

THE BLUE BADGE OF COWARDICE.

Stephen Crane Writes of the Thousands Who Suffered Because the Crown Prince Was a Craven.

The Retreat of Smolenski and the Flight of Women and Children from Volo--Landed Anywhere Without Food or Shelter.

By Stephen Crane.

ATHENS, May 11—(By Courier from Chalkis).—Back fell the Greek army, wrathful, sullen, fierce as any victorious army would be when commanded to retreat before the enemy it had defeated.

There was no "God save the King" in the few cries that went up from Smolenski's men. They knew the grief and indignation of their brave general, and they knew he had to obey the order of Crown Prince Constantine. The men cursed the faint-heartedness of the Prince who will rule them, and the officers turned away because in their hearts was the same bitterness that doubled the weight of the soldier's equipments.

So the army withdrew, and the Turks came on. The Greeks knew how disastrous this retreat must be. They knew Volo must be occupied by the enemy, and they guessed more might fall because of the incomprehensible order of the King's son.

The Turks are slow by God's requirement, so vast numbers of women and children got safely aboard ships in the harbor of Volo. There was no particular panic, because of the strong Greek fleet in the harbor and the foreign war ships.

The foreign consuls all had their flags up and the consulates were crowded in anticipation of the coming of the Turk.

Volo is a beautiful town, a Summer resort in time of peace for wealthy Greeks. The houses are gay with awnings and the situation high on the mountain side overlooking the harbor is charming.

Ships Thronged with Fugitives.

Every available ship in the harbor was employed to transport fugitives—except one, the one which above all others should have been employed in the work. This was the English Red Cross ship, and its non-employment was due to a particular and splendid case, the surgeon in charge. He had some rules—God knows what they were—and he was the kind of fool to whom a rule is a holy thing. This ship came away light when thousands of war victims suffered for the lack of just the aid she could have given. The blame is not on the English Red Cross, but on the absurd idiot who, by the devil's luck, was in charge. I promise myself the pleasure of writing about him later on.

Every Greek battle ship was loaded with refugees. Fifteen hundred were on the Hydra alone. The condition of these people was pitiable in the extreme. Many of them were original refugees from Larissa and other Northern points, who, flying before the march of the Turks, came to Volo as a place of certain harbor. Now they are obliged to flee even from there.

The foreign war ships naturally refused to assist the people to safety, but it seems to me that had a United States vessel been there Americans would have regarded such a course as the reverse of natural. The pleasant hypothesis by which the foreigners squared their consciences was that there was no need of flight.

The Turk Not Lamblike.

The London Times says the Turks are mild, woolly lambs. I saw at Epirus a Greek officer who had fallen wounded into Turkish hands. His body was headless when I saw it, and I do not consider the Turks as woolly lambs. I think the haste of the people rather natural.

Your correspondent left Volo when the advance guard of the Turks reached the hills surrounding the town. The decks of every ship in the harbor except the English Red Cross ship were simply packed with women and children. Most of the men of these families were away fighting. Even the little sail boats and fishing smacks carried a heavy quota.

It was the great sudden evacuation of Volo which I had the luck to prophesy to you two weeks ago.

The Greek naval officers said they would not fire on the Turks because the town is Grecian, though it is expected the Turks will burn it. There will be a curious situation here when the Turks are in possession and the Greek war ships lie four hundred yards away. I noticed the Greeks had their torpedo nets ready for lowering.

While the Turks came over the hills the right wing of the Greek army was falling back to Salmyros. Smolenski, I think, is sure to make such a stand there as he did at Velesino. But will it do any good? There is a feeling that should the main army retire from Domokos—and the Greek army is more afraid of such an order from the Crown Prince than it is of the Turks—Smolenski will get that same old order to retreat, regardless of a success at Salmyros.

While I write the glad news has come that the Crown Prince will not retreat further while the army lives. Everybody believes it. If it is true, the big ridge back of Domokos will be drenched with blood. There is where the hard fighting will be done—not at Domokos as the report goes. Domokos can be flanked, but the ridge is ideal for a defending army. It will be a sight worth seeing when the Turkish waves roll up against it.

Swarming on the Ships.

But that fight is still in the future, and here at hand the scenes on the transports and merchant ships make one tired of war. Women and children are positively in heaps on the decks. They have no food, and they will be landed where they can.

I asked one of the officers how they expected to feed the people. He answered that they did not expect to feed them—that they could not feed them.

I went with a great crowd to Areos. This town consists of six houses already crowded. The refugees came ashore carrying their household goods. They camped on the fields by great bundles. These peasant women are patient, suffering in curious silence, while the babies wail on all sides.

This is war—but it is another picture from that we got at the front.

The Greek naval officers, with their eyes full of tears, swore to me the Turks would pay for all this misery. But the Turks probably will not; nobody pays for these things in war.

Eight thousand people at least fled from Volo. Their plight makes a man hate himself for being well fed and having some place to go. For instance, 700 fugitives landed at the village of six houses.

Who will feed them? There is no food. The mind of an American naturally turns to the wealth and charity of his own people. But such charity would be too late. Anyhow, organized American charity would likely proceed like the English Red Cross idiot. It is a rare for the opening of skies, but no skies open. I wish I knew what is to become of these poor people. Warships are made to kill men, not to save men; otherwise the foreign warships at Volo would have assisted the stricken people. The Greek officers say the refugees landed at Areos, Helmyros, and Chalkis will have to wait for provisions to be dispensed by the Government at Athens. My calculation, and I know the elements with which to figure, is that this relief will be six days in coming.

The Army Out of Provisions.

Rumor has it that the army at Domokos is very short of provisions. I do not see any chances for the people outside the war programme getting food.

I cannot guess what the immediate future holds in store for Greece. The Crown Prince's message that he will not fall back again has reinspired the troops. They are tired of falling back. The main body of troops would gladly give the Turks another battle. They accept their reverses with fine impassivity, and will fight well if provisions hold out and ammunition lasts.

The Turks move so sluggishly that no one can tell when they will get anywhere. It took almost three days to make the twenty miles from Velesino to Volo. Such a delay gives the Greeks their opportunity.

Told some Greek officers to-day that in our country the Northern army fought its way without winning a victory. They shrugged their shoulders and mildly said that fighting under such circumstances must be hard work.

Every day a new one appears, generally referring to an incident in the story has been told of a great pale at Volo. There was a terrible emigration.



Marie L. Ries, the Central Park Reservoir Suicide; Copied from a Photograph.

TELEGRAM TELLS SECRET.

Continued from First Page.

And when I saw she was so fond of reading I brought her a couple of my religious books, but, alas! she had no use for them. "When she'd been here a week a nun came. She called him the Professor. He was tall and smooth shaven, with a tight mouth and sharp nose and iron-gray hair. He must have been sixty years old. He always wore a little blue frock coat. He was here in the afternoon, generally.

This "Professor" Was Arnold.

"At last, on New Year's Day," continued Mrs. Nairn, "I told her it must stop.

"Why, Mrs. Nairn," she said, "I might as well tell you the truth. It is my husband. We were married secretly and are keeping it a secret on account of troubles over some of my property. After that there was no more trouble. She and I became warm friends. She told me she was from Denmark, that she was the daughter of a Danish poet, and that the professor was her third husband.

"She was writing a book of poems, she said, and the professor was helping her. After she went away I found a lot of scraps of her poetry left here. This is one of them."

The landlady produced a sheet of paper on which was written:

Promise me nothing, but said "I'll die!" Even with my wedding ring. I make you promise—only everything.

Promise me nothing. One day you will buy another ring, you know.

Then, if the deed walk in their sleep, must I come shivering back and say, "I told you so."

A portion of the first of these verses was found on one of the papers in the pockets of the Central Park suicide. This completed the first identification.

The last time the "Professor" called in the evening—it was about fortnight ago—Mrs. Nairn noticed that Mrs. Ries did not come out into the hall to bid him good-by. Then the old woman heard her crying. She went in and asked what was the matter.

She Talked of Suicide.

"My husband is going away," she said, "and he will never come back to me." After that she began to talk about suicide. A week ago last Friday she packed her trunks and said she was going to St. Louis, to see her friends, and might stop in Albany. She and the Professor talked often of their acquaintances in Chicago and St. Louis. Well, she sent the trunks away, and next day the Professor took away some parcels for her. On the following Monday she went. That was the last I heard of her."

Before going to Mrs. Nairn's it was learned, Mrs. Ries or Mrs. Ries had before been known as Mrs. Arnold—lived at Mrs. Juliette Durant's, No. 63 Pineapple street, not far away. After leaving there for Chicago to be married, she said, and wanted to go to her trunks here. The news of her suicide is the first word I have heard of her since. I'm not surprised at her suicide. She was crazy on the subject of death."

The "Professor" was a constant visitor during the eight months that Mrs. Ries lived at the Durants. He was first announced as an instructor in Spanish. They were together a great while, but their behavior was decorous. They went to the seaside resorts. Mrs. Ries was a superb swimmer. When not away with him, she stayed at home evenings, and played with the children or worked at her writing. She translated a great deal from English into Danish. She said it was for some papers. She had a sister in Denmark, and said she went abroad every year.

Another lodging house at Mrs. McKendrick's, No. 69 Pineapple street, there, too, "the Professor" called, and Mrs. McKendrick says always acted as if he were afraid he would be seen. Mrs. Ries only stayed there a short time. The week before she left he called to see her and she cried for four days.

It was Evelyn Reed, the schoolgirl niece of Mrs. Durant, who gave to a Journal reporter the information which led to the discovery that Titania, or Mrs. Ries, was also the "Mrs. Arnold" of police court fame. Mrs. Ries had, however, been staying at Mrs. Schlecting's, No. 61 Hicks street, before coming to them. In this house it was that the trouble occurred between her and the mysterious "Professor," which made public the relations between Titania and Horace L. Arnold, and brought to light their love and their non-wedding, and the fact that Arnold was the father of

a family and lived at No. 341 Grand avenue, Brooklyn. The whole story was told in the Adams Street Police Court, and the article in the Journal. It may be after Arnold had written to "Mrs. Ries" were read in Court and printed in the newspapers.

His Secret Out.

"Mrs. Ries" lived for only a short time at Mrs. Schlecting's. The "Professor" was fully believed to be her husband, and they were known there by the name of Arnold. One night in May a year ago Mrs. Schlecting heard them quarrelling in the room. She rapped at the door, but could not get in. She heard Arnold's querulous wailing. He would kill the woman. Then she ran for the police. No arrests were made, but next day "Mrs. Arnold" secured a warrant from Justice Walsh for Arnold's arrest on a charge of assault.

The cause of the quarrel was her discovery of a letter which he had addressed to the real Mrs. Arnold. He started to leave and took with him a book of poems which he had written. She and her husband, who she locked the door to prevent his going. Then he beat her. In court she showed bruises which he had inflicted. They contracted strings with the passionate love letters and poetic tributes which he had written, and which she offered in evidence. Some of the letters, which have a deeper meaning now, in the light of the woman's awful death, contained these paragraphs:

"And all you can do is to do as every girl does, and marry what you want most of all of man is that he should be mad over you every minute, and that makes me hope that you will be mad over me, and I will be mad over you. I have a conscience-stricken feeling, much as if I had robbed a child or a blind person. You must not doubt me, dear. You will go on miserably to live a minute if you do that."

After the police court affair she changed her name back to Ries and went to Mrs. Durant to live. Mrs. Schlecting had turned her out. Then Arnold began the work of showing out her love. Her heart was broken. He went to see her constantly wherever she lived, and at last helped her pack her trunks when she told Mrs. Nairn she was going to Chicago to be married.

It was Europe, not Chicago, she was bound for. E. Littlewood, residing clerk at Wells, Fargo & Co.'s branch office, No. 333 Fulton street, Brooklyn, said yesterday that Mrs. Ries called there three weeks ago. She wanted her trunks taken to the steamship docks in Hoboken. Whether they would be shipped as freight or baggage she was not certain, as her departing denied, she said, on some one else. The express company's record for April 23 reads: "Mrs. Ries, 42 Col. Hts., Hoboken, 10:30 a. m. 75c. pd."

The records of disposition made of baggage received at the steamship docks were looked up last night so it could not be learned whether the trunks were there or not.

Mrs. Ries opened the door at the Arnold home, corner of Greene and Waverly avenues, when a Journal reporter called last night. She is a lady-like, genial little woman, about thirty years old. When told that the Central Park suicide had lived with Arnold, Mrs. Ries said, without display of any feeling whatsoever: "Yes? I think she was a very sensible woman."

True to Her Husband.

"My husband has given me to understand," she said, "that he had seen nothing of this woman since the police court trouble a year ago. I had been told that they were intimate previous to that, but he denied that there was anything wrong between them. A Brooklyn detective told me that the woman was an incredible liar, and I must not be amazed by her statements regarding my husband. I never asked him any questions about her, for I knew that if I did he wouldn't answer them."

Arnold, his wife said, left town on the 28th of April, on a trip to New England, where he was going to write up some engineering plans, for various engineering works. When he would return she did not know.

The body of his intended to visit she knew only two, Worcester and Providence.

The body of "Titania" lay in a wagon in front of Boylston's undertaking rooms from noon yesterday until 9 o'clock last night. Coroner's Physician Schultze could not be found. A Journal reporter and Undertaker Hays found Coroner Hooper at the Lexington Avenue Opera House Cafe last evening. When asked where Dr. Schultze could be found, the Coroner drew Mrs. Durant and her daughter visited the undertakers in the afternoon, and identified the body as that of Mrs. Ries.

What the real married name of Titania was is yet a mystery.

To the Durants and to Mrs. Nairn she said her first marriage was in Denmark. Her second, Minneapolis. It may be after all, that the name of "Mrs. Pratt" on the papers found on the dead woman, is Titania's real name. She took from her second husband, Him, however, she told the Durants she had divorced. A man called at the Morgue yesterday who said he thought "Titania" was an old schoolmate of his, who had lived near Minneapolis.

The woman he referred to, he said, was of a poetical turn of mind, and had marked literary ability. After looking at the body he said he could not identify it, but the fact that the suicide had been identified as his school friend was that her father and another still lived near Minneapolis, and that she had married a Mr. Pratt.

Horace L. Arnold arrived in the city last night. At midnight he walked into the Journal office. He was dressed in a neat suit of gray tweeds, and wore a golf cap of the same material. He is a lean-faced, very good-looking young man, who, if he is sixty, does not show his age. He wears a jaunty gray mustache, and his gray hair is cropped close.

He was much perturbed over the fact that the suicide had been identified as his trouble. If anything was lacking to complete the identification, Mr. Arnold furnished it. He carried a blue envelope, filled with papers. From among them he drew out a letter, which "Titania" had written to him at 11:30 on April 29. She addressed him as "My own dear Papa," and advised him that she was about to put an end to her life. She spoke of her regrets that the money had not come, but enclosed an envelope in which she might enclose it so it would reach the Coroner after her death, begging him, at the same time, to write anything to accompany the money. She boasted that she had not left a single thing about her which could identify her, and said she did not want to have his name dragged into the affair.

"I wish you all—ah happiness," she said.

He lamented that she had not been able to make her "exit," as she termed it, more dramatic.

There is, it is seen from this letter, another man in the case, whom she referred to as Billy. It was to him, she says, that she sent the other halves of the torn papers. She had written to "Billy" that she had ashes scattered from the top of the Liberty statue.

Who Billy was, Mr. Arnold would not say, except that he was connected with a large business house here and had known Mrs. Ries in the West. He was merely an old friend of hers.

Mr. Arnold urged that his name be not published in connection with the suicide. "If not on my account," he said, "it should be suppressed on my wife's account. My wife is a good woman, who has suffered almost to the last degree by reason of this matter."

"This woman, Mrs. Ries," he said, "was a monomaniac on suicide, and used the threat of it as an instrument to blackmail me. I gave her money first out of pity, and she kept on demanding it. I couldn't stand it. The first time I met her she said within an hour that she would kill herself. She was always at it. She threatened to shoot herself on the street, in my presence. 'I was a fool ever to take any interest in the woman. But I have been punished, to the full.'"

The other papers which Titania sent with her trunks were clippings containing the poems of which copies were found in her pockets. There were others, all bearing on falling to assess property in accordance with the Fresh Pond Crematory.

In her letter she said she had sent all her things to Denmark, and had written to her people there. She had also visited the Hamburg docks and shipped the trunks as freight to Europe.

DEATH ENDED THE JOURNEY.

Kingston Resident Found Dead on North River Steamer.

Kingston, N. Y., May 11.—John Kleeman, a resident of this city, was found dead in his berth on the steamer James W. Baldwin this morning, having taken passage from New York last evening. He acted strangely and would not go to bed, saying he could not rest.

Kleeman was found distributing money carelessly on the street yesterday afternoon. He lost his wife recently and had sustained considerable trouble. He leaves six children.

Policeman Hit by Cable Car.

Policeman Thomas Wanne, of the Church Street Station, had a narrow escape from death yesterday. While Wanne was detailed at Broadway and Dey street he was knocked down by car No. 623, in charge of William David Sample. Wanne failed to notice the car until too late. An ambulance was summoned from the Hudson Street Hospital. Later he was removed to his home. He will recover.

WOMAN'S HEROIC DEED.

Grapples Runway Horse and Is Dragged Till She Falls Unconscious—The Driver Escapes Injury.

Mattawan, N. Y., May 11.—By reason of an unsuccessful heroic attempt to stop a runaway horse, Mrs. Robert Steinburg, a well-known lady of Glenham, lies seriously injured at her home in that little village.

On Saturday evening, while in the doorway of her home, Mrs. Steinburg's attention was suddenly attracted to a man in a wagon, who had lost control of his runaway horse. Seeing the driver in peril, Mrs. Steinburg rushed from her yard into the street, grasping the runaway horse by the head, which dragged the lady nearly twenty feet, when she dropped to the roadside exhausted.

Mrs. Steinburg was picked up in an unconscious condition by neighbors.

The horse ran for a short distance afterward before it stopped, throwing the driver out, who escaped with a few scratches.

Newark Health Board.

The Newark Board of Health reorganized yesterday. Dr. H. C. H. Herold was re-elected president.

LEPER AT LARGE IN NEW YORK?

Escaped from North Brother Island in a Row-boat.

STOLE AWAY AT NIGHT.

He Is a Sailor from West India, and Wanted to Go Home to Die.

THIRD ESCAPE IN A YEAR.

Of the Six Lepers Who Were on the Island Last Fall, Only Three Remain—Police Making a Search.

Hiding somewhere in New York City is a leper. He escaped from North Brother Island nearly two weeks ago. Where he went, who are the friends who must have aided him, are a mystery.

The leper is Gerald Peters, a West Indian negro, who was taken from a sailing vessel in the New York port about fourteen months ago. At that time only a white spot had appeared in the palm of his right hand, but the physician knew it to be leprosy, and he was made a prisoner for life on North Brother Island.

Peters is only twenty-two. He did not believe that the physician who committed him to the island told the truth. But he gradually the disease spread. The young sailor gradually gave up hope of recovery, and two months or more ago he said that if he were going to die he wanted to die among his people in the West Indies.

Dr. Bryant, fearing the man would attempt to escape, set an extra guard on the lepers at night. Finally the guard was dispensed with. The physician believed the man too weak to escape.

It was the last week in April that Peters' longing for his old home again manifested itself.

"I am going to escape from here," he said to a physician. "I want to go home to my people to die. You have no right to keep me."

"I have a mother and brothers and sisters in St. Lucia," he told Dr. Bryant, the resident physician, one day. "I want to go to them to die."

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JERSEY SOLD EXTRA SESSION.

Called for the First Time in the State's History.

FOR A PRINTER'S ERROR.

A Section of the Bill Against Gambling May Have Been Tampered With.

RACING MEN ARE SUSPECTED.

The Word "Prohibited" in the Engrossed Bill is Made to Read "Provided" and Might Have Upset Its Intent.

Trenton, N. J., May 11.—For the first time in the history of the State an extra session of the Legislature has been called. The extra session is to convene May 25, at 10 o'clock.

The proclamation was issued this afternoon about 3 o'clock, and states that an error was made in the quotation of the language of the constitution. The misquoting word appears in paragraph 2, section VII of article IX. The amendment states among other matters: "Nor shall any gambling device, practice or game of chance now prohibited by law be legalized." In the engrossed bill the word "Prohibited" reads "Provided."

The text of the paragraph in which the error occurs reads as follows: "No lottery shall be authorized by the Legislature or otherwise in this State, and no ticket in any lottery shall be bought or sold within this State, nor shall pool selling, bookmaking or gambling of any kind be authorized or allowed within this State, nor shall any gambling device, practice or game of chance now prohibited by law be legalized, or the remedy, penalty or punishment now provided therefor be in any way diminished."

This important error was made in the engrossing of the bill. The printed copy is correct, and just how the mistake occurred is a matter of wide conjecture. It is borne in mind that the race track element have bitterly opposed the constitutional amendments prohibiting the operation of race tracks in the State, and there is a suspicion in some quarters that these men know something about the odd wording which would have nullified the law if it had been approved by the people at a special election.

It is not known what particular engrossing clerk is responsible for letting the thing pass, but an effort will be made to find out. It is claimed that the bill was copied correctly from the typewritten original, but whether or not that is the fact is doubtful.

The Governor's proclamation is a document that is of itself calling forth a great deal of comment because it does not specify that the extra session has been called for the purpose of correcting the error, simply mentioning the fact that the error has been made.

There is nothing to prevent the Legislature from transacting a lot of ordinary business if it gets started, and there are those who think that it will undertake to do something that it neglected to do in a regular session, and to undo some things that it did then.

It is thought that in the two weeks intervening between this time and the date of the convening of the extra session the Governor will have disposed of all the measures now in his hands. They number about fifty.

It is the opinion of some of the leaders that something will be done to straighten out the Jersey error detection, and the repeal of the McArthur law, which is responsible for the trouble, is not improbable.

Governor Griggs admitted to the Journal correspondent last night that the Legislature could transact any business the lawmakers saw fit once they were called to gether. More new laws may be enacted and the Governor's vetoes may be overridden.

The Republican State leaders know this and are afraid to let the error stand because the church people who demanded the anti-gambling amendment might say the error was designedly made to appease the gambling element.