

KNOW ALL ABOUT IT.

"Yes, he got three years for manslaughter," said the city editor. "The crime was cold-blooded enough, but you can't get even a northern jury to convict for murder under those circumstances. However, I'd better tell you the story from the beginning.

"We happened to be short of men when Phipps drifted into the office of the Clarion. He claimed to be a newspaper man from Georgia, and he seemed to understand his business, so I gave him a trial. He made good. He wasn't a showy writer, but he had the faculty of getting news, which is a more valuable art. After a month of probation had elapsed I engaged him at a monthly salary of \$150.

"He was a reserved sort of man. Only one or two of us ever got to know him at all intimately. This may have been partly due to the fact that he was older than any of us—verging on forty, in fact. However, I dined at his little flat once or twice and met his wife.

"Mrs. Phipps was a very sweet woman of about thirty-two or three. Somehow she gave one the impression that she had known great sorrows during her life. She was devoted to Phipps—her eyes followed him constantly, and she seemed almost to hang upon his words.

"After Phipps had been with us about eight months I called him over to my desk one November morning.

"John, I said—I knew him well enough to address him by his first name—do you remember the Elwell case?"

"Perfectly," he answered. "Elwell, you know, ran away with the wife of some man or other somewhere down south, I said, to refresh his memory in case he hadn't remembered as much as he claimed, which would be no demerit in a reporter. 'Wife of a decent planter, I believe. He fascinated her. He took her to New York, ran through her money and



"Do You Remember the Elwell Case?" abandoned her. He was arrested a little later for forgery and sentenced to two years in Sing Sing."

"Three," said Phipps in his expressionless tone.

"Well, anyway," I continued, "the husband came after her when he learned that Elwell had abandoned her, forgave her and took her back with him. He said he was going to kill Elwell, but the man was safe behind the bars by that time, so this man—by the way, what was his name?"

"Let me see—Benson, wasn't it?" asked Phipps.

"That's it!" I exclaimed. "Jim Benson. Well, Benson said he would get Elwell when he came out. Elwell's time is up next Saturday morning, but I've had a tip that he's going to be released just after sundown today, so that in case Benson is anywhere in the neighborhood he won't know about Elwell's release until he's miles away. So I want you to run up to Sing Sing and wait round the gate of the penitentiary until you see Elwell leave, and then follow him till he gets aboard a train."

"All right, Tom," said Phipps, and put on his hat and left the office.

"I didn't think there was one chance in a million either of Benson making good on his threat or of his knowing the time of Elwell's release, but I arranged things so that, in case there was any story, I could give it a couple of front page columns. Then I forgot about it. My hours were from ten to six, usually, but that week the night man was on his holiday, and I had to stay around till about ten at night to handle anything important that came in. Naturally, I was rather rushed.

"It must have been about six o'clock in the evening when I got a telephone message from Phipps. He wouldn't speak to any one but me.

"What is it?" I called.

"Benson shot Elwell dead 12 minutes ago," he answered.

"Where are you?" I demanded.

"I'm telephoning from Ossining. Can you keep me two columns?"

"All the space you want," I answered. "Do you want to phone it in?"

"No, I'll write the story on the train, and bring it down," Phipps answered.

"That was all right, because, of course, there was ample time to get the story into the morning paper. I was satisfied, too, that no evening paper had followed the case, and therefore they wouldn't bring out an extra for the murder of an unknown man. So I waited for Phipps with some

natural impatience, and about eight o'clock he strolled into the office in his usual way and handed me the penciled story.

"You might run your eye over this," he said. "There's about a column and a half there. I'll finish it in 20 minutes or so."

"That was the best story Phipps had ever written. It treated the subject almost photographically. One saw the man Elwell leaving the penitentiary gate with a furtive, hurried air; the assassin lying in wait for him, the tracking down of Elwell in a lonely part of the road, Elwell's frightened recognition—

"Say, John, I called out at this juncture, 'you must have seen the whole thing, didn't you? Why in thunder didn't you stop it?'"

"You didn't send me to stop it; you sent me to report it," answered Phipps.

"I had never quite understood John Phipps, and now I stared at him in astonishment. Had he really permitted the murder to take place in order to make news for the Clarion? He might, of course, have been exaggerating; in any event, he had done his duty to the paper, and the moral aspect was for his own conscience. So I went on reading the story, which was a dandy.

"The assassin got away?" I asked.

"Yes," answered Phipps, thrusting a few more sheets of copy into my hand. "He took the next train—you'll read all about it there. He got Elwell just where he wanted him."

"By George, this will be a scoop!" I said, congratulating myself on having followed up the case. "Say, John, now I think we'll have to send you down to Georgia to interview the murderer."

"Phipps thrust the last sheet into my hands and looked up in his calm, dispassionate manner.

"I beg your pardon, Tom?" he asked me.

"I say we'll have to send you down to Georgia," I answered. "Can you catch the midnight train for Atlanta? He's sure to be making for home. A man like that is a monomaniac, with no more thought for anything except his crime than a lunatic has for anything except his delusion. You'd best hurry to your apartment and then catch the midnight—"

"Sorry, old man, but I've got an appointment at police headquarters," answered Phipps, putting on his hat again. He held his hand out to me. "You see, Tom," he explained, "it was I who shot Elwell."

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OLD FRIGATE'S FINAL BERTH

Constellation to Come to Permanent Anchor in the Potomac River at Washington.

Removal of the famous old frigate Constellation from the naval training station at Newport, R. I., to a permanent location in the Potomac river at Washington, is proposed in a bill reported favorably to the house of representatives by the committee on naval affairs. As the committee's action was practically unanimous the early passage of the measure appears probable. The Navy League of the United States and other patriotic organizations are behind the project and are earnestly advocating favorable action.

Suggestion that the old ship be transferred to Washington was first made by Rear Admiral Victor Blue, chief of the bureau of navigation of the navy department, in his annual report to the secretary. The rear admiral believes that the Constellation, as a historic relic, will prove of great interest to the thousands of sight-seers who annually throng the capital city.

The frigate Constellation is the oldest naval vessel built by the United States government and was launched at Baltimore in 1794. It was one of a squadron of four ships intended for the protection of American shipping against the Algerian corsairs. The lofty white oak sides of the ancient craft still bear the honorable scars received in the naval war with France in 1799, in the conflict with the Barbary pirates and in the strife with England in 1812. It is the present intention of the authorities to anchor the frigate in the tidal basin, a landlocked lagoon connecting with the Potomac, in which the gigantic image of the Washington monument is reflected. At the head of this basin stands the statue of John Paul Jones, the father of the American navy, while a short distance away the huge memorial to Lincoln is soon to rise. To this scene the Constellation will lend historic color.

Routing Out French.

Victor Emmanuel III, following the initiative of Kaiser Wilhelm, is driving into exile the French words that have so long been in service at his table. Hereafter they will no more appear on the menus, and his household is forbidden ever to pronounce their names. There will be no more French dishes, no more wines of Burgundy or Bordeaux, as in the time of his father and his grandfather. Only Italian cooking will be permitted, says a Roman paper. Only the national growths of wine, the foaming Asti and Lachryma Christi (tears of Christ!), will be served. The master cook has changed by the royal order, the names of the dishes: The consommés are now "bodi stretti," the entrees are "antipasti," the side dishes are "trammessi" and the desserts are "promessi." The chief cook, the better to carry out the royal order, has issued a book which the servants of the household are expected to learn by heart. This culinary revolution, it is said, has met with much success in high Roman society.

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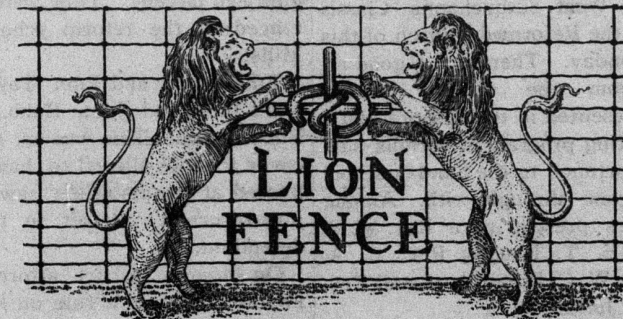
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