

THREE BRIDAL COUPLES VICTIMS OF ATTACKS BY "POISONED PEN OF EASTON"

They Are the Central Figures in Strange Psychological Case in Which Rich Young Woman Has Been Arrested.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent.)

EASTON, Pa., Aug. 31.—Three bridal couples whose honeymoon happiness "The Poisoned Pen of Easton" sought to destroy have become the central figures in the strange case of Miss Harriet De Witt. When the young woman, whose ancestors have been prominent in New Jersey for the best part of the State's history, comes before United States Commissioner Turner tomorrow for hearing upon the charge of sending scurrilous, malicious and indecent letters through the mail, nearly all of the action of a curious psychological drama will cling about the three cooling and billing couples.

This peculiarly interesting study is afforded in the charge against the young woman of wealth. Had life alone, unmarked by love during nearly forty years, produced such a mental state with the spinster that the marital happiness of young people around her resulted in hatred, jealousy and a departure from a usually well ordered life?

Clearly that is the line upon which the Government in its prosecution is proceeding. At the outset, it should frankly be said that the Government clings to a slender thread of evidence. No Grand Jury would indict upon the present evidence that is responsible for the arrest of the woman whose life runs along a roadway ballasted with gold.

Upon the rudely printed lines: "I WRITE YOU THESE FEW LINES" hangs the entire prosecution of Miss De Witt. The identical words, open nearly all of more than 300 letters now in the possession of the Government and the witnesses who are interested in the trial. When Miss De Witt was brought before Post Office Inspector Shanesberger, he had absolutely no evidence against her.

MARKED STAMPS SOLD TO YOUNG WOMAN.

Month after month the Government had marked the stamps that were sold to the young woman at the post office. The officials had even placed a marked stamp at a drug store near her home with instructions to the clerk to sell them to Miss De Witt. Not one of the marked stamps came to light on any of the letters that marred the happiness of the pretty little city that nestles down by the banks of the Delaware River, to which she fled to escape the golden day-break through a mountain water gap. No detective ruse had trapped her during the five years that the secret sleuths of the Government sought proof of authorship. She came before the official on the day of her arrest as free from connecting with a child.

At the same time Clarence Beck, a prominent attorney and member of the official board of the church, got letters in which the preacher was charged with turning his parsonage into a temple of Oriental orgies. He was charged with going the pace that kills and with nearly all of the other sins that have brought the wrath of the Almighty and the condemnation of the sinner upon one of their own kind. Brother Robert K. Lerch, in his jewelry store at the corner of the main square, found similar letters touching upon the handsome young man whose ministry had pleased a multitude of many years. J. B. Shiner, a leading business man, had the awful deeds of his shepherd passed in anonymous review before his astonished gaze.

The mild and gentle Rev. Dr. J. C. Seeger, pastor of a big church not far removed from the Snyder charges, was terrified because he passed some nights under the Snyder roof during the absence of the minister. He was told that he had laid in the House of Mammammon and in the chief tent of the usurper.

When the scene in the psychological drama shifts, Mrs. Beattie Crater Mayfield becomes the victim of the masked letters to a young man of the town. They have reached the stage of courtship where the world is a dream and there is no setting of the alarm clock.

HAPPY MARRIAGE CLOSED THE INCIDENT.

Suddenly the postman brings to her notice a letter telling of a notorious old affair in which the roses faded from an innocent girlhood. They cried a mixture of "Aha" and "Alas" and then found in each other's arms the answer to the slander. "Their happy marriage closed the incident."

The question instantly suggested is in the handling of even a slander upon a woman, it is a different matter when the target becomes the man. Mrs. Margaret Whitely, young and fair, had pledged her love to a youth who exemplified to her all of the manly virtues. Love's young dream became a nightmare when she was told that the hand that guided "The Poisoned Pen of Easton" went into her private life and accused him of untoward things. Men might pause in the face of a disclosure of a wife, but the little woman, thoroughly aroused, married the man and then made a personal fight to have the slanderer punished. She clung like a bull terrier to the contest.

Already Dr. Snyder, tortured through the years, had made every effort to get a postal investigation. When Mrs. Tiffany joined his insistence the officials acted in earnest. They had sent two postal inspectors who were not met

diminutive stature, her steers vanishing and her eyes snapping, she looked the detective squarely in the eye and replied: "You are a liar!"

So the weight of fact against her, unless she adds to it herself, is the supposed resemblance of her handwriting to that on the letters that are in evidence.

CHURCH FIGURES IN STRANGE STORY.

The heartaches and the meetings and doublings that these letters have brought into the main about a church. At the corner of Fourth and Ferry streets stands the Christ Evangelical Lutheran Church. Climbing vines wander up the front of the large, square edifice and festoon themselves about the ample eaves. They nearly obscure a sign that the Rev. Dr. Snyder is its pastor and that his parsonage lies around the corner in Ferry street. Directly across the street is the dove cote wherein Mrs. Margaret White Tiffany and her young husband are situated. In the efforts to bring to light the young man, but last fall brought to it a witching and beautiful bride who graces it like some rich American Beauty rose in an old-fashioned garden.

But for his cloth the doctor might be a matinee idol. He is tall, well built and athletic. His full, handsome face is crowned by a wealth of dark hair and a little, saucy mustache, for all the world like those seen on Broadway of a Saturday afternoon in the matinee season, adorns his upper lip. His raiment is of the mode modish and his bearing is pleasing and boyishly frank. One might stage him as a Don Cesar or a Romeo without reckoning with the make-up account.

For the nine years that he has been pastor of the Lutheran church he has been the target of the anonymous letters. His raiment is of the mode modish and his bearing is pleasing and boyishly frank. One might stage him as a Don Cesar or a Romeo without reckoning with the make-up account.

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But no sooner had his bride come to share his big, nicely appointed home than the letters took a sinister and bitter turn. He was told that the young Venus he had brought to share his lot had danced, totally unclad, before a dozen men who paid for the view. The letter is among those in the mass of documentary evidence. He was told that his wife had lived another life on the far Pacific Coast. Even an ostrich plume that adorned her mammoth hat was charged in another epistle to have been stolen.

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The 1911 Autumn Woman, In Her Latest Split Skirt, Drawn by Eleanor Schorer.



Hobbie Gives Way to Free Play of Visibly Pretty Ankles, and Fringe Festoons the Flapping Dress—And Hats! Big Fur and Velvet Ones, Full of Plumes.

Dear Girls:

Let me tell you what I saw yesterday in a little shopping tour up Fifth avenue. I strolled in to see one man who has just returned from that dear Paris with the cutest things you ever saw!

What do you think—fringe is all the go! Anything will do as long as you can put fringe on it—even handbags. One I saw was in black and white striped velvet with black and white fringe, lots of it, in the place of cords and long braided bands.

Another novelty is the double ruff, the top pleating of white and the bottom of black with a collar of black velvet ribbon tied in a loop and two strings at the back, and just a little to one side.

You must have a split skirt, too—but

can say now is that I am wholly innocent of this charge. I did not write these letters. I have seen the victim of the letters myself. I have received an average of one letter a year for six years.

"What did they contain?" "Reflections upon my life and conduct. They must have come from the same person who wrote all of the others. One of them says that there are Rastus, the tortoise, and the Lutheran Church who can vouch for the truth of its anonymous charge against me. Some member of that congregation must have written that letter. I know Dr. Snyder, but slightly. Years ago I met him socially and saw him a few times. We do not speak since these things came up, but I did not cherish any ill will toward him until he became responsible for this attack on me. Now I confess that there is some feeling on my part."

"Do you suspect any particular person of writing these letters?" "I don't know."

TOLD FRIENDS WHEN SHE GOT LETTERS.

"Oh, no, I am not of a nature that leads one to think harshly of my neighbors and to make hasty and unwarranted charges against them. Better say they were not signed and one can hardly afford to pay much attention to anonymous letters."

GLADLY GAVE SPECIMEN OF HER WRITING.

"You have specimens of the handwriting; do you think that your own resembles it?" "Oh, you refer to my having written the letter for the inspector. Of course I did. Why not? I knew that I was innocent and had nothing to conceal, and I gladly wrote my name and address for him and then printed such words as he wanted. I had nothing to fear from a compliance, otherwise I would not have written the specimens for him. I was not trapped into writing. It is possible that there may be similarity between my hand and the one in the letters. Many persons not accustomed to printing letters might make the same sort of strokes. If by handwriting it is like that of the bad letters I cannot help that. I did not write them, and nobody saw me write them, and so nobody

ACCUSED WOMAN RECEIVED LETTERS ALSO.

The unusually large eyes filled with misty tears as she talked of the charges against her. As she spoke Rastus crept over the horizon.

"Get back, Rastus!" she commanded. A big, insulating coat of the tortoise shell variety unwidely rubbed its hands across the face of the woman, and she was evicted from a domain that was his by right.

not very much divided. You see it is the direct opposite of the hobbie, as it opens down the front and affords great freedom of movement and incidentally shows up rhinestony-buckled shoes to good effect.

Last, but not least—The hats. Such a variety! This one is presented in black velvet trimmed with wonderful fluffy gray plumes. To be real smart have yours of fur and velvet trimmed with ostrich feathers and a dash of foliage.

Now, my dears, the sketch shows you how it all looks. Note the fringe (my fringe again), for you cannot get enough of it. I find anything new later I will let you know. Yours, ELEANOR SCHORER.

Jersey Police Expect to Land One of Band Who Nearly Killed Victim on Roadway.

The police are closing in on a man who is believed to have been one of a trio of highwaymen who yesterday morning held up Richard Schimonek on the turnpike between Hamburg and Pompton, New Jersey, and after robbing him, assaulted him so viciously that he is dying in the house where he was carried when he was discovered, unconscious, several hours later.

Schimonek, who is seventy years old, lives at Lower Preakness. He was driving along the turnpike, when he was overhauled by three men in a buggy. They halted him and ordered him to stop. Then two of them sprang out to cut his throat with a razor. He gashed himself a few times, letting out a cry of pain. Neighbors quickly came and he was removed to the New York Hospital, where he died early to-day from loss of blood.

Schimid's Attempt Succeeds.

Steven Kakas, twenty years old, of No. 125 Tenth avenue, out of employment for more than a year and desperately in want, decided there was nothing to live for. So he locked himself in his bedroom and attempted to cut his throat with a razor. He gashed himself a few times, letting out a cry of pain. Neighbors quickly came and he was removed to the New York Hospital, where he died early to-day from loss of blood.

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"But at last we have possession of some important information, and I think Commissioner Waldo here will allow me to say"—Mr. Waldo nodded his head—"that we have excellent promises of early results."

Mr. Dougherty was asked if the dissolution of the Italian detective bureau had not turned the criminal element loose in the Italian district.

KEEPS IN CLOSE TOUCH WITH CRIME.

"Decidedly not," he said. "In fact, our having the Italian detectives out in the districts has no doubt lessened the crimes, and as no fatalities have as yet resulted directly from the explosion of bombs it is apparent that the criminals realize that our detectives are after them, and they are taking no chances."

"Our plan has been to keep as near

GIRL AND MOTHER IN BATTLE WITH CRAZED WOMAN

Broker's Wife Suddenly Attacked by Servant in Riverside Drive Home.

RESCUED BY DAUGHTER.

Negress Fights Eight Men Until Overpowered and Put in Straitjacket.

Saved from an alleged insane negro servant by her eighteen-year-old daughter Rosalind, Mrs. Henry Fields, wife of a stock broker living at No. 410 Riverside Drive, is under the care of a physician to-day from the shock. Lydia Johnson, twenty-three years old, the servant, is in a straitjacket in the Washington Heights hospital.

Yesterday afternoon when Mrs. Fields entered the kitchen the negress with a shriek darted toward her. Mrs. Fields screamed for help as the woman seized her and Miss Rosalind rushed to her mother's aid.

She pulled her mother from the servant's grasp, blocked several wild rushes and succeeded in getting Mrs. Fields into the hallway. The girl then struggled with the servant until she herself was freed, and slammed the door, leaving the negress in possession.

The screams of the two women had been heard by two painters at work in the building, two bellboys, two expressmen and the superintendent, Policeman Best, of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station, who was called, and all made a rush for the raving negress.

The blue coat and brass buttons first attracted the attention of the woman. She seized Best's club and tore at his uniform. The painter went to his aid, but the combined strength of the three was no match for that of the woman, who was not overpowered until the eight men had made a concerted rush and dragged her to the floor.

She was put into an improvised straitjacket and an ambulance was summoned from J. Hood Wright Hospital. All were in service at the time, and one was ordered from the Washington Heights station. Every minute of the wait the woman fought to free herself. She scratched, bit and tore as best she could, and attacked the ambulance driver, who was being put into a hospital straitjacket.

SEEK THREE HIGHWAYMEN WHO BEAT AN OLD MAN.

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BLACK HAND TERROR REIGNS ALL OVER ITALIAN QUARTERS

Editor Urges His Countrymen to Aid the Police in Checking Crime.

EXPECT ARREST SOON.

Fourteen Bomb Outrages This Month—Dougherty Predicts Results in Co-Operation.

A reign of terror exists to-day among the 500,000 Italians of the greater city, due to a carnival of mysterious bomb throwing, kidnaping, Black Hand letters, assassinations and other murderous crimes, which has been raging for the last thirty days. Police Commissioner Waldo has instructed his second deputy, George S. Dougherty, who has charge of the metropolitan detective force, to concentrate his efforts in the various Italian sections of the city toward an immediate check of this era of lawlessness.

Commissioner Waldo said that his disbanded of the Italian detective squad two months ago was a move in the right direction, as the Italian plotters, who formerly took their assignments from Headquarters, now spend all of their time in the Italian districts where their services are most required. He asks for the co-operation of the leading Italian residents of these districts in overcoming the present crime wave.

EDITOR URGES HIS COUNTRYMEN TO AID POLICE.

Under the flaming headline "A Shame and the Duty of the Colony," Dr. Luigi Rovera, editor of the Italian Herald, today published over his own signature the following remarkable and courageous proclamation to his countrymen:

"Never as in this last month has the Italian community of New York and Brooklyn given such an argument to the American press from the viewpoint of public order as this month's events. These are the items we read in the American newspapers, all quite true and with which, unfortunately, the name of the Italian colony is always connected."

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MARINE STABS COMRADE IN FIGHT IN Y. M. C. A. HOME

Battle Between Men From Receiving Ship Caused by a Raincoat.

LIST OF THE RECENT BOMB EXPLOSIONS.

When James Marlowe, a six-foot marine from the United States receiving ship Hancock, emptied to strip fine rain coat from the back of George Geltz, a mariner from the same ship, as they stood in the corridor of the Naval Branch of the Y. M. C. A. at No. 67 Sands street, Brooklyn, early to-day, Geltz, who weighs only 100 pounds, put up such a fight that he was rapidly besting Marlowe. Marlowe then drew a knife and stabbed Geltz in the stomach and fed. He ran into the arms of Policeman Foley, who arrested him and took him to the Fulton street police station.

Both men were on shore leave and were preparing to return to their ship when Marlowe stepped up to Geltz and pulled the rain coat from his back, remarking: "That coat would look better on me than on you."

Geltz didn't believe him and when Marlowe attempted to take it away from him he resisted, and the fight and stabbing followed. A crowd collected and David Kennard, clerk in the Y. M. C. A., went to Geltz's assistance.

Marlowe jumped to his feet and fled. He ran one block, and as he turned the corner dashed into the waiting arms of Policeman Foley, who heard the cries of Kennard. Geltz was taken to the Naval Hospital, where his injuries were pronounced serious.

RECENT BOMB EXPLOSIONS.

Aug. 2, 2 A. M., No. 325 West Fourteenth street, bomb exploded in hallway.

July 6, 1 A. M., No. 238 Elizabeth street, bomb exploded in apartment of Giovanni Modona.

July 24, 5 A. M., aboard the ferry-boat Sutherland, bomb exploded under the hull.

Aug. 5, 4:25 A. M., No. 125 Avenue A, bomb exploded in front of building.

Aug. 6, 1:30 A. M., No. 330 East One Hundred and Seventh street, bomb exploded in front of the store of Saverio Falciano, who denied receiving a threatening letter.