

THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC.

MONDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 9, 1911.



PRICE

WEATHER TO-DAY:
FAIR.

In St. Louis, One Cent.
Outside St. Louis, Two Cents.
On Trains, Three Cents.

Tailors Bar Our Rah! Rah! Clothes

We Must Not Wear Garments Fit for
Vaudeville Stage, Too Long,
Too Loose or Too Tight.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 8.—It is decreed by the Customs Cutters' Association in convention that the wardrobes of well-dressed men shall be devoid of garments fit for the "vaudeville stage, the gambling-house and the college campus."

Sentence has been passed on the skin-tight English clothes, to don which a shoe horn, talcum powder and a monkey-wrench are enumerated by the cutters as almost necessary.

"Mother Hubbard" coats, the kind that hang flowingly loose, also are under the ban; so also are the peg-top trousers with their long cuffs.

Extreme English coats that give the shoulders a 90-degree slope are no more to be tolerated than the garments padded to look like the Jack Johnson cartoons.

Soft colors are the thing. The test laid down by the cutters is that both fabric and cut must be such that they will give others the instant impression that the wearer is well dressed, with only a vague idea of the details of what gave them the impression.

MRS. PATTERSON CAN SMILE.

Tells of Relations With Chicago Man
and Says She Expects No Help.

DENVER, Colo., Oct. 8.—Mrs. Gertrude Patterson, slayer of her husband, Charles A. Patterson, now formally charged with murder in an information filed yesterday, is much pleased with her surroundings at the county jail, where, she says, "I have a little cell all to myself."

"Is it true," she was asked, "that Mr. Strouss is on his way from Chicago to aid you in this trouble?"

For about three seconds her gaze never faltered. Then, in a soft voice, she answered: "It's just as false as I can be."

"It will be just three years in February since I saw him in Chicago. I do so hate to talk of this thing," she continued. "Please let me be brief."

"Three months after I married Mr. Patterson, Mr. Strouss and he met at Mr. Patterson's request. The result of this meeting was that I was taken to Europe by Mr. Strouss, with Mr. Patterson the richer by \$1,525. The understanding was that I was never to return again. You see, Mr. Patterson didn't really love me."

She showed her teeth in a smile, but there was no mirth in her eyes. "A number of months later, when I was in Paris, a letter came asking for more money, and if I did not return at once he would follow me and kill both myself and Mr. Strouss."

"If Mr. Strouss comes to my assistance it will be unsought on my part. I shall be much surprised."

TAFT MOUNTAIN DIPLOMAT.

Visits Rainier With Tacoma Folk,
but on Name Is Silent.

TACOMA, Wash., Oct. 8.—President Taft today made a trip by automobile to the glacier field of Mount Rainier. The Pres-

HUSBAND IS KILLED FOR ATTENTIONS TO FRIEND OF WIFE'S

His 10-Year-Old Daughter Sees
Mother Fire Fatal Shot
After Quarrel.

GIRL SAYS HER FATHER
TRIED TO MAKE DATE

Parent Resents Addresses
Made to Her Guest and
Gets Revolver.

"Papa had a date and mamma shot him."

Ten-year-old Gertrude Murray ventured this explanation to the police as the cause leading to a dispute which resulted in her mother shooting John Murray, her father, yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Murray shot her husband as they were standing at the bedside of the child who was ill at their home, No. 227 Hickory street, Murray died at the City Hospital a few hours later.

The shooting is said to have been caused by Murray's attentions to a young woman who was visiting Mrs. Murray in the afternoon. Mrs. Murray told the police she shot just for fun.

Child Tells of Shooting.

Wild-eyed, and in a frightened childish treble, the child told of sitting in the bed when her mother and father began the controversy which led to the shooting.

The child said the young woman called to see her mother and that her father tried to have her meet him. "Mamma got mad when papa tried to make a date and she shot him. I was in bed. Papa hollered and ran downstairs."

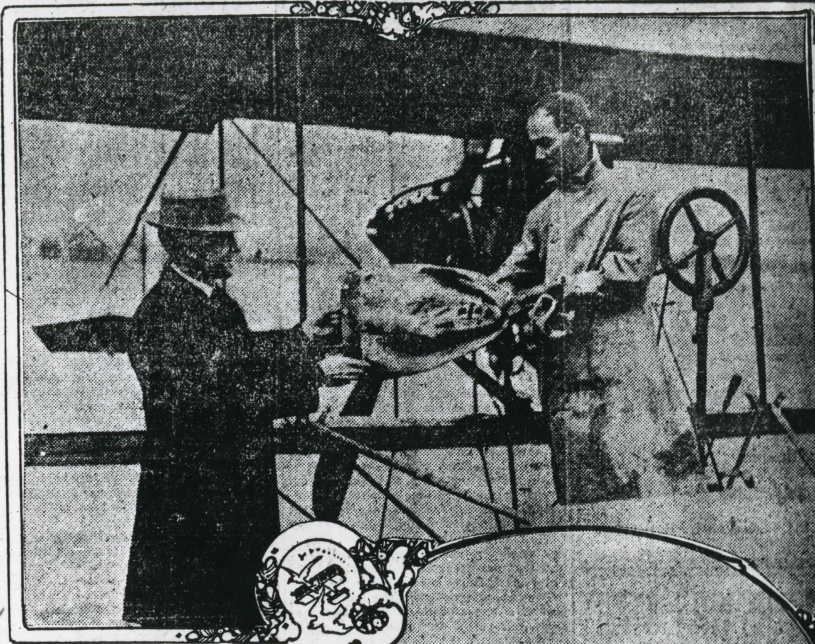
According to the child, the woman was a friend of her mother, and spent the afternoon at the Murray home. During the visit Murray is said to have paid his wife's guest considerable attention and is said to have attempted to arrange for a future meeting. Immediately after the woman's departure the controversy arose.

"Mamma and papa had a fight, and mamma got a revolver and shot papa. Papa ran down the stairs and out on the pavement. Then he fell down. A whole lot of people picked him up. Mamma saw them at the window," said the child.

Says She Shot "for Fun."

Attracted by the shot and the screams of the child, neighbors ran in the direction of the Murray home in time to see the wounded man stagger to the street. As he reached the sidewalk he collapsed. Mrs. Murray stood at the window of her home and watched the efforts of the throng to aid the injured man. Questioned by the police she declared she had shot for fun. Further questioning was of lit-

Aviator Delivering Mail and Flying



Hugh Robinson, at right, delivering
pouch of mail to E. A. Green, Assistant
Superintendent of Mails, at foot of North
Market street.

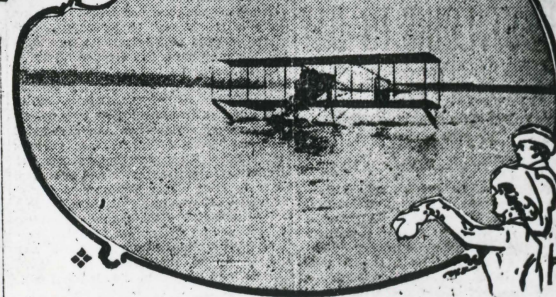
CAPT. BERRY THOUGHT HE HAD WON CONTEST

Pilot of "Mill Pop" Balloon
Says Bag Was Blown in
Opposite Directions.

AIR CRAFT RAN AWAY

Aeronaut Thrown From Basket
While Traveling Forty
Miles an Hour.

Capt. John Berry, who piloted the Mil-
lions Population Club balloon in the inter-
national balloon race out of Kansas City
last week, reached home last night, and



HUGH ROBINSON JUST ABOUT TO RISE FROM MISSISSIPPI RIVER IN
HIS HYDROAERPLANE.

FIRE TRUCK HITS CAR IN SPITE OF WARNING

Motorman Thinks Cries of
"Stop" Are From Would-
Be Descenders at Corner

BE PRETTY! BY PAINT, EVEN, PASTOR URGES

Colored Cheek No Longer Is
Mark of Disrespectability,
Says New Yorker

ROBINSON KISSES WAVES OF RIVER LIKE GIANT GULL

Hydroaeroplane Dips Under
Bridges and Bounds in Air
as Thousands Watch.

CARRIES 5,000 PIECES
OF MAIL IN POUCHES

Beatty, in a Wreck at Fair-
ground, but Three Others
Delight Crowd.

Like a gigantic bird transported from the pages of mythology and deposited in the heart of the American Continent in the Twentieth Century, the hydroaeroplane of Hugh Robinson appeared yesterday morning when it arose from the mists of the Mississippi River and circled high and low over and under the bridges that span the great river at St. Louis.

Thousands lined the river's bank and found places of vantage on the promenades of the bridges to view the novel spectacle. Robinson soared for more than twenty minutes and never in the history of aviation in St. Louis has a more entertaining flight been witnessed.

The chill air of the morning and the fact that the weather prevented the flight the day before, deterred many from witnessing the flight. When the start was made, shortly before 10:30 o'clock, there was scarcely a breath of wind stirring. The surface of the river was perfectly smooth. The day before there was a gusty wind blowing at the rate of thirty miles and the waves ran high.

Robinson in his first flight carried United States mail pouches in which were more than 5,000 separate pieces of mail.

After Robinson had landed in his hydroaeroplane, E. A. Green, assistant superintendent of mails, took from him a mail-pouch, which the aviator had carried securely strapped to the machine. He carried the pouch throughout the journey, and when he landed he delivered it in safety to the official who stood at the landing to receive it.

When Robinson ventured out in his strange craft there were few tiresome preliminaries. The machine had been placed in order the day before and all was in readiness for the flight. A body of men stood through the water.

The hydroaeroplane was shoved to the water's edge. The aviator took his seat in the machine. His assistants shoved the machine, gliding on the air-tight boat suspended beneath the planes, on the surface of the water. The propellers began whirling rapidly. The boat plowed its way into the current.

With the grace of a monster even did the great white machine with its snow-white wings take to the water. With the planes wide spread over the murky waves, and with the boat beneath it, the machine