WHITE SLAVE'S STORY OF LIFE SHOCKS COURT

Girl Victim Tells How She Was Lured to Den Kept by Negro Spriggs.

TAKEN THERE DRUGGED.

Kept Imprisoned for Months Behind Locked Doors and Barred Windows.

In a voice broken with sobs Hattie Warren, first of the white slaves to testify publicly against her alleged former master, took the stand to-day in General Sessions, where Bob Spriggs, the negro political leader, is on trial for abduction. She detailed a horrible story—more horrible even than those which have come to light since the black ownership of imprisoned girl-chattels was unearthed.

Hattie Warren declared under oath that she was drugged and carried unconscious to one of Spriggs's dens. When she came to her senses she found her street clothing had been taken away and in its stead she had a flimsy wrapper. That wrapper was almost the only garment she had until her rescue months later.

Windows of Room Barred.

She says she was kept in close confinement in this house, with the windows barred and the door locked. She was forced to receive from four to six negro men nightly. When she begged the head of the house, Spriggs, to release her he beat her brutally. This happened at least twice, according to her statements.

Although Assistant District-Attorney Garvan had detailed in his opening address what his principal witness would tell, it was evident soon after the woman took the stand that neither Judge Cowing nor the twelve jurors nor the spectators who crowded the court room had expected such revelations of cruelty and depravity as fell from the shaking lips of Hattie Warren. Spriggs, sullen, stolid and secretive, set his thick lips in a hard double line of blubber and eyed her unwinkingly. He seemed the least affected of all the men in the chamber.

Wept as She Testified.

Hattie Warren looked the life she had been forced to lead. She was a small woman, plainly dressed in a widow's bonnet, a black skirt and a short tan coat. Tears speedily softened the hard lines of her face, for she began crying almost as soon as she took the stand. In a little while she controlled herself, but many times during the recital of her testimony she had to stop a moment and gulp back a sob.

When the twelfth juror had finally been selected Mr. Garvan asked Spriggs's lawyers to concede that their client was the same Spriggs who had served three years for assault and who had been restored to citizenship by President, then Governor Roosevelt. Upon their refusal Mr. Garvan produced the records to show that Spriggs had been sent to prison.

After a policeman had testified to arresting Spriggs in 1899, Mr. Garvan called Hattie Warren to the stand. There was a craning of necks to look at the white slave. The spectators saw an undersized, slender woman, her face white as chalk and etched deep with the lines which misery traced. She was racked by mental suffering.

Her Pitiful Story.

This was the story she told:

"One night early in February of last year I went into a saloon at Sixth avenue and Fourth street to get a drink. It was a cold night and I went back to a stove in the back room to get warm. The last thing I remember was drinking the drink I had ordered. When I came to it was broad daylight and I was lying on a bed in a strange room. It was days after before I found out where the house was. My own clothing had disappeared. By the bed was a thin wrapper and a kimono. I put them on and finding the door opening into the hall unlocked I went downstairs. There I met Spriggs. I asked him to let me out. He refused, and told me I was there to stay. Then a big black negro stepped into the hall and Spriggs made me go upstairs with him.

"The outside doors were all locked with heavy padlocks. Most of the time I was kept locked in my room. The windows were nailed down and the shutters fastened shut with chains. The shutters were never opened under any circumstances.

Knocked Out Her Teeth.

"Every time I begged Spriggs to let me go he hit me. Twice he knocked me down and kicked me in the head and side. Another time I refused to go upstairs with a negro who had been there before and Spriggs hit me in the jaw and broke out two of my teeth. With my teeth out I was not attractive enough to suit Spriggs's purposes and he dressed me in some of Mrs. Spriggs's clothes and sent me to a dentist's. His wife went with me and kept guard over me to prevent me from talking.

"One day last July I decided to try to escape, although I was deathly afraid Spriggs might catch me and punish me. I found an icepick, put on an old skirt belonging to the cook, and slipped down into the basement and broke a lock on the door with the icepick. I got as far as a saloon on the corner, when Joe Boggs, a negro, employed by Spriggs in the house, came running after me. It was just then that the police raided the house. I stayed with Boggs in the saloon, watching the police break in. When they left I thought they had taken Spriggs, too, and I went back to the house to try to find my clothes and leave. Spriggs was still there. He accused Boggs of trying to get me away from him, and beat Boggs almost to death."

Locked Up Again.

"Then Spriggs locked me up again. There were other white prisoners in the house—several of them, and they were bringing them in and taking them away all the time. On the night of July 28 the police came back and raided the place again. This time there were six of us white girls in the house. We jumped out of a window that we got open when we heard the police at work. None of us had any clothes on except thin wrappers. We told the police that our clothing was in a double-locked closet on the second floor. They broke the closet open, but they couldn't find my clothes, and I put on some others that I found there. They took us to Jefferson Market Court and held us for six days."

At this point in her narrative the witness collapsed temporarily. She was given water and soon revived somewhat, although still in a pitiable state. During the recess news of the astonishing story she was telling had spread through the corridors of the Criminal Courts Building and a great crowd soon clamored for admission to the trial chamber. In the interval Spriggs held a long conference with his counsel. He seemed at last to be growing somewhat worried. District-Attorney Jerome, drawn by the news of the Warren woman's testimony, came down from his office upstairs to hear the rest of her evidence.

Afraid in Police Court.

Mr. Jerome asked her why she had not told the Magistrate of her captivity when she was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Court.

"I was afraid to," she replied. "Besides, the lawyer we hired advised me to keep my mouth shut."

Q. Did you remain at Spriggs' of your own free will? A. No; I was detained.

On cross-examination Mark Alter, for the defense, tried to make the girl admit that she had known negro men before she lived in Spriggs's den, and that she remained there as an inmate willingly. She made emphatic denials to his questions, declaring that she had never known a negro named James Gray, whom Alter mentioned.

Q. Did you ever go to the Knickerbocker at Third and McDougall streets? A. Yes, twice. Once Spriggs's wife took me, and I went there the time I broke out of the house.

Q. Didn't you pass citizens on your way there the time you escaped? A. Yes.

Q. Did you know where the Mercer street station was—why didn't you go there and complain? A. I was afraid.

The witness admitted that she had gone to the Lenox at Third street and Sixth avenue, while living in Spriggs's house, but said she was under the influence of liquor at the time and that men in Spriggs's employ followed her and drove her back to her prison-house. Spriggs grinned broadly when the woman told this.

She said she told of her plight both at the Lenox and at the Knickerbocker, but that no one paid any attention to her.

Didn't Let Her Mother Know.

Q. Did you ever write to a man while you were in the Spriggs house? A. Yes; I wrote a man asking him to bring me some clothes and help me get away, but he never answered the letter. I did not write to my mother at Newburg. I did not want her to know what a fix I was in—forced to live with negroes. Once I got on the street and outside the door and was crying with a crowd around me when a policeman came up. He told them I wanted my clothes. He said: 'You are one of the hags from Spriggs's coon joint, I guess. Well, you beat it,' and he made me move on.

Dr. Archibald Gardner, a dentist of No. 34 West Twenty-third street, said he put in two false teeth for the Warren woman.

"She was under the influence of liquor when she came to my office," he stated. "She said her name was Mrs. J. Spriggs. There was a woman with her who also called herself Spriggs."

Cora Chester, another of the white slave class, took the stand. A more sodden, bedraggled type of fallen womanhood never sat there. She was one of the women found in Spriggs's girl-jail at the time of the second raid. Replying to Mr. Garvan, she said:

"I saw Spriggs hit Hattie in the mouth and knock her down once when she was sick and refused to come downstairs to see company in the parlor. He used to hit her often, and kicked her, too. I have frequently heard her beg him to let her go. We were all locked in most of the time."

FATHER KNICK TAKES A DESPERATE CHANCE.

By Maurice Ketten.

CAMPAIGN GIFTS BY RAILROADS A PRISON OFFENSE

Contributions Forbidden in Rate Bill Amendment by Culberson.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—In the Senate to-day Mr. Culberson introduced an amendment to the Railroad Rate bill prohibiting railroads from subscribing to political campaign funds and imposing fine and imprisonment for its violation.

Senator Bailey then took the floor to present his amendment to the Railroad Rate bill, but before introducing it said he had not hoped that the resolution would be accepted without change. He also stated that the provision had been circulated among the friends of rate regulation on both sides of the chamber. He had, he said, not given the amendment to the public, and would not now do so but for the fact that Mr. Dolliver had discussed the provision in a published interview.

He relieved the Iowa Senator from the imputation of intentional divulgence of another's private papers, but said he was confident the criticism had been without due consideration.

Mr. Bailey referred especially to Mr. Dolliver's declaration that the Bailey provision woud deny a just compensation and replied to the criticism by saying that he had copied the language of the Constitution in his proposed amendment.

Replying to another feature of the interview, Mr. Bailey said that the amendment did not affect the Hepburn bill on the question of discrimination. He said that he had prepared two amendments, both of them tentative.

Replying to Mr. Bailey, Mr. Dolliver disavowed any intention to reveal the secrets of the Senate, saying that the Texas Senator's amendment had been so much talked about in and out of the Senate that he did not know that it was a confidential matter.

Following this explanation Senator Bailey offered the much discussed amendment. It reads as follows:

"A rate or charge which shall afford a just compensation to the carrier or carriers, for the service, or services to be performed; and a regulation, or practice, which shall be just and reasonable. The rate, or charge, regulation, or practice, so determined and prescribed, shall be the only lawful rate, or charge, regulation, or practice, and the carrier, or carriers, shall not thereafter demand or collect any other rate, or charge, or follow any other regulation or practice."

Another of Mr. Bailey's amendments authorizes parties aggrieved by orders of the Interstate Commerce Commission to take their cases into the United States Courts but prohibits the suspension of the Commission's orders by interlocutory decrees.

PAID TRIBUTE TO THEIR DEAD SISTER NURSE.

An unusual and impressive scene was witnessed at the funeral of Miss Marie Brobeck at Boardman Chapel, on Clinton street, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon. Miss Brobeck was a graduate nurse of the German Hospital, Brooklyn, and came from Chicago.

Immediately after her death her coworkers in the hospital took possession of the body, placed it upon a couch in the undertaking establishment and literally covered it with flowers. The graduate nurses attended the services dressed in their white uniforms and wearing their badges of servitude—their caps. The undergraduates, in uniforms of blue, with white aprons and caps, were led by the supervisor of the hospital, Miss Kurtz. One of the nurses, Miss Langelotz, of Berlin, Germany, played Chopin's "Funeral March," and the Episcopal burial service was read. The dead nurse was an estimable woman and loved by all her sister workers.

FROM DANCE TO HOSPITAL.

Joseph Roach celebrated his tin wedding anniversary last night at his home, No. 856 First avenue, and among his guests was Richard Rose, a brass polisher, who lives on the second floor, under Roach.

While Rose was dancing with Mrs. Roach the couple tripped and fell. Rose was underneath, and his right ankle was fractured. He was removed to the Flower Hospital.

Headaches and Neuralgia from Colds. Laxative Bromo Quinine, world-wide Cold and Grip remedy, removes cause. Call for full name, look for signature E. W. Grove.*

DUKE'S WIFE CABLED LOVE TO HUNTOON.

(Continued from First Page.)

a French farce-comedy. In the affidavit of Nellie Sands, Mrs. Duke's maid, the young woman said that Huntoon wrote letters addressed to her and that she turned them over to Mrs. Duke without opening them.

In the application before the Vice-Chancellor to-day Mrs. Duke was represented by Lawyers Kalisch and hCauncey G. Parker. Mr. Duke was represented by Junius Parker, his personal counsel, and by Richard V. Lindabury, Vice-Chancellor Pitney was in the best of spirits and laughingly said when the age of the co-respondent was mentioned:

"Well, all the world loves a lover even if he is sixty-seven years old."

Mr. Duke's Affidavit.

The first affidavit was that of Mr. Duke. In it he set forth that he was married Nov. 29, 1904, at Camden, N. J., to his present wife, who was then Mrs. McCreedy. He said they came directly to New York and stayed for two days at the West Sixty-eighth street house and then sailed for Europe. He is convinced that from the time of their wedding Mrs. Duke was in communication with Huntoon.

The affidavit went on to state that from Dec. 8 1904, until Jan. 29, 1905, several "personals" written by Huntoon appeared in the newspaper mentioned in both its New York and European editions. Several of these "personals" as printed in the European edition were produced in evidence and read by Mr. Lindabury. In each case the personal began with the name "John" and was couched in endearing terms.

Mr. Duke admits in his affidavit that he is worth $10,000,000, but denies that he is worth $50,000,000. When he sailed for Europe last August he arranged matters so that his wife would be supplied with funds. Among other things he gave her money to pay the interest on a mortgage on her house. He admits that he had his wife watched by detectives, but says that this was done only in a legitimate way.

Denies Her Charges.

He denies emphatically the charges brought by his wife regarding Mary Smith, an employee at his New Jersey residence, and says that Miss Smith is an excellent woman. He also denies all charges made by Mrs. Duke in reference to his relations with other women. He declares that his wife has no hope of defeating his suit and is making a defense only with the object of securing a good financial settlement. He accuses his wife of giving out statements damaging to his reputation. Regarding Huntoon, he says that the co-respondent was formerly a professional gambler, but is now agent for a mineral water.

After the reading of this affidavit the Vice-Chancellor said that unfaithfulness had not been proved, although a strong disposition was shown. Mr. Lindabury explained that at the trial he planned to present evidence showing that Mr. Duke was ill for two months after his return from the European honeymoon trip and that during that time Mrs. Duke was in the company of Huntoon almost constantly.

The next affidavit was that of Nellie Sand, the maid. She said that on the night of the wedding Mrs. Duke gave her a telegram addressed to Frank T. Huntoon and requested her to send it to him. This, she said, she did. During the trip abroad, according to her affidavit, Mrs. Duke wrote and cabled to Huntoon frequently. The maid deposed that she knew Huntoon's handwriting and that when letters came addressed to her in it she gave them unopened to Mrs. Duke.

The affidavit of Henry Rupert was next read, Rupper accompanied the Dukes on their honeymoon as courier. He said that he had taken many cablegrams addressed to Huntoon by Mrs. Duke during thejourney and had filed them at the cable offices. He also mailed letters to Huntoon for her.

Some of the strangest allegations were those in the affidavit of Mrs. Lillian Davis housekeeper at the West Sixty-eighth street house. She said that before Mrs. Duke left on her honeymoon she gave the deponent instructions to allow Huntoon to live at the house whenever he liked and to allow him to sleep in her room. Mrs. Davis said that on Christmas Eve, 1904, Huntoon came to the house and stayed two nights, using Mrs. Duke's room. He came several other times and the servants took orders from him.

Warned Away by Wireless.

On the day before the arrival of the Dukes from Europe, Feb. 8, 1905, Mrs. Davis said that she received a wireless despatch from Mrs. Duke announcing that they were off Sandy Hook. Mrs. Davis said that when she imparted this news to Huntoon he left at once. Before going, she said, he gave her money to buy a large quantity of flowers to place in Mrs. Duke's room. Mrs. Davis said that he instructed her to tell Mr. Duke the flowers were sent by friends whom she did not know, but to tell Mrs. Duke privately they were from Huntoon.

After reading the affidavits Lawyer Lindabury told the Vice-Chancellor that he and his client were of the opinion that Mrs. Duke's defense had not been entered in good faith. He said that he hoped to show that the action had been contested with a view to delay and to getting a money settlement from his client. He said that during their short married life Mr. Duke had given his wife $250,000 in money and real estate and that no alimony should be granted.

Mrs. Duke's counsel here withdrew application for alimony. Mr. Kalisch contended strongly for $10,000 counsel fees, saying that it might be necessary to bring witnesses from Europe to testify regarding certain allegations.

Judge Tells a Story.

It was at this point that Vice-Chancellor Pitney, who had chuckled from time to time over the reading of the affidavits, told a story.

"It reminds me," he said, "of a story of King George. He was riding one day with several attendants in a part of England where he thought he was not recognized. He dropped into an inn and ordered a light lunch. Now some of the servants in the inn recognized him, but he did not know it. So when the bill was brought he was surprised to see he was charged a guinea apiece for eggs. He asked the innkeeper if eggs were scarce in that part of the country. The innkeeper replied: 'Eggs are not so scarce as kings about here.'"

Everybody laughed but Mr. Kalisch, who wanted to know what it had to do with the case.

"Oh," said the Vice-Chancellor, "my point is that Dukes are pretty scarce."

With this he cut the counsel fee down to $3,000.

19 Died in Storm.

MEXICO CITY, MARCH 21.—Nineteen persons perished in a terrific norther which swept the coast of Vera Cruz Monday. Two of the storm victims were pleasure-seekers from this city, B. Strittmatter, nephew of J. C. Strittmatter, President of the American Club, and Francisco Pena, a member of a prominent family here. The other seventeen were fishermen. It is believed that there has been further loss of life.

LOVE-CRAZED MAN SHOOTS DOWN WOMAN

Mrs. Repp Had Refused to Let Laprina Wed 15-Year-Old Daughter.

Petro Laprina, made mad by love, to-day shot down and mortally wounded Mrs. Mary Repp in her home, at No. 324 Second avenue, upon her refusal to consider his suit for the hand of her pretty fifteen-year-old daughter Annie. The frenzied young man fired five bullets into the woman's body and fired the sixth bullet at Christina Hunter, a servant, who was screaming for assistance. Then he fled, coatless and hatless, into the avenue and disappeared in a side street.

The Repps are well-to-do. Joseph, the husband of the injured woman, is a piano-maker, employed in the Kranich & Bach factory, on Twenty-third street.

Petro Laprina, who shared a room with Antonio Leitzo, came to live with the Repps seven months ago. He was immediately smitten with the comely girl, and began to make love with violent ardor. This sort of wooing rather frightened the pretty little Teuton and she repulsed the pleading Petro.

Then the youth addressed his supplications to Mrs. Repp, but, as she remained obdurate in her refusals he resorted to threats. He declared he would slay the entire family and he purchased three revolvers and a pair of stilettos. Last week Mrs. Repp confiscated two pistols and one long, lean-bladed knife she found in his room.

Jealous of Roommate.

The baffled lover's angry passions smouldered until Sunday, when they were fanned into flame. He saw Annie go out for a walk with his roommate, Antonio, a tall, fine-looking young Sicilian. When the pair came home he declared that he would murder them both.

The father of the girl then ordered him to leave the house. He refused to go and the family was in such terror of him that none had the courage to put him out.

When he repeated his threats yesterday Annie Repp went to the East Twenty-second street station and brought home two policemen to put him out. After they had talked to Laprina, however, they refused to remove him, however, they refused to remove him.

He did not get up until late to-day, and when Annie heard him raging about his room she again went to the police station and asked for assistance. This second appeal was in vain, and she returned home. She passed into the dining-room of the house just as Petro came downstairs. He have himself rather humbly and begged Mrs. Repp to give him some breakfast.

Demanded Girl's Hand.

She set out some viands on the table and he began to eat. There were in the room with him Mrs. Repp Annie and the servant girl, Carina Hunter. After nibbling at a slice of bread Petro suddenly turned to Mrs. Repp and exclaimed:

"Are you going to give me Annie?"

"No, I certainly am not," replied the woman, turning half round from the sink where she was arranging a rack of dishes. "Annie is too young to marry and anyhow she is too good for a wild man like you." Then she turned to her work.

"Oh, she is too good for me," muttered Petro slowly, and, without rising from his chair, he drew a revolver from his coat pocket and began pulling the trigger as fast as the lock would click. The first bullet struck Mrs. Repp on the left side of the head. She swung around with a shriek, and a second slug inflicted a mortal wound in the abdomen. Then as she tottered and fell he pumped three more bullets at her, two ripping through the fleshy part of her right arm and a third smashing the bones in the back of her left hand.

The young girl was sitting beside Petro when he began shooting. She cowered away and fell in a heap under the table. The servant screamed "police" at the top of her voice, and, picking up a chair, was about to strike down the Italian, when he turned the revolver on her and emptied the last cartridge. The bullet just scratched the girl's ear.

"I knew he would kill one of us," sobbed Annie Repp after her mother had been taken to the hospital. "On Sunday, when he saw me come in from a walk with Tony, he said he would kill me or my mother. He has acted like a madman for several weeks with his love and his wild talk about murder.

Police Only Laughed.

"If the police had only put him out yesterday my mother's life would have been saved. We told them about the revolvers and the stilettos, but that did not seem to make any difference to them. They laughed, and said we would have to get a summons and have him put out. He didn't pay us any board for two weeks, but has been spending all his money on revolvers and knives. He will not get away, though, for Tony will find him, and then he will go to the electric chair."

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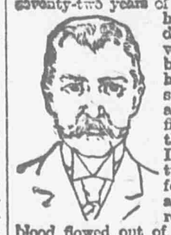

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Robert Schoenhauer,
Aug. 21, 1905. Newburgh, N. Y.

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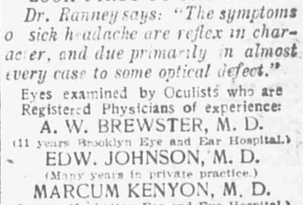

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