

TWO TAKE LIVES NEAR FLEMINGTON

One Tells Fortune with Deck of Cards, Then Hangs From Tree

(Special to the Times.) FLEMINGTON, May 16.—Two men, one a farmer and the other a laborer, committed suicide near here during the past 24 hours.

His Illness Fatal

John Laskay, 49 years old, farm laborer, went out into the woods near his home at Cherryville, yesterday afternoon, told his own fortune with a deck of cards, and then hanged himself from a tree.

SHIPPING VETERAN DIES IN CALIFORNIA

"Grand Old Man of the Pacific" Passes on at Age of 88

SAN RAFAEL, Cal., May 16 (AP)—Captain Robert Dollar, 88-year-old veteran of the shipping and lumber industries, died at his home here at 1:10 A. M. (P. S. T.) today after an illness of two weeks.

CATHEDRAL HONOR ROLL ANNOUNCED

Honor students at Cathedral High School for the latest marking period follow:

- 12A. Elizabeth Dorety, Marie Maron and Robert Jameson.
12B. Jeannette Tracy.
12C. Therese Green, Jeannette Horner, Katherine Keely, Rosalie Murray, Catherine Okum, Edna Opdenaker and Elizabeth O'Connell.

BASEMENT SALE! New & Better Slippers

2,000 Pairs of Women's High Grade Bridge Slippers

All Fully Lined—Sizes 3 to 8

Our Basement Shoe Department sold 20,000 pairs of these slippers last May. This year we are able to offer you BETTER SLIPPERS at a LOWER PRICE, and you can choose from either D'Orsay or Bridge styles.

GENUINE LEATHER SOLES AND WOODEN HEELS.

Colors! In Cherry Red In Cobalt Blue! In Shiny Black!

Linen Oxfords. Leather soles and Cuban heels. In three color mixtures. Red, blue, green backgrounds with white mixtures.

57c Pair

Goldberg's, Inc. Trenton, New Jersey. Please send me the following women's bouclier slippers at 57c a pair.

Name Address City Charge ( ) C. O. D. ( ) Check ( ) M. O. ( )

Goldberg's—Bargain Basement

WILLIAM H. TODD, SHIPBUILDER, DIES

NEW YORK, May 16 (AP)—William Henry Todd, who had been ill since early in the year, pitched headlong down a 14-foot flight of stairs at his Brooklyn home yesterday afternoon.

ALUMNI OF 112TH TO BE ENTERTAINED

All former members of Regimental Headquarters Battery, 112th Field Artillery, New Jersey National Guard, will be guests of present members tomorrow night at a get-together in Egbert's Crossing Armory.

MISS DURLING DIES

(Special to the Times.) ROCKY HILL, May 16.—Miss Elizabeth Durling, community nurse, of Rocky Hill, died today at her home here after a long illness. She was 84 years old and leaves a brother, William S. Durling, and several nieces and nephews.

MABEL ANNA ALLISON

Last rites for Mabel Anna Allison, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allison, who died today, will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Dutch Reformed Church here.

BABY'S BODY IS FOUND

Sigmund Smolinski, of 9 Dillon's Alley, found the body of a new-born girl yesterday along the Delaware River shore, near the railroad bridge in South Trenton. The body was turned over to Coroner H. K. Davenport, who had it taken to Swazey & Margerum's morgue.

CONVICT EXECUTED IN ELECTRIC CHAIR

BELLEVILLE, Pa., May 16 (AP)—An unconcerned about his fate as he appeared throughout his trial, Fred Collins, Negro convict, was put to death in the electric chair today for assaulting and killing the daughter of Dr. Asa L. Crook, in whose home he was a trustee.

POPE WILL ISSUE WORLD CRISIS STUDY

VATICAN CITY, May 16 (AP)—Pope Pius is preparing an encyclical dealing with various aspects of the world crisis. It was learned today. The encyclical will urge the whole world to unite in prayer for divine assistance.

McLEAN OUSTER SUIT POSTPONED A DAY

WASHINGTON, May 16 (AP)—The trial of ouster proceedings to remove Edward B. McLean, publisher of the Washington Post, as co-trustee of his father's estate, was postponed today until tomorrow.

HEART OF A WIFE

By Adelle Garrison

Dicky and Harry Underwood, in a Wild Chase in the Dark. Fail to Catch the Strange Visitors Who Hurled in a Message Tied to a Stone.

Every one of us came to our feet simultaneously at the sound of shattered glass and something falling just outside Dr. Barnes' private sitting room.

"Don't any of you women come outside," Harry Underwood barked. "The men stay with them! Come on, the rest of you!"

He was at the door as he spoke, and out of it the next second with all the other men save Brock at his heels. We heard then, step by step, scanning the room, then Harry Underwood's voice.

"A stone! With a message, doubtless."

Lillian's voice floated back from the outdoors. "Hurry! This way!" and they clattered out.

"This men must work and women must wait or weep. Brock, it is I, Lillian, who has the message. It doesn't go tonight," she said, starting for the door.

"But Mr. Underwood said—"

Brock was stammering, but resolutely getting in front of her.

A Run in the Dark

She put out her hand and touched his shoulder.

"Sorry, Brock," she said, "but unless you come and sit on me, you can't keep me back. But I promise not to go farther than the veranda."

Before the fiery determination in her eyes Brock stepped back, and she went toward the hall, exchanged glances with Mrs. Barnes.

"I'll stay here," she said softly, and looked toward Harry significantly.

"May we stay with you?" I said, and then I followed Lillian to the door.

I found Brock at the outer door, evidently watching Lillian, who at the veranda steps was straining her eyes through the darkness, where we were standing, pointing along the roadway. She put out her hand and caught mine.

"Dicky is ahead," she whispered. "He didn't wait to look at the paper—just ran out and down the road. He can beat any of them, you know."

I did know that Dicky, younger than the other men and always in the pink if physical condition, on occasion could come within halting distance of the speed that was his years ago on a "flat" in team. But I also knew that because of that he would be the nearest to whatever danger lurked in the darkness outside.

But I betrayed no hint of my anxiety to Lillian. She was facing something too horrible to contemplate, and I knew the fears that were shaking her as well as if they were my own. Indeed, they had once been my own. The first time I saw Dicky my life were those in which I waited for news of Junior after Grace Draper had spirited him away from us.

"Was there a paper?" I whispered.

"I am sure you are found," I heard Harry speak of it. But he must have taken both stone and paper with him. I could find nothing.

A Futile Chase

I made the mental comment that her husband probably had foreseen her disregard of his track and intended her to find nothing until he had had an opportunity to read it first. I knew that both he and Dicky had flashlights with them, and I was sure they returned the contents of the paper wrapped around the stone would be known to both of them.

It seemed an eternity, but it really was more than two or three minutes before we heard the sound of return-

ing footsteps and low, cautious voices. The four men came in to our vision at the foot of the veranda steps. All were wiping their faces and breathing a bit heavily, although Dicky showed the least effects of the sprint they had made.

"Some run, Mr. Graham," Wynne commented.

"But what good did it do?" Dicky queried frantically. "I wasn't able to get even the license number of the car."

"Probably a fake one, anyway," Harry Underwood commented. "And at least we know how this thing got here, and that the audacity of the men who brought it is unparalleled."

"How did it get here?" Lillian asked tensely. "I know, Harry. I disregarded what you said, but—"

"I didn't expect you to do anything else but follow me fondly," but doesn't I could keep you from dashing out into the road with us."

"I should only have hindered you there," she said. "Here I was harming at least."

"Suppose we go inside," Dr. Barnes said smoothly. "We can talk about it there."

What Did It Say?

"Good idea!" Harry spoke briskly. "Brock, you and Wynne patrol the grounds, reporting anything suspicious. I trust you will forgive this liberty with your establishment," he added, as he turned apologetically to Dr. Barnes.

"Everything here is now in your hands until the girls are found," the head of Whitney Hall said earnestly. Then we were back in the Barnes' living room, waiting to hear what was written on the paper wrapped around the stone that had crashed through the glass of the hall door.

(Continued Tomorrow)

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