

YOU CAN READ THIS ON A CAR WITHOUT  
JABBING YOUR NEIGHBOR IN THE EAR

# THE DAY BOOK

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ONE CENT

## THOS. SMITH FORGIVES HIS BROTHER JOSEPH FOR MURDERING HIS WIFE

*Aged Mother Bring Sons Who Hated Each Other for  
Years Together When Both Are Ar-  
raigned on Criminal Charges.*

There never was a more dramatic scene in all Chicago than that enacted in Judge Scully's court today.

Two brothers who had hated each other for years, who had refused to talk to each other for years, were being arraigned.

The brothers were Thomas and Joseph Smith. Thomas is charged with larceny; Joseph with the murder of his own sister-in-law, the wife of Thomas.

Behind the brothers as they were called before the bar stood a little old woman, a woman whose face was marked with tears, whose hands trembled, whose knees shook.

The woman was Mrs. Ellen Smith, 63 years old, the mother of the brothers.

The case of Thomas Smith was called first. Thomas, with Ed Curley and eGorge Williams, is charged with stealing a wagonload of butter and eggs valued at \$3,600 last January 28. He was held to the grand jury in \$1,500 bonds for this last March 3, but jumped his bond.

Thomas was shaking when he was called to the stand. It was obvious that he was on the verge of a break-

down. Judge Scully asked him if he had anything to say.

And the accused man broke down completely and sobbed.

"Judge," he cried, "I wish that I had been shot instead of my wife. I wish that I was lying cold and dead instead of her."

"Why didn't you think of that while your wife was alive?" asked the judge.

There was no answer from the man on the stand. But his mother began to sob also.

Joseph Smith was called to the stand. He was accused of the murder of his brother's wife, Mrs. Rose Smith, last Sunday. He listened to the reading of the charge sullenly.

Joseph was held to the grand jury without bail. . . . And then a sudden stillness fell over the courtroom as everyone turned to look at the two brothers and their mother.

Thomas was still weeping. The tears were streaming down the mother's face. Joseph wore a bowed, dejected look.

"Judge," said Thomas, at last, "I know I'm in bad, but can I get—will