

## LOVE OF DAUGHTER CAUSES HIS DEATH

**O. A. Leftwich Takes Daughter to Mountains, Change of Climate Kills Him.**

Oliver A. Leftwich, former councilman from the Fifth ward, who left this city last Sunday for Denver, Col., in company with his family, hoping to improve the health of his daughter, Mary, died yesterday morning at 11:45 o'clock. Mr. Leftwich was a sufferer from asthma and the light air and change of climate caused his sudden death. Although the funeral arrangements have not been completed, as yet, it is probable the body will be brought to this city for funeral services and burial.

His daughter's health has been critical for several weeks, she being a victim of tuberculosis. Believing that the mountain climate would greatly improve her condition Mr. Leftwich urged that his family move to Denver, regardless of his own poor health.

A few hours was enough to prove that the mountain air was too much for him and he sank rapidly and yesterday morning hopes for his recovery were abandoned. He was about 65 years of age.

Mr. Leftwich was a member of the city council for three terms and his record was an enviable one. He was in council during Mayor Zimmerman's first two terms and during ex-Mayor Schilling's administration. He was an active member of the Reid Memorial church.

For a number of years he was a piano salesman and while engaged in that business established a wide acquaintance.

B. B. Johnson, former member of the board of works, pays the following tribute to Mr. Leftwich:

The sudden death of Oliver Leftwich removes from our midst one of Richmond's most useful citizens. Mr. Leftwich was a member of the city council for many years, and his record not only was above reproach, but it was characterized by a true public spirit and an intelligence and judgment far above the average. His standard of life and duty was high and despite the fact that he was a man of small means and delicate health he came as near being up to his ideals as any man could. Given his death, while seeking health for his daughter, regardless of his own precarious condition, shows this true and generous spirit.

I hope the city authorities will in some public way testify their and the

city's appreciation of this good man and his unselfish work in the community.

B. B. JOHNSON,  
Richmond, Aug. 4-11.

## THREE CARLOADS OF INSANE SENT HERE

This afternoon there were 90 patients from the Longcliff Insane Hospital at Logansport arrived in Richmond to be taken to their new quarters at Eastern Indiana Insane hospital. Three special cars were attached to the Chicago-Cincinnati train to transfer the inmates to this city.

The change is made in compliance with the order recently issued by Governor Marshall for the purpose of relieving the present congestion at the Longcliff hospital, which is very much overcrowded. The state has been redivided into districts, somewhat changed, is another reason attributed to the change at this time.

## OVERMAN BECOMES PROFESSIONAL NOW

"Hop" Overman, who for the past four years has been the invincible pitcher on the DePaw base ball team has just signed with the Kansas City team of the American Association. "Hop" is well known in Richmond, both for his baseball and his football ability. He was one of the most dreaded men the Earlham team had to combat with.

While in DePaw "Hop" Overman was an excellent student, captain of the baseball team and football team this year. He was a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity.

After graduating from college this spring he signed with the Indianapolis team, but was farmed out to the Springfield team of the Ohio State league, and because of illness was compelled to quit the game for several weeks.

## 50 SEWER WORKERS WERE BURIED ALIVE

(National News Association)

MIDLAND, Pa., Aug. 4.—Fifty men were buried alive today by a cave-in of a sewer at the Pittsburgh Crucible Steel company plant. Two were taken out dead. Four probably are fatally hurt. Others probably all will be rescued unhurt.

## CURBSTONE WAS THE PILLOW OF A DRUNK

Lying in the gutter asleep, Bert Reid, said to be from Liberty, was arrested by Patrolmen Voglesong and Lawler this afternoon on the Liberty pike. He was so drunk he could not give his name. After going through his effects it was ascertained that his name was Reid. He will be given a hearing tomorrow morning in police court.

## 3 YEAR OLD BARBER Tried to Shave Year-old Brother—Baby Lives.

Paducah, Ky., Aug. 4.—With his grandfather's razor, Robert Crowder, 3 years old, attempted to shave his baby brother, Mingsu Crowder, 1 year old. The young barber cut a gash several inches long on his baby brother's face and barely missed severing an artery.

The lad saw his grandfather shave and a short time later got the razor and started to work on his brother. Mrs. Robert Crowder, live in Indianapolis, and are visiting relatives in this city.

## GASOLINE FIRE IN A TENEMENT HOUSE

Fire caused by gasoline did very little damage at the tenement house, 729 North Fourteenth street, occupied by three negro families. The fire occurred shortly after 10 o'clock this morning. It is not known just how the fire started but when Mrs. Blanche Morton who lives in the rear of the building, returned to her kitchen the gasoline can was blazing but it was soon extinguished. Mrs. Myrtle Irvin and Mrs. Emma Huell also reside in the house.

## FELL OFF A WAGON: HAS LEG FRACTURED

Ishmel Milton, a colored lad, aged 7, fell from the seat of a fruit wagon on which he was accustomed to ride and one of the wheels passed over his right leg, just below the knee, breaking both bones on Thursday evening about 6:30 o'clock. The boy was taken to Reid Memorial hospital and it may be necessary to amputate the leg although the ordinary method of administering to fractured bones were administered. The boy lives with his parents on South D street. The driver of the wagon is held blameless.

## UNDER \$220,000 BOND Were Three Members of the School Board Placed.

Members of the Richmond city school board, including S. S. Stratton, Jr., Dr. M. F. Johnston and Lee B. Nussbaum, treasurer, are bonded in the sum of \$220,000. The new bond for the ensuing year calling for this amount of surety will be filed with county auditor Demas Coe. Directors of the Second National bank as individuals signed the bond, which if it had been given by a surety company would have cost members of the school board \$100 a year commission, while the total salaries of the board amount to only \$450 a year. The action of the bank directors does not net the bank anything as the school funds are proportioned among the four banking institutions in the city, according to the capital stock of each institution.

## PREACHER'S WIFE CREMATED IN CLOSET

(National News Association)

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Aug. 4.—Mrs. Jasper Hughes, wife of a retired Chicago preacher, was cremated this morning after she had locked herself in a closet of their summer home at Jennings Park near Holland. Mystery surrounds the tragedy.

## WORK ON ROADS IS PROGRESSING WELL

The late summer work on the roads over the county has commenced and is under good headway. Gravel pits in various sections of the county are being opened and the roads are being prepared for a fresh bed of gravel. Strings of fresh gravel will soon line many miles of county road in Wayne county much to the annoyance of automobilists and motorists.

## WAS MADE TODAY BY STATE AGENT B. W. COHN.

Conditions of restaurants, grocery stores and dairies have been found improved by B. W. Cohn, deputy food and drug inspector who is making an investigation here. Deputy Cohn inspected the restaurants and a few grocery stores yesterday and today is inspecting dairies. It is probable he will not complete his investigation today.

Ventilation of barns is not found to be as good as it should be by the inspector. He asserts that in order to secure a good rating the dairymen must keep their barns well ventilated and well lighted. In most instances sanitary conditions are found.

A number of changes have been ordered in restaurants and grocery stores. He instructed some proprietors to repair their floors so that they could be properly mopped. In some restaurants he ordered the paper taken off kitchen wall and the walls repapered. Nothing escaped his attention as he inspected every corner of each restaurant and store. That ice chests must be kept clean is another order given out.

Inspector Cohn instructed the grocers to candle their eggs before buying and selling. This is a state law and several violations were found in this city. Cohn will return within a short time to ascertain if his instructions have been carried out and if they have not prosecutions will follow.

In general the meat markets were found to be in good condition. Very few cases were found where meat was unprotected.

## INDIANA JOCKEY ACCIDENT VICTIM

(National News Association)

ANDERSON, Ind., Aug. 4.—Jockey Harry Inglis, of Anderson, is believed to be dying in a hospital here following an accident at the Middletown fair races yesterday when a girder strap broke at the end of the first quarter. His mount, Country Maid, finished the race riderless and won. Inglis is suffering from concussion of the brain.

## MOROCCAN TROUBLE AMICABLY SETTLED

(National News Association)

BERLIN, Aug. 4.—A compromise in the Moroccan situation satisfactory to both Germany and France was announced today. The details are withheld but it is understood to involve considerable trading of colonial possessions.

## A DAIRY INSPECTION

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## WAS LORIMER DAY WILL FILL A WANT

White's Cross Examination Injured Himself.

(National News Association)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—Judge Haney, counsel for Senator Lorimer, forced Charles A. White, to admit before the investigating committee today that he had "lied infamously" when he subscribed to an oath as a member of the Illinois general assembly when he swore he had not and would not accept money for any official act. White also admitted that the letter he wrote to Lorimer, telling him he had been offered \$250 per word for a thirty thousand word story, exposing Lorimer's election, was for the purpose of trapping Lorimer into an admission of the knowledge of the corruption in the legislature. Haney indicated an embarrassing line of inquiry by the defense by compelling White to acknowledge he and officers, in whose custody he was for eight months, had visited disreputable houses together. Attorney Marble objected to this line of interrogation of the witnesses on the ground of irrelevancy.

## HURRY UP CALL FOR ABSENT REPUBLICANS

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—Fearing that the Democratic house will be able to pass the wool bill over the President's veto the Republican "Whip" Dwight, of the house today telegraphed all the Republican absentees to return to Washington at once. This action was taken after a conference with President Taft by Representative Dwight.

## DIED AT OAKLANDON

SELLERS—Mr. Henry Sellers, formerly of Richmond, died at Oaklandon, Ind., July 21, and was buried in the Oaklandon cemetery on July 25. Since Mrs. Sellers death he had made his home with his daughter, Mrs. R. W. Bennett, formerly of this city, but now of Oaklandon, Ind.

## KANSAS CLOUDBURST DOES MUCH DAMAGE

(National News Association)

Galena, Kansas, Aug. 4.—Half a million dollars damage to railroads and zinc and lead mining industry by a cloudburst accompanied by a wind, electric and hail storm early today. Five inches of rain fell in two hours. Dozens of railroad bridges were washed out. Others are rendered unsafe. Heavy damage also occurred in Nebraska, Kansas and Northern Oklahoma. Many houses were blown down.

## ARLINGTON HOTEL IS TO HAVE A CAFE

Richmond will have a new hotel when the Arlington hotel is completed about September 1. J. P. Hiff and Son, owners, and Mr. W. Welsh, manager, state that on the completion of the many improvements the Arlington will be a complete and modern European plan hotel in every respect.

"The present plans include hot and cold water baths for every room, phone service over the entire building and a complete rearrangement of the lobby. The management expects to spare no expense. The remodeling work is being pushed as rapidly as possible. The building will be redecorated.

The cafe, which is to be a model of its kind, will be opened or about September 1. In the interval the American plan dining room has been done away with and no meals are being served to the hotel. It is not known what the cost will be for the improvements but they will probably reach several thousand dollars.

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## CINCINNATIANS ARE ON A LONG TRAMP

Three months spent in Death Valley, Nev., practically cured Captain M. A. Leclair, who stopped in this city today on his walk from Cincinnati to San Diego, of tuberculosis. It is said that most people cannot live in Death Valley, owing to the fact that it is a great deal lower than sea level and the atmosphere is very foul. Captain Leclair with his wife and daughter Viola are walking the distance of 2,000 miles for the health of Leclair.

## IN JAIL DELIVERY

Four Escape at Browntown—Used Broken Bed.

(National News Association)

BROWNTOWN, IND., Aug. 4.—Four prisoners escaped from the county jail at this place this morning. They were Harry M. Queen of Mitchell, charged with robbing a store at Seymour, John Craig and George Harris, charged with robbing a box car at Seymour, and P. Franklin, a robber. Bloodhounds were ordered from Indianapolis and on one was allowed around the jail. The men gained their liberty by breaking an iron bed using the pieces to pry off the iron bars. Four other prisoners refused to leave the jail.

# THE HANSOMER MAN - - By A. C. Murray

"My dear old Bobbie, not another word! You've got to go, and you've got to go now. But I say, it's all very well," protested Bobbie. "But what about old Blenkinsopp? I'm booked to dine with him."

"Blenkensopp be bothered!" was Jack Redstone's reply. "Althea's simply dying to meet you, and if you talk of rushing away now, you'll offend her for life."

"Here, Althea!" he called out, for by this time he was standing at the door, looking into the drawing room. "Althea, you've heard me talk about my old chum, Bobbie."

"He got no further. The drawing room was empty."

"Hello! Sorry, old chap," Jack apologized. "My wife must be in her room. I'll go and tell her. But there's the phone. You settle with your friend Blenkinsopp. Tell him you're unavoidably detained."

He went out, leaving Bobbie solemnly fixing an eye-glass in his eye, and staring at the telephone as if he was waiting one for the first time in his life.

The flat was ominously silent. Yet this was Wednesday, and ever since their marriage three years ago he had made a distinct point of always being home to dinner on Wednesday—business and other engagements permitting.

It was a sort of standing treat for Althea, and hitherto she had always shown her appreciation of his guest in becoming manner. But to-night—

And only twenty minutes from dinner-time, too! Jack sat down slowly on the edge of the bed. It was unheard of for Althea.

What could it mean? It had something to do with that tiff of yesterday's, of course. He certainly had been a little more severe than usual, but then that was his intention. Severity was good for Althea. She was very young, and often foolish, and had to be taught, like everybody else.

But it was not like her to be vindictive, though he had remarked a slight tendency that way of late, and indeed, had meant to draw her attention to it. But now—

The flat was silent as the grave. Jack's thoughts jerked back to Bobbie, sitting alone there in the drawing-room. He decided hastily that he would wait. Unless Bobbie had altered in his old age, he would probably go to sleep. So much the better.

Jack frowned again. This about Althea certainly worried him. Now he came to think of it, that tendency to resent his methods of correction had not been purely slight, but very strong of late. He must look further into this. Perhaps Althea was kicking over the traces.

He rang for the maid, and cross-questioned her as closely as his dignity

as master of the house permitted. "The maid had gone out—had not mentioned where. Nor had she left any instructions about dinner. A gentleman had called in the afternoon."

"A gentleman?" Jack almost gasped. Yes, and the mistress and he had gone out together.

"What?" Jack forgot his dignity as master of the house that time. He mald coughed, and looked uncomfortable. The gentleman had given no name, she volunteered. The mistress had met him as he came in at the hall entrance.

"And were there any orders for dinner?" "Yes," echoed Jack furiously. "No—yes—no! At least, yes—oh, get out!" he snapped, and a couple of minutes later he was hastily conscious of having heard something about a fortnight's notice, and of the door being slammed with a disrespectful silence.

Then there was Bobbie. Confound the man!—what a nuisance he was! Why on earth he had ever insisted on him dining with them he could not imagine.

However, he supposed he could not leave him alone in the drawing room all night. He went back moodily. Bobbie was asleep—just as he expected. He regarded him viciously for a moment, remarking that his eternal eyes were still remained jammed in a dimple of his pink, plump cheek. Bobbie still answered to the nickname of "Fatty" to a favored few.

He had been Jack's best chum in the old bachelor days. Jack sighed at the thought of them. For six years or more, though they had lost sight of each other, until they met that afternoon in a lift on the stairs.

Now Althea had let him down. Worse than that, there was this scandalous old chap who had taken his wife off for an afternoon's jaunt. By George! but Althea would have to have a very thorough explanation to make of this escapade.

On principle, he had always been most particular as to the male friends he introduced to the flat. There were old Bolders and Stebbins.

Jack believed he could name them all on the fingers of his one hand. He tried, and could not think of one whom Althea would think of being seen out with, even with his knowledge and consent. Then who on earth could it be?

"Hello! Sorry, old chap," said the latter, taking down his eye-glass like a shop-shutter, and wiping it carefully. "Must have nodded, I think. Heat, perhaps. And Mrs. Redstone—where is she?"

"Out, apparently," answered his host, saying that he had awakened him at all. "I thought she would have been in, but she isn't. I expect her every minute, though."

"Then look here, old chap," began Bobbie, in a tone of relief, climbing to his

feet. "Under those circumstances, I think perhaps you had better go home."

"No! What the dickens do you mean?" demanded Jack, pushing him down again. "I thought we had settled all that. You're dining here. I want you—for particular reasons," he added again.

Bobbie looked at him suspiciously, but Jack only laughed. "You're not married, are you, Bobbie?" he inquired.

"No, not married. Of course not." "Nor going to be?"

"Not that I know of," answered Bobbie, looking almost nervous at the suggestion. "Then don't!" said Jack emphatically. "Marriage wouldn't suit you, Bobbie, believe me. You're not up to it."

"Not up to it?" echoed Bobbie. "No, I mean it's too big a job for a man of your temperament. You'd be no good at all at managing a wife. It's a trade in itself, and one you've got to stick at all the time. If you mean to squeeze any happiness at all out of married life."

"Dear me," was Bobbie's answer, after a pause.

"Sudden?" asked Bobbie. "Yes, particularly when the girl is young. Althea is young—only a child, in fact—but still I'm training her."

"I thought you were pushing the cigar-box across to Bobbie."

"Don't be frightened because it's the drawing room," he laughed. "I never stand nonsense of that sort."

"Women are funny creatures. Yesterday, for instance, was the anniversary of our wedding day. Now, Althea likes a fuss made of little things like that, but I don't. I hate them."

"Oh, well," laughed Jack, "of course this may have nothing at all to do with it. But I thought, seeing that an old pal you are, I might venture to explain."

"Flattered, I'm sure!" sighed Bobbie, closing his eyes.

The minutes passed and still there was no sign of the truant. Bobbie looked at his watch again. It was all right for Jack sitting there doing the stern and noble "act" to himself, but he was getting hungry.

Suddenly his wandering gaze lit on a large panel photograph on the table beside him. He started, adjusted his eye-glass for a better look, then started again, this time in earnest. His fluttering eyes even aroused Jack.

"My wife, of course. Oh, I forgot you hadn't met her!"

"Met her?" blurted Bobbie, catching the photo up in his fingers. And then a sealed envelope which all this time had been propped against it, unnoticed, fluttered to the ground.

"Why, that's from Althea!" cried Jack, sweeping forward. He tore it open. Bobbie was watching him holding his breath. Instinct warned him that something tragic was about to happen. And it did—promptly.

Jack Redstone's eyes had scarcely skimmed the first two lines that he staggered. Bobbie sprang to his feet.

"It's from my wife," panted Jack, trying to recover himself. He caught at the mantelpiece, then sank back like a half-filled sack into the chair again.

"Gone?" echoed Bobbie, trying to make sound as if he, too, were utterly surprised.

"Yes; left me. You're my oldest pal, Bobbie. Stand by me and help me, for Heaven's sake! Read that!"

Bobbie read it.

"Dear Jack," it ran. "Just one hurried note to you. I have just come home with another and a handsome man who loved me long before I met you, and whose devotion has remained steadfast in spite of everything. Indeed, I have never been able to put him out of my life altogether, and to-day I could not resist his appeal to throw my lot with him. Forgive me if you can, and never fear that I shall not be very happy—Your penitent wife, Althea."

"With whom, mark you, she has been secretly in love all this time she has been married to me. What do you think of that, eh, Bobbie?" laughed Jack Redstone, instantly springing to his feet and pacing the room like a tiger. "And am I to forgive her and wish her joy—my penitent wife?"

"Then, seeing that Bobbie still held the photograph, he caught it out of his fingers and ripped it in half."

"What are you doing? Why are you still gazing at it?" he demanded fiercely. "You have met her before. I can see it in your eyes. Out with it! Perhaps you know this cursed admirer of hers, too?"

"Here—steady, old man!" said Bobbie quietly.

"Does you wife ever dress in dark blue with a wide hat trimmed with forget-me-nots and stuff?" he asked.

"But why? Quick, man! Out with it!"

"Then if this photo is like her at all, I believe I saw her on the departure platform at Victoria Station this afternoon."

Jack tumbled back into his chair again as if he had been struck in the face by a fist.

"Victoria Station?" he repeated, in an awful whisper.

"There was a gentleman accompanying her, too, but I did not take stock of him. They were standing amid a pile of luggage, and the train was the boat-train to Paris."

"Paris?"

Bobbie's eye-glass grew amazingly dim all of a sudden. It took him a good five minutes, in fact, to polish it, and during that time neither had spoken. At last Bobbie put his hands on his chum's shaking shoulders.

"Now, then, old man, buck up!" said Bobbie stoutly. "You've got to think what you are going to do, you know."

Jack stared up at him with dazed eyes.

"There's the servants, for a start," said Bobbie.

"They must not know; not yet, at any rate. What are you going to tell them?"

Jack shook his head. "Don't care," he said wearily. "You think for me, Bobbie. I can't. Althea's gone, and I can see now that it was I who drove her away. How can I get her back? Tell me that, and all the rest can go to the deuce."

"Wait, you could follow them," suggested Bobbie lamely.

"Follow them?" Jack Redstone was slowly climbing to his feet, a light glimmered in his staring eyes.

"Them?" he repeated, in a tone that made Bobbie's flesh positively crawl.

"Him, you mean?" he thundered. "Yes, I'll follow him. And you'll come, too, Bobbie, and help me to spot the cur! That'll be the game. And then I'll shoot him dead!"

"Here, I say!" stammered Bobbie, looking pale at the notion.

"Come on, Bobbie, we'll pack at once—for Paris!"

Jack had already started to pack his bag, leaving Bobbie to tell the maid that Mrs. Redstone had been taken very ill at the house of a friend, and that her master had just had a telephone message to go at once. Then, since Jack would not trust him of his sight, he rang for his own chambers for his kit to be sent along.

It was an awful thing to have happened, of course, and he must stand by old Jack through thick and thin, but at the same time, if he had not been such a soft ass about the Blenkinsopp invitation he might now have been at the Ritz.

Bobbie, who had been following with unseeing eyes the manoeuvrings of a taxicab that had overshot its mark in the square beneath, suddenly sat bolt upright. The cab had at last pulled up as if it were waiting for him.

Jack's own flock of manions and a lady and gentleman had alighted. Now they were coming up the steps. Bobbie could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Great thunder! Why, what's this?" he gasped.

"What's what?" demanded Jack, striding to the side. By that time the new arrivals were hidden from view.

"Your wife, old man," spluttered Bobbie. "The lady I saw on the platform at Victoria. She's coming back."

"My wife—coming back?" echoed Jack, stupefied.

"Yes, and brought the man with her."

"What?" blurted Jack. "The man she ran away with? Coming here to my house?"

He ran away with a Zulu knobkerrie

from the wall as he spoke—a weapon heavy enough to kill an ox. In another moment no doubt he would have gone storming down the stairs to meet the club on the floor with a crash and

laughter. Footsteps could be heard ascending the stairs.

"Great God