

LOVE LED HIM FROM JAIL,

HONOR BROUGHT HIM BACK.

From the day Epna Williams was big enough to open and close doors leading into the labyrinthine corridors of the dark pit where his father and brother worked, he has earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. In all Mercer county, in all the great mountain region lying southwest of Hinton, there was not to be found a more faithful trapper boy than little Epna Williams, says the New York Herald. Even in those days, now some thirteen years ago, Epna Williams, the boy of ten, gave brilliant promise of the heroism that was to distinguish Epna Williams, the man of 22.

When the miner passed through the narrow door which the trapper boy held open for him he knew that Epna Williams was to be trusted, even unto death. He knew that the boy would sooner die than desert his post.

Great stories the miners used to tell of the trapper boy's bravery. They were stories innumerable as they were heroic. Once when there was a terrific explosion in one of the adjacent chambers near the passage guarded by Epna Williams, and when the other trapper boys became panic stricken and rushed for the mouth of the mine and the daylight, the little hero refused to budge from the place of duty, nor could he be forced to abandon his position until every mangled form had been carried out of the dark chamber of death.

The trapper boy soon grew too big and strong for such a simple task as opening and shutting the trap door of a subterranean chamber. He was given a pick and shovel and became a full fledged coal miner. From early morning until midnight the echo of Epna Williams' pick might have been heard resounding in and out, in and out, of the dark labyrinth of passages. "Tap, tap, tap," from morning until night, and then a walk across the West Virginia hills to the little house in the valley where his mother and sisters awaited him (the father had met death in the mines by this time), "week in and week out, and very little sunshine between times."

"Tap, tap, tap," through the months

OUT OF THE Mountain Fastnesses of West Virginia Comes the Story of Human Destiny as Incororable in its Blind Fury as That of the Ancient Oedipus. Palpitant With All the Pain and Passion of a Chaste Bit of Greek Mythology, Breathing of Woman's Love and of the Love of Man and Man, but Most of All, Love of Honor, it is Indeed a Strange Drama that has been Enacted Down in the Great Kanawha Valley—A Drama that has Coal Mines for its Setting and a Coal Miner for its Leading Tragedian.

man came to him and asked for a job. He was about Epna Williams' own age, and he had been out of work for months. He hailed from Kanawha county, in the north, and his name was George Vandergrift. He told Epna Williams a story of trial and hardship and bad luck. He had been blacklisted in the mines in the north and was starving.

The man's story caught the new boss by the heart, and he grasped his hand and said: "Take your pick and shovel and go to work, old man."

It was a red letter day for both young men. On that day a beautiful friendship was born between man and man. Epna Williams, the mine boss, and George Vandergrift, the coal digger, became inseparable. They loved each other as small brothers at a mother's knee, as David and Jonathan loved each other.

Epna Williams took the young stranger to his mother's home, and henceforth the little brown cottage in the valley became his home, too, and Epna Williams' mother and sisters became George Vandergrift's mother and George Vandergrift's sisters.

Thus the two young men worked and lived together as brothers throughout the long autumn of 1901 into the winter of 1902.

And then a thread of tender romance came into the friendship whereby the bond between the two young men became even closer. They fell in love on the same day, almost at the same hour, and the women that they loved were sisters.

The girls lived at Hinton, on the other side of the White Oak mountains, and every Sunday morning found Epna Williams and George Vandergrift off for a day with their sweethearts—long, happy, idyllic days for the two devoted friends and the two happy, fortunate sisters.

On the Sunday before Easter Epna Williams and George Vandergrift each declared his love, and each was accepted as the betrothed husband of the girl of his choice, and on that very day plans were made and an early date set for a double wedding.

It was a happy week that followed—a happy week, but a long one—for all time is long to the young man who has a sweetheart on the other side of the mountain—and the newly betrothed men could not find any time for courtship between Sunday and Sunday. But at last Easter day dawned, the bright, glorious Easter day, and the young men set off, happy and bubbling over with joy. There was a long, happy day spent with the affianced girls, and the parting took place just in time to catch the last train out of Hinton.

KILLED HIS CHOSEN FRIEND.

But Epna Williams' friend had one great failing, indeed, perhaps only one. He occasionally took a drop too much, and this night it was many drops too much. He became violently drunk on the way back to Raleigh county. Inflamed with whiskey his attitude changed towards his dear friend and benefactor, who tried to remonstrate with him.

When they alighted from the train Epna Williams tried to get the drunken man home. The latter rebelled and in an insane moment picked up a stone and struck the man who had been more to him than a brother. He attacked him then with his fist and again, and again, until Epna Williams was unable to defend himself. Exasperated by the obstinacy of Vandergrift, and stung by this last blow, Epna Williams picked up the same missile and hurled it in the dark in the direction from which Vandergrift had thrown.

But, alas! fugitive as the aim had been, the stone had been hurled better than he knew, more certain than he might have dreamed of even in the most feverish passion. A faint cry rang out in the darkness, and when Epna Williams ran to the fallen man he found him unconscious with a fractured skull.

Tragic outcome of a day that had dawned so happily! Epna Williams carried his stricken friend to the nearest miner's house, but the eyes did not open to recognize him. He carried him to the railroad train early the next morning and took him down to the miners' hospital in Hinton, where he nursed him as a mother would her child for days and days. But the friend he loved never regained consciousness, and a week later George Vandergrift died in the arms of Epna Williams, his dearest and most devoted friend and in the eyes of the law his murderer.

At dawn, after the long vigil with the dead man was spent, Epna Williams gave himself up to the authorities and was speedily tried. The jury, despite the fact that everyone of the 12 sym-

pathized openly with the prisoner, was compelled to bring in a verdict of "voluntary manslaughter," that the ends of justice might be met.

Then to the county jail Epna Williams was returned to await sentence—to the county jail in Hinton, not a stone's throw from the house where lived the girls whom he and George Vandergrift loved.

While he was waiting sentence had mercy on one of the worn, tired old mother in the little cottage. Worn out and broken hearted through the awful tragedy which had shattered her little family, she was sick unto death.

BROKE JAIL TO SEE DYING MOTHER.

Epna Williams knew well the futility of any attempt to ask for his removal to his mother's bedside. There was nothing to do but to break jail, for see his dying mother he must, and he was willing to risk being shot down in attempting to escape. And so one midnight he succeeded in flinging away the bars of the grating at his high window. He tied his bedclothes together for a rope and swung himself from the second story window of the jail and in the twinkling of an eye was off into his home mountains.

The starlight of the September morning was fast growing dim under the flush of dawn when Epna Williams gained the top of the mountain westward of Hinton. He had been three hours gone, and the alarm had already been sent in every direction. A price of \$500 was put upon his head and the country swarmed with men anxious for the reward.

With the skill of the born mountaineer, Epna Williams evaded arrest. By traveling at night through the mountains and hiding in day time in thickets and caves he eventually reached the little house in the valley and his broken hearted mother.

Two hours from the time he arose into the low canted cottage the convict picked up his hat and kissed his mother a sad goodbye and was off again—out to freedom, but back to the jail at Hinton. It was starlight when he closed the door of his mother's house behind him and strode down the railroad track to the telephone office.

"Give me the sheriff of Summers county he asked the central, in a trem-

bling voice, and in a few moments that official, concluding Epna Williams' escape, telephoned to the sheriff, and better still, the declaration that he was leaving for Hinton that night and would arrive at the jail some time the next evening.

"You had better withdraw your reward," said the sheriff, "it'll only be that much money thrown away if you don't."

"All right," answered the sheriff. "Goodbye," said Epna Williams. "Goodbye," said the sheriff of Summers county.

Then Epna Williams hung up the telephone receiver and started out into the night, turning his footsteps eastward the dark, verdant old White Oak mountains. He walked throughout the night, and at morning found himself out in the fresh, beautiful country he loved so well.

And he was going back to prison voluntarily! A few miles to the right, a few miles to the left, he might go and defy any sheriff in the state to catch him. But Epna Williams' honor was too great to weigh even such a temptation. On and on he journeyed eastward, through all the golden glory of the perfect September day. Over hills and down dale, along murmuring brooks and over green hedges, pausing a moment to rest on a moss grown bank or to lie down under the green canopy of a giant oak, shirking dark forests and brushing past purple thickets, stopping now to listen to a wild bird's song or to the honking of a wild goose; bending to pick up stray wild flowers in his path; surrounded on every side by a lush, luxuriant nature, rioting in a perfect carnival of beauty and of freedom, on and on and on trudged Epna Williams, back to prison. On and on, back to ten years' captivity.

At midnight, 24 hours after sending his telephone message, Epna Williams pounded at the door of the sheriff's house.

"I have come back, sheriff," said Epna Williams when the door was opened. "I knew you would, Epna," said the sheriff of Summers county, as he led him to his cell, there to await transfer to the state penitentiary where he has already begun, Oedipus like, to work out the cruel destiny with which an inexorable fate has overwhelmed him.

MRS. COULTER'S TALK

TO UTAH CLUB WOMEN

Federation Movement Neither a Fashion Nor Fad—Philanthropic Work, Free Traveling Libraries, Art Collections, Preservation of Historic Landmarks, Protection of Wage Earning Women and Children, And Establishment of Schools of Domestic Science And Manual Training—Some of the Benefits of the Organization.

Following is the full text of the address delivered by President C. E. Coulter of the Federation of Women's Clubs, at Ogden, on Wednesday last:

With the record of the year in mind I feel a thrill of pleasure in being again permitted to address you in convention assembled. For we have reason to believe that our efforts to extend, unify, and render efficient the work of this Federation have borne substantial fruit. In this day of commercialism, when the idols of financial and material success obscure the brightness of greater glories, there is a rare quality of inspiration in the character of the altruistic individual, and of the organization which represents unselfish forces. Indeed high tribute is due the women who nine years ago raised the standard which is leading us into realms of broader culture and ever widening fields of usefulness. The spirit of our organization during the past year has been generous, outreaching, forbearing, and altogether helpful. The close alliance of interest and effort among the officers, members of the executive committee, and the club presidents have made it possible to do many things resulting in benefit at home and prestige in the national club life.

We are not claiming too much in saying that we stand today more firmly united, having a more central purpose and more clearly defined lines of action, practicing better working methods and engaging the service of a more general representation of women, than at any time in our history.

As you are aware the work of directing the energies of this federation is largely dependent upon its standing committees, in the selection of which we have been most fortunate. While I am strongly tempted to tell you all the things planned and executed by the various committees, I must not rob the several chairmen of their rightful privileges; but I cannot dismiss the subject without gratefully acknowledging the untiring and efficient support of the able executive board which your wisdom selected one year ago.

Despite the marked progress of the club movement throughout this nation and the unprecedented record which our Utah federation is making, I am being constantly appealed to for arguments in favor of federation.

(Sometimes I think the essential difference between women and men is that women question and think afterward, while men think and afterward question.)

We women have an almost fatal habit of seeing in magnified proportion all the small things close in, then we fail to connect them with the large things far out, the things that are vital to the state, the nation, and the world.

Apparently the value of the individual club rises large on our horizon while we are altogether too much delighted to discern the greater glory of the vast array of moral and intellectual forces presented by the national organization. It is to be hoped those raising this question may be present with us this week when the reports from clubs, the

state, and the nation are submitted. If I could only bring before you the full spirit and benefit of the national federation as evidenced in the proceedings of its sixth biennial at Los Angeles last May, your intelligences would no longer pronounce the movement either a fashion or a fad. According to reports given at that meeting a large proportion of state federations are striving to ameliorate the conditions of suffering humanity, and all are aiming to foster the finer sentiments of mankind and to bring about a brighter and a lovelier social life. In some states reformatory and philanthropic work is carried on, in others great good is being accomplished through free traveling art collections, movements for securing forest reservations, preserving historic landmarks, stimulating interest in arts and crafts, protecting wage-earning women and children, and establishing schools of domestic science and manual training.

The education committee of this state federation purposes to erect in our midst one of the grandest monuments ever dedicated to united womanhood. Many of you know that we are confidently working to establish a school of domestic science, including sewing, child training, and all that comprises home-making, in connection with our state university. We feel warranted in this large undertaking because of the great interest called forth by previous experiments in conducting one term schools of domestic science in Salt Lake City.

The higher education of woman and the progress of the age extend her interest today beyond the home into business and community affairs. Here she soon learns that success depends upon adaptability, experience, and scientific preparation. She realizes that with the passing of our grandmothers the old methods of housewifery, too, have passed away, and the thought comes that in our modern way of living, in all the educational curricula of the present, in all our methods of learning, no place is given to a scientific and technical training for home-making. As new conditions present themselves and old methods fall away new methods must be instituted to meet the new conditions, or the home itself will fall away. We are not willing to give up the home nor are we willing to surrender to the old way of doing all present progress and education of woman in the acquirement of which changed conditions confront us in the home. Nor will this be necessary if we improve the home by likewise subjecting it to growth and advancement.

Girls at the present time begin school life at the age of six or seven, some of

them even earlier if they attend kindergarten. This takes them from the mother's side, and prevents familiarity with the processes upon which correct home making depend. With the years of growth the school duties demand more and more time. "I never ask my daughter to do anything about the house," she is so busy with her school work," says many a mother. Later she learns its charms, and the former opportunity for learning house-keeping and home making by example and practice, as in great grandmother's time, does not present itself in the girl's life. This is not all, our home life has not been simplified by any means. Rather have we added to the burden by enlarging our houses, loading them with bric-a-brac, draperies, cut glass and china.

They are heated and ventilated by complicated appliances, and drain pipes traverse them from attic to cellar.

With all the helps of applied inventions, the strain of living has by no means been lessened. The process of cooking has neither been simplified nor made easy. The mechanism of the household, now more than ever, demands knowledge, skill and time, on the part of homemakers, while the old-time familiarity with domestic life during girlhood is no longer possible.

The young man who would reach a

position of responsibility and power must for it be highly and practically trained; but our daughters who are to be the builders and business managers of homes, the disburers of the family income, and the mothers of the coming generation, are permitted to undertake the responsible profession of home-making and child rearing without so much as a question regarding their scientific preparation for these duties.

What changes in educational methods are demanded to meet this comparative-ly new and really alarming state of things? If we would not sacrifice the mental development of woman, if the school and college claim the girl during the years when the foundation must be laid for becoming a successful homemaker, provision should be made by the school for instruction which will not only make up for the lost opportunity in the home, but fit her to meet the increasing demand for skilled labor in this field.

Educationally we have taken the first step toward the betterment of our race by the introduction of manual training into some of our schools. Practically and financially we have taken the second step in considerable sums of money pledged, in the interest of education, and in the earnest co-operation promised on all sides. It is also brightly possible that a further step may be taken by way of urging a legislative appropriation during the coming winter. In this much needed movement I sincerely trust we may have the encouraging word, the untutored hand, and the helpful influence of every woman in Utah. Let it be recorded, women of Utah, that however far we may seem to be going beyond the home, we always see our nearest duty first and do it too. It seems that the burden of my address is to be largely an argument for social uplift through the united efforts of womanhood. Even as I write a request reaches me for some words in favor of federation. In our last national assembly, where were gathered thoughtful, progressive women from every state, the question was: "What can we help the federation to accomplish?" rather co-operation what can we get out of the federation. Today, as ever, success and development of character, depend greatly upon our mental attitude in subjecting ourselves to the processes of growth. It is easy to briney all progress our way if we will but put ourselves in the way of progress. And all marked present day progress lies by the way of organization. While the individual of and by himself may restlessly progress it is, nevertheless, the progress of movements and organizations which count in the great social uplift of the world.

Thus the individual may attain a certain small culture alone, and the club may accomplish certain circumscribed things; but the fact still remains that each does the greatest work and attains the completest development when united with others in the purposes and interests of the national life and the national organization. Just as organized labor can accomplish more under any condition than can the individual, so will federation accomplish infinitely more for the uplifting of humanity than can any local club. It is

impossible for either an individual or a club to become broadly and helpfully educated through a policy of exclusion and isolation. No one could attend the national convention and feel for a moment that the club is all sufficient, and that the sweeping progressive movement may be carried on quite as well by each club holding to a policy of isolation.

Isolation and exclusion are lacking in every stimulus of growth, to growth is expansion and one can't expand very much without seeing conditions as they are, realizing responsibilities for action, and widening accordingly his field of action into realms of helpfulness. Organization for service is the keynote underlying all effective work and club work is no exception. It is by laying the scriptural injunction: "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the perfect law of Christ." Human nature and society are so constituted that we are reactionary, those who would reach their destiny must be ready to confer them. The woman who desires to keep in touch with the larger things, to share in the best which three hundred thousand of our brightest and noblest women are doing, the woman who would do away with the selfishness of an intensely personal standpoint, the woman who would be helpful as well as be helped, can no longer afford to remain without the pale of the federation. By co-operation, operating with the federations of state and nation, she is wielding her influence for the weightier interests of humanity interests which only extended organization may hope to grasp.

What the state federations and the national body may not now accomplish directly in the larger movements of philanthropy and reform, they may still hope to bring about through public sentiment, which is theirs to enlighten and incidentally to move for reform may be traced to private opinion promulgated into public sentiment. In these days when so very many good men are entirely absorbed in private business enterprises to the neglect of society, public affairs and citizenship, it becomes incumbent upon women, if our cities are not to be given over to the lawless and the bad, to incalculable patriotism, to infuse into our cities a healthful moral atmosphere, and to arouse a public sentiment to a truer citizenship. If our best citizens, men and women, were as persistent in working and voting for good government as our worst citizens are in working and voting against it, we should more frequently see good men in office and good government prevail. The time is not far off when it will be considered seemly and will become the province of every club and every good woman to aggressively influence public sentiment for all that constitutes human well being. Toward this the clubs are certainly well on their way. In that they are now co-ordinating with leagues and societies specially organized for reforms and ameliorative movements, while they have long been working apart for the lowering of the illiteracy record, the relief of wage earning women and children, a more practical training in the public schools, and the reign of nobler social standards.

MAY DISMISS CROKER.



Fire Chief Edward Croker of New York, who was recently elected head of the International Association of Fire Chiefs, may be dismissed from his office in the New York fire department as a result of charges now being considered by Fire Commissioner Sturgis. Public opinion is largely with Croker, who besides has the support of all his brother fire chiefs. Conspiracy and malicious prosecution are openly charged.

ROLAND B. MOLINEUX'S SECOND BIG TRIAL.



Harry Cornish. Judge Lambert. Mrs. Molineux. The second trial of Roland B. Molineux for the poisoning of Mrs. Adams is arousing as much interest throughout the country as did the first trial of the famous New York society man, which took place four years ago, and resulted in his conviction of murder in the first degree. Judge Lambert, who presides over the present prosecution, is famous for the rapidity with which he disposes of evidence. His firm and impartial rulings promise a rapid disposition of the present trial. Harry Cornish, Molineux's bitter enemy, is again the star witness of the prosecution. Mrs. Roland B. Molineux, wife of the prisoner, is a witness. Asst.-Dist.-Atty. Osborne conducts the prosecution. Ex-Gov. Black appears for the defense.

GRANT'S WIDOW ILL.



Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, widow of ex-President Ulysses S. Grant, is confined to her bed in Washington, D. C., and her condition is said to be most serious. Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris is with her mother. Mrs. Grant is nearly seventy-seven years of age.