WOMAN AUTOIST WILL MAKE DASH OVER MOUNTAINS

Once Toured the Sahara, Facing Starvation in Big Car.

Miss Emilie Austin Will Be Accompanied by Her Parents.

PHILADELPHIA, June 26.—Apparently not content with the honors she gained for being the first woman to drive a motor car across the Sahara Desert, Miss Emilie L. S. Austin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Austin, has won new laurels to her triumphs, when, on Friday, accompanied by her parents and a chauffeur, she sat at the wheel of a high-powered touring car to guide it on a trip to the White mountains.

Although she possibly faced starvation in case of a breakdown, and encountered numerous accidents while making the flying trip across the torrid Sahara, the society woman, before she began the flight to the mountain resort, declared that she expected to encounter more setbacks on this sprint.

"I am not afraid, however, of meeting with any serious accident," she asserted. "I am going to drive the car just as fast as I can."

Miss Austin intends to be at the wheel of the machine during the 400-mile trip to the White mountains. The chauffeur was taken along in the capacity of a mechanician to repair any breakdowns.

While there are scores of society women in this city who can be seen daily driving various types of machines through the principal streets, Miss Austin is the only one who has operated a car on long distances similar to the one she began last week, or in the face of danger, encountered while being whirled across the African stretch of sand.

The start of the journey to the mountains was made at 5 o'clock in the morning from the Bellevue-Stratford, where the Austins live. The car was stocked with provisions. Miss Austin expected to reach the resort with five days.

The father of the young woman is well-known in social, art, and financial circles. He is one of the foremost art collectors of the country, and his collection of armor at Memorial Hall is said to be unparalleled. For years he has also gathered curios from all parts of the country. The collection of antiquities from Oriental countries is pronounced by critics to be the best in America.

MURDER TRIAL DELAYS HARGIS DAMAGE SUIT

LEXINGTON, Ky., June 26.—Because of the approach of the trial of Judge James Hargis, John Abner, Ed Callahan, and John Smith, at Sandy Hook, Elliott county, for the murder of Dr. B. D. Cox, at Jackson, Breathitt county, the $10,000 damage suit of Samuel Jett against Senator Alex. Hargis was postponed at Paris, Bourbon county.

When Dr. Cox, James Cockrill, and James B. Marcum were assassinated Jett took sides against the Hargises and his own nephew, Curtis Jett, and was instrumental in having Curtis Jett sent to the penitentiary for killing Cockrill and Marcum. In retaliation, the Hargises brought charges against Jett to the effect that he was guilty of arson in burning a house to secure the insurance. At Jett's trial, it was shown that the alleged burning occurred eighteen years ago and an acquittal followed. Jett then brought suit for damages.

Three Sets of Teeth In Boy Wonder's Mouth

Additional Supply Now Being Awaited by Friends of "Izzy" So He Can Become Museum Freak.

NEW YORK, June 26.—The lower East Side, the home of wonders, has a new prodigy. Heavy babies and babies who talk as well as their deaf and dumb mothers have been succeeded as popular curios by Izzy and his teeth.

"Did you hear Izzy some more teeth has," is the news as it is being passed from corner to corner and across the web of fire escapes in the court. And if you are an East Sider you will know that Izzy is twelve-year-old Israel Metz, whose father, Aaron, is a painter, and who lives at 276 Monroe street.

The boy's first teeth had all dropped out, his mother says, in course of time, and were succeeded by a new set just like anybody else's. Then came a second row on the lower jaw, the gum conveniently widening itself for their accommodation. It was some time before this row grew up to be equal in size with the normal teeth; there were some vacancies in it, where the uneven teeth of the early set got in the way.

Boys Laughed at Him.

About two years ago Izzy's mouth began to swell until he was laughed at by the other boys of the neighborhood. When the swelling had gone down there was a sort of terrace extension on the inside of the lower jaw, and through this new teeth sprouted. If anybody is keeping score he will remember that this is the third set on that jaw. The addition made the gum nearly an inch in width, and filled up the boy's mouth pretty well.

It caused no serious inconvenience, however, until the latest teeth got big enough to bite. Then Izzy found that there was little room left for his tongue. In fact, whenever he forgot to watch them these innermost teeth would close down on his tongue and bite it good and plenty before he could think to open his mouth and release the prisoner. The gutteral Yiddisher reveled in the boy's full mouth, but when he came to tackle English the labials and dentals got all tangled up. The sound waves started far back, bumped along from tooth to tooth until by the time they were given to the outer world they had lost their force and most of their character.

Watch New Teeth Come.

Even with all his teeth Izzy's name might never have been known to the world had not his mouth become sore again a few days ago. The news spread over the neighborhood that his already crowded lower jaw was soon to be blessed with a fourth set. Everybody wanted to be on hand to watch the new teeth come in. Men and women flocked to the Monroe street tenement until children playing on the streets in front, tired of answering questions as to where the Metzes lived, would simply point up to the top floor mechanically for the benefit of passers-by and go on with their quarrels. There is no sign yet of the expected teeth, but as soon as you knock on the door of the flat Mrs. Metz calls one of her four other children to tell you that Izzy is playing on the street somewhere, but shall be called. And Izzy, when he comes, opens his mouth with many grimaces from force of habit.

"He will be a great man some day," says Monroe street of the boy. "The museum managers want him already, and when he gets some more teeth and then some more until his mouth is full, maybe he will join a circus. But he won't forget his old friends even then, will you, Izzy?" And Izzy opens his mouth in a smile which permits a view of a foreground, middle distance and background of teeth and answers "No."

"SCAB SLUGGING" EXPLAINED AWAY

Chicago University Professor Writes on the Subject.

CHICAGO, June 26.—From the University of Chicago, the John D. Rockefeller University, endowed with millions of dollars of the Standard Oil trust king's money, comes a most amazing paper, written by Prof. Robert F. Hoxie, of the department of political economy. The article which is printed in the June number of the Journal of "Political Economy," issued by the authority of the Chicago Press, is called "The Trade Union Point of View."

Prof. Hoxie takes the Trades Union point of view in a manner that would satisfy the most radical labor organization adherent. He even goes so far as to excuse contract breaking on the part of workingmen when strikes are ordered and condones the "slugging" of "scabs" by union laborers.

Prof. Hoxie justifies the union workingman in his acts on economic grounds. He says:

"That he 'slugs' the scab, in violation of law, while the employer regularly tries and imprisons the contract-breaker, does not necessarily indicate on his part greater brutality, lack of morality, or the lack of reverance for law. It may mean simply that there is no law to enforce his essential rules of the game."

COW RAIDS A STORE, THEN CLEARS STREET

NORRISTOWN, Pa., June 26.—A cow, frightened on the street here, dashed into a department store on East Main street. It started down the main aisle, and there was a general stampede. Customers and salesgirls were badly frightened and made a hasty exit.

Showcases were demolished and two of the girls fainted. A hurry call was sent to the city hall for policemen, but before they responded the cow had gone the length of the store and escaped from the DeKalb street side of the building. She rushed along DeKalb street, knocking down several persons.

Frank Rambo grabbed the cow by the horns. He was lifted off his feet and carried half a square before he brought the animal to a halt. As soon as he let go of her, she rushed into another store and become wedged between the counter and a showcase. After a half hour's work she was extricated and led away.

FRISCO FEARS PLOT TO WHITEWASH RING

Harriman's Counsel, Rumor Says, May Direct Big Prosecution.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 26.—Gossipy politicians are full of a story that W. F. Herrin, Harriman's chief counsel and head of the Republican "organization" in this State, is plotting to take the prosecution of Patrick Calhoun and others indicted as bribe givers, out of the hands of District Attorney Langdon, Francis J. Heney, and the other able prosecutors. The theory all grows out of the aspirations of the State attorney general, U. S. Webb, for the position on the superior bench of San Francisco, left vacant by the death of Judge John A. Hosmer.

If the governor should appoint Webb to the judgeship it would then give him the appointment of a new attorney general. This appointment, as all others, of a purely political nature, would be dictated by Herrin.

The attorney general has the power to step in and take charge of the prosecution of any case in any county of the State. That power is conferred upon him by the constitution, and is frequently put into force.

So if Governor Gillette should appoint Webb to the superior bench and Herrin should name one of his "handy men" for attorney general, there would be nothing to prevent that "handy man" from taking the prosecution away from Langdon and his deputies, and instituting a prosecution that would be as farcical as the present prosecution is forceful.

The district attorney's office does not seem at all disturbed by this political gossip, however, and the prosecutions are proceeding relentlessly and just as rapidly as the prosecuted ones will let them.

THREE ASK LEADERSHIP OF ZION-LIKE COLONY

ALLIANCE, Ohio, June 26.—A big split has occurred in the camp of "Gift of Tongues" sect, over a conflict of visions as to who is to be permanent leader of the Zion-like colony. The Rev. Levi Lupton announced he was directed to be the leader.

The Rev. C. E. McKinney, of Akron, and the Rev. R. E. Bartlenman, of Los Angeles, Cal., had visions immediately following Lupton, their adherents assert, when each was designated as the head of the new community.

The colony is based on doctrines, many asserting blessings should be made the prime principle, instead of the "Gift of Tongues." Gifts of money and jewelry to the Rev. Mr. Lupton have fallen off.

COVERED BY BEES, LAD SLEEPS ON

Father Removes the Queen and Others Follow Her to Hive.

SOMERSET, Pa., June 26.—Apparently to match the remarkable weather there have been many remarkable stories of the vagaries of bees in their annual swarmings, but the oddest to date comes from Mill Run, near Addison, Somerset county, where members of the Frazee family hold a reputation as apiarists.

Hiram Frazee came home from work in a field last week, and on a bench in the apiary yard he saw his nine-year-old son fast asleep. From head to foot the youngster was covered with bees to the depth of several inches, it seemed, but he slept on.

Afraid to waken the boy, lest he anger the bees and be stung to death, Frazee looked sharply and found the queen bee, whom the others had followed from the hive. He carefully removed her, put her in the hive, and within five minutes the other bees followed, leaving the lad still sleeping and unharmed.

It appears that the queen bee had been crippled and had crawled up on the boy's body, where she was shortly joined by the whole bee community.

TREPHINE HORSE SAVING ITS LIFE

NEW YORK, June 26.—To save the sight of one of its eyes and possibly the animal's life, Dr. William F. Doyle, a veterinary surgeon of the Brooklyn branch of the police department, trephined the skull of Seven Up, a traffic squad horse attached to the Fort Hamilton station. A piece of bone three inches in diameter was taken from the skull above the right eye. The operation was successful, and Seven Up, who is a general favorite near Fort Hamilton, is back on duty.

While patrolling Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, last month, Policeman Card dismounted and Seven Up poked his nose into a live wire that had fallen from a cross arm of an electric light pole.

In throwing up his head the horse struck his forehead against the plugs of a fire hydrant. The force of the blow tore away the skin over the eye and crushed in the bone. The injury paralyzed the optic nerve of the right eye.

Children in the neighborhood who knew Seven Up visited the station house every day to learn how he was getting on.