AMERICAN GENET IS FIGHTING FOR FRANCE

Great-Great-Grandson of Diplomat Writes of Experiences in the Trenches.

PARIS, June 11.—Edmond C. C. Genet, one of the American volunteers under the French tricolor who have remained in the Foreign Legion, came to Paris recently on the customary week's leave of absence. His vacation ended, he returned to the fighting zone, reaching the railhead nearest his regiment just at nightfall. Here he met two other Legionnaires also returning from a furlough. The three comrades started off together in the gathering darkness to find their corps.

The legion is at present in a rather quiet sector of the front and its trenches are located in a dense forest. At places the French and German lines are 1,300 yards apart at other points quite near together. Genet writes of how he and companions came near falling in the hands of the Germans.

Simple Matter to Get Lost.

"On returning here I nearly prolonged my permission—in the wrong direction," he writes. "I walked a little bit too far when I landed on the line the night of the 28th. It was uncommonly dark, and in the dense woods among the many, many paths and trenches it was all too simple a matter to become confused.

"When I got that strange, uneasy feeling that something was out of place—namely me—you can picture the rather riotous retreat we three made. We got so near the Boches we could hear them talking. We finally found the Third Company of the legion and decided it was best to wait until dawn to do any more searching for our company, so spent the remainder of the night there. I am thoroughly convinced that a man of this strange outfit is far safer on this side of the line, especially an American at this particular time.

"We are in the trenches just now, and I expect it will be some time before we return to the rear. Not only that, but I feel sure there is going to be a strenuous offensive started by the French before long. Let it come; the sooner the better, and we'll drive the Boches back where they will cry 'Kamarads' in grim earnest and for keeps.

Would Fight for Uncle Sam.

"The papers are giving reports of a very near severance of friendly relations between the United States and Germany. I am glad to be bucking up against the Boches with France, but I surely will be overjoyed if the time is at hand, when I can face them in the ranks of Uncle Sam."

Genet is the great-great-grandson of Citizen Genet, who was French minister in the days of Washington. One of the ministers sons married a daughter of George Clinton, revolutionary governor of New York, and it is from him that Edmond Genet is descended. Edmond was one of the crew of the United States battleship Georgia when war broke out between France and Germany and his mother bought his relaese that he might come to Europe to fight for the land of his ancestors. The young Legionnaire is only nineteen, and he has been at the front for more than a year. His home in America is at Ossining-on-the-Hudson.

Girl Was Stricken Dumb When She Was Discharged

ST. LOUIS, June 11.—Declaring she was stricken speechless when she was discharged by her employer, Miss Neily McGlenn, thirty-two years old, stood on the stairway in the building from 9 a. m. until 9:30 p. m., when she was taken to the City Hospital and placed in the observation ward.

Then Miss McGlenn went on a hunger strike at the hospital, saying "she could not eat if she could not work." Forced feeding was employed, the patient fighting the attendants.

Dentists Can't Grab Teeth.

MADISON, Wis., June 11.—If a man acquires a face full of gold crowns under an agreement with a dentist that he is to pay cash when the job is completed, can he be prosecuted for obtaining property under false pretenses if he walks out without observing that formality? He cannot. Attorney General Owen said so in an opinion to District Attorney J. L. Kelly, Princeton.

ANACOSTIA TO KEEP ON CARNIVAL DRESS

Decorations Will Stay Up Until Thursday, When Program Will Be Concluded.

All decorations at Anacostia for the carnival which was cut short by the rain Friday night, will remain in place until next Thursday evening, when the program will be concluded.

Privates homes and business houses in Anacostia will be illuminated tonight, when the public is invited to Anacostia.

Announcement has been made that all invited guests and other citizens who were to be present Friday night, are requested to attend Thursday evening. There will be a baseball game between two teams of the Potomac League at 5 o'clock. A country circus will be staged at Fairlawn at 7:30 o'clock, and there will be public speaking at 8:30 o'clock by the Commissioners, officials of the street railway, and others.

At 10 o'clock there will be fireworks and dancing. All the lights at Fairlawn will remain in place. A band will play.

SOUGHT AS ASSASSIN, IS FOUND MURDERED

Italian, Missing for Year, Victim of Black Handers, Who Hid Body.

EASTON, Pa., June 11.—With the legs tightly bound by wire and the body weighted with heavy iron plates, the body of Vincenzo Nunsera, alias "Jimmy" Rossi, was recovered yesterday from the hole of the abandoned Northampton slate quarry near Pen Argyl. Nunsera is the man the Easton police have been trying to find since November 4, 1915, when, they say, he murdered Pietro Gialmo, a trackman, while the latter was working on the Northampton traction line at Seventh and Spring Garden streets, by slashing his throat with a razor.

The police charge that Nunsera was not only a murderer a white slaver, and the head of a Black Hand gang that had terrorized Easton, South Bethlehem, Bangor, and other towns in the slate belt, but that he fell a victim to his own gang by failing to play fair with them in dividing their spoils.

County Detective Neimeyer had tried for months to get trace of Nunsera, and Lawrence Cordotto, who was said to have been with the former on the day that Gialmo was murdered. Cordotto was found at Strudsburg three weeks ago, and arrested. He denied connection with the Gialmo murder, but said that Nunsera himself had been murdered.

He said that he had accidentally witnessed the crime; that Nunsera was first killed and then the body was wrapped with wire, weighted down, and thrown into the quarry hole.

John Wollers, a diver from Philadelphia, came here Thursday, and yesterday, on his sixth attempt, brought up the body from 105 feet of water.

Late this afternoon James Curra, was arrested at Pen Argyl, and Cordotto identified him as one of the men who had murdered Nunsera.

Insists Upon Being Taxed For $2,000 Worth of Dogs

ATCHISON, Kan., June 11.—On the assessment rolls of Brown county the name of F. E. Kelly, who lives on the Kickapoo reservation, is down for $3,510 worth of property. Mr. Kelly's hogs, cattle and implements are valued at $1,510, and twenty dogs at $100 each. They are hounds.

County Clerk John Mathewson thought there was a mistake in entering the assessment and took the matter up with Kelly. The owner of the twenty dogs insisted on standing pat on his returns, and in addition to paying personal taxes on the twenty hounds, he will also have to pay the regular dog tax.

THE MYSTERIES OF MYRA

An Inspiring Novel and Motion Picture Drama

Written by Hereward Carrington.
Dramatized by Charles W. Goddard.

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(Continued from Page Twelve.)

lation signals, entered the room. He looked about nervously.

"Did you succeed?" the leader of ceremonies bluntly demanded of him.

"Yes, brother. Our cause has been successful. I have come to claim my reward."

The leader disappeared behind the somber hangings. He reappeared almost instantly.

"Come within. The Master awaits you."

The gardener followed. The inner chamber was dark and the man groped helplessly for an instant. Then the red glow began to suffuse the room and the face of the Evil One appeared. Instinctively the gardener's clenched fists went to his cheek, the thumbs upturned above his ears. A rasping voice rang out in the fetid, incense-cloyed room as the gardener dropped reverentially to his knees.

"What is the result, brother? Did you obey my mandate? Has the will of the order been fulfilled?"

The gardener stammered, and then answered thickly.

"Yes, Master. She is dead. Give me the antidote which was to be my reward. I feel the poison already working."

He stretched out his hands imploringly. The Master's face had now become discernible in the glowing light. The evil pontiff was posed as usual, with his thumbs in the diabolical, horn-like gesture, his face appearing above the black altar. He lowered his hands and clawlike fingers, drew forth a white vial, filled with some liquid, appearing before the anxious eyes of the gardener.

"And so you have obeyed me? You have earned forgiveness and life."

"Yes, Master. But be quick. I feel the poison gnawing at my heart even now."

The gardener's eyes dropped before the piercing bite of the Master's somber eyes. The Master rose from his position, taking his fingers away from the coveted vial. The gardener stood up, arguing, pleading with a frenzied intensity.

"You fool," snarled the ruler of the villainous cult, "you lie! You are a blunderer! I know the truth. You cannot have the antidote—you must meet the fate which is decreed by the order. Death is your portion now."

The gardener cunningly noticed the isolation of the vial. His fingers close convulsively about it. Apparently yielding to the inevitable, he dropped his head and turned away, secreting the vial. The Master and the leader of ceremonies exchanged smiles. He left the room without intercedence.

Once in the outer apartment, he hurriedly left the place. Down a lonely lane he ran, free from the fear of the brotherhood. He ran into Arthur Varney, who pointed an accusing finger at him.

"You have failed!" cried the latter, angrily, "I will tell the master."

"I know I failed!" cried the man, exultantly, "But I have obtained the antidote!"

With the words he gulped down the contents of the vial and ran on. Varney started to follow, then changed his mind. He quickened his pace and was soon in the company of the master.

"Fear not, Varney. The man will earn his own reward! The first pill that he took was harmless. The contents of the vial—which he stole from me—were—well, he will find out."

Varney did not understand. But outside of the Maynard mansion the gardener was staggering with increasing weakness. Alden was stepping down from the porch to the ground. He pointed toward the gateway excitedly.

"Look, there he comes now!"

As he spoke the policeman had grasped the man and was dragging him into the gateway. The gardener lost unconsciousness and the bluecoat lifted him bodily, bringing him up toward the house. Alden rushed toward them and saw the froth upon the man's twitching lips.

"The man is poisoned," cried Alden. He drew a hypodermic from a pocket medical case, and endeavored to bring the fellow back to consciousness. The man's eyes rolled, but he seemed unable to speak. At last, after several minutes of work, the unfortunate victim's lips moved, and Alden leaned over him to catch every word.

"The Master poisoned me. You will find him in the new rooms under the old"—

Alden shook the man's shoulders excitedly.

"Where is the order?" he cried.

Mrs. Maynard and Myra were sobbing, while Varney was standing quietly in the rear of the group.

As the man opened his eyes again, Varney walked away to the edge of the porch, out of view.

"I cannot bear to see these poor fellows die," he told Alden later.

Meanwhile all efforts to restore the man were unavailing. The policeman took down the data, and sent in a call for an ambulance which arrived in a few minutes from the nearby branch hospital. But no science could prevail against the deadly drug that was eating at the unfortunate's vitals.

"Poor chap! He's a goner," was the remark of the ambulance surgeon. "But we'd better rush him down to the ward to see what we can do."

Dr. Alden endeavored to ease the shock to the girl and her mother, after the unfortunate had been borne away with the bluecoat riding with him.

"Well, it's another miscarriage of the evil plans. I wonder what they will do next."

Dr. Alden was destined to learn even sooner than he expected.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

See this episode today at the Hippodrome, 9th St. and N. Y. Ave. —Advt.

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MAIL SACK ROBBER MISSES A FORTUNE

Daring Thief at New York Grand Central Picks Least Valuable Bag.

NEW YORK, June 11.—Out of hundreds of registered mail bags, some of them containing many thousands of dollars, a robber, or robbers, at the Grand Central Terminal last Wednesday night picked about the least valuable of all, by a scheme which is described as unique and daring.

With only eleven minutes' leeway, a man crawled under the platform ledge of track No. 14, where train No. 35, the fast Western mail, was loading, and grabbed an inside sack, which might have contained bank balances en route between Chicago and New York. He found himself later in possession of a sack consigned to Portland, Ore., filled with registered packages, one of which contained a $10 bill, another a broker's invoice, three or four with small articles of jewelry, and others with nondescript merchandise. On the same platform in pouches exactly similar were fortunes.

Carries Valuable Mail.

Train No. 35, made up entirely of mail cars, leaves the Grand Central Terminal at 9:31 every evening. It is the aristocrat of all mail trains, for it carries such things as bank clearances not sent by express, Government deposits, and things of like value. It would make the fortune of any train robber, but it travels with the speed of the Twentieth Century Limited, and it connects at Chicago with mail flyers which make record trips to the Pacific coast.

The train is made up on platform No. 14, on the upper level at the Terminal, and when it is making ready that particular platform is as closely guarded as a foreign ruler. However, under the projecting ledge of the platform is a shelving space about three feet wide and four feet high along which the "knockers," the men who test wheels and air brakes, can go just before a train pulls out.

It happens that at the far end of the platform an excavation on the Lexington avenue side of the terminal begins. No one thought of this Wednesday night when the registered mail arrived at 9:15 for the 9:31 train. There was not much time to think of anything, for it all had to be done in sixteen minutes. It was known further that at 9:26, five minutes before the train's departure, the "knocker" would come along and examine everything under the platform.

Find Empty Sack.

The man who did this on Wednesday night found an inside pouch, which is smaller than one of the big leather cases, ripped open and lying on the track. Everything had been taken from it. The checkers inside the car discovered at once that it was the Portland pouch and reference to the postoffice record showed that it had contained eleven pieces.

Postoffice authorities said yesterday they had discovered that some one working with a platform man or aided by a hook had abstracted the pouch from a pile on the platform. He had known that he had only eleven minutes to do the trick and had taken a chance of getting something valuable. The total value of the loot was only a few hundred dollars, it was said.

Found Guilty on Charge Of Soliciting Bribes

MUNCIE, Ind., June 11.—Gene Williams, deputy prosecutor, was found guilty of conspiracy to solicit bribes today by a jury here this morning.

The penalty is two to four years in Jeffersonville penitentiary. Williams will file bond for appeal.

TRADE BOARD TO HEAR OIL MEN TOMORROW

Federal Commission Ready for Last Phase of Gasolene Inquiry.

The Federal Trade Commission tomorrow will enter on the last stage of its effort to find the "reason why" for the high price of gasolene.

The commission's hearings on this subject are to begin tomorrow. Nearly two score oil companies will have representatives present to give their views on the soaring price of automobile fuel.

Commissioner Harris will conduct the hearings. They will be held at the Department of Commerce and may last for several weeks.

For some months the commission has been engaged in a study of this question. Since this began the cost of gasolene has varied little. The report is formulated and awaits the inclusion of the ideas of the oil men about the situation.

When the hearings are ended not much time will elapse before the report is sent to Congress.

Children's Day.

Children's Day was observed at the Mt. Pleasant Congregational Church today. The Rev. Clarence A. Vincent preached a sermon especially appropriate for children, a large number of boys and girls were baptized and a special musical program was rendered.

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