

DENVER'S WOMAN SLASHER

At Last Been Captured and Imprisoned.

Belief That Women Were Pursuing Him to His Undoing—Long List of Victims.

Denver, Col., April 8.—This city has been thrown into a state of terror by the deeds of a mysterious assailant of women.

All his crimes were committed in the neighborhood of Capitol Hill, an important district of the city. The name "Capitol Hill Thug" was given to him. Night after night and week after week some innocent women were mysteriously assaulted in this locality. Altogether seventeen assaults were known to the same miscreant. Three of the victims died.

There was no discoverable motive for the crimes. The thug maimed and killed for the mere pleasure of the crime.

In no case could the injured women identify their assailant or remember him distinctly. Usually he sprang upon them from behind and felled them to the ground without uttering a word.

In every case he struck so hard that he left his victim insensible.

He seemed to vanish like an invisible man. As a matter of fact, it seems probable that he is a demoniacally insane madman.

Men thought that they saw a shadowy form fitting away from the scenes of the earlier assaults, but they could never testify with sufficient positiveness to justify any arrest.

As a result of this state of affairs, the whole city was falling into a state of delirium and women went in fear of their lives, becoming hysterical at the least noise.

It was not until Mrs. Mary Short and Mrs. Joseph Unterhahr were both attacked and killed on the same evening that any intelligible clue to the mystery was obtained.

This night was the dreadful climax of the thug's career. He attacked three women in all, and also Miss Emma Johnson.

The evidence of several citizens concerning this night led to the arrest of Almed Cowan. Upon him were found a revolver, a razor, an ugly pocket knife with a broken blade and an iron bar. He showed himself very cunning when any attempt was made to get information from him and was very elusive.

Upon him was a diary in which among many curious entries was this: "Those two women are after me."

The police learned many peculiar facts about him. He is a paranoiac, a sufferer from a strange form of insanity. He has told many people that he has been persecuted by women and driven from his home and other places by them. He has uttered terrible threats against them. His strange conduct has caused him to lose one place after another and he has been in a mental asylum.

He was in Denver at the time the assaults were committed and away during certain intervals when none was committed.

He has been identified as the man who bought two heavy hammer handles with which the assaults may have been committed. The butt of his revolver was the wound in Mrs. Unterhahr's hand.

Whether Cowan is guilty or not he is a strange and fearful psychological example, a man in whom Lombroso, the great Italian criminologist, would find a type.

Several persons have identified Cowan as the man they saw just after Mrs. Short was murdered on February 22.

Alfred Fredericks has testified that he caught a glimpse of Cowan's ghastly face under the electric light as he ran away.

"I would know that man should I see him in a crowd of a thousand men," Fredericks said. "It has been the training of my life to know faces, and his face I could never forget. He looked right in front of me with the light shining into his eyes—vicious, mean, vicious eyes and his characteristic features. He has a mean face, and that impresses and one that I should never forget. I noticed him because it was at night and I wondered what he was doing in that neighborhood and because I heard the slight scream of a woman before I approached. I looked in the direction from which the sound came, but could see nothing. The figure of a man walking hurriedly appeared from the darkness, and as I approached the light we passed very near the corner. I could walk only with difficulty on my crutches, and did not approach. I thought nothing more of the occurrence, for I did not read the papers and knew nothing of the assault."

Another important witness against Cowan is Bartholomew Julien, head inspector of the Union Pacific, who positively identifies him as the man who ran past his house the night of Cowan's assault when Miss Mary McAtee was

assaulted and received injuries that made her insane.

Julien was asked to tell what he knew about the man. He drew a chart of the surrounding blocks and showed the course of the supposed slugging past his house. He said then he would recognize the man if ever he saw him again, and so confident was he that it was the thug that he walked about the sewer workings two days, hoping to find the slugging at work there.

Miss McAtee was assaulted about 9:30 o'clock, on Thirty-first avenue, between Marion and Clarkson. The thug is supposed to have run east to Lafayette, north to Thirty-second, and across the vacant lots back of the Maria Mitchess Kindergarten building to Thirty-third and Humboldt. Mr. Julien was returning from the lodge. He left the Lawrence street car at Thirty-fourth and Humboldt and walked south. He lives in the southeast corner house at Thirty-third avenue and Humboldt street. As he approached the avenue he heard a man running along the hard road across the vacant block. When he reached the middle of the avenue the man's figure became visible in the shadow beyond the light. He was running from the back of the kindergarten, as if to go down Humboldt street. He ran out under the light, noticed Mr. Julien, slowed up suddenly, and glanced furtively down Humboldt, hesitated under the arc, turned and walked rapidly toward Mr. Julien's corner, passing him not five feet away on the sidewalk.

Mr. Julien had started along the avenue from Humboldt to enter his yard by the side gate. He turned and faced the man as he passed. Immediately the man started to run, and Mr. Julien watched him until the shadow disappeared up Thirty-third avenue. The next morning he read of the McAtee assault, and has since been positive he saw her assailant.

"I have no reason for coming down here and falsely identifying this man. There is no reward in it for me," said Mr. Julien. "I only consider it my duty to my wife and the wives and daughters of others to see that this thug is caught, and I am positive about this being the man I saw running away from the McAtee slugging."

After Mr. Julien had finished his diagram and description of the man, Chief Farley turned to Cowan and said: "Now, Cowan, this is another man who accuses you of assaulting women."

Cowan glanced furtively at Julien, his eyes wandered to the floor, then to the other auditors.

"He's a fool!" said Cowan, and he laughed hideously in the face of his accuser.

"You say you saw me strike a woman?"

"No, I saw you running. I wouldn't have noticed you if you hadn't been."

"You're a liar!" Cowan interposed. "I was never there."

Two weeks ago Cowan went into the supply store of Hendrie & Bolthoff, and bought two hammer handles. He wanted the heaviest they had, but was reticent and gave no explanation of the use to which he proposed to put the implements.

Cowan was identified without any hesitation by W. B. Hansen, a young clerk in Hendrie & Bolthoff's employ. He says he cannot be mistaken.

"I was reminded of the man and the hammer handles by a picture in the newspapers," said young Hansen. "When I saw the picture of Cowan and read about his peculiar smile, I was struck at once with the thought that I had seen the man before. I got to thinking about it and couldn't get that smile out of my head for a minute. Last night I happened all at once to remember, and it was all clear to me."

"The man came in and asked for a hammer handle. I went down stairs with him and showed him what we had. First I offered him a handle for a machinist's hammer. That style is 18 inches in length, round and of solid hickory. He took the handle in his hand, felt it and swung it a little. 'Not heavy enough,' he said."

"Then I showed him another, the kind used in a sledgehammer, 24 inches long, and of course much heavier than the other. Even that did not satisfy him. The way he took the handles in his hand made me think he was not used to using them, and when he asked for something heavier still I thought it very peculiar. I looked at him closely then, out of curiosity, and noticed the smile that kept lurking around his mouth. Two or three times I saw that smile and I remember thinking that he was a peculiar sort of fellow."

"Finally he decided to take the two handles, one 18 inches long, the other 24 inches long. He paid 75 cents for the two, I rapped them up for him and he went out without saying anything more. He spoke only a few words all the time he was here. When I saw him in the jail there was no doubt in my mind that he was the man who bought the handles. I am positive."

Now the evidence given by young Hansen is considered of great importance for several reasons. When Miss Annie McAtee was found at Thirty-third and Lafayette streets with a fractured skull a pick handle was found near her. The identification of Cowan by Bartholomew Julien connects him with the McAtee case; the purchase of

the handles indicates the kind of weapon he likes to use.

There is such a marked dissimilarity in the wounds of which the various women were killed or wounded.

Mrs. Short's wound was what the surgeons call a contused wound. That is, it was inflicted by some blunt instrument which did not make a clean cut. When Police Surgeon Sharpley examined Mrs. Short she had a slight wound on the left temple which he enlarged slightly in order to determine if her skull was fractured at that place.

Mrs. Unterhahr was probably killed by a blow with the butt end of a revolver behind the ear. An examination proved that the butt end of Cowan's revolver fitted exactly into the hole made in the dead woman's head.

Cowan is about 40 years old, 5 feet 9 inches in height, of muscular though not heavy build, with a slouching gait and a hang-dog manner. He has greenish gray eyes, with heavy eyebrows, that twitch with nervousness; a clipped brown mustache, brown hair, growing thin over the forehead. He wears a black slouch hat and brown suit of clothes.

In spite of all the suspicions against Cowan it seems probable that he will be released. An attempt was made to hypnotize him, but failed.

Prefers Jail to Freedom.

Marvin Ford, rather than be free on bail, has voluntarily surrendered and gone back to jail.

It is a strange story of a singularly sensitive, high-strung man. Shame, humiliation, regret, remorse—perhaps the spirit that made men of old wear hair-shirts and drove them to self-flagellation—made him seek jail.

Marvin Ford is the young man who, on February 16th, in bright midday, committed an extraordinary robbery. Driven to desperation by losses from gambling on the races, he planned to recoup them in a manner so bold, so wildly daring as to border on the melodramatic. He waited and watched outside the Nevada bank for some one to come out after drawing money.

After an hour and a half he saw a Chinaman, one Lee Ong, foreman of the Cabanas cigar factory, come out with a tempting sack of coin. He followed him, and when Lee Ong came to the doorway of his home at 318 Commercial street, where he intended to eat his lunch before carrying the gold on to the factory, Marvin Ford slipped up behind him, dealt him a swift blow on the head with a piece of iron pipe he had provided himself with to carry out his plan, grabbed the sack of coin from the fallen Chinaman and hurried away, taking refuge in a restaurant at 226 Battery street, where he was arrested shortly after, while he was making a nervous pretense of eating lunch.

This is but the skeleton story of the act that brought him to jail.

He was arrested and shortly after liberated on bail. His trial is set for May 6th and he could, if he wished, just as well have had his liberty until then. His bail was raised, but even that would readily and willingly have been furnished for him. But no—be chose to go to jail, for he deliberately walked in to the authorities and gave himself up, because—

Because he could not longer endure the shame and humiliation of walking the streets and meeting his friends with the burden of his desperate act upon him.

Careworn, haggard and harassed looking, in the county jail yesterday he said:

"I gave myself up again because I didn't want to be out on bail. Bail would have been furnished for me, but I didn't wish it to be. I couldn't stand meeting the people I knew—knowing what they'd think about me, and—well, I just made up my mind to come back and wait for my trial here. I can't talk about it—I don't want to talk about it. Any man can understand how I feel about it."

His wife's father has died since he was arrested, and the young wife has gone back to earning her living again; but she, and his mother and sister, are all devoted in their attentions to Marvin Ford in his self-imposed imprisonment.—Examiner.

Lovers Re-United.

New York, April 13.—A delightful little romance connected with a marriage came out today in the office of Justice of the Peace Soubour, in Hoboken.

The bridegroom, Edward Johnson, a broker of 134 New street, this city, first met the bride in San Francisco in 1890. They became engaged, but later had a lover's quarrel and Johnson came East. The young woman was married to Edward William Dubois, a wealthy man. He died a few months ago and the widow came to live with relatives in Newark, her intention being to dispose of her late husband's oil interests.

She wrote to several brokers in answer to advertisements, among others to Mr. Johnson. But she had no idea that Mr. Johnson was her former fiance. Her letter, of course, was signed with her married name, and Mr. Johnson was astonished and delighted to find when he met his correspondent that she was his former sweetheart.

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A bid for notoriety in endeavoring to name a new London house King Edward's theatre has been nipped in the bud, the lord chamberlain refusing permission.

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BURRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc. Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. The Exchange Bldg., Front street, Dawson. Telephone No. 83.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc. over McLellan, McFeely & Co., hardware store, First avenue.

WADE & ALKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Offices, A. C. Office Building.

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