

FRENCH COURT IS THRILLED AT TRIAL

ALLEGED LOVE LETTER FROM DUCHESS OF CHOISEUL. FRAISLIN IS READ.

IS NOT ACKNOWLEDGED

During Reading of Epistle, the Wife of De Galigny, the Defendant, Exchanges Furtive Glances With American Woman Who is Alleged to Have Written It.

Tours, France, Dec. 22.—A tempestuous day in the correctional court, where Count d'Aulby de Galigny and his American wife are on trial on the charge of swindling, reached a climax today in the introduction of love letters alleged to have been written to d'Aulby by the Duchess of Choiseul-Fraislin, the plaintiff in the case, while she was the wife of Charles Hamilton Paine.

During the reading of the letters, which the duchess refused to acknowledge as hers, the duchess and the "Countess" d'Aulby sat side by side exchanging furious glances, while the courtroom, jammed to suffocation with fashionable women, was filled with sighs, murmurs and exclamations, as all strained to catch the words.

"I love you so hard," read M. Bernard, counsel for d'Aulby, "that it makes me ill. You have given yourself to me. All I ask is that you love me always. That is God's best gift. The day comes, free, die, but my love goes on forever. It is an incandescent consuming flame that dubs me, sitting at your knees, cradled in your heart, Lucy."

The duchess underwent a pitiless cross-examination as to her relations with d'Aulby, but she refused to answer many questions and begged the court to intervene to spare her.

She charged that d'Aulby demanded \$100,000 for the return of letters which she had written him, and that his entire conduct was that of a blackmailer after the discovery that the paintings were worthless. She denied that she presented jewelry to d'Aulby, including a golden padlock, bearing the inscription "You have the key."

She denied also that she arranged for d'Aulby a contract with her husband for the purchase of pictures, as proof of her love for him, or that she said: "This shows that I am your guardian angel."

D'Aulby insisted, the witness said, that all the pictures were original, but, with one exception, they had not been authenticated.

D'Aulby, recalled to the stand, admitted having received \$3,500 for wine, which he did not furnish. He said he kept the money because the Paines owed him \$4,500. A Parisian physician, testified that Paine always considered the picture, "Antiope," a copy, not an original.

M. Labique, business agent of the duchess, whom M. Bernard attacked yesterday, sent a challenge tonight to Bernard to a duel, and the seconds decided that M. Bernard had not exceeded his rights, and that a duel was not justified.

COAL PASSER DIED IN GAS EXPLOSION

Washington, Dec. 22.—Coal gas ignited by a match struck by the victim was the cause of the explosion on the battleship North Dakota at Portland, England, on December 4, according to the findings of a board of inquiry appointed by Captain Albert Gleaves.

Coal Passer E. Evans, who died of burns suffered in the explosion, entered the coal bunkers to take a nap. Finding that he needed a light in order to arrange his improvised bed, he struck a match which ignited gas accumulated in the bunker.

CASES AGAINST HERMANN ARE ORDERED DISMISSED

Portland, Ore., Dec. 22.—All charges against Blinger Hermann, former congressman and former commissioner of the general land office, growing out of the Oregon land fraud indictments, were dismissed in the federal court today by Judge C. E. Wolverton, on the motion of Francis J. Heney, the government's special prosecutor.

FIGHT FOR ESTATE IS STILL IN COURT

With but Little Embarrassment Mrs. Turnbull Answers Pointed Questions—Goes Into Minute Details as to Life With "Lucky" Baldwin—Fourth Day on Stand.



BEATRICE A. BALDWIN.

Los Angeles, Dec. 22.—Mrs. Lillian Ashley Turnbull resumed the stand today for her fourth day of testimony in the Baldwin will contest. Although she has been under the fire of cross-examination 12 hours, her spirit today showed itself unflinching, although the questions searched out the innermost secrets of her life. Lines of fatigue, however, marked her usually placid countenance.

More of the letter she is alleged to have written to the Boston detective, James R. Wood, prior to her seduction suit against Baldwin in 1886, were reintroduced today. As on previous days, she pronounced these counterfeits, shrouded and draped by Wood to suit the convenience of the attorneys for the Baldwin estate.

In one of the letters referring to Baldwin's alleged betrayal, there occurred this statement: "He (Baldwin) got around me and made a fool of me, but he will find me no cheap fool. He will find me glittering steel."

Mrs. Turnbull admitted once having penned such a phrase. In another letter to Wood, dated early in 1894, she wrote: "My baby is a girl—Beatrice Baldwin—little Miss Lucky, for she has her father's disposition to a T."

Attorney McNab questioned Mrs. Turnbull very closely regarding her stay at Baldwin's hotel at the Santa Anita. Her relations with Baldwin were inquired into with the minutest detail. The attorney made a vigorous effort to show by the woman's answers that Baldwin had never departed himself toward her as a husband would. He piled her with questions touching her ideas of delicacy and propriety.

"Did your brother occupy a room next to you after his arrival at Baldwin's hotel?" "Yes."

"Mr. Baldwin occupied the room with you?" "Yes, when he was not playing poker."

The questions which followed this dealt with intimate phases of Mrs. Turnbull's life with the millionaire turpiner and the witness passed through the ordeal with many evidences of embarrassment.

Mrs. Turnbull was asked to describe her suite of rooms in San Francisco. She could not do so.

"You were never a bride before," said McNab, "and yet you cannot remember anything of the gorgeous surroundings that so impressed you with the wealth of Mr. Baldwin."

"I married Mr. Baldwin because I was fond of him, not for his money," replied the witness.

Further questioning brought out the information that during the months they were together Baldwin gave Mrs. Turnbull about \$25 in money and bought her only a pair of shoes and a few souvenir trinkets.

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FALLING WALL FATAL TO MANY

TWENTY-FOUR FIREMEN, INCLUDING MARSHAL HORAN, MEET DEATH IN CHICAGO.

AN AWFUL DISASTER

Fire in Stockyards Is Stubborn One and Horror is Added to By Explosion of Cold Air in Refrigerator Building Which Throws Down Walls Onto Firemen.

Chicago, Dec. 22.—Of the 25 men killed in a fire at the stockyards today by falling walls, the bodies of all, including that of Fire Chief James Horan, had been taken from the ruins at a late hour tonight. The list of dead includes the chief, the assistant chief, two captains, four lieutenants, 14 city firemen, two private firemen and a railroad employee.

The following is a revised list of the dead: JAMES HORAN, fire marshal. WILLIAM J. BURROUGHS, second assistant fire marshal. HERMAN BRANDENBERG, lieutenant.

PATRICK E. COLLINS, captain. THOMAS COSTELLO, pipeman. NICHOLAS CRANE, truckman. EDWARD J. DANIS, lieutenant. NICHOLAS DOYLE, truckman. ANDREW DYMURAN, fire watchman.

STEPHEN LEEN, clerk of Chicago Junction railway. CHARLES MOORE, truckman. ALBERT MORIARTY, truckman. GEORGE MAURASKI, pipeman. EDWARD SCHOENSETT, truckman.

WILLIAM F. WEBER, pipeman. GEORGE FENTON, pipeman. W. G. STETIM, lieutenant. PETER POWERS, truckman. MICHAEL MINERNEY, truckman. RALPH REAP, private fireman. DENNIS DOYLE, captain. FRANK WALTERS, pipeman. JAMES FITZGERALD, lieutenant.

Marshal Horan's body was pinned to the ground beneath a heavy timber and partly protected by several iron girders. The face was free from bruises and was recognized as soon as uncovered.

The body of Lieutenant James Fitzgerald of Engine company No. 23 was found near the dead chief.

It was many hours after the explosion of cold air within the best refrigerator of Morris & Co's plant, which threw a wall on a squad of men, before the bodies could be released by a steam derrick.

Commissioner of Public Works Mulaney late tonight took 150 city laborers to the Morris plant to relieve exhausted firemen and policemen who could no longer keep on their feet. Commissioner Mulaney remains at the fire to direct these men in the search for bodies of the missing.

Insurance inspectors tonight said that the killing of the chief and his men was not due to an ammonia explosion, as at first was supposed, but to the sudden expansion of cold air in the beef warehouse. This, it is said, caused the four-story wall to fall as violently as though an explosion had occurred within the building.

Reckless Firemen. Apparently maddened by the death of their chief, firemen threw themselves recklessly into the work of clearing away the fallen wall all day long. More than 50 men dropped from exhaustion and were carried back from the intense heat of the burning warehouse.

Despite the work of many engine crews, the fire continued to burn stubbornly all day. Thousands thronged into the stockyards and the police kept spectators back from the danger line with great difficulty.

Not since the days following the Iroquois theater tragedy, which, like the disaster of today, was a holiday time horror, have such pathetic scenes attended a fire in Chicago.

The bodies of the victims were taken to undertaking rooms near the fire. Widows and children of the dead men frantically crowded into the places. The bodies were so badly mutilated, in most cases, that the police would not permit the relatives to view them.

In several instances women struggled madly with policemen in attempts to see their dead.

Mayor Busse late today called a special meeting of the city council, which selected a committee of 15 aldermen to take charge of relief work for families of the dead and to make funeral arrangements. At the same time a meeting was held at the Chicago club, and wealthy business men started a relief fund. Theater managers also prepared to hold performances.

Out in the Ashland boulevard Mrs. Horan, wife of the marshal, learned she was a widow and disbelieved it until assured by the newspaper reporter.

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DR. COOK RETURNS FROM TRIP ABROAD

Explorer Comes Back to United States, as He Says in Prepared Statement, to Rehabilitate Himself and Family—Says He Never Questioned Peary's Discovery



DR. FREDERICK A. COOK.

New York, Dec. 22.—Dr. Frederick A. Cook came back to his native land today on the steamship George Washington as calmly as if there had never been a north pole controversy. He said little. A typewritten interview, handed to reporters, embraced all that he had to say, with the exception of the necessary formalities of conversation thrust upon him by interviewers.

Of far more dramatic interest was a heated controversy among the steamship passengers concerning the impression he had made on them. The doctor asserted that he believed he was at the pole. Dr. Cook's statement, in part, follows:

The Statement. "I have no statement to make other than that which I carefully prepared. Any interview which I might give would necessarily be fragmentary and doubtless misleading also, so I shall not give out any interviews, and any purporting to come from me will not be authorized. I spent weeks carefully preparing my story, and I have frankly said in it all that there is to say. Every charge against me is taken up and answered in its proper place in my narrative."

"I do not know what my plans for the future will be. I have not returned to America with the intention of making money out of my Arctic experiences. Money did not prompt the writing of my story, as I have suggested in certain newspapers. As I have said, I have come back solely for the purpose of rehabilitating myself and my family by setting matters right with my countrymen."

The argument among the George Washington's passengers arose when the doctor's sympathizers aboard testified that he understood that he was received with no shadow of discrimination by the other passengers. His enemies wished it understood that he had been shunned.

The minute the reporters, who had gone down the harbor on a revenue cutter, stepped into the salon, representatives of both sides assailed them. Persons who in ordinary circumstances dodge publicity as they would the plague, buttonholed the reporters in their eagerness to present their case first.

Men elbowed one another, trampled on toes, shook their fingers in one another's faces and shouted unqualified contradictions. Women gave up pouring tea to stand on the broadened chairs and peer over the ring of men into the vortex of the discussion.

Cook was spared the embarrassment of the hubbub. He met the reporters at the ladder when they boarded the ship, perfectly poised. It was the same Dr. Cook, a little less tanned and worn, but with the same lock of hair hanging down over his forehead, the same reticent smile and the same stubby mustache.

No Self-Consolations. "In half an hour, gentlemen, I will have a statement for you. Just make yourself at home in the ladies' salon," he said, and he led the way himself. He spoke a few words here and there to a friend, shook hands and excused himself without a trace of self-consciousness.

While the dispute in the ladies' salon boiled, more temperate passengers elsewhere found time to tell without heat of the doctor's trip. He came aboard at Bremen, they said, wearing a full beard, but had it shaved off on the first day. His name did not appear on the passenger list at first, but later was placed as Herr Dr. Frederick A. Cook, on a supplemental list. He was an unostentatious passenger, playing cards evenings with a few friends. Once, when the toasts

were going around before bedtime it came his turn to name a health, he was quick to propose the stars and stripes.

Believe He Was at Pole. One time a passenger who had not remarked him before, asked brusquely, "Are you Dr. Cook?" He answered, "My name is Cook."

"Are you the Dr. Cook who went to the north pole?" persisted the questioner.

"I have been there," asserted the doctor gravely. The typewritten interview did not satisfy the reporters. They piled him with questions, but to almost all of them he parried:

SHOOTS DUCKS FROM HIS PLANE

AVIATOR HUBERT LATHAM HAS GREAT SPORT AMONG WILD FOWL AT LOS ANGELES.

BUT KILLS ONLY ONE

For Fifteen Minutes the Birdman Flies in His Antoinette Monoplane, Chasing the Terror-Stricken Birds—His First Shot Landed a "Blue Bill," But After That He Got no More.

Los Angeles, Dec. 22.—When Hubert Latham, the French aviator, sat down to dinner tonight, wild duck was served as the honor dish of his menu. It was a little duck of the "scap" species and familiarly called "blue bill" by hunters of water fowl. But it was highly honored duck, in that it was the first ever shot from an aeroplane. Latham brought down the fright-driven little bird with the first shot fired from his fast flying Antoinette monoplane, while going at the rate of 50 miles an hour at the Bolsa Chica Gun club at noon today. A "20-20" double barreled shotgun, a very little type of fowling piece, was used by Latham. It swung over his shoulder by a strap, so that it hung conveniently at hand for a quick shot.

It is 15 miles from the aviation field to the gun club, and it was just at noon that the club members and their guests caught sight of the dragon-shaped monoplane. Two minutes later Latham came whirling over the power house that marks the boundaries of the club's game preserves and headed straight for the long lagoon. He had made the trip from the aviation field in almost a mile a minute. As he dipped over the power house and swooped above the thousands of water fowl in the lagoon, they arose in swarms. Sea gulls fled squawking seaward, the shrill crying snipe took to the marshes and quacking ducks in thousands scattered in terror.

Latham, steering straight over the lagoon for half a mile, 200 feet above the water, veered suddenly seaward and headed straight for a big flock of terror-stricken ducks. A few hundred yards from the shore he took his first shot. A "blue bill" fluttered and fell straight down. It dropped into the ocean and was afterward picked up on shore.

Straight after the disorganized band the monoplane continued, following them for two miles to sea. Then they wheeled shoreward and Latham followed.

The ducks, however, were quicker on the turn and whenever Latham would come near enough for a shot they would change their course.

The chase lasted for 15 minutes. Up and down the coast and around in circles, the frightened fowl flew, not knowing which way to turn to avoid the monster. Latham was handicapped in his firing because the huge blades of the propeller of his Antoinette are directly in front of his seat and he was obliged to turn half way around or get beneath the ducks before he could use his gun.

Finally the flock that had amused Latham for 15 minutes made straight for the sea again and the little Frenchman calmly turned his attention to the marshes. In thousands the fowl fled, shrieking around the monoplane, and Latham began to shoot. He was not more than 200 feet above the marsh at any time, but so far as he knows he did not kill another duck in the dozen shots fired.

Latham turned and twisted up and down the marshes, now following a band of swiftly flying mallards, now swooping down on a flock of disorganized sprig until the whole marsh was thick with fleeing, squawking ducks. Then the aviator narrowed slowly, dropped down on a level field in the back yard of the clubhouse and stepped out to be greeted by the members and escorted to luncheon.

"It was jolly good sport," said Latham, calmly handing his gun to one of the attendants. "I got one and later I found that I could use both hands in holding the gun."

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ARCTIC BROTHERHOOD HOLDS ITS BEAUTIFUL CEREMONIES

Skagway, Alaska, Dec. 22.—Camp Skagway No. 1, the mother camp of the Arctic Brotherhood, celebrated last night the triumph of the sun over the powers of darkness on the eve of the shortest day of the year. The exercises were held out of doors.

The Brotherhood, in full regalia, pursued and captured the "Prince of Darkness" and dragged him through the principal streets to the common. The evil one escaped, was again pursued and overtaken, tied to a stake and burned to ashes, while tom-toms raised a frightful din and fireworks were set off. As the fire died away a tableaux was unveiled, representing the "Queen of the Arctic" seated on the pedestal of virtue. The brothers gathered about the queen and sang the camp anthem, "Hail to Our Arctic Queen."

Many members from other towns of Alaska were present, and it is likely that this form of celebration will be adopted in other parts of Alaska, where the long nights are dreary and the days lengthen rapidly after the passage of the winter solstice. The principle underlying the festivities is that observed in the rites of the ancient Scandinavians out of which the modern Christmas festival is said to have grown.