

TRIAL OF HENRY CLAY BEATTIE, JR.

Chesterfield Court House Va, Aug. 31.—Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., indicted for the murder of his wife, sobbed like a child today when his gray-haired father in a low tremulous voice told of the domestic felicity of his son and the slain woman, Louise Owen Beattie. It was the first time that the calm prisoners countenance had given way during the trial. The testimony of the father in behalf of his son came as the dramatic close of a long day's battle by the defense against the evidence heaped up by prosecution. Tomorrow the accused himself will go on the stand, and the defense will rest its case.

Battering constantly against the testimony of Paul Beattie, cousin of the prisoner, as to the purchase of the gun, his delivery of it to Henry and his subsequent conversations with the accused, the defense introduced several witnesses to cast doubt upon the veracity of Paul.

It emphasized that point when it produced David D. Beattie Paul's grandfather and the uncle of Henry, who testified that Paul's character was not good. It was another intense period in the trial for with apparent regret the aged man told of his grandson's shortcomings.

The most surprising refutation of the day against Paul's testimony came when Ernest H. Nebitt, superintendent of a paper-making plant, said that on Sunday, July 16 he saw Paul Beattie on the bridge where he worked handling a single barreled shot gun. Paul had maintained ever since the coroner's inquest that he disposed of the shotgun the same day he bought it. Saturday July 15, by giving it to Henry. Subsequently the defense brought many witnesses to tell of Mr. Nebitt's good character and brought others to attack Paul's veracity.

E. H. Lewis an employee of the Beattie store in South Richmond declared that people spoke of Paul Beattie as the biggest liar in town.

Henry Clay Beattie Sr., father of the accused was interrogated for an hour just before court adjourned for the day. As he stepped to the witness stand the prisoner's face flushed. The white-haired man, his face deeply wrinkled and pale spoks in a voice scarcely above a whisper. Counsel leaned forward over the bench to listen to him. He talked with great effort, repressing an ever recurrent emotion.

He told how his life had been saddened by the death of some of his children, how Henry in his infancy had been neglected because twins came into the family during his boyhood, and described how on this account and the death of his own wife he had grown closely attached to his son. He described the strong love that had existed between Henry and his ill-fated wife testifying that he himself grew to love his daughter in law as one of his own children.

When her baby was born, said he, it was like starting life over for me to see the grandchild. It drew us all together very much. The father spoke highly of his sons character and controverted the testimony of many witnesses for the prosecution that Henry showed no signs of grief after his wife's murder. He declared he sobbed and moaned almost all night after the tragedy.

Henry Clay Beattie, Sr., father of the accused stated his age at 58, said that his wife was dead and that the prisoner was his son and was 27 years old.

What age was Henry when his mother died? asked Attorney Smith.

About 16, said the elder Beattie.

Have your relations with him since become closer or more distant on that account?

Certainly closer.

Why did they become so?

He was one of the twins and was previously more or less neglected.

Do you know what his reputa-

tion for truth and veracity was among the people with whom you associated?

Good.

How long has he been with you in your store?

Eight years. He has charge of the shoe and gents' furnishing department, and does the buying.

Did you know about Henry's being involved with this woman Beulah Binford, two or three years ago?

Yes.

How did you learn of it?

(Objection was made by the prosecution that this was not evidence for the defense. The objection was not sustained.)

I heard rumors and asked him all about it, finally answered Mr. Beattie.

Did he tell the whole truth about it?

Yes.

Now, Mr. Beattie that was before his marriage?

Yes.

Had his relations with the woman prior to his marriage been broken off?

Yes.

Was your son's marriage a source of happiness to you and your family?

It was not only on account of the girl herself, but because Henry was going to marry.

What was the relation between you and your daughter-in-law?

When she came into the home she grew upon me and I came to love her as my daughter. She was of a loveable disposition.

Did you show any distinction between her and your other children?

Well I wasn't demonstrative, but I looked upon her as one of my children.

When the baby was born how did that affect your relations with your daughter?

It drew us all closer together.

What were the relations between your son and the daughter in law?

All that could be desired?

As the father spoke the prisoner flushed and rubbed his eyes constantly. Soon he began to weep. It was his first breakdown during the trial.

I never heard a cross word between them, was the answer the father intently watching his son.

Here the prisoner wept audibly and his father was much affected speaking in a low tremulous voice.

Mr. Beattie do you remember what time your son left the store with Paul on Saturday night just preceding the homicide? Attorney Smith continued.

I couldn't tell other than that it must have been nearly half past ten.

Did you see Paul early that evening too?

Yes.

Do you remember what time Henry left your house Tuesday night, the night of the homicide?

I was out on the porch and had read as long as there was light to read by. I saw my son back out of the garage with the machine. It must have been around half past eight.

What was the first intimation that you had of any trouble that night?

After reading some time some one called on the phone. My son Douglas went to the phone. I understood from the conversation that Henry or someone was shot or killed. I phoned to Tom Owens and found that Henry had been held up. I went to the house and saw my son with his dead wife. I saw my son's face bleeding and asked him if he was badly hurt.

That isn't evidence, interrupted Prosecutor Wendenburg.

(The court ruled that the witness could only relate conversations at which others were present and Mr. Smith changed the question.)

Your son was lying on a sofa when you first saw him? asked Mr. Smith.

Yes, I didn't know then about his wife.

What did you say?

I asked my son if he was badly hurt. He was sobbing, moaning low and crying. My next thought was about Louise. He told me she was dead.

The father here described the grief demonstrated by his son over the tragedy.

He moaned and sobbed all night the elder Beattie said.

Some witnesses saw no signs of grief. Did you see any particular manifestation? asked Lawyer Smith.

I was noticing him I think more particularly than the others. He was grieved sorely grieved I know.

Did you see him put anything in his hand belonging to his wife? I was kneeling by his side. He was fondling one of her slippers. He was grieving over it.

He was grieving over it?

He was moaning.

Now bid that state of anguish continue when he was alone with you?

Yes while we were together several times that night.

Was your son attentive to his wife up to the time of her death? He was. I found no fault with his attentions to her.

What was his custom with reference to his wife when he left her at morning dinner or night? Always kissed her.

Do you recall seeing or knowing anything about a gauntlet being found in the machine?

No.

Has Henry or any one in your family kept back any clothes or information?

Our attitude has been to give everything asked for.

Did you ever see that gun before the coroner's inquest?

No.

When Beattie had finished and was ready for cross-examination by the prosecution Mr. Wendenburg, in a husky voice, waived the opportunity. It was the first time during the trial that this had occurred.

On Friday morning a controversy ensued as to whether the defense would conclude its case Saturday when one of the witnesses said, "Please consider us, Judge," and the court immediately asked H. M. Smith, Jr., counsel for the defense, how many more witnesses he would introduce.

"Just a few more," said Mr. Smith, "but we will close our case to-morrow by placing the prisoner on the stand."

Judge Watson announced he would hold court later than usual to-morrow evening, if necessary, to finish the case, but an agreement was reached to suspend judgment as to holding the session until the testimony of the accused had been presented.

Those who testified as to the happy relations between the couple were Miss Bessie Wells Miss Louise Reams, maid of honor at Mrs. Beattie's wedding. Mrs. Traphagan, a sister of Henry C. Beattie, Sr., Mrs. Ella J. Bowman, a sister-in-law and housekeeper to Henry C. Beattie, Sr., for many years.

Except for the impromptu admission of Douglass Beattie, a brother of the accused, that he would have destroyed evidence of the murder had he known his brother was to be charged with the crime, the most interesting development of the day was the discovery of a new witness by the defense. Joseph Casselberg, of Richmond.

Casselberg, it has been rumored for some time has had mysterious knowledge of the case. He is reported to have been on the Midlothian turnpike with another physician about the same time that the murder occurred, and is supposed to be the man who stopped to crank his machine and was seen by the group of boys on their way from the dance at Bon Air.

The question of whether Mrs. Beattie was shot while standing on the running board or in the road, or as her husband insists, while she sat in the front seat to the left of him, again was raised to-day when several automobile experts testified that a large pool of blood such as was found at the scene of the crime could have trickled through the machinery of the car and flowed from the drip pan underneath the car to the ground. The testimony of the automobile experts was in line with the contention also that blood dripped from the machine in many places from the scene of the crime to the Owen home in Richmond, where the

Philathea Entertainment.

Misses Florine and Ella Robert son delightfully entertained the members of the Philathea Class of Front Street Methodist Church at their home Friday night.

The lawn was brilliantly lighted for the occasion and nine tables were arranged in a circle.

The guests were greeted by the hostesses and conducted to the tables. The chief game of the evening was Progressive Hearts in which Miss Nellie Mitchell and Walter Story tied for the largest score which went to Mr. Story who won the prize a beautiful book.

Two solos were rendered by Mrs. W. A. Carter, two recitations each by Miss Dora Hornaday and Mr. Jno. Lashley.

The occasion was largely enjoyed.

Machine Hugs Wagon Wheel

Mr. Alex Walker who was speeding his auto Monday morning ran into the front wheel of a one horse wagon standing in front of the First National Bank Building, one rod was broken under the body of the machine otherwise it was not damaged. Altho the machine gave the wheel several blows, the wheel was not hurt as the machine was a light one. Mr. Walker appeared the least bit nervous while telling the boys who had gathered how it all happened.

Services at St. Athanasius Church.

Services will be conducted next Sunday at St. Athanasius Church, Reverend John Benner Gibble, Rector, as follows:

Sunday School 9:30 A. M. Morning Prayer, 11:00 A. M. Evening Prayer, 7:30 P. M.

"You Want a Better Job?"

That question will be asked you almost daily by business men seeking your services, if you become qualified and show ambition to rise. No matter what your future occupation may be, your earning power will be greatly increased if you take the Draughton Training. It will equip you for a better job—BIGGER PAY.

More than one hundred and fifty thousand have taken the Draughton Training during the past twenty-two years. For catalogue, address,

Charlotte or Raleigh, N. C., or Knoxville or Nashville, Tenn.

Close of 13th Pastoral Year.

August 31st closed Rev. J. D. Andrew's 13th pastoral year in the Burlington Charge of the Reformed Church. Following is a summary of the 13 year's work:

No. times preached 1576
No. funerals 276
No. marriages 238
No. calls made 12,014
No. Adult additions to Church 418
No. losses 135
Total gain in membership 283
No. children baptized 101

In point of service Rev. Andrew is now the second oldest pastor in his denomination in North Carolina and perhaps the oldest of any denomination in Alamance county. The year just closed was a very prosperous one.

Enoch Stockard.

In the old Stockard homestead in Albright's township a very pretty marriage was solemnized last Wednesday, Aug. 30, when Mr. Charles Enoch led to the altar Miss Jewell Stockard, the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cicero Stockard. The service of the Reformed Church was spoken by Rev. J. D. Andrew and witnessed by a large number of relatives. Immediately after the ceremony a fine dinner was served and then between the copious showers of falling rain the happy couple drove to the home of the groom's parents at the Judge Ruffin farm, where they will make their future home.

Scholarship For Sale.

I will sell at a discount a \$50 Scholarship in one of the BEST Business Colleges in the country. Scholarship is good at College or for a Home-Study Course. Address JNO. DOE, care this paper.

Our Graded School which starts Monday will put new life into our boys and girls.

W. E. Sharpe, Burlington, N. C. Upper Twenty Club.

You have read of born poets and musicians and writers and of men born to occupy other lines of fame. You are now reading of a born financier—one W. E. Sharpe manager of the Alamance Insurance and Realty Company, and be well informed of the fact that you are reading about a live wire, or a bundle of wires for there's nothing singular about Sharpe. He is just about all plural. We have always been told that the early bird gets the worm and have been taught that one of the secrets of success lay in the application of that trite saying. That might do for most of us, but Sharpe, not exactly! He figured it out long ago that the bird that was both early and late could get many more worms than the bird that was merely early. And during all of these waking hours the grey matter must be working for he is always springing up with original ideas, which are executed with rare business ability. In spite of all the above Sharpe has time to be married and is blessed with a happy family. The Alamance Insurance & Realty Company is one of the best and consistently successful agents with which we are connected.

For fear that from reading the above you may have the idea that Sharpe is advanced in years, let us hasten to state that he is a young man. If he keeps on at the present successful pace—well J. Pierpont Morgan was also a financier at Sharpe's age.—Insurance & Real Estate Journal.

Pass Law Examination.

Eighty out of ninety-three passed the examination and were awarded certificates to practice the Supreme Court Friday.

Among this number was Ira Ward, of the southeastern part of Alamance, a brilliant young man of excellent qualities; one lady, Mrs. Lillian Rowe Fry, of Swain county, and one negro.

Annual Picnic.

The regular annual picnic of Whitsett Institute will be held Saturday September 9. The day will be crowded with interesting events.

Everybody cordially invited.

HELD FOR BURGLARY

Greensboro, Sept. 3.—Yesterday while Turner May and John Dawson were quietly snoozing in the Buffalo church burying ground, hid behind some tall grass in the shade of some cedar trees, a terrible thing happened to them. The two men had come from Gibsonville, and, having walked all the way, they had lain down to take a much needed rest, when their slumber was rudely broken up by a ghost appearing in the form of Deputy B. O. Clark, who grabbed them, hustled them into an automobile and brought them to jail, where they were placed behind the bars.

In a little while another little act was enacted at Proximity; Eugene Moore and Lesley Conn having gone to bed in broad open daytime, were hauled out by the officers and placed in jail together with the other two men from the rough treatment thus accorded; but their astonishment gave way to fear when they were told that they were the four men who had robbed a number of stores and some freight cars in Gibsonville Friday night. Turner May is an escaped convict from Alamance, with 21 months of unexpired term yet to serve.

Ice Cream Supper.

The Philathea Class of Webb Avenue M. E. Sunday School will serve ice cream to the public next Saturday night, Sept. 9th, near Dorset's store. The proceeds for benefit of the church. Everybody is cordially invited to go out and help in this good cause.

Fifty Young Men Wanted.

Fifty more young men are wanted to learn Telegraphy and accept positions as telegraph operators on the L. & N. Railroad. Address E. H. ROX, Supervisor, Nashville, Tenn.

IN THE BEST OF HUMOR

Little Brother—Where's my fishin' pole gone to?

Bigger Brother—Sister's usin' it for a hatpin!—Puck.

Knicker—What is the only way to deal with a roughhouse?

Bocker—Make it cost more than the architect's estimate.—New York Sun.

Williams—This is a queer world Walker—Right you are. A man's shoes will often get untied, but never just as he is ready to take them off.—Judge.

When the last speed record's broken,
When the greatest deed's out-done,
The best song sung, the best word spoken,
There will be other kinds of fun.—Chicago News.

"What is the hardest work you do?"

"My hardest work," replied the senator, "is trying to look like my photograph and talk like my speeches when I get back to my home town."—Washington Star.

"My husband is the most careless man on earth."

"How now?"

"We went away fishing and left the cat a supply of canned meat to subsist on."—Pittsburg Post.

"How does she get rid of her undesirable callers?"

"Why she has made up a scrapbook of magazine poetry, and she gives it to the callers to read while she is out of the room."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Young wife—Arthur, dearest, how do they arrange these pickles in the bottle so nicely?

Young Husband—They pile 'em pickles up, Petsy, and then blow the bottle around them.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

"The first time Bilson stayed out with us he took his shoes off when he got to the corner, instead of waiting, as most men do, until he had reached the door."

"Poor man."

"Yes, and the worst of it was that it was not his corner."—Buffalo Express.

"And how are these eggs?"

asked Mrs. De Jay, gazing at the contents of the crate through her lorgnettes.

"You can't beat 'em," said the grocer.

"Mercy!" cried Mrs. De Jay. "They'll never do for me. I want eggs that you can beat for omelets."—Harper's Weekly.

Rollingstone Nomoss—Wot's a kleptomaniac, Tatters?

Tatterdon Torn—A kleptomaniac, Rolly, is a fellow wot steals fer de love of stealin', not because he wants de stuff.

Rollingstone Nomoss—Geef! Den I must be one. I swiped a cake o' soap today.—Philadelphia Record.

"Then I'm to tell the firm," the bill collector said, making a memorandum in his notebook, "that you'll probably settle this account next week?"

"Well, I'd hardly put it that way," hesitatingly answered the other. "Probably" is a pretty strong word; better make it "possibly."—Chicago Tribune.

Several of our boys and girls left this week for Elon College and Guilford College where they will enter school. Others will leave next week for Chapel Hill and the State Normal Greensboro

(Continued on page 8).

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