

WIDOW'S MOTHER PREFERS OLD LIFE

Present Pace Too Swift, With Many Temptations for Young, Says Mrs. Reid

NAPS EASE OF DIVORCE

By PEGGY LUKES Mrs. Sue Reid, mother of Catherine Rosier, sat in the little anteroom of Judge Barratt's court today and talked at length concerning this new generation of young people.

"Old-fashioned days were best," Mrs. Reid said quietly. "These times are too fast for me. There is too much dancing, too much going to the movies, too much time spent away from the home. There is too much temptation. It is not the young people's fault. It is the fault of the times in which they live."

Mrs. Reid is tall, stately, yet motherly. In her pretty brown fur cape and smart little toque, surely any one would have been proud to have her for a mother! She paused and looked at me thoughtfully.

Young Carve Out Own Lives "Old-fashioned days were easier for mothers, too. It was the style then to let mothers decide things, but in this new age there is a new philosophy preached. It is the thing for young people to carve out their own lives."

Again came a pause. Catherine Rosier's mother listened. "Is the court opening again?" she asked.

But once more the chatter in there resumed. She continued: "Take divorce. Why it is as easy to get married and divorced now as it is to go in a department store and buy a new piece of jewelry. I suggested gently."

"Yes," came a slow, thoughtful reply. "Yes—that alone, I suppose, could be a lesson to other girls. But this must be remembered, dear: Oscar Rosier begged for a long time before she would marry him. In fact, he begged for an introduction months before he met her. Why, when the day after this fearful tragedy occurred the girl who did finally introduce them called me up, broken-heartedly, because it was she who had brought them together."

Fears Jury's Completion "There are eight jurors in the box now," she added irrelevantly, after a moment. "Isn't that the right number? Sometimes I get a little mixed up and before the day's over there may be twelve."

It was hard to nod my head—to own up to that then the prologue would all be over.

sudden quietness fell in the hallway. There was no shuffling of feet. There were no voices. Mrs. Reid went back to the afternoon session of her daughter's trial.

Within a few minutes of the counsel table, Catherine Rosier still sat in her seat. The impending completion of the jury brings no different expression to her face.

Only once during the morning had she looked up with a little light of interest in her eyes, when Edward Moore, a plumber, was charged for cause because he said he would hold a woman as responsible as a man for her crime. He was the first man examined who had felt that way about women!

I stood back of a small group of women waiting in the corridor during the noon recess today.

Like so many women who have not taken into account the battling and unswerving processes of the law, these were betting young Catherine Rosier would go free.

"The unwritten law, you know," said one quite sagely.

A fourth and younger woman eye spoke up: "Say, what is this unwritten law?"

"The other came back without hesitation: "Why, the unwritten law is—she stopped."

"The unwritten law is just the same as the other, when a woman."

For the sake of this harassed young woman I stood guard at the door of the courtroom stalling for the first time the authority who might chance to come unwarily out. He chanced to be a prominent lawyer, because of the pretense of the defense on his method of trial refused to let his name be used, but, carefully choosing his words, gave the following information:

"There is no such thing as the unwritten law. It is a higher law found on a higher judge than the one who says that when the law does not set forth a proper punishment for a woman's crime, it lies within her right to execute vengeance."

"It is the exact opposite of the holding that the worst thing that can occur is to have a member of society take the law in his or her hands even to avenge a wrong."

Features for Tomorrow's Public Ledger Book Pages

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON calls "The Print of My Remembrance," by Augustus Thomas (Seribner), the "best book of the year."

WALTON BROOKS MEDANIEL, professor of Latin, University of Pennsylvania, analyzes "Horace and His Influence," by Grant Showers (Marshall Jones).

A. HAMILTON GIBBS reviews "Disenchantment," by C. E. Montague (Brentano).

THE REV. DR. J. A. MACCALLUM welcomes "The Life of Donald Mitchell," by Waldo H. Dunn (Seribner).

REVIEWS OF LATEST FICTION, including Joseph Hergesheimer's "THE BRIGHT SHAWL" (Knopf); "THE BOY GREW OLDER," by Heywood Brown (Putnam); "TALES OF THE JAZZ AGE," by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Seribner); "FAIR HARBOR," by Joseph C. Lincoln (Appleton); "BERGRINT'S PROGRESS," by Jeffrey Farnol (Little Brown); "KIPPY REDDLE," by Owen Schmepp (Little Brown).

"AN ATOMIC (ALT-BREAKER)," by W. A. F.

PASSENGERS LEAVING LINER CITY OF HONOLULU AS IT BURNS AT SEA



Above is a photograph of the Pacific steamship, City of Honolulu, a former German vessel, taken as flames were sweeping the liner. The ship, on the return trip of its first voyage to Hawaii, was destroyed. Below is a picture of the passengers leaving the doomed ship in lifeboats.

Eight Jurors Chosen to Try Mrs. Rosier

Continued from Page One and has three children, two of them girls.

One of his daughters is twenty-one years old, within a year of Mrs. Rosier's age, and is employed in the Welfare Department at City Hall. The other is eighteen and is a student at the West Philadelphia High School for Girls.

William Calhoun, Jr., a clerk employed by the Reading Railway, was one of the youngest talemans questioned. He is twenty-four years old and lives with his father and mother at 3703 Stanton street. He is unmarried.

Mr. Scott, in cross-examining him, mentioned the names of Oscar Rosier and Mildred Reikite for the first time, asking Calhoun if he knew either. He replied in the negative. Their names, however, had a startling effect on Mrs. Rosier. Her form stiffened, she clutched at her throat and buried her face in her hands, remaining thus for a long minute. Calhoun was challenged perceptibly by the Commonwealth.

Frank Farrara, thirty-five years old, a grocer, of 1800 Jackson street, was excused by the Commonwealth. He has a son one year old, the same age as Mrs. Rosier's baby.

State Uses Up Challenges Frank Farrara, a hatmaker, 1809 South Rosewood street, said he had no scruples against capital punishment and that he would vote quickly against a woman defendant as quickly as against a man, but was challenged by the Commonwealth.

Mr. Speiser used another peremptory challenge after examining Richard Burkett, a Negro, 519 Callowhill street. The talemans said he had no scruples against the death penalty, but was challenged by the Commonwealth.

Mr. Speiser questioned the talemans, and soon developed the fact that he would not return a first-degree verdict against a woman. He was excused for cause.

Donnie F. Durkin, a plumber, of 5304 Walton avenue, said he has no conscientious scruples against capital punishment. He said he had been ill, suffering from high blood pressure, and was only out of bed a week, and was excused.

John Dyer, of 2928 Plum street, who gave his occupation as a "gentleman," said he was not opposed to capital punishment and could try the case strictly on its merits and render a verdict in accord with the evidence.

State Rejects Juror "Could you try this particular woman?" said Mr. Speiser, pointing to Mrs. Rosier, "with the same sense of responsibility you would feel if she were a man?"

"Sure, I would," he replied. "I would abide by the evidence."

Apparently Mr. Speiser was not satisfied, as he used up one more of his fast dwindling peremptory challenges on him.

Crum Blum, a Negro, of 1306 South Colorado street, a machinist, was challenged for cause because he is opposed to capital punishment.

Although Meyer Forman, a salesman of 525 South Third street, told Mrs. Rosier as he would a man, and added that he would hold any woman responsible for a crime she might have committed, he was challenged by the Commonwealth after he had admitted he had been discussing the case with other jurors. He said he had formed an opinion, but he was challenged perceptibly.

Wilder Hartman, a civil engineer who lives at 3602 Fairmount avenue, was challenged for cause by the Commonwealth when he said he entertained scruples against capital punishment. Morris Eckstein, a jeweler, of 512 Pine street, was challenged for the same cause, as was Charles Kes, a butcher, whose home is at 1415 North Fourth street.

After Kess had been challenged Mr. Scott addressed the court and expressed the fear that the panel would be exhausted unless they discontinued challenging for trial reasons for cause.

"I would like to question the talemans further," said Mr. Scott. "I do not believe he understood Mr. Speiser's question about conscientious scruples."

Mr. Scott's request was granted and he began to interrogate Kess. The latter showed by his attitude and answers that he was hard of hearing.

Mr. Speiser showed increasing irritation. He whispered whispers to District Attorney Rotan, then arose and said:

"Mr. Scott, aren't you satisfied that the man cannot hear? Or don't you want jurors who are able to hear the evidence in this case?"

Mr. Scott was on his feet and roaring in an instant.

"Your Honor, I think that is a highly improper question because of its effect on the jury," said Mr. Scott.

Mr. Speiser interrupted by saying: "I challenge this talemans for cause."

George B. Schaffer, fifty years old, of 604½ Latona street, said he had been married twice. His first wife is dead. He had a daughter nineteen years old, a stenographer, and one son. He works as a designer for a clothing house, and has been with them for twenty-one years. After questioning Schaffer Mr. Scott turned to the clerk and asked whose turn it was to challenge.

"It's your Honor," said the clerk.

Mr. Scott disagreed. He argued that the last challenge had been for cause, therefore it was Mr. Speiser's turn to challenge again.

While the two attorneys conferred, the clerk is reading from the official records. Do you want me to exercise the privilege of challenging?"

He declared at Mr. Scott for a moment, then pounded the railing with his fist. "I will accept the juror," he said in a loud voice.

Mr. Scott, quietly, "We don't want any excitement. We will go along according to the rules of law."

Once more Mr. Speiser pounded the railing with his fist. "I accept," he reiterated.

Panel Being Exhausted "There are only fifty-one veniremen left from which to complete this jury," objected Mr. Scott.

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John P. Richardson, a Negro, forty-four years old, of 1923 South Chadwick street, a laborer, also was challenged by the Commonwealth.

While Richardson was being examined, District Attorney Rotan took a place beside Mr. Speiser.

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Guards Still Are Watchful The courtroom was comfortably filled when Mrs. Rosier entered. There were still some seats vacant, although a crowd clamored outside to get into the courtroom.

The same precautions were taken, on Judge Barratt's orders, as yesterday to keep out the morbidly curious. Guards were at either end of the south corridor to keep out those who could not prove business there, and the guard on the door scrutinized the credentials which every one who wanted to enter was forced to exhibit.

Most of those in the room were members of the venire, more than 100 strong, and witnesses. Mrs. Ralph Chapelle, Mrs. Rosier's sister-in-law, was there with Mrs. Sue Reid, the defendant's grandmother, and Richard Wayne, the year-old baby. Mrs. Chapelle carried the infant, which clutched a filled milk bottle in one hand. Arthur Rosier, brother of the murdered man, also sat among the spectators.

Mrs. Rosier walked briskly to her place when she was taken to the court room a few minutes before the scheduled time for the trial to resume. If she saw a brother-in-law she gave signs of recognition, but her eyes lighted as they rested on the baby.

She smiled and waved her hand to the little party.

Seas Jurors Closely Yesterday Mrs. Rosier scarcely glanced at the jurymen. Today they seemed to fascinate her. As they came in and took their places in the jury box she scanned every face, and her eyes returned to them again and again until the formal opening of the day's proceedings. Then her anxious glances were directed rather at the talemans being examined.

She scrutinized the face of each, and now and then a fleeting emotion crossed it at a question or answer. On the whole she seemed well pleased with those accepted.

SURE OF FREEDOM AND HOME WITH BABY Mrs. Catherine Rosier is confident she will be freed and that she soon will be at home with Richard, her baby.

Just before entering the court today, she said: "I feel a whole lot better than I have for some time because the time is growing near when I can go home to my baby. Something has told me they are going to set me free. My prayers are about to be answered. I slept soundly last night for the first time in a long while. How glad I'll be when it is all over."

Mrs. Rosier was one of the thirteen prisoners brought to City Hall this morning in the prison van from Moyamensing.

The van backed up to the prisoners' tower City Hall courtyard at 8:50 o'clock a little earlier than usual in anticipation of the 9:30 o'clock start of Mrs. Rosier's trial.

The driver pressed so close to the steps when he backed the vehicle in that he could not weigh his body between the steel door of the van and the wall, as he did yesterday to block the glance of the curious.

Passerby stopped at the sight of the van, realizing that Mrs. Rosier was within. A crowd formed quickly. They barely had pressed round the van, however, when they were dispersed by fifteen City Hall guards mobilized by Lieutenant Boston on Director Cortelyou's order. No one was permitted to enter near, even for a few seconds.

There were two women in the women's compartment of the van with Mrs. Rosier, both brought up for trial on charges of possessing drugs. The women in the van were charged with every variety of crime, ranging from selling liquor to voluntary manslaughter.

Mrs. Rosier was taken immediately to the Sheriff's cellroom, where she was turned over to Deputy "Nick" Bruno, who took her to his private office. She had breakfasted at the prison, she told him.

Her first question to Bruno was "Will my baby be there?" He reassured her on this point. She spoke to the jurors thus far chosen. "I like them," she said. "They have kind faces."

JUROR'S WIFE HOPES MRS. ROSIER WINS Charles H. Dawson, the first juror selected today—he is the sixth in the panel—for the Rosier trial, is like the other men chosen before him, married.

His home is a small two-story brick house at 744 South Swanson street. He is a park guard and has been stationed at League Island Park since April.

He is the father of five children ranging from one year to twelve, and his wife is Lucy Dawson, thirty-eight years old.

"I hope Mrs. Rosier goes free," said Mrs. Dawson. "I have babies of my own, and I know how much they need me. Mrs. Rosier's baby needs me, too. She has to leave her baby now it will be a crime."

"I know I won't have a chance to influence my husband, but I hope that poor woman goes free."

AUTHORITIES SEE PLOT TO WRECK WABASH TRAIN Belief Expressed That Rail Spikes Were Removed by Expert

Williamsport, Ind., Oct. 20.—(By A. P.)—Belief was expressed by authorities today that a rail was removed to wreck Wabash eastbound passenger train No. 2, near here last night. The wreck killed three persons, injured seven others and caused the destruction of seven coaches by fire.

The dead: Engineer Charles L. Schumgug, Decatur, Ill.; Martin, express messenger, Detroit; R. A. Smith, baggage man, Detroit.

The injured: W. W. Field, mail clerk, Huntington, Ind., left leg cut; Harry Smith, Maumee, O., passenger, cuts on left hand and leg; Emerson Crayton, St. Louis, two ribs fractured and legs cut; G. O. Dale, Fort Wayne, badly bruised; George Lloyd, St. Louis, bruised; Hobart Durrett, Springfield, Tenn., head injured.

The conductor, Frank W. Hulbert, said the rail was not removed from its place, but the spikes had been loosened. Some one, who knew the operation of railway signals, must have tampered with the rail, according to Hulbert, as the wiring was left in its place in order not to disturb the signals.

Passengers on the train also said, after looking at the rail, that they believed some one had removed the spikes.

IF IT'S A USED AUTOMOBILE YOU want, you'll find it on case 38—460.

THE man who prefers Melachrino fears no criticism of his cigarette judgment. It is an evidence of his appreciation of fine and delicate tobacco.

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Super Fur Values That Defy Comparison Special for Tomorrow

Natural Seal Coats \$1.00

Russian Fox Coats \$1.00

French Seal Skunk Trimmed \$1.00

200 Fur Coats AT \$1.00 Actual Value \$145.00

Leopard Cat (Seal Trimmed) \$1.00

French Seal Coats \$1.00

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BOOK IN RAIDED BAR NAMES OFFICIALS

List Seized in Owen Durvin's Saloon Turned Over to Department of Justice

SECOND RAID IN TWO DAYS

A book found in the saloon of Owen Durvin, Eleventh street and Fairmount avenue, which was raided yesterday for the second time in as many days, contained the names of several city officials. Prohibition agents turned the book over to the Department of Justice for investigation.

On Wednesday the raiders found stills, a chemical laboratory and milk can labels. There were two safes which they sealed.

Yesterday they found that the safe had been broken and the safes opened. They took the safes to the Federal Building and procured warrants for the men.

The penalty for breaking a Government seal is a fine of \$10,000 or three years in prison or both.

Agents say the saloon was sending out most of the gin in the Eastern part of the country.

The agents on their return yesterday found several quarts of liquor in the house. They said that it is evident that it was brought to the saloon after the raid.

Commissioner Manley held M. J. Durvin, a son of the proprietor of the saloon, and George M. Andrus, a bartender, in \$1500 bail. The other men for whom warrants were sought are Owen Durvin, James J. Durvin, Peter McKay and John Havaland.

Judge McMichael Menored A dinner was given to President Judge Charles B. McMichael, of Common Pleas Court No. 3, last night at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Atlantic City, by "Ourelves," an organization composed of the Judges and lawyers of Philadelphia, upon the completion of fifty years at the bar and twenty-six years on the bench. Judge McMichael is the oldest judge in point of service in the Philadelphia courts.

Killed After Dog Quarrel De Edder, Ia., Oct. 20.—(By A. P.)—After a quarrel over the poisoning of a dog, R. E. Welborn, large land owner of Beauregard parish, was shot and killed yesterday in Merryville, near here. E. C. Holbrook, a lawyer at that place, was arrested.

THE HORSE IS STILL WITH US A few years ago, predictions were freely made that the automobile would displace the horse. A special bill in the Business Section of the House states that "sales are now more gaining in horse-drawn vehicles than in any other form of transportable value in the Business Section of the Public Ledger. Make It a Habit."

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