

He doesn't look much like a slugger, does he? Twenty-five years old, and already the victim of a powerful underground conspiracy that must have made even the angels turn their heads away.

"Mr. Northrup called attention to the fact that Enright shot and killed Duch Gentleman.

"I'll review that shooting to you. Early in the summer of 1911, Gentleman, who had vowed he was going to get Enright, entered a saloon. Moss Enright was standing at the bar. Without ceremony, Gentleman opened fire. Two bullets passed through Enright's clothing. Three more were fired into the furniture of the saloon.

"And it was only when Enright saw that he himself would be killed unless he disabled Gentleman that he fired.

"And when they rushed over to Gentleman's body, Gentleman's revolver still was hot and smoking and five chambers were empty.

"What would you do if you found yourself in Enright's position? Would you wait until the revolver of the man who had sworn to kill you was entirely empty?

"I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd shoot and shoot to kill."

(A member of the commission nodded his approval.)

"Gentlemen, I've known Mossy Enright since he was a boy. And I've always found him a great, big, fine boy, full of manliness and courage, full of the joy of living.

"I remember his boyish happiness when he announced his intention of marrying 'the most wonderful girl in the world.'"

"I remember when his little boy, Tommie, came into the world, and Moss Enright was changed in a night from a big, good-natured, easy-going boy into a man with a serious purpose in life.

"Enright looked at the future bravely in those days. He was elected business agent of his union. He

had a nice little home, and everything seemed rosy.

"And then this trouble broke, like a hurricane, and left Moss Enright a wrecked man; left his wife without support; left his babe without a father.

"And it's up to you to help Enright build his life up again; to let him go back to that young wife over there; to let him feel a baby's warm arms around his neck again."

The Enright family was sobbing openly. Suddenly little Tommy broke from his weeping mother and edged towards his father.

Erbstein gathered the little boy up in his arms and held him up to the commission.

"And he's pleading with you, men. Little Tommy is pleading for a father. His is the plea of a lonely child, who wants a father like other children, happier than himself.

"Are you going to deny him that father? Are you going to let this child grow up to realize that his father has been branded with a felon's stripes?"

A commissioner was weeping openly.

"And all to satisfy the Employers' Association and the trust newspapers of Chicago, that would ruin a home and end a life to serve their own selfish ends," finished Erbstein.

GOT \$9,500 FROM HEARST

Frederick McKnight, one of the union pressmen locked out by the Chicago News a year ago, got a verdict of \$9,500 against Hearst's Boston American in the U. S. District Court at Boston.

McKnight, whose home is in Oakland, Ill., went to Boston after being locked out here. His hand got caught in a roller while working on one of the presses Oct. 9, 1912, and surgeons amputated three fingers.

The suit against Hearst's paper is the first under the new workmen's liability compensation act.