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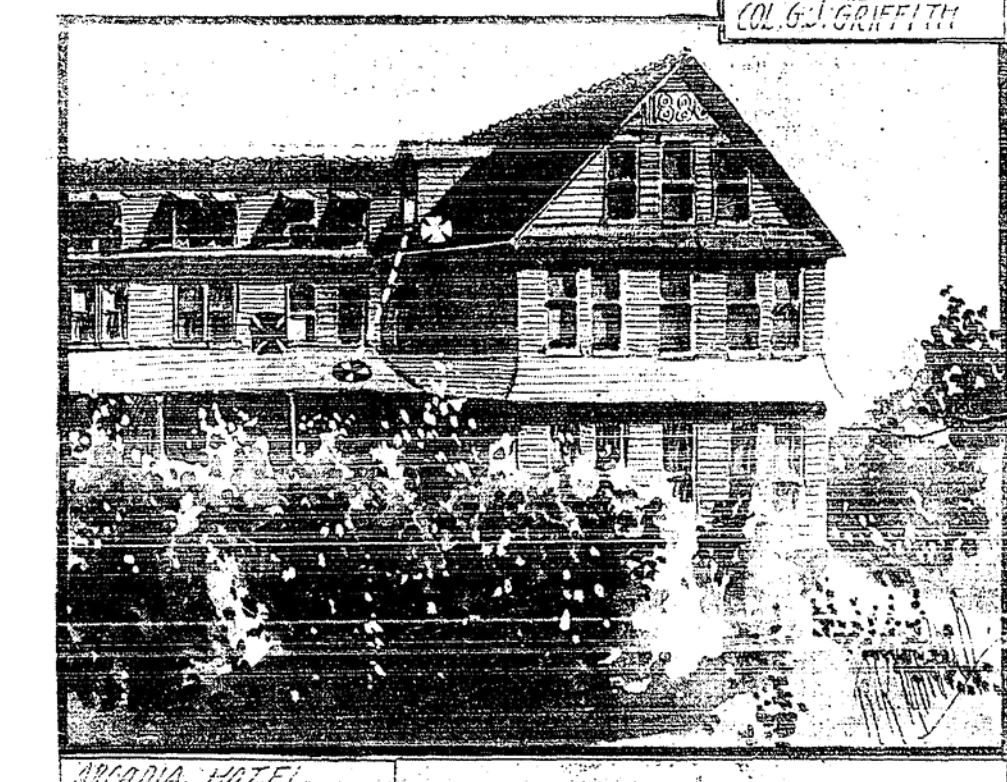
BULLET IN HEAD OF MRS. G. J. GRIFFITH.

She Declares that Her Husband Shot Her—Result May be Fatal.

Col. Griffith Declares that the Shooting Was an Accident—She Fell or Jumped from Top Story of Hotel Arcadia, Santa Monica, to Roof of Porch—Relatives Scout the Story of Her Husband.

IN moments of consciousness last evening Mrs. Griffith, at the hospital, gave her version of the shooting affair to one of her relatives, who reported it to The Times as follows:
Mrs. Griffith was in the room packing the trunk preparatory to coming home to Los Angeles, when Griffith entered the room and pulled his revolver. He pointed it at Mrs. Griffith, and said: "Get your prayer book and kneel down, and cover your eyes. I'm going to shoot you, and going to kill you."
Mrs. Griffith then begged him to lay aside his pistol, saying, "Oh, Griffith, don't, don't!" and thereupon she was shot by Griffith. She sprang toward him after being shot, and scuffled with him, and noticing the open window, let go and jumped out. She fell on the porch roof and fractured her shoulder. She got up and walked on the roof to the open window and got into the room on the second floor, where she collapsed.
Mr. and Mrs. Griffith had not had a quarrel recently. After the shooting Mrs. Griffith was in a state of terror, always afraid that Griffith would come in and complete his work.
It is claimed that Griffith has threatened before to shoot his wife. She has said that she believed him insane.
Mrs. Griffith said to her sister, Mrs. C. L. Whipple: "Oh, Lucy, it was awful! I expected every minute to be my last."
Mrs. Griffith fully expected to die, and sent for a priest.

MRS. GRIFFITH J. GRIFFITH, wife of the well-known capitalist and member of the Board of Park Commissioners, the man who deeded 3000 acres to the city of Los Angeles for park purposes, lies at the California Hospital hovering between life and death from the effects of a pistol shot wound in the head, and a fall which produced a compound fracture of the shoulder blade.
She was shot late Thursday evening in her room at Hotel Arcadia, at Santa Monica, where she, with her husband and fifteen-year-old son, passed the



falling from the window of her room to the roof of the porch below. Why did she jump? She may be able to tell that later. We have been unable to get any statement from her because her condition will not admit. She may never make one. What will we do? Nothing until the members of the family have held a consultation, and possibly not then until our sister is able to express her desires as to what course we shall take, and as will, of course, be guided by her wishes. As yet we make no accusations, but we believe that the shot was not accidental, nor was it fired with suicidal intent.

summer months. Following the shooting she either jumped or fell from the window of her room and dropped onto the roof of a porch on the level of the floor below.
She was treated at the hotel, remained there Thursday night, and was brought to Los Angeles yesterday morning and taken to the hospital. She was unconscious when reaching that institution. During the day it was necessary to perform an operation to remove the bullet. This disclosed that the wound is very serious, although Dr. M. L. Moore is of the opinion that the patient will recover.
The bullet struck Mrs. Griffith at the outer edge of the left eye, and hitting the bone at the edge of the eye-socket, fractured that bone and split into fragments, one piece of lead passing through the eyeball, and others glancing along the skull under the scalp. It was necessary for the surgeons to entirely remove the left eye and some of the tissue surrounding it. They found that the bullet had not penetrated the cavity of the brain, but in such wounds there is always danger of inflammation and of loss of sight of the other eye through sympathy.
The cause of the shooting is shrouded in mystery. Col. Griffith declares that it was accidental; that while his wife was packing a trunk a revolver in it was accidentally discharged, and the bullet hit her; that she fell to the floor and thus sustained a fracture of the shoulder blade. He has denied that there was any quarrel between them. There were no other witnesses to the shooting. Col. and Mrs. Griffith being alone in the room at the time.
On the other hand the members of Mrs. Griffith's family, her brothers and other relatives, make no secret of the fact that they do not believe the "Colonel's" story of the affair. One of her brothers voiced the belief of the others, or some of them, last night when he made this statement:
"Mrs. Griffith did not shoot herself; the shooting was not an accident, in our opinion. We are sure there was an attempt at suicide. We believe that her broken shoulder blade was not sustained by falling to the floor after she had been shot. The injury was produced by either jumping or



The Scene of and Principals in the Affair. The Dotted Line Indicates Mrs. Griffith's Leap or Fall from the Upper Story to the Porch Roof.

Wounds must elapse before the wounded woman will be able to leave the hospital, if ever.
HOW IT HAPPENED.
STATEMENT OF LANDLORD.
The tragic affair occurred at 3:20 o'clock Thursday evening, but was kept so quiet that even some of the guests in the hotel knew nothing of it until yesterday.
Mr. Wright, proprietor of the Arcadia, says that while sitting in the hotel office at 5:30 o'clock Thursday evening he heard a heavy thud, or crash, the sound coming from the outside of the building. He turned to Clerk Smith, behind the desk, and inquired the cause. A few moments later

Col. Griffith summoned a bellboy and told him that Mrs. Griffith had met with an accident, and help must be called. The hotel management telephoned for Dr. Crawford of Santa Monica, and he responded promptly. Presently Col. Griffith communicated by long distance telephone with C. L. Whipple, Mrs. Griffith's brother-in-law, and Mr. Whipple and his wife came down by electric car at once.
All of this time, however, the wounded woman was not lying upon the veranda roof on which she fell. Though bleeding from the bullet wound in her head, and bruised and severely shaken, no and stunned by her fall of twelve or fourteen feet from the third-story window, Mrs. Griffith almost immediately after the plunge regained her feet, crawled across the slanting roof of the veranda and reentered the hotel through the open window of a second story vacant room. As the ledge of this window is not more than two or three feet above the house edge of the veranda roof, she was able to pull herself up and climb into the room.

Exhausted by her injuries and hysterical through fright and anguish, she sank upon the bed, where she lay when a few moments later Dr. Crawford entered the room. The physician applied emergency restoratives, stopped the flow of blood from the wound in the head, and later administered a sedative. Mrs. Griffith's condition bordering on nervous collapse.
Col. Griffith's presence in the room where his wife lay resulted in her asking the physician to request that he go away. Col. Griffith complied, but subsequently complained to those below.

Soon after the hurried arrival at the Arcadia of Mr. and Mrs. Whipple, who went at once to Mrs. Griffith's bedside, Dr. M. L. Moore, the family physician, who also had been summoned from Los Angeles by telephone, arrived, and to him Dr. Crawford relinquished the case. No attempt was made to extract the portion of bullet that lodged in Mrs. Griffith's head, but an opiate was administered, and under its effect the injured woman sank to sleep. A careful examination failed to satisfy the physicians whether or not inter-

CONCLUSIONS OF RELATIVES.

AFTER a council held late last night by the close relatives of Mrs. Griffith the following statement was given out for publication:

"That it be the consensus of opinion of this meeting, that judgment be suspended until Mrs. Griffith is able to make a statement, but that a full explanation be demanded from Mr. Griffith and that a full investigation be made."

It was further stated by the spokesman of the gathering to a Times reporter that the relatives do not countenance the idea that the shooting was accidental or that there was an attempt at suicide by Mrs. Griffith; that they believe there has been trouble between Col. and Mrs. Griffith over religious differences, she being a devout Catholic and he opposed to that faith; that Col. Griffith had been drinking to excess.

Thursday evening. In reply to question, Wright said he felt sure that Col. Griffith had given a truthful and accurate account of the shooting and the fall from the window; and he added that he knew of no reason why the tragic happening should have had a cause other than accidental. He said that so far as had been observed the hotel domestic relations of the family entirely pleased him, and he instanced several acts of apparent fondness between Col. and Mrs. Griffith.

At 7 o'clock yesterday morning Mrs. Griffith was placed on a cot and conveyed across the street to the Southern Pacific Depot, where the 7:20 train was taken for Los Angeles. The cot bearing the wounded woman was placed in the baggage car, and Mr. and Mrs. Whipple and Col. Griffith accompanied Mrs. Griffith to this city. An ambulance met the train at Arcadia station, whence Mrs. Griffith was taken to the California Hospital.

GRIFFITH'S VERSION.
SAYS IT WAS ACCIDENTAL.
The following interview took place yesterday afternoon between Col. Griffith and a Times representative, at Santa Monica:

"The story," said Col. Griffith, "that the injury to my wife was other than accidental is wholly false. Mrs. Griffith spent a part of the afternoon on the beach, while I called on friends in Santa Monica. I returned to the hotel about 5 o'clock. Mrs. Griffith had arrived there before me, and was engaged in packing a trunk, preparatory to our intended departure for Los Angeles this morning. I entered our rooms and began to help her, folding up clothing of my own and doing other little things of that sort. Suddenly a revolver—a hammerless weapon of mine, I believe—was discharged, the bullet striking my wife in the face and inflicting a glancing wound across the right side of the forehead, as I afterward ascertained."

"Mrs. Griffith cried out, 'I am hurt!' or some words like that, and ran to the window. Almost immediately afterward she fell out of the window. Looking out and down, I saw her rising to her knees from the roof of the veranda. There was blood on her face. I at once called a bellboy and gave the alarm, following him presently to the hotel office, where I stated that there had been an accident, in which Mrs. Griffith unfortunately shot herself, and that she also had fallen from the window."

"Mr. Wright or Clerk Smith, I do not remember which, telephoned for Dr. Crawford, and I myself telephoned for the Whipples in Los Angeles. That is all there is to the story, and I cannot see why any attempt should be made to create a sensation about it. It is a most unfortunate affair, most unfortunate, indeed, but purely an accident, and one in which the public is not concerned."

"Where in the room was Mrs. Griffith standing, or sitting, at the moment the revolver was discharged?" was asked. Col. Griffith replied:

"Now I am not sure—perhaps I was so stunned and bewildered. But I think she was bending over the trunk and placing clothing in it. The hammer of the pistol must have struck against the edge of the trunk."

"Then it was not a hammerless revolver?"

"Why—yes, I think it was. Yes, I think so. But I cannot be perfectly sure. Yes, she, the weapon belongs to me, and I have had it for some time. No, I cannot say why Mrs. Griffith had the pistol—but she must have had it in her hand at the time. I am quite sure she had it in her hand."

"What was Mrs. Griffith doing with the weapon?"

"Indeed I cannot tell. No, she certainly had not made any demonstration with it. I tell you the whole thing was an accident."

"The story is in circulation, Colonel, that immediately prior to the shooting an altercation was in progress between yourself and your wife. Is that correct?"

"It is not correct. My wife and I have never quarreled. The notion that is a—she is a Catholic—believes in that sort of thing—doesn't know any better; and—well, you understand. But on this occasion there was no quarrel between us."

"Had there not been an argument?"

"Oh, there might have been a little discussion, but absolutely nothing to amount to anything."

"Where were you standing, with reference to Mrs. Griffith's position, at the time the shot was fired?"

"Now I couldn't tell you that. I was startled, stunned, utterly bewildered by the shot. I cannot remember where I stood."

"How close to the window was Mrs. Griffith when the shot was fired?"

"She was very close to it—right beside it, in fact."

"Not bending over the trunk, then?"

"Yes, I think she was bending over it."

"How near to the window was the trunk?"

"Oh, a couple of feet away. Very close. Right at the window."

"The window is at the far end of a narrow hallway at the side of the room, is it not? And this hallway is at least ten feet long? And the trunk was standing in the room proper, not in the hallway?"

"Those statements are correct."

"The story that has gone out is to the effect that you were drinking heavily on Thursday that when you entered your room an altercation arose between yourself and Mrs. Griffith, and that the revolver was discharged while you and she were struggling for its

