

CHEAP MOVIES AND TRASHY STORIES BLAMED FOR BOYS' 'TORTURE' DEATHS

Belmar, N. J.—"Wild West" movies plus lurid detective tales plus juvenile imitativens equals tragedy.

Such a sum brought about the death of two boys here, and the arrest of two others, held for the grand jury. The deaths came by fire while the four youngsters were playing "Indian" after the fashion of the cheaper movies.

Caleb Hubbard, 18, his brother Willie, 16, Hubert Forman, 16, and Charlie Spindler, 11, were the actors in the tragedy. But only Caleb and Hubert are alive to tell the tale. One is in jail in Freehold, the county seat; the other is at home under bail.

Here, for the first time, is the story of the tragedy, as they told it.

After an afternoon of swimming and baseball, the boys began skylarking as they turned their steps homeward.

They wanted to have some excitement, but didn't know just what. Suddenly, one of them, who had been teasing up on detective stories, suggested:

"Let's play sleuths."

In a twinkling, Caleb and Hubert took the lead. As detectives, they seized and bound the other two boys with ropes. Then they put them in a large packing case found in a hollow in the woods, back of the gas company's plant. This was the jail.

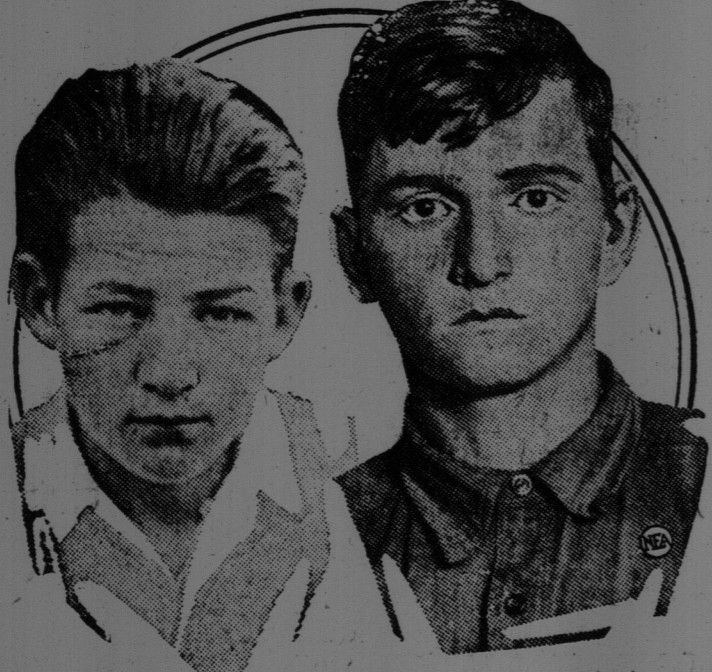
But this wasn't exciting enough. A search was made of the pockets of the prisoners. Some matches were found.

"Why not burn the prisoners at the stake, like the Indians did?" was the suggestion by one of the boys looking at the match. No quicker said, "Done."

The two bound boys were stood against a tree in lieu of the traditional stake. A small piece of excelsior was fired.

Ordinarily no harm would have resulted—but the boys had failed to take into account the oil-soaked grass. Flames shot high in the air, enveloping the two victims.

Frightened by the cries of the two burning boys, Caleb and Hubert dashed in to free them. They broke the twine that bound the boys, burning



do deadly execution if he could get home one thrust of that stout blade. So the patrolman resolved to stake all on a single blow. He waited until the swinging blade had reached the nadir of its arc, then bared his big body as he thrust the chair upward and brought it crashing down with all his might. Harima went down in a heap, the sword clattering from his hand.

A moment later Dr. Outlaw came from Reception Hospital, staunching Harima's wounds and rushed him to Flower Hospital, where Dr. Kellogg took many stitches in his chest and abdomen.

Friends of Harima said that until a week ago he was valet for Conway Tearle, moving picture star, in Los Angeles. They did not know, they said, why he and his master had parted.

POWER AS HOME BUILDER PROVED FOR AUTOMOBILE

The power of the automobile as a home builder has been brought to the direct attention of dwellers in New York by figures from all over Long Island. Motor registration, it is reported, has increased, on a conservative estimate, fourfold in that section in the last six years. Home building, it is as-

Patrolman Fought Japanese Lunatic In Small Kitchen

Out-of-Work Enraged Because
He Could Not Commit
Hari Kari.

New York, Aug. 30.—A traffic patrolman, armed with a kitchen chair, fought a battle this afternoon against a Japanese lunatic, who wielded a razor-edged Japanese army sword with the frenzied strength of a lunatic. The Japanese was enraged because the patrolman had foiled his attempt to kill himself with two butcher knives; his

handling of the weapon was expert, and the blade sliced through the soft wood of the chair so easily that it made a poor shield. So the policeman came near paying with his life for his errand of mercy. But just as the sword was flashing ever nearer to him the policeman swung the chair high and smashed it over the head of his assailant, knocking him out.

The Japanese, Fugi Harima, a valet out of work, was taken to Flower Hospital, where a surgeon sewed up so many gashes it seemed that he could not live, but tonight it was said that he should recover. The policeman, John L. Dawson, lost his footing on the floor as he delivered the coup-de-grace and sprained his ankle. He reported sick and went home.

Dawson was directing traffic when a Japanese ran up and said that Harima had driven him and others out of the apartment they shared on East

Fifty-ninth street, and had threatened to commit hari kari.

When the patrolman reached the apartment, between Park and Lexington avenues, he found a group of Japanese covering at the door, while from inside came howls and shouts that might have been made by two persons scuffling.

Dawson jerked open the kitchen door. Harima, his clothing awry, held a long carving knife in each hand. As he raced about the kitchen he stabbed himself alternately in the chest and abdomen. A spring landed Dawson on top of the man, and one blow to the jaw sent him to the floor. The patrolman took the knives from his nervous hands and turned to a telephone in the kitchen to summon medical aid.

He called Reception Hospital, ordered an ambulance and hung up, turning just in time to see Harima creeping back from the living room

with a long-bladed, two-handed sword, his strength apparently undiminished by his wounds. One look at the weapon and the baleful sight and malevolent pose in the man's eyes, and Dawson had snatched the nearest chair and poised himself for battle.

Harima came on. Stiffening as he got within striking distance, he shrieked and thrust straight at the policeman. A clean-cut silver dropped from the chair. Harima swung again. This time he tried to cut straight through the wooden shield. The blade sank deep, but with a practiced twist he extricated it and thrust again.

Dawson dared not loose his hold or unguard himself long enough to reach for his pistol or blackjack. His antagonist's men told him that to reason was beyond question. And though Harima was cut severely, it was evident that he would last long enough to

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A JEKYLL-AND-HYDE GIRL.

Ohio Court Commits Her to Asylum After Two Years' Observation.

Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 30.—Bernice Leckie of Cleveland, who has been in charge of the State Bureau of Juvenile Research in an effort to separate her "good" character from her "bad," has been committed to the State Hospital for the Insane here by the Franklin County Juvenile Court.

For two years state physicians have made vain efforts to separate her good disposition from the bad one, but the bad gradually overcame the good, and her condition of late has become such that she disturbed the routine of the institution of which she was an inmate.

Physicians call her "Bernice" when she is good and "Polly" when she is bad. They reported to the Court that "Bernice" she was a perfect lady, but when "Polly" she was like an un-
child of 4.

Smelling Salts Ready.

The health officer in New Zealand is apparently a bit of a humorist. He writes: "Don't assume you have no rats because they are not seen by day. Set the wife to go down the cellar at night with a torch and then listen for noises."

MUTT AND JEFF—THE EVIDENCE WAS AGAINST MUTT

By "BUD" FISHER