

# Is Woman Growing More Bloodthirsty?

Recent Criminal Records Seem to Show Her a More Frequent Participant in Capital Crime.



Marie Schabara Coolly Shot Man on Crowded Street.

ARE the opening chapters of the new century to be made gory by the hand of woman? Is she becoming more bloodthirsty as the years roll on?

Beyond doubt, she is figuring more in the criminal annals of the day than ever before; more often are her hands turned to deeds which the law regards in the light of capital offenses.

During the last six months or so fully two score more or less sensational killings by women have been reported at greater or less length in the newspapers, while there have been a number of others to which less attention was paid, and which passed from the public mind as soon, perhaps, as the items were read.

In the majority of cases men have been the victims of women's homicidal fury. Either jealousy or a sense of wrong has prompted most of these. Few women slay for plunder or any of the baser motives.



Baroness De Massy, Must Face Murder Charge.



Lizzie Halliday Five Times a Murderess.



Josephine Terranova, 17 Years Old, Slew Uncle and Aunt.



Mrs. Anna M. Bradley, Shot Ex-Senator Brown of Utah.



Goldie O'Neil, Charged with Slabbing Her Husband.

THE traditional story of a woman scorned flamed up in the heart of Mrs. Anna M. Bradley, of Salt Lake City, when she sought out former Senator Arthur Brown, of Utah, in his Washington hotel after receiving a letter from him.

It was a sad day for the brilliant and wealthy Utah lawyer when the fates first permitted his path to cross that of the woman who finally sent him to the grave.

For years she had been importuning him to marry her, in simple justice she asserted, to her two young sons. When he failed to do what she considered his duty, she became a vindictive Nemesis, constantly dogging his footsteps.

Numerous and notorious were the love troubles of Senator Brown. When a young attorney at Kalamazoo, Mich., his wife became greatly incensed at his devotion to Miss Isabelle Cameron, and it was reported, this infatuation narrowly escaped ending in a tragedy.

This condition of affairs existed in that town. At last, finding himself cut by many of his friends, Brown went to Salt Lake City. He was followed by Isabelle Cameron, and when he had been divorced from his wife, married her.

It seems the irony of fate that Mrs. Isabelle Cameron Brown introduced to her husband the woman who later took his life. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Bradley were prominent members in the Salt Lake and had become acquainted through membership in the Poets' Round Table Club, a literary organization.

THE base world has many different and sometimes strange ways of amusing itself. New games and sports are being devised continually.

It frequently happens, too, that a sport which entertains one nation, is voted slow and uninteresting by another.

"Tossing the caber," so popular in Scotland, finds few devotees on the Continent; pushball finds favor in England and rocketball in France and Germany. Other countries are very slow to appreciate the good points of America's own baseball game. The Australian works like a Trojan in his wood-chopping contests, and declares it great sport.

IF YOU find yourself abroad this year and visit any of the seaside resorts of France or the watering places of Germany, you will no doubt become familiar with rocketball. But learn it—no.

"It is a game Americans never learn, never," a pretty French woman was heard to remark last summer on the sands at Trouville. A group of American tourists stood by watching the game in progress.

Along the shore were a score of men and women, mostly women. Few men, it is said, have the patience to learn rocketball.

Success is acquired only after long practice and study. This is the reason, perhaps, that it appeals to the women of France as bridge, which does to their English and American sisters.

A pretty young woman took her stand on the beach. She held two sticks, to each of which a long thread was attached. With a little laugh she threw a celluloid spool into the air, and suddenly wheeled into the field, jumped forward and backward and pirouetted in a bewildering maze of movements. She took little running steps backward and forward breathlessly, then, with a triumphant laugh, captured the spool by cleverly twisting the thread about it.

With a dexterous movement of the arms she brought the two sticks together and the glittering spool, went spinning over the neutral field to the opposite base. She had performed the feat.

The object of the game is to capture the spool with the string before it falls to the ground and, by a manipulation of the sticks, wind the string about it in such a way that it can be thrown to the desired goal.

To do this requires great agility and quickness of action, while practice of the game is said to strengthen the muscles and to give one a remarkable ease and grace of movement. The game permits many variations, and is said by enthusiasts to be more difficult and interesting than lawn tennis.

The introduction of Brown to Mrs. Bradley was made at St. Louis in 1894. Brown, accompanied by his wife, had gone to St. Louis as delegate to the Republican National Convention.

One result of the friendship thus begun was the separation of Mrs. Bradley from her husband and of Brown from his wife. Then opened a long series of scandalous and sensational events, which culminated in the killing of the former Senator by the woman who had charmed him, but of whom he later endeavored to rid himself.

At the time of his death, Senator Brown, it has been stated, was engaged to marry Mrs. Annie C. Adams, mother of Maude Adams, the actress, his second wife having died about two years before. It was the discovery of a letter from Mrs. Adams to Mr. Brown, speaking of an appointment to meet in New York, that precipitated the tragedy in the Washington hotel.

Jealousy, despair and an overwhelming sense of wrong seemed to have prompted this slaying, one of the most sensational of the year.

But what motive prompted Mrs. Margery Clark to lure Alphonse S. Atwood from Denver to Boston, to kill him, and then commit suicide? Jealousy, alone, perhaps.

The woman's claim that she and Atwood had been married was not borne out by the records in Boston. When he went West, she asserted that it was for the purpose of making a home for her.

"Tossing the caber," so popular in Scotland, requires both muscle and brain. The average American does not care for a game in which the trunks of trees are tossed about as if they were quoits.

The caber is made of the trunk of a larch or pine tree, shaved smooth. It is usually fifteen feet in length and must weigh 200 pounds. One end is thicker than the other.

To play the game the tosser stands the caber upright on the smaller end. He is assisted in this. The greatest difficulty is to raise the pole from the ground unassisted and to catch it in the palm of the hands.

Holding the pole in his hands, the tosser runs forward a short distance, raises the pole, and with a quick movement of the shoulders and arms throws the stick straight up.

From him, curving through the air, it strikes the ground on its larger end. If it turns over on its end and falls in a straight line from the tosser, he wins; if it falls in a backward direction toward him, he loses.

The game is usually played by a number of contestants, the prize going to him who throws the caber the greatest distance, completing the clearest circle, with a straight fall in the opposite direction.

The principal amusement of men in certain parts of Australia is engaging in wood chopping and sawing contests. Country fairs are popular in the interior districts, and the chief attraction of the show has come to be the tree-felling contest.

On the day of the contest the axemen gather at the fair, their axes, bright and keen, over their shoulders. Each is assigned the high stump of a tree and as the spectators cluster around they begin work. The woodmen work desperately, and to the man cutting through a stump in the shortest time and the most workmanlike manner the prize is awarded.

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She took up the work of ferreting out the assassin, and her search, it is said, led her to America. For some time before the killing of Simon she had been working as a designer of shirtwaists.

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Handsomeness and intelligence, young Atwood was received in excellent social circles in Denver, and on November 4 was married to the daughter of a wealthy widow. Six weeks later he was summoned to Boston by a telegram, which falsely stated that Mrs. Clark was dying.

When he entered the presence of the woman to whose call he had responded, she shot him, and then turned the revolver upon herself.

Mystery obscures the motive leading to the killing of Gustave Simon, a wealthy New York manufacturer, on November 14. Baroness De Massy, otherwise known as Annie Louise de Vernon, was arrested, charged with this crime.

Simon, 55 years old, was proprietor of a waist factory on Broadway. On the day of the shooting the Baroness entered the establishment and walked through the crowded rooms to the office of Simon.

Shortly afterward the sound of quarreling was heard. Then the woman emerged, and Simon, immediately behind her, seemed to be pushing her from the room. After a little time she returned, and three shots were fired. Employees rushed in, to find Simon lying on the floor, mortally wounded.

"I did not shoot him," Baroness De Massy calmly declared when arrested, she asserted that the shooting was done by another person, who was lying in wait as she entered the office to collect money due her for work. It was asserted at the time that Simon, when dying, accused the woman of shooting him.

BARONESS OF ARISTOCRATIC LINEAGE  
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Conn. Shortly afterward O'Neil was found dying from a stab wound under the eye, inflicted, the police say, with a nail file.

They also charge that Mrs. O'Neil was alone with him in the room at the time, and that is why she was arrested, accused of killing her husband.

Ten years ago the young woman married William H. Finley, a member of the New York police force, but separated from him later and became an artist's model.

Only a couple of years ago she was one of the best-known models in New York, and had been employed by almost every artist of note. She was considered one of the most beautiful young women who frequented the studios, and was in demand to pose for paintings and sculpture work.

Then she was known as Kitty, or "Goldie," Bellan, a light-hearted girl, whose great mass of auburn hair was her principal attraction in the eyes of artists. Recently she married O'Neil, but, according to accounts, did not find her second matrimonial venture happy one.

She asserts that he ill-treated her. Her few pieces of jewelry had been sold, and all the clothing she owned she wore.

The auburn-haired little woman stoutly denied her guilt. She asserted that her husband had been drinking heavily just before his death, and, in addition, had taken poison.

O'Neil was a steel worker, and it was a singular coincidence that the wife, accused of his murder, was locked in a cell at Greenwich which he had constructed. Asserting to have suffered wrong at his hands, Marie Schabara, 23 years old, of Brooklyn, N. Y., coolly shot down Nicolo Ferrante within view of dozens of people in the street. The shooting occurred almost in front of the Tombs prison, New York, while the crowd was waiting to see some relative of Harry Thaw emerge from its doors.

When her victim fell after the first shot, the girl fired three more bullets into his body. She was the coolest person on the street and quietly handed the revolver to a policeman who came running up.

Committed to prison, she said she did not wish to employ a lawyer, being fully convinced of the justice of her bloody deed.

Widespread interest was manifested last summer in the case of Josephine Terranova, a 17-year-old Italian girl, of New York, who killed her uncle, Gaetano Regio, and his wife by shooting and stabbing them.

Most unusual and pathetic was the girl's life story. It was shown at the trial that she had suffered unpardonable wrong at the hands of her uncle while living in his home. She asserted that the man's wife knew of and committed these wrongs.

REVENGE OF OUTRAGED VIRTUE  
Later Josephine married, happily, as she thought. For a time all went well, but her husband learned of the unfortunate chapter in her life's history and left her.

Then, with all her sense of outraged womanhood intensified by this last bitter blow, and thinking only of sure and speedy revenge, she invaded the home of her uncle and aunt and killed them both. A sympathetic jury, after a dramatic trial, acquitted her.

In Council Bluffs, Iowa, Frank K. Potts, formerly of Philadelphia, was shot to death in his room. Charged with the crime, Emma Hipple, not yet 20 years old, was arrested.

That Potts was shot while asleep was the assertion of the police. The woman asserted that Potts failed to fulfill his promise to marry her.

The photograph of another young woman, together with correspondence which seemed to have originated in an advertisement by Potts, was found among his effects, and this led to the theory that once again ungovernable jealousy had played its part in a tragedy.

To its prompting, also, was charged the murder of William Robinson, of Terre Haute, Ind. His wife was accused of firing two bullets through his heart at the termination of a quarrel, resulting from the presence of the green-eyed monster.

When Mrs. Josephine Kelly returned to her home in Baltimore, Md., one evening in November, she found her husband, Ida Kelly, in company with another man.

Accusing the sister of having taken her husband from her, Mrs. Kelly received a scornful reply. Miss Kelly struck Mrs. Kelly with a piece of scolding, a blow, it was said, which ended when the married sister fired a bullet through the other's head.

A jury at Atlanta, Ga., acquitted Mrs. E. M. Standifer of the charge of murder. She acknowledged that she had slain her seventeen-year-old sister, whom she discovered, she declared, in an intrigue with her husband.

"It was not for that, however, that I killed her, but to wipe out the disgrace," she said to the jury. "I kept that my parents, were they living, would rather see her dead than disgraced."

THE "UNWRITTEN LAW"  
The "unwritten law" was the defense of Mrs. Annie Birdsong, recently tried in Copia county, Mississippi, on the charge of killing Dr. Butler, while the jury tried Mrs. Nannie Nickels, of Richmond, Ky., upon the charge of killing Mrs. Viana Black at a college commencement, was influenced in her favor by a similar sentiment. Mrs. Black flaunted her success in winning the affection of Mrs. Nickels' husband in the face of the maddened wife.

One day last fall a beautiful American woman, calling herself "Mrs. Stafford," killed an old Frenchman, named Muller, at a table in the Hotel Jurktrau, at Interlaken, Switzerland. No motive for the deed has ever been suggested or acknowledged.

Insanity prompted Mrs. V. Herbert, of Jersey City, to cut the throat of her younger daughter, and then throw herself from the roof of her house. Mrs. Henry Rippen, of Columbus Grove, O., decapitated her children soon after being released from an insane asylum.

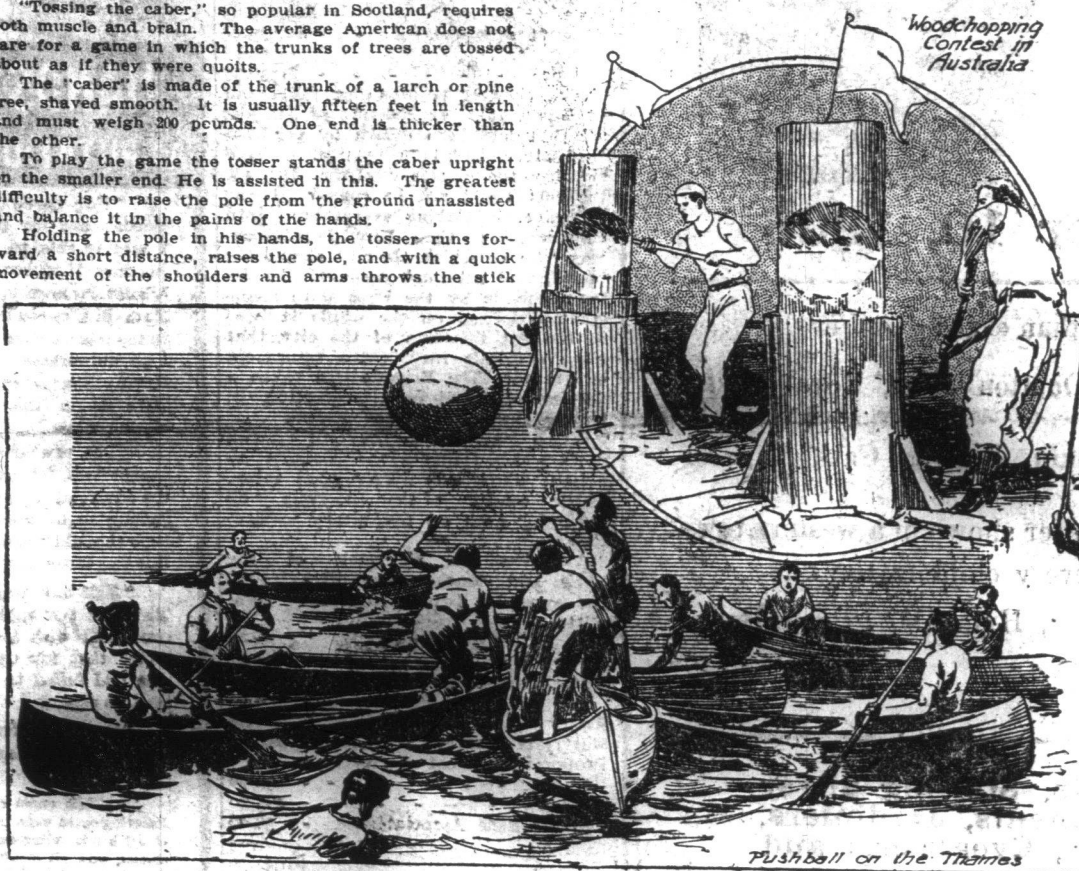
Mrs. Clarence Markham, of Andover, Mass., chased her seven children from room to room, through the yard and into the stable, slaying them one by one, and then killed herself. Insanity, beyond doubt, was the cause.

At Detroit Mrs. Rose Barron was arrested, charged with attempting to poison members of ten families.

One woman, Mrs. Mabel Rogers, was hanged in Vermont for the murder of her husband. Upon a similar charge Mrs. Kate Edwards, of Reading, Pa., Mrs. Agnes Myers, of Kansas City, Mo., and Mrs. Anna Valentin, of Lodi, N. J., spent the year behind the bars under sentence of death.

One sentence was commuted in the case of Mrs. Valentina, but Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Edwards began the New Year with impending doom hanging over them.

Of all murderers of recent times, however, Mrs. Lizzie Halliday deserves record place. At the Matamoras State Hospital for Criminal Insane, she committed her fifth murder, in September.



Pushball on the Thames



Women Enjoy Rocket Ball