

COP ACTS AS SLEUTH; WINS SELF DIVORCE

Trailed Wife and Saw Her Kiss Another Man, He Testifies.

Detective tactics were put to a personal use by Patrolieman George A. Byrum, 223 North Walcott street, and won a divorce for him today in superior court three.

From the witness stand, Byrum recounted how he employed his knowledge of police trailing methods to observe his wife's actions.

His seven years police experience, he admitted, led him to keep silent when he watched his wife Emma, 49, "sit on a Willard park bench and kiss another man."

Tells of Fake "Wire"

"Why didn't you warn these men to leave your wife alone?" the wife's attorney asked Byrum.

"I want to make a good case," he replied.

Byrum further testified that he planned a meeting between his wife and an out-of-town salesman by faking a telegram.

He sent a telegram to his wife, saying, "Meet me at the Union Station, I'm coming to the city," he said.

Moreover, Byrum testified he was on the spot watching and taking notes, just as he does when on police duty, as the salesman stepped from the train to meet Mrs. Byrum.

Ex-wife to Be Paid

Asking for an absolute divorce, which was granted, Byrum said told Judge William A. Pickens his wife's behavior was "embarrassing and humiliating to me."

Byrum signed a contract agreeing to pay his former wife \$80 monthly for herself and five children while the two youngest are in high school. After that, the wife gets \$40 monthly for remainder of her life, with Byrum's defenses for failure to pay waived.

GOODLAND BANK, SHUT FOR YEAR, TO REOPEN

Net Profits to Go to Credit of Old Depositors.

By Times Special
GOODLAND, Ind., Jan. 27.—The Goodland state bank will reopen Saturday morning at 8 after a year's cessation of banking business.

Circuit Judge Moses Leopold, of Newton county, dismissed Arthur G. Mitten as bank receiver.

Money received when the bank opens will be kept separate from the old deposits and will not be used for old liabilities. Net profits will go to the credit of old depositors.

Ten per cent of the bank's old deposits will be released on opening day and the remainder will be liquidated in 3 per cent installments.

Officers of the new institution are: C. L. Tedford, president; Charles A. Welch, first vice-president; Harry H. Hawn, second vice-president; Clarence B. Harms, cashier, and Bethel Constable, assistant cashier. Directors are: C. L. Tedford, Charles A. Welch, Harry H. Hawn, Clarence B. Harms, Bert C. Constable, Lawson J. Cooke, and Frank Kennedy.

LEADERS OF FILMLAND AT SELZNICK FUNERAL

Many Stars Whom He Helped To Fame Pay Final Tribute.

By United Press
HOLLYWOOD, Jan. 27.—Leading motion picture producers and many stars whom he helped toward fame attended funeral services Thursday for Lewis J. Selznick, pioneer screen executive.

Selznick, a Russian immigrant, who rose to wealth and power when the cinema was barely out of the curiosity stage, died here Wednesday at 62.

Selznick generally was credited with "discovering" Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith, Elaine Hammerstein, Eugene O'Brien and many other cinema celebrities.

Florida leads the states in phosphorus production, Tennessee being a close second.

"We didn't know them, but they

Schoolma'am and Art Student Find Bumming 20,000 Is Easy for Girls



Sometimes the road was sunny and fun to follow...

Going Sometimes Is Rough, but Pair Makes Long Trip Safely.

BY MARGUERITE YOUNG
Times Staff Writer

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—Edwina, (Call Me Eddy) Cohn, 22, and Mildred (Jojo) Weierich, 19, traveled the bums' route by freight train and "thumbed" rides 20,000 miles from their home at 119 West Third street, New York City, and they insist it was and always can be done in a ladylike manner.

"We met few girls," Edwina said today, "but the truth is, it's much easier for girls to bum their way than men to do it. We had the usual propositions, but they never worried us. If you don't make any ambiguous remarks, people are pretty decent; yes, even along on the desert late at night."

"If the driver does become offensive, you drop him—make him stop the car and let you out. Sometimes however, they drop you."

Teacher and Art Student

They caught freight trains in the "Bad Lands" of North Dakota, and on the southwest plains of Oklahoma. They lived in a co-operative group of about fifteen boys and girls and sometimes all slept in a two-room apartment in California.

Once a woman picked them up in a big limousine, and wrecked the car. A fire chief picked them up in Chicago and took them to a firemen's outing at a resort in Wisconsin. They camped out with cowboys in Wyoming and went to a rodeo.

An embryo school teacher, Edwina is still waiting for an appointment. Substituting, she saved \$60 last year, and, disliking the prospect of four months when she knew there would be no work, she struck out for California.

That is the home of Jojo, art student who sketched along their route. The two girls, who had met in New York, left Cleveland in May and reached Chicago in two hops.

Overeagerness a Bad Sign

"It's just a matter of standing on the edge of town and hailing a car," they continued. "Usually when the car stops without being hailed, you don't ride; if they're too eager, it's not a good sign."

Wearing breeches and flannel shirts, carrying an overnight bag for towels and soap and tooth brushes, they got a ride from the firemen's party with a politician, to Minneapolis.

Then they decided to go to the Bad Lands "because we had heard they were interesting and different."

When they reached Medora, N. D., the roads became impassable. It began to rain and continued for days. They decided to try the rails.

Invited to Lunch

"We went around to a railroad yard," said Eddy, "I think it was the Northern Pacific, but I'm not sure. We had read about the Scottsboro case, so we spoke to an inspector.

"He let us ride in a gondola, an open car for carrying coal. A brakeman came around and found us, but we rode on for some distance.

"Then the train stopped and we got out, expecting to try the road again. As we walked over to a luncheon, the brakeman called to us.

"We went back and found they had lunch for us in the caboose. Then the inspector let us ride from there on in an old-fashioned passenger train. We rode to Billings, Mont.

"Another time we were stuck in Garry, Okla. It was the Fourth of July. We met two boys from Chicago who said they were going to ride the freight to Texas.

"We didn't know them, but they



N. Y. World-Telegram Staff Photographer.
Cohn and Mildred (Jojo) Weierich.

Left, Edwina (Call Me Eddy)

Looked sorta nice, so we decided to go together. We went around to a railroad yard—I think it was the Rock Island—and told the inspector we were married and wanted to ride. He said a freight train would be along about 11:30 that night.

"We waited. When it came, then one of the boys hopped on, then Jojo, then we and then the other boy. It was a box car that had been carrying grain.

"We closed the side door because we were afraid of being put off. But pretty soon a brakeman came along, and he just said 'Don't smoke or light matches and don't get off before the train stops.'

"So we rode on until the train stopped, about ten miles out of Amarillo, Tex. Then, because we were tired of the jostling, we decided to separate and try the road again."

"Most of our money went for what you might call luxuries," Edwina continued. "We bought cigarettes and ice cream.

"We always could get a room at a hotel by asking for it, or by offering a quarter. We'd go around to the back, usually, but sometimes they would send us into the dining room."

Their first night in Los Angeles, they went to a John Reed club dance, got in without paying admission, and ran into the group of young college students who were setting up the co-operative apartment.

"We are going again," they announced, "in about two months. To California, where Jojo's sister lives, or to Mexico."

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