

# 6-Shot Sequel to the Florida Triangle

And the Mystery Climax of One Handsome Siayer Who Stoically Faces Life Behind the Bars

The Inset Shows Chris Stephenson, Who Killed the Jailbreaking Husband.



THE SLAYING

"As the last report rang out the terrified Mrs. Jenkins hurried back. She saw her convicted husband lurch and fall, riddled with lead. Stephenson held a smoking revolver." The Drawing of the Florida Tragedy Is Superimposed on a Photograph Made Near the Spot.

**M**IX: a dark-eyed, brunette girl conducting a roadhouse in Florida's balmy lake country; a husband "doing time" in jail, and escaping; a dapper deputy sheriff, fond of the lonesome roadhouse proprietress; six shots from the deputy's gun that killed the fleeing husband-convict, and finally the young officer's insistence on a guilty plea and life imprisonment when he might have gone free.

Mix these ingredients and you have—not fiction, but the most baffling and complex death triangle on the police records of Florida in many a moon.

Human motives are often buried deep, befogged by a mad storm of impulses noble and base. One thunderous Summer night not long ago Chris Stephenson stayed at the Blue Chip roadhouse, owned by Mrs. Homer Jenkins, whom he admired lavishly. The next morning Homer Jenkins, escaping from jail, summoned his wife to aid him in his flight. She took Stephenson and a woman friend along. By noon Stephenson had quarreled with the fugitive and killed him.

convict garb, Homer Jenkins and two fellow-prisoners who had broken jail with him. The convicts entered Stephenson's automobile and the party drove toward Tavares, Florida, over sandy roads, quarreling as they went. Jenkins wanted his wife to accompany him in his dash into Georgia. She refused, and Stephenson took her side.

Finally the party paused near the shore of Lake Eustis. Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Jenkins and the two convicts walked up the road, leaving Jenkins and Stephenson to "talk things over."

Presently six shots sounded. At the last report rang out the terrified Mrs. Jenkins hurried back. She saw her convicted-husband lurch and fall, riddled with lead. Stephenson held a smoking revolver.

Leaving the lifeless body of Jenkins where it fell, the party again resumed its journey. At Mount Dora Stephenson told the remaining two convicts they'd have to shift for themselves. He let them out of the car. He then returned to the scene of the shooting. There he found Sheriff J. A. Cassidy along with his deputies. The body had been found by fishermen. "I killed him in self-defense,"



Mrs. Homer Jenkins, Photographed as She Sat Telling Police What She Remembered of the Strange Shooting Near a Lonely Florida Lake.



Jenkins and His Two Fellow-Prisoners Broke from the Fort Pierce, Florida, Jail to Escape Labor of the Sort Shown in This Photograph of Convicts Working on the Roads Along the Georgia-Florida Line.

To that point you have a simple triangle, ending in a shooting. But the kick-back, the surprise, was yet to come. Stephenson told police he slew in self-defense; the convict was desperate and understandably jealous. The deputy sheriff had a good case—would probably go free. Then, without explanation of any kind, he entered a forthright plea of "guilty" to the murder charge and took his "rap"—life imprisonment.

Why? Perhaps, you say, there's a clue in the circumstances leading up to the killing. Here they are: Mrs. Jenkins was afraid to meet her husband alone when she got his message. So Stephenson went with her—Stephenson and Mrs. Bonnie Pearl Holland, a friend. They drove to a remote spot screened by swamp grass and tall palms.

There they met three men clad in

Stephenson declared. "He was going to kill me. Surely the law will stand behind me." His attorney looked forward to an acquittal—while the accused deputy grew more and more desperate. Suddenly he switched to a confession, claiming no mitigation.

His attorneys seemed not to know what had motivated this remarkable change of front. Even as it was Stephenson faced considerable difficulty explaining how he came to be helping three convicts to escape. His case was bad enough. Nobody could understand why he chose to make it worse—make it, in fact, well-nigh hopeless.

If the young deputy's counsel knew why he chose to "take his medicine" they protected him. Reporters at the jail found him silent and morose, whereas he formerly had been quite talkative, even optimistic. In another cell of the same jail Mrs. Jenkins also had nothing to say. She maintained she'd told her story.

There was nothing to be done now

except pass sentence. Stephenson understood why he chose to make it worse—make it, in fact, well-nigh hopeless.

Whatever the cause, Chris Stephenson has taken his secret with him to prison. A strange shooting, with a twisted emotional background, thus becomes an astonishing case of a guilty man's self-sacrifice.

## Aim Straight, Play Fair, Says Barringer



J. H. BARRINGER

Vice-President and General Manager, The National Cash Register Company. **T**HE rise to success of J. H. Barringer, vice-president and general manager of The National Cash Register Company, was one of the most rapid in the annals of business history. He advanced from file clerk to vice-president and general manager in ten years. With a faculty for doing unusual things, he has come to be one of the most widely known of American business executives. Let him tell, in his own words, how this has come about.

By J. H. BARRINGER **T**HIS is the best age in the world's history for a young man who wants to make good. Of course, every age has supplied successful men and women; but none has contributed so many useful people or provided so many opportunities for youth as has this one. The young man starting out, say in

his last year in high school or college, needs to know many things that neither the school teacher nor the college professor can tell him.

Every man's job is his own and his future is his own to decide. The great industrial executives in America today are the men who knew their jobs from the start, and being ambitious, knew the jobs of the men who were ahead of them. I have often remarked that there will be no standardized wages until there can be standardized brains.

If I were asked to tell a young man just starting out in life, full of health and wholesome ambition, just what is the most essential thing for him to keep in mind, I think I would say hard work.

Industrial life, for everybody associated with it, is better in very way today than it was ten years ago. This is because men have worked hard in the past, have used their brains, and have not tried to avoid doing the job that was up to them to do. We are doing more work in our industrial plants than we used to in less time. Brains again you see! New types of machines, clearer thinking along all lines. More money for brain work! These are some of the things that come to mind in any consideration of the present as compared with the past, and the present as we contemplate the future.

What most people call luck isn't luck at all. We use that word "luck" recklessly. One man succeeds where another man fails. The second man says he didn't have any luck, when nine times out of ten it was the lack of working brains and ambition which kept him at the bottom of the ladder. Industry is looking for young men who want to make good. All of them could, if they made up their minds to. A man to be successful must be master of his job, whatever that job is. It takes a lot of hard work and study to get to the top. The high schools and colleges can prepare young men to be successful, but they cannot guarantee that success. That goal is reached only by preparation and hard work. There is no easy rose-covered route to be followed.

I am convinced that the four cardinal elements which go to make up a successful career for any young person are these: aim straight for the job you want; work hard to attain that goal; study hard after you have reached it; and play fair with everyone with whom you come into contact.

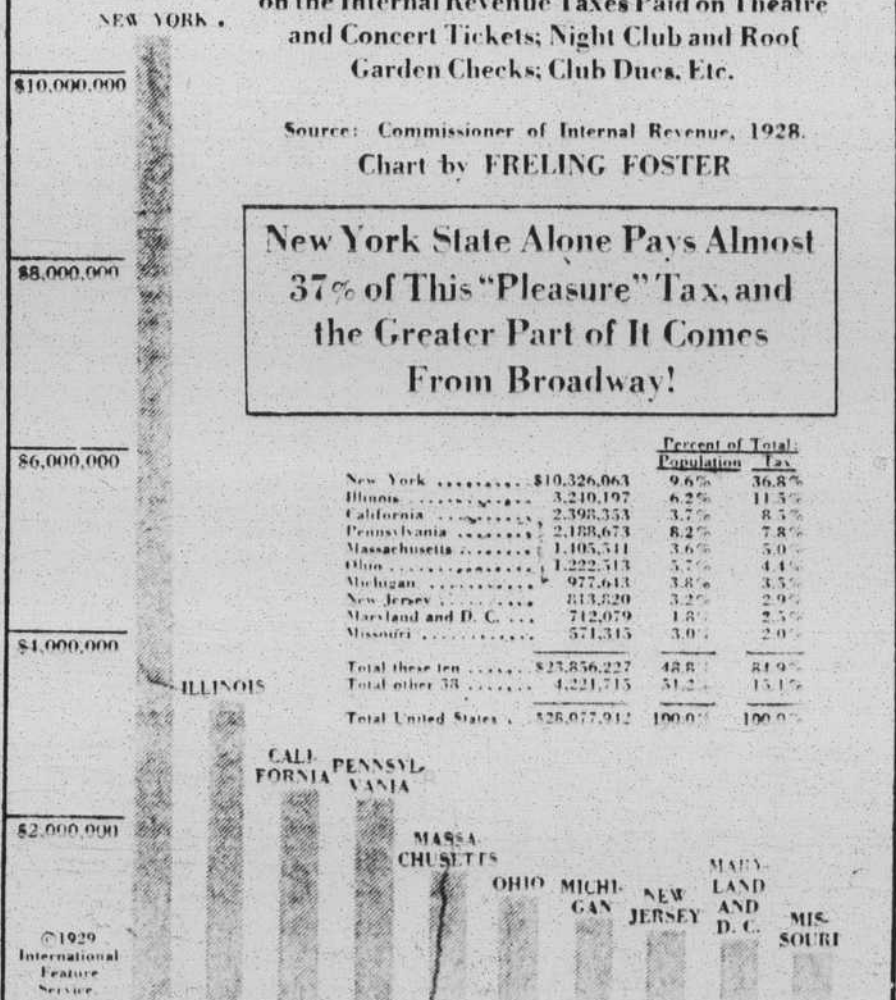
### The ABC's of General Knowledge

#### The Ten Leading "Whoopie" States

Those Which Spend Lavishly for Pleasure, Based on the Internal Revenue Taxes Paid on Theatre and Concert Tickets, Night Club and Roof Garden Checks, Club Dues, Etc.

Source: Commissioner of Internal Revenue, 1928. Chart by FRELING FOSTER

New York State Alone Pays Almost 37% of This "Pleasure" Tax, and the Greater Part of It Comes From Broadway!



## By CLARE MURRAY-Girl Poet-Artist

### Dream-House

(On the Riverbank)



"While we shape our home, brick upon brick."

**I** DO not say Our love needs artificial stimulus To give it life. Our love is strong enough to thrive On bread and milk in poverty— And we no doubt will know Some days of this. But love thrives better still On seasoned fare. It wants variety, The glamour and the mystery Of things unknown Beyond. So while we shape our home, Brick upon brick, With patient toil And add the ornaments slowly,

**A** S time may prosper us— We'll build our dream-house Differently. We'll have it treasure-filled And sumptuous, With turrets of gleaming gold And chambers with crimson hangings. Nothing our hearts desire Will be denied. For here at least our hands are free To be lavish. Some day, if we dream enough, I know we shall find Our castle foundation Beneath our floor, And see its turrets rising in glory Out of our roof.