

THE MURDER CASES AND THE WOMEN BEACH

Hains Tragedy Only One of Many Crimes That Has Been Inspired by Love, Anger or Desire for Money and Power—Beautiful Bessie Davidson Will Have to Go to the Gallows

By Dorothy Dix.

ON THE fifteenth day of last August Captain Peter C. Hains, United States Army, shot William E. Annis dead on the boat float of the Bayview Yacht club, Long Island, N. Y., while the bloody deed was being done by T. Jenkins Hains, an elder brother of the murderer, stood by with drawn revolver to make certain that none of the bathing folk about, who had gathered to witness a neighborly boat race, should interfere with the killing.

Both of the Hains brothers are soon to be tried for murder; they will be tried separately. Captain Hains first and then Captain Hains.

In many respects this is a most remarkable case, and through a confused maze of conflicting statements the jury must grope its way to decide what will be done with the Hains brothers.

The first question to be asked is whether Mrs. Hains was guilty—she was.

This main fact being settled, will the jury decide that Captain Hains was justified in killing Annis? It will.

If, then, Annis invaded Captain Hains' home, and Captain Hains, although technically a murderer, was warranted in destroying Annis, will Captain Hains be punished?—He will not.

If Captain Hains was actually committed the murder, to escape any penalty, will his brother, T. Jenkins Hains, escape?—No.

Will the jury decide that T. Jenkins Hains is a bloodthirsty accessory to a murder, who has no possible justification from any source, and is willing to aid in an affair which was none of his business?—It will.

Will T. Jenkins Hains be convicted of murder and punished?—He will.

Will it be abundantly proven beyond any reasonable doubt, that Mrs. Hains told the truth when she confessed her relations with Annis?—It will.

Will the question and answer them without any hesitation, and now I will discuss each one of these problems, and the reasons for my opinion in each instance is the only reasonable and intelligent one.

In considering the matter of Mrs. Hains' guilt, let us first take note of the woman herself, of her character and temperament and her environment. Mrs. Hains is an exceedingly good woman; an enthusiastic admirer even goes so far as to describe her as a second Helen Troy. But that is not the point there is no dispute as to her good looks, or that she is essentially the type of woman that appeals to men's admiration. She is still very young, only twenty-three now, although she is the mother of several children.

In disposition she is selfish, as a beautiful woman is apt to be; gay, vain, frivolous, with an insatiable passion for amusement and excitement. She is a human quicksilver that is apt to roll the wrong way as the right one.

When she was sixteen Mrs. Hains, then Claudia Laby, met Captain Hains at her first grown-up party. The impetuous and dashing young officer fell in love with the pretty school girl at sight, and after a brief and fiery wooing married her, and plunged her, an unsophisticated little village maiden, into the gayest set of a gay army post.

The girl was too young to know what real love is, too young to know the woman's heart, and too young to know the maturity that came swiftly to her. It is a psychological fact that a woman who is not young, but who is young in the love-making and the love-making that belongs to youth, she reverts herself on the first day of her later life, when they are forbidden pleasures. Mrs. Hains proved this old truth over again. She had been robbed of her childhood, but she let neither childhood nor motherhood stand in the way of her amorous herself. She became famous as a military belle, and her army post she was the first to meet the maddest, wildest set, and planned the most extravagant revels, parties, dances, and drinks, and became one of those women who trail a froth of gossip behind their skirts.

Then Annis came into her life, and whatever of heart she had she gave him. Her husband suspected nothing of Annis's first love, but, familiarly about the house, how long this state of affairs went on, whether it was six months, or one year, or longer, the woman who carries the dark secret hidden in her breast.

At last, however, the husband was ordered off to the Philippines on duty, and his absence was the guilty pair's opportunity. They became lovers, and Annis disappeared for days at a time from her quarters at Fort Hamilton, and when she returned told innocent friends here and there. Gossip first, then open scandal began to link her name with that of Annis.

A breath of it came, penetrated as far as Manila, where, on a club house veranda, Captain Hains once overheard Mrs. Hains and Annis talking. He was so sure of his wife, but the men tied like gentlemen out of it, and the betrayed husband accepted his wife's denials and loved and trusted his wife still. When he reached San Francisco, however, a letter from his brother, T. Jenkins Hains, awaited him that shattered his fond delusions. It told him certain bald, brutal truths, that sent him scurrying across the continent, and even awaiting for the formality of leave to be granted him to return to his wife.

When Captain Hains arrived at home he came knocking at the door of Annis's room, and in the very moment of his arrival he charged her with the crime the very suspicion of which had been blasted from his mind. She took almost with perfect coolness and laughed at it as mere nonsense.

Why should any truth in it come to be felt by her? It was a woman who was beautiful and who was a woman who was doing her duty. It was a woman who was beautiful and who was a woman who was doing her duty. It was a woman who was beautiful and who was a woman who was doing her duty.

brother and his father and a lawyer, a written statement of her wrongdoing.

Of the validity of that damaging document, the captain's daughter, Mrs. Hains claims now that it was wrong from her by fraud when she was drunk and drugged, but so little proof could she bring of that and so incredible was the assertion on its very face, that Justice refused to believe it.

It is claimed that the mental distress caused by his ruined home and dishonored name led to the crime. It is true, but whether that is true or not, he will not be punished for killing Annis, because for that he has a double justification that will appeal mightily to all men—the act itself, and the fact that Annis was his friend, Annis had been one of his friends and drank of his wine a thousand times. Annis dipped in times of need into his pocketbook, Annis came and went in his home, thinking his villainies under the guise of friendship and affection.

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Mrs. Claudia Hains

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It was twice repeated in her declaration, and many times Ramours mumbled inarticulately. Upon her third demand he said: "I have to kill me, then."

Upon this, "Johnny" fired the fatal shot.

Ramours ran toward the struggling girl and seized the revolver and rushed into the house of a neighbor next door, where the prosecution contends she was later found on a chifferoi.

Scouted in her cell in the county jail, Bessie Davidson spoke candidly of her case.

"The truth of it is, I had no heart feeling toward the boy. I would not have been my equal socially, intellectually or in any other way, but after he became so dissipated and she acquired a taste for the things he was doing, I knew there was nothing to fear from her decision in the matter."

But she always hated and hated her life, that he was insanely jealous and that the more hopeless became his suit the more dissipated he became and the more dangerous.

"But he conceived a hatred for me—I got I for him—and when he came to the house to attack me, I was provoked by his insulting insinuations, when he came back again and again after the had been out for some time, I thought would show him."

"But of course, I did not shoot him nor intend to. The revolver exploded in my hand, which followed his striking me in the face."

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STRANGE DEATH OF CAPTAIN ERB

WEB of closely woven mystery hangs about two handsome, smartly dressed women—Mrs. J. Clayton Erb and Mrs. Katherine Beisel—now held at Media, near Philadelphia, on the charge of murder and accessories to murder.

The victim, Captain J. Clayton Erb, a wealthy politician, was slain in his country villa, Red Gables, Riddle Park, on the evening of October 6, in a most brutal manner.

His body was found lying at the door of his bedroom, the head had been crushed by blows from a heavy stick, cut with two bullets. The bullets had been shot into his body.

All about were evidences of a terrible struggle. A broken chair lay from the victim's hangings, and beside the body a six foot Japanese vase was found smashed to pieces and splashed with blood.

The crime bore all the marks of brutal assault, as by thugs or burglars. It is positively declared that only two persons were in the room at the time of the tragedy, one being Mrs. Erb, wife of the murdered man, and her sister, Mrs. Beisel.

It was Mrs. Erb who gave the first alarm of the horrible crime. Running out into the yard she called to the foreman of the place, William Nichols, and said:

"Come quick, my sister has shot the captain."

Mrs. Erb then reentered the house and she and her sister fell into hysterical weeping. Soon after officers came and searched the premises.

What looked at first like a plain, brutal murder showed, as investigation proceeded, a plot of amazing finendness and complexity.

About two weeks before Captain Erb's death he had been seized with a violent sickness one night. The family physician called and pronounced it due to ptomaine poison.

Captain Erb, however, was suspicious and took a mineral water cure at the hotel where he had drunk that night to Dr. Meeker, of the Medicochirurgical college and hospital, for analysis.

The analysis was not completed until after Captain Erb's death. Dr. Meeker then admitted that he had found poison in the bottle, the exact nature of which he would not divulge.

The coroner had taken the precaution to examine the body for poison and had found the same kind of poison in the victim's stomach. Dr. Meeker had found it in the bottle.

This would indicate that two deliberate attempts had been made to poison Captain Erb, the first being a fortnight before his death and the last on the night of his death.

The investigation failed to set as quickly as desired, the murderer or murderers followed up the hideous plot with blood, knife and revolver.

MYSTERY OF HOUSE OF FELIX FAURE

TRIAL that will involve the greatest political and artistic personages of France, that will revive the mystery of the death of President Felix Faure and his association with Madame Cecile Sorel, that will exceed the Dreyfus case in importance, and will probably overshadow in its revelations of crime and intrigue any similar event of modern times, is about to take place in Paris.

At the age of twenty-two, a young French artist, Steinhell, and his mother-in-law were strangled in the former's home in the Impasse Ronsin, Paris. Madame Steinhell, the artist's wife, was found tied to a bedpost in her own room.

Why the government should conduct all criminal prosecutions in France done nothing for six months to bring the perpetrators of this atrocious double murder to justice. An influential statesman concerned in shielding the murderers or hiding some facts connected with the case, has Madame Steinhell told two contradictory and highly improbable stories?

These are questions that have been asked by the chief of police has at least twice arrested in connection with the murders.

The first event of political bearing which followed the tragedy was the mysterious death of President Faure, who certainly died somewhere away from home, and whose body was never returned to his home in Paris.

But Parisians believe that some other state secret is hidden behind the strange murder, and that it would not allow so much anxiety merely to shield the memory of one dead man. It is strongly insisted that President Faure died in Madame Steinhell's house, and that other occurrences of a disgraceful or criminal character, involving the highest officials, have since occurred there.

Before this the odium of being associated with President Faure's death had fallen upon Mademoiselle Cecile Sorel, one of the most beautiful and brilliant actresses of Paris.

Immediately after President Faure's death, the deputy Sebastian Faure (no relation of the dead man, but an opponent of the president) published an account of the president's death, showing that he was strangled while on the stairs of the apartment in the Boulevard Haussmann. The deputy president had ordered a secret door to be opened leading from the back of the Ellysee palace through the grounds.

Another informant explained that President Faure, at the earnest entreaty of Mademoiselle Sorel, had invited her to dine at her home in the Ellysee.

When Madame Faure saw the actress's name on the proposed list of guests she protested that if Mademoiselle Sorel were invited, her daughter would stay away from home.

Placed in this dilemma, poor President Faure called in the afternoon Mademoiselle Sorel to explain his position, and ask her to stay away. She consented, but a violent altercation followed between them. The president, who was stout and elderly, suffered from a weakness of the heart, and the excitement brought on an attack. He staggered to the sofa and there died.

Some time the murders at Madame Steinhell's house, reviving the mystery of Faure's death by suggesting a new possibility of the president's death, the persons Steinhell had a house and studio in the Impasse Ronsin, a short street containing several fine studios.

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BESSIE DAVIDSON KILLS HER SUITOR

THE beautiful Bessie Davidson will ever have to go to the gallows is almost unthinkable. Murder trial juries, being composed of men, very rarely inflict the extreme penalty upon women.

Yet few doubt that Bessie Davidson is a murderer. On the lawn of her home at Neesby, Mo., she shot and killed young Roy Ramours, suitor for the hand of Grace Davidson, her sister.

The crime, it seems, was to a certain extent premeditated, too. In the thick of a quarrel between them Bessie Davidson, who had just returned from a party, returned and with it killed her victim, "Johnny" Davidson, as Miss Bessie is familiarly called.

She is the youngest of the five daughters of the late Charles Davidson, a Kentuckian who spent his inheritance fortune like a gentleman. Observing this tendency in his son, the girl's grandfather, who died when she was only a child, Bessie should have been a millionaire.

Her father, however, was a miser and her prospects, the Davidson sisters were naturally regarded as the matrimonial prizes of the neighborhood. Bessie, the year ago only Grace and Bessie remained free to be won.

Young Roy Ramours courted Grace, and she accepted his suit. Her marriage was a settled thing. Bessie, however, did not favor Ramours' design to win the hand of her sister.

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GEORGIE--His Keen Sight and Frank Ways

GOOD morning, Miss Simpkins. I just thought that I would interrupt this morning by bringing Georgie with me. I see you, but I don't know you. It is a great treat it must be to you. I want to see you, but I don't know you. It is a great treat it must be to you.

Georgie, speak to the lady properly now. You won't get any more of that. I'll have you come with me. You won't get any more of that. I'll have you come with me.

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