

# GIRL SLURRED BY BOY LOVER BORROWS GUN AND SHOOT'S HIM; "TOO LOW FOR ME," HE SAID, SHE ANSWERED HIM WITH BULLET

## "I DIDN'T MEAN IT," SHE CRIED AS LAD FELL AT HER FEET

### Quarrel That Ended With Boy in Hospital Is Followed by Remorse and Forgiveness—"I Love Him?" Mourns Irene, as Boy Won't Place Charge Against Her.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 13.

**T**HROUGH the shadows of the grove around the Mountain View Church one night recently the throngs of young people going in to the dance saw a slim figure flit behind a big palm tree. They thought it was a boy, a little boy in overalls, with a toy pistol dangling from a wide cavalryman's belt around his waist, come to play pranks on the merry-makers—and they laughed at the youngster, until Harold Galloway, a seventeen-year-old high school student went out to see what the child was up to.

There was a rustle of leaves as the figure, dodging, fell. Sharp words came fast and then—

"Oh, I thought I was too low for you to speak to in public!"

#### SPURT OF FLAME SEEN.

It was the voice of a girl in hot anger, but before they could identify it a spurt of flame illumined the struggling couple, and the boy crumpled up in a heap among the leaves. When the dazed crowd, streaming out of the parish house, reached them, the little over-alled figure was shaking with sobs, and in the glare of flashlights they recognized Irene Grandstedt, the fourteen-year-old sweetheart of the wounded lad. She was weeping.

"Oh, I didn't mean to hurt you, Harold. It went off by accident. Please speak to me!"

She was dabbling at one of his bleeding finger tips with a handkerchief, but when the unconscious youth was carried into the parish house, it was found that the bullet, after clipping the end off his finger drilled into his abdomen, perforating his intestines in twelve places. Death, the doctors said, was only a matter of days.

#### CHILD FOUGHT TO AID.

Irene, at once pathetic and ludicrous in her overalls, a slip of a girl who looked two years younger than the fourteen accredited her, fought for an opportunity to help. With violet eyes sparkling in grief and terror, and blond bobbed hair streaking across her tear-spattered face, she appeared a distraught child and they did not even bother to summon an officer to arrest her.

When the dying lad was taken to the Red Cross Hospital and the dancers, who had been interrupted by the tragedy sifted home in frightened groups, the girl stumbled out across the fields to her own little home, two miles away.

She went to bed without undressing and without speaking to her parents of what she had done. At dawn, the sound of hammering on the door startled her. She heard the voices of her parents in angry protest and then the call of the impatient sheriff:

"Oh, open up and bring out the murderer. What do you think I'm here for?"

#### GIRL RAN TO HER MOTHER.

In that gentle fashion was the news broken to Irene's mother and father. Panic stricken, the girl ran down the stairs into the open arms of her dumb-stricken mother. The sheriff pulled her away and lifted her into his car, throbbing in the roadway. Ten minutes later, before the family could grasp what it all meant, Irene was in San Jose prison, in the custody of Probation Officer Katherine Brattan, pending the result of Galloway's injuries and the action of the grand jury and the county prosecutor.

She told Miss Brattan that she and Harold had been sweethearts, and that he became jealous when she went out with another youth. They had quarreled. He had declared in the schoolyard that she was "so low that he wouldn't speak to her again in public." He had not invited her to the parish house nor had any one else.

#### WOUNDED LAD'S GREETING.

Humiliated and angry, she said, she had borrowed the pistol from a neighbor's boy, Curtis Morgan, and had gone to make Harold apologize. In the dispute she had threatened him; he had dared her to shoot, and then as he sought to wrest the weapon from her the cartridge was exploded.

Hysterical at the recollection of it, she insisted that it was all an accident.

With the Sheriff, the school principal, the county physician and the probation officer, Irene was hurried to the hospital to face the dying boy. Gulping, she attempted to speak, but the words would not come. Young Galloway, conscious temporarily, started

**SCHOOL GIRL POET SHOOT'S BOY LOVER!**—With her pockets filled with amorous verse, fourteen-year-old Irene Grenstedt avenged Harold Galloway's slur on her reputation with a bullet. The boy, hovering between life and death, asserts, "Irene didn't mean it," and the girl, weeping, cries, "I love him!"

At the right is Curtis Morgan, a freckle-faced schoolboy, who belted the pistol around Irene Grenstedt's waist without a thought that she intended to shoot her lover with the borrowed weapon.



Curtis Morgan

Photo Int. Irene Grandstedt

## "LOVED EACH OTHER; I MEANT NO HARM," SAYS GIRL, IN TEARS

### "I Wasn't Jealous, But Only Lonesome and Sick," Declares Heart-sick Maid Who Shot Youthful Sweetheart.

By IRENE GRANDSTEDT,  
(The Schoolgirl Who Shot Her Boy Lover)

"I DIDN'T mean to hurt him! I love that boy! I love him more than I love any one else except mother. I never loved any other boy. Oh, I went with other boys, but he was always the only one."

"First, when I started going with him, they told me that he was no good, and they said he smoked and drank and hung around the pool rooms, but I wouldn't believe them. And he quit smoking just because I did not like it. And he never drank. I'd have done anything for him. No, he never spoke of marriage to me."

"I met him first a year ago when I was in grammar school. Then I entered high school and we were still going together. I couldn't imagine not being with him. People talked about us—sure. We couldn't help that. We loved each other, and that was about all, I guess. QUARRELED, BUT MADE UP."

"And about two weeks ago another girl and I went out with some other boys. They didn't mean anything to me, and I'd have stayed home if Harold had asked me. But, instead, he came over to my house afterward and called me about every name he could think of, and I got wild. I slapped his face. Then he came back after a while. We made up, but there was something wrong."

"Last night I wanted to see him. They say it was because he was out with another girl and I was jealous. I wasn't. It would have been all right with me if he had gone with another girl. But I wanted to see him. I was lonesome and sort of sick. I hadn't slept for three nights worrying about us and what was going to happen and all that. I went over to Curtis Morgan's because I knew he had a gun. Don't blame Curtis for me borrowing the gun. He didn't guess what I was going to do with it. Neither did I."

"I wanted the gun to protect myself because it was a two-mile walk to where Harold was. No, I couldn't have used it even if a man had attacked me, because I don't understand guns, and I'd be afraid of hurting anyone. But there was a sort of sense of protection in having the belt buckled around my waist and the gun in the holster. I had on my overalls and my knitted cloak thrown over them."

"SHOOT, I'M NOT YELLOW." "When I got before the church—a boy had given me a lift there in his car—I hid behind a palm tree. Harold came out with another boy. He had heard I was there. I caught my foot in my cloak and stumbled. He heard me and came up to me."

"Oh, so it's you," he said. "I was looking for you." And I answered:

"Oh, I thought I was too low down to be recognized in public."

"All I wanted to do was to scare him. Then he said—"Oh, I forgot. I forgot what he said! But I had taken the gun out of the holster somehow and I told him not to come near me when he tried to. He said:

"Shoot! I'm not yellow!" "I answered him: "I wouldn't waste the lead on you!"

"I don't know why I said that. But he grabbed the gun and sort of pulled the barrel toward him, and something on it went down and something else went up. I don't know what it is that makes it work, and then he was lying there. . . ."

"I was crazy; I had my arms around him, kissing him. "That's all right, Irene, you didn't mean it," he said. Oh, he was so kind to me then."

#### ALWAYS WRITING POETRY.

"They almost carried him into the church and wanted to put hot water on the wounds. But I said that that was bad; they must use cold water to stop the blood. I don't know how I knew that. Guess I read it some place. I read everything, from Darwin to Porter. I love reading better than anything else except writing. When I went to Harold with that gun my overalls pockets were stuffed with poetry."

"I remember some of it. I can say it by heart. Listen: "Youth builds castles in the air. Some seek love and beauty there. Others all through life have dreams. Ambition seeks but youth it seems; Youth sends ships across the sea. Ambitions materialize the key!"

"But, oh, I didn't mean to hurt Harold, for I love him! I love him!"

#### Punching O. K., But Judge Bars Kicking

LONDON, May 13.—The unwritten law permits an angry father to hit a young man who keeps his daughter out too late but doesn't permit him to kick him afterwards.

"I shouldn't have minded so much if you had just given him a punch," said the magistrate to the father, "but after knocking him down, you kicked him. That will cost you two pounds."

## Japanese Train Birds To Become "Fishermen"

### Cormorants Are Taught When Quite Young and Work Well Up to Fifteen and Even Twenty Years of Age—Catch 150 Per Hour.

**A**MONG the special entertainments offered to visitors to Japan is a sight of the curious sport of fishing with cormorants on the River Nagara, near Gifu, in the province of Owari.

It has existed in Japan from time immemorial, and always takes place on moonless nights and by torchlight. The cormorants are trained when quite young. They will work well up to fifteen, and even twenty years of age, and each well-trained bird will account for an average of about 150 fish per hour.

Seven boats are employed in the fishing operations, with four men in each boat, one of whom, at the stern, simply propels and guides the craft. The master fisherman, distinguished by his peculiar hat, stands in the bow and handles no fewer than twelve trained birds with great skill and coolness. Another fisherman, of the second grade, situated amidships, handles four birds only. The fourth member of the crew is situated between the two fishermen, and is armed with a piece of bamboo, which he strikes to keep the birds up to their work, at the same time encouraging them by shouts and cries; he also looks after the spare fishing gear and is ready to give aid if required.

Each cormorant has a ring of metal or bone around the base of its neck, which permits the swallowing of the smaller fish as food, but effectually stops those of marketable size. Round the body of the bird is a cord, to which is attached in the middle of the back a short strip of stiff whalebone, with which to lower the bird into the water or lift it out again, and a thin rein of spruce fiber twelve feet long.

The master lowers his twelve birds into the sea at the fishing ground and holds the reins in his left hand, manipulating them with his right as occasion requires. The second fisherman does the same with his four birds, and then the fourth man begins his volleys of noise. The birds start diving and duck-

ing with wonderful swiftness as the astonished fish came swimming toward the blaze of light. The master now has a busy time handling his twelve strings and taking care that they do not foul one another while the birds are dashing hither and thither. His eyes and hands work almost automatically. When one of the birds becomes engorged it swims about in a foolish, helpless way, with head and swollen neck erect, and then the master hauls it in and lifts it on board. He forces its bill open with his left hand, still holding the other lines, and squeezes out the fish with his right, after which he returns the bird to its work. This is all done with such admirable dexterity and quickness that the other birds have not time to become entangled, and immediately the whole team is again perfectly in hand.

Each bird has his own number, and knows it. No. 1 or "Ichi," is the doyen of the corps, the senior in years as well as rank, and his companions, according to their age, come after him in numerical order. Ichi is the last to be put into the water and the first to be taken out, the first to be fed, and the last to enter the basket when the work is over. Ichi has the post of honor in the eyes of the boat. He is a solemn, grizzled old fellow, with a pompous air. The others are placed alternately on either side of the sunwale, according to their rank, and if haply the lawful order of precedence be at any time violated, a terrific rumpus occurs among them.

After the fishing is over, as each cormorant is taken out of the water, the master can tell by its weight whether it has had enough to eat during the hunt, and if not, the bird is fed with the inferior fish that have been caught.

#### Clinic on Wheels

HALIFAX, Can., May 13.—A traveling dental clinic will be instituted by the Nova Scotia division of the Red Cross, to operate among the school children in the rural districts.

and, oh, what a terrible beating I got." The woman shuddered and went on: "My heart closed against my mother and father that night, and they—well, they wouldn't even let me go out with my own brothers after dusk. So, remembering how I was brought up, I guess, maybe, I was too easy with Irene—but her father was too harsh."

Mrs. Grandstedt paused, and her mind went back to the night before, as she said: "You heard Irene wrote poetry. Yes, she was always writing it, but she didn't read it to us. She used to lock it in her hope chest upstairs with all the other things she was saving. She was always kind and sweet to me. "She left me that night early,

saying she was going out with a friend for awhile. I saw her a moment as she came in and I thought by the look in her eyes that something terrible had happened. But she went straight to bed without talking at all and I heard her moaning and crying, but I couldn't go in and ask her what was wrong, for she and her father do not get along friendly now and I was afraid of her."

**BROTHER BEGGED FOR NEWS.** But Teddy, the thirteen-year-old brother of Irene and Vivian, the baby of the family, red-eyed from weeping, begged for news of their sister, and assured visitors that she just couldn't have done anything wrong and was she coming home soon? Would the visitor tell her that the boys and girls at the

school were awful sorry for her? Mrs. Sadie Morgan, the nearest neighbor, with Curtis and the other children around her, was trying, too. But she said: "My boy knew nothing about this affair. Little Irene came to us in the afternoon and asked if she could borrow a gun because she was going to a picnic next day. My husband always keeps several revolvers, and Curtis, who shoots at target practice, thought she wanted to use a pistol at a picnic match. He got her a gun and buckled the belt and holster around her waist. I wasn't paying much attention. I did not notice if she acted unusually. I certainly can't believe that child would do such a thing."

And Curtis, also a high school boy, sturdily corroborated what his