

MRS. CARMAN, IN TEARS, HER OWN BEST WITNESS

Lawyer Offers to Let Jury Have Case After She Repeats Story.

TRIAL IS LIKELY TO BE FINISHED TO-DAY

MINEOLA, L. I., May 7.—Mrs. Florence Carman, with her eyes and nose red from weeping, followed the warden back into the quarters reserved for her in the county jail this evening, a shaken and broken woman compared to the one whose unyielding nerve had carried her so triumphantly from the witness stand at her former trial for the murder of Mrs. Lulu D. Bailey.

For eighty minutes she had been on the witness stand and even during the twenty minutes her own testimony had carried her gently along the paths of direct testimony spectators saw that at times the slack skin under her chin was trembling; that the tiny flowers in her hair were shaking; that her hands were nervous, clamping her hands behind her into a hard ball.

At times her voice trailed off into a whisper, so that frequently her lawyer, George A. Levy, and Justice Blackmar had to admonish her to let the jury hear what she had to say.

Attorney Levy put on a score of witnesses who testified that the mysterious stranger had done the killing, and in escaping had broken a picket in the fence; Mr. Smith put on others who testified that this picket was broken by the crowd which thronged the Carman grounds after the murder was reported.

Both sides will submit when court convenes at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, and the case should go to the jury by mid-afternoon.

Her Own Best Witness.

The woman's quick brain, which had been a match for Mr. Smith at the Coroner's inquest and at the first trial, slipped twice while Smith was raging and storming at her and the cross-examiner was quick to take advantage both times. When he had finished with her, he turned to the spectators and spoke smilingly and quietly to a woman member of her party, and a few moments later raised her handkerchief to her eyes. For the rest of the afternoon she sat in her seat, far from hysterics, but with the tears rolling down her cheeks.

Even so, she was her own best witness, and her lawyer thought so well of the impression she had made on the jury that he offered then and there to let the jury have the case without summing up from either side or a cross-examination. Blackmar, apparently, Mr. Smith had feared the susceptibility of the jury, for he promptly refused to agree to this.

Mrs. Carman's nervousness had been increasing all during the day. She had heard many of her witnesses called to testify to the presence of the mysterious stranger, and the cross-examiner, a scoundrel, defamed tangled up with the District Attorney, and others who were called to discredit the testimony of Celia Coleman, the negro maid, had failed to touch the essentials of Celia's present story.

Then at 3:15 Mrs. Carman took the stand and received her glasses, so she could plainly see blue eyes to better advantage to the jury. The buzzing of the spectators, of whom nine out of ten were women, faded away.

Tells Same Story.

The story she told on direct examination was the same as that told at the Coroner's inquest and the first trial. She had been to town shopping on the day of the murder and got home about 10 o'clock. After dinner she went to bed and was dozing when the shot awakened her. She went out into the hall, back to her bedroom for her kimono, then downstairs to the doctor's anteroom, stood there for a minute and went back upstairs, where she had come to make up her family.

She had always been happy with Dr. Carman; the only fuss they had had was when she slapped the face of Mrs. Elizabeth Varrance, to whom Mrs. Carman, looking through the window through which the shot was fired, had seen Dr. Carman give her a kiss, and she caused the scene that followed.

She retold the story of the installation of the dicrograph, which had never been denied. She had it installed because she was suspicious of the doctor's relations with women and because of the strong resemblance of friends she had seen in the doctor's office. She listened over the dicrograph only to women patients who visited the doctor often and regularly. She didn't know Mrs. Baileys had never discharged a fire-arm in her life. She had said she had never seen Celia Coleman, and asserted that if the negro detective known as Alphonse Owens, or Hicks, ever offered Celia \$300 as a bribe he had not acted upon the authorization of Mrs. Carman.

Mr. Smith first took up the \$300 bribe offer and Mrs. Carman, when she was still more vague than she had been before, referred to Mrs. Varrance, who had said she was suspicious of any particular woman and said she had lost her suspicion since the murder.

"Well, if you loved and trusted your husband, and you heard these stories and gossips about him, why didn't you ask him if they were true?" she asked the prosecutor a little later.

"Yes," she whispered. "And you took them in jest, didn't you?"

"Yes," she said. "Then why did you treat them seriously as to have a dicrograph installed?"

She couldn't answer this.

Then Smith demanded names and places where she had heard her husband accused of being a gay dog, and finally got a string of names but Mrs. Carman would not admit that any of them had "jolted" Dr. Carman.

"Did you ever see Viola Golder in your husband's office?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Carman. "Ever hear his name coupled with hers."

"I don't think I did."

Then Smith scored his most effective blow. He asked Mrs. Carman if at the time she had seen Dr. Carman give money to Mrs. Varrance she had not peered through the same window.

Carman answered several times to the effect that she had gone to the same

window in which the glass was broken. "The window in which the glass was broken was the same window that you went to, wasn't it?" demanded Mr. Smith.

"Which time?" asked the witness, and then bit her lip as she realized she had made a mistake.

"Opposite, tell us which time," shouted Mr. Smith. "Was it the time you fired the shot?"

Mr. Levy was hurling objections at Justice Blackmar, but the question was allowed. The witness stammered for a moment, and then said:

"I don't think I went down one time, but believe me, if I'd done it I'd never have gone to the same window."

Dr. Carman and Dr. William Runcie, the first outsiders called into the Carman house the night of the murder, were also examined, who farcefully told his story on direct examination, and under cross-examination, Smith tried to get the doctor to admit that a man who came into the office just before the shooting had asked him to bring young girl back for treatment, that the girl was in the office when the shot was fired and that she went to Canada immediately afterward, because she was a young girl and it "wouldn't do her any good if it were known that she had been here."

Carman denied it all, and said he didn't know who the man was, even though he testified the man had slapped him on the back and asked after his health. He said he had tried to learn the identity of the two women in the anteroom by "inquiring around."

To Sum Up To-day.

"Do you know Mrs. Viola Golder?" asked Smith.

"Yes," said Carman.

"What is the color of her eyes?" persisted Smith.

"I think they are dark," said Carman.

"You call her Hazel Eyes, don't you?"

"I'm not good on color," said Carman.

Dr. Runcie was forced to admit he had not told the truth to District Attorney Smith about the dicrograph in the early stages of the investigation. He had said that Mrs. Carman confessed to him about the dicrograph shortly after the murder.

Attorney Levy put on a score of witnesses, but he knew that mysterious stranger had done the killing, and in escaping had broken a picket in the fence; Mr. Smith put on others who testified that this picket was broken by the crowd which thronged the Carman grounds after the murder was reported. The police were smarting because she had jilted him.

Police resorted to a trick to get into the Carman home and was assisted by Grace Hawthorne, about 60 years old, who gave her address as 235 West Forty-sixth Street, Manhattan. She was arrested with Felice, and was described as Priscilla Sargent, 45. After she had been questioned for several hours she made a statement to Captain of Detectives Edward M. Griffin in which she said her name was Grace Hawthorne, that she is a cousin of Julian Hawthorne, the author, and a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Ellen Butler. She said she was not a drug user, but admitted to her cousin, Vernon A. Meinikler, that she drinks absinthe.

She said in her statement to Griffin that she met Felice Tuesday afternoon at 235 West Forty-sixth Street, Manhattan. He appeared to be a man, said, and told her he came of a family of actors. Miss Hawthorne took Felice to her home and he remained there until yesterday morning. Then he told her a man in Bayonne owed him \$200 and that he could collect it if he could get into the man's house. He asked Felice to the door was embedded in a door.

Miss Hawthorne, carrying her three-month-old baby, Woodrow Wilson McGee, followed her sister, Miss Cassidy, as she showed Felice through the flat, as he was passing into a bedroom. Miss Cassidy was very suspicious and was about to cry out when Felice removed his wig and beard and said:

"Do you know me?"

Miss Cassidy started to run and Felice drew a .22 caliber revolver and shot her behind the right ear.

He then picked her up, and as she turned with her baby in her arms Felice fired a shot at her, which passed through the flesh part of her right thigh. A second shot fired at Mrs. McGee as she dropped the baby and fell to the floor was embedded in a door.

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Miss McGee's husband, who had been sleeping and was awakened by the shots, grabbed Felice and Miss Hawthorne and with the aid of George Hoeck, 124½ West Thirtieth street, who had been present, he arrested Felice.

Felice was held on a charge of felonious assault with intent to kill and Miss Hawthorne was held as an accomplice. Both will be arraigned before Recorder William J. Cain this morning.

Felice said he went to the Cassidy girl's house to obtain revenge because she had jilted him. He said he had known her two years and that three weeks ago he had proposed to her a ball and had been rejected. He then decided to kill her, he said. A number of cocaine pills were found on him.

Both the wounded women will recover.

JILTED, PUTS ON DISGUISE AND SHOOTS TWO WOMEN



Miss Margaret Cassidy.



Mrs. Marion McGee.

ON GUARD AGAINST NEW RIPPER CRIME

Police Using Preventive Measures After Letter Designating Place of Killing.

THOUGHT WORK OF CRANK

A day of excitement on the East Side, following the receipt of three more letters by the mother of Charles Murray, the five-year-old victim of the ripper, yielded nothing definite for the police to work on, according to Inspector Faurot. Although the inspector was busily engaged in directing his men until late at night, giving the extra attention to the letter, he said that little information of value had been obtained.

In the original case before the Public Service Commission Messrs. Matlack, Gram and Eustis opposed the bond issue and Messrs. McCall and Williams voted for it. The majority held that the bond issue would make the company's capital more than the property is worth, and that the interest would not be earned.



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Camping and hunting supplies. "Evinrude" motors.

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Broadway at 13th St. Broadway at 34th St. Broadway at Warren. The Four Corners. Fifth Ave. at 41st St.

JOHN WANAMAKER

THE MAN'S STORE



TODAY Straw Hat Day

And This is the Straw Hat Store

More than 200 different styles of straw hats ready in the Hatterie; every hat brand new; Panama hats (the genuine—not the Japanese imitation), Bangkoks, Manilas, Italian Leghorns, Mackinaws, sennits, fine China split straws and the RED-LEAF Lincoln-Bennett, London, straw hats—here only. \$2 to \$10 for all but the Panamas, which are \$5 to \$75.

In the Hatterie.

Today is Suit Day

Wanamaker Men's Suits Have Made the Man's Store America's House of Fashion

To this distinction our \$18.50 suits have contributed equally with our \$37.50 suits and all the grades in between. For the STYLE is in them all, and the same good tailoring. Price is determined by the quality of fabric and trimmings. The largest assortment of Spring and Summer suits we ever had is ready in special models for young men and the more generously-built, \$18.50 to \$37.50.

Today is Shirt Day

1,800 More SHIRTS at \$1.25
3,600 SHIRTS, Special at 85c

The 1,800 are part of our special purchase of 18,000; shirts precisely the same as those we sell regularly at \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50; more than 200 patterns to choose from today, sizes 14 to 18, all soft cuffs. \$1.25.

The shirts at 85c are nothing short of wonderful for the price; woven madras and soft woven materials in the neatest patterns, made over our measurements and embodying all the good features we insist upon; sizes 14 to 17; all soft cuffs.

(The shirts at 85c on sale on the Subway floor, New Building.)

The Man's Store is a specialized store, separate from all other sections, with entrances direct from Broadway, Ninth Street and Fourth Avenue, and one floor above the entrance from the Astor Place Station of the Interborough Subway.

Broadway at Ninth, New York

AMUSEMENTS.

HIPPODROME

6th Ave. 6d-4th, 12-2d, 2d, 3d, 4d, 5d, 6d, 7d, 8d, 9d, 10d, 11d, 12d, 13d, 14d, 15d, 16d, 17d, 18d, 19d, 20d, 21d, 22d, 23d, 24d, 25d, 26d, 27d, 28d, 29d, 30d, 31d, 32d, 33d, 34d, 35d, 36d, 37d, 38d, 39d, 40d, 41d, 42d, 43d, 44d,