

ADMIRAL'S WIFE OFFERS APOLOGY AFTER 12 YEARS

Action of Mrs. Couden, Who is Suing for Divorce, Surprises Naval Set. HAD DISPUTE AT DINNER Comparison of American and British Navies Figures in Latest Testimony.

MRS. COUDEN'S APOLOGY.

I, the undersigned, do publicly offer my apologies to Capt. Harold K. Hines, U. S. N., retired, and other officers for any remarks made by me at a dinner given on board the United States ship Wheeling, at Sitka, Alaska, in 1900, in which the British and American navies were discussed. As apologies were at that time exchanged between the wardroom officer and myself, I had considered the question closed.

HELEN L. COUDEN, Wife of Rear Admiral A. R. Couden, U. S. N., retired.

The foregoing "personal notice" in the current issue of the Army and Navy Journal yesterday furnished members of Washington society and the naval set in particular an interesting little tale, involving to some extent the marital difficulties between Rear Admiral Couden and his wife, who is suing him for a limited divorce and separate maintenance in the Supreme Court. It had not been for this suit it is highly probable this public apology on Mrs. Couden's part, twelve years after the occurrence giving rise to it, would never have been made.

On August 28 Capt. Hines, who now lives in Montclair, N. J., testified before a referee in Washington, the records show, in the suit he brought against Rear Admiral Couden and at the latter's request. His former commanding officer wanted legal proof of the fact, apparently, that Mrs. Couden was aboard the Mohican for a certain period while this gentleman was in command of the ship. Mrs. Couden was then a captain and commanded the Mohican. Capt. Hines, then a lieutenant, was his navigating officer.

Had to Put Wife Ashore.

It is understood to be the admiral's contention that his wife was aboard the Mohican against his wishes and without his consent and that he was obliged to run into port, without orders, to land her, making him liable to court-martial. All this is alleged to be in support of his argument before the court that Mrs. Couden made it impossible for him to live with her. Capt. Hines testified only to the presence of Mrs. Couden aboard the Mohican at the time in question.

The admiral asked Mrs. Couden if she could remember witnessing any quarrel or dispute between husband and wife. He said he could not. They asked him if he could remember any occasion in which the wife had differed in public. He said he could, and he related the incident on the Wheeling which led to the apology by Mrs. Couden printed in Saturday's issue of The Army and Navy Journal.

Rear Admiral Couden in 1900 was a captain in command of the Wheeling, stationed in Alaskan waters, and Capt. Hines, then a lieutenant, was his navigating officer. Capt. Couden, while his vessel was anchored off Sitka, gave a dinner in his cabin at which the other officers of the ship and Mrs. Couden, then a captain, were present. The conversation turned on the American and British navies, and Mrs. Couden, who is an Englishwoman, took a vigorous part in it. As the topic unfolded she began making comparisons, aimed partly at her husband, between British and American officers, to the discomfiture of the latter.

His husband's remark with her. He questioned the accuracy of her statements and their good taste in such a company. But she persisted.

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THREE DEAD IN TORNADO'S PATH

Fifty or More Injured in Onondago County, N. Y., When Storm Cuts Wide Swath.

Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 15.—A tornado which laid a ten mile trail of destruction across Onondago County late this afternoon killed three persons, injured fifty, and destroyed \$250,000 worth of property. The dead are William Madison, Syracuse; J. Duggan, Charles Baynet, Ballina. The black, funnel shaped cloud first appeared near Long Branch, a pleasure resort ten miles from here. Four hundred persons were gathered there when it struck, and two massive interurban trolley cars were hurled into a ditch.

Scores ran into a dance hall for shelter, but the tornado wrecked the building, injuring many. The storm wrecked the boat house of the Syracuse University navy, doing \$500 damage to it alone. Fitchers Hill, a settlement north of Syracuse, was practically wiped out, fifteen residences, a schoolhouse, and a number of barns falling before the whirlwind. The home of H. A. Wendel, which stood in the path of the tornado, was lifted from its foundation and turned completely over. In the house were Mrs. Wendel and three boys, all of whom escaped uninjured.

Heard Exhibition to Open To-night. The formal opening of the health exhibit of the fifteenth International Congress of Hygiene will take place to-night at the building between Seventeenth and B Streets Northwest. Music will be furnished by the Marine Band.

CHALONER SAYS HELL IS NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL

Gentleman of Merry Mills, Va., Gets Messages Through His ex-Faculty. REFRESHING AFTER EARTH Says Satan Is Very Much Misunderstood and Maligned Character.

World stories of hell, transmitted to him through his ex-faculty, as he terms it, by his departed friend, Thomas Jefferson Miller, were told in Alexandria yesterday by John Armstrong Chaloner, of Merry Mills, Va., son of the noted New York family who had him placed in the Bloomington Asylum and from which he escaped to Virginia. These stories he declared to be "as whirling as the Arabian Nights and no more miraculous than the New Testament."

Hell, according to Miller, is not "the old-time place of perpetual, indiscriminate combustion. That old caricature serves well enough on earth, and is strong enough to serve its purpose on earth." Hell flame, according to Miller, is "a thinking, diamond rattle-snake—that beautiful and noble reptile that molts no one that does not cross its path, but strikes to kill all that do cross its path and do not give away before it. Hell flame," Miller continues, "is a composition of my own invented shortly after arriving here from Paradise."

In hell, according to Miller's revelations to Chaloner, everything is judged primarily by the intent. "In law with the law," he says, "intent, of course, governs, but the intent must be followed by action on earth in order to bring the party under the law. Whereas in hell the intent itself is enough to convict a man of crime. If a man thinks adultery in hell he commits adultery, and sharp and shrewd will the reckoning be. If a man thinks rape in hell he commits rape. If a man thinks murder in hell he commits murder, and so on down the list. And lastly, if a man thinks a lie by which in this as in previous cases, of course, is meant if he wishes to lie, he will lie, and he has a chance to lie, and would lie—he lies."

All Must Prepare.

Miller tells those on earth to steel their courage and arouse their characters to the campaign before them, "which will require years of severe and torturing training before you can possibly be ready for the ordeal."

Miller described to Chaloner the sensations of death. "You must know," he is alleged to have said, "that death is not the least of the atrocious shocks or feelings whatsoever. By this, I mean that upon making the passage of the Styx—as the ancients had it—there is neither joy nor shock, nor sense of falling, nor landing, though, of course, the soul does fall and does land, since hell is within this terrestrial ball. It is not, of course, mean that there is no pain in hell, but that the transition of the human existence at death—sometimes the pang is dreadful; any physician can tell you that who has seen people die in agony. It is the transition, the transition that follows, after the heart ceases to beat, and life in your world is entirely extinct."

Continuing his death sensations, Miller refused to have communicated the following:

"Upon reaching the undiscovered country the first sensation I experienced was that of awaking after a sound and peaceful sleep. I felt refreshed, vigorous, calm, and cheerful. Not a pain or ache and not a care on my mind. I could scarcely believe my senses—the unutterable relief from years and years of pain and care. I mentally prepared to look me and am wounded no more. I was, but how I was, for all these delightful new sensations coursed through my being before I had time to open my eyes and see where I was. I beheld? Napoleon Bonaparte sitting upon a throne the like of which never before was seen."

Miller hopes described the bed of gold, the spotless linen, creamy woolen blankets and other sumptuous furnishings. The bedrooms, he said, were twenty-four feet square and the walls were studded with rubies.

The "elect" are not, according to Miller's alleged revelations, immune from hell. "You may as well know first as last," he says, "that the virtuous and the sinners of whom Satan is Jehovah's public prosecutor as the District Attorney is with us in the North and the South. Personified sin is everywhere, vile, treacherous, and bad that Satan or the Devil is alleged to be in the Scriptures. But you must be on your guard, for the existence of personified sin being revealed in the Scriptures it would have complicated an already sufficiently complicated state of affairs among believers. Therefore, Satan has been employed in the dual role of Jehovah's attorney general to try out all supposedly fair-minded men and women and separate the gold from the dross. Briefly, Satan is the highest power in heaven after the trinity. He reigns in hell, but appears in heaven as he pleases." Satan, Miller declares, is a prince, a gentleman, a hero, and a noble creature who has been maligned as no other being has been maligned since the beginning of time. Things in hell, he says, are far better than is generally supposed.



SIX LOSE LIVES IN LAKE STORM; NINETEEN SAVED

Boatload of Naval Recruits Goes Down in Gale Near North Chicago Station.

Chicago, Sept. 15.—Six boys, recruits at the United States Naval Training Station at North Chicago, lost their lives today in a storm on Lake Michigan, which in many respects has no parallel.

The dead: W. E. Antrobus, Chicago; R. C. Harlan, Memphis, Tenn.; J. J. Southworth, North Chicago; John Wallace, John Patton, John J. O'Brien, Detroit, Mich.; A. L. Raymond.

Twenty-three boys, one able seaman, who was a petty officer, and another petty officer, set forth early in the afternoon for a pleasure sail. They became helpless in a gale, but fought their way almost to shore, where the tragedy occurred—within 100 feet of the beach.

One man who battled valiantly against the storm and saved the lives of the others, was the petty officer, who was walked up and down the shore this evening, declared that he and she alone was responsible for the loss of life. That was William Negus, petty officer and able seaman.

Takes All Blame.

"It was my fault," he cried. "I could have saved them. I could have beached the boat and they would all have reached the shore."

But Capt. W. F. Fullam, commanding of the station, who saw the tragedy, declared that Negus did all he could when he dropped anchor near the shore. "He thinks he could have beached the boat, but he could not," said the commanding officer. "His comrades were exhausted and they were helpless against the pull of the water."

In full view of hundreds of people along the shore, the boat capsized. Two lives were saved with struggling boys. Many of them had never been in rough water before.

They struck out strongly for the shore, but there was no shore in addition to the heavy waves. Three boys got almost within arms reach of rescuers, when they were snatched back by the sea, and died.

A survivor told a dramatic story. "Negus wanted to save the boat," he said. "He knew that if he, as the only able seaman aboard, returned without the boat, he would lose his position. When we had almost reached the shore, and he saw that we could not land without smashing the boat, he gave the order to drop anchor. At the same time he headed the boat out to sea."

Orders Anchor Dropped.

"Drop anchor," he said to one of the boys.

"The lad turned pale, and stammered: 'Have I got to obey that order?'"

"Drop anchor," repeated Negus sharply, and the boy who had sworn obedience when he enlisted, dropped the anchor without a word. But Negus thought he was doing the right thing—and Capt. Fullam is still certain of it. The boat was near the shore. It seemed almost a certainty that the boys could swim the distance. And still Negus was careful. But the waves were too much for them.

"Is there any one here who cannot swim?" demanded Negus.

"I cannot swim, sir," said a boy in the boat.

Another boy was in the stern, swimming.

"I don't know whether I can swim in water like that," he said.

"Come with me, both of you," ordered Negus. And he went into the hull, along with the two boys. Others followed, striking out for themselves. The boat capsized on a sand bar just as the last boy left it.

A group of the recruits, fearing to attempt the hard swim, clung to the overturned boat until the waves and the undertow tore them away.

New York Press Bought Out by Frank A. Munsey

New York, Sept. 15.—The New York Press, which since February, 1905, has been owned by Henry L. Einstein, this morning is issued as the property of Frank A. Munsey. In statements Mr. Einstein tells of the sale and Mr. Munsey makes an announcement of the purchase by him.

The paper was founded more than twenty-four years ago as a Republican tariff organ. It has continued as a Republican paper until today, when it appears as under Mr. Munsey's ownership supporting Theodore Roosevelt for President. Irvin Waldman, who succeeded Lemuel Ely Oulag as its editor and is at present editor and publisher, Mr. Munsey announces will continue with the paper under its new ownership.

PLUCKY WOMEN USE THEIR FISTS ON HIGHWAYMAN

Mrs. Richard F. Way and Mrs. F. B. Nelson Attacked During Rainstorm.

Mrs. Richard F. Way and her sister, Mrs. F. B. Nelson, who live at 540 Thirty-fourth Place, Cleveland Park, pluckily frustrated a negro who attacked them in front of the Church of the Covenant during the rainstorm last night, and attempted to tear from their persons their jewelry and handbags.

Screaming for aid, Mrs. Way and Mrs. Nelson fought the man with their open hands and welded their handbags as weapons until they could retreat into the yard of residence, run up the porch steps and ring the door bell. The negro, surprised at such resistance and strategy, fled and escaped.

Mrs. Way, who is the wife of a Pullman employe, and Mrs. Nelson, who is a widow, left the home of a friend during the rain, and started west in N Street, intending to board a Connecticut Avenue car. When passing the Church of the Covenant, where evening services had just begun, the women encountered the negro, who a minute later started following them. Mrs. Way, who had asked: "What do you want?" Without answer the man grabbed Mrs. Way and attempted to wrench off a neck chain. She struck him in the face. Mrs. Nelson beat the man with her handbag. Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Way rained blows on the man's head. Meanwhile the women backed toward the open gate of a fence surrounding the lawn of an N Street home. Inside the yard, both women turned and ran up the steps, screaming for help.

The man, who the doorbell frantically, and the clatter of the bell could be heard by the negro. He did not ascend the steps. When it seemed "delay" would mean capture, he ran from the yard and fled east in N Street, both disappearing in the darkness. The women were so frightened they barely explained to the butler who answered their call.

He accompanied them to the car without revealing his identity or the name of his employer. After reaching home, Mrs. Way notified the police of the Third precinct by telephone. Detectives Grant and Armstrong of the Central Office, were detailed to the case, and the Third precinct reserves were sent out. No trace of the negro has been found.

\$1.00 to Harpers Ferry and Martinsburg. \$1.50 Berkeley Springs. \$2.00 Cumberland and return. Baltimore & Ohio Special train leaves Union Station at 1:30 p. m., Sept. 16, September 16, stopping at principal points on the Metropolitan Branch.

LINEMAN HITS LIVE WIRE; IS KILLED BY FALL

Albert J. Ketter Discards Safety Belt and Drops to Street When Stunned.

Albert J. Ketter, twenty-five years old, lineman for the Potomac Electric Power Company, did not wear his safety belt when he climbed to the top of a pole at Blair Road and Cedar Street, Takoma Park, yesterday afternoon, and last night his prey young widow lay sobbing hysterically in their home at 150 1-2 Thirtieth Street Northwest, while his four-year-old daughter cried in vain for "papa."

Ketter, thirty-five feet above the ground, reached for his pliers on top of the horizontal arm supporting the wires. His foot slipped a fraction of an inch and the edge of his left hand was flung through a wire through which 3,000 volts of electricity were coursing. The contact burned a black spot in the flesh. Ketter was stunned into insensibility.

His body turned twice in mid-air, and he struck the ground on his head and right shoulder, the body crumpling up. Death was instantaneous with contact with the ground. It is believed fellow-workmen picked up the body and carried it a few yards into the drug store of W. Fenwick Mattingly, Dr. Alfred V. Parsons, of Carroll and Maple Avenues, and Dr. George Longkann, of 1221 M Street Northwest, were called to the scene. Dr. Parsons, reached the drug store a few minutes after the accident.

Artificial Respiration Tried.

Dr. Loeskan tried artificial respiration, while Dr. Parsons prepared a hypodermic injection. For twenty minutes the physicians labored without Ketter exhibiting a vestige of life. Then he was pronounced dead. The body was removed to the morgue. Word was sent to Mrs. Ketter, who collapsed. She has been married but five years, and had implored the young husband time and again to forsake the dangerous calling. He had laughed at her fears.

An inquest will be held at the morgue this morning at 11:30 o'clock. Physicians believe death was due to the fall, and not to the electric shock. Had Ketter worn his safety belt, it is believed his body would have been suspended until he had regained consciousness or until other workmen could have reached him.

Marshall Offered House in Capital For \$8,500 a Year

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 15.—A real estate firm of Washington, D. C., evidently of Wilson-Marshall faith, has offered Gov. Marshall a residence in Washington, the rent being \$8,500 a year. The vice presidential salary is only \$12,000 annually, and it is well known that Gov. Marshall is not afflicted with a fat pocketbook.

The letter to the Governor follows: "Dear Sir: Thinking that you might wish to locate in an up-to-date, large, commodious residence, with every convenience, large reception rooms, parlors, dining rooms, masters' rooms, with private bath, servants' rooms, I beg leave to submit this property at an annual rental of \$8,500.

"I am sure if you wish to consider a house of this size that you could not possibly find one more conveniently arranged and better located in the city of Washington.

"I would be glad to show you this house at any time and am ready to sign up on a yearly lease or longer."

"What on earth do I want with masters' rooms?" queried the Governor. "What I want are servants' rooms. If I'm to be a servant of the people I'll not be wanting any masters' rooms."

OROZCO CAPTURE NOT CONFIRMED; STEEVER PROBES

American Commander Takes Steps to Ascertain Truth of the Rumors. CAUSES COMMOTION HERE If True, Taking of Prisoner Will Break the Backbone of Revolution.

Unofficial advices were received here last night to the effect that Gen. Orozco had crossed the border into the State of Texas and had been captured by Capt. Mitchell, U. S. A. However, commanding the American forces at El Paso, telegraphed the War Department that this rumor had reached him, but that he was unable to confirm it. He added that he had sent re-enforcements to Marfa, Tex., where Capt. Mitchell is stationed.

The report caused a great deal of commotion here last night, and the greatest significance is attached to it in those quarters where the rumor is credited. It is the general belief here that if the report is true, and Orozco is in the custody of the United States army, that the collapse of organized revolution in the north of Mexico is at hand. It is not believed here that the rebels would last long without Orozco, who for months has been the brain of all the operations in the north.

Would Disprove Rumors.

On the other hand, it is pointed out that if the report of Orozco's capture is correct, it goes far to disprove the rumors of the last forty-eight hours to the effect that a general uprising, in which the federal forces of the north are to join, is due to take place to-day, which is the national holiday of Mexico. According to the report of Orozco's capture, he was driven across the border by federals, who pursued him and his force after a hot engagement.

The one fact which has been taken as lending some semblance of truth to rumors that the Federal soldiers intended to join the revolution, is that apparently they have not taken any steps to run down Orozco or any of his associates, who have been raiding and pillaging in the border country in the last few weeks. If they intended to join Orozco in revolution, they would have been taking steps to look for him and drive him across the border.

Dispatches to the State Department yesterday gave no sign of any change in the situation. Ambassador Wilson reported that great uneasiness prevailed in the capital over what to-day may bring forth. He also reported that he is taking steps looking to the ascertaining of the whereabouts of John Devine, an American, reported sentenced to death by rebels.

GUNMEN TAKEN FROM POLICE; PUT IN TOMBS

Whitman's Action Taken to Indicate He Has No Faith in Detectives' Story. GAIN NOTHING BY QUIZ Assistant Prosecutor Says Accused Men Impressed Him with Intelligence.

New York, Sept. 15.—"Gyp the Blood" and "Lefty Louis," the two alleged Rosenthal murderers captured last night, were ordered from the custody of the police to-day by District Attorney Whitman, to separate cells in the Tombs with an abruptness that caused Deputy Commissioner Dougherty and his men to stop talking of the case.

The prompt action of the District Attorney is taken to indicate that he has no faith in the story of how the police trailed the wives of the men for more than a mile across their houses, hold purchases, and still failed to land the fugitives.

Mr. Whitman's wishes were made known to Assistant District Attorney Moss in long distance telephone message from St. Louis.

Mr. Moss admitted that the story as given out by Deputy Commissioner Dougherty of how the murderers were located on a cleft that called for a house with a laundry under it and a moving picture show to the rear would "not hold water."

Wives Held as Witnesses.

The girl wives of the two men were ordered held as material witnesses. Bail was fixed at \$1,000 in each case, in default of which they were sent to the House of Detention.

Michael Kramer, the New Haven pickpocket, who was found in the Brooklyn flat with the party, was also held as a material witness.

All of the prisoners will be arraigned before Justice Goff in the Supreme Court to-morrow morning.

With the same social stigma which which the arrested arrest, "Gyp" and "Lefty" still refuse to discuss the murder charge against them and will tell nothing of their movements either before or after the crime except that they have been living in Brooklyn about a month.

Assistant District Attorney Moss, who with Deputy Commissioner Dougherty, submitted the two women to a "working" process, declared that no information of value had been elicited from the prisoners.

"We examined the men separately and with questions went over all known details of the Rosenthal murder, but failed to get any satisfactory information," said Mr. Moss. "To all questions that might in any way connect them with the crime the same stereotyped answer was given, 'We decline to answer.'"

Impressed by Intelligence.

"The only change in the form of replies to my questions was when they would sometimes answer: 'We do not care to discuss the case in any way until we have had time to talk with a lawyer.'"

"I was very much impressed with the apparent intelligence of both 'Gyp the Blood' and 'Lefty Louis.' I do not recall that at any time during the examination was used by either of them. They are far above the type from which gangsters are commonly supposed to develop."

There was every evidence that the prisoners were prepared to meet the situation with which they were confronted. They had either been schooled in what not to say by some skillful adviser or they displayed an intelligence in refraining from a plan which both adhered so closely that nothing detrimental could be obtained."

The wives of the gunmen have already been told to talk and to cooperate the tell about automobile rides with their husbands through Brooklyn and at Coney Island to indicate that very little, if any, fear of the police was entertained at any time. It also shows that a number of persons must have known of the presence of the murderers in the city.

Good Time at "Coney."

Mrs. "Gyp" told, with much glee, of the good time she and Mrs. "Lefty" had with their husbands at the Coney Island Mardi Gras last Tuesday night.

This is the day Deputy Commissioner Dougherty tells that his men saw the girls get off the Second Avenue elevated at Ninety-second Street and disappear in an automobile, No. 9422.

Mrs. "Gyp" says that she received a

Continued on Page Three.

VIRGINIA GUNMEN GO TO FACE COURT

With Maude Iroler and Guards Alleged Slayers Pass Through Cincinnati.

Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 15.—Sidna Allen, Wesley Edwards and Maude Iroler, Edwards' sweetheart, who unwittingly led detectives to the hiding place of the Virginia outlaws in Des Moines, Iowa, passed through here to-night on a Big Four train out of Chicago. They are bound for Hillsville, Va., where the shooting in which Judge Blaine and several others were killed, took place last March.

Miss Iroler, who is a typical, uneducated mountain girl, denied in a brief interview on the train that she is to marry Wesley Edwards.

"I ain't got no notion of marrying 'Wes,'" she said in the mountain patois. "We are all just friends. I got his letter and left. I told maw I was going to visit friends, but she don't know where I am. Maw, she won't know. She never reads the papers there. I didn't mean to give away on Wes or Sidna, and I don't know there was a detective on the train."

"At Des Moines, Wes was out when I got there. Sidna came into the room and the detective drew on him. Sidna said, 'I guess I'm the man you're after,' then Wes gave up. There was no trouble, and Wes don't blame me. He gave me \$5 this morning, but he won't speak to me. They can't electrify Wes, kin they?"

The Iroler girl is about five feet four in height, with thin brown hair, worn in a slick pompadour, and large, rather vacant brown eyes.

AUTOMOBILE FUNERAL FOR AVIATOR PAUL PECK

Motor Hearse Carries Body and Mourners Go to the Cemetery in Motor Cars.

The first automobile funeral ever seen in Washington was that yesterday afternoon of Paul Peck, the Washington aviator, who was hurried to death from his Columbus biplane at Chicago Wednesday. A motor hearse, a motor wagon to carry the elaborate floral pieces, and about thirty other automobiles accompanied the body to Union Cemetery, Rockville, Md., where it was buried beside the grave of the aviator's young wife, who died last April.

Funeral services were held at 2 o'clock, from the residence of Mr. Peck's uncle, Samuel J. Masters, 315 Newton Street Northwest. The services were conducted by Rev. William Taylor Snyder, who married Paul Peck and Miss Ruth Owens a little more than a year ago, and who officiated at the funeral of the young wife. The services were brief and simple. At their conclusion the motor cur-

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