

COLORED MAID IN THE CARMAN HOME HAS DROPPED FROM SIGHT

It Is Claimed That Celia Coleman Saw Woman Fire Shot That Killed Mrs. Bailey.

FACTS ARE CONCEALED

Dr. Carman and His Attorney Declare That the Girl Has Been Kidnapped by Detectives.

Freeport, N. Y., July 11.—Celia Coleman, the colored maid of all work in the home of Mrs. Florence Conklin Carman, the woman in Minnesota jail accused of murdering Mrs. Lulu Bailey on the night of June 20, has disappeared. It is said she is in the custody of a negro detective and that she has admitted that she saw the shooting of Mrs. Bailey.

It was impossible to verify this, but the rumor has excellent foundation. It is said that the girl will testify that she was in the pantry and saw the window break and then saw a woman step into the office and shoot. The identity of the woman incriminated by Celia is not known outside of official circles.

Dr. Carman, in whose office Mrs. Bailey was murdered while he was with her, declared that Celia had been bodily kidnapped and is being detained unlawfully. Incidentally he declares that he believes Celia will be coerced. But she will be "framed up" to use his own words, and that she is being drilled in a story which may be utterly damning to the accused woman.

Celia is said to have admitted that she was "seized" by the Carman lawyer, George M. Levy, before she took the stand at the inquest.

"I have reason to believe that the Burns detectives have kidnapped the colored girl, Celia," declared Levy today. "Therefore, we shall not be at all surprised at any statement supposedly emanating from her. So contemptible is this kidnapping that I do not like to associate the district attorney or any member of his staff with it."

The district attorney virtually affirmed a rumor that he had found a new witness, a man who had actually seen the murder committed.

It is not to be wondered that Levy and Dr. Carman are a bit panic stricken, said the district attorney. "Levy has begun to cry because we will not let him go into Bardes' case. He has my consent to interview Bardes, but I shall be there when the interview takes place. Likewise I can produce Celia at any time. She is not detained. And Celia is not going to be framed up."

It was declared today that if the case of Mrs. Carman is brought before the grand jury later than Tuesday, it is likely that an application will be made to Justice Van Sledright to have her admitted to bail pending the presentation of the case to the grand jury.

Warrant Is Sought For Bardes' Arrest

New York, N. Y., July 11.—A warrant for the arrest of Edward T. Bardes, the star witness for the district attorney at the inquest into the death of Mrs. Lulu Bailey in the office of Dr. Carman, of Freeport, was being sought tonight by a representative of a wholesale grocery firm for whom Bardes worked five years ago. Larceny is the charge. An affidavit signed by Charles Carow, cashier and manager of Henry Von Glick & Son of Brooklyn, Bardes' former employers, sets forth that the accused man in 1909 had collected \$184.29 from customers of the firm for which he failed to make an accounting. Carow will probably be a witness before the grand jury which will hear the evidence upon which District Attorney Smith will seek an indictment against Mrs. Carman.

The evidence supporting the larceny charge was worked up by representatives of a detective agency employed by the Carman family.

Several other persons familiar with the career of Bardes will be heard by the grand jury in the effort to discredit Bardes' testimony.

Plaintiff Loses Damage Suit.
C. M. Holloper, defendant in a slander suit brought by L. V. Hult for \$7500 damages, was awarded a verdict by a jury in Circuit Judge Gates' court yesterday. The two are Yamhill county farmers, and Hult alleged Holloper cast reflections on his reputation for honesty.

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In all of the very late effects, from \$6.50 up to \$150.

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done by experts who thoroughly understand their business. Every watch we repair is backed by our guarantee. **NO FAVOR PRICES ASKED.**

JAEGER BROS.,
The Large Watch House,
266 MORRISON STREET
Bet. Third and Fourth

"AN AWFUL COINCIDENCE," DECLARES MRS. CARMAN

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—International News Service.
Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Carman, central figures in the Bailey murder tragedy at Freeport, Long Island.

Freeport, L. I., July 11.—"A terrible and awful coincidence," is the way Mrs. Florence Carman, around whom suspicion lurks concerning the murder of Mrs. Lulu Bailey, refers to the fact that she not long ago installed a dictograph in her home in the hopes of learning the truth or falsity of suspicions she held concerning her husband.

Mrs. Carman is still a youthful appearing woman, despite the fact that she has been married 23 years. Her face is one of refinement, and, instead of hard, disagreeable lines, there is a

firmness in every feature which does not signify "a cold steeliness," as some one had remarked, but gives one the impression of a woman of force and deep seated convictions. Her hair, formerly light brown, has turned an even gray.

"At first, there was but a streak which came after the death of our first little girl when she was 3 years old. She would have been 12 had she lived," Mrs. Carman added.

"Since then it has gradually grown more and more gray. If this terrible affair doesn't turn it tombstonic white

I'll be surprised, for no innocent woman has ever faced a graver situation than I am facing today. And yet, I do not fear, for I believe that God is in his heaven, and all will be right. It must; it has to be so."

Mrs. Carman is splendidly feminine. Her eyes are a deep luminous blue and the pupils are more than usually large. Her nose is straight and chiseled, with long sensitive nostrils, and flat depressions on either side of the tip. Her mouth is thin and slightly curved at the corners and is pleasant in appearance when she is talking and smiling. Otherwise it is too thin for beauty.

Wanted Her Mind Cleared.
"I suppose it was a thing any woman should not have done, to use a dictograph, and yet I feel I was justified in clearing my mind of suspicions which had been augmented by random gossip and careless comments which came to me on every hand. For years I have heard remarks made first by one, then another, carrying the impression that I was a 'martyr' to my husband's life and outside life of which I was not a part and of which I knew but little. Occasionally I would hear of some direct thing about my friends of the doctor's of whom I knew nothing. All this time he has had an increasing practice, and it seemed to me that with all my economy in keeping down household expense and with a desire to have his

earnings saved for the future, there was a little progress made.

"He must be spending it on his gay women friends, the thought came to me. It was a thought born out of the reiterated stories which came floating to me. I can hardly call it jealousy, for I was not jealous, as women ordinarily are. What it was I was this; I had an increasing sense of shame that my womanhood resented. I had never been second in Doctor Carman's life, and I resented the thought that I was the 'pitted' wife. I resented it as much for our little daughter as I did for myself.

"Six weeks ago or so I read in the papers about how a dictograph had been installed in a room to get secret evidence. I had thought first of hiring a detective and that seemed common and I was afraid, it would be found out. The dictograph seemed the solution. I went over to New York and I found out what they cost and all the details. The man asked me why I wanted it. I was rather confused at the suddenness of the question and at first, in order to hide my identity, I told him I was a dressmaker.

Asked if she had found her suspicions verified by the dictograph, Mrs. Carman shook her head and added: "No, I am thankful to say I did not, but then the instrument did not work as well as I expected, and I could not hear very well. It was a terrible day for me that I ever went to that store

or read of the instrument and its use. If I had it all to do over again I would not do it."

"I was born in Brooklyn," said Mrs. Carman, "but my family came here to live when I was a baby. When I was a young woman I went away to make a month's visit, and when I came back—this was in 1888—Doctor Carman, then a slender, fair-haired young man, had just graduated from Long Island Medical college and had come from his home town, East Rockaway, a village six miles away, and hung out his shingle, as they said in those days. He was the talk of the girls, and three years after our first meeting we were married."

Asked if she had found her friends staunch and loyal during her trouble, she said:

"Never did a woman's friends come more nobly to her rescue. Several wealthy friends have come to us and have told us that everything they have is at our disposal, so firm is their belief in my innocence. I have received letters and telephone messages from many people whom I scarcely know."

Servian Students Released.
Berlin, July 11.—A search of their headquarters failing to reveal damaging evidence, Servian students arrested Wednesday suspected of a Pan-Servian conspiracy, were ordered released.

Six Hundred Kiddles Who Have No Real Homes.
And then, as the sun slants low over the Columbia, the boat will turn around and steam back to the home port, letting its precious cargo get back home with plenty of time before the sand man comes.

The boat starts promptly at 11 a. m. from the Ash Street dock.

It might have started just as well at 1 p. m. or may be 2, but then that would spoil one of the prettiest plans the company officials have been looking forward to—the serving of lunch.

Yes, kids, lunch. There will be sandwiches, pickles, cake, salads, lemonade—all prepared by the chefs and stewards and cooks who serve the big folks on the regular trips.

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STEAMER POTTER TO PLAY MID-SUMMER SANTA TO THE TOTS

Boat Will Leave Ash Street Dock at 11 o'Clock A. M.—Officials to Go, Too.

BIG DOINGS ARE ASSURED

Six Hundred Will Be Given The Time of Their Lives on Trip Down the River Tomorrow.

Six hundred kiddies who have no real homes and no real papas and mammas to look after them will have the joy of their little lives tomorrow when the good ship, Potter sweeps out into the Willamette and floats with stately keel down toward the broad Columbia.

The Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation company is to play midsummer Santa Claus to these little tots, just as it did last year and the year before. If any children who live at any of the orphanages or other charitable institutions miss the boat, it will not be because the hard-hearted railroad company refused to let them aboard.

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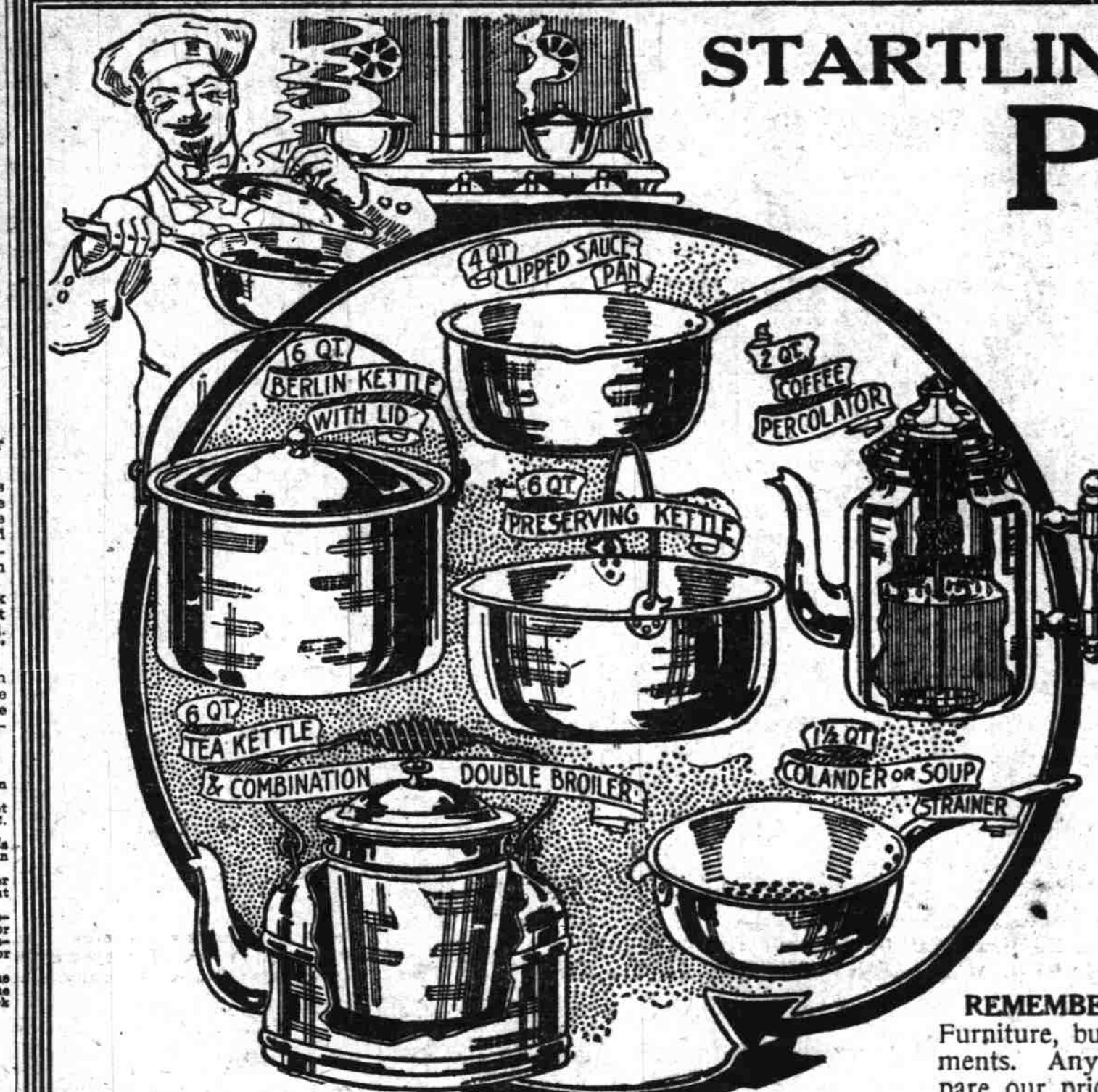
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\$3.00 WILL BRING YOU THIS 7-PIECE OAK DINING SET \$1.25 Weekly Pays the Balance



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