

BUTLER TO CONTINUE AS COMMITTEE HEAD

Regards Action as Indicating President's Desire to Run Again

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—Announcement by Senator William M. Butler of Massachusetts that he will continue, indefinitely as chairman of the national republican committee, is regarded here as a straw indicating that President Coolidge may run for another term.

Some in the regular republican organization dislike Butler personally, and hoped that his defeat in Massachusetts would also mean his dethronement as head of the party machinery.

Within a few days of the election, however, the White House spokesman indicated that Coolidge desired Butler to remain as chairman. The next step was Butler's announcement today that he would.

This is not conclusive evidence that the president intends to seek what the Coolidge forces call a second term and the opposition a third term.

It does indicate the president is keeping his political organization in condition so that he may take advantage of any favorable situation that may develop.

Coolidge is largely at the mercy of circumstances. Whether a third term will be served upon a silver dish depends upon many factors beyond his control.

To some extent he can create a favorable setting. That is supposed to have been the one incentive behind his new tax reduction move. Having tossed that bone to the dogs he is now stepping aside with the remark—made today by the White House spokesman—that the details are for congress to decide. The president has taken credit for the initiative. The disappointment of groups seeking special favors in the move will have to be blamed on congress, for the form in which the plan actually becomes effective.

Star Witness For State To Testify

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Mrs. Gibson signed a statement releasing the hospital and its officials from any responsibility which might follow her action in leaving the institution.

Mystery Deepens

SOMERVILLE, N. J., Nov. 18.—The mystery of New Jersey's "pig woman" has deepened upon the eve of her expected appearance at the climax of the Hall-Mills murder trial. Physicians in charge of Mrs. Jane Gibson, the state's star witness announced that she might not be able, after all to testify today against Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall and her brothers.

Just as Senator Alexander Simpson, the special prosecutor, was preparing to close his case with the pig woman's testimony that she saw Mrs. Hall, Henry and "Willie" Stevens at the scene of the double murder at Phillips farm four years ago, a bulletin was issued stating that Mrs. Gibson's condition was serious.

"If Mrs. Gibson is not in the courthouse at Somerville by the time court opens, I will apply for a writ of habeas corpus," declared the prosecutor.

Mrs. Gibson will not leave the hospital today.

"A further bulletin will be issued in the morning," said the announcement which was signed by Drs. Charles B. Kelley, Edward Daly, J. J. Duffy, Joseph R. Comorato, James Snyder and James Fitzgerald.

It was announcing that Mrs. Gibson was suffering from heart trouble, a kidney infection and a cancerous condition which at times caused a loss of blood.



MARTIN HARVEY—THE ONLY WAY

forty witnesses, whose testimony may require ten days in the telling.

This program, if carried out, will upset calculations that the Hall-Mills trial would reach an end next week.

CITIZENS ONLY HOPE IS FOR FEDERAL AID

Illinois Refuses to Send the State Militia to Herrin Battlefields

HERRIN, Ill., Nov. 18.—Federal aid remains the last hope of law abiding citizens for stopping the ruthless gang warfare which has turned southern Illinois into a modern battlefield, with machine guns, armored cars and bombing airplanes.

Local authorities admit that they are powerless to step in between the hostile Birgen and Shelton gangs, and recently it became known that Governor Len Small had refused to send state aid.

In answer to a letter from Mayor Marshall McCormack, appealing for help, Governor Small took the stand that it was up to civil authorities to handle the problem.

Machinery Is Set In Motion To Try New Retort

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which they had earned by back breaking toil, in order that they might do their bit toward financing this affair, there was the present manager, who with his energetic wife had placed every cent they possessed into the avaricious mouth of this monster. There was the engineers, the best that money could obtain, who had more than the ordinary professional interest in their work, for they, too, had become obsessed with the thrill that comes to those who have created something which would be a monument to their knowledge and industry.

Toledo's Jekyll-Hyde Spreads Dual Course--Murder, Suspicion



Only men on streets at night. Porch lights burn everywhere. Women seek safety in taxis. The murder of Lily Croy

By Allene Sumner NEA Service Writer TOLEDO, O., Nov. 18.—This city, where women are struck down by a phantom clubber, his face dyed with crimson paint, faces a yet graver danger.

For Toledo has become the City of Dreadful Suspicion. Psychology is the answer. An interpreted by the chief of police, the coroner, the head of Toledo's State Hospital and psychiatrists at Toledo University, psychology says that the identity of this maniac may, when learned, stagger the entire city.

A Leading Citizen? He may be a leader in the community. He may be a public speaker, a man who arises to say, "We have with us today—"

But he is not a man who says, "We have with us tonight." For it is at night that the Dr. Jekyll of the sunny daytime becomes the bludgeon-brandishing Mr. Hyde.

"It is very possible that some esteemed and loved husband and father, a respected citizen by day, is the man who has put the curse upon this town," says Dr. O. O. Fordyce, superintendent of the Toledo State Hospital and expert on insanity, on manias.

He explains that a sadistic tendency, rising to a crest at intervals, may send a man otherwise normal out on these early twilight spears of violence.

That is why suspicion is corroding the heart of Toledo womanhood today; why the popular discussion of pathological tendencies, usually confined to medical clinics and laboratories, has sent a fear through Toledo even greater than the fear of being struck to earth.

Women Desert Streets The streets of this busy harbor city on the shore of Lake Erie are almost empty of women. Twice did the paint-splashed slayer strike just a few days ago.

The body of a young and popular school teacher, Miss Lily Dale Croy, 26, was found crumpled beneath a fire escape of a school house not four doors from her own home.

The school teacher's skull had been crushed to fragments. A bloody trail led across the autumn leaves on the school house lawn to the spot where the slim young body was found.

Curiously, it was just a year ago that the clubber of women broke loose before. There were weeks of horror. Then quiet came

again. Toledo breathed freely at last. The taxi business fell back to normal as women dared walk the streets once more.

Terror Descends Again Three women were clubbed to death at that time, and seven others were beaten into unconsciousness.

But now has come the fiendish clubbing and murder of the girl teacher.

Her funeral had not been held before the police wagons dashed to a home not six blocks from the girl teacher's where another woman had been murdered.

Hysteria grips the city again;

not only over the terror which walks at night, but over doubt and suspicion as well.

"The murderer is not necessarily an obvious degenerate," says science, "not a full-time maniac, not a fiend incarnate—he may be a respectable citizen."

Toledo is a silent city. Only the taxi business is good. Women ride for safety's sake.

Flocks of taxis solicit their business at depot, hotel, movie and street corner.

Girls forego their customary dates.

Husbands Do Shopping Husbands bring home the provisions for dinner. The butcher shops are crowded with puzzled males.

No agent can induce a housewife to go to her door.

If a woman goes downtown by daylight and is detained past dusk, she calls the Medical Service Bureau for an escort.

The escort is a Boy Scout—neat, but not powerful. One wonders what the clubber would do

to him!

I went at dusk through the mile radius region where the clubber strikes. The leaf-dripping elms and maples are thick here.

Three girls going home from work walked arm in arm in the center of the street, casting wary glances from side to side.

Only children lent life to this dismal section. One touselheaded boy ran up a step and scratched a Halloween tick-tack on the window. A woman laying the supper table screamed. Two men rushed out, caught the boy, and whaled him soundly.

"I Kill All Women"

The seven women who, clubbed by the nocturnal prowler, lived to tell the tale, say that he shrieked at them before he hit—

"Get out of my way. I kill all women. I hate you all."

The horror that crouched over them babbled, they say, of a hated, faithless wife—of "getting even."

But the phantom may be a sup-

posedly happy husband and father and home-tender, says science—man subject to these terrible outbreaks, clever and shrewd enough to cover his tracks, perhaps even himself forgetting by day, when the fit has passed, what he has done.

AIMÉE TO APPEAR

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 18.—(United News)—An order for the appearance of Aimée Semple McPherson and her mother, Mrs. Minnie Kennedy, in the office of Attorney S. S. Hahn to make depositions in connection with the \$1,000,000 slander suit filed against them by Mrs. Vira Kimball of Oakland, was signed here Wednesday by Presiding Judge Stephens.

A tentative date of December 4, was set.

Doughnuts fried in Snowdrift are wholesome and delicious.

- FRUITY DOUGHNUTS
3 Cups Flour
3 Teaspoons Baking Powder
1/2 Teaspoon Salt
1/4 Teaspoon Nutmeg
1/2 Teaspoon Cinnamon
2 Tablespoons Snowdrift
2 Eggs
1/4 Cup Sugar
1/2 Cup Raisins or Chopped Dates
1/2 Cup Milk (Approximate)
Sift flour, salt, baking powder, and spices together. Beat egg well, add milk, sugar and Snowdrift. Stir into dry ingredients. Add raisins. Roll on a floured board. Cut with cutter and fry in deep hot Snowdrift. The fat is hot enough if it browns a bread crumb in 60 seconds.

Snowdrift

Mysterious bunk

Once in a blue moon now some bright, old-fashioned cynic says: "Aw, I never read the advertisements. They are full of bunk."

But when one starts to look for it, the "bunk" in advertising shows a mysterious tendency to be absent. Specimens of it are hard to locate.

The reason for that is simple. Bad goods cannot be successfully advertised. To stand up under the pitiless glare of publicity, merchandise must be honest. It must live up to its promises. Otherwise you would quickly cease to buy it.

So advertisers discovered long ago that for them, too, honesty was the best policy. More!—the only possible policy, if they were to remain advertisers!

Read the advertisements. They are not full of bunk. On the contrary, they are full of honest information and interesting news. They show you ways to be more comfortable. They make life easier. They help you to be happier and healthier. They teach you prices and values.

No doubt about it—advertisements do you many a service. Read them every day!

Advertisements convey honest information about honest products—it will pay you to read them

Public Is Invited To View New School Tomorrow

(Continued From Page One)

room, with its varied equipment, various class rooms and teachers' headquarters, as well as the nurse's office is found on the top floor, which completes what has been said to be one of the most convenient and modern junior high schools in the entire state.

Work up to the ninth grade being moved from the high school building to this one, after Christmas. This, according to the superintendent, will place the local school system on a standard basis of three years of Junior High school work and three years of regular high school activity.

When the great amount of

Well—how about your insurance?

Too often insurance is both ordered and written by guess-work. And then there comes a loss which is accompanied by vain regrets that the insurance policy didn't cover as completely or accurately as it might have.

It is all-important that every policy be written carefully and accurately.

Billings Agency Real Estate & Real Insurance Estab. 1888 at 41 E. Main St. Phone 211



MARTIN HARVEY THE ONLY WAY