

BANKER SMITH SAYS GLAVIS HYPNOTIZED HIM INTO SIGNING IMPORTANT AFFIDAVIT

He Says He Did not Realize That He Was Making a Statement That Would Connect the Coal Land Claimants With the Guggenheim Interests.

That he was hypnotized by former Special Agent L. R. Glavis into signing an incriminating affidavit in effect, the explanation offered in the Cunningham coal case yesterday by Entryman Charles J. Smith, prominent Seattle banker and business man.

The affidavit in question contains an admission that there was a deal with the Guggenheims, though claiming that it had at that time been abandoned, and denies that the claims were taken for the benefit of a corporation, though admitting that the claimants had an agreement among themselves to consolidate their claims.

Smith spent most of the afternoon on the stand wearing in general and particular, broadly, specifically, positively and emphatically that at no time, at no place and under no circumstances or conditions did he enter into any agreement of whatever nature to sell his claim to the Guggenheims, transfer it to any corporation or to consolidate it with those of any of the other Cunningham entrymen.

Having been led to take oath to his effect not once but over and over again, he was handed the affidavit by Glavis in April, 1907, which he signed under the influence of a hypnosis. Cunningham gave Glavis \$500 of that year. In one of the affidavits Cunningham had stated the negotiations with the Guggenheims at Salt Lake, ending with:

"We explained to them that we were but a committee without power to bind the other claim owners, but we thought after title had been secured the other owners would join with us on such a basis. The Guggenheims have since changed their minds and the agreement has been abandoned and we have surveyed our own railroad to our coal fields."

The affidavit also said: "Not only have the Guggenheim interests had nothing to say regarding our coal lands but no other corporation has had anything to do regarding it. We have had no written agreement whatever with any corporation. We have an understanding that when title had been secured we would form a company by the development of the coal lands, but none of the claims were taken for the benefit of a corporation, but merely with the idea that when titles were secured we would combine our claims and work the field ourselves. We have all proceeded with this end in view."

It appears from the progress of the trial that Glavis recognized immediately the importance of securing admissions similar to this from the other entrymen and work the field ourselves. We have all proceeded with this end in view."

WIRELESS BY EARTH COMING NOW HE SAYS

Tesla Declares He Has Perfected an Invention Which Spells Doom of the "Wire Trust."

(By United Press.) NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—A system of wireless telegraphy, or telephony, which utilizes the earth instead of the air as a medium of transmission, has been perfected by Nikola Tesla, according to the inventor's statement today.

"By a new principle of wave transmission," Tesla said, "I am able to make of the earth a gigantic wire. Within the fraction of a second, a communication will encircle the globe. By its perfection I firmly believe that a man in Chicago, by placing to his ear a receiver that will cost but two or three dollars, will be enabled to hear grand opera in Milan or Vienna. It will render telegraphic communication incredibly cheap."

DEATH BETTER THAN DIVORCE

Exactly three years ago and almost within an hour of the time they had pledged their troth and become engaged to be married, Mrs. Jeanette Jones, wife of C. H. Jones, a salesman for C. W. Bowles, attempted suicide this morning in her husband's office, 107 Jackson st.

Smith testified that when the affidavit was presented to him he thought it had been prepared for him by Cunningham. As he had already signed an affidavit declaring that there was no agreement, he thought that to do so again would be mere repetition, so he marked those words out. When he learned that the affidavit had been drawn by Love, he said he consented to let it go as it was and advised Cunningham to sign it.

Smith will resume the stand tomorrow, to be cross-examined by Sheridan for the government.

***** \$1.95 THEN; \$4.25 NOW. ***** CHICAGO, Nov. 25. — A Thanksgiving dinner which would have cost you \$1.95 ten years ago costs \$4.25 today. In 1899 a Chicago department store advertised this "banquet" for \$1.95. * Nine-pound turkey. * Plum pudding for four. * Mince-meat for three pies. * Celery. * Turkey seasoning. * Pound of parsley. * Quart of cranberries. * Pound of mixed nuts. * Three pounds sweet potatoes. * The same bill of fare was advertised yesterday for \$4.25. *****

HOW DOCTORS TORTURE AND KILL FOR SAKE OF SCIENCE

This Theme Has Drawn a Powerful Pamphlet Issued by Anti-Vivisection Society of New York.

Sensational charges against medical men and medical societies are contained in a pamphlet just issued by the New York Anti-Vivisection society. The pamphlet has already stirred up much discussion in the East and is gaining new members for the cause of the society daily.

The pamphlet is labeled "Human Vivisection" and makes most astonishing charges. Here are some of them: That University of Pennsylvania professors inoculated 25 orphan children, most of them under eight, with tubercular germs, to watch the effect. As the injections were made in the eye, blindness and dangerous complications are threatened.

Dr. A. H. Wentworth, physician at a Boston infants' hospital, tapped the spinal columns of 45 young children, most of whom died. A French physician named Gallot inoculated an orphan boy from an institution, who quickly died of a horrible disease. The physician defended himself in court, saying it was done to advance scientific knowledge.

Gives Son Tuberculosis. A Leipzig university professor inoculated two new born babies to see whether they would catch a certain disease. A Norway physician fed his son milk from a cow which had tuberculosis. Dr. Lund wanted to see if his son would take the disease. The son died.

A French doctor killed confirmed drunken women with spirits, then held lighted matches before their faces, trying to produce spontaneous combustion. The pamphlet brings up a report made by the California state board of health in 1908, asking the privilege of giving tuberculosis to all life prisoners. An Illinois doctor went farther and wanted criminals to be turned over to the medical profession to be experimented on as they want.

From Whole World. And so the long list drags on. From all over the world the evidence has been gathered of the medical profession's unbelievable cruelty to the few that the many perhaps may be bettered. The pamphlet has names, dates and exact data in all the cases, and the people who are publishing it believe that it will be a powerful weapon for them in their efforts to prohibit vivisection by law.

***** LINCOLN O TACOMA O ***** TACOMA, Nov. 25.— On a sloppy field, covered with sawdust, Lincoln and Tacoma slipped and slid to a 0 to 0 score in the first half this morning. All of the play was in Tacoma territory, giving the Seattle lads the edge, but Lincoln never got the ball nearer the goal than 25 yards. Both teams are resorting to straight football generally. The punting was all in Tacoma's favor in the first half, on account of a strong wind blowing their way. ***** CORNELL-PENN. ***** PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 25.— The score stood 6 to 6 at the end of the first half of the Pennsylvania-Cornell game here today. *****



MRS. DIANA BELIAS, Beautiful Society Woman Who is Vice President of the New York Anti-Vivisection Society and is Active in Prosecuting its Work.

MAYOR MILLER COMES TO RESCUE OF THE BREWERIES

Finds a Joker in the State Law and Gives Brewers Legal Advice Free of Cost.

With all the legitimate clubs in Seattle seeking a liquor license, with saloon owners who own their own places asking for licenses in their own names, and with a public demand, backed by a statute, that the breweries be driven out of the saloon business, Mayor Miller and the city council have everything prepared to hand more than 30 saloon licenses to two "dummy" law evading corporations, organized and owned by the breweries.

Mayor Miller, in an interview, has asserted that the people, by the statute passed in the last legislature, undoubtedly meant to prevent breweries having any connection with saloon licenses. Mayor Miller, however, hastens to the front as a lawyer, digs up a joker in the law, and says if he was a private lawyer he would advise the breweries to keep their licenses. The mayor's gratuitous picking of a flaw in the law will probably encourage the conciliatory servants of the breweries in defying the people.

The last legislature passed a law making it illegal for breweries to have any interest in the stock, fixtures or equipment of any kind whatsoever of a saloon. They are also prohibited from paying, directly or indirectly, for any saloon license, and from furnishing bonds on licenses. The law goes into effect on December 31, 1909. The breweries formed two corporations, one called a realty company, for no other purpose than to hold 29 or 40 saloon licenses. The officials of these corporations are officials, employees and agents in the breweries, and have never attempted to conceal the fact that the corporations exist solely to evade the law. The two corporations ask the council to transfer to them all licenses now in the names of the breweries and their employees.

Saloon Men Denied. Saloon men who have paid the breweries for a license have been denied a transfer of a license in their own name. The council sees no reason why the two dummy corporations should not have all the licenses they want, and without the legal ownership of a single saloon, control and keep the real saloon owner in subjection by the control of the liquor licenses. Last Monday night, when the transfer was before the council, it was referred back to the revenue and license committee. The brewers' wishes would have been fulfilled had not The Star called attention to the illegal favor about to be granted to the breweries. Mayor Miller has since showed his support of the councilmen who are the servants of the breweries, and not of the people.

DUNN SHOWS JURORS THROUGH "HORROR" WARD IN HOSPITAL

Patients at County Institution Bless The Star for Bringing About a Change From the Terrible Conditions Under Which They Have Suffered--They Retell Dunn's Stories.

With Arthur W. L. Dunn as their guide, the grand jurors yesterday afternoon went from cellar to garret of the county hospital and heard horror stories, saw the things that Dunn could show them.

Dunn was the special investigator brought to Seattle by The Seattle Star. He lived for three weeks at the hospital, and later in The Star told graphically of the terrible conditions existing in that institution.

Yesterday afternoon Dunn retold his story to the jurors. He showed them how and where the place had been cleaned up in anticipation of the grand jury's inspection. He brought out from patients the stories of how a small army of inmates were employed for days "beating out the flies," of how clean linen and warm clothes were issued after The Star's exposure. It was a grand cleanup, and all for the coming of the jury.

The jurors were anxious to complete their personal investigation of the institution before yesterday, and to that end decided to omit all but the most glaring features. The tour commenced with the inspection of the tuberculosis tents, which had been removed from the bank of the Duwamish river since The Star's exposure. Dunn described how the tents overhung the river, and the sewage pipes which dumped their discharge spreading refuse on the bank underneath. He also told at length of the deadly fog which swept in nightly from the river, and of the various changes that had been instituted by the officials since The Star's exposure.

The tubercular inmates evinced the greatest interest in the tour, and related at length the great good that The Star had done for them. They told the jurors how they had received new shoes, heavy underwear, outer garments and overcoats since the inhuman conditions existing at the hospital were unearthed by Dunn. They told of how the institution officials had installed stoves in the tents several days prior to the call for the grand jury. They also stated that the food was better, and that the nurses were treating them now as if they were human beings. And to all this the jurors gave silent assent.

Feared Punishment. From the tubercular tents the jurors were taken to the campfire in the rear of the institution. Gathered about the campfire were five unfortunates suffering from rheumatism and other chronic ailments. The inmates were at first loath to relate their inhuman experiences to the jurors, but when notified that whatever they said would not be repeated to the nurses or physicians, they lost no time opening up.

"See, my feet are on the ground and they will not give me shoes," said one patient, extending his feet toward the jurors. The unfortunate is a rheumatic, and frequently he suffers severe attacks owing to the broken shoes. "We have no chairs in the wards, and can't sit down there. That is why we have to come out here," said another. "The stuff that is burned on this fire comes from the dressing room upstairs," said another. "A couple of inmates dump the bandages and gauze covered with matter on the fire—and it helps to keep us warm."

From the campfire the jurors were taken into the basement, where over a score of mattresses which the officials in their hasty preparations for the reception of the jury had not time to burn up. The mattresses were thoroughly inspected by the jurors and once again The Star's charges were corroborated. Inspect the Morgue. After the inspection of the mattresses the jury was taken to the foot of the elevator shaft, where the nurses kept the deceased unfortunates prior to the arrival of the undertaker. The cement floor had been swept and the cobwebs brushed away, but within the inhuman lack of every feature of the modern morgue was apparent. From the basement the jurors were taken to the "hospital floor" of the institution. The dressing room was the first place inspected. Were Scoured and Cleaned. The refuse receptacles were in their old positions but had been scoured and cleaned. The instruments and surgical aprons had been removed, the gauze sealed, the pans cleaned, and the whole room presented the appearance of a well kept place. (Continued on Page Seven.)

TRAGIC CASE IS ENDED

Revelry, Arrest, Broken Engagement and Suicide Concluded by Formal Court Action. A bit of real tragedy was brought to its end in the criminal court yesterday when Judge Mitchell Gilliam, in the case of the City of Seattle versus Fred Goodman, called the case to rest. "I move the case be dropped because the defendant is dead," called City Attorney Pierce. And immediately the cause was stricken from the calendar. Fred Goodman was convicted in the police court last September by Judge McCarthy. Blanche Eckstrom and Irene Dahle of disorderly conduct, and each was fined \$100 and costs. A city police reporter learned the story and published it. The girl was 14 and 17 years old, and the men were 25 and 40. It was an unusual story and was played up with big headlines. But Fred Goodman had a fiancée, the daughter of a common variety, but a decent, respectable woman, with an old family who gloried in their unadorned and unembellished name. She read the newspaper story and that moment she notified Goodman by telephone that their engagement was off. Five minutes later a shot rang out from his apartments and a minute later she was found dead, shot through the mouth. That was why his case, which had been appealed to the superior court, was dismissed this morning.

"THEY'RE OFF, THEY'RE OFF," AND IMAGINARY FOX HAS BITTER CHASE

Humorous cartoon depicting a fox hunt. A fox is being chased by hunters on horseback. The fox is shouting "WHOA! WHOA!" and "GET UP! HORSE!" The hunters are shouting "THEY'RE OFF, THEY'RE OFF!" and "THEY'RE OFF, THEY'RE OFF!". The fox is being chased by a dog named "Duke". The fox is being chased by a dog named "Duke". The fox is being chased by a dog named "Duke".

of Seattle's first fox hunt. The Seattle Hunt club—organized specially—they arranged it. Everybody was on hand. And as they hit their silver mounted riding crops sharply against polished puttees—that means impatience—just like Howard Chandler Christy hunters, and reined in their bob-tailed horses and made 'em champ on their bits—you get it, champ, fine word—and then— And then—why, they hunched their knees up close to their chins—it strouches those tight tan hunting trousers a bit, and then bumpety, bumpety, they are off. Oh, you poor foxes, look out. The hunt is on! But no—why, how stupid—of course they didn't have any foxes. It's real pommes de terre nowadays not to have foxes at a fox hunt. That is, it's just as much excitement chasing pieces of paper—pretend the papers are the foxes' footsteps, you see, and chase them. That's just as exciting, if you think so. And you can jump the jumps and hurdle the hurdles, as Master of the F. H. Clarence Booth says, bumpety, bumpety, they are off. You ought to have been out at 36th and Madison st. this morning in your automobile and followed them in their chase. Hunt foxes in an automobile? You ask. Why sure, child.

THANKSGIVING—FOR SOME

BY T. J. DILLON. For hundreds of people in Seattle, today is the saddest, gloomiest day of all the year. While the thousands are laughing, feasting and making merry, the hundreds are sitting moodily by, while memory painfully grips the past and happier days. They may be rich, or they may be poor; they may be in the midst of luxury, surrounded by all that wealth can buy, or they may be only forgotten outcasts, roaming the street—the physical comfort of the one, or the bodily misery of the other, is forgotten and goes unheeded. It is the heart that suffers today, and the heart can suffer the same bitter anguish in the hotel of luxury as in the sordid, meager boarding house. Wines and viands cannot assuage its pain, no more than the skimmed delicacies of the reluctant landlady. They are but mockeries that call up other visions of reality, visions of home, mother, father, sisters, brothers, visions that stand out clear and haunting, with every little detail an added pang. Boyhood and girlhood days come trooping back from the dim, dark recesses and unfold themselves before the tear dimmed eye. Little long forgotten incidents crowd themselves into the memory with poignant persistency. With them come futile regrets, and mayhap useless remorse. The errors of the past loom large and reproachful in the perspective of the years; the wrongs done and the wrongs suffered make new and deeper scars. Fate seems more merciless, more inscrutable, more inevitable. Failure is magnified a thousand times; success grows pitifully small; the big things diminish; the little things increase; values change from great to nothing, and all things of life are distorted from their true proportions. This is homesickness—the sickness which is epidemic in Seattle and every large city today. You can see the victims as they suffer in the hotel lobbies, in the boarding houses, restaurants and saloons. Men and women, old and young, are afflicted alike. The symptoms are an abstracted, downcast eye and a general appearance of sorrow. Some may hide their sufferings under a false bravado, or in revelry, but they suffer none the less. The disease will run its course today. Tomorrow the busy world will pick them up, and they must fight again for the present and forget the past. But today, Thanksgiving day, they are sore stricken, these men and women away from home.