FOUR CELEBRATED CASES IN WHICH ACCUSED WERE WOMEN

Case of Florence Burns, Arraigned on Charge of Killing Walter Brooks in 1902, Was Dismissed by Judge at Preliminary Hearing—Nan Patterson, Charged with Murder of "Caesar" Young in 1904, Released After Two Juries Had Disagreed.

NEW YORK, Aug. 14. — For the fourth time within the past fifteen years in the metropolitan district a woman, young and attractive, is facing the probability of a trial for murder.

If the unexpected does not happen the fate of Mrs. Bianca Errazuriz de Saulles will be placed before many weeks have passed in the hands of twelve residents of Nassau County in the court house in Mineola, L. I.

It will be their task to judge the act of Mrs. de Saulles in Hempstead Friday night, Aug. 3, when she sent four bullets from a revolver into the body of her husband, John Longer de Saulles—thus, in a moment making herself a widow and her four-year-old son John Longer de Saulles, Jr., fatherless.

The case of Mrs. de Saulles, however, differs widely from the three famous ones that have gone before. It is not denied that she fired the shots that killed her husband. Her lawyers already have said that her defense will be emotional insanity. They expect to prove that the depth and devotion of mother love made her irresponsible for her act.

Furthermore, besides her youth and comeliness, which were traits possessed in greater or lesser degree by those other women who were the central figures in cases growing out of deaths by violence, Mrs. de Saulles has wealth and assured social position. Her family in Chili bears one of the great names of that country.

What makes the other cases different is the fact in each the woman denied responsibility for the death of the victim.

Mrs. Florence Conklin Carman, in the most recent of the three, at both her trials for the murder of Mrs. Louise Bailey asserted innocence. The first jury disagreed; the second jury acquitted her.

Then there was the famous Nan Patterson case. Through two long trials and mistrial the former chorus girl asserted that "Caesar" Young, the bookmaker, who was killed by a revolver bullet while riding in a hansom cab with her, shot himself. She was released after two juries had failed to agree on a verdict.

Although Florence Burns never was brought to trial—Justice Mayer having discharged her on the ground that no evidence had been adduced to connect her wit hthe death by a revolver bullet of young Walter Thomas Brooks the preliminary hearing, over which Justice Mayer presided, had many of the attributes of the most sensational trial for murder.

These three tragedies, in which the other women played their parts, are sketched again here with no implication that any one woman had anything in common in her case with either of the others—except that she was a woman fighting for her life and liberty

MRS. CARMAN, FREED ON SECOND TRIAL.

Dr. Edwin Carman was with a patient, Mrs. Louise Bailey, of Hempstead, in his office in the rear of his commodious home on the Merrick Road, Freeport, L. I., on the evening of June 30, 1914, when a pane of the office window crashed in.

Through the aperture was thrust a hand holding a revolver. As the doctor dodged down behind a surgical chair the revolver was discharged. Mrs. Bailey sank to the floor, dead.

The following day it was found that Mrs. Florence Conklin Carman, wife of the doctor and mother of his eleven-year-old daughter Elizabeth, had installed a dictagraph in her husband's office. She had been in the habit of sitting at her desk in her rooms upstairs and listening when a woman patient was in the office.

Maid told two stories.

Mrs. Carman was not accused until July 8. Her chief accuser then, and the principal witness against her in her two trials, was Celia Coleman, a colored maid. Celia's testimony at the trials was directly opposite from her testimony at the coroner's inquest and before the grand jury. The second jury, which acquitted Mrs. Carman, clearly believed that Celia told the truth the first time and lied subsequently.

Celia's appearance on the stand at the second trial furnished one of its most dramatic moments. At the beginning of it Mrs. Carman appeared to be amused, but as it continued her small, shapely head was bent forward the creamy whiteness of her almost classical face beneath masses of brown hair seemed even more strikingly white than usual, and her gray-blue eyes under their sweeping lashes were fixed as if hypnotized on the figure of her former maid.

Mrs. Carman's eleven-year-old daughter Elizabeth sat with her. She regarded Celia scornfully at first, but as Celia mentioned her name several times as having been present when Mrs. Carman ran into the kitchen and confessed, she flushed and changed her chair behind that of her mother.

Celia's Story at Trial

In response to questions by District Attorney Smith, Celia said:

"I was washing the dishes; Elizabeth came into the kitchen. Mrs. Carman came in an dtold Elizabeth, 'Stay back.' She wore a light lilac purple kimono and a shawl around her neck. She went out the back kitchen door into the yard. I heard the crash of glass and the report of a revolver. In one or two minutes she came in the back door of the kitchen. "She said, 'I shot him.' She went in the doctor's office. I followed her."

Other details followed, with the assertion that the next morning Mrs. Carman said:

"Oh, Celia, why did I kill that woman? I hope God will forgive me."

Frank J. Farrell, an aimless wanderer, was another witness against Mrs. Carman. He claimed to be a witness of the shooting. His testimony, however, also was discredited by the lawyers for the defense and discarded by the jury.

Mrs. Carman, herself was as responsible for the sweeping away of the adverse testimony as any other single factor. Her conduct and appearance in the court room were flawless. She had repose, dignity and self control. She showed not the slightest tendency to bravado. Her attitude was likened by writers at the trial to that of a clubwoman or a society woman.

Mrs. Carman's Story.

The only time that she gave way to her feeling was after she had testified at the second trial. She had told her story, corroborated in detail by other members of the household, including her daughter, of how she was upstairs lying down when she heard the shot, and how she did not know what had happened until some one came and told her. She admitted that she had slapped one woman's face because her husband loaned her $15, but she denied that she was wildly jealous of him.

One witness in her behalf told of seeing a man run across the lawn and leap a fence right after the shooting. The revolver which was used never was found. So many persons had tramped the lawn that there was no chance of learning anything by footprints.

An effort was made to support Celia's story by showing by other witnesses, including a private detective, that Celia had been offered a bribe of $500 not to testify against her former mistress.

Mrs. Carman, still retaining her marvellous poise, and still looking serenely at the world through her shining pincenez, went back to the comfortable home on the Merrick Road to take up life again with her husband and her daughter—and is there yet, so far as the public knows.

And the mystery of Mrs. Bailey's death is a mystery still.

"NAN" PATTERSON'S JURIES DISAGREED.

Nan Randolph Patterson was in a hansom cab with Frank T. ("Caesar") Young, a bookmaker, early on the morning of June 4, 1904. Young was on his way to the American Line Pier, where Mrs. Young was waiting for him to join her on a trip to Europe.

When the cab reached West Broadway and Franklin street, a muffled report sounded inside and a wisp of smoke curled out. A man passing by ran up and looked inside and saw the body of Young crumpled up and Nan shaking him and saying:

"Caesar, why don't you speak?"

Frederick Michaels, the cabman had seen nothing. Later events showed that all he was positive about was that Nan appeared to be excited when she and the bookmaker entered the cab.

No human eyes, unless it was the eyes of the man and woman in the cab, saw what happened there, and a bullet hole torn through the side of the man had closed his eyes and sealed his lips forever.

Nan Patterson then was only twenty-one. Her hair was brown and plentiful. Her eyes were gray and had been described as "dreamy." Her figure was good. She had been in a "Floradora" company. She knew a deal of the ways of the world.

Declared Young Shot Himself.

She gave to the police her version of what had happened, and the defense stuck to that version through two full trials for murder and the one incompleted trial for murder that followed. Nan Patterson, however, never took the stand and never told it in court. One of the trials was declared a mistrial because of the illness of a juror. The other two resulted in disagreements.

Nan's story was that Young turned to her suddenly in the cab and said:

"Nan, I won't go to Europe unless you will promise to follow me."

She said she told him she couldn't go, and when he kept urging her she asked him to remember the trouble that his wife had caused in Oakland, Cal.

"No, Caesar," she asserted she said, "you have made up with your wife, and I want you and your wife to live happily together again."

Then, she said, the bookmaker said he had lost all his money and that now he was losing his girl, and seized her so firmly by the hand that she cried out with pain.

"I started to cry," she continued, "and turned my face from him and looked out of the cab window, so as not to let him see that I was crying. I suddenly heard a muffled sound. I turned around quickly, and as I did so he fell over into my lap."

This story of suicide made no impression in the district attorney's office and the police department. Nan Patterson was arrested immediately, was indicted on June 13, and was put on trial the first time on Nov. 15. This was the mistrial.

Meanwhile the prosecution overseen by Mr. Jerome and conducted by William Rand, Jr., announced itself confident of proving its theory and securing a conviction.

Talk of Blackmail.

The theory was that Nan's brother-in-law, J. Morgan Smith, and his wife and Nan had all plotted together—not to kill Caesar Young, but to get money from him. Even while making formal application for Nan's release on May 12, 1905, Mr. Jerome said he was satisfied that three things had been proven by the evidence to the satisfaction of the juries. These were: First, that J. Morgan Smith had purchased the revolver with which Young was killed; second that Nan had a revolver when she entered the cab that morning; and third, that Young did not fire the fatal shot himself.

J. Morgan Smith and his wife Julia, who had been under arrest, were freed with Nan. This balked the original plan to prosecute the Smiths on the charge of extortion.

At the trials Hyman Stern, a pawnbroker, identified the revolver with which the shooting was done as one which he had sold to a "tall man" the day before the shooting. He said the "tall man" was with a shorter woman." He could not positively say, however, who either of them was.

Abraham Levy was the chief of Nan's counsel. His defense was centered to the suicide theory.

The prosecution tried to prove that Nan carried a reticule when she entered the hansom with the bookmaker. A revolver, it was pointed out, easily might be concealed in a reticule.

The defense sought and apparently partially succeeded in "flustering" the State's witnesses so far as the reticule was concerned. The question whether or not Nan wore white or black gloves that day was also gone into.

A Skeleton in Court.

The prosecution stirred matters up a bit and caused Nan to lose for an instant her remarkable self-control by dressing up a skeleton in the court room in the clothes worn by the dead man. The purpose of this gruesome exhibit was to show the course of the bullet, which, entering the shoulder was deflected, first by one rib and then by another, to the spine and so caused death.

Mrs. Young, the widow, was at the trials. She was said by onlookers to have been more beautiful by far than Nan—a woman of culture and silent grief sitting apart in heavy mourning.

As bail was refused throughout, Nan Patterson spent just eleven months and two weeks behind the bars. She celebrated her twenty-second birthday in her cell.

"Can you imagine how I felt?" she said in an interview on the day of her release. "I was an innocent woman—I swear it before God, for I did not kill Ceasar Young—and there I was locked up with a lot of criminals, denounced as a murderess, in danger of my life for killing a man whom I would have given my own life at any time to save."

Nan complained because she was referred to as "brazen." The only time that she fainted was when she was called in to hear that the second jury had disagreed.

A few days after Nan's release she departed for Washington where later she re-married her husband, a man named Martin.

FLORENCE BURNS FREED BY JUDGE.

Florence Burns was only nineteen years old when she was arrested on Feb. 16, 1902, charged with fatally shooting Walter Thomas Brooks, a produce commission merchant, in a room in the Glen Island Hotel at Cortlandt and West Streets, late on the night of Feb. 14.

For just five weeks to a day after the murder, the slim slip of a girl was the centre of the murder mystery of the hour—and of one of the still unsolved crime mysteries of New York. On March 22, 1902, Justice Mayer ended the preliminary hearing in her case by discharging her on the ground that there was no evidence to connect her with the murder.

But, although Miss Burns never was indicted, and so never was tried, the hearing brought out the same dramatic incidents that might have been expected at a trial.

Mrs. Thomas W. Brooks, mother of the murdered boy (he was only twenty years old,) was a witness. She came into the court room in deep mourning. On her way to the witness chair she stopped and stared bitterly down into the face of Miss Burns.

The accused girl flushed but did not flinch. She continued to fan herself slowly and easily. Her big blue eyes, under a wealth of light brown, almost straw-colored hair, gazed calmly back. Her small face, with its regular features, remained expressionless. Her tall and shapely figure continued relaxed.

The mother, however, was intensely agitated. She spoke in a low, nervous voice. She asserted that Miss Burns said to her:

"If he (Walter) does not marry me I will shoot him and kill him with my father's pistol. I am a good shot and when I shoot I shoot to kill."

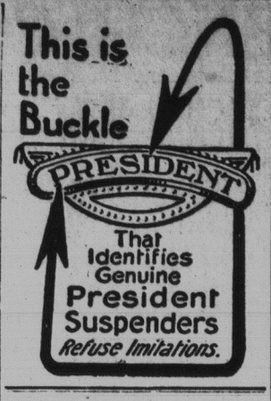
Then Mrs. Brooks added:

"I said to her: 'If you kill my son I will kill you.' She said in reply: 'You will not have the chance, for when I kill him I will kill myself.'"

Mrs. Brooks also identified a broken comb that was found in the room in the Glen Island Hotel. She collapsed on the stand and was carried uncon-

(Continued on page 5)

This is the Buckle



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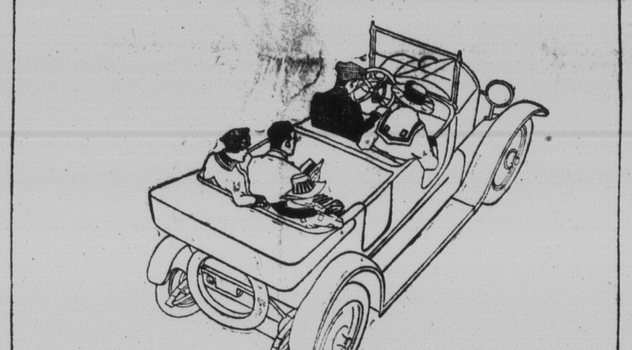
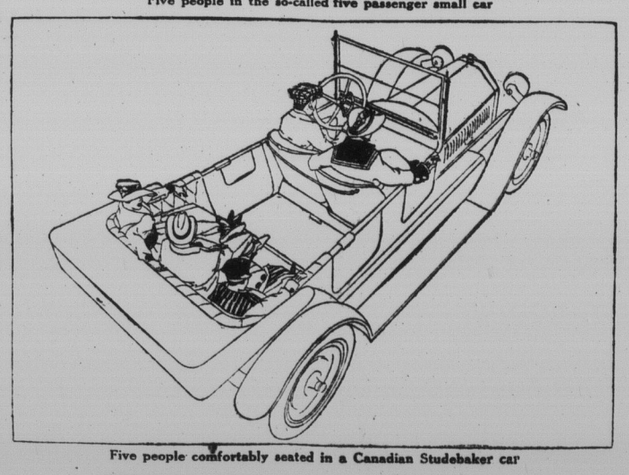


Five people in the so-called five passenger small car



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Think whether you are going to climb out of the new car a week from now, tired and cramped because it is too small for touring—whether you are going to be able to take a few friends on a trip and have them comfortable—whether the car will stand up for years of hard service and ALWAYS be ready for use, and if you should desire to re-sell or trade in, will have the least possible depreciation from its original price.

Think of the future—think of the way you would buy your home—how you wouldn't let a few dollars stand between you and perfect satisfaction—then decide whether it is true economy to buy a car that you will soon find lacks the essentials of motoring satisfaction.

When you buy such a car you may save a little money on the original price, but you *must* make sacrifices.

In a Studebaker car you get power enough for any hill, power that will pull you through the deepest mud and sand; comfort at any speed, roominess that small cars do not have; and high quality materials and accurate workmanship combined with the accessibility and adjustability that actually make upkeep and operation charges for a period of three years *less than those of any small car.*

Think it over. Then see the car that is built to give *all* the necessary essentials at the lowest possible price, the car with a twelve months' guarantee.

Nearly every automobile manufacturer has made an increase in prices, but Studebaker prices still remain the same as they were last Spring. This further increases the value of Studebaker cars in comparison with all others, but the increased cost of materials and labor may force Studebaker to make an advance in prices at any time without notice.

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THRIFT AND SACR URGED BY NA

Everett Morss of Boston M Great Economy, Less E Generous Aid to War tress.

No success can be commensurate with an ideal standard in any noble or humanitarian endeavor that does not carry through its warp and woof—Sacrifice. Today humanity is passing through its purification—in a furnace of fire. Lives of thousands upon thousands of the bravest and best of the world's races have been laid upon the altar. The incense of this sacrifice appeals to high Heaven and should touch the heart and animate the conscience of every man, woman and child, who can realize the kinship of mankind and the Fatherhood of God. If righteousness which glorifies a nation and affixes its standardization—demands this life blood and contemplates a reciprocal return for the sacrifice—then must it be up to each individual who is possessed of the spirit of manhood, if unable through conditions to offer his life—to bring to the altar—not the poorest of what he possesses—but the best, the richest, the fullest of what he is privileged to bring in lieu thereof. So must the human mind study how this may most satisfactorily be accomplished.

The Greatest Jewels.

Life and its affections are the greatest jewels man possesses next to liberty,—the freedom to enjoy these—without let or hindrance under God's rule and governance. Our sons and our daughters leave everything that is dear to meet Death—if so ordered—for their country and the world's freedom. What have you and I to give commensurate with their sacrifice? Surely in this the question should not resolve itself into How Little? but should indelibly be impressed upon all we have, all we do and all we may accomplish. How much shall be the measure of my sacrifice. Thrift and sacrifice, brother and sister adjuncts in this great war emergency, await our action. This is the all important factor in what is determined. Each of us who is endowed by our Creator with healthy faculties—the poor as well as the rich, the old as well as the young, the illiterate as well as the man of letters by bearing in mind Thrift and Sacrifice and their usefulness in this day of obligation, has the proud consciousness he is given the opportunity (which only God and the individual may know how it is met) of casting into the common reservoir the sacrifice he or she is most capable of contributing as accessory to what has been done and is doing by our brave lads and women overseas and at the front.

Publicity Campaign.

Now the Canadian government in featuring the economies and sacrifices in connection with financing Canada's contribution to the War Fund, has entrusted to the National Service Board of Canada the task of conducting a publicity campaign, having in view the promotion of habits of thrift amongst the people. The Finance Minister has also delegated to that board the creation or inciting of a demand for "War Savings Certificates" with a view of interesting the Canadian citizens generally and individually in helping to finance the vast undertakings of our home government in this world war. Every loyal Canadian should find some way through thrift and economizing, to secure a Canadian War Savings Certificate. Here we have the opportunity, according our means in this time of greatest national stress to do a part of our duty in assisting to carry on the campaign. Let us be partners so far as we may with our brave lads at the front—they are the targets; let us make their defence as strong as it should be in view of what this great country of ours represents in the future of the world's history. Do not let our country's efforts slacken because of selfishness, indifference or extravagance. Let us at this stage when our noble sons await our concerted actions in their behalf to make their heroism spell a victorious peace. Send to them our reply, "We sent you forth, dear lads, with our largest promises and heartiest prayers—nor shall we fail you now when it is our turn to be up and doing." Be sure to apply to the Postmaster for the pamphlet issued by the National Service Board of Canada, "How to live during the War Time," and when its wise and pregnant suggestiveness has been thoroughly digested we will realize more fully how we may still further the success of our boys and our sisters in their herculean efforts to break the power of the Hun.

In connection with this campaign of Thrift and Sacrifice, I may state that I have had the pleasure of a call from a gentleman who has assisted the American government in embarking on a similar enterprise of education—Everett Morss, of Boston. In a plea for national and individual economy issued by him and which very well applies to us he recites:

A Plea for Economy.

Immediately after the declaration of war President Wilson issued a statement calling upon every citizen to economize in the consumption of food and on all expenditures. Because we could all appreciate the danger of a serious food scarcity, there has been real effort to produce more food and to consume less, but progress toward economy along other lines has been small.

The idea that business was to be suddenly reduced by a wave of economy was a shock to business men and the cry "business as usual" has spread over the country until the president's appeal has been forgotten. Not only are people spending as usual but many conscientiously believe it their duty so to do.

We have natural resources and we have the capital invested in the tools of production, but even with these facilities our productive capacity is limited by the supply of labor to render them effective. By labor is mea