PEGGY BEAL, SLAYER OF "PERFECT LOVER," TELLS OF MARRIED LIFE

TRAGEDIES FEATURES OF CAREER

Discharged From Hospital After Recovery From Self-Inflicted Wound.

By JACK CARBERRY,
Cosmopolitan News Service.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug 31.—Marie ("Peggy") Beal, modern "Thuvia, Maid of Mars," was today discharged from the hospital, where, since June 2, she has been a patient recovering from a self-inflicted bullet wound.

It was on a June night that "Peggy" Beal shot and killed F. Warren Anderson, member of an old Philadelphia family, after, she alleges, he had first promised her marriage and then revealed himself to her as a married man.

Burned Her Arm.

After shooting Anderson, Peggy Beal turned her revolver on herself. The pistol flash set fire to the silken undergarments in which she was clad. A burn, which penetrated almost to the bone of the left upper arm, resulted.

It was necessary to graft fourteen inches of skin to the patient's arm. Over 200 men and women offered their skin. Peggy Beal's own physician, Dr. Charles W. Chelitham, pleaded with her to allow him to make the sacrifice that she might recover.

But she refused.

"I feel I am going to the penitentiary—to the gallows, perhaps," she said. "Why should I disfigure another for my sake."

Peggy Beal insisted the skin be her own.

The operation was performed three weeks ago.

Her recovery was rapid. Today she was taken from the hospital to alone she will rest her defense.

By MARIE ("PEGGY") BEAL.
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CHAPTER II.

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE.

"I love you."

I heard my husband whisper the words into the ear of my dearest friend as I stood there, confronting the county jail where she will be held until her arraignment before Justice John H. Pollock this week.

Peggy Beal is to offer the most unusual defense for her act in local court annals.

"I killed the man I loved so that other girls might not make the mistakes I made," she says.

Peggy Beal has written her own story for The Washington Times.

This story will be read by her to the jury selected to try her. On it them. Her answer was a kiss. Then both stood in silence with the realization they had been caught.

What words came to me, I do not know.

But even over the span of years, my thoughts now come to me clearly. "So this," I thought, "is how men keep faith, and women friendship."

"Faith" of Men.

That "faith" of men is reflected a thousand times in the letters I have received from other women—those sisters of mine, whose fate is so like my own. That moment was the first realization I had of a great truth which has since dawned on me—that all men are polygamous at heart. I have learned the truth of it since.

And since, I have often wondered—wondered if the order of things today is as God intended it. Or whether, back there in the days of Solomon, when man gave expression to his longings for the love of more than one woman, the world was not wiser than it is now. For all men love more than one woman.

They are of three classes:

First—The "good man" in the eyes of the world, who, in his secret dreams, visions the loves that might have been and keeps their memory locked within his heart.

Second—The brazen roue whose loves are notorious—who makes no pretense at living the theory of today—"one man for one woman."

Third—And they are in the majority—the "cheater," the man whose loves are hidden from each other, but which exist in every city of every land.

No man, I believe, is true to one woman in his heart. She who believes otherwise, poor girl, is a fool.

It was hours after the realization of my husband's faithfulness dawned on me that I regained consciousness. My baby had been born dead. The next day they told me Lilly had left town.

What was I to do? Countless wives have asked that question. Mothers have in the main, answered it as I. They buried happiness and faith in the dead past and lived only for the little lives they had sponsored into the world. Such a life was mine.

Second Son Born.

My every waking hour, from the moment the electric bulb had revealed the triangle of my existence, was spent in the services of Junior. The most torn heart will mend, after a fashion, and so three years later, my second son, Louis, was born.

But through the years of struggle there always remained the chasm of memory of that tragic night. The divorce was eventual—it could not be helped.

The illness which followed the birth of my first child grew upon me, through added worry. But I had to go on. I had my two little sons to support now. I struggled as best I could and for a time succeeded in sending my boys to a very exceptional Chicago school. But my health broke—I was ordered to a sanitarium.

There came a day when I was no longer equal to the struggle. Perhaps no mother could say that, but as I lay there ill, what appeared a way out for my boys, presented itself. My former husband had married again. He had prospered to a degree, and asked me to let him take the boys.

Only a mother knows the struggle which surges within a mother's heart. I wanted my babies—but even above that, I wanted them to have the best that life could afford and so, eventually, I consented.

Meets Joseph Stanley.

Again I was left alone. At the conclusion of months of hardship, the second man I had ever known in my heart, came into my life. His name was Joseph Stanley. He was a college man, good and honorable. Through the memory of years and their tragedies, his name and memory will live in my heart forever.

We became engaged. Through him I hoped to get back to my boys. The old, old motto my father had taught me, "After the rain comes the sunshine," appeared about to be realized.

My lover was in Dayton, Ohio. I was in Chicago.

"Why wait longer for our wedding?" he begged me in his letters. Our wedding day was set.

I boarded a train, my heart singing—happiness, a vision which grew nearer with each passing mile. I arrived at the depot.

As I walked through the station gate, a woman in nurse's garb, met me.

"You are Peggy Beal," she said, explaining that she recognized me from my tiny heighth—I am but five feet tall. Tears glistened in her eyes.

"Come," she said, "I have been sent to meet you. Joe is dying."

Memory fails me. I have a faint recollection of hurrying to the side of the man I loved. He had been stricken in the street by the dreaded "flu." He recognized me and spoke—the next morning he died.

(The tragedy of Peggy Beal's second romance will be told in the next chapter of her own story).

SISTER OF CLINE IS PHILA. POLICEWOMAN

INTERNATIONAL NEWS REEL

Miss Margaret Walz, Philadelphia's only policewoman and official dance censor, a sister of George Cline, who is said to have killed John Bergen at the Cline home in Edgewater, N. J., is prostrated by the news of the crime.

Incidentally, she revealed that Cline's real name is Von Walz, that he served with the German army during the early days of the war, and with the entry of America into the conflict he deserted the German forces and enlisted under the American flag.

MICKY COLLINS' GIRL SHOULDERS GRIEF BRAVELY

Views Romance Shattered by Death as Contribution to Erin's Cause.

By JULIA McCARTHY.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—There is a rival to whom many maidens have given up their lovers, and gladly.

"Cathleen - ni - Houlihan," as conceived by the Irish poets, Yeats and Lady Gregory, symbolizes the spirit of Ireland. And to aid Erin, many of her youths and fair girls have set aside the quests of love and marriage till country should be served.

Are Willing Heroines.

No matter whether the dramatic picture shows the strange visitor to an Irish cottage as depriving a young girl of her bridegroom, leading him away to the sea. In reality, Ireland's women are willing heroines. Katherine Kiernan, who was to have married the slain Michel Collins, is one of these. And her loss recalls the story of Sarah Curran, beloved of Robert Emmet, Irish martyr of other days. Of her, Thomas Moore wrote:

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps.
"And lovers around her are sighing:
"But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps.
"For her heart in his grave is lying."

Two Similar Romances.

In many ways the romance of Michael Collins is like that of Emmet. With Judge Alfred J. Talley, a man who has much historical lore at his fingertips, who is devoted to, and has lectured on romance languages and literature, we discussed these strange, sad romances that have bloomed and died in Ireland.

"For centuries," said Judge Talley, "Irish women have given up their lovers to 'Cathleen-ni Houlihan.'

"Who but an Irish girl would have deferred her wedding day for love of country? Irish women are known throughout the world for their idealism, and Katherine Kiernan thought no more of marriage when Ireland needed Michael Collins. She made the sacrifice. Country interposed a strong demand, and she was the first to admit that claim.

"One of the things that has kept the story of Emmet brightly interesting for more than a century after his death was the compassion felt for beautiful Sarah Curran, his affianced bride. Miss Curran was the daughter of a brilliant Irish lawyer who was none too sympathetic toward Emmet's ideals and aims.

Wed Army Officer.

"After Emmet was executed Sarah Curran went to England. She was exiled by her family, destitute. Later she married an army officer, but we know that she was unable to forget her memories of Emmet, for she finally died of a broken heart.

"Some of the loveliest letters ever written were those exchanged by Sarah Curran and Robert Emmet!

"Collins, like Emmet, was cold, impetuous and with no other ideal than the absolute separation of Ireland from British domination. Collins ultimately hoped to achieve that through the present expediency of the Free State. But it was not as a man with the idea solely of a Free State that Collins was hunted for a long time, with a price of $50,000 on his head.

"Ireland is now the Niobe of nations weeping for her children."

Origin of Story.

Judge Talley reviewed the story of "Cathleen-ni-Houlihan."

"The scene is an Irish cottage. They are preparing for the next day's celebration, which is to be their son's wedding morn. His betrothed is there. The bridegroom is trying on a new coat. His old mother is pleased at his bride-to-be, especially since she will bring a nice dowry along.

But in comes a strange woman. She babbles on about the lovers she has had. Hundreds! Thousands! Men who would make any sacrifice. The cottagers look askance at her. She continues. For her, she says, men have given up power, position, riches and ambitions.

"There are ships in the harbor, she says, and youths gathering for revolt. The bridegroom at the end follows her in a daze, down to the sea.

"This same Cathleen was the rival of Katherine Kierman and of Sarah Curran to whom they gladly gave way.

"It looked as if Emmet's epitaph had been about to be composed for he said not till his country was free should it be written. But it seems as if the chisel poised over Emmett's tomb ready to write that epitaph had been dashed aside by the same bullet that struck down Michael Collins.

A Curious Parallel.

"Another curious parallel between Emmet and Collins is this:

"Emmet was hanged by the British upon a charge of inspiring a revolt against English rule, but his capture was due to a betrayal by some of those in whom he had placed trust.

"In the same way Collins was shot down by men who, doubtless, within the past year were fighting for the same cause as Collins himself.

"In ten years Ireland will have a strong place among the nations. She can decide then if she will remain with England or not."

NO EARLY FROST SAYS PHILADELPHIA PROPHET

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Aug. 31.—Gus Luckenbill, the official weather prophet of the Philadelphia & Reading railway, predict there will be no killing frosts until September 21.

This prediction was made in face of the fact that temperatures have been so low the past week as to threaten frost before the end of August. This month will go out in a series of electrical storms, he declares.

COLLINS WAS FORCE BACK OF IRISH TREATY

Lamented Arthur Griffith Gave Him Full Credit for Free State Pact.

This installment of "Michael Collins' Own Book," written in collaboration with Hayden Talbot, representative of The Washington Times, continues the interview Mr. Talbot had with Arthur Griffith, the last one Griffith granted before his death. In publishing these articles, The Washington Times cannot be too emphatic in asserting that the book is presented to American readers for its historic interest only, and without prejudice for or against either side of the conflicting Irish elements.

By HAYDEN TALBOT.
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CHAPTER V.

Section 2.

Continuing his argument, in our interview, concerning the aims and accomplishments of Sinn Fein, after his eulogy of William Rooney, to whom he ascribed much of the credit of organizing Sinn Fein, Arthur Griffith asserted:

"Rooney spoke as a prophet. He prepared the way and foresaw victory, and he helped his nation to rise and by developing its soul get ready for victory."

"And you feel that the treaty is then such a victory?" I asked.

"Yes," came Griffith's instant reply. "It's just that. Ireland's victory is a fact. The Irish people are at last masters in their own house. But let me attempt to state the bare facts in the case. Dail Eireann sent us to London to make a bargain with England. We made the bargain. We brought it back. The Irish people accepted it.

Indisputable Facts.

"These are indisputable facts. Our job in London was 'to' reconcile Irish national aspirations with the association of Ireland with the community of nations known as the British Empire.' That job was as hard a one as was ever placed on the shoulders of men. We didn't seek the job. When other men refused to go, we went. And our critics should remember that the very fact of our going was an acknowledgment in itself that we prepared to accept less than the complete independence of an isolated republic.

"I signed the treaty, not as an ideal thing, but fully believing what I believe now, that it safeguards the interests of Ireland and is everlasting proof of our rightful recognition as a distinct nationality.

Stands By Treaty.

"By that treaty I am going to stand. The suggestion that patriotism justifies a man putting his signature to a bond of this kind with his tongue in his cheek is abominable.

"The Irish people declared that the treaty was good enough for them and the Irish people are our masters, not our slaves. We are not the dictators of the Irish people, but their representatives. And if we misrepresent them our moral authority and the strength behind us are gone forever.

"Now as to the efforts made to show that certain men stood uncompromisingly on a rock-ribbed republic—the time hasn't yet arrived to prove such statements untruthful, but the time may not be far distant when facts may safely be told.

"The men who have tried to make the Irish people believe this are the same men who have done their utmost to discredit the one man who made the negotiations possible—the man who won the war—COLLINS.

"They charged him with having compromised Ireland's rights. But Ireland's rights never have been in better hands in all Irish history. They know that in the letters that preceded negotiations, not once was a demand made for recognition of the Irish republic. They know that if such a demand had been made there would have been no negotiations.

"That section of Dail styling themselves uncompromising republicans, not to mention women members of Dail Eireann, were determined that we should obtain nothing less than recognition for the republic, even though they well knew it needed only the making of the demand for negotiations abruptly to stop.

"Three times we submitted document No. 2, which was not written by Valera but by Childers, to Lloyd George. Three times he turned it down.

"There was nothing of a republic in that document. It included the oath of allegiance to King George. These facts must not be made public so long as there is a chance of settling our differences.

"I permitted my hands to be tied in Dail. There I called the differences between document No. 2 and the treaty a quibble over words. So far as my power can accomplish it, not one Irish life shall be lost over such a quibble.

Verdict Up To Irish.

"The day will come when we shall be put on trial by the Irish people. It will be their verdict that will matter.

"We did our best for Ireland. If the Irish people had said—having gotten everything else but the name of republic—that they would fight to get the name, I should have told them they were fools and then would have joined their ranks!

"But the Irish people are not fools. The world will not be fooled for long. The Irish people want peace. They want peace even to the extent of accepting an alliance with England. For they see in such an alliance that Ireland can develop its own life, carry out its own way of existence and rebuild Gaelic civilization.

"They want to end the bitter conflict of centuries, end it forever.

"No man who signed that treaty could dishonor his signature without dishonoring the Irish nation. And that's a vital concern.

"Collins is a man, and nobody knows better than I whose matchless energy and indomnitable will carried Ireland through years of terror.

Tribute to Collins.

"If I had any ambitions political, if I would have immortal fame, if I longed to have my name go down in history, I should choose to have my name associated with the name of Collins. Collins beat the Black and Tan terror until England was forced to offer terms of peace.

"Finally, as regards the Southern Unionists and Ulstermen—I hold that they are all my countrymen, and if we are to have an Irish nation there must be fair play for all sections, an understanding between all sections.

"The man who thinks he can build the Irish nation and make it function successfully with 800,000 of our countrymen northeast against us, with 400,000 of our countrymen south opposed to us, is living in a fool's paradise. I live in a world of realities.

"But that doesn't mean that I have no dreams. I have dreamed and should like to have my dreams come true—but I have to face facts.

"One fact that every Irishman should realize is that in signing the treaty every one of the plenipotentiaries knew we got the last ounce it was possible to get out of England."

"Michael Collin's Own Book will be continued tomorrow in The Washington Times.

FLAPPER IS EXTINCT, RULES FASHION CHIEF

Paul Poiret, noted Parisian fashion expert, said a year and a half ago that long skirts would again be worn, and his prophecy is just now beginning to be realized.

PAUL POIRET.

POIRET PLACES FLAPPER WITH DODO AND AUK

Skirts and Hair to Grow Long, He Predicts, Then Short Again.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—The flapper is distinctly out o' luck.

This species—scientifically flapperique bobberitis—is officially extinct, according to the edict of Paul Poiret, dean of French fashion connoisseurs.

But she's coming back. A new variety of flapper is due about 1927, interviewers of Poiret were led to believe. In other words, just about the time the flapper's hair is grown to a respectable length, off it must come again.

M. Poiret had more to say on short and long skirts. The other day he decreed the end of the knee-length skirt reign.

"Skirts will become longer and longer until they hit the ground," the Frenchman said. "There will be a few years of the long skirt, perhaps three, who knows?"

Then up they go again. Women will tire of being hobbled like a pacing horse. They will remember that shapely limbs are not to be hidden in folds of cloth.

Judging from the more extreme skirts of today, as compared to the short dresses of the last period of that style, the short skirts of three or four years hence will really be SHORT.

Poiret said that when fashion outlived its purpose, it should be relegated to the scrap heap and something new tried.

American women are expected to be a bit tardy in accepting the long skirt.

"This may be due," Poiret admitted, "to the fact that the American feminine figure is better developed and more finely poised than the French. Complexions are better—clothes seem possessed of more snap.

"The American has all of the charm of the French and the aristocracy of the English."

NAVY AVIATORS MAKE WORLD TARGET RECORD

What is believed by naval officials to be a world record for hitting a moving target with a fixed machine gun was established by navy fliers of the Pacific fleet's air force in the annual target practice just completed, according to a report to the Navy Department today.

The record was established by pilots of fighting plane squadron No. 1 of the Pacific fleet. Where a hit every two seconds was hitherto considered excellent marksmanship, three of the pilots in the tests, working under conditions prevalent in actual warfare, scored 123 hits in 22 seconds. An investigation of all available records, officials said today, failed to reveal any score to equal that performance.

BOBBED HAIR PROHIBITED FOR HAGERSTOWN NURSES

HAGERSTOWN, Md., Aug. 31.—The controversy over bobbed hair which raged here for several months, broke out anew today when Miss Emma K. Glover, superintendent of the Washington county hospital, issued an order prohibiting nurses from bobbing their hair. One nurse bobbed her tresses and the order followed.

"I am certainly opposed to bobbed hair for trained nurses," Miss Glover said. "I think it dreadful for a girl to go among ill patients with bobbed hair. It is following the frivolous flaper style and is entirely out of keeping with the uniform and the dignity of the profession. Personally I admire bobbed hair on young girls, but I believe a nurse wearing her hair in this style is out of place in a sick room."

LEWISTOWN, PA., FARMER DEVELOPS A NEW PEA

LEWISTOWN, Pa., Aug. 31.—Thomas Davis has developed a new pea, to be known as the King of the Garden. Three years ago Mr. Davis split two peas, took half of each and tied them together. He put the manufactured pea in water until it sprouted, then planted it, and for three years has nursed the resultant crops carefully, until this year he will have about a half bushel of seed.

The peas are large, the pod being about five inches long, with nine to twelve peas to the pod. The stalks are from eight to nine feet high, and the yield is prolific.

Golf for Beginners.

The beginners golf course in East Potomac Park will be open all day every day beginning today, it was announced by Major D. L. Weart, of the office in charge of public buildings and grounds. Heretofore this five hole course has been open all day only on Sundays.

"Good-bye Summer"

Labor Day, the last of the big week end holidays—then comes the "deluge," the homeward rush that swamps railroad and boat lines. The wise arrange far in advance for home-coming accommodations. The wise also arrange to have the greatest of home comforts—American Ice—awaiting them. No food can be ordered and no housekeeping started until the great food preserver is in the refrigerator.

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