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WOMAN BETRAYS LOVER WANTED IN MURDER BY GOSSIP WITH GIRLHOOD FRIEND

Unaware That Old Chum Has Married Chicago Detective, She Tells Story of Escape in Night from Police Surrounded Home in Cleveland.

"Women," remarked a man, when the heavy hand of a policeman from the Desplaines street station fell on his shoulder last night, "women are hell."

In a cell in the Desplaines street station, today, a woman paced furiously up and down. Anger and sorrow and sheer rage were in her face.

"What a fool I am!" she cried. "What an utter fool! And now they have arrested him, and he will be found guilty, and perhaps"—her voice fell and faltered—"perhaps they will hang him."

In the captain's office at Desplaines street, Police Captain Thomas Meagher and Captain of Detectives Alfred Walker, of Cleveland, O., smoked good cigars in placid content.

"Yep," said Meagher, "we've got him dead to rights now, and it ought to be easier than eating pie

to get him convicted."

The man who was arrested is Frank Kinney, master burglar, and, the police say, murderer of Ralph Byrns.

The woman who so bitterly accused herself in the cell is Nellie Sullivan, Kinney's sweet heart, and the innocent cause of his arrest.

Kinney and the woman will be taken back to Cleveland tonight, the man to stand trial for the murder of Byrns; the woman perhaps to stand trial as his accomplice.

On the night of February 2, 1913, Ralph Byrns and his wife came home late from the theater. They found two burglars in the house.

Byrns, a retired sea captain, was 64 years old, but a powerful and courageous man. He tackled both the robbers. One of the robbers broke away and ran. The