The Washington Times
Published Evening and Sunday at
THE MUNSEY BUILDING,
Penn. Ave., between 12th and 14th Sts.
New York Office.....175 Fifth Ave.
Chicago Office.....422 Marquette Building
Boston Office.....Journal Building
Daily, one year.....$3.00
Sunday, one year.....$2.50
FRANK A. MUNSEY.
The Times is served in the city of Washington and District of Columbia by newsboys, who deliver and collect for the paper on their own account at the rate of 6 cents a week for the Evening and 6 cents a copy for the Sunday edition.
Entered at the postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second class matter.
SUNDAY, APRIL 28, 1907.

Two More.

It is a rare day when an influential politician does not declare for another term for President Roosevelt. Yesterday there were announcements from two.

Congressman Littlefield:

I am convinced that President Roosevelt is sincere in his declaration that he does not want to be a candidate again, but I believe in spite of this declaration that he will be the first choice of the Republicans at the national Republican convention.

Governor Cummins, of Iowa:

Personally, I believe that President Roosevelt's plain duty is to withdraw his former statement, and to say that under the demand now made and the evident state of the public mind, he will accept another nomination if it is tendered to him with practical unanimity.

Thus the assertion first made, we believe, by the Boston Journal, which excited amusement in some quarters when it was first read, nearly two years ago, seems to be getting some pretty good indorsers.

As to Party Dress.

A contributor to another newspaper, and evidently a violent adherent of the universal peace proposition, has this to say:

The sailor who was refused admission at Newport, R. I., because in uniform was in the garb of his profession—his profession of keeping order and killing.

Would you wish to admit as a guest at an evening party a butcher dressed in his frocks, a policeman in his uniform, or a hangman with his rope over his arm?

Well, we don't think we would care to have butchers in their frocks, policemen in their uniforms or hangmen in any garb—although there are some very estimable high sheriffs who mingle in good society—at our party.

But we would not feel the slightest discontent at the presence of a major general of the army in his uniform or of an admiral of the navy in his, nor, we are pretty sure, would the writer of the letter we have quoted, if he were lucky enough to get them to come. If an individual regards the common soldiers as butchers, he should be consistent and put the high officers in the same category, socially and otherwise.

"Cousins" Under Arrest.

Every now and then a man under arrest centers the limelight on himself by claiming to be cousin to Alexander the Great, or the Vice President of the United States, or the Sultan of Sulu.

When that happens the papers do their part. They are careful to say the man "claims" to be or "represents himself" to be the relative of some citizen who has earned a good name and has the right to enjoy it. If possible they seek out the great man and ask him, either publishing his denial or omitting all reference to him.

The need for caution is on the part of the reader. "Claims" and "represents" are words easily skipped in scanning the news. There is even a temptation to believe the accused, sometimes, and not the supposititious relative. All of which is most unfair. For we have no right to make an entirely innocent man suffer for another's offense even when the one in the toils is a blood relation; and when some one afar off is caught passing bad checks or stealing automobiles, or what not, the likelihood is that he is a liar about his kin connections as well as a thief.

Recognizing Revision.

There is a good deal more than buncombe to this idea that the revision sentiment in the Republican party must be recognized in the campaign of next year. The grand old party has been having prosperity and a big annual gold production on its side for a long time now, but it will have to make some specific pledges next year if it expects to carry the country, and after making them it will be forced to convince the majority of voters that it seriously means to execute them.

Right at the top of this list will come a promise to revise the schedules of the tariff. Now, revision may mean much or little. There is no way of writing a set of schedules into a platform. But it is possible to give a hostage in making up the ticket. The tariff revisionists are beginning to demand a pledge of this sort. They want the party to nominate in one or other place on the ticket a man who has made his name known to the whole nation for his advocacy of revision.

There isn't much difference between the two parties just now. They are both striving for the privilege of representing the same issues. On the broad issues of corporation relations to the public they are not far enough apart to differentiate without labels. There is just one possibility of a real issue, as matters now stand, and that is the tariff. The Republicans are going to declare for revision, but they must declare for it with force enough to make the country believe they mean it.

There are two men in the national eye who, as Republicans, have made national reputations as fighters for revision. Both have made themselves governors of rock-ribbed Republican States by their consistent, determined demand for this reform. They are Cummins, of Iowa, and Guild, of Massachusetts. Either of these names stands for revision in the most sincere, honest, thorough sense. To place either of these men on the ticket is to give an assurance of intention to revise; to underwrite the pledge of the platform; to issue a policy of insurance on the good faith of the party.

The Republican party must convince the country that it really means to revise. It can adopt no better way of giving this assurance than to name such a man as Governor Cummins or Governor Guild for second place on the national ticket of 1908. Either of them would give strength and distinction to the ticket.

A Dream of Fair Women.

The most beautiful woman in Washington!

Most of us will except to any award of that title, reserving it in our hearts to crown the noble woman who has graced our own lives, keeping us true to our better selves, reaching down to our griefs and smiling with quiet happiness over our triumphs. But we can and do have a very human interest in an award of it intelligently made, a just selection from a field as rich in feminine loveliness as Washington made by competent judges who do not know and so cannot appreciate the particular beauty which has brought so much sunshine into our own homes.

This has been the kind of choosing which The Times has made. All the elements of right selection were present. The number of photographs submitted here was larger than that of nearly all the twenty-two other cities engaged in the same search, and in proportion to our population the 4,800 portraits offered to our Washington judges snowed under all the other totals. This was probably because Washington is richer in young girls and sweet matrons than any other city; but The Times is for that not the less satisfied that it did the collecting.

Eliminating all but one of the eighteen hundred women was a task requiring a fine appreciation and some courage. It was essential it should be based on confident knowledge. So three were chosen to do it whose life work it is to know human beauty—two distinguished painters of portraits and a leading sculptor.

What an array was at their hand! No one can realize it who has not seen the great mound of photographs, the glint of a gold frame showing here, a little snap-shot mounted on writing paper slipping out there. Some, maybe, would not seem beautiful to onlookers who did not know the love which prompted their sending. Maybe a few seemed even pathetic for the little horizon of the life they revealed. But a man would have to be a crusty old curmudgeon, indeed, not to feel a quickening of his pulse as he looked at the rest.

Well, the judges have chosen. The editors of The Times did not envy them their responsibility. For they were to decide according to beauty, not personality—to gauge regularity of feature and sweetness of expression, not richness of toilette or photographic skill.

Yet we can all be glad in their decision—and for many reasons. For, first, their choice has fallen on a truly American type. And, second, the type is just Southern enough to be characteristic of Washington; and, third, the photograph is a print of such fineness of shading and regularity of outlines as to make it far more beautiful than many studio ideals; and, fourth, though it was not picked upon for those qualities, it is yet pleasing to see in it a simple and beautiful gown, a girlish and unconscious bearing, the light of intelligence in the eyes, and the expression of a normal, unspoiled, natural, sweet daughter of today.

Finally, those of us who hope that the Capital may come into its own in this friendly rivalry between the cities, will be glad to know and see that the award was not determined by photographic chance. It went to a young woman blessed with beauty in the round, so to speak. The judges even hesitated between several portraits of her from as many points of view. Wherefore, if it should happen, as all loyal Washingtonians will hope, that the jury on the national award find itself unable to pick between the selections of several cities and must turn for more views of the young women candidates, the cause of our representative will grow stronger with every new photograph examined.

"Mylord" and "Colonel."

Yankees will hear with some trepidation that among the peers, the "pillars of the British nation," who have always been accepted as the simon pure genuine article, should be those who, in plain English, may deserve to be called fakes. In fact, a special departmental committee has issued a report saying that there is no doubt that a number of persons have assumed the title of baronet, either wrongfully or upon the most doubtful basis. These cases approximate 5 or 6 per cent of the entire baronage. The committee thereupon represents that parliament shall create a tribunal to prevent the unlawful use of any title.

This dislike of the unwarranted assumption of handles to names and patents of nobility is easy for Americans to appreciate. Although we have none of the latter in this part of the world, we still have the former, and there is no question that if a tribunal were appointed by Congress to examine and sift out the bogus from the true a great many gentlemen would be stripped of their chief adornment.

Think of the wreckage that would occur among the Kentucky "colonels;" the terrific weeding out among the Massachusetts "honorables," and the great slaughter among the Maryland and Virginia "judges!" And the "professors," how their ranks would diminish! No more would the gentlemanly parer of corns, the man who blacks your boots or the occult astrologer be permitted to revel in this glorious prefix. Even among the "doctors" in many States there would be terrible carnage.

If there is any country on the face of the earth in which titles are assumed by any cheap John who cares to tack them before or after his name, it is the land of the free and of democracy. Therefore, we suggest the British tribunal idea to the careful consideration of Legislatures and the National Congress.

A man in Iowa is under arrest because he shot at a charivari party that had gathered around his house, and hit twenty-three of them. Now, if they find him guilty it will be apparent that those folks out West really are a long way from civilized.

Cheer up; John D. has been so far convinced that he can't get it all before he dies, that he is reporting deeding some of it to his heirs in order to avoid a contest over his will.

At the same time, it's just like one of these Standard Oil folks to divide it up by an ante-mortem arrangement, so as to prevent the lawyers securing a good, equitable division of the plunder after the death of the principal.

Former Congressman Hermann will certainly be willing to accept, along with congratulations, the comment that it took a very long trial to bring the verdict that he was not guilty.

Now, who in the world would suspect that such a crusty old chap as Uncle Joe Cannon could act as guide, philosopher, friend, and general manager to Cupid?

Well, those gentlemen who consented to serve as judges in an oratorical contest between the freshmen and the sophomores really needed to be tied, didn't they?

It is reported in the headlines that the model husband lives in Chicago. Poor man, he is likely to find difficulty discovering grounds for divorce when he decides to join the Chicago procession.

There is a convincing aggregation of evidence that this difference among the theatrical folks is not mere acting.

THE LARK.

There is a legend somewhere told
Of how the skylark came of old
To the dying Saviour's cross,
And, circling round that form of pain,
Poured forth a wild, lamenting strain
As if for human loss.

Pierced by those accents of despair,
Upon the little mourner there
Turning His fading eyes,
The Saviour said: "Dost thou so mourn,
And is thy fragile breast so torn,
That man, thy brother, dies?

"O'er all the world uplifted high,
We are alone here, thou and I;
And, near to heaven and thee,
I bless thy pity-guided wings!
I bless thy voice—the last that sings
Love's requiem for Me!

"Sorrow shall cease to fill thy song;
These frail and fluttering wings grow strong,
Thou shalt no longer fly
Earth's captive—nay, but boldly dare
The azure vault, and upward bear
Thy raptures to the sky!"

Soon passed the Saviour; but the lark,
Close hovering near Him in the dark,
Could not his grief abate;
And nigh the watchers at the tomb,
Still mourned through days of grief and gloom,
With note disconsolate.

But when to those sad mourners came,
In rose and amethyst and flame,
The Dawn Miraculous,
Song in which sorrow had no part
Burst from the lark's triumphant heart—
Sweet and tumultuous!
An instant, as with rapture blind,
He faltered; then, his Lord to find,
Straight to the ether flew—
Rising where falls no human tear,
Singing where still his song we hear
Piercing the upper blue!.
—Florence Earle Coates, in Lippincott's.

RAID UPON SWEATSHOPS.

A raid upon a group of sweatshops by a number of factory inspectors in New York the other day disclosed the fact that the garments being made amid surroundings so repulsive and disease breeding as to defy polite description were not, as was at first thought, merely batches of clothing intended for firms of cheap purveyors of ready-to-wear clothing, but were garments that had been cut in a number of well-known Broadway tailoring establishments. This recalled the fact that among the garments held up by the inspectors on a similar raid was a dress suit of Senator Thomas C. Platt.

Loving Tells Why He Shot Estes

(Continued from Second Page.)

small strings of flesh, so terrific was the force of the charge.

Estes' life was blown out of him so quickly that not even the maddened judge realized the end had come. Standing over the groaning and mortally wounded man, Judge Loving clenched his fists, gritted his teeth, and called down malediction upon the head of his victim. Quivering with rage he commanded those who would give succor to the dying man to be off and about their own business.

"It's no use," shouted the judge triumphantly, with a smile upon his large round face. "He's dead. I shot to kill."

"Not Crazy; Shot to Kill."

With the instrument of death thrown as carelessly over his shoulder as if returning from a quail hunt, the slayer walked to McGinnis' Hotel, where he declared his intention of surrendering to the authorities. "I was not crazy. I shot after due deliberation and I shot to kill," said the judge after he had regained his composure.

At the preliminary hearing given him on Tuesday before Justice Payne, who released him on $5,000 bail, Judge Loving said: "I was informed by Harry Sneed on yesterday morning that my daughter Lizzie had been driven into Lovingston at night by Theodore Estes, she being in an unconscious condition.

"I restrained myself with great difficulty, hoping that there might be some explanation. Lizzie was sent for, but did not come, sending word that she was sick. I did not go after her but sent my wife. I asked her what had happened.

"She said Theodore had taken her out and when about a mile from town gave her a drink and that she knew nothing more.

"I do not claim that I became crazy, but a frenzy seized me; every muscle and vein in my body called for vengeance. I sought his life and I took it; and all the powers of hell could not have stopped me."

Statement Tells Whole Story.

This statement tells the whole story. The accusation against young Estes is there. The judge's determination is also found in it.

Estes, it is alleged, gave Judge Loving's daughter a drink of whisky, and after that she knew nothing more. For this his life was exacted as a penalty. No further accusation was made by Judge Loving at the hearing, and no more serious offense has ever been charged against Estes by the girl. Few, if any, believe Estes gave the whisky to the girl of his own volition.

Shot down in cold blood as a home wrecker and a man lacking in moral fiber, virtually a derelict upon the ocean of morality, Estes gasped "Help me, please!" and breathed his last. Branded as an individual of whom the world was well rid by Judge Loving, Estes died without being afforded opportunity to say a word in explanation or defense.

So confident were the good citizens of Nelson county that the young man was innocent that they flocked to the family residence on Wednesday to attend the funeral services in such number that neither the house nor the yard in front of it could hold all who came to pay a final tribute to his manhood, courage, morality, and other sterling qualities. Estes had led a clean, honest, upright and moral life. He was beloved by everyone who knew him, and such a vast concourse of persons as gathered around his bier to gaze upon his mutilated form was never seen at any other funeral in the county. Seven hundred persons, of various denominations, stations of life and race walked past the casket in which he lay. Each brushed a tear from his or her cheek, and murmured: "He did not do this terrible thing."

When Judge Loving snuffed out the life of this thrifty and prosperous young merchant a terrible picture was painted on his mind. The jurist had been told a story that would prompt the most phlegmatic person to rise to arm and avenge the ruin of his daughter and home.

Was the Story True?

But was the story true? That is the question asked by Nelson county and Virginia. Had it been, nothing would be heard of the sad affair today.

It is the same old story of Mr. A telling Mr. B something and Mr. B adding a little more before telling Mr. C, and after Mr. C had speculated and conjectured for some time, told it to Mr. D.

Nelson county does not believe that Miss Lizzie Loving was robbed of her honor a week ago today by Theodore Estes. Judge Loving does not claim he shot Estes for that reason. Miss Loving makes no charge of that character. Judge Loving said: "My daughter returned home drunk and dishonored." According to the Virginian's code, a woman returning home under the influence of liquor is "dishonored." Judge Loving got the sympathy of Virginians because they misunderstood him when he said "dishonored."

Theodore Estes, son of a polished and accomplished gentleman, who has held the position of sheriff since 1872 and respected by every one in the county, was slain because of an exaggerated story told Judge Loving and the speculations and surmises of the latter. Every page of his life has been laid bare since the tragedy, but on none of them can there be found any act that was not manly, courageous, clean, upright, and commendable. At the time of his sudden taking off he was laboring to keep his aged parents in ease and comfort. Estes had an unblemished record for sobriety, integrity, sagacity, and reliability.

Upright and Honest.

Estes was twenty-six years old on January 26. He was sparsely built, but a handsome young man who had worked hard in a country store. By thrift and care he had saved some money. Although unmarried, it is understood he was engaged. Each morning at daybreak he was up and stirring and at 7 o'clock had his father's general merchandise store in Lovingston, four miles from Oak Ridge, open and ready for customers. He remained at the store until 9 o'clock at night, when he counted the receipts of the day, recorded them in the day book and returned home.

His only amusement or recreation was buggy riding on Sunday. To the young man accustomed to the bedazzling lights, theaters, and other places of amusement in a city, young Estes' existence was pathetic, but he never complained. He was born and bred into work and seemed to be content. Estes had two driving horses, sleek, well fed, and cared for and generally admired. He also had a smart trap and several days after he was killed another bright red rubber tired runabout which he had purchased arrived at Oak Ridge with his name on it.

Sheriff Morris K. Estes has spent his entire life in Nelson county. His father spent his life there also. When the call to arms rent the air in old Virginia in '61, Morris Estes, a strapping big fellow, as courageous and fearless as a lion, slung his rifle on his shoulder, threw a leg over his spirited roan mare and rode off to join the Eighth Virginia Cavalry. He was in Company E, under Fitzhugh Lee and Major Krope. No man had a more enviable record as a soldier. He participated in the raid at Kenova as a private. Because of his valorous deeds on the field of battle he was unanimously elected first lieutenant of the company with Capt. I. A. Paul as his commanding officer.

Settled in Lovingston.

Morris Estes settled in Lovingston with his father after the war and soon married. The union was blessed with ten children, eight of whom are living. The living ones now are Oscar P. Estes, a mercantile dealer in Danville, Va.; Elissa T., a hardware dealer in Danville; Atlee W., traveling representative of a St. Louis hardware firm; Euschard, a youth, who has taken Theodore's place in the store; Mrs. John P. Swanson, a beautiful woman who married the brother of Gov. Claude Swanson of Virginia; and Miss Mamie and Miss Lula Estes.

They all lived in peace and harmony, and what is called luxury in the country. Sheriff Estes and his wife were happy and contented until last Monday. All their children had attained man or womanhood or bordering on it. All were prosperous and able to shift for themselves.

Theodore was known as the shrewdest and most enterprising business man in the community, and was the most beloved of all the boys. His father had taught him to be courteous, manly, upright, and above board in his dealings and at his mother's knee he learned to pray. He attended church regularly and Lovingston was proud of him.

Loving Ancestry Old.

Judge Loving's ancestry is as old as the eternal hills of the Town mountains which surround Lovingston and form a beautiful natural amphitheater. The little village is named after his great-great-grandfather and nothing was ever been done or said to dishonor the name. The Lovings have ever been proud, dignified, wealthy, exclusive, intellectual, but nevertheless impulsive and prone to act quickly and regret afterward.

While Judge Loving was a stripling his branch of the famous family moved to Amherst county. There he received his classic education and read law. Practicing his profession with unbounded success, he was elected to represent the county in the State Legislature. His conduct in the house of delegates so impressed the citizens of the county that he was re-elected. He has always figured conspicuously in politics. Many years ago he returned to Nelson county, where he was elected county judge. Three years ago, when the new constitution of Virginia was adopted, the position of county judge was abolished, and Bennet T. Gordon, a redoubtable and indefatigable Commonwealth's attorney, was selected as circuit judge.

Since that time Judge Loving has managed the beautiful Oak Ridge farm, about two miles from Lovingston.

This farm is owned by Thomas F. Ryan, the millionaire traction magnate of New York. It was purchased from Harry Sneed, brother of Miss Mary Sneed, to whom Judge Loving was married about twenty-five years ago. Her sister, Lula, married Oscar Peeble Estes, eldest brother of the murdered man.

Although the farm covers an area of several thousand acres, filled with nothing but blooded stock and deer, and an entire chain of mountains, Judge Loving managed it with more success than anyone who ever had charge of it, and won the undying admiration and affection of the wealthy owner.

Family of Four.

On the farm with the judge lived his charming wife, Sneed and Elizabeth Loving, his son and daughter.

The girl is nineteen years old. She is a tall, stately blonde, with large, striking blue eyes, delicately chiseled features, and possessed of much beauty of face and form. She was educated in Miss Stuart's school, in Staunton, Va., and is a cultured and accomplished young woman. Miss Loving is an all-around horsewoman. She drives like an expert, and few women sit on a spirited horse with as much ease and comfort as she.

Miss Loving is said to have looked with favor upon Theodore Estes. They took many trips together and were generally considered as lovers. The judge thought well of Theodore also. Sheriff Estes greatly admired Miss Loving and was glad to see his son seeking her companionship. About three years ago a lovers' quarrel separated the sweethearts and they were no longer seen together.

Estes turned his attentions to Miss Annie Kidd, daughter of the county clerk, who resides in a handsome brick house opposite the Lovingston court house.

Visits Miss Kidd.

Last Sunday Harry Sneed left Oak Ridge farm to visit a young lady in Lovingston. Miss Loving went with him, as he wished to call upon Miss Kidd. They arrived in Lovingston about noon. Miss Loving went immediately to the home of Miss Kidd. Shortly after her arrival she complained of feeling unwell. Miss Loving rested on a sofa. An hour or two after her arrival at the Kidd homestead young Estes drove up to the house. He inquired if Miss Annie Kidd was ready to take a drive, as previously arranged. Miss Kidd had been waiting and the two left the house immediately.

After an hour or more they returned to the house. As Estes was about to drive away to the stable, Miss Kidd told him Miss Loving was indisposed and a drive might do her good. She requested Estes to take the judge's daughter out for a drive. Somewhat reluctantly, Estes consented. In a few moments Miss Loving was by his side and the mare was trotting down the road. They drove to Oak Ridge farm and back. When the horse was finally stopped in front of the Kidd residence, Miss Loving said she liked the drive so well she would like to have another spin.

To this young Estes agreed. When they reached the main road, known as Front street, Miss Loving asked him to take the Cover road and circle round the Town mountains, just beyond the gap. He whipped up his horse and drove along the road, which is thickly settled there being a house at intervals of 300 yards. Estes passed his own home. His father was standing on the front porch smiling. The sheriff doffed his broad brimmed black hat and smiled again as the couple passed.

This drive was started at 6 o'clock. Driving to the end of the main thoroughfare, Estes went up the mountain road as far as possible and started to return.

Complained of Being Ill.

On the return trip, Miss Loving complained of being ill.

Estes had a hacking cough, and everyone who knew him thought he had consumption. He weighed only 120 pounds, and his face was always colorless. Tuberculosis was Estes' one fear in life. Dr. Strother had prescribed whisky for him. Sunday morning he filled a half-pint bottle with whisky and put it in his coat pocket.

Upon hearing Miss Loving complaining, he informed her he had some whisky. Persons who know horsewomen say they are not averse to taking liquid refreshments when lassitude overcomes them, and Miss Loving was no exception. Miss Loving said she believed a swallow might do her good and Estes handed her the bottle when she asked for it.

With no water to drink after the intoxicant and sitting still in the buggy for some time, Miss Loving was easily and thoroughly affected. The bottle, which was brought home by Estes, showed that a man's size drink had been taken from it.

About 7:05 o'clock they again arrived at Miss Kidd's home. It was not dark, and Miss Loving's hostess saw that she was ill at ease in the buggy.

Miss Loving was assisted out of the buggy and walked into the Kidd house. Estes followed to see if he could be of any service. Miss Loving did not improve as time wore on, and shortly after dark it was suggested that a physician be summoned.

"Only Too Much Liquor."

Estes sought Dr. Strother, telling him that Miss Loving was ill. As the doctor started for Miss Kidd's home, Estes said, "You won't find much the matter with her, Doc., except a little too much booze."

Dr. Strother felt the young lady's pulse and took her temperature. He says that she was suffering from the effects of a stimulant, and prescribed the remedies given in cases of insobriety. Dr. Strother declares that Miss Loving nor no one else in the house made any complaint of any trouble with the beautiful and popular young woman. Her condition did not indicate that there was any other trouble. Miss Loving made no complaint to the Kidd family regarding an attack by Estes or a consummated criminal assault, and no one in the house had reason for believing that such a crime had been attempted.

Dr. Strother attended Miss Loving for an hour or more, and then left the Kidd house.

Theodore Estes' doom was sealed when the youthful physician quitted the house.

Dr. Strother went to a Mr. Lee, a distant relative of Miss Loving, and said, "Mr. Lee, there is something disagreeable I must tell you. You won't want to hear it, but I feel it my duty to tell you, because it will cause you or your relatives to take steps looking to an improvement of things."

Doctor Started Story.

The physician then informed Mr. Lee that he had just been called in to attend Miss Loving for insobriety. He added that she was in a condition of semi-coma, "just as though she had been drugged," added the doctor. He said he wanted to tell Mr. Lee so the latter could inform the judge and prevent a repetition of the affair. Mr. Lee thanked him and sought out Harry Sneed, uncle of the girl and with whom she had come to Lovingston.

He told Mr. Sneed. Dr. Strother informed him that Miss Loving was drunk, drugged, and unconscious when brought into the village at 8:30 o'clock. Estes returned with Miss Loving at 7:05, but it was not until 8:30 that the doctor was summoned.

Mr. Sneed and Mr. Lee talked the matter over. They speculated and conjectured as to what Estes' object might have been in getting the girl full of drink and drugs. They realized that an opportunity for the commission of crime had been afforded, and straightaway believed that Miss Loving had been outraged by young Estes.

Miss Loving remained in her friend's house all night. She suffered from the effects of the whisky until noon the next day.

On Monday morning, bright and early Harry Sneed went to Judge Loving, telling him that Miss Elizabeth Loving had been taken out on the Cove road and rendered drunk on drugged whisky forced upon her by Estes, and that the young man might have ruined her while she was in an unconscious condition.

Sends for His Daughter.

"Hitch up that fast mare, nigger, and do it quick," commanded Judge Loving. He then sent a messenger to Miss Kidd's home and ordered Miss Loving to return home at once. The young woman had not yet recovered from the effects of the whisky and sent word to her father that she was sick.

A short time before the father's message Theodore Estes called at the house to take the girl home, and expressed sorrow and surprise when he learned that she was still indisposed.

Judge Loving then sent his wife after the girl. On the way to Oak Ridge farm, Miss Loving told her mother the whole story. And the whole story was that Theodore had given her some whisky while on the road, and she did not know anything after that until she awoke in Miss Kidd's home.

Arrived at the farm the daughter told Judge Loving the same story. She made no accusation of criminality against Estes, and did not say that he had compelled her against her will to drink the whisky.

Seizing his double barreled gun and carefully loading both chambers with buckshot shells Judge Loving jumped into his buggy and went in search of the man he believed had wronged his daughter. He drove to Lovingston and inquired of Estes' father of the young man's whereabouts. Informed that Theodore was at Oak Ridge unloading a car of fertilizer, Judge Loving turned his horse around and drove at breakneck speed to the station to look for his victim. He drove about ten miles that morning with his ever-ready death-dealing gun by his side.

Inquiries for Estes.

Driving into the village of Oak Ridge Judge Loving went to McGinnis' Hotel opposite the station and asked "Where is Theodore Estes? I'm looking for him."

"Right there in that yellow box car," replied McGinnis, as he watched the infuriated jurist carefully lift the heavy gun from the buggy.

Over the railroad track Judge Loving ran, cocking both triggers on the way.

Two colored men were lifting bags of guano out of the car while Estes stood inside counting and checking them as they were passed out. Up the gang plank Judge Loving rushed. When he reached the open door of the car, and saw Estes standing in it he shouted, "Stand aside you niggers. I've got something to say to this young man." Terrified and shivering the negroes jumped to the ground. Turning to face the judge, Estes looked down the black oarrels of the gun and directly over the trigger he saw a grim visage and eyes that shot forth fire. He was riveted to the spot, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Before he could utter a word Judge Loving shouted sarcastically:

"So you were out buggy riding with the ladies last night, were you? You'll never go again." Estes threw his hands wildly in the air as the judge advanced closer to him. He shouted "No! No! Jud——"

Emptied Shotgun.

Judge Loving never allowed the exclamation to be finished. He punctuated the young man's frantic disclaimers with two thunderous shots from the gun.

The contents of the first shell struck Estes in the right side, tearing and mangling the flesh from the waist to the neck. Bleeding and groaning Estes fell to the floor of the car. As he fell Judge Loving discharged the second shell. The buckshot struck Estes' neck and almost severed it from his body. Several of the shot struck the bags of guano, and the fertilizer ran down to soak up the blood of the young man. Other shot ripped up the side of the box car.

Attracted by the sounds of the gun a number of persons rushed to the car. "It's no use," shouted the judge, waving his hand as if to push the men back. "He's dead. I shot to kill."

The colored men got back into the car just as Estes was dying. They asked if they couldn't do something for 'Marse The'do." The young man raised his eyes until his gaze met theirs and gasped a feeble "Help me, please." As he uttered the last word his head struck the floor with a thud and a soul had taken its flight.

Judge Loving returned to McGinnis' Hotel with his gun on his shoulder and said he had shot Estes for revenge. He asked that he be taken to Justice Perkins to give bail for the shooting.

Hearing Before Payne.

John M. Payne, one of Judge Loving's friends, arrived from Amherst and served as bail commissioner. Commonwealth Attorney Whitehead objected to Payne having any connection with the case and asked that the hearing be continued until Judge Gordon returned. Payne overruled this motion and proceeded with the hearing. The judge told his story, but made no intimation that his daughter had met with violence at the hands of Estes.

"Would you shoot a man for taking your daughter out and getting her drunk?" asked Commonwealth Attorney Whitehead.

"I did it," said the judge.

"You say you make no claimant you were crazy?" asked the commonwealth attorney.

"I was not crazy. I shot after deliberation," responded the judge.

Justice Payne held the judge under $5,000 bail, which was immediately given by residents of the village.

Estes' body was taken to Oak Ridge Tuesday morning. It had laid on the rough bier until the floor of the car was saturated with his heart's blood. Friends carried it to his home, where it was gazed upon for the last time by his relatives and friends.

At the grave, which was finally hidden from view by flowers, Miss Kidd became hysterical when the thought occurred to her that she had precipitated the tragedy by asking Estes to take Miss Loving for a drive.

The Estes family is bowed under the weight of sorrow and sadness. None of them are belligerent, but their friends are inclined to be demonstrative toward Judge Loving.

The trial of Judge Loving will probably take place in May in the court house where he presided for so many years.

Frenzy Seized Me, Says Judge Loving.

"I was informed by Harry Sneed on yesterday morning (Monday) that my daughter, Lizzie, had been driven into Lovingston at night by Theodore Estes, she being in an unconscious condition.

"I restrained myself with great difficulty, hoping that there might be some explanation. Lizzie was sent for, but did not come, sending word that she was sick. I did not go after her, but sent my wife. I asked her what had happened.

"She said Theodore had taken her out, and when about a mile from town gave her a drink, and that she knew nothing more.

"I do not claim that I became crazy, but a frenzy seized me; every muscle and vein in my body called for vengeance. I sought his life, and I took it, and all the powers of hell could not have stopped me."

MILLIONAIRE'S WIDOW ELOPES WITH SKATER

PITTSBURG, April 27.—Fashionable Pittsburg society was intensely surprised today when it became known that Mrs. Ida Wainwright, widow of Edwin Wainwright, late millionaire brewer of this city, had eloped to New York with Willard Hay Bratton, a professional skater and instructor of skating at Duquesne Garden. They went to New York last Friday, stopping at the Waldorf-Astoria. On Saturday morning they were married by the Rev. Dr. Charles Edward Locke, at his home, 11 Hanson place, Brooklyn. At present they are in Norfolk, Va., attending the opening of the exposition.

BABBITT SELLS BELMONT TO ALEXANDRIAN

Dr. Zenos B. Babbitt, of New York, who recently purchased the tract known as Belmont, located on the line of the Georgetown and Tenleytown Electric road, opposite the pretty settlement of Friendship Heights, has by deed recorded today at Rockville, Md., transferred the property to E. J. Nevitt, of Alexandria, Va. The consideration is not given, but is understood to be a good advance on the price paid by Dr. Babbitt, which was $60,000. The tract contains thirty-one acres.

RUTHERFORD PALLBEARERS ALL FAMOUS OFFICERS

The pallbearers from the commandery of the District of Columbia of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion at the funeral yesterday of Brevet Lieut. Col. Robert G. Rutherford were Major W. P. Huxford, U. S. A., recorder; Major R. W. Tyler, U. S. A.; Medical Director A. A. Hoehling, U. S. N.; Brig. Gen. Chambers McKibbin, U. S. A.; Col. J. T. Kirkman, U. S. A.; Lieut. Col. Frederick Fuger, U. S. A.; Acting Master F. P. B. Sands, late U. S. N.; Brig. Gen. W. P. Rogers, R. K. Tyler, and Brig. Gen. F. S. Dodge, U. S. A., of the commandery of the State of New York.