

## A CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE STORY

The attorney told the state's case arose from a "series of bad business movements upon the fair night" written and would have given up, of course, even his precious acres, to have escaped the stares of wrinkled neck. At the same time vaguely wondered how the state's attorney knew things about him that he didn't know himself.

Then old Tom Robinson brought tears to Jim's eyes as he referred usually, to Jim's devotion to his late faced boy. The little man grew into a mood and the little man's hand babbled prattled at his father's knee. Old Tom's eyes then Jim's words.

"Judge, I found that paper," the mornin' I went to look at the corpse. I fetched it home fer Bill's jest leavin' in 't read an' I thought as how 't might spell out some o' the news 't mo' an' his ma. I jest shoyed 't under the bed an' ferget all about it. As fer shootin' the gun, I reckon that part's kerreck. I shot her enev' most every day, an' we hot fer rabbittin' 't evenin' by enev' one o' the shootin' 't I did. I shot 't hit robbin' an' hit critter an' varmints 't hit guns. Honest, I ain't judge."

"Of what wale was the evidence in young Bill's case on the night in question his father had not left the house but had sat up nearly all the night blowing tobacco smoke into your

Tom rose and got his foot on the stool and pedaled. Even the judge buried his head in the record before him, and blew his nose uneasily. The state's attorney began to wonder if being the stern avenger of an outraged law was such an honor, after all.

Jim listened intently to the judge's instructions, but could make nothing out of them. He had never heard of mallets, he thought, but couldn't remember anything about mallets, and he had understood a lot along it was a shotgun. But the judge didn't know better than he did, perhaps.

When the jury fled off into the little room back of the judge's rostrum, the tension broke and the courtroom

extended beyond this court room by six months to the time of the death of young Arthur Ballard. It has been with me waking and sleeping. I know, thank God, I have won the story and I am ready to tell the world why I could have won the case. The vision Jim Dismukes got for murder is only because he is innocent. I killed Arthur Ballard!"

There was a hush, and then a murmur and then a roar, and the combined rappings of 100 shovels and all his deputies to quell.

"Go on, Mr. Watson, tell what you have to tell," sternly commanded Judge, as the "ideal jurymen" stood and mopped his brow.

"Yes, judge, I will tell it all."

take Amos Watson into "Eus-  
" I'm sorry for you Amos,"  
"for you, Jim," said the Judge, ha-  
"I kneed," cried Jim. Robinson would  
"strong," cried Jim. Dismukes, in his  
"last," as he lifted Buddy in his  
"strong hands and kissed the big  
"chubby face."  
It would not be becoming in  
author of these narratives to men-  
the reception accorded by the  
Skin club to Judge, Sturges' sto-  
"And were you the judge?"  
"led half a dozen members in ur-  
"No, gentlemen," answered  
Sturges. "I was the ambitious  
state's attorney."  
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And Steiner says that there is a possibility of a