

Girl Plaintiff Makes Dramatic Plea to Judge

LOS ANGELES, July 8 (AP)—A woman who cried with tears in her eyes of her honor paraded across the stage of the St. Pierre-Hutton breach of promise suit today to the astonished gasps of a crowded courtroom and the banging of a judge's gavel.

Myrtle St. Pierre, who asks \$200,000 from David Hutton for breaking an alleged proposal of marriage, in a final appearance on the witness stand threw the courtroom into a turmoil as she argued with Superior Judge Lester Roth for the right to "defend my honor."

On the lying tongues of the defense witnesses, she cried as tears rolled down her pinkish cheeks, an attempt had been made to crucify her character. As pleas seemed to approach the stage of hysteria, the judge, with stern emphasis, laid down a final warning against her repeated outbursts of emotions.

Reprimanded by Judge Miss St. Pierre, recalled to the witness stand in rebuttal of testimony offered by the defense about her past life and other alleged lovers, became so excited at one point that Judge Roth was forced to dismiss the jury while he reprimanded her. Hutton watched the proceedings with interest.

The outbreak was engendered when the attractive brunette was asked if she had ever seen Mrs. Catherine Elsoff before. The witness's face flushed and she cried:

"I've never seen that vicious woman before in my life."

As this remark, prompted by Mrs. Elsoff's testimony that Miss St. Pierre had entered a hospital in 1926 for a delicate operation, Judge Roth halted the trial and excused the jurors.

"I am convinced, Miss St. Pierre, that you make that last answer deliberately in an attempt to prejudice the jury against Mrs. Elsoff. I have warned you before that if there were any more unwarranted remarks from you, I would have to caution you before the jury. The next time I shall take the chance of a reversible error to caution you before the jury."

Means With Judge The young woman's face, turned pale for the moment, clouded and she broke into tears. Turning to the judge, she cried out:

"Your honor, my character has been ruined in this courtroom. I am the only one who can defend myself. Please give me the right to do so. These vicious people have lied about me so terribly and I can't explain or say anything."

"You have had all the opportunity the law allows you," the court said. "You keep quiet unless you're addressed. I'm tired of having you chime in all the time with side remarks and statements."

Denies Losing Hiresches She denied she had called Hutton "simple, a big fat slob, sissy and prevaricator," or that she drank hard liquor, lost her riding breeches at a party and had affairs with a number of men.

Questioned about a fight with her sister, Mrs. Gladys Cassill, who had testified against her, she said:

"I dodged the fish bowl she threw at me but I got all wet. She slapped me, skinned my nose and gave me two black eyes. I grabbed her and bent her way over backwards and she tore my beautiful silk pajamas." The fight, Mrs. Cassill testified, occurred over one of Miss St. Pierre's former husbands.

Hutton's Palm Bend Later Hutton, husband of the evangelist, Almee McPherson Hutton, found himself the center of a stage of gaping mouths as a woman approached and commanded him:

"Let me see your hands."

The choir singer protested but finally gave way to her insistence, Glancing at the plump palms, she told him:

"You are going to lose your present wife and marry again during this life. You are ruled by your heart rather than by your head."

Hutton, looking rather dazed for a moment, burst into a laugh, pocketed his hands and walked away with the remark: "I hope I never see her again."

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COVE PERSONALS

By Mrs. A. G. Conklin (Observer Correspondent)

COVE (Special)—The library was a busy place Wednesday when a group of women met with Mrs. Conklin in charge to rearrange and prepare to catalogue the books. This was library day, but readers were served just the same. The library has been kept open the last month on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The total circulation for the month was the largest day being 41 and the smallest, 19. Some of the new state library books on the shelves are "My Garden of Memory," Kate Douglas Wiggin, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Wilder, "Flying the Arctic," by Wilkins.

Mrs. Frank Paige, who has been in

Colorado for the past month, came home a few days ago.

Robert Coad, who has been under the doctor's care at Hot Lake, is home now, much improved.

Mrs. M. Senter and Mrs. Lillian Allen were La Grande visitors Monday.

MORGAN FRACTURES ANKLE

NEW YORK, July 8 (AP)—A fractured ankle may delay J. P. Morgan's annual vacation trip to the British Isles. The financier stepped into a hole while playing golf on his estate, Matinecock Point, New Glen Cove, Long Island.

Mrs. SCHIFF DIES

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., July 8 (AP)—Mrs. Adele G. Schiff, philanthropist and widow of Mortimer L. Schiff, is dead in her 54th year. She succumbed last night at the Schiff country home here.

light. Hamilton saw that his left leg was a full three inches shorter than the right. His left shoe had an enormously thick sole which enabled the cripple to walk without crutches.

"I am flattered that we need no introductions, you and I," observed Ashwood blandly.

"When are you going to turn us loose?" the gangster demanded bluntly.

"Don't tell me that you are bored already, Mr. Lucel!" protested the cripple. "If any of my staff have been negligent, I'll give them two weeks' notice immediately."

He turned to the girl solicitously.

"I'm sorry that I couldn't invite a chaperone, Miss Wentworth, but I'm sure that the impeccable respectability of your married companions, here, has served equally well."

He beamed at the uneasy men his eye resting for a full second upon Mallory. Hamilton wondered how much he knew.

"Why are we here?" inquired the girl flatly.

"Miss Wentworth! Are you not enjoying yourself?"

She decided that if this very strange man did not wish to answer questions, he was well equipped to parry them. She studied intently. He was obviously a gentleman.

One-shot Lucel rose from his chair and walked across the floor to confront the slender cripple. His robbard, vigorous health contrasted badly with the meager form, lined face and white hair of the other. Their eyes met and clashed.

"I've heard all about you, Limpy," stated the gangster. "And I've been wanting to meet a dude who is supposed to run a racket just for the fun of it. So you're Limpy Ashwood, is it? Well, you got brains and nerve anyway. I'll hand that much to you. We'll see how damn good friends or one or the other of us'll get a shade full of dirt in the face before long."

"So?" Ashwood turned away and settled himself laboriously in a chair. Then he looked up at the aggressive figure which towered over him. His face bore an expression of faintly amused interest.

"Yeah, that's so. Now we all wanta know what this racket's all about. It's a shake-down, o'course. That's all right, but why are we still here? Wouldn't our people kick in or what? Did the bulls get hot on you so's you had to lam away?"

"Neither one, Lucel," replied Ashwood, patiently. "Your friends and relatives have all paid your current accounts very promptly. I am now the proud and happy possessor of some \$509,000 more than I had a short time ago and that pays your board bill in full for another ten days or two weeks. They were most generous, I assure you."

Lucel whistled softly and looked down at the cripple with patent admiration.

"God! You cheated us right, didn't you? Well, ain't six hundred grand enough? Why are you digging it all outta us? You got enough outta one outfit. Turn us loose and get yourself another flock of suckers."

"That's a logical point of view," admitted Ashwood. "In due course I'll follow your suggestion. But I'm not quite ready now."

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Ashwood is "not quite ready," he explains tomorrow—because he is planning further unpleasantness for his guests.

Health

THE BACKBONE

Despite the fact that "backbone" has so many important connotations in the human language, a surprisingly small amount of study has been devoted to this important mainstay of the human framework.

Prof. Gorg Schmorl of Dresden recently made an important contribution to this subject, having studied some 7000 whole spines.

He paid particular attention to the cartilaginous discs, placed between the bony elements of the spine, the vertebrae.

These discs render the spine mobile and at the same time defend it against excessive tension and twisting.

Of particular interest is the gelatinous inner portion of the intervertebral discs, the yielding character of which serves to equalize the pressure of the weight which the spine must sustain.

This distribution of pressure is a protective arrangement.

For it has been demonstrated that the growth of bone is much affected by the pressure brought to bear upon it, and, unless pressure is equally distributed over the whole surface of the vertebrae, the assumption of certain attitudes such as bending over books or being busy with some manual occupation might lead to a distortion

Health

of the spine.

This distortion does not happen in the spine of a healthy child, because the intervertebral discs are flexible and so distribute the pressure over the whole surface of the vertebrae uniformly.

With all this, deformities of the spine are fairly common.

Professor Schmorl believes that man's erect attitude is relatively recent in his evolution and the spine is still showing a reluctance to adapt itself to its altered position.

As a contribution to the prevention of deformities and diseases of the spine, he advises avoidance of any long maintained attitude either during work or play.

NAME 'AGGIES' IRKSOME

STUDENTS SEEK NEW ONE

STILLWATER, Okla. (AP)—There is no "back to the farm" movement among a certain group of students at Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical college here. Instead an open revolt is under way among undergraduates who want a change in the name of the school and the nickname of "Aggies."

Leaders of the movement, including Cecil Barnes of Stillwater, student association president, say some such name as "Oklahoma State College" is much to be preferred.

Then such names would be possible for the sports teams as "Cowboys," "Westerners" or "Rough Riders."

Daily Cross-Word Puzzle

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

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The TINYMITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN PICTURES BY JOE KING

"I'll either be damn good friends," Lucel told Ashwood, "or one or the other of us'll get a shade full of dirt in the face before long."

Those who had watched the descending airplane from the porch returned to the room, hoping that with the return of the ship something might occur to break the monotony. Although they were accustomed to frequent short flights when the amphibian departed upon brief shopping expeditions, the last time it had been absent for more than twelve hours, it had returned to add Lucel, Martin and Williams to the trio of bored New Yorkers who had been sole "guests" of the large house. Now it was returning from a three-day trip. Perhaps other victims would join the group.

Nervous, the staccato conversation eddied back and forth.

A strange figure entered the room, that of a tall, thin man who limped painfully with the aid of a very heavy stick. As he stood in the doorway glancing about, Hamilton took him to be an elderly man, sixty or sixty-five years of age, perhaps. Upon a second glance, he noted that the pale, parchment-like features beneath the snow-white hair were those of a man in his early thirties. The eyes were young, vivid blue, and with a directness of gaze that was almost disconcerting. There was a cynical, sophisticated twist to the deep lines at the corners of the mouth, a perpetually inquiring arch to the jutting white eyebrows. The nose was that of a thinker, thin and prominent.

"Good evening, One-shot," said the old young man as he bowed to the swarthy gangster. "You have no idea how delighted I was to learn that you had joined our delightful little gathering." His deep-set eyes flickered over the others. Finally coming to rest upon the girl, who stood beside the center table, "Miss Wentworth, my apologies. It is an unwelcome breach of social etiquette for a host to absent himself while his guests are visiting. I assure you it was unavoidable. There are many harassing details connected with such a large house party."

"Ain't you Limpy Ashwood?" Lucel's voice broke the silence like the clang of a Chinese gong. The stranger hobbled into the

Then Windy cried, "I see a tent! Why, it's the circus one we left, when we took to the air."

"I don't think it would hurt one bit, if we could land on top of it. Let's try and steer the basket that we're in, right over there."

"Now, everyone lean to the right," And when they did, he said, "Our flight has been a thriller thus far and we're foolish to lose hope."

"If we get near the tent at all, I know how we can break our fall. We'll all reach out and try our best to grab on to a rope."

They missed the tent, however, and all knew they were about to land. Just then they saw some men outside put up a trapeze net.

The little basket swayed a bit and then plopped down right into it. The Tinymites were saved and they were tickled, you can bet (Copyright, 1932, NEA Service, Inc.)

(Windy has some fun with a mule in the next story.)

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FOR RENT—Mod. furn. 6-rm. house, 2103 1st. 7-7-2 tp.

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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS By Blosser

Oscar Changes Things!



Since tobacco stores are not permitted to sell cigars after 8 p. m. in England, more than 3000 vending machines have been installed in hallways and other places in London.

State government costs have increased 760 per cent since 1911, the California Tax Research Bureau reported to Gov. James Rolph Jr.

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