over and fixes one of those gummy eyes on her with the far off stare that hints that she looks good to him. Her Paintlets scents a chance to put one over the plate and calls him right hard, and puts up such a howl that three drummers further back get up like someone offered to buy a drink and cut in with a demand for advance information.

"This low person has insulted me," howls Little Aggie. "I never was so mortified in my life. Oh-h-h-h," and she cuts loose with a scream that would make a locomotive ashamed of itself.

"What's been happening here?" asks one of the drummers, who sees a chance to make a ten strike with beauty in distress. He hadn't got a flash at the face under the veil yet.

"Why," says the conductor, "I ask this female party for her ticket and she makes a queer move or two and puts up a scream. I don't get wise to her at first and bends down to ask her again, and she pulls the string on her callopie out as far as I'll go."

"It's a base lie," shoves in Aggie, with a snort. "He tried to engage me in conversation. I'm a lady, even if I am an actress." And she pulls back into the car and turns on the water.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," says the drummer with the big nose. "Ain't you got no more sense than to speak to a young fell like her without being introduced?"

The conductor frames up a hot answer, but just then Aggie raises her veil to pass over a tear stained goo-goo to the drummer, and the conductor backs up quick with a snort and makes for the door. The drummer swallows twice kind of heavy, steps on the fat woman's pet corn, and hikes for the smoking compartment with a howl you could have heard half a mile. You see, he'd got a square look at that which Aggie carries around for a face, and the tear stains had worked two little furrows down the make-up.

As they fly at night their eyes emit a strange light, and when combined toward one, resemble balls of fire. Several persons have been badly frightened by them.

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trap that hasn't been bolted up and they have to drop the curtain to help him out of it. He was the funniest looking cuss I ever saw, half-way through to the cellar and half of his mistake had come off and was clinging to Aggie's eyebrow.

THE BARKING OF A MOUSE.
Question Propounded by Naturalist Who Heard Something Singular.

A mouse began to make a disturbance in the paper back of my desk the other night, just as my wife and I settled down after supper to read, says a writer in Forest and Stream. He was a new arrival from some neighboring barn. They have found a way into my study up through the sheathing of the sliding door. Mrs. A. is very tender-hearted with all living things except such small deer as interfere with her housekeeping. These she persecutes relentlessly. Her mousetrap was forthcoming at once, and baited with a little cheese, was slid under the desk. It is one of these diabolical contrivances which smash a wire loop down on the victim.

It was only a few moments till we heard its vicious click. Immediately afterward I heard distinctly a series of rapid aspirated squeaks which made me hustle the trap out in haste to relieve the sufferer. Knowing how deadly the trap is, I was surprised at hearing any sound. I was even more so when I saw that the little victim had been caught by the descending striker square across the back on the lungs. Its heart was still fluttering, but it seemed to me impossible for it to have drawn breath enough to make any sound whatever.

Then I remembered that the squeaks were more like harks of fright than screams of pain. Somewhat wondrously, therefore, I set the trap again, to see if there was a companion. Within five minutes it called another. There was no sound this time except that of the trap. Both were immature females. What I wish to know is, did No. 2 bark when No. 1 was caught? Do mice ever exhibit fright and surprise by whistling or barking?

NEW YORK CABBAGE HEADS
Seed from the Empire State Produce the Most of Those Grown Abroad.

Cabbage heads are mostly New York seed form. From the summer land of California, some the flower seeds. There are more than 600 seed farms in the United States devoted to the production of vegetable, field crop and flower seeds, some as large as 1,000 acres. To scientific methods in seed growing is credited much of the improvement accomplished in many economic and ornamental plants, the most careful selections being made from year to year to the mother plants for the next year. Immense quantities of farm and garden seeds are sent to Europe, and extremely few, such as fancy grass seeds, are imported therefrom.

Of clover and grass seeds hundreds of tons are annually exported, Yankee clover being in special demand abroad. In most European countries are seed control stations, where seeds are tested by simple, interesting methods, much of it done by young girls. There are 40 stations in Germany, which have created such a sentiment for pure seeds instead of adulterated that the best dealers gladly submit samples of their merchandise for proof of quality and guarantee.

The department of agriculture in Yankee land purposes to establish a similar system if congress can be persuaded to enact the requisite legislation.

AS GEOGRAPHY IS LEARNED
Illustrated in the Lesson Answers of a Young Expert in the Study.

Little Rob was the prize geographer of his class; that is, he could locate cities and bound countries with great glibness, says Success Magazine. He could draw the most realistic maps, printing in the rivers, mountain ranges and cities from memory. Rob considered geography purely in the light of a game, in which he always beat, but he never associated it with the great world about him. Rivers, in him, were no more than black, wiggly lines; cities were dots, and states were blots.

New York was green, Pennsylvania was red and California was yellow. Of course Rob had never traveled. He was born in a canyon near the country school he attended. One day the teacher made the discovery of Rob's idea of geography through the following incident. After vainly inquiring of several of the children where British Columbia is located, she called on Rob, who, as usual, was waving his hand excitedly, wild with the enthusiasm of pent-up knowledge.

"It is on page 68," he declared. After the teacher had indicated the teacher explained that that was only a picture of British Columbia. Then she asked Rob to bound British Columbia.

"Can't, teacher; it is all over the page."

National Time
Americans get their correct time from a little room in the Naval observatory, located on Georgetown heights, in the suburbs of Washington. The observatory was originally intended to detect errors in ship chronometers and to regulate them properly. This work constitutes one department at the institution, but perhaps its most important function is that of being the nation's time-keeper.

Braille Library
London's library for the blind now contains 8,000 bulky volumes, most of them measuring 14 inches by 11 inches. An average volume in ordinary type makes from 10 to 15 volumes in the Braille system. The Bible occupies 35 volumes. The library includes the most famous English novels, histories and biographies.

Mosquito-Killing Fish
Some very small West Indian fish, locally known as "millions," are thriving in the Zoological Gardens, London. Barbadoes is the home of this species, and it is suggested that the immunity of that island from the malarial mosquito may be due to its presence.

TUMORS CONQUERED
SERIOUS OPERATIONS AVOIDED
Unqualified Success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the Case of Mrs. Fannie D. Fox.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy, Tumor.

The growth of a tumor is so slow that frequently its presence is not suspected until it is far advanced.

So-called "wandering pains" may come from its early stages, or the presence of danger may be made manifest by profuse menstruation, accompanied by unusual pain, from the ovaries down the groin and thighs.

If you have mysterious pains, if there are indications of inflammation or displacement, don't wait for time to con- firm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation; secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound right away and begin its use.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., will give you her advice free of all charge if you will write her about yourself. Your letter will be seen by women only. Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

I take the liberty to congratulate you on the success I have had with your wonderful medicine. Eighteen months ago my month-ly stopped. Shortly after I felt so badly that I submitted to a thorough examination by a physician and was told that I had a tumor on the uterus and would have to undergo an operation.

After I read one of your advertisements and decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. After trying five bottles as directed the tumor is entirely gone. I have been examined by a physician and he says I have no signs of a tumor now. It has also brought my month-ly around once more, and I am entirely well.—Fannie D. Fox, 7 Chestnut Street, Bradford, Pa.

THE RIVER Moldau is to be made navigable up to the city of Prague, at a cost of over \$3,000,000.

The British Peace society is protesting against the formation of rifle clubs, as "inciting the spirit of militarism."

In the City of London Court a creditor described whisky as a luxury. "I thought it was a medicine," said Judge Lumley Smith.

There were 1,800 guests at a marriage feast at Seignac, near Morlaix, Brittany, and 200 servants waited on them in an open field.

A balloon is on its way, by steamship, from England to Calcutta, for the use of the prince of Wales, who expects to use it for observation purposes during his Indian tour.

A soldier in charge of the canteen at the barracks at Queter, England, is under arrest. Fifteen barrels in his charge that should have contained beer were found to be full of water.

Dr. Elger, of Warsaw, a Jewish doctor in the Russian army, who is at present a prisoner of war in Japan, has been elected an honorary member of a scientific section of the University of Tokio.

The taxpayers of eastern London are complaining bitterly of the rigor of their assessment. The case is cited of a man who had his assessment raised because he erected a cucumber frame in his back garden.

THE "COFFEE HEART."
It Is as Dangerous as the Tobacco or Whisky Heart.

"Coffee heart" is common to many coffee users and is liable to send the owner to his or her long home if the drug is persisted in. You can run 30 or 40 yards and find out if your heart is troubled. A lady who was once a victim of the "coffee heart" writes from Oregon:

"I have been a habitual user of coffee all my life, and have suffered very much in recent years from ailments which I became satisfied were directly due to the poison in the beverage, such as torpid liver and indigestion, which in turn made my complexion blotchy and muddy."

"Then my heart became affected. It would beat most rapidly just after I drank my coffee, and go below normal as the coffee effect wore off. Sometimes my pulse would go as high as 137 beats to the minute. My family were greatly alarmed at my condition and at last mother persuaded me to begin the use of Postum Food Coffee."

"I gave up the old coffee entirely and absolutely, and made Postum my sole table beverage. This was 6 months ago and all my ills, the indigestion, inactive liver and rheumatism, have passed away, and my complexion has become clear and natural. The improvement set in very soon after I made the change, just as soon as the coffee poison had time to work out of my system."

"My husband has also been greatly benefited by the use of Postum, and we find that a simple breakfast with Postum is as satisfying and more strengthening than the old heavier meal we used to have with the other kind of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in plain

English. It tells you why you feel the way you do, and how to get well. It is a book that should be in every home. Write for a free copy to Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Do you think time is money? said Biffon. "Can't be!" replied Bangs; "they say there's no end to time—and I'm broke!"—Detroit Free Press.