THE WEATHER
Rain late this afternoon and tonight; Saturday fair and somewhat colder; fresh to strong winds.

TEMPERATURE AT EACH HOUR

8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4	5
45	47	50	54	58	59	59			

Evening Public Ledger

NIGHT EXTRA

VOL. VIII.—NO. 69

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Postoffice at Philadelphia, Pa. Under the Act of March 3, 1879

PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1921

Published Daily Except Sunday. Subscription Price $6 a Year by Mail.
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PRICE TWO CENTS

KU KLUX KLAN SHATTERED; MEMBERS QUIT IN REVOLT AGAINST RULERS OF ORDER

Grand Goblin Here Joins Exodus When Wizard Defends Aides

CLARK AND MRS. TYLER OBJECTS OF ATTACK

"Emperor" Refused to Oust His Lieutenants Despite Proof, Atkin Asserts

18,000 LEAVE CHICAGO ORDER IN SINGLE DAY

Efforts to "Fire" State Leaders Brings Admission Secret Society Is Doomed

The Ku Klux Klan is broken!

"Smashed" would be a better word, because thousands of members—more than 3000 in Philadelphia alone—have quit.

According to F. W. Atkin, who has resigned as Grand Goblin in this domain, there will be no Ku Klux Klan as long as Edward Young Clarke and Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler are connected with the organization.

Charges against Clarke and Mrs. Tyler, which were contained in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER'S expose, of the Klan, were responsible for its disintegration.

Well-meaning members of the organization weathered the storm of protests in the newspapers against the Klan's activities, but when charges were made concerning the conduct of Clarke and Mrs. Tyler, resignations poured in.

Atkin Tells of Upheaval

Replying to reports that he and three other Grand Goblins had been "fired" by W. J. Simmons, Imperial Wizard, Mr. Atkin, leader here of the Klan, said today:

"If I was 'fired' it was because I refused to listen to the dictates of Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler, and Edward Y. Clarke, Imperial Kleagle. Perhaps the best way to state my position is to quote my letter of resignation, sent to the Imperial Wizard today.

"As a matter of fact I have not been 'fired.' I was asked to quit when the members of my domain requested me to go to Atlanta and investigate the charges against Mrs. Tyler and Clarke, and I unfortunately found them true."

Atkin's letter to the Imperial Wizard reads:

"Colonel William Joseph Simmons, Imperial Wizard, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Atlanta, Ga.

"Dear Sir—Owing to the fact that you, as the Imperial Wizard and official head of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, have failed signally in your promises, which were ostensibly made in all sincerity and honesty to me in the presence of three others on one occasion and in the presence of some five or six others on another occasion, and in the presence of some ten or twelve others on another occasion, that in the event that Edward Young Clarke did not resign as Imperial Klaliff and Imperial Kleagle within seventy-two hours you would resign.

Promise Not Kept

"The seventy-two hours have long been passed and you not only have failed to keep your word, but you have, in the face of your assertion to me in the presence of three others, that we men were to go back into our domains and work until such time as you were ready to call a meeting of the Klonciltum, issued several telegrams alleged to have come from you relative to matters entirely foreign to that which you have promised.

"In the face of your failure to keep your verbal and sacred contract with me, I, in order to hold sacred my honor as a man, must resign from all affiliation with the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, which automatically carries with it my resignation as a Grand Goblin in the propagation department.

"Respectfully yours,

"F. W. ATKIN."

Atkin issued this statement following the announcement from Atlanta that he and the Grand Goblins from New York, Boston and Chicago had been "fired."

Tells of Klan's Downfall

"I wish to make this statement so that it may precede the facts to follow," said Mr. Atkin today. "It has always been a pride to me that I was a part of the Ku Klux Klan.

"When the attack was made on the character of the leaders at Atlanta I, with many thousands of others, felt that our personal honor had been impeached. But I could not understand how any such man or woman could persist in remaining in a responsible position such as they occupied when they knew that their persistence in so remaining was ruining an organization that had wonderful possibilities.

"I want to state candidly that the continuance of the relationship existing between Edward Young Clarke and the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, and a continuance of the relationship existing between Mrs. Tyler and the Knights and a continuance of the relationship between Mrs. Tyler and Mr. Clarke, while they are connected with the Ku

Continued on Page Twenty, Column Two

IF IT'S A USED AUTOMOBILE YOU want, you'll find it on page 29.—Adv.

Steps In Klan's Smash

1—Demand for removal of Edward Young Clarke, as Imperial Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan, and of Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler, as Grand Chief of the Woman's Department of the Klan, fails.

2—Four Grand Goblins who demanded the removal of Clarke and Mrs. Tyler, as the result of charges against these two, are themselves ordered to withdraw, and resign with strong protest against methods of their superior officers.

3—Withdrawal of Grand Goblins, one of whom is F. W. Atkin, head of the Atlantic Domain, with headquarters in Philadelphia, is followed by resignation of thousands of Klansmen throughout the country. Three thousand, virtually the entire Philadelphia membership, have quit here. Eighteen thousand withdrew in Chicago.

4—"Revolutionists" plan new organization along lines of original Klan, but spurning all connection with Clarke and Mrs. Tyler and some of the practices for which they are said to stand.

'LEGAL CEMENT' FAILS TO MEND KESERS' BREACH

Wife's Lawyer Says Couple Have Not Effected Reconciliation

An effort to patch up the love affairs of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Keser, of Fox Chase, has failed and an order is now awaited from Judge Barratt fixing what amount the husband shall pay to his wife and their three-year-old child.

When Mrs. Keser went before Judge Barratt Wednesday and demanded $500 a month from her husband, the Judge ordered that the couple try to settle their differences, after Mrs. Keser, an attractive blonde of twenty-four, had testified that she was perfectly willing to live with her husband again, "if he would do right." Keser said he "would consider it."

Ruby R. Vale, the wife's attorney, said this afternoon that no settlement had been made and that the case would take the regular course.

Mr. Keser, who has been living at the Philadelphia Country Club since the separation last January, is said to be wealthy and had offered to pay his wife $150 a month, but this was refused as insufficient.

Mrs. Keser in court mentioned "the other woman," a lifelong friend of her twenty-four-year-old husband, and said that he had given costly presents to the "home breaker."

WIFE. LEFT DESTITUTE. SAYS BROKER HAS ELOPED

Frank D'Alessandro Gone With Another Woman, Police Are Told

Mrs. Camilla D'Alessandro, the pretty twenty-four-year-old wife of Frank D'Alessandro, a real estate broker of 1208 Dickinson street, has appealed to the police to find her husband, who left November 11, to visit his parents in Florida, and who she now believes has run away with a woman and deserted her and their four small children.

She also thinks he took between $5000 and $10,000 with him, which she says belonged partly to some of his clients.

This morning she was found in tears in the handsome little home he had furnished after several years of successful operation in realty. A furniture company's wagon was backed up to the door and several men were carrying out furniture, on which her husband had failed to make payments. She says he has had plenty of money but has squandered it all on other women. In the last year he has had four automobiles, she said, but sold three. The car he left behind, she fears, will also be taken for failure to make the payments.

She met him six years ago in Chicago, where they were married, and shortly after came to Philadelphia. He left her once before two years ago, but came back when she forgave him. She is willing to forgive him now, she says, because of their children.

Fined in "Auto Tag"

MRS. BUCKLEY TABB
Slipping away from a traffic patrolman cost her $12.50. She lives at the Essex Apartments

WOMAN IS FINED $12.50 IN 'AUTO TAG'

Traffic Patrolman Tells of Ripping Trousers in Chase After Mrs. Buckley Tabb

REFUSES TO PAY AT FIRST

Mrs. Buckley Tabb, a comely blonde, was tagged for a $12.50 fine today by Magistrate Renshaw as a climax to an automobile tag game she played Tuesday night with Traffic Patrolman Clark.

Clark gave a graphic recital in Central Station of his pursuit of Mrs. Tabb after she drove past his stop signal at Broad and Race streets. The big bluecoat blushed as he explained how his trousers were ripped during the chase.

Mrs. Tabb was arrested Tuesday night on a charge of reckless driving. She sent word Wednesday morning she was too nervous to appear in Central Station and the hearing was postponed until today.

Mrs. Tabb, who lives in the Essex Apartments, Thirty-fourth and Chestnut streets, entered the hearing room shortly before 10 o'clock. She was accompanied by three men, a child and Mrs. Florence Burchard, of Bridesburg, who was with her Tuesday night.

Stylishly Dressed

The defendant wore a chic black turban, a black fur coat and a skirt of midnight blue crepe de chine ornamented with small white panels and decorated with white beads along the hem. A hand-carved silver cherubim pin was fastened near her throat.

Mrs. Tabb evidently was angry over the proceedings and glanced with disdain at Clark as he took the stand. The patrolman testified she passed his signal at a speed of thirty-five miles an hour and that she nearly upset a taxicab.

Clark said he commandeered another machine and overtook Mrs. Taub at Broad and Spring Garden streets.

"I got on the running board and told her to turn her car around," Clark continued. "She turned all right, but she went so fast that I was left sitting in the middle of Broad street. My trousers and my overcoat were torn.

"I caught her again and she finally consented to drive into City Hall courtyard. She scratched a mudguard of her car going into the courtyard and bumped me against a wall. My life was endangered twice."

Magistrate Renshaw asked Mrs. Tabb if she wanted to testify.

"That's up to you," she replied.

"No, it's up to you," the magistrate retorted.

Says He Wanted to Drive Car

Mrs. Tabb shrugged her shoulders and walked to the stand. She said she was going twenty-five miles an hour and not thirty-five. She continued that Clark was rough and that he had wanted to drive her car to City Hall. She would not permit him, she said.

H. S. Forst, a leather dealer, who lives at 6222 Christian street, was one of the men with Mrs. Tabb in the courtroom. The defendant at first refused to pay the fine which the magistrate imposed after her testimony.

She was escorted to a bench beside several other defendants and sat there a few minutes until Mr. Forst held a brief conversation with her. Then she and Forst went back to the magistrate's office where the leather dealer paid the fine.

20 WOMEN UPSET CITY HALL BUSINESS IN ATTACK ON TAXES

Create Rumpus in Offices of Revision Board, Mayor and Caven—All Talk at Once

IGNORE APPEAL BLANKS AND DEMAND "JUSTICE"

Twenty women, owners of houses on Tree and Daly streets between Front and Second streets, invaded City Hall this morning and temporarily suspended work in the office of the Board of Revision of Taxes.

They all shouted at once indignant protests against the increased assessments on their houses, and demanded that the assessments be lowered.

It was shortly after 10 o'clock when they filed into the office and met Thomas J. Gavaghan and Arthur Buchholz, real estate assessors for the Thirty-ninth Ward. Later it was learned that Mrs. Ellenore Martin, 115 Daly street, was supposed to have been the spokesman, but the assessors declared she had nineteen first assistants.

"We want our assessment lowered," shouted one of the women. "We want justice," shouted another.

As soon as they could be heard the two assessors shouted "Fill out an appeal blank."

By this time all the clerks had dropped their pens and were listening to the rumpus. Several women simultaneously told the assessors their assessments have been increased $500 in the last two years. In 1918 it was increased from $1000 to $1200 and another raise of $300 is now scheduled.

"This Way Out," Says Noll

Finally they filed into the real estate assessor's private office, where they met Oscar Noll, another assessor. He tried to induce them to fill out an appeal blank but when he found they did not want any appeals but "only wanted justice" he waved his hand toward the nearest exit and said "This way out."

"You can't get rid of this way," shouted several women. "We want justice and we are going to have it. When are you going to lower our taxes, that's what we want to—"

"This way out," said Mr. Noll again.

The women held a hurried consultation and hurried out of the office into an elevator and up to the ante-room of the Mayor's office.

"We want to see the Mayor," was the opening chorus there. "He said he was for lower taxes, and that's what we want."

They were informed that Mayor Moore could do nothing for them, and they were advised to make an appeal to the Tax Board.

"We were down to the Tax Board," said one of the women, "but a little fat guy in a checkered suit threw us out."

There was another consultation, after which one of the women said, "Well, if he can't lower our taxes maybe he can get a light put in the alleys behind our homes."

Off to Caven's Office

Then they were advised to see Director of Public Works Caven. So they hurried to his office. One of the women started to tell Director Caven their troubles, but before she was through she had the assistance of the nineteen others.

Their story was that because there were no lights behind their houses, thieves stole everything in sight, including their husbands' shirts, on wash day.

Director Cavan suggested they take the matter up with Council. At the mention of Council there was a deep grean from each of the women, but no comment.

"Who is our Councilman?" asked one of the women. Another spoke up and said: "I don't know who he is, but he's the guy that took Finley's place." Finally they were informed that their Councilman was Charles J. Pommer.

"Where is he?" they asked. No one seemed to know, so they said they would look him up and left.

In the hall outside Director Cavan's office another consultation was held, and then there was another charge on the office of the Board of Revision of Taxes.

Again Suspend Work

During their visit to the Mayor's office and to Director Caven's office the employes of the tax board had recovered sufficiently to resume work, but when the women stormed the office the second time work suspended the minute they entered.

"We've been all over this building and we have not got any satisfaction, so we came back again to see if we can get some justice," said a woman at the head of the battalion.

The assessors quieted them enough to say that houses similar to theirs in the same neighborhood has recently sold for $2300 and have been renting for $25 a month. One of the assessors was bold enough to tell them their assessment should really be raised to $2000 and they were lucky to get off at $1500. He was not injured.

Finally the women decided they had better follow instructions and fill out appeal blanks. Several of them did while the others "didn't take no stock" in appeals. They wanted "justice" they said.

One of the questions to be answered in filling out the blanks is "what could you sell your house for?"

One of the women who was filling out a blank said "everybody make it $1500." One of the assessors again reminded them that other houses in their neighborhood had sold for $2300.

"We don't care anything about that," was the reply, and after the blanks were filled in they all left, still shouting that they wanted "justice."

Among the women in the crowd were Mrs. Jennie Gregg, 117 Daly street; Mrs. Mary Brinnerholtz, 124 Tree street; Mrs. Florence Jennings, 143 Daly street; Mrs. Anna Pollitt, 147 Daly street; Miss Mary Rowan, 146 Tree street; Elizabeth Bartels, 108 Daly street, and Mrs. Walter Bennington, 119 Daly street.

To Speak on Personal Equation

Fartley J. Doyle will speak on the personal equation, as applied to advertising, in an address tomorrow night in the forum of Temple University, Broad and Berks streets. A literary and musical program has been arranged by the students of the school of advertising and salesmanship. The meeting is to begin at 8 P. M.

"TENDERLOIN ANGEL" HURT IN CITY HALL

Miss Mathilda Silverman Injured While Preparing Christmas Boxes

Miss Mathilda Silverman, the "angel of the tenderloin," was seriously injured at City Hall today while superintending the making of Christmas boxes to hold turkeys and vegetables for the poor.

She was struck on the forehead by a piece of steel while she was in the basement on her way to the carpenter shop. Dr. S. P. Ross, president of the Prison Welfare Association, of which Miss Silverman is superintendent, was summoned.

A police automobile was commandeered and Miss Silverman sent to the Osteopathic Hospital, where an X-ray was used to determine the extent of her injuries.

Miss Silverman is known to virtually every man, woman and child in the toughest sections of the city, where she has worked for years on her errands of mercy.

Miss Silverman was absolutely safe at any place in the Tenderloin no matter what the hour. Should a stranger in the district approach her one of the men or women of the section would at once challenge him, and demand his business there.

This year she had collected enough money to provide 1800 Christmas baskets for the poor. Last year she gave away 700 baskets.

FUR TO FLY TODAY ON BROWN PAYROLL

Rival Factions Ready for "Kick-off" in Councilmanic Chambers

ROPER'S KNIFE SHARP

The fifth act of the budget drama will be played today in Council to crowded galleries with President Judge Brown probably back of the wings when his Municipal Court estimates are under the spotlight.

The budget hearing this afternoon, from one viewpoint, will be the climax of the lengthy sessions and will give the Combine members full play.

Arthur R. H. Morrow, clerk of the court, has shuffled the court's army of employes so he can tell the Council members how many jobholders are in each unit.

The court's payroll has 569 names for which $836,350 is requested for 1922. Councilmen Develin and Roper, who have assailed the court for extravagance in the past are prepared to make a general attack on the salary lists.

Mr. Roper recently sent a long questionnaire to Judge Brown, who turned the queries over to Mr. Morrow, sometimes known as "Tell It to Arthur" because of a phrase which appears to be a favorite with the President Judge.

Mr. Morrow says he is prepared to tell it to the Council, but he is going to give his answers verbally. Opponents of the court's big payrolls will not be furnished with written replies, which would form a basis for relentless cross-examination.

The members will have to eat it the answers on the fly, as it were, and then do their best in the matter of using those replies as ammunition for fresh attacks.

Judge Brown, who still wears his Bermuda tan, was not in his offices today, and his train of courtiers professed ignorance of his whereabouts.

Morrow Closeted

Mr. Morrow was closeted in a room on the fifth floor behind a barricade of paper books, pamphlets, letters and typewritten lists. He was going over his "lines" for the last time before the rise of the curtain.

Mr. Morrow halted his studies long enough to inform callers that the department chiefs of the Municipal Court will be in the Council chamber ready to give first-hand information to the members.

Mr. Morrow did not know whether the Judge himself would face the crowded galleries this afternoon. Inquiries were referred to H. F. White, of the Thirty-first Ward, and who is listed as a secretary at $2500 a year.

White occupies the place hitherto held by a woman employe of the court, who presumably has been shifted to one of the innumerable other places provided for on the payroll.

White Said to Know

Heretofore Mr. Morrow has had the duty of finding out from reporters what they desire of the Judge and advising the Judge whether he ought to talk for publication. However, the reporters were referred to Mr. White, who half an hour later politely announced that the Judge was not being interviewed, nor would he say whether he would appear before Council. And Mr. Morrow frankly confessed that he did not know what course Judge Brown would take, although it was intimated elsewhere that Mr. White probably did know.

Incidentally, it is this same Mr. White who has aroused the opposition of politicians. Not because of anything he may have done, but because the appointment to the $2500 place was not accorded some deserving politician's follower. The politicians say that Judge Brown would do well to look to his fences and give them a few jobs if he does not want the payroll cut.

Mr. White was appointed on the recommendation of George Wharton Pepper, politicians say, and in the next breath ask what ward Mr. Pepper controls or what ward he represents in the City Committee. They say that Mr. Pepper has no jobhungry constituency to serve and therefore, why should he be given a place and a $2500 place at that?

Meanwhile Mr. Roper is dragging forth his best statistics and eagerly anticipating the answering of his questionnaire by the Court.

WON'T NEED BLOODHOUNDS

Robbers Who Stole Italian Cheese Should Be Easy to Trail

Robbers walked off with $500 worth of Italian cheese early this morning from the Italian butcher shop of Nusenrei Rosario, 1217 Ellsworth street. Whether they wore gas masks or just ordinary masks the police have not learned.

Rosario's shop was entered at some time between 1 and 5 o'clock this morning. The thieves got in by forcing the front door. The cheese, Rosario told police, was the only thing he had left out. His meats were all locked up in the ice chest, but he left the cheese to take care of itself.

LLOYD GEORGE MAY SWING PARLEY INTO BROADER CHANNEL

Harding Wants Navy Policies Settled Before Premier Points Out World Abyss

FEARS FINANCES WOULD OVERSHADOW ARMAMENT

By CLINTON W. GILBERT
Staff Correspondent Evening Public Ledger
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Washington, Dec. 2.—The Administration has no doubt that the purpose of Lloyd George's coming here, whose departure is announced for December 12, is to open wide the whole Arms Conference and bring up the fundamental questions of the world's economic recovery.

The British Premier will do what President Harding almost did by his talk about the association of nations—overshadow the relatively minor issues before this Conference by drawing the attention of the whole world to the one great issue of restoring industry and commerce after the devastation wrought by the war. The [illegible] response in this country to President Harding's remark about an association of nations shows how keen is the perception here of the vital problem which this Conference is leaving to the future.

Mr. Lloyd George will come here fresh from conference with Rathenau and Stinnes over the question of giving Germany a moratorium upon the payment of reparations. His meeting with the German financial leaders will probably be followed by an exchange of views with Premier Briand, who, it is understood, favors forcing Germany into bankruptcy.

Stage Set for Lloyd George

Economic catastrophe in Europe will be staring the world in the face once more when Lloyd George comes, just as it was last spring when Germany and the Allies had broken on reparations and when France was threatening an invasion of the Ruhr.

The stage will thus be all set for a sensational appearance by the British Premier. He will come forward as the spokesman of a ruined Europe to a people suffering themselves from the wreck across the Atlantic. He will be listened to as no one else has been listened to since President Wilson made his visit to Europe.

The Administration would like to have all the more significant issues before the present Conference settled before the British Premier arrives, because they fear the effects of distracting attention from the naval and Pacific problems to the larger problems of saving the world from the abyss which the war left it.

But it is not at all clear that the confusion which this visit will cause may not suit the purposes of the Japanese.

Continued on Page Twenty, Column Two

NAB RICH WOMAN AGAIN FOR LARCENY IN GUISE OF MAID

Says $300 a Month From Husband's Estate Is Insufficient

Los Angeles, Dec. 2.—(By A. P.)—Mrs. Etta Belle Heil, former wife of a wealthy Chicago broker, was under arrest here today, charged with the theft last Friday of jewelry, clothing and a revolver from the residence of Samuel Wood.

The stolen articles were found in Mrs. Heil's residence. After much questioning Mrs. Heil confessed the robbery, police asserted, and said she "was sorry." Mrs. Heil's story, the police said, was that she had spent her monthly allowance of $300, and, as no more was due until January, she sought employment at the Wood residence as a maid.

Mrs. Heil, who has been married four times, was arrested in Chicago last May for similar thefts. The police say she is a kleptomaniac. She was released in Chicago when her husband offered to restore the stolen articles or pay for them.

COLLECTS FOR 12 HUSBANDS

Woman Said to Be Drawing Many Federal Allotment Checks

Chicago, Dec. 2.—(By A. P.)—At least twelve husbands who served in the army or navy are credited to Mrs. Helen Drexler, of Waukegan, Ill., the champion collector of Government allotment checks, according to Federal authorities who had her in custody today.

She is alleged with having married husbands from many different parts of the country, divorced none and received approximately $400 a month from the Government for the last three years.

Spreads Alarm

MISS PEARL LEUSHAY
One of Fatty Arbuckle's witnesses, who roomed with Miss Irene Morgan and gave the alarm yesterday when she found her friend suffering from the effects of poison.

MORSE AT HAVRE; IS ORDERED BACK

French Police Insist Shipping Magnate Sail for Home Monday

U. S. REQUEST CONCEDED

By the Associated Press

Havre, Dec. 2.—Charles W. Morse, the American shipping magnate, who arrived here on the Paris from New York today, was permitted to land from the steamer this afternoon. The French police, however, insisted he must promise that he would return to New York on the Paris next Monday.

Morse declared he was unaware his presence in Washington might be desired in connection with an investigation of his ship contracts until he was informed by wireless last night that several operatives from the Paris police department were watching for his arrival.

Mr. Morse, who traveled on the Paris under the name of Morris, said this forenoon that he was going to Paris for a kidney operation, but that he intended to return to the United States shortly.

Mr. Morse declared his willingness to go back to the United States by the first returning steamship.

"I am willing to return to America by the first boat and I have so wired the United States District Attorney," he told the correspondent [illegible] this afternoon.

Washington, Dec. 2.—(By A. P.)—Provisional detention of Charles W. Morse, shipbuilder and financier, who reached Havre today on the steamship Paris, has been requested of the French Government by the American Embassy at Paris, it was said today by officials of the State Department.

Coincident with this announcement Elmer Schlesinger, general counsel for the Shipping Board, announced that a board has been appointed of the department [illegible] Mr. Morse [illegible] New York [illegible] shipping [illegible]

Continued on Page [illegible], Column [illegible]

STATE PAYMENTS EXCEED REVENUE BY $8,729,276

Aggregate for Year Ended November 30 Was $[illegible],453,961.92

Harrisburg, Dec. 2.—(By A. P.)—[illegible]

[illegible] 969,112.20 [illegible]

[illegible] $82,721,685.[illegible]

MERCHANT HANGS HIMSELF

Body of Harmon Ballinger Found in Mullica Hill Warehouse

Mullica Hill, N. J., Dec. 2.—Harmon Ballinger, a commission merchant, killed himself yesterday during what the family believe was a fit of temporary insanity.

Mr. Ballinger's body was found hanging in the loft of a produce warehouse owned by J. A. Ballinger, his brother.

Mr. Ballinger was fifty-six years old, and is survived by his widow. Members of the family said he had been ill for some months.

When you think of writing, think of WHITING.—Adv.

WOMAN WITNESS FOR ARBUCKLE ILL IN POISON MYSTERY

Tells Odd Tale of Queer Orange Juice, but Suicide Attempt Is Suspected

STATE IN FIERCE CLOSING ATTACK ON MOVIE STAR

Brady's Assistant Tells Jury "Fatty" and His Witnesses Have Lied

By BART HALEY
Staff Correspondent of the Evening Public Ledger
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San Francisco, Dec. 2.—More queer orange juice and another young woman on the brink of what appeared to be her death throes in a fashionable hotel caused Fatty Arbuckle's trial to falter breathlessly in its closing hours and brought about a painful shortage of red ink among those San Francisco newspapers which like to touch up lively news with a bit of cheerful color.

The newest Arbuckle casualty was Miss Irene Morgan, of Los Angeles, a nurse and an important witness for the defense, who was found poisoned and unconscious at the Clift Hotel. Doctors who first said that she was beyond human help managed, after hours of labor, to save her life.

When Miss Morgan was at last able to speak, when the doctors had emptied [illegible] of oxygen which might have been needed at almost any moment by Fatty and his lawyers, who had been finding the last day of the trial the unhappiest, she told a story that sounded in rational ears like a narrative of a troubled dream.

She described an odd-looking gentleman whom she met for the first time in the Hall of Justice, and who bought her orange juice and candy in a drug store.

"I drank the orange juice and ate a little of the candy," said Miss Morgan from her pillow, "and then I became dizzy, and the strange man helped me back to the hotel and said, 'Now you will soon be in hell, where you deserve to be.'"

See Suicide Attempt

Detectives and Dr. Lucien L. Waller, the hotel physician, expressed the belief that the woman attempted suicide. She was almost fully recovered this morning. It is considered significant that she was found unconscious only an hour or two after Captain Theodore H. Rayward, who was with the Canadians in France, was summoned to the stand by the State to testify that army units to which Miss Morgan said she was attached as a nurse did not exist in reality.

It was Pearl Leushay, another of Fatty's emergency witnesses, who gave the alarm that staggered the courtroom [illegible] Arbuckle specialists [illegible] flight to the Hotel Clift.

[illegible] Miss Morgan were [illegible] They shared [illegible] Miss [illegible] about noon. [illegible] unconscious [illegible] Her face and [illegible] on a table [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Unwarranted

[illegible] Fatty [illegible] The [illegible] The [illegible] experts [illegible] make a [illegible] organs [illegible] that their [illegible] condition [illegible] presumption of [illegible] the defense [illegible] as the cause of [illegible]

[illegible] through Assistant District Attorney Friedman began the final appeal to the jury. It [illegible] Fatty [illegible] and all his witnesses have [illegible] closing address of the [illegible] Fatty himself [illegible] till the day [illegible] He sat through it with the look of a man who wanted to fight or [illegible] who might do either at any [illegible] without giving formal notice [illegible]

At that time Irene Morgan was passing into unconsciousness at the Clift Hotel. But Friedman knew nothing of that, no one did, and he didn't spare her. Gavin McNab had taken to his feet for the beginning of the counter-appeal when some one slipped a note to Milton Cohen, McNab's associate. The note said that Miss Morgan had been poisoned, presumably by District Attorney Brady's men, and that she was dying.

The Vox Humana Tremolo

Now, it happened that McNab had begun by pulling the vox humana stop all the way out. He made no effort to imitate Friedman and use explicit

Continued on Page Four, Column One

EXTRA

BANK RUNNER ROBBED OF $2000 AT 11TH AND CALLOWHILL STS.

William Gray, of 7105 Woodstock street, a runner employed by the Columbia avenue Trust Company, [illegible] was held up and robbed of about $2000 shortly before 2 o'clock this afternoon at Eleventh and Callowhill streets. The money was the payroll of the Beckman [illegible] Company, [illegible] North Eleventh street. Gray had stepped [illegible] automobile stopped, three men got out, [illegible] struck him with the end of a gun. He [illegible] hospital. The bandits escaped.

LITTLE "JOHNNY" IS CERTAIN DR. LORENZ WILL CURE HIM

And He Is Only One of Many Who Pin Their Faith to "Bloodless Surgeon," Who Will Come to Samaritan Hospital

"Of course, I'm going to get well," said a resolute voice, "the big soldier is going to cure me."

The possessor of this vast faith is six-year-old John McGinly, of 2120 North Fifteenth street, and his trust is indicative of the faith here in Dr. Adolf Lorenz, the "bloodless surgeon," who will be at the Samaritan Hospital, Broad and Westmoreland streets, some time in the next few weeks.

Little John was dressed in a sailor suit and as he sat on a chair in the waiting room at the hospital today, eagerness was written on his face. He is just one of some hundred and fifty persons who have applied at the Samaritan Hospital for treatment by the great Austrian surgeon. Some write, others telephone and still others go to the hospital where Mrs. Laura Southwick is kept busy writing down names and making appointments for Dr. Lorenz's visit.

Tot Trudges Into Hospital

In the door there trudged as best her poor little deformed feet would allow, wee Florence Reustle, three and a half years old. A blue sweater which just matched her eyes, was buttoned close to her chin. A pink knitted cap was drawn down over her ears, covering almost completely her shock of curly light hair. Florence was born with club feet and when other children would be wavering uncertainly, holding onto chairs for support, this baby was still crawling.

Her mother was dead and her father could not be located. So she was adopted at the age of two months by Edwin Reustle, who declares he wouldn't exchange her for all the wealth in the world. He had braces made for her and she manages to travel an uneven and uncertain course, but the patter of footsteps, the rumping of baby feet is not heard in her home. Instead, there is a clump, clump, as the metal braces touch the floor.

And so, she, too, despite her age, has every confidence in "the big man who will make her walk straight." A chubby hand held the finger of her "pop" as he gave her to Mrs. Southwick.

Shy and too over-awed by the gleaming whiteness of the hospital, to speak,

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