

# MISS STONE, ACQUITTED OF MURDER, TO RETURN TO NURSING

## TO DEVOTE LIFE TO ILL HUMANITY

### Woman Freed of Slaying Kin-lead Kisses Attorney and Friends in Court.

NEW YORK, April 7.—Freed by a jury of the charge of killing Ellis Guy Kinlead, former corporation counsel of Cincinnati, Olivia M. P. Stone declared today she would devote the remainder of her life to the "service of humanity" in her chosen profession, nursing.

**Crowd Liked Verdict.**  
"I can hardly breathe for my great happiness," she said. Expecting to be reinstated in the Graduate Nurse Association, Miss Stone plans to return to Cincinnati and enter the Cincinnati General Hospital.

"Not guilty, your honor," was as far as the foreman of the jury could go when he was stopped by tumultuous shouting. The cry was taken up by the huge crowd outside the court room.

Miss Stone at first was motionless. Then she sprang up, kissed her attorney Edward J. Reilly, and grasped the hands of well-wishers who surged forward.

When order was restored, Justice Aspinall officially proclaimed the woman free.

Crowds of men and women surged about her and cheered and clapped as she threw kisses at them while withdrawing from the court house.

Last night, for the first time since she was locked up in jail last August 5, Miss Stone slept in a "real bed," in a room with real comforts.

"I'm the happiest woman in the world," said Miss Stone today. "I'm a free woman at last. At last the suspense is over. I can go where I please. I only know that it's a good world after all and that God is just."

The defendant, in contrast to her highly nervous condition throughout the trial, received the verdict calmly.

When the verdict was announced, Justice Aspinall said: "The laws of the State of New York provide in all criminal actions that the jury shall be sworn to find the facts of the crime. The jurors must receive the law from the court and apply it to the facts. You accepted this law and applied it to the fact and under your oath of office as exclusive judges you have found the defendant not guilty of murder in the first degree. This court must bow to your wishes and accept your verdict. You have performed a great duty."

Justice Aspinall then turned to Miss Stone and asked her to stand up.

"Miss Stone," he said, "you have been accorded a fair and impartial trial. I have endeavored to hold the scales of justice equally balanced between you and the people of this State. Twelve reputable citizens have said you are not guilty under the law. I, therefore, discharge you and you are now a free woman."

Miss Stone was led to an anteroom by her attorney and two matrons of the Raymond street jail. She looked ten years younger than she did when she appeared on the witness stand a few days before. Women spectators in the courtroom showered her with flowers.

## ILL IN BED SHE FINDS HUSBAND HAS 2 WIVES



Peggy Davis, seventeen-year-old "Follies" dancer, who married Joseph Donald Grafton, son of a wealthy Pittsburgh family, seven days after his marriage to Ellen Curley McIntyre. Here she is photographed in a sanitarium in New York, where she was operated on, and here she learned of the bigamous marriage she had entered into.

## TO LIVE TO BE 100 YEARS, IS JOHN D.'S BIG CONCERN NOW

Following is the second of a series of three intimate pictures of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., multi-millionaire oil king. In the room Florida sunshine he goes about unguarded, unannoyed—sometimes in his shirt-sleeves like Grandpa Smith—and he expects to live to be 100.

**By MILDRED MORRIS.**  
(Copyright, 1922, by the International News Service.)

ORMOND BEACH, Fla., April 7.—John D. Rockefeller plans to live 100 years.

"The world is so full of interest a man must live a long life to get it all," he says.

Here's the Rockefeller recipe for living to a ripe old age: "Don't worry, eat simply and moderately, live a Christian life, and play golf."

By following this regimen, he says, he hopes to round out the century mark.

The Standard Oil magnate is watching the career of Henry Ford. Mention of the automobile maker, who is said to have supplanted him as the richest man in the world, arouses his deep interest. The aged Wall street power expressed admiration for the Detroit multimillionaire.

"Always keep plenty of money on hand," is the advice the great oil financier once sent the younger money king.

The two most picturesque financial figures in America—Rockefeller and Ford—have never met.

**Talks Little of Riches.**  
The man whose riches have made him a figure of legend on two hemispheres talks little of money.

"Wealth cannot buy happiness, he will tell you. "Money brings happiness only when spent usefully and wisely," he says. "Wealth should be regarded merely as an instrument to make the world better and happier."

At eighty-three, what is his ambition? "To live usefully," he answers. The billion-dollar prisoner?

Here in this beautiful little Florida resort, the "billion-dollar prisoner" is free of his prison and radiates friendliness under the warming sun.

No inaccessible fences and armed guards to keep him from the public as at the great Rockefeller estate in Tarrytown, N. Y.

Rockefeller, the "Wall Street wolf," the money king, "cold and aloof," Ormond does not know.

It is on neighborly terms with John D. Rockefeller, a pleasant gentleman, who works about his garden in his shirt sleeves like Grandpa Smith.

**Plain As An Old Shoe.**  
The aged multimillionaire roams at will. He chats with bellboys, the grocery man, and the butcher.

## PEGGY DAVIS AS BRIDE, AGED 12, SHOCKED SOUTH

### Follies Beauty in Grafton Case Was Divorced From Army Colonel at Thirteen.

By International News Service. BIRMINGHAM, Ala., April 7.—Wed at twelve to an army officer, divorced at thirteen, a movie star at fourteen and fifteen and at sixteen a beauty in the finest of choruses—that of Flo Ziegfeld's "Follies."

And that is only part of the life of Peggy Davis, known to Birmingham, where she spent her young girlhood, as Margaret Laird, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Laird, of this city. For at the tender age of seven she was appearing in amateur plays and at eleven she was an accomplished ballet dancer.

And now Peggy, just seventeen, is starring in another role—that of one wife in the career of an alleged bigamist—her latest husband.

Peggy was married here at twelve to Col. Jasper Alexander Davies of the United States army, but they were divorced when she was another year older.

Peggy's matrimonial capers have created a sensation here where she is remembered as a child.

Reports current that when the erstwhile movie and musical comedy star recovers from her present illness and leaves the hospital, where she was placed by her second husband, she would return to her childhood home here to seek annulment of her marriage to Grafton were it not for the opinion of court officials that she would be unable legally to file such proceedings in Alabama on account of continued non-residence.

Peggy met her first husband in New York while on a trip to that city with her mother.

Peggy's father, in seeking to annul the marriage, charged in an affidavit that his daughter had been forced into the match by her mother and that Colonel Davies had a wife living in Texas. Colonel Davies did not contest the suit and the annulment was granted.

Peggy dropped from local view shortly afterward, reappearing to startle Birmingham when her mother charged Joseph Donald Grafton, son of a Pittsburgh millionaire, with having married another wife besides Peggy.

## GRAFTON WROTE LOVING LETTERS TO CHILD-WIFE

### Begged 17-Year-Old Peggy Davis to Believe in Him, Despite Absence.

NEW YORK, April 7.—Letters written by Joseph Donald Grafton to Peggy Davis, his seventeen-year-old wife, while she was in a Manhattan sanitarium, and notes sent to her mother, Mrs. Capitola P. Laird, were obtained today by the Hearst newspapers.

Two letters enclosed by Grafton in notes to Mrs. Laird were sent from Wilkes-Barre, Pa., on Monday and Tuesday of last week.

The Monday letter read: "Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Monday. Precious: Have just talked to our Muddle over the phone."

Peg, Dear, Don will be back in New York the very first minute he can, but, in justice to you, I must wait till I have at least some of the money we have to have.

Muddle tells me you feel sad because of my apparent neglect, but, Darling, you mustn't be. You ought to be absolutely sure that I love you better than all the rest of the world put together, and that every minute I am compelled to remain away from you is torture for me.

Baby Darling, please trust Don. I know it looks bad for me to be away from you at this time, but I can't help it. Those bills must be paid. I must get the money somehow and I am having an awfully hard time doing it. But don't lose faith in me. I'll manage it. You can depend on me to do my absolute best.

Your love is all the world to me, dear. You are my wife—my idolized wife—and I have been and am nearly frantic with the grief caused by my inability to be at your side during this trouble. If I thought this affair was turning you against me, or causing you to lose your love and faith, I wouldn't want to live any longer. I couldn't live without my Peggy's love.

## DOROTHY CLARK TELLS OF INSIDE LIFE IN MOVIES

### "Some Live in Glass Houses. Everyone Can Tell Tales." She Pens in Diary.

The fourth installment of Dorothy Clark's diary is published today. She writes of Herbert Rawlinson, screen-actor, whom her mother is suing for \$200,000, charging he attacked her. The girl denies it. She is only seventeen now. The other day she married a piano salesman in Nashua, N. H. She collapsed on her honeymoon.

(Copyright, 1922, by the Boston Daily Advertiser.) APRIL 25, 1918. Herbert wrote me, "Keep a miffed lip, Dorothy!" Because I missed him so much. I'll try.

MAY 17, 1918. Moved to Ocean Park for the summer. It will be very pleasant for me down here, as I like the water, having been born on it.

JUNE 1, 1918. Enter June, month of roses and sun-burnt noses!

JUNE 10, 1918. Oh, what a party in Nat Goodwin's cafe! It is a tip on the water at the end of a pier. It is gray in color. All kinds of dancing, and I don't suppose everyone was sober, either. We all wore evening gowns, of course. The Talmadges were there, and everybody was there at the spree.

We had bubbles and caps and not much formality. We went from table to table, mixed in on all parties. Folks came in small groups, but they all went home mixed up.

The authorities are talking of closing the cafe, but the picture people are fighting this move. They like this place for a holiday now and then. I'm too young to mix in much, but I enjoy watching their laughter and dancing and free merry-making.

JUNE 12, 1918. I'm sleeping out of doors this summer, where I can hear the ocean waves and breathe the salt water, and think about the absent Herb.

JULY 8, 1918. Saw Herb in "Smashing Through." It is the best ever. It brings me into closer contact with him.

JULY 17, 1918. While at my dramatic lesson today I met Karl. He and Marshal Steindman husband of Myrtle Steindman are apparently great friends.

JULY 20, 1918. My pain was read and "she" said I am going to divide a million with one of my husbands. I am creative, artistic and when I am older I am going to visit a city in which I will see a great deal of life. Here I will spend so much of my life that they will call me "Auntie."

If I were a man, I'd be a good lawyer. I have a strong mind, and some day some one will take something of mine and I will discover it and my mind will be so strong that they will give it back to me. My domestic affairs will not run very smoothly. When I am older I am going to have an accident. I am not going to be hurt very much, but will be sickly after it. I am going to travel to France, Europe and Egypt. Some fortune!

JULY 29, 1918. Moved back to the city. It is as hot as blazes. I am reading the life of Queen Elizabeth. She always told people where to go off to. I never said "no" and yet was careful not to offend. The way she managed Spain was admirable.

AUGUST 16, 1918. I went to Echo Park with a bunch of girls. We went out rowing. Echo Lake is quite beautiful, with the weeping willows overhanging the banks. The low stone bridges are effective.

AUGUST 17, 1918. Mother says, "Put your thoughts into your diary, Dorothy, not your actions."

So sick of resting. I'd almost sell newspapers—anything—rather than this sluggish life, vacations, stupidity—no Herbert.

OCTOBER 23, 1918. No parties because of the flu. All the big stars have it. Everything is closed up tight.

## MRS. JEAN P. DAY, CAUSE OF OKLAHOMA TRAGEDY



Lieut. Col. Paul W. Beck was slain by Jean P. Day, former State supreme court justice, at Oklahoma City. Judge Day said he struck the officer over the head with a revolver when he found him forcing his caresses upon Mrs. Day. Photo is latest taken of Mrs. Day.

is the thought that runs through my mind somehow. Not a pearl in the sense of a tear—but as a beautiful, perfect expression. Has this day a pearl that I can add to my memory string?

DEC. 8, 1918. "Kiss or Kill" is Herb's latest picture. Priscilla Dean is supporting him in this picture. Of course I went to see it. Even though he is in New York, and has been for nearly a year, I follow all of his pictures.

DEC. 12, 1918. I have the flu, which breaks the monotony of nothing to do. For now I have to take medicine, at least.

DEC. 25, 1918. Recovered from the flu. Received telegram from Herb, and fountain pen. Lillian Gish gave me the first grown-up piece of underwear I've ever had. Silk underwear can make any woman happy.

JAN. 1, 1919. Life is going on the same—quiet and peaceful, except when mother thinks I've left some dirt on my neck.

JAN. 9, 1919. I seem to have a life of preparing for the future, but I'd like to prepare for NOW. If I should die now, look at all the wasted time. How many other folks, I wonder, are in the same boat? I have one cheerful thought: All my studious preparation will help me to be the woman I want to be—a good, pure, true woman, one who can always earn a living or boss a maid, just as the future holds.

JAN. 31, 1919. Herbert takes up three-fourth of my thought. I only hope he loves me three-fourth as much as I love him. Men don't know as much as women how to love!

FEB. 4, 1919. My Japanese play, which I wrote for the Stand Together Club, was produced. I was author, producer, leading woman and I had to tell the players their lines behind my fan. Whee!

MARCH 19, 1919. I'm fourteen today. I'm getting old. Long dresses soon.

APRIL 10, 1919. Mother left to go East on a nursing case and I am staying with friends in Hollywood. I'm working at the Monosco, so I can take care of myself financially. Of course that's nothing new. I won't miss mother awfully much because I have lots of friends and companions.

MAY 8, 1919. Sometimes I sit and wonder what will become of all the stars when their day is over. Where do they go from here? Stars live but for a day in the eyes of the public, and that day is short and sweet. They play hard, they work hard, but mostly they play and drift.

What thought they may have for tomorrow is soon forgotten in the thought, "What shall I do tonight?" They go out nights and show up late the next day on the "set," but because the public wants them for a time, they can get away with it. The stars are clannish. Every one knows some "inside stuff" about everybody else. Even rivals who hate one another can't tell what they know. Not a soul in Hollywood can afford to throw stones. Most of all of them live in glass houses.

## ARID LEAGUER ATTACKS NEW ANTI-DRY BODY

### "Gurgle of an Organized Appetite," Anderson Brands New York Crowd.

By International News Service. NEW YORK, April 7.—William H. Anderson, State president of the Anti-Saloon League, today branded as "the gurgle of an organized appetite" the formation of a New York division of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment.

"This organization," declared Anderson, "demands personal liberty for everyone except the prohibitionists who happen to be in a large majority in this country. The speakers at the meeting of the association against the prohibition amendment, held last night in Carnegie Hall, said that a minority of 189,000 persons, whom they branded as intellectual blackmailers, had put over the prohibition amendment. I should like to point out that the Alive Citizens of America, an organization to uphold the American ideals and the American Constitution, including the Eighteenth amendment, has a membership of 250,000 in New York State alone.

"The organization against prohibition is entitled to our thanks. If their ridiculous claim that prohibition were true it would constitute the best possible argument in favor of prohibition in that it would concede that a minority sober is too much for a majority drunk."

Stuyvesant Fish presided at last night's meeting. There were about 3,000 men and women present.

## BIDDLE BIBLE CLASSES TO HOLD NATIONAL RALLY

The Drexel Biddle Bible Movement of America will hold a national rally at the Calvary Baptist Church, Friday, April 21, under direction of Dr. E. C. Rice, chief director of the Drexel Biddle Bible Class Movement of the District of Columbia, and Ralph C. Howard, assistant chief director. All Protestant Bible classes have been invited to attend.

The Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, and president, and Maj. H. D. Jones, managing director, will speak. The speaker for Washington will be Ralph C. Howard.

## 1922 WILL BE A FASHION SHOP YEAR

Practically a Sale—

## The Tweed Family of Sport Suits

# \$25

With a Second Pair of Pants If You Like for \$5 Extra.



Our showing of tweeds looks like a family reunion. The latest Herringbone Tweeds. The newly-introduced patterns known as Glen Urquard Tweeds and Diamond-Weave Tweeds.

Few men who know what's doing are leaving a tweed suit out of their wardrobe this season.

It wouldn't be a stretch of the imagination to call this affair a sale, either. Getting together such suits at such a price was a masterful bit of work.

## The Fashion Shop

15th & G. ROCHESTER TAILORED CLOTHES. MANHATTAN SHIRTS—STETSON. HATS—INTERWOVEN HOSE. 9th & E. Opposite Crandall's. FRED FELZMAN, Pres.

Hungry between meals? Tingles 5¢ At candy counters.

Portrait Well Drawn. The portrait of the Standard Oil King painted by the famous Sargent, shows the face hawk-like. A hawk—you get the impression the portrait conveys when you meet the aged oil king. But here's a greater picture, one conveying the pathos and dreams of old age—John D. Rockefeller as we saw him the other night. An old man in immaculate evening clothes that seemed too large for him as it appears to you on first glance.

ALIEN THINKS CANNON IS PRESIDENT OF U. S. SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 7.—Uncle Joe Cannon is President of the United States. If you doubt it, ask Mike Doma, of Staunton, who is applying for citizenship papers. "Who is the head man of the United States?" asked Frank C. Christy, naturalization examiner at the Federal building here. "Me thinks he is Uncle Joe Cannon, but I'm hardly sure," replied Mike. Mike was told to polish up his knowledge of Governmental affairs.

NOVEMBER 4, 1918. Dorothy Gish went to the hospital for a rest and to avoid catching the flu from Lillian. Lillian Gish sent her car for me to go to my dramatic lesson. She is so sweet and dear! She deserves more happiness. She gives so much pleasure to people in her screen work. Why, oh, why, must her own life be so pitiful? Why can't things go right in this world just as easy as they go wrong?

CALLS ON POLICE TO LEARN HOW TO PHONE. LANCASTER, Pa., April 7.—"Say, we got queer birds in here," said a policeman at headquarters yesterday. "One came in the other