

# MRS. ROSIER GAZES AT WEDDING RING

Symbol of Her Crime Draws Her Fingers as Fate Hangs in Balance

## COURT PROCEDURE FALLS

**Mrs. Rosier Intrusts Prayer to Sheriff**

"I trust in God. God knows the truth and He will help me."

Late yesterday afternoon, the first day of her trial for murder ended. Catherine Rosier entrusted this little prayer to the kindly care of Nick Bruno, Deputy Sheriff.

**By PEGGY LUKES**

A wedding ring?

A slim gold band on a fragile hand! Catherine Rosier wears the wedding ring placed on her finger by the man she killed. Yesterday five black and white scenes were unfolded in the courtroom.

Today, the second of the trial, she pulled them nervously off. She looked at her wedding ring.

Morning has dawned. This is the first glimpse of a new life she sees through the top of a court window. At 10 o'clock sun comes through and she gazes at it with a normal look. From out-of-doors drifts the sound of normal city sounds—symbols of a day's fresh beginning.

A day's fresh beginning!

Catherine Rosier comes out of the little door at the side of the courtroom and faces the second day of her trial.

Now is the stage completely set in this poignant human drama that makes fiction seem a pale tale of ordinary life. Stage players themselves foolishly imitate the men's minds.

Yet quietly enough it takes its course.

**Probing Human Hearts**

In business-like fashion the attorneys take up their endless task of picking a jury. Smooth, suave, strong, they ply at the talebans their set of stock questions. Quibbling absurdities they have seemed to use sometimes in the past.

Now they are not.

Carefully they ply their questions, striving with facile, trapping sentences to probe the secret places of human hearts. This is a necessary course. John K. Scott asks whether she has children. The answer simply probes the human heart, but these are the best to bank on, he deems, for this girl with the condolement in her eyes.

Assistant Judge Attorney Spenser is seeking factors. Strange things she learns in a city courtroom, where this great trial is held inside out and one may see through the scenes, the parts, the patches.

Marriage and fatherhood engender tolerance, indulgence of the soul.

"Why," she asked. "Why did you do it?"

Two women together we stood there, and she understood.

"It was so quick," she answered. "I was young and pretty and full of life. I was so quick," she said. "I could not see the way I was going to see it. But that was what I meant. I had to take an oath, and when that question came about doing justice to the Commonwealth, I could not do anything but what I had to do. I had a little girl around my neck. I had a little girl around my neck."

She was a young woman with snapping brown eyes and pretty to look at. "It was so quick," she said. "I could not see the way I was going to see it. But that was what I meant. I had to take an oath, and when that question came about doing justice to the Commonwealth, I could not do anything but what I had to do. I had a little girl around my neck. I had a little girl around my neck."

**Wife Only Once**

Oscar Rosier was married and had a little son. Oddly enough, one wonders if the thought has floated into the mind of Catherine Rosier, sitting there, saying no word to counsel, taking no advantage of her privilege to challenge a juror, simply listening to it all.

This girl as still, as masklike as she is today, as yet her face is not broken. Once she wept frankly into her handkerchief for no seeming reason. Once she asked for smiling sobs.

Does it all seem a little foolish to her—this endless exchange of technicalities? Her mother could not be so here. Yes, the trial that she knew nothing of the details of her death. But sometimes, when she raises that somehow pathetic little white handkerchief to her eyes, I wonder if they are reading to other places?

Are they dwelling, for instance, where the shrewd minds of these lawyers never cease to dwell?

Two weeks from now, three weeks, one week now—who can tell how long this trial will last—twelve hours will file into a little chamber. There is that chamber—back of the courtroom—where will be fought the real fight for her life.

If so much as one man with a hard feeling in his heart for a woman, he should slide through this legal sieve.

Well, ease it is to say that that, though the most tedious, as the most important part of the trial for the life of Catherine Rosier.

**Principals Are Silent**

The morning session was no starting thing happened to the attorneys. This first momentous step in the trial for a woman's life.

The golden-haired baby, Richard, has been taken to a little room in the courtroom. The woman, who was on the chair in the courtroom. Other mothers have bowed and faithfully reared their children, however long weary hours were spent in the room. This mother did not. This mother did not. This mother did not. This mother did not.

**Mother Waits Patiently**

Yet the pasted smile on her face. From death there, in the courtroom. Catherine Rosier fingers her wedding ring. It was in the name of this man killed.

The mother. From where I am sitting I can see her face. She is on the chair in the courtroom. Other mothers have bowed and faithfully reared their children, however long weary hours were spent in the room. This mother did not. This mother did not. This mother did not. This mother did not.

**Five Now on Jury for Rosier Trial**

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"Well, every one knows Mr. Scott," said the Assistant District Attorney. "You are entirely too modest, Mr. Spenser," said Mr. Scott, when upon the courtroom floor.

**Father of Seven**

Bruno has the largest family of the members thus far chosen. Also he is the most conspicuous sartorially. He wore a gaudy coat, with collar and four-in-hand tie, and black and gloves.

The defense exercised its right of peremptory challenge against Raymond K. Reese, thirty-nine years old, of 1527 Toga street, who admitted he had expressed a conscientious scruple against capital punishment, as was Arthur Wedell, of 2744 Ringgold street, and Charles Burrows, a contractor, who lives at 3114 Thompson street.

James McLaughlin, of 2329 Kipp street, was challenged for cause when he expressed a conscientious scruple against capital punishment, as was Arthur Wedell, of 2744 Ringgold street, and Charles Burrows, a contractor, who lives at 3114 Thompson street.

# COURTROOM SCENE AS MRS. ROSIER FACED TRIAL FOR LIFE



could not move away because there were no other chairs vacant. Arthur did not speak to Mrs. Chapelle or Mrs. Reid, looking straight through them.

The two jurors chosen yesterday entered the courtroom a few moments after the baby had been brought in. Mr. Scott hurried in at 10 o'clock, wearing a new fall overcoat. He hustled about, smiling at the jurors, who smiled back, and greeting his friends in the growing crowd.

Judge Barrett came in a moment after Mr. Scott, and Levi Hart, the court clerk, announced that court was now open.

Mr. Spenser hurried in a few minutes later, his hands full of books and papers. Mrs. Rosier was not yet in the courtroom, but entered the courtroom at ten minutes past 10 o'clock. She wore the same black costume as yesterday, with the same thin veil, revealing rather than concealing her features. She moved slowly to her seat, walking with a firmer step than yesterday.

**Keeps Her Eyes Downcast**

She did not raise her eyes, even when she passed close to where her baby was. Just as she sat down, the baby cried for an instant, and the mother impulse made her half turn toward it. She put her hand on her heart as she turned. She strayed the impulse and sat down.

A little flush mantled her cheeks for a moment, and she bit her lip, as though struggling for self-control. Mrs. Rosier sighed in relief. Her muscles visibly relaxed, and she sat more comfortably in her chair at the counsel table, when the baby's cries were stilled.

## Rosier Case Jurors



**FIRST FIVE ROSIER JURORS MARRIED**

Daughter of One Tradesman Says She Hopes 'Poor Woman Will Get Off'

**CARPENTER IS FOREMAN**

Each of the five jurors so far chosen to try Mrs. Catherine Rosier is married. The first juror picked, had never discussed the case and had not the slightest intimation that he would be chosen as a juror, according to his wife. On being notified to report for jury duty he responded quickly.

Mr. Robinson said he would be glad to do his duty and serve on the jury.

Mrs. Robinson said, "I do not know his attitude concerning capital punishment for women or what he thinks about the case. He has never talked about it."

Robinson, who is a carpenter, was born in Delaware, and came to this city twenty years ago.

James Chandler is a tinsmith, and lives with his wife at the home of his mother, Mrs. Catherine Chandler, 430 South Third street. They have no children. He is employed at the Philadelphia General Hospital. He has a brother Harry and a sister Sarah living in this city.

Chandler is a real estate broker and conveyancer, with an office at 1123 South Seventh street. He has five sons and three daughters. His cousin Joseph Bruno, is editor of the Maestro Press.

"No one was at home this morning but his sixteen-year-old daughter Louise. He never talked about the Rosier case," she said. "I think he thought much about it. Myself, I would like to see the poor woman get off."

So far as the girl knew her father had a case previously done jury duty. He has, however, acted as interpreter in civil and criminal cases.

Sandor Brown, the fifth juror, has a tailor shop at 1029 Poplar street. He was born in Russia, and came to America about thirteen years ago, bringing with him his wife Clara. They have seven children, four girls and three boys.

## Resent McSparran's Slurs at Mrs. Pinchot

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Mrs. Pinchot never made the statements attributed to her by Mr. McSparran. Mrs. Pinchot is not in the habit of saying what she will make her husband do because she never attempts to dominate him. Any one who is tempted to believe this Democratic propaganda would do well to recall that Mr. Pinchot was an outstanding national figure before he married Mrs. Pinchot.

Mrs. George A. Dunning, chairman of the Organization Committee of the Republican Women of Pennsylvania, said: "The interview amuses me. While I agree with Mr. McSparran in his utter faith in Mrs. Pinchot's capabilities, I think these quotations he ascribes to her are ridiculous. Any one who knows Gifford Pinchot knows he will not be bossed, even by his wife."

Contrasted to these statements are those of two prominent Democratic women.

When Mrs. Edward Parker Davis, Democratic nominee for Congress against George Graham, was questioned she said:

"I will only say that by her husband's request, and probably by her own, Mrs. Pinchot has been placed on the Republican State Committee."

Mrs. Davis declined to enlarge on that point but intimated that the former Forester's wife would have plenty to say in regard to State governmental affairs.

"Mr. McSparran doesn't want his wife to take any part in the campaign," continued Mrs. Davis. "Mrs. Pinchot is a member of the Allegheny County Democratic committee, and a well known speaker on political subjects."

Mrs. Davis said: "I would not say that Mrs. Pinchot has made those promises. There is no doubt of that."

"I don't know Mrs. Pinchot and therefore don't say whether or not she would be bossed. I do know, however, that a prominent Republican woman in Pittsburgh told me she wasn't wearing out shoe leather working for Mr. Pinchot because Mrs. Pinchot cares nothing for the Government in Pennsylvania. What she wants, this Republican said, is a lease on the White House."

# BABY RICHARD SOOS IN MOTHER'S ARMS

Excitement of Trial Keeps Infant From Usual Noon Nap

## DEFENDANT IS CONFIDENT

Richard Rosier, the infant son of Mrs. Catherine Rosier, played and laughed today in the room near Judge Barrett's court in the courtroom.

The little chap became sleepy shortly after 11 o'clock and was carried to a jury room from the trial room. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Chappelle, his uncle and aunt, had charge of him.

It was time for the baby's nap, but excitement of the admiring crowds kept his eyes open and, confident of the fact that his word was law, Richard doubled up his tiny fists and beat a tattoo on a milk bottle, and with one definite gurgle announced that he did not intend to go to sleep.

Charles L. Neeld, a Civil Service Commissioner, was passing the room and entered.

"My, what a fine baby," he said, cuddling the child and patting his head, as he added, "Isn't it a shame?"

**Has Daily Picture Taken**

Then Richard's staff of photographers arrived, and he posed willingly, a City Hall guard's cap on his small blond head.

When the trial was adjourned, his grandmother, Mrs. Sue Reid, quickly made her way to the room and, taking the baby in her arms, stood impatiently until she was permitted to see her daughter.

"The days bring new hope," she said. "Catherine hardly eats anything and doesn't seem to sleep much, but she says not to worry, and since she is so brave I have to be."

Mrs. Reid, Mrs. Minerva Mathewson, her aunt, and Mrs. Richard Clegg, a neighbor, were the only ones permitted in Mrs. Rosier's cell at noon, where she stood waiting with outstretched arms as the baby was brought to her.

Richard's face was still in a pucker, and his mouth was half open—just ready to again register his disapproval of elevator, but he smiled broadly at his mother, tussled up his hair, and rubbed her cheek against his.

# A new joy in eating

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# HEINZ Spaghetti

Ready cooked, ready to serve

ter, who was an athlete and member of the Philadelphia Turngemeinde, disappeared from her home early in the spring. At first the Bates family feared their daughter had met with some accident and called on the police and private detective agencies to try to find her.

**Receive Word of Marriage**

About the third week in June they received word that their daughter had married Harry D. Sherrerd and was living with him at 309 Redman avenue, Haddonfield, Mr. Sherrerd is an official of the Sherrerd Brothers' Printing Company, at 258 Ionic street, this city.

Mr. Bates says when he sought to find out if his daughter had been legally married, he failed to find any official record in the License Bureau of New York City. The daughter insists that she was married in that city on June 12 and that the ceremony took place in New York City Hall.

Mr. Bates said that in the meantime he had tried in every way possible to check up on his daughter's marriage but was unable to verify it. It was only after a long search that he decided to force her to return to her home yesterday and adopted a so-called "kinneping" method, which the daughter termed "brutal Jacobsonian Confinement."

Sherrerd's sister, Miss Grace D. Sherrerd, who lives with him and his young wife, was horrified when he informed her of what had happened.

"This is simply terrible," she said. "I don't understand such actions. It is a sweet little wife and was happy as can be."

**Child Dies From Bonfire Burns**

Margaret Christy, three years old, of 3301 Salmon street, Port Richmond, died from the North Eastern Hospital of burns received yesterday as she was playing near a bonfire in the yard of her home.

**"Kidnapped" Girl Demands Release**

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Marriage License Bureau in New York City is ascertaining if the license is genuine. Bates, father of the girl, told court officials he had made an investigation and had failed to find where a license had been issued for the marriage.

"I only married Mr. Sherrerd to seek protection from my father," the young woman told Detective Finnegan. "We do not live together as man and wife. He is simply a father to me."

Bates' "kidnapped" his daughter as she walked along the streets of Haddonfield, N. J., yesterday afternoon, and, after rushing her to this city in his automobile, had her arrested.

"I am the legal wife of Harry D. Sherrerd," she cried, amid tears.

"My father has been angry with me since I married Mr. Sherrerd in New York without his knowledge, and he has been hounding me to leave my husband and come back to Philadelphia and live with my family."

"Just because my husband is several years older than me, my people—particularly my father—don't like every way to make me leave him, but I won't," Mr. Sherrerd is fifty-six years old.

"I have been more than happy with my husband and the remaining big difference in our ages doesn't count a bit."

According to Mr. Bates, his daughter,

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