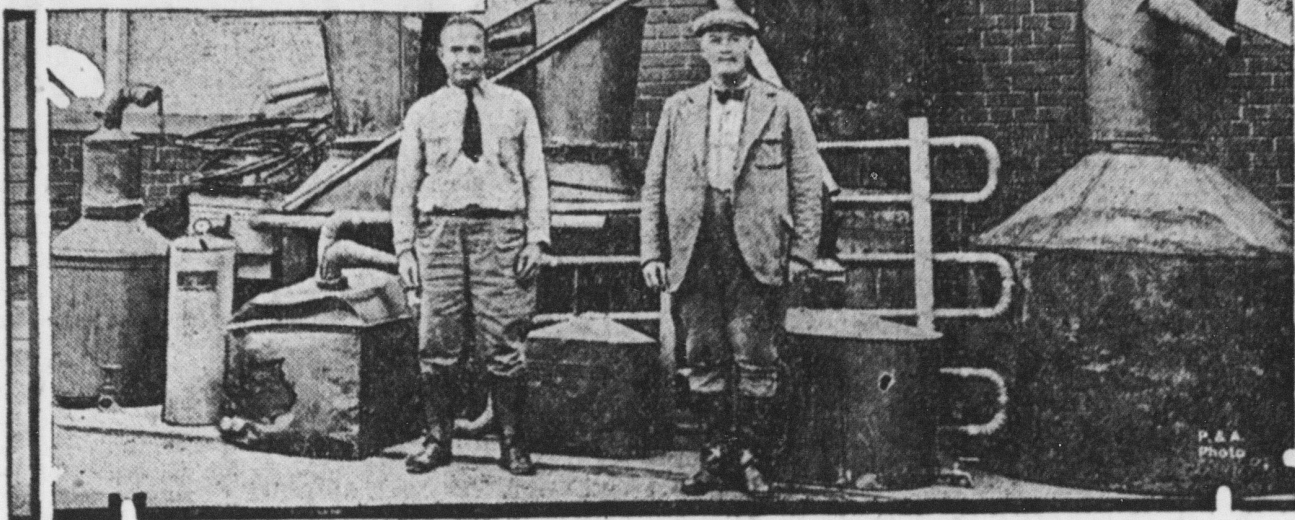
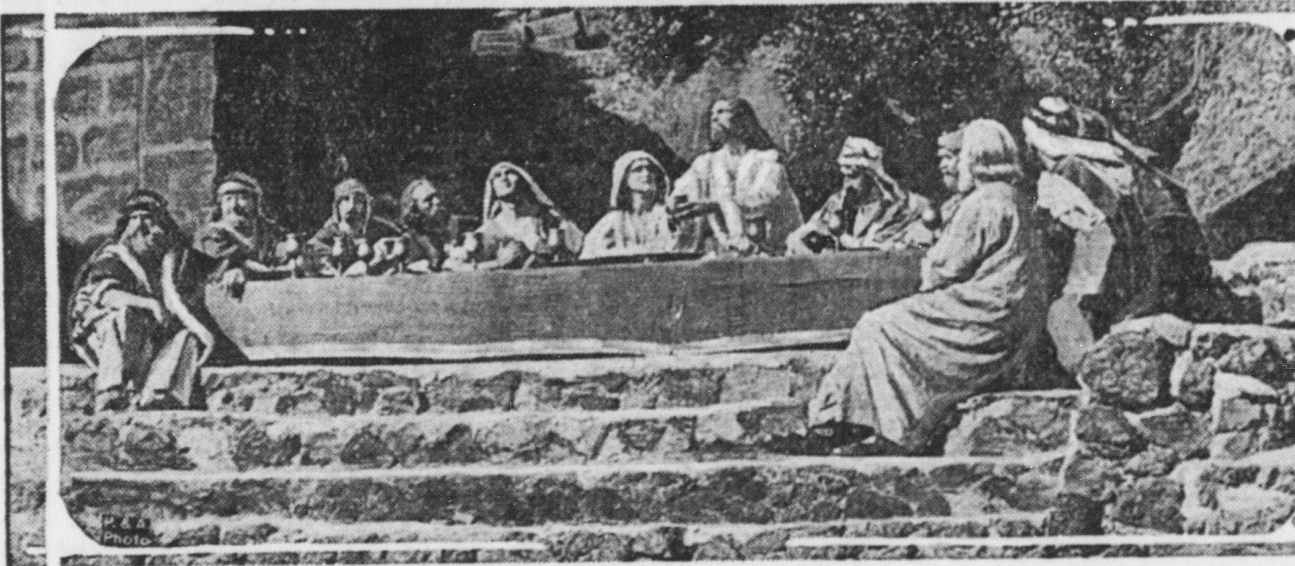


Washington's "Mops" Find Many Big Stills There

This photograph shows Sergt. G. M. Little and Capt. Guy Burlingame who command the "flying squad" of Washington police that has been very successful in raids on stills, together with some of the apparatus they have seized. The largest still shown had a capacity of 750 gallons.

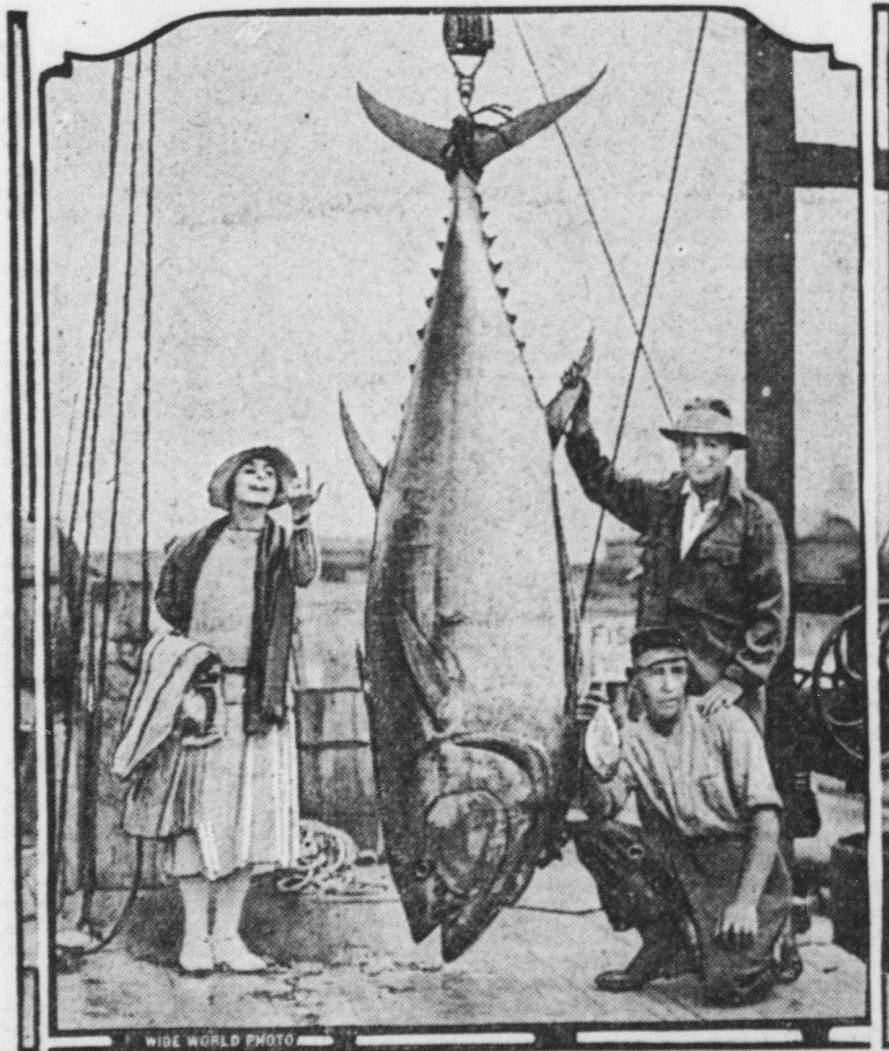


Scene From the Passion Play in Los Angeles



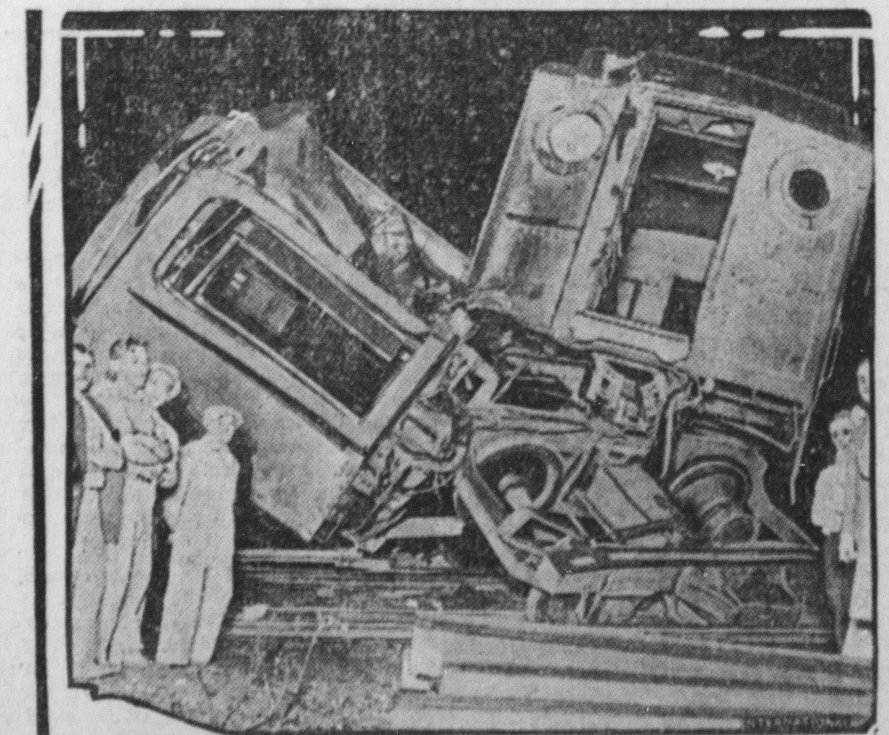
The famous Pilgrimage play at Los Angeles, Calif., has been brought into the light again, with Reginald Pole playing the role of Christ. The American Passion play is run as a perpetual, nonprofit and nonsectarian civic enterprise in an outdoor theater bequeathed by Mrs. C. W. Stevens of Philadelphia. This photograph shows "The Last Supper."

Mitchell Captures a Big Tuna



Col. William Mitchell is devoting much time to tuna fishing this summer, and is shown here with Mrs. Mitchell and the captain of their boat (kneeling) and an 800-pound fish the colonel landed after a two-hour battle. This was at York Harbor, Maine.

Wreck of Millionaires' Special



Six persons were killed and scores injured when the "millionaires' special" on the Long Island railroad ran into an open switch at Calverton. Part of the wreck is here shown.

MRS. V. P. PARKHURST



Promising to finance her own campaign, Mrs. Virginia Peters Parkhurst of Berwyn, Md., has announced her candidacy for the United States senate. She will run as a Democrat against Representative Millard Tydings, who is the choice of the regular Democratic organization.

TOBACCO QUEEN



Miss Sarah Olga Brooks of Sifton, Ga., wearing a dress made entirely of tobacco leaves, as she appeared at the Georgia Tobacco mart in Atlanta.

Tales from the Jury Room



W HAT goes on behind the locked doors of the jury room? How do twelve men, sitting in judgment of evidence on which rests the fate of a human being, deport themselves? Lawyers and judges can't tell you because they are barred from jury service. No one is supposed to know but the jurors themselves. But information leaks out, and in many cases eavesdroppers have overheard the entire proceedings in supposedly sealed jury rooms.

Recently a jury was deciding the fate of a murderer. The case had attracted national attention. All through the night and on into the morning the jury remained out. When the twelve men finally filed out of the stuffy room with their verdict they were amazed to see morning newspapers, printed several hours earlier, carrying news of the verdict they were about to announce. It was "Guilty," and the newspapers said "Guilty." The only part of the proceedings the papers lacked was the penalty.

Investigation later revealed the method by which the newspapers thus had "scooped" the jury itself. A reporter, using a physician's stethoscope applied to a pipe connecting with a steam radiator in the jury room, had been able to overhear practically everything said in the room above. Decision as to the guilt of the defendant had been arrived at by the jury just in time to allow the reporter to inform his paper before the presses started rolling for the final edition. In three more hours the jury had fixed the penalty, but the big news already was out.

The secrecy that envelops the debates held within the frequently hideous, dirty, smoky jury room has a fascination for almost any imagination, says the New York Times. Just what brought the decision in such a case? What were the facts that tipped the scales in favor of a defendant whom all the world thought guilty? Even judges themselves are curious about the workings of the jury's minds—for it is of many minds.

"I'd like to hear those fellows deliberate," once said a judge, who had charged countless juries. "You can, your honor," spoke up a court attendant. "There's a crack in the wall where we often listen to 'em. I'll take you there."

Somewhat incredulous, the judge followed his guide. The crevice was found. He placed his ear to it. Loud voices issued forth. "What makes you believe that?" "It's not so!" "You." "I—" "Who said so?" "The judge." "Well, what does he know about it, the old fossil?"

"I think I have heard enough," said his honor, removing his ear from the opening—which, by the way, was sealed up soon after.

On how slim a thread the life of a man hangs only those know who have sat around the table in the sealed chamber. The slightest circumstance may save a man from or condemn him to prison; yes, and even the chair. The weight of another human being's

existence rests heavily on the shoulders of those who have it in their power to make or break it. They grasp at any favoring evidence.

Not long ago, in a case tried in the Criminal court of New York, some men were accused of having thrown a water out of a hotel window. The strongest witness for the plaintiff was a woman who testified that she had seen the act committed from her room window at a distance of about 100 feet. The jury had been out for hours. They seemed hopelessly deadlocked.

Half of the men were unwilling to believe that the woman could have seen so far; the remainder were disposed to accept her testimony. The dinner hour came and the controversy was temporarily brought to an end. When the court attendants saw the guarded jurymen return from their evening meal they sighed, expecting an all-night session.

The twelve returned to the jury room. The night was hot and sultry. Like caged animals they paced back and forth, snarling and snapping, for they wanted to get home. One man stepped to the open window for a breath of air. Bright lights were shining in a printing establishment more than two blocks away. Every movement of the typesetters was plainly visible. "Here, you fellows, look!" His companions crowded around him. In less than half an hour the jury was of one mind.

Any one familiar with juries and jury duty will tell you that, with rare exceptions, the men serving in criminal cases are tremendously conscious of their responsibility. "There is a genuine effort to be fair," to quote a man who has served in both criminal and civil cases. "The juror in a Criminal court feels the gravity of the situation. Not so, however, the one in a civil court. In the civil case his human qualities enter into play—he is prone to be swayed by prejudice.

case," he tells his wife when he goes home. "You should have heard me talk it over with the judge afterward. I said to him . . . and he agreed with me."

Some peewees even bring their wives to the courthouse, so that those ladies can behold them as they stride majestically into the box with the air of a torador who is about to confront the bull.

Then there is the "jury lawyer," the man from the business world, who, in his college days, took a course in law. He remembers just enough of Blackstone to be convinced that he knows more of the legal aspect of the trial than the lawyers, and sets forth his knowledge in a lengthy oration.

Many a time it is the member with a prejudice who forms the stumbling block in the way of a peaceful settlement; perhaps his prejudice is religious, perhaps racial.

Last, but not least, there is the naturally stubborn man—the bugbear of every jury.

In civil suits one of the difficult problems that confront jurors is the awarding of just compensation in personal injury cases. Here prejudices of all kinds enter. Many are the tricks the gentlemen of the jury play on one another in the settling of these disputes. On one occasion a woman sued a trucking company. Her injury was slight, and was largely due to her own carelessness, most of the jury felt. Eleven voted to give her \$500, the twelfth held out for \$1,000. "Let's compromise," spoke a man having initiative. "Every one of us will write down the sum we think should be given her. We'll total the figures and divide by twelve." They agreed. Much to the surprise of the twelfth man the answer was \$500. "I don't believe it has occurred to him that I put down zero," the speaker later whispered to his companions.

Justice and fair play are, on the whole, the rule of the game, says a business man who has served on seven juries. "Several times I have heard it discussed how zero," the sum we think should be given her. We'll total the figures and divide by twelve." They agreed. Much to the surprise of the twelfth man the answer was \$500. "I don't believe it has occurred to him that I put down zero," the speaker later whispered to his companions.

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A man was run into by a motor car that was driven without proper regard for the rights of pedestrians. He was injured so that he could not do any hard labor that required him to be on his feet. The evidence seemed conclusive as to the injury. He was a naturalized citizen. One of his own race was on the jury. The foreman asked this juror what he thought was fair under the circumstances, and the juror answered: "His lawyer will want at least \$2,500; it has probably cost the man about \$2,000 thus far for the loss of time and for expenses. If he had \$10,000 in cash he could buy a little business on which he and his wife could support themselves. So I would say a verdict of \$14,500 would be fair." The jury awarded him \$15,000.

remark: "I have no pane now, dear mother." One carried this warning: "The driver of this bus is a Guy's hospital student. The conductor is a Guy's hospital student. The policeman is a Guy's hospital student. Any one who throws a brick will be a Guy's hospital patient."

Too Busy
Archie—Do you think you could learn to love me?
Alice—No; I have as much as I can do to learn tennis and bridge.

Eugenie Used Canal First

The Empress Eugenie of France was one of the first passengers taken through the Suez canal when it was officially opened to traffic in 1869. She was aboard the first vessel passed through. Disraeli's purchase of the shares in the Suez canal which had been held by the khedive of Egypt, on November 25, 1875, was considered his boldest and timeliest stroke. By this move Great Britain's position in

Egypt and the Near East was greatly strengthened. Not only was France curbed but the British nation received an investment that has more than quadrupled in capital value during the years that have elapsed.

Humor During Strike

Signs on some of the omnibuses manned by volunteers during the London strike took on a humorous tone. Said one: "A stone in the hand is worth two in the bus." On an omnibus with all its glass gone was the