

MURDER AND SUICIDE END THE PURSUIT

TRAPPED FUGITIVES ACCEPT DEATH RATHER THAN LAW

Milton Andrews, the Accused Slayer of Bessie Bouton, Ends Life in Tragedy. With Police at His Door the Long-Hunted Man Uses Pistol as Last Resort.

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room under watch, but the quest was not wholly successful, only the woman being found.

BULLETS END FLIGHT.

For an instant the investigating officer was called out of the apartment. The woman quickly slammed and locked the door. A moment later two shots were heard. The police shot off the door lock, broke in and found the woman dead on a bed. A man's body was lying on the floor. He had been hiding in a closet. The identification of Andrews and his consort was made at once by the peculiar marks on his face and the large jeweled rings each wore.

The corpses were evidence of guilt which even a long, rambling statement of denials, written by Andrews and found in the woman's stocking, could not refute.

Policeman Fred Smith and M. V. Burke, on special duty in the Mission district, got information two days ago that Andrews and his woman consort were living in seclusion, roomers in the house of James Meagher at 748 McAllister street. Policeman Burke shadowed the house yesterday morning. Through a half raised blind he saw the forms of a man and a woman, reflected by the sunlight, moving about the room of the second story. Burke hurried to the Mission Station, made his report to Captain Anderson, and was sent to Captain Burnett. Detectives Thomas Gibson and John Freel, with Smith and Burke, were sent to the house last night about 7 o'clock. The game was well planned.

By agreement Burke was to enter the house, and representing himself to be a plumber was to seek permission to enter the rooms supposed to be occupied by Andrews and the woman. Detective Gibson stationed himself in the rear of the house on a roof looking into the kitchen occupied by the couple. Detective Freel and Policeman Smith took their stand in the hallway. Before the police entered the house the woman was seen to peer from the blinds three times.

BURKE ENTERS ROOM.

Burke after he had gained admission made his purpose known to Landlord Meagher. The two went to the room rented by the woman. In response to a knock, after some delay, the woman opened the door. When Burke told her that he was a plumber sent to refit the gas pipes, she protested that it was a peculiar time of night to call on such an errand. Overruling her protests Burke went to work. Anxious to ascertain whether the man wanted was in hiding under the bed, Burke bravely knelt to the floor, pretending to measure the width of the room and satisfied himself that there was no one there. The bed was jammed up against a closet door which was slightly ajar. The closet was so dark that Burke could not see into it. Meagher called him to the door of the room, saying, "I want a chandelier placed here, indicating the center of the hall ceiling." Burke had no sooner stepped over the sill than with a bang the woman slammed the door, shut and locked it. Not wishing to make his intention known, Burke walked to the window of the kitchen and as he did so Detective Gibson covered him with his gun from his position on the roof, calling out, "who are you?" Burke drew back his coat lapel and flashed his light on his star. Then he went softly to the door of the bedroom and knocked gently. "What do you want, now?" queried the voice of the woman. "I want to finish my measurements," called Burke. "What do you want to come in the morning," returned the woman. "This is no time of night to be doing such work."

POLICE HEAR SHOTS.

Burke, suspecting by this time that the closet in the bedroom harbored the man he was looking for, tried the door of the room. As he did so two shots rang out in quick succession. Burke drew his revolver and shot the lock off the door. The four policemen rushed into the room and found Andrews lying dead with a bullet hole through his head. The woman lay dead, half upon the bed and half off. Death in each case was instantaneous.

The woman's position was one that would suggest that she submitted to being murdered without a protest. Both hands clasped across her lap, she sat on the edge of the bed, while her lover fired the leaden missile into her brain. As the bullet rent her skull, she fell back in a supine position, her feet dangling upon the floor. His one desire accomplished, that the woman should not be prosecuted after his death, Andrews seized a small hand mirror and, holding it in his left

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PAIR FEAR TO FACE CHARGES OF CRIME

Milton Andrews and his consort, Nulda Petrie, who had fled after brutally attacking and robbing William Ellis, a horseman, at Berkeley, whom they had lured from Australia, were found dead last night in their rooms at James Meagher's house at 748 McAllister street. The police had surrounded the place. Andrews was hidden in a closet when a policeman by subterfuge entered the room.

Realizing that their hiding-place was discovered, the young woman persuaded the policeman to leave the room. She locked the door and immediately afterward two shots were heard in the apartment. The police broke in and saw the bodies of the fugitives with bullet holes in their heads. Andrews' pistol was clutched in his right hand where he was lying on the floor. The woman rested on a bed as if in sleep. The signs were of her voluntary acceptance of death at her lover's hands. Andrews was charged with the murder of Eugene Bosworth, at New Britain, Conn., with the slaying of a woman at Troy, N. Y., and with the killing of Bessie Bouton at Colorado Springs. He returned with Ellis to this country last month, having selected the horseman as another victim for his remarkable record of crime.

aine, Oakland. Personal matters were discussed and Ellis accepted their invitation to come out to the house. Ellis had decided to accept their proposition to go to New York. Early during the morning of October 11, Ellis went to the Berkeley cottage, but found no one there. He returned to his hotel at Oakland and found Andrews. The pair went back to Berkeley to the cottage. "I noticed the woman seemed considerably agitated. She did not make a reply to my comment on her appearance. I also mentioned she was wearing no bodice. Being a trifle warm I removed my hat and coat and went into the dining-room, where, after considerable coaxing on their part, I accepted their invitation to a light luncheon."

"I had just seated myself and was raising a spoonful of marmalade to my mouth when I was struck from behind. I fell off the chair. I was not entirely unconscious and got a glance of Brush (Andrews) standing behind me with a hammer in one hand and a dagger in the other. I attempted to rise, and as I did so he struck me two more blows. He then put his hands in my hip pocket and took five \$100 American bills that I had with me. This seemed to bring me to my senses and I struck him on the jaw with my left hand. I then rose as he found the woman standing and pointing a revolver at me. This I knocked from her hand with my right hand and made for the door as fast as I possibly could in my dazed condition. Just as I arrived at the door he made a terrible lunge at me with the hammer again."

According to the story of Detective Shulz, an officer from Colorado, the life of Andrews has been one of crime. He declares that the Colorado police know that it was Andrews who killed Eugene Bosworth in New Britain in August, 1901. Although Andrews' crime was known to the police soon after the deed was accomplished, they were only able to track him to California, here to lose his trail. Later Andrews killed the Bouton woman, who was living with him at the time. This was in Colorado, where Andrews and his companion quarreled over the Petrie woman, the present mate of the murderer. The result of this quarrel was the murder of the Bouton woman and the flight of Andrews with the Petrie woman. The chance of a lifetime. Suits at half price, account of building by term. \$40 suits at \$25. J. Smith, Tailor, 172 Market street.

alibi, covering a period of several years, and evidently expected to be acquitted of the murders charged to his hand. His reason for such a move is given as sickness, Andrews' statement says that he has consumption, intestinal and general, and heart failure. He "would die in a cell," he says, and desires to be treated as a sick man.

In his manuscript Andrews, coloring his lines with extreme sarcasm, attempts to prove alibis for his many crimes and says that he is willing to surrender to the charges of murder if all other charges against him are dropped. He flays the police and accuses them of placing every unsolved crime of the century at his door. Andrews states that he married Jennie Walsh of Holyoke, Mass. His desire, expressed in his statement, was to secure a divorce after he had stood trial for his crimes and then marry Nulda Petrie.

PLAYS CROOKED POKER.

The statement says in a rambling fashion that Andrews earned his living by crooked poker playing and that Ellis is in on the deal with him. He alleges that he and Ellis in a poker game robbed George Fuller Golden, the comedian, of \$100 on the voyage from Honolulu. Golden threatened arrest and the money was returned. As proof of Ellis' complicity Andrews courts the interviews of Golden and the captain of the Sonoma, whom he says knew of the theft in the game. Andrews tells of his life, of how he met Bessie Bouton and of his wanderings and quarrel with Ellis. The letter was dated November 5 and was addressed to the press of San Francisco. In his opening paragraph Andrews writes:

"The people of the United States have all read of Milton F. Andrews, the many times murderer and his terrible career of bloodshed. I am Andrews, and on November 3d I offered to give myself up for trial on the three murder charges against me, the murder of Bessie Bouton at Colorado Springs, the murder of Mrs. Bosworth at New Britain, Conn., and the murder of the Troy, New York, woman, whatever her name is. The police claim to have all kinds of proof that I killed all three. I have a few less serious charges against me and I agreed to stand trial on all three of the murder charges, providing the petty offenses were quashed and they would never have them brought up against me if I were discharged a free man from the three murder trials. Have I given the public of the United States a fair proposition? My terms of surrender are not accepted. Will you publish this in your paper and let the public look into this matter?"

MEETS BESSIE BOUTON.

Andrews writes that his first met Bessie Bouton in a house of ill-fame at Syracuse, New York. He says she was married to an electrician named George Bouton, but as they both drank, they separated after living together only a few weeks. According to Andrews' statement, he took the woman traveling with him after she promised to stop drinking and receiving other men. The statement tells of how he went to Chicago together and how he soon cleaned up \$10,000 playing poker. He says he found out that Bessie was untrue to him and they quarreled several times. They always managed to patch up their differences, so Andrews writes, till the final split-up came in Colorado Springs. Andrews wrote at length of how they quarreled and fought at the latter place after he discovered she was unfaithful,

He says he made a vow to leave the woman then and did so. He says she followed him in a vain endeavor to bring about a reconciliation. In the meantime, Andrews says, he went East again and in New York he met Nulda for the first time. Continuing, Andrews tells of hearing about the murder of Bessie Bouton and the stories implicating him with the murder.

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