

HOLT SUCCEEDS IN TAKING HIS OWN LIFE

MANY CONFLICTING REPORTS AS TO THE MANNER IN WHICH HE ELUDED GUARDS.

TOP OF SKULL FRACTURED

Body Found in Cell Where Keeper Says He Was Killed.—Others Say He Jumped Through Window.

Glen Cove, N. Y.—Frank Holt, the Cornell University professor, who shot J. P. Morgan, in his home near Glen Cove committed suicide in the jail at Mineola.

While several of the jail authorities declare that Holt killed himself by climbing through the opening at the top of his cell door and then plunging to the narrow court below, Holt's keeper said he was positive that the prisoner was killed in his own cell where he said he found the body. There were many conflicting reports as to the manner in which Holt met his death, but it was definitely established through Doctor Cleghorn, the jail physician, that Holt died of a fractured skull.

Several of those about the jail said they heard an explosion, the report coming from Holt's cell. This noise, it was believed, was due to the falling of boards from the top of the cell.

Jeremiah O'Ryan, the keeper detailed to watch Holt, said he was 15 feet away from the cell when he heard a loud report. He looked in the direction of the cell, but it was dark. Entering he found Holt's body in a pool of blood in the corner.

The excitement that followed the noise brought Warden Hulse and other jail authorities to the scene. District Attorney Lewis J. Smith and Dr. Cleghorn, together with several constables, were soon on the scene and immediately began investigation. Dr. Cleghorn denied a report that Holt had killed himself by chewing a percussion cap.

He repeated that death was caused by a fracture at the top of the skull. An explosion which would have blown his head off would have followed an attempt by Holt to chew a percussion cap the physician said.

A thorough examination of Holt's cell failed, according to the jail authorities, to disclose any weapon or implements of any kind which Holt could have used to kill himself.

600 CARRANZA TROOPS KILLED.

A Fruitless Attempt is Made to Capture a Villa Stronghold.

Laredo, Texas.—Six hundred Carranza troops were killed in an all day battle in a fruitless attempt to capture Paredon, a Villa stronghold about 30 miles northwest of Monterrey, according to reports here. Eighteen thousand men were reported engaged in the battle with total casualties on both sides of 2,000. Carranza reinforcements renewed the attack.

About 8,000 Carranza troops under Gen. Jacinto B. Trevino advanced along the railroad from Villagarcia, a village about midway between Monterrey and Paredon. The advance followed a truce during which both sides buried the dead, who during two weeks incessant fighting about Villagarcia had fallen so thickly as to menace health. The Carranza officers estimated that Villa had nearly 10,000 men concentrated at Paredon under Generals Urbina and Chao.

Charles R. Conant Dead. New York.—Charles R. Conant, of New York, a banker and financial expert, died in Havana of hemorrhage of the stomach. He was in Cuba at the request of the Cuban authorities to reform the financial system of the republic.

French Suffer Fearful Losses. Berlin, via wireless to Sayville.—Special dispatches from the western front say that in the recent battle between Arras and La Bassée the French and British forces suffered fearful losses, one command alone losing 3,400 men out of 4,200.

Plan For National Prohibition. Atlantic City, N. J.—Action to hurry along the movement for National prohibition by amending of the Federal Constitution was taken by business men connected with the Anti-Saloon League of America, which opened its sixteenth annual convention here. It was planned to appoint a committee of 100 men prominent in business and manufacturing for the purpose of raising funds and otherwise to further the movement for the adoption of the Hobson-Sheppard amendment.

Evelyn Thaw Will Not Testify. New York.—Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, summoned by the state to testify against Harry K. Thaw, her husband, in the jury proceedings to determine his mental condition, reached New York from her camp at Chateaugay Lake, near Malone, N. Y., and announced she would stand on her constitutional rights and refuse to take the stand against her husband. Deputy Attorney General Cook asserted that as the hearing was a civil proceeding the court could direct her to testify and he would ask the court to so direct.

IN THICK OF FIGHT

Fierce Exaltation of Battle Told by Frenchman.

Corporal Describes the Hoarse Shouts, the Rasp of Steel on Steel, the Appeals for Mercy in Street Fighting.

Paris.—"No more excitement; an astonishing calm fills us as we open fire upon the Germans who have taken cover in the houses in the outskirts of the village," writes Charles Tardieu in a recent installment of his "Impressions of a Corporal," published in the Figaro.

"From windows, embrasures, from the cover of doorways they blaze away at us. Forty bodies are strewn across the interval between us; a few wounded men are scrambling and wriggling in the mud. Little by little we regain our breath.

"At the top of the village street debouches a company of German infantry. A hellish fire welcomes them, but still they come on, sowing their dead by files. Faster and faster we pump our breech bolts. Their first ranks crumple, they tramp over them; the next rank falls, still they come on. At last their chief, a huge devil of an officer, who is waving them on, goes down. A new volley drops seven or eight more men. This time they stop, hesitate a second, then turn and run.

"Charge!" roars the captain. "Give them the steel!" We rush in, our two buglers, their neck veins swelling, playing us the heart-stirring notes of the charge. A heroic intoxication swells through us and we run like beings possessed into the narrow streets, through the humming bullets.

"Into houses, through gardens, past open doorways the skirmishers throw themselves, to come out with dripping bayonets. No more shots—death shrieks, groans, hoarse shouts, piteous cries for mercy are mingled with the crash of falling furniture, the slamming of doors, the nasty rasp of steel on steel. And over it all the strident notes of the charge!

"From each house as it is silenced pour our men, some of them wounded. Hatless, coatless, without their packs; one man has discarded his blouse and is working with his sleeves rolled up.

"Trampling on the corpses that strewn the way, leaping over obstructions, we make our way up the street, when a machine gun section appears in front of us. But before they have time to unlimber we are upon them. An instant of hard work with butt and steel and its crew is down beside their overturned piece. We pass on.

"Into the cross street we turn. A few bodies are lying there; one house is burning briskly. Spiked helmets bob over the walls as their wearers

IS CHUM'S MAID OF HONOR



Miss Hanna Heisteln, daughter of the former Norwegian consul-general at Paris, recently came from Norway to act as maid of honor at the marriage in Philadelphia of her chum, Miss Helena McKinley, to Barton Layin. Miss Heisteln introduced Mr. Layin to her chum in 1912. A year later Miss McKinley introduced Miss Heisteln to a captain in the Norwegian army and an engagement followed.

SINGS WAY OUT OF COURT

Scot With Burr in His Speech is Told Not to Let it Happen Again.

Chicago.—Joseph McGilloch has a burr in his speech that betrays his Highland ancestry, but he sings. He stood before Judge Rafferty and heard him say, "One hundred dollars and costs." McGilloch smiled a rueful smile. Then he was moved to song. "Stop your ticklin', Jock—," he sang with a chuckle. Judge Rafferty's eyes twinkled. "Go," he said, "but don't let it happen again." McGilloch was arrested at Van Buren street and Wabash avenue for refusing to get out of a taxicab.

BELGIANS STUBBORNLY HOLD TRENCHES



This photograph, taken during the heat of battle while the Germans were attempting to drive the Belgians from a position in the trenches, shows the soldiers of King Albert's army, armed with machine guns, fighting desperately against the heavy odds of the Germans. In the foreground one of the brave defenders of the trench is seen lying dead.

retreat through the gardens. A scattered fire is heard on all sides. At the end of the street, behind a barricade of overturned wagons and wine barrels, some of the Germans who still hold out open up on us. "Charge bayonet!"

"We rush on, when a shuttered window bursts open and the head of Lugagne, the bugler of the Third, pops out, blowing a frantic charge. Our comrades, making the frontal attack, have won their way through.

"Sweeping everything before them, our comrades join us, shouting with the joy of battle as they scale the barricade. By groups, rallied at hazard, we search the houses. All who show fight are finished; those who surrender are rapidly hurried to the rear. At last there are no living forms but those clad in French uniforms and we arrive at the other end of the village, which is now completely cleaned out. "Our officers, in the dusk, rally their men, bringing order out of the confusion. Some three hundred prisoners, livid, trembling, are herded into the courtyard of a house, under guard of the sergeant major and twenty men. They will be well guarded.

"But what is this? Crash! Booom! They are opening fire with their artillery upon the village. The captain comes running.

"Corporal, what are you loafing there for? Find the major and ask for orders!" "I go running, aimlessly. The major? Where is he? Bodies, bodies

SMUGGLING IN WAR

Business, Not Romance, Marks the Contraband Trade.

Chiefs of the Runners in Holland Are Well Dressed and Their Dens Are Modern Offices—Guard Methods Closely.

Rotterdam.—The romantic smuggler waiting for a dark night to run his lugger ashore in a cove and then bury his bales and barrels in the sand has disappeared, but the trade still flourishes and probably brings more profit than ever, especially just now in Holland. The modern smuggler here, however, is interested chiefly in getting contraband out of the country rather than bringing it in.

A call at an up-to-date smuggler's den, of which several exist in the center of Rotterdam, probably would reveal a middle-aged German dressed in a well cut business suit at a desk, in front of him small heaps of spices, grain of various species, oilcake and raw rubber, and sample bottles of burning and lubricating oils. From time to time the smuggler chief takes the telephone receiver down and calls a number, and bargains in terse phrases over the price of job lots of the articles, samples of which lie before him, sent for his approval by merchants and dealers who held stocks more or less extensive before the new and strict government regulations calling for an inventory were issued.

Then follow other telephone calls on shippers or their skippers. The smuggler chief is trying to arrange for the transport of his illicit exports across the border line into Germany or Belgium. Freight for this trade are high, and the smuggler's efforts are directed toward beating down the shipper to as low a figure as possible, but the shipper holds out, for he knows smuggled goods bring high rates when safely brought to their destination.

Torture would not force the smugglers to disclose the methods by which they manage to forward the contraband beyond the closely guarded frontier. It is hinted, however, that many railroad cars ostensibly conveying freight from Holland to Denmark and from Denmark to Holland are mysteriously uncoupled and disappear while passing over the intervening German territory. Dutch fishing boats, too, often are seized off the coast by German patrol boats and taken into German ports, whence they are released after their cargoes have been

unloaded, to the evident satisfaction of the skippers. Dozens of Rhine lighters pass daily up and down the river whose course runs through Germany and Holland, and occasionally one is held up because of the presence of illicit cargo; but it is possible that for each one stopped several others pass muster with forbidden goods on board and are received with welcome by the German authorities. From numerous points along the frontier, closely guarded though it is by Dutch troops, come reports of cattle and horses being driven across into German territory, where the lines of sentinels are thin or wooded to prevent a clear view.

The gains to be obtained by the running of contraband are so tempting that the efforts of the authorities have been rendered futile. Practically half the Dutch troops now mobilized are engaged in guarding the frontiers, not against foreigners but against Dutchmen trying to pass contraband. It is difficult, however, to guard every yard of the border line and if the attention of a sentry can be distracted for only a few minutes this gives the wily smuggler his chance to get across with his goods.

Home Town Helps

GARDENS IN LARGE CITIES

No Reason Why Certain Difficulties Should Not Easily Be Overcome, With Proper Thought.

There are a few things that must be provided if Omaha is to become famous for its gardens, and it is to be hoped that the agricultural expert who is coming here will attend to them, says the Omaha World-Herald. There would be many more gardens if there were some central agency established where men too busy to attend to all the work could call by telephone and get a reliable man when one is needed. The charity organizations have been relied upon, but the men who seek work through them are often inefficient and unreliable. One business man said: "I have quite a large bit of ground in my back yard that I would like to put in a garden, but I cannot take a day off to spade it up and prepare the ground for the seed. I would be glad to plant the seed and care for the ground afterward. Last year I tried getting a man and after much worry got one. He was unreliable and the work that he did was hardly worth the time looking after him, so this year I have concluded to seed it down and avoid that sort of worry."

The plan for children is good and should be boosted by every one, but a large number of gardens would be planted where there are no children if there were a place where the right kind of help could be secured. Lawns would be kept in better condition if a man could be called by telephone when a mower was out of order or needed sharpening and when bulbs and shrubbery were to be planted.

Omaha gardens and beautiful lawns would add very much to the city in the satisfaction of citizens and visitors and to the value of property. It might be a good policy for some of the civic organizations to undertake to supply this want by establishing such a central agency. There is no doubt that it would be a paying enterprise.

FLOWERS IN CONCRETE WALLS

Monotony of Driveway Relieved by Device of Designer Who Gave Thought to Subject.

In designing a residence driveway which was to be cut through a terrace, a builder avoided the monotony of having two long concrete retaining walls flanking either side by breaking them at intervals with semi-circular niches in which plants could be placed. These spaces were made so that they broke what otherwise would have been the straight line of the two copings. Each was made about 3 feet in depth and 2 feet wide and given the same finish as the exterior walls. Concrete jardinières were made for the plants which were set in the spaces.—Popular Mechanics.

Making the Town Worth Living In.

The following, from the pen of Judge Nelson Case of Oswego, applies to any Kansas town: "Taxes paid for good roads, for libraries and schools, for any improvement which adds to the comfort, the enlightenment, the happiness of a people, are among the most valuable investments a person can make, even though he cannot see that he has any direct interest in them. The most prosperous cities are those whose inhabitants have the most advantages for education, religious culture, recreation and such amusements and diversions as are elevating in their tendencies, and are free from demoralizing influences. Kansas City is a fine example of this spirit and policy. It is what her citizens have done to make the city beautiful and a desirable place in which to live, fully as much as her direct efforts to secure trade, that has given her the prestige she enjoys."—Kansas City Star.

Manuring the Soil.

In garden making the first essential is a heavy layer of barnyard manure placed on the surface and then turned under as deeply as it is possible to get it. If a lot has to be filled three or four feet in depth, it should first be covered with two feet of barnyard manure, on top of which should be placed two feet of good soil. When all has been settled by the rains of one winter we will have a garden "as is a garden." This illustration is used merely to show where manure should be placed if it be possible to get it there. A garden so filled in would grow roses and other flowering shrubs that would prove little short of marvelous.

Cut the Weeds and Grass.

Whether you are a renter or an owner, you should not permit grass and weeds to "take" the sidewalk. Flies and mosquitoes bred in the tangled grass of a home owner are just as annoying and poisonous as those that are brought to life on the rented premises. And the blow to civic beauty is as severe in the one instance as in the other. Don't be a drawback to comfort, health and civic beauty, which is to say, don't let weeds and grass encumber the sidewalk of the place that you call home.—Corsicana Sun.

Average Life of an Officer.

London.—It has been figured out that the average life of a British officer once he reaches the firing line is only 23 days; a cavalry horse lasts ten days in actual fighting and an automobile about one month.

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Nearly Lost.

She—If you could have only one wish, what would it be? He—It would be that—that— Oh, if I only dared tell you what it would be! She—Well, go on! Why do you suppose I brought up the wishing subject?

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Port Scott, Kansas. Again I am calling for the best sale I ever used. Enclosed find \$2.50. Send me one-half dozen boxes of Tetterine. N. J. King. Tetterine Cures Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm, Boils, Rough, Scaly Patches on the Face, Old Itching Sores, Itching Head, Cankerred Scalp, Chilblains, Cuts, and every form of Scap and Skin Disease. Tetterine 50c. Tetterine Soap 25c. Write druggist, or by mail from the manufacturer, The Shuprine Co., Savannah, Ga. Give a box of Shuprine's No. 1 Liver Pills free. Adv.

Envious.

"What is the matter, Alice?" asked her mother as the little girl came home crying as if her heart would break. "Mabel Jones has got adenoids and I never have anything," sobbed Alice.

For Galled Horses.

When your horse is galled, apply Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh and you can keep on working. Try it and if your horse is not cured quicker than by any other remedy, the dealer will refund your money. Adv.

Her Worry.

"Darling, will you love me when I'm old?" "I will if you'll promise to love me if I should grow fat."

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And Build Up The System. Take the Old Standard GROVES TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents. Adv.

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