PREACHER SCORES "DRY" LAW

THE REV. DR. WASSON RESIGNS TO FIGHT PROHIBITION.

Riverhead Rector's Outspoken Letter Giving Reasons for His Action—His View of "Temperance" Legislation—The Bishop Declines to Discuss It.

RIVERHEAD, L. I., May 16.—The Rev. Dr. William A. Wasson, has tendered his resignation as rector of Grace Episcopal Church of this place to take effect on September 1. He gives as his reason for resigning that he desires more time to lecture and write against prohibition.

The Rev. Dr. Wasson is a brother of the Rev. James R. Wasson, who was for several years connected with St. Thomas's Episcopal Church of New York city. He has been pastor of Grace Church for eight years. Before coming to Riverhead he was pastor of Grace Episcopal Church of Brooklyn.

For the last five years Dr. Wasson has taken an active part in the license campaign. He has written and lectured much in advocating license—in fact has become a national figure because of his opposition to prohibition. He has lectured in various parts of the United States, and because he has so openly advocated license he has been rebuked and ridiculed in local pulpits and by church and temperance people all over the country.

Although his activity in the defence of license has been distasteful to his parishioners Dr. Wasson is resigning of his own accord.

The Rev. Dr. Wasson owns a sixty-acre farm at Mattituck, and after his retirement from the pastorate of Grace Church he intends to spend most of his time on the farm when not lecturing.

The Rev. Mr. Wasson's letter to the Bishop is as follows;

The Right. Rev. Frederick Burgess, D. D., Bishop of Long Island:

MY DEAR BISHOP: I hereby tender you my resignation of the rectorship of Grace Church, Riverhead, to take effect on September 1 next.

This is a step I have had under serious consideration for some months. It does not mean that I have less regard for the Church or her work or less appreciation of my duty and privilege as her minister. On the contrary, it is these very considerations that are determining my course—that I may serve the Church more effectually. I see an ampler opportunity than a local pastorate can afford of preaching the Gospel "as this Church hath received the same," and I feel that I am "thereunto called."

The supreme immorality that confronts and threatens the Christian church in this country is that which masks and misreports itself under the guise of that noble word, temperance. The prohibition movement is more dangerous than commercialism, for the latter, at least, makes no pretence. If it demoralizes, it does not deceive. The poisonous influence of this humbug, "temperance," is more disastrous than that of drunkenness; for the latter is seen and loathed for what it is, whereas the prohibition propaganda parades in the livery of heaven.

This spurious "temperance" slurs, not always covertly, our Lord Jesus Christ, because in his own words He came "drinking!" A copy of the *Prohibitionist*, the official organ of the national Prohibition party, is before me containing an editorial in this very strain, the gist of which is that if Jesus did drink wine He was ignorant of what He was doing, ignorant of the fact that He was setting a bad example to all future ages. Jesus Christ must sit at the feet of these blasphemers to take lessons in good morals. And these modern Scribes and Pharisees have the brazen nerve to call themselves Christians!

Calling the master of the house, Beelzebub, how much more them of his household. This perfidious crusade denies and where can, tears away and destroys the lawful liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. Our own branch of the one universal church, in agreement with all the other ancient divisions of the same, expressly and formally places the wine cup in the hands of every communicating member and commands, "Drink this." Indeed it looks on this sacrament as at once the consummation and the wellspring of the Christian's spiritual life. Our Church in so many words in the catechism teaches that wine (and by analogy other alcoholic beverages that may be more dangerous than wine) has an even stronger claim than that of legitimate indulgence. It teaches that wine is a food. "Our bodies are strengthened and refreshed by the bread and wine." How far, or whether at all, the individual member of the church shall commonly use these beverages the church leaves to the conscience and the good sense of the member.

The moral influence of this tyrannical, un-Scriptural and un-Christian prohibition propaganda is wholly and manysidedly bad. While the masses of its adherents are no doubt sincere and honest, its protagonists as a class assault all who differ from them with savage and venomous ferocity. They admit no difference in judgment. Even to question their wisdom argues moral depravity. In addition they slander and falsify. They browbeat. They set wicked traps to entice to sin. Where they prevail there begins an orgy of hypocrisy and lawbreaking, and the last state of the community is worse than the first.

I believe there is a great and urgent work for the Church and her Master to be done in exposing and combating this threatened reign of terror. In this work I propose to do my little share by giving up my whole time to it. I shall oppose that menace to true religion with voice and pen. With my brother I am now collaborating on a book aiming at once to show how intemperance can be met and overcome, here a little and there a little, by methods that approve themselves to the reason and invade no inherent rights. I am writing for the periodical press as well. And I am prepared to speak wherever men will listen to the voice of the Church and the message of the everlasting Gospel that has been entrusted to her care.

Henceforth I shall give my time and thought to fighting temperance falsely so called and advocating the true temperance which means moderation and self-control.

Yours sincerely
WILLIAM A. WASSON

Grace Church Rectory, Riverhead, L. I. May 14, 1910.

While always openly opposed to the prohibition of liquor sales, Mr. Wasson four years ago deploring, as he said, the conditions which obtained in Riverhead as a "dry" town, published a letter in the Riverhead *News* advocating license. It brought a storm about his head and some members of his church quit it. Riverhead went "wet." Two years later he carried his crusade for license into every town in Suffolk county, as a result, so it has been claimed, every town went "wet." It was the first time this had occurred in many years.

GARDEN CITY, May 16.—Bishop Burgess at the See House here this evening refused to comment upon the letter or resignation of the Rev. Mr. Wasson. The Bishop also refused to say whether he would make any comment upon it in his sermon before the diocesan convention which is to meet here to-morrow.

GIRL KILLED, MOTORMAN FREE

Coroner on Hand to Remind Policeman of the New Accident Rule.

When a Madison avenue car driven by Motorman Dugan of 124 East Ninety-eighth street, killed Millie Friedenbach, 4 years old, daughter of Samuel Friedenbach of 81 East 131st street, while crossing 131st street, last night, the motorman was let go. Coroner Holzhauser reminded Policeman Miller of the East 126th street station of Mayor Gaynor's recent order not to arrest in cases of pure accident.

CHARLES W. MORSE LOSES.

Court Refuses Permission to File a Petition for Writ of Habeas Corpus.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—The application of Charles W. Morse, formerly president of the National Bank of North America of New York, for permission to file a petition for a writ of habeas corpus to secure his release from the Atlanta penitentiary under sentence of fifteen years for misapplying the funds of the bank was to-day denied by the Supreme Court.

Morse based his application on the grounds that as the jury that convicted him was under the charge of special agents of the Department of Justice a fair trial was denied him; that Dewey, one of the jurors, was not mentally qualified to sit in the case; that the charges of the Judge to the jury contained the statement that Morse's actions in connection with the bank's funds had been with intent to deceive, whereas it was not so alleged in the indictment, and that the sentence imposed was five years in excess of that permitted by the law. The court handed down no opinion with its decision denying the application.

Charles W. Morse, the New York banker now serving a fifteen year term in the Government penitentiary at Atlanta, may secure his release in about five years under the provisions of a bill passed by the House to-day to permit the parole of Federal prisoners. It provides that after a convict has served one-third of his sentence, exclusive of good behavior allowance, he may be released by the parole board of the prison in which he is confined.

Representative Sabbath of Illinois opposed the measure on the floor of the House, contending that rich criminals will be released by the wholesale and justice defeated. Representative Clayton of Alabama and other members of the Judiciary Committee, which reported and defended the bill, denied this.

As the Senate has passed this measure it only awaits the President's signature to become a law.

ATLANTA, May 16.—Mrs. C. W. Morse was told of the court's action as she and her husband's sister were preparing to leave for New York. Mrs. Morse wept bitterly for a time and repeatedly said: "It was too bad; we were so hopeful that the Supreme Court would give him another chance."

Finally controlling herself, Mrs. Morse said: "The decision of the court is a great disappointment, as we felt sure that leave would be granted to file the application. We know of no other legal means to procure a rehearing for my husband, but I have not given up the fight for his freedom. I shall go ahead securing signatures to a petition or clemency which will be presented to President Taft. Thousands have already signed and there will be a million signatures when the petition goes to the President. I believe that the petition will result in clemency being shown my husband."

Mrs. Morse and Miss Morse left for New York this afternoon.

NEW HAVEN, May 16.—Edward C Roberts of Hartford, a Yale senior, son of ex-Gov. Henry Roberts, to-day put into circulatian a petition to President Taft asking for the release of Charles W. Morse from the Atlanta penitentiary. Edwin A. Morse, son of Charles W. Morse, is a popular member of the Yale senior class.

BROOKLYN DEMOCRATS' VIEW.

Orators See G. O. P. on the Run and Opposition Coming In.

So much time was burned up in the reading of interesting though long letters of regret from prominent Democrats that the dinner of the Brooklyn Democratic Club in commemoration of the life and public services of Andrew Jackson did not get moving until 11 o'clock last night. After the letters there was a quantity of speeches from young Brooklyn Democrats, who were for the most part introduced as "the young Bourke Cockrans of Brooklyn [cheers] and who will be heard from [cheers] later."

Among the Democrats from elsewhere who sent letters or telegrams were Champ Clark, leader of the minority in the House of Representatives, who wrote that the situation was so ticklish just now that he didn't dare to hop off the job; Ex-Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson, Gov. Judson Harmon of Ohio, who wrote that the Legislature out there was keeping him busy; President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton, Gov. William H. Mann of Virginia, Congressman Havens and Congressman Foss of Massachusetts, Mayor John K. Sague of Poughkeepsie, David R. Francis of Missouri and Mayor Gaynor.

There was a letter from Dr. St. Clair McKelway of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which excited quite a bit of comment. Mr. McKelway wrote:

I am regretfully required to announce that I will be unable to be with your organization on the night of May 16. Otherwise it would give me pleasure to hear Senator Chamberlain, Congressman Foss and Reorganizer Osborne, all three of whom I value highly. Could I come, however, I should not speak, as my views can be more easily and less objectionably stated in my paper than in any form that would shorten the time of the foregoing gentlemen or require them to shorten mine.

After the speechmaking was under way and the young and veteran orators got going it was hard for any one to see a good finish for the G. O. P. next fall. Everybody from Senator George E. Chamberlain of Oregon to young Mr. Dudley Field Malone was certain that the Republican party is on the run and that there can be no other outcome than the election in New York State of a Democratic Governor and the election all over the country of a flock of Democratic Congressmen. The speakers agreed in saying that the Republican party is drunk with power and is about to be run out by the American people.

Alonzo G. McLaughlin, president of the club, was toastmaster, and among those who spoke were Senator Chamberlain, Herman A. Metz, D-Cady Herrick and Dudley Field Malone. There were about two hundred present.

IMMUNITY SMASHED WITH AXE

BRONX GAMBLERS RAIDED OVER POLICE CAPTAIN'S HEAD.

Inspector's Men Take Twelve Prisoners but Can't Find the Cashier—Klondike and Poolroom Outfits Seized—Police Think a Politician the Backer.

Inspector Flood and some of Inspector Russell's men raided a poolroom at 2596 Third avenue, The Bronx, with axes yesterday afternoon and took twelve prisoners. The man who is supposed to have conducted the place has had political affiliations which are believed to have given him immunity up to now. It is the first raid of the sort that The Bronx has known in a good while. It was made over the head of Capt. Naughton of the Alexander avenue police station, in whose precinct the house did business.

For two weeks Detectives Dungate and Donnally of Inspector Russell's staff had been going to the house looking for evidence. They played the games with the rest, but they weren't able to find out who the man was who received the money placed on the horses. He kept himself hidden in a cashier's cage, the window of which was screened with a green shade.

Yesterday morning Magistrate Steinert issued warrants in the Tombs police court for the arrest of the inmates of the house. Dungate and Donnally went up as usual and played until the rest of the police arrived, led by Inspector Flood and Lieut. Daniel Costigan. Ten other policemen were in the party.

Inspector Flood and his men didn't find a watcher on the stairs. The door was locked, and when the inspector called for admittance there was a fuss inside. Dungate and Donnally told the players that the game was up. Lieut. Costigan chopped his way through the door and let in the police.

Three men were in one corner of the room opposite to where the cashier's box stood. They were busy at a Klondike cloth in the middle of which was a flush tank containing $190.40. They were arrested and later were charged with being common gamblers. The others, nine of them, who had been showing interest in racing sheets were charged with betting.

The queer part of it was that the police didn't find anybody behind the green shade of the cashier's booth. The twelve men were loaded into a patrol wagon along with the Klondike layout, three telephones, the green shade and a lot of racing sheets. They were taken not to Capt. Naughton's station, but to the Morrisania station.

The nine bettors gave their names as Joseph Williams, athlete, of 729 Mapes avenue, The Bronx; Thomas Cullon, salesman, of 143 Main street, Yonkers; John Brown, driver, of 352 Willis avenue, The Bronx; William J. Walker, electrician, 119 Main street, Yonkers; James Coyne, foreman, of 128 Guttenberg avenue, Guttenberg, N. J.; Michael Lamb, driver, of 2793 Eighth avenue; Maurice Wand, collector, 350 Lane avenue, Stamford, Conn.; Joseph L. Smith, electrician, 312 West 128th street; Peter J. Rice, cutter, 124 Walton avenue, The Bronx. They were all bailed at $500 apiece. The bondsmen were Edward H. McLaughlin of 442 East 157th street and Frank Manz of 206 East 152d street.

The three who were held as gamblers said they were George Watson, driver, of 352 East 156th street; Thomas Mock, agent, 2083 Second avenue, and Harry Buckman, clerk, of 780 St. Ann's avenue, The Bronx. Magistrate Butts was found at his home and admitted them to bail. The bondsman was Harry Hansen, a confectioner of 268 Alexander avenue, The Bronx. The prisoners will be arraigned in the Tombs court this morning.

BOYS CAUGHT DIVVYING.

"L. L." Jewelry in Their Hands Came From H. M. Brookfield's Maybe.

One of the neighbors last night noticed that the basement door to the house at 132 East Seventy-eighth street was open. A careful look showed that a panel of the door had been smashed and the knob worked by an inreaching arm. The house belongs to Henry M. Brookfield, president of the Brookfield Glass Company of 2 Rector street. He and his family are out of town.

The neighbor telephoned to the police and Policeman Dunn was sent around. Dunn went all through the house, but everything seemed to be untouched. Not satisfied, he meandered up to Fifth avenue and Seventy-fifth street. He saw three boys silhouetted in the glare of the arc light on the corner.

As he drew near he overheard the smallest boy say: "Well, where's my share?"

"You kin go beat the air for it," the other two advised him. By this time the policeman saw the glimmer of spoil in two pairs of hands.

At the station house the boys said they were William Beacher of 311 East Seventy-sixth street, Joseph Larkin of 306 East Seventieth street and David Pulitzer of 316 East Seventieth street. Beacher is 14 years old, the other two are a year younger. David Pulitzer was empty-handed. He was the one who had been demanding his whack.

The Beacher boy had a brooch set with four pearls and a gold college fraternity pin. Joe Larkin had a pair of scissors, a silver ladle marked "L. L." and a silver hatpin.

The boys insisted they had found the articles on Fifth avenue. As the police had no proof that the stuff came from the Brookfield house the boys were sent to the Gerry Society on the all embracing charge of juvenile delinquency.

Mrs. Brookfield before her marriage was Miss Louise Lord.

POLICE HOT AFTER PIRATES.

The Cap'n Had Phoned His Dream of a Sally Ann All But Scuttled.

Capt. John Johnson of the refuse scow Sally Ann, listing to starboard with an overcargo of alcohol, yesterday afternoon took to the telephone. He called 3100 Spring, the new Police Headquarters, and told the answering sergeant that the good ship Sally Ann was being attacked by a pirate tugboat.

"Where is your boat?" the sergeant asked.

"At the foot of West Thirty street," was the reply.

The sergeant telephoned for the patrol boat and the harbor squad. He also telephoned to the old West Twentieth street and the West Thirtieth street station houses and ordered the reserves to the scene of the naval battle.

The patrol boat arrived on the scene first with decks cleared for action. Lo, there sat the captain on the top of a pile of refuse on his boat, smoking a pipe. He pointed out to a tug in midstream.

"That's them," he shouted; "they're makin' a getaway now."

The patrol boat put out in pursuit of the fleeing tug.

Then the West Thirtieth street reserves arrived. The captain greeted them with cheers, told a couple of funny stories and retired within his cabin, locking the hatch. The reserves became suspicious. Reenforcements from West Twentieth street arrived and battered on the hatch. The captain popped out grinning. He was arrested and charged with disorderly conduct.

In the night court he explained to Magistrate Breen how Pete Cahill's tug Hollenback had come alongside the Sally Ann early in the afternoon with all hands armed to the teeth and an Italian aboard especially anxious to get to Capt. John. The Magistrate asked what had become of the Italian. The captain replied that he had probably reached the open ocean by this time.

The Magistrate told him to go back to his ship and discharged him.

GOLD IN REMOTE THICKETS

J. A. MACMAHON BACK FROM THE WILDS OF COLOMBIA.

Makes a Trip to Assay Office as Soon as He Arrives—He and His Partners Find Gold, but It's Mighty Hard to Get to It, According to His Story.

James A. MacMahon landed from the Atlas liner Alleghany yesterday morning, drove up to the Imperial, deposited some heavy luggage, and then inquired the way to the nearest United States mint. When told that the nearest was Philadelphia he said the assay office would do, and was soon heading for Wall street.

Mr. MacMahon did not say whether he had brought a lot of gold nuggets with him, but he did say that he had been working for three years with two other Americans in a jungle in the United States of Colombia and that they had eventually been successful. He is on his way to his home in California.

"We have been most of the time in the Guamoco district, in what is called the Antioquia mining country," said Mr. MacMahon. "To get there you have to take a five days voyage up the Magdalena River to a little place called Bedillo. Then you embark in a canoe and paddle to Semiti, an ancient Spanish settlement of 1,000 inhabitants, whose boast is a church 250 years old. Then you start out on the trail and you hoof it for 120 miles before you get into the mining country.

"We went down hunting for mining property, and we have started to develop what we have found. My two partners are still down there. The country is rough, wild and practically uninhabited. It is mountainous, and the reason you see so few Indians is that most of the region is covered with dense jungle. We prospected for a year over a country 100 miles long and about forty miles wide. During this time we had to live on game, for there are plenty of wild boars, bears and little deer. Then wild turkeys and other birds are plentiful. Of course the anteater abounds, but believe me, he does not make good food.

"I was within nine feet of my first bear before I saw him. I was not looking for him. I had a rifle in one hand and a machete in the other and was hacking away trying to make a path when I happened to look up and there not over three yards away was the biggest black bear I ever saw. He was eating palm leaves, and I saw him as he arose upon his hind legs. Before I got a chance to pull my trigger he had fallen upon all fours again.

"I took a shot through the bushes and hit him in the neck. As he reared up again I shot him in the other side. He immediately got busy in my direction, but I had increased the distance between us and as he came on I fired again and hit him on the jaw. He kept on, I a little in advance, and he was only within fifteen feet of me when he dropped. Thereafter I never allowed myself to get so near a live bear.

"We came across other Americans in the country who were upon the same errand as ourselves, and some of them have been successful. When we built our palm hut the nearest Americans were about eighty miles from us. Our outfit in prospecting consisted only of a little mortar for crushing rock, a pick, a pan and a shovel. The region is going to be a good mining country. We are putting up a mill on our property. The gold is in quartz and runs about $12 or $15 to the ton, though in some places you find much richer ore. The only approach to a village of any kind anywhere near us is a hamlet of about twenty-five natives about six miles away. There is a monthly mail that comes through. It takes from eight to ten days to cover the trail from Semiti, and there are two ranges of mountains between us and the Pacific coast.

"Since I have been down there I have walked more than 8,000 miles. If you get off the old trail you have to cut your way, though we generally followed the creeks when we could. In taking out a claim you have to send word to the Alcalde of the nearest town. Then you have ninety days in which to send your papers to Bogota or the nearest State capital. Then an inspector goes out and measures your claim and you get possession, and after a certain time you get a title. The fees amount in all to perhaps $150. Then you pay a tax on the possession of rights, whether you run a mill or not.

"The main difficulty with the country is, of course, the lack of transportation facilities. We had to take our mill in in sections and on the backs of mules. The gold is sent out on the backs of men. I have found the natives down there very honest. That whole region is at an elevation of between 4,000 and 5,000 feet above sea level. There are few insects and snakes, and the nights are cold. But it is good to get back to civilization once more."

WIFE LASHES LEGISLATOR.

Boston Representative and Girl Companion Attacked in Street.

BOSTON, May 16.—A sensational scene occurred in front of the State House this afternoon when Representative Joseph J. Goode of Boston and a girl he was escorting were attacked by two middle aged women dressed in black. The girl was struck by one of the women with such force that she was knocked down. Goode was followed by the women and attacked. He retreated into the State House. The girl is about 17 years old and is the stepdaughter of Thomas Meagher, "candy man" at the State House.

Before the House adjourned the two women were observed standing at a balustrade overlooking the candy counter, where the girl was busy. When the House adjourned at 4:30 o'clock the girl and another legislator left the Capitol together. On the steps they met Goode. The man who had escorted the girl thus far left her with him.

In the meantime the two women had separated. One stood behind the equestrian statue of Gen. Hooker and the other was at the main entrance to the State House. Goode and the girl had walked to the entrance to the common opposite when the two women rejoined each other and overtook the couple.

One woman knocked the girl down and Goode hurried back toward the State House, but before he reached it both women overtook him. He was attacked near the Hooker monument and in the scuffle his hat fell off. Then he retreated into the Capitol.

It was learned to-night that the women who took the prominent part in the affair were Mrs. Goode, wife of the Representative, and her sister. No complaint has been made to the police.

$1,000 REWARD FOR HIS WIFE.

Jersey City Builder Wants to Get Her Home After a Tiff.

James Sanders, a builder, of 84 Brown place, Jersey City, offered a reward of $1,000 last night to any one who finds his wife, Gertrude Sanders, who disappeared from her home on May 7. A general alarm was sent from Jersey City police headquarters for Mrs. Sanders, who is described as being 21 years old, 5 feet 2 inches tall, with light brown hair and gray eyes. She weighs 108 pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanders had a little tiff over a trifling matter in the morning and Sanders went to business before they made up. When he returned home he found a note from his wife reading as follows: "I am going to earn my own living, so don't look for me, for you won't find me." Mrs. Sanders was seen leaving the house at 5:30 P. M., carrying a suitcase in which she had packed some clothing, two bankbooks calling for deposits of $1,700, and several pieces of jewelry. She had $25 in cash. She has relatives in this city and Troy, but none has seen anything of her.

Mrs. Sanders's maiden name was Dadson. Prior to her marriage in July, 1907, she was a cigarmaker and worked for the American Tobacco Company. Her husband said last night that she was of a very nervous temperament.

RANG BURGLAR BELL FOR DRINK

Woman Called Watchman for Years to Bring Her Nightly Bottle.

PHILADELPHIA, May 16.—That Mrs. Meta Josephine Conor Wood, who was found dead in the bathroom at her home, 1239 North Broad street, on October 13 1908, rang a burglar alarm almost every night for four years so that Henry A. Schirye, a night watchman employed by the District Telegraph Company at its office at Broad street and Columbia avenue would go to her home, get her a bottle of liquor and if need be, put her to bed, was sworn to to-day in connection with the petition of Mrs. Della Costello of Baltimore, a half-sister of Mrs. Wood, who seeks to have her will set aside.

The evidence was given before Judge Lamorelle in the Orphans Court. Its object was to sustain the contentions of Mrs. Costello that her half sister was subject to hallucinations and that she was of unsound mind when her will was made.

This will bequeathed $80,000 to charitable organizations and the pictures, bronzes, antiques and statuary in her house to the city, to be preserved in a collection known as the "George and Meta Wood Collection."

Contesting the efforts of Mrs. Costello to have the will set aside are Miss Sophie Borie, Miss Katheryn C. Biddle and the Girard Trust Company.

Schirye said she "knocked" down the burglar alarm nightly from 1904 to 1908, and that he had to respond under the rules of the company. Invariably, he said, he found Mrs. Wood under the influence of drink and that on a number of occasions he had to carry her upstairs and put her to bed.

Judge Lamorelle wanted to know if Schirye had ever found Mrs. Wood sober. "Never," said the witness. Schirye described some of what he called Mrs. Wood's "circus stunts." He declared that they consisted of high kicking, imaginary bareback riding and somersaults. When not entertaining him with these, he explained, she gave some "spouting" from Shakespeare.

On many occasions, it is alleged, Mrs. Wood appeared on the front doorstep in less than conventional attire and sang to the crowds that assembled.

In her testimony Mrs. Costello declared that Mrs. Wood was born in Baltimore of humble parents and that Mrs. Wood's claims to connection with titled persons were mental aberrations.

A dozen other witnesses testified that they had seen Mrs. Wood do things that made them think she was not of sound mind.

Bank President Sentenced.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, May 16.—T. G. Walker, president of the defunct South Cleveland Banking Company, which closed its bank after the recent assignment of the Werner Company, the big Akron book publishing house, to-day was sentenced to five years in the State penitentiary for aiding perjury in swearing to false reports of the bank's condition. A thirty day stay of sentence was granted, pending appeal to the Circuit Court and Walker is at liberty under $10,000 bond.