

TERRIBLE REVENGE CHARGED AGAINST JEALOUS HUSBAND

Angered by Wife's Friendship for Crippled Man,
J. H. Crutchfield Is Accused of At-
tempting to Maim Her.

TRAGEDY HAS SHOCKED ATLANTA, GA.

Both Principals Belonged to the Best Society of the Southern City
—Mrs. Crutchfield Long Considered One of the Most
Beautiful Women of That Section—Public
Sentiment Entirely With Her.

Atlanta.—"Revenge!" This is said to have been J. H. Crutchfield's one word when he fired the two shots, says the New York World.

His wife fell, and he dropped the revolver to the porch. Both shots had hit, but if he intended, as they charge, to cripple both legs "to match that man," he was but partly successful. The right leg has been amputated above the knee.

"That man" knew his wife, and "that man" had lost his legs in a railway accident. Further than that it was nothing. No one dare say a word against Mrs. Crutchfield. She has always been a favorite in Atlanta society—handsome, clever, vivacious.

The Crutchfields have long been among the best known people in Atlanta, Ga. It had to be so, because Mrs. Crutchfield was considered the handsomest young matron in Atlanta, and southern gallantry still exists. She came from Columbia, S. C., and there she married young Crutchfield 14 years ago.

He was a rising young cotton oil broker then; to-day he is accounted well-to-do. Mrs. Crutchfield did not come of a wealthy family—in fact, her face was all the fortune she brought her husband, but that was enough. There has never been a better dressed young matron in all the south than young Mrs. Crutchfield. She had a figure and complexion to set off her beauty, too, and the beautiful clothes bought by her devoted husband. It was dinner and dance and drive all the time.

"There goes the handsome Mrs. Crutchfield!" could be heard in Atlanta any day.

Made Crutchfield Jealous.

The chivalrous southerners liked to hear her called that, because she really was. But Crutchfield resented this compliment to his beautiful wife. He didn't like the drives and the dinners and the dances. He had an idea that his wife should stay at home more and look out for Loudette and Paul, their two little boys. Mrs. Crutchfield could not see things in his light.

They quarreled; they separated. Then Atlanta society learned for the first time that everything in the Crutchfield home was not as it should

be. field was brought to court upon one. He was charged with striking his handsome wife.

"I did it because of a letter," he swore. "I took it from her bosom myself. It was from a man in this town. I did strike her. I struck her several times. I dragged her out on the veranda, and I pitched her out into the yard. I thought I had killed her. And that is the only time I ever struck her."

The case was dismissed. Mr. and Mrs. Crutchfield left the courtroom arm-in-arm, apparently the happiest of couples. For months they lived together in seeming mutual regard. They were seen out together often, as devoted as two young lovers might well be. Then like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky came a second suit for divorce. This is still pending.

Enter "The Man."

Mrs. Crutchfield took her two little sons and went to live at No. 300 South Pryor street, Atlanta. It was then that "the man" entered their lives. He was a splendid specimen of manhood—tall, good-looking, athletic, debonaire. He was clever and entertaining and the handsome young Mrs. Crutchfield was plainly interested—more than that, not at all.

Then came the accident. This friend of the family was a railroad man. He fell between the cars and both his legs had to be amputated to save his life. Mrs. Crutchfield was deeply moved by his misfortune and she tried to help him as he lay in the hospital, doomed to be a cripple for life.

And that aroused the husband to his fury.

Mrs. Crutchfield had been to see "Zaza" at the matinee. Her husband had come to her new home to wait for her. He had to wait two hours. Then Mrs. Crutchfield said a merry "Good-night" to some of her friends who had been to the theater with her and ran up the stoop.

"Is that you, Sallie?" asked Crutchfield.

"Yes," answered his wife, without a thought of what was to come.

There was a shot; then another. The handsome young wife fell prone and unconscious. Two bullets from

both limbs. But by a merciful mis-shot both bullets hit the same limb.

The 11-year-old boy, Loudette, heard the shots. He started down to the door to let his mother in. He had just opened it when the first shot was fired. He jumped on the back of his father as the second bullet was sent on its errand of vengeance and fought with him to keep him from firing again.

Crutchfield started to get away. The boy clung to him.

"Don't you shoot again!" screamed little Loudette, trying to get between the revolver and his mother.

The boy couldn't save his mother's limb, but he did save her life by spoiling his father's aim. Crutchfield ran down the steps.

"If you follow me I'll fix you, too!" he yelled, in his rage.

"I was afraid," said the boy, as he tells it now, "and I ran back to my mother. I saw him hit her once before and I tried to stop him this time."

Crutchfield was arrested at once and hurried to the police station.

Detective Lockhart says he declared: "It was an accident. I had the gun in my hand and she grabbed at it. In the scuffle it went off and shot her in the leg. It is a repeating Winchester, and the explosion of one cartridge loaded it again and this caused the second shot."

"I went to my home to look for the man who had ruined it. I did not mean to shoot Sallie, and I hope she will get well."

Over at the hospital Mrs. Crutchfield said: "It was not an accident, and if they don't lock him up he will finish the job if he ever meets me again."

Gave Crutchfield Privileges.

And here is the strange part of the whole proceeding: Crutchfield was not treated like the ordinary criminal. In fact, he had the liberty of the city. He was not locked in a cell, but was permitted to engage a special policeman at his own expense to accompany him about town, "buying" for his friends in the clubs and cafes, and at-



Struck Her Several Times.

tending to his own business as a cotton oil broker.

Meanwhile the wife that he had maimed was fighting for her life at the Grady hospital. Gangrene had set in. Her life hung in the balance. The surgeons shook their heads. It was a toss-up whether the wounded woman would live or die.

Public sentiment was with the wife. So Crutchfield's privileges were curtailed and he was sent to jail—the "Tower." But even here he was not locked in a cell, and there is likelihood of a police investigation as to why he was not.

Instead, Crutchfield was assigned to a sunny room. He has fitted it up as a combination library and sitting-room—this man who had his awful vengeance. There his stenographers report to him every day. He dictates his letters and cleans up his day's business, and after that he reads and smokes at ease. He has been allowed a big graphophone, and he has 100 odd records of the latest songs and marches.

"I Had Rather Be on the Outside Looking In Than on the Inside Looking Out" is the favorite tune with Crutchfield, and the other prisoners along his corridor enjoy it as much as does he.

"Rather suggestive, eh?" is the salutation given to callers when they enter while this song is being played, and he usually switches to another tune, "A-Lookin' Out."

Plays Suggestive Tune.

The latest of his collection has just arrived. It is from "The Spring Chicken" and is entitled "They Sold Me a Lemon in the Garden of Love, Where They Told Me the Peaches Grew."

The climax came the other day when the surgeons said that Mrs. Crutchfield would get well, and that her husband could apply for bail. He at once decided to celebrate.

"Call up the best caterer in town," he ordered of his jailers. "Have a possum supper, and plenty of ale and cider."

They had it in the jail all right. The news of the feast to come was published in the afternoon papers, and two women admirers of the man who had his "vengeance" sent big frosted cakes as an addition to the repast.

When supper time came a large table was brought into Crutchfield's room and the prisoner-guests and several outsiders filed in for the fun and feasting. The man who had his vengeance did the honors.

Dr. O. H. Snyder, charged with selling liquor on Sunday, was the first guest to arrive.

He was followed by Ernest Naylor, charged with being a participant in

the riot on that eventful Saturday night in Atlanta when 16 negroes were killed. J. P. Clemmons, held on the same charge, followed.

Night Jailer Walter Johnson came next, to give an official tone to the party. John Dorsey, "the best trusty in Georgia," in charge of the jail laundry, next in importance, took his place. Three Ohio business men, two from Dayton and one from Springfield, who had made business appointments with Crutchfield before he was arrested, arrived in Atlanta that day, and hearing



Shot to Maim Her.

of his plight, called at his jail room, attended to the business under consideration and remained to enjoy the supper with their host.

One "Turned Down" Plate.

Crutchfield made the ninth member of the party, and insisted on "turning down" an empty plate.

Whether this was a tribute to his wife or some visitor who did not arrive is not known.

While the revelry was at its height Mrs. Crutchfield was moaning on her couch in the hospital. She will soon be out now, crippled for life. Crutchfield was asked if he had not intended to cripple her in exactly the way he did.

"No," said he, "I didn't. I never said that, but I do know a friend who has lost both his legs. You just call up the hospital where they took him and see if she didn't go there and nurse him when he was hurt."

And that is where this case of latter-day revenge stands now. There will be two trials—a criminal one for felonious assault and another for divorce. Much that will startle will be brought out then.

But, no matter who wins or loses, all Atlanta is saying, "What a vengeance!"

SURELY WAS A MEAN MAN.

In Presence of Hospitable Friends He Bought and Drank Alone.

"The meanest man I ever knew lived down in Texas and I worked for him," said the old-time reporter. "He owned the paper and he was a banker, besides. On top of that he had real estate strung around town till reporters on the opposition didn't know when they were trespassing and when they weren't."

"One afternoon, as we boys were starting out to gather up the day's troubles and had dropped into a friend's place to take the taste out of our mouths the city editor and the managing editor came in right after us and we all lined up. There had been one round and everybody was trying to tell his best story and wondering who would buy next when there was a gasp from 'Officer' Herlick, who 'did' police, and we followed his eyes to the front door. Who should be coming in all alone but the old man himself—and him a deacon! Nobody had ever heard of him being in a saloon before and it didn't seem to bode much good."

The m. e. was the first man to get his breath, as was right, seeing his position, him being closer to the old man than any of us, and he sung out tolerably cheerfully:

"How do you do, Mr. Campbell. We were just about to take something. Will you join us?"

"The old man sidled up to the bar without saying a word, much to our astonishment, though you could see he wasn't used to it."

"I believe I'll take a little beer, boys," he said, and we nearly fell over. What an unbending!

"Well, we all took what we wanted and the old man slipped his beer and smacked his lips. There was more conversation while the bar man polished the rosewood, and finally the old man spoke up again, smacking his lips, and says:

"That beer tasted pretty good. I believe I'll have another."

"And with that he laid a nickel very carefully on the bar and gave it a little push. One lone, lorn nickel. We glanced at each other out of the tails of our eyes and said nothing. The 'old man' drank his beer slowly. We? Why, we looked on."

Started on Lowest Rung.

Oren Root, a nephew of the secretary of state, while scarcely over 33 years of age, was recently appointed vice-president of the Metropolitan Street Railroad Company of New York. Root started at the bottom of the ladder. He began with a construction gang as a laborer and later, before going into the offices of the company, he acted as motorman and for several months rang up fares.

Dying in Poverty and Want.

MINSTREL WHO GAVE LAVISHLY
NOW PENNILESS.

Generous Acts of "Billy" Williams
Remembered by Friends—How He
Aided the South During
Fever Plague.

Chicago.—A pathetic story comes from Topeka, a story of the most fascinating human interest, of unselfish deeds, of thoughtfulness of others, of brilliant success and sad twilight hours. The man is one who in the hey-day of his prosperity gave freely of his fortune for the cause of kindness and for the wiping away of tears. To-day, with two of his children, broken in health, very close upon the verge of a last resting place, he is waiting patiently in poverty and distress for the one clear call.

The man is "Billy" Williams, once the minstrel king.

Born in Dublin, the son of a successful and wealthy physician, he ran away from home, came to New Orleans, and in time took up his chosen profession. He was an intimate of Dan Rice, the famous clown and acrobat; of Jim Hayes, the dancer; of George Thompson, who wrote "Old Black Joe," and of many other famous men of that time, and with them Billy Williams sang and laughed and danced himself into the hearts of countless thousands.

But great as was his art, it was far exceeded by his generosity. His benefactions aggregated more than \$100,000. When the dark days of the fever plague smote all the southland, he gave \$21,000 to the city of Memphis alone, and to another district he sent 900 barrels of flour, costing \$5,000. He inherited a fortune of \$85,000 from his father's estate, and with what lavish hand he gave of it is written down only in the remembrance of the recording angel.

When in New Orleans, the plague was at its worst, and children were being buried in trenches for lack of coffins, he purchased and brought to the city 90 coffins for the little ones whose hearts were so much like his own. It is doubtful whether in his whole career there came to him a single cry for assistance that was not answered promptly. Pope Leo XIII, deeply impressed by these acts of almost unparalleled goodness of

heart, had struck a medal of gold, suitably inscribed, and this the aged minstrel wears to this day.

Then his health broke. Physicians ordered him west, in 1900 he went to Denver, and for several years conducted there a theatrical school and exchanged. At last his old trouble returned with double malignity. Misfortunes showered upon him. His wife lies between life and death in a St. Louis hospital. Five children are with her, and they have scarcely the necessities of life.

Do you think this is the end of Billy Williams? No. Kind friends are trying to do something for him, and sure-



"BILLY" WILLIAMS.
(Generous Minstrel Man Who Is Dying in Want at Topeka, Kan.)

ly an All-Wise Spirit will see to it that the man who gave so freely of his own for others will not be permitted to come to his last hour of unhappiness and want.

Prate of your stately buildings erected in the name of charity, wonder at your glorious facades and halls dedicated to the cause of learning, acclaim the multi-millionaire who gives a tithing of what is his for the dissemination of knowledge and the perpetuation of his name—but think with pulsing heart and with eyes clouded with tears of love upon the minstrel, Billy Williams, and the golden deeds of such a life. "For the end of that man is peace."

TOMBS BUILT ABOVE GROUND.

New Orleans Cemetery That Suggests
Old World Scene.

New Orleans.—The accompanying picture suggests a scene in the Old World, instead of one of that most



THE NEW ORLEANS CEMETERY.

interesting of places, the old St. Louis cemetery in New Orleans. As the city was originally built on low ground, with massive levees rising on every side to prevent inundation when

the floods come, the tombs were built above ground. Consequently they are like nothing seen in other parts of the country.

What the beautiful Pere la Chaise is to Paris the old St. Louis cemetery is to New Orleans. Its tombs are arranged in tiers above ground, many of them beautifully ornamented and carved, looking like stone cabinets in some vast treasure garden.

Within these tombs lie the most aristocratic dead of Louisiana, representing many old-time French families of that historic city. The photograph shows a section of wall thickly lined with single vaults. Most of the inscriptions are more than a century old. Vines have grown up, almost concealing the quaint French inscriptions of love and consolation. Wreaths of immortal geraniums and other small shrubs of the Virgin is at another, and in places vases of faded flowers are the tributes of the last feast day. Virginia creepers hang in festoons over the sealed and barred doors guarding the dead. Along the walks are vases still luxuriant with flowers and vines of a century's planting.

IS THE YOUNGEST EDITOR.

Only Nine Years Old, Yet He Publishes a Newspaper.

Lexington, Ky.—The youngest editor in the United States, if not in the world, is Thomas Overstreet Davis.



"TOMMY" DAVIS.
(This Nine-Year-Old Kentucky Boy Issues His Paper Regularly.)

and he is nine years old. He is the son of R. Lee Davis, a newspaper man. When school closed in June for the summer vacation young Davis told his father he wanted to learn to set type. His father humored him and made arrangements at a local job office for the boy to be given a case to "play with." But the boy was deadly in earnest, and every morning he would go to the shop and stick type.

Before his father knew that he had even learned the "case" he surprised him one day when he came home to dinner by flashing a copy of the "Lexington News," which he had gotten

out with his own hands, writing the locals, personals, society, setting the type and "kicking off" the paper on a small job press. It contained news of the street upon which he lived. The boy gets out the paper regularly. It is a two-column folio. It has 200 subscribers.

Oddities in Stamps.

The largest postage stamp ever issued measured four by two inches, and was the old United States five-cent stamp for packages of newspapers. The quarter-shilling stamp of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, issued in 1856, is the smallest postage stamp ever produced, being less than one-fourth the size of the British penny stamp. There are 13,000 different kinds of postage stamps issued in the various countries of the world. Some of these are made only for collectors by countries wishing to make money easily.

Project Large Glove Factory.

A dispatch from Gloversville, N. Y., states that two members of the firm of Fownes Brothers & Co., of England, have recently been there looking over suitable sites to establish a branch glove factory in that city. It is stated that this English firm intends to establish the largest glove plant in Gloversville, which now has 150 factories. Fownes Brothers & Co. recently built a silk glove factory at Amsterdam, N. Y. The firm was established in London in the year 1777.

Horse's Artificial Foot.

The veterinary profession is much interested in a surgical operation which has been accomplished by Prof. Udriski, one of the staff of the veterinary school at Bucharest. Having amputated a horse's limb at the fetlock joint, after several failures he succeeded in fitting a leather boot or artificial limb that enabled the animal to walk about and take exercise.



MRS
J. H.
CRUTCHFIELD.

have been. There were divorce proceedings. The moment the news was printed, Mrs. Crutchfield called at all the newspaper offices in Atlanta and said:

"You have published an account of my divorce proceedings. It was all right and—all wrong. We have made up. There is nothing in these charges—nothing."

Under the law there is what is known as a peace warrant. Crutch-

her husband's rifle had hit her in the right leg.

"I wanted to hit you once in each leg," yelled Crutchfield. "Then you would have been like that man."

He was right. So she would have been.

Full Revenge Frustrated.

Had the husband's aim been as true on the second shot as it was on the first Mrs. Crutchfield would have lost