

FEELING INTENSE AT ATLANTIC CITY

Governor Fort Determined to Compel Indictment of Illegal Liquor Sellers.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Aug. 28.—There is a tense feeling in the atmosphere here today in anticipation of action to be taken by Governor Fort, of New Jersey, to compel the indictment of illegal liquor sellers.

Following the discharge of the grand jurors yesterday by Justice Trenchard, when they refused to indict liquor sellers on the ground that it would hurt business interests in the resort, it was rumored that Governor Fort would take drastic measures today.

Since the meeting of the grand jury it has definitely been established that the legal fight against the liquor interests is merely a preliminary skirmish, and that it will be followed by a fierce fight against gambling in Atlantic City.

However, the public officers will not attempt to rout the gamblers unless they are successful in their first fight.

This morning Atlantic City stood facing an issue which had never before been presented to it: Namely, either successful defiance of the laws of the Commonwealth or closing of saloons on Sunday under the pressure of martial law.

Governor Fort declares that it will be necessary to call an extraordinary session of the Legislature in appropriate numbers enough to send troops to Atlantic City to compel respect, and that he stands ready to do this if less severe measures do not prevail.

Sheriff S. E. Johnson, of Atlantic county, is not on the firing line, so to speak. He believes that the governor cannot call out the State troops, unless there is rioting and is taking little hand in the fight.

He declared that he had not read Governor Fort's proclamation, and even Chief of Police Woodruff is inclined to be ironical in discussing the crusade.

GIRL SHOTS HERSELF TO SHOW HER "NERVE"

Ten-Year Lass Leans Over Muzzle of Winchester, Pulls Trigger With Stick.

GEDDES, S. D., Aug. 28.—To show her father that she "had the nerve" to shoot herself, the ten-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Stolz leaned over the muzzle of a Winchester shotgun yesterday and released the trigger with a stick, at the same time saying: "Tell papa I had the nerve to."

Following the report, the wounded child ran out of the house and fell dead in the road.

"I didn't think he had the nerve to do a thing like that," was the remark of John Stolz, when a neighbor viewed off his head a few weeks later.

The child was impressed with the remark and frequently since then had declared she would not be afraid to do the same thing.

MISS MARY M'CLAIN PASSES 100 MARK

Pennsylvania Woman Retains Active Mind After Century of Life.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 28.—At the Home for Indigent Widows and Single Women, at Thirty-sixth and Chestnut streets, a great birthday celebration was held yesterday in honor of Miss Mary McClain, whose years have reached the century mark.

Miss McClain was born August 27, 1808, near Norristown, Pa., and notwithstanding her great age is a very active, clear-minded old lady.

Thirty-five years ago she entered the home of which she is now an inmate, but this is her first party.

When she didn't propose directly to Miss Thompson, he proposed over the telephone. And when he couldn't make his plea that way, he wrote it out and intrusted it to the mails.

MAKES HIT IN NEW PLAY



BILLIE BURKE.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—Miss Billie Burke is an accepted Broadway star today. Her new play, "Love Watches," which had its initial performance last night, pleased the audience and the critics.

Girls' Quarrel Over Their Lover Leads to the Death of One Mother

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—A rift between sixteen-year-old Nellie Perzio and her chum, Lena, the daughter of a neighbor, over Antonio Galluchi, a rather vacillating lover, resulted in an assault on her mother yesterday, and in the death of Mrs. Roma Varrcla, one of the assassins.

Mrs. Michael Perzio, of 104 First avenue, went to see Mrs. Joseph Sanza at 10:30 o'clock in the morning to collect \$5 which she had loaned. As she climbed to Mrs. Sanza's apartment, on the third floor of 22 East Forty-fourth street, three women sprang from the dark hallway, grabbed her by the hair and dress and pulled her down the stairs.

When she had fallen unconscious in a corner on the second floor the assassins disappeared.

Tenants resuscitated Mrs. Perzio in the Sanza flat. At the same time the tenants in 206, three doors below, were roused by cries for aid from a woman

No, No, No; I Never Will Wed You—No! She Told It, Wrote It, and Phoned It

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—Miss Mary L. Thompson, and incidentally the town of Rye, where she has a fashionable riding academy, are wondering how she is going to get rid of one of the most persistent suitors that every a pretty girl had.

For months she has been literally bombarded by proposals from one Ernest von Gillman, a middle-aged teacher of equestrianism, who used to live in Rye, but now has an academy in Hartford, Conn.

When he didn't propose directly to Miss Thompson, he proposed over the telephone. And when he couldn't make his plea that way, he wrote it out and intrusted it to the mails.

The mails seemed too slow, he used the telegraph wires.

"I wouldn't be surprised if next he would propose by wireless," the fair riding mistress laughed yesterday.

She doesn't want to marry him and has returned scores of emphatic "Noes" until she is tired of it. She doesn't want to have him arrested, and, indeed, does not know any charge that could be brought against him if she did.

"But I really wish something could be done to make him stop proposing," she says. "I have turned over his letters to my lawyer, and have asked the latter to take some action, if necessary. But he hasn't done anything yet."

E. P. Hervey, the attorney, was puzzling his brain over the problem when seized yesterday. He admitted having a large bundle of very tender missives.

Von Gillman, who is a sturdy, good-natured citizen in his forties, smiled cheerfully when he was asked about his courtship last night, in Hartford.

"I certainly did propose to Miss Thompson, and proposed many times, too," he candidly admitted. "Why not? I'm wooing her, and that's my style of wooing. On one rare occasion she said she would marry me, but changed her mind. Maybe she'll say 'Yes' again some time."

Von Gillman has a prosperous riding school in Hartford, Conn., and incidentally he owned the one at Rye, but after teaching the business to Miss Thompson, who was his assistant for five years, he sold out a few months ago.

"The reason I don't want to marry him is that he's an old man, and has had several other wives," the perturbed Miss Thompson explained.

THINK MISSING MAN IS IN THE WEST

Bethune's Relatives Get Clue to Whereabouts of New York Lawyer.

CHICAGO, Aug. 28.—Relatives of Faneuil D. S. Bethune, the New York lawyer who so mysteriously disappeared from Buffalo seven days ago, said last night at their apartments in the Auditorium Annex that they were in possession of information that tended to show that Bethune had taken a train for the West last Tuesday.

"From our information," declared Dr. E. Hanson, brother-in-law of the missing man, "we gathered that Bethune was in Chicago Monday and Tuesday. He was seen here by several persons who describe him from his printed pictures. A man last night described him to me to the dot, and said they saw him leave the La Salle street station on a west-bound train Tuesday."

Employe Tells Story. "The man is employed at this station and had read of the disappearance, and we are sure he did see our relative take along the line, but have had no response."

Mrs. Bethune sat upon the bed and rested against the prop of pillows while she told her story. "No one could have been more careful of a man than Mr. Bethune," remarked the woman, "and good evidence is the fact that he called me three times by long distance just before he left Buffalo."

"It was the last of these calls that I could not understand. When Mr. Bethune heard my voice at the New York end of the wire he said something that sounded like 'Florence, I want you to come to me at once; I need you.'"

Phoned Wife From Buffalo. In Buffalo it was learned that Bethune telephoned last to his wife about 8 o'clock Sunday evening. He then said he was about to take a train. Only two trains leave Buffalo about that hour, one to Chicago and the other to New York. He had just left New York, it is now thought possible that in his queer state, Bethune boarded the eastbound train and returned to New York. This will be investigated closely.

ELECTRIC WIRE USED TO COAGULATE BLOOD

Current Saves Life of Man Suffering With Aneurism of Aorta.

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 28.—John Galvin, of Detroit, underwent a remarkable operation in Grace Hospital yesterday.

Galvin was standing under a scaffold superintending work on St. Mary's Academy, of Monroe, Mich., about four years ago, when a workman accidentally dropped a heavy plank, which struck Galvin on the chest, just over the heart. Several days later a small lump appeared, but Galvin paid no attention to it. The lump grew until recently it became about as large as a two-quart measure. He consulted a physician, who diagnosed the trouble as aneurism, or an arterial dilation due to weakness of the walls of the aorta, the largest artery in the body.

"To have lanced the growth would have meant sudden death," said Dr. H. L. Obetz, who concluded that the only safe treatment would be electrical. A specially prepared insulated hollow needle was run through the skin at the weakest part of the lump. A fine silver wire about fifteen feet long was then inserted. This was attached to a battery and eighty milliamperes of electricity were turned on.

This current was allowed to flow for about an hour and a half, coagulating the blood in the aneurism. It is said that Galvin's chances of recovery are deemed hopeful.

STATE OFFICIAL ABUSES PRIVILEGE

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 28.—C. W. Trickett, special assistant attorney general of Kansas, appointed to enforce the prohibitory liquor law in Wyandotte county, was found guilty yesterday in Kansas City, Kan., of using his office to obtain \$250 from Wayne and Frank Hurlbert. Frank Hurlbert said he gave the money to obtain his brother Wayne's release from jail.

PLAYS AT BURGLAR IN BOY'S CLOTHES

Pretty Girl Found Hidden Under Pittsburg Minister's Bed.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Aug. 28.—Clad in trousers and a blue flannel shirt, and with a red bandana handkerchief obscuring her pretty features, Miss Eva Brower, of Carick, looked like a Dick Turpin of old, when Police Lieutenant McAfee dragged her from under a bed in the home of the Rev. John Bloom, on Sarah street, at 11 o'clock last night.

When the Rev. Mr. Bloom returned home last night, he heard a noise upstairs. Lieutenant McAfee and Police-man Burns quickly answered his summons and search for the burglar began. In the bedroom McAfee saw a pair of feet protruding from under the bed.

Grasping the girl's feet, the lieutenant yanked the intruder from under the bed. Standing in the center of the room in a flood of light, the prisoner remained motionless, with the policeman's revolver leveled at her head. When McAfee pulled off the handkerchief the light blinded the girl for a moment and she hid her face.

The Rev. Mr. Bloom had seen and recognized the fair prisoner, however. He was shocked at the discovery that the handsome boy was none other than a young woman; he has known for years. Weeping bitterly and protesting that it was all a joke, the masquerader convinced the officers that her mission in the house was not an evil one, and was taken to her home.

FAMOUS QUARTER TO MARRY ACTRESS

HAMILTON, Ohio, Aug. 28.—Dwight "Dad" Jones, Yale's famous quarter, is to marry Miss Lettie Shear, of New York city, soon. The formal announcement is to be made at the Shear summer residence in Colorado next week.

BANKER DIES REFUSING DOCTOR

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 28.—C. G. McLeod, president of a bank at McLeansboro, Ill., died last night at his sister's home. He and his sister have been prominent Christian Scientists, and Mr. McLeod refused to have a physician in attendance.

No Premiums!

P. & G. Naphtha Soap sells because of its merit—not because we give premiums for the wrappers.

We don't give dolls or baseball bats or brass jewelry in exchange for P. & G. Naphtha Soap wrappers.

P. & G. Naphtha Soap is not that kind of soap. It is a prize in itself.

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If you want dolls, buy them. If you want soap, buy soap. Get the best that can be had. Pay whatever is necessary. That is the sensible thing to do.

If you use P. & G. Naphtha Soap, you will save three hours work every time wash day comes 'round.

Isn't that worth considering? And your clothes will be whiter, brighter, sweeter, cleaner than they ever were before.

P. & G. Naphtha Soap is for sale in almost every grocery in this city.

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FORTUNE IS FOUND IN MISER'S TRUNK

Relatives Start Systematic Search and Locate \$9,040.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Aug. 28.—Searching systematically through an old-fashioned leather trunk in the home of Herman Roose, who died a few weeks ago at his small farm not far from Great Bend, Susquehanna county, a relative today came upon a heavy bundle wrapped in several thicknesses of cloth, which proved to contain \$9,040.

The dates of the coins run back many years, showing that Mr. Roose had been accumulating gold for a long time.

The old man had lived alone for a long time, and, while he was known to be rigidly economical and careful in his expenditures, he was not supposed to be any better off in worldly goods than his neighbors of similar habits. Least of all was he considered to be in any sense a miser.

After his death his relatives took possession of his effects, and, expecting to find little of any value, made no immediate inspection.

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