

and numerous other persons throughout the nation.

It is said that McNamara used an alias—that of C. J. Sandusky—in many of his postoffice transactions, and that much of the mail received by him was delivered to him through a postoffice box rented under that name.

It is intimated that the postoffice transactions taken with the cancelled checks and stubs of checkbooks seized at the time McNamara was arrested form a chain of circumstantial evidence against the persons with whom he was in communication.

U. S. District Attorney Miller, in charge of the investigation here, would not make any statement today in regard to the new evidence which has been unearthed.

LAW IS FUNNY, ISN'T IT?

The law surely does work in a marvelous way its wonders to perform.

Seventeen years ago, Bernard Etgen killed his wife and her affinity, whom he found together in his home.

He was tried for murder; found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment for life in Joliet penitentiary by Judge Abner Smith.

The clerk who made out the commitment papers wasn't feeling good that day. Maybe he'd been out the night before.

Anyway, he wrote: "He shall be confined to the penitentiary during the term of life, and be thereafter discharged," where he should have written: "He shall

be imprisoned in the penitentiary for the term of his natural life."

And the other day, Matthew Huss, Etgen's attorney, happened to be looking over the papers in the case, and noticed the phrasing.

Whereon he turned several handsprings in his office, and beat it for Judge Lockwood Honore's court, where he demanded a writ of habeas corpus freeing Etgen.

Honore granted the writ, and Etgen walked forth from the penitentiary a free man yesterday.

Maybe Etgen has suffered all the punishment he deserved, but still—it's funny, isn't it?

15 SHOPPING DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS



Sherlock Holmes never had the ingenuity of a child hunting for hidden Christmas presents.

The gentleman who had been looking on the wine when it was red in the cup, was shouting and kicking a lamp post very rigorously indeed. A policeman demanded to know what the trouble was. The G. W. H. B., etc., waved the policeman away.

"S'll right," he explained. "I know shee'sh at home. C'n shee light upstairs."