

EMILE LOUBET ELECTED PRESIDENT OF FRANCE



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PARIS, Feb. 18.—For once prophecies made before the event were right. Before luncheon this morning at Versailles everybody said M. Loubet was certain to be elected as successor to M. Felix Faure.

In the afternoon he was made President of the French republic by a majority of seventy votes, having received 483 out of a possible 824.

As a matter of fact, it did not need superhuman acuteness to come to the conclusion that an almost unopposed candidate might win the Presidential battle.

M. Loubet virtually had things in his own hands to-day at the Palace of Versailles. With the exception of himself, pretty nearly every prominent public man in France, who under happier circumstances might have stood some chance of occupying the Palace of Elysee for a term, has been more or less affected by the Dreyfus affair, which is a sort of two-edged sword that wounds friend and foe alike.

M. Meilne, M. Loubet's most serious opponent, openly declared that he was not in the field and promulgated very prominently about the Galerie des Tombeaux, this afternoon displaying a voting bulletin bearing the name of Loubet.

M. Dupuy with touching unanimity also declined to oppose the President of the Senate "both as a personal friend and as a Republican," which, as a cynical Deputy remarked, was a bit of self-sacrifice that cost him but little, as his prospects of being elected even had he allowed his name to be put forward for the Presidency, were anything but bright.

Presumably by virtue of article VII of the constitution, which states that in case of a vacancy by death or from any other cause, another President shall be elected "immediately," no speeches are allowed. As soon then as M. Loubet had declared that the National Assembly was regularly constituted for the election of a President of the Republic, preparations for voting were begun.

RIOTERS CROWD THE STREETS OF PARIS

Threaten a Demonstration Against the President at the Funeral of Faure.

PARIS, Feb. 18.—President Loubet arrived here from Versailles at 5:03 p. m. and was received with military honors. Amid renewed acclamations from the crowds the President proceeded to the Elysee Palace, in order to pay a tribute of respect to the remains of the late President Faure.

In opposition to the cries of "Panama," the supporters of the President raised shouts of "Vive Loubet." At this stage of the demonstration a detachment of mounted cuirassiers appeared and cleared a passage for the President's carriage.

The noise was then redoubled and the police had great difficulty in restraining the mob. Suddenly M. de Roulede, Millevoye and Habert appeared.

M. Millevoye waved a tri-color flag above M. de Roulede, while the latter harangued the crowd. He said: "Listen now to what I was prevented from saying at the Versailles election. The President belongs to the people. I rejoice at this manifestation, but to-day we cannot go to the Elysee and spit upon one whom we have no wish to recognize as chief of state. We must allow to rest in peace, such as it is, the man who is still living and return home."

But on Thursday we shall not fall to attend the funeral ceremony. You will find among the followers of the coffin the judges of the criminal section of the Court of Cassation and the base Deputies who elected this President whom we do not recognize. You know your duty. Down with this republic and long live a republic of the people."

The street demonstrations were renewed at midnight. The Republican guard, mounted and on foot, took up their station at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue Drouot. The police scattered the crowd, making many arrests.

howled out in various keys. "Begin with Dreyfus," for the letter indicates the alphabetical order in which the voting is to begin.

Nor does the excitement calm down. On the contrary, it becomes more intense, for almost immediately M. Deroulede's tall figure is seen approaching the tribune. He mounts the steps and then, instead of depositing his vote in the urn, he turns to address the assembly. His intention is manifestly to address the Deputies and Senators, but M. Loubet is not presiding for the first time. He rises to his feet and sternly reminds M. Deroulede that he cannot speak when once voting has begun.

M. Loubet's gong is ringing madly. Ushers try to induce M. Deroulede to leave the tribune. He refuses with an impatient gesture. Again he turns to the President of the Assembly, again he thunders something, wildly gesticulating. Then, as another effort is made to get him on to the floor of the house, again he puts his hand to his hip pocket. As a thrill of excitement ran

BULGARIA IS LOST IN A HURRICANE

One More Tale of Horror Comes From the Sea.

BREMEN, Feb. 18.—The British steamer Koordistan, Captain Simpson, from Savannah January 7 for this port, has arrived here and reports that on February 5, in latitude 41 north and longitude 44 west, she sighted the Hamburg-American line steamer Bulgaria, which was signaling that she was in want of immediate assistance and sinking.

The British oil tank steamer Weehawken and another steamer were standing by the Bulgaria at the time. The steering gear of the latter was broken, and her rudder was beating violently from side to side. The Bulgaria also had a heavy list to port, her deck being level with the water on the port side. Her port boats had been carried away.

The boats of the Koordistan vainly tried to reach the Bulgaria, but were unable to do so owing to the heavy weather prevailing. The Koordistan stood beside the disabled vessel for twenty-eight hours, but lost sight of her during a hurricane, which was accompanied by hail, on February 6.

It was evident to those on board the Koordistan that the machinery of the Bulgaria was disabled, but they added that everything was quiet on board her and there was no panic, while every one wore a lifebelt.

JAY E. HUNTER FATALLY SHOT

Wounded by a Bill Collector.

BLOWS REPAID WITH LEAD

THREE BULLETS FIND THEIR MARK.

Los Angeles Attorney Canes a Man Who Dunned Him, and in Return Receives Mortal Wounds.

Special Dispatch to The Call.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 18.—Jay E. Hunter, one of the best known attorneys of Los Angeles, a prominent society man and a leading member of the California Club, was fatally shot between 4 and 5 o'clock this afternoon by William Alford. The shooting took place in Hunter's office at 437 Stimson block.

A few weeks ago William Alford, who is a pattern maker in the employ of Llewellyn Bros., obtained a small judgment against Hunter. It is not known whether Alford was trying to collect the judgment, but it is supposed he went to Hunter's office for that purpose.

Hunter evidently became angry at being dunned for the small amount and attacked Alford with his big silver-headed mahogany cane, the head of which weighs three pounds. With one blow of the cane he felled Alford to the floor. Quick as a flash Alford whipped out his revolver and fired four shots at him. He denigrated expansion. Now no organization and the campaign in the Philippines. While his views were generally known it was the first direct threat he had made, and his familiars bruted it about until it has come to administration ears.

From now until Congress closes Reed may be expected to fight every bill which he can get his hands on. He is a member of the House, he is able to muster. In this way Speaker Reed hopes to conquer his friend Huntington, and through him the trusts, that their attack lies in his (Reed's) political elevation.

There is little question that the trouble has arisen between Alford and Hunter about the judgment. On the floor of Hunter's office a pamphlet, covered by blood, was found. It reads as follows:

For sale—A small judgment against Jay E. Hunter in Justice Morrison's courtroom.

Alford was bleeding profusely when he reached the police station. Blood oozed from a wound in his scalp, inflicted by Hunter's big mahogany cane. Alford was composed, and when asked for his statement calmly replied:

"I absolutely refuse to discuss the matter."

An operation has been performed on Alford. The physicians had no other recourse but to cut the neck, which is not at all a pleasant operation. He is not at Old House in Pentonville, which, by the way, has been re-named in St. Petersburg, offering funds to fight his claim. But the attempts of press men, who have tried to ascertain whether he is to accept any of these funds and when he will commence the fight in earnest, have proved unavailing. The viscount is not here to be found.

MME. DUSE TO APPEAR IN SAN FRANCISCO

NEW YORK, Feb. 18.—In addition to

HAD HER PICTURE IN HIS OVERCOAT POCKET

Mrs. Juanita Coad Named as Co-respondent in the Sensational Brown Divorce Suit.

Famous "Endman" of the Lady Minstrels Causes Trouble in the Home of Prominent Petaluma Residents—Spicy and Indelicate Morsels for the Trial.

MRS. JUANITA COAD, the well-known amateur singer and "endman" of the famed "female minstrel organization," has been named as co-respondent in a sensational divorce suit that is about to startle the aristocratic circles of conservative Petaluma.

The parties to the suit are John McAllen Brown and Ella Button Brown. The wife in her complaint charges infidelity, cruelty, failure to provide and desertion, and prays the court to dissolve the union that binds her to the man whose name she bears.

The suit was filed secretly, and Petaluma is in blissful ignorance of the many well-spread morsels the hearing, which is set for the 23d, will bring forth.

Juanita Coad, who is cast for the star feminine part in the sensational suit, is well and favorably known to all frequenters of popular "entertainments" and charity fetes. Mrs. Coad sings and plays, and can with equal dexterity twirl the tambourine or rattle the bones on the end seat of a minstrel show.

She has been prominently identified with the many literary and musical affairs that the Native Daughters have given from time to time, and has always been a generous contributor to all entertainments planned in the cause of charity.

The Browns are among the best known people in Petaluma. Mr. Brown, familiarly known to his intimates as "Doc"

It was during Mrs. Coad's absence from the family home that Mrs. Brown came to one and found Mrs. Coad's picture in her husband's overcoat pocket and her little son's portrait in the room that had been occupied by the fair Juanita.

The picture episode is neatly accounted for by Mrs. Coad. "I went out one evening with 'Doc' Brown and a friend returned me two pictures that I had let her have for the newspapers. They wanted to publish my portrait in relation to some charity affair. I had no pocket. 'Doc' had. So I gave my picture to him to keep for me. As to the picture of his little boy, it happened this way. One day 'Doc' was very despondent and told me to take the picture of his little boy away, as it reminded him of home and all the misery there. 'If you don't take it away I will kill myself,' said 'Doc' as I took it out of the most natural place in the world—my room."



JUANITA COAD on Dress Parade and in Camping Costume With Her Friend "Doc" Brown.

Brown, is the son of the late capitalist, John Brown, and the wife belongs to the old Button family, also prominent in the social and commercial life of the township. The unhappy couple have been married for seven years, and a little son, Allen, aged 5 years, is the sole result of the union. According to the wife, the first three years of the marriage were really happy ones. Then the husband's love began slowly but surely to wane and frequent business trips to this city were made by the wife.

Mrs. Coad declares she has no harsh feelings toward the woman who has wrecked her life, and she has repeatedly begged her to make Mrs. Brown prove every word she may utter to her (Mrs. Coad's) disadvantage.

The fair amateur singer's person and manner plainly show that she is not a woman to be trifled with. Though petite and dainty, with winning manners and pleasant smile, she has a way of setting her teeth and knotting her brows, while her black eyes flash fire, that bodes all sorts of danger to the one who mistakenly crosses the Coad path.

Mrs. Coad is about 25 years of age and has been wedded for more than seven years to a man who must be at least forty years her senior. She wears the golden badge of her plighted troth on her thumb, and addresses her lord and master as "Duckie" and "Dear."

That, however, is as far as the outward form of Juanita's affection goes. The querulous interrogations of the aged spouse are treated with a healthy determination "That is my affair. I will explain to you later."

Mrs. Coad has religiously kept a diary in which she has carefully noted every circumstance of her life during the past four years. This the lady regards as a most fortunate circumstance and expects with the aid of this precious document to be able to refute any and all charges Mrs. Brown may bring against her.

Mrs. Coad spoke freely of her relations with "Doc" Brown and expressed no surprise that she should be named as co-respondent in the divorce suit. "I've been expecting it," she said, "but I am prepared and am not afraid of anything Mrs. Brown may say against me."

My life has been broken, but I still have my boy Allan to live for, and God grant that in him I will give to the world a better man than I have been.

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