

HAUNTED BY FEAR, ESCAPED CONVICT GIVES HIMSELF UP

World Too Small to Avoid Detection, Says Trusty Who Got Away.

SLEW WIFE'S BROTHER. Wants to Go Back to Alabama, Serve Time and Start Over Again.

A clean-cut, well-built young man sat in a cell at Police Headquarters to-day and like a man with a load off his mind talked of his Jean Valjean existence of the last three years. Pursued all that time by the shadow of a crime he committed in Mobile, Ala., seven years ago, Charles B. Mann, the prisoner, who is now thirty years old, walked into the West Thirty-seventh street police station last night and told the lieutenant on duty that he was an escaped convict from Dolives prison, near Mobile, and that rather than face the ever impending calamity of being discovered as a runaway trusty under the mask of a self-respecting business man, he'd go back and take his wife and begin life anew with all old scores wiped out. Billed down his story was that the world's too small to hide an escaped convict.

Wife Cast Him Off.

"Yes, I'm a murderer," killed my brother-in-law, David Dixon, in a public park in Mobile in a quarrel, but if I hadn't killed him he'd have killed me, and the Court, taking this into consideration, gave me fifteen years. Of our quarrel it's enough to say that soon after I came to Mobile as a Government stenographer I met Dixon's sister and married her. We were happy at first, but her family disliked me and finally their interference between them and myself was bitter. My wife went out of my life after I had served about a year of my term—she got a divorce and I've never heard of her since.

Never Heard of Her Since.

"In Alabama they hire prisoners out—the 'chain gang' they call it—and I was put with a chain gang, assigned to work for the Hard Lumber Company. They put a red shirt on me at first, so that the guards would never lose track of me—I was a murderer and they wanted to keep me always in sight. I put my whole heart into the work to help me forget, and after two years I dropped the red shirt and was made a trusty.

Losing His Nerve.

"As a trusty I had a lot of privileges that others didn't get, and one day, Nov. 11, 1904, a lifer, an old gray fellow named Rangely, came up to me and told me his friends had smuggled him \$1,000, and if I, with my opportunities as a trusty, would arrange for an escape he'd give me half of it when we got to England. It was his plan to get to the coast and ship across the Atlantic.

Managed to Arrange the Escape.

"I managed to arrange the escape and the next night we got away. We got a train to Chicago, doubled back to New York, and two weeks later we arrived in London. I left my friend, the lifer, on a street corner while I went to get a shave, and I never saw him again or any part of the money he had promised me. Then one day in London, where I had managed to get a job as bookkeeper, I saw a back that looked familiar to me, and I decided that London was no place for me. I went to South America.

Firm Has Two Arrested.

Ex-Bookkeeper and Another Are Charged with Grand Larceny.

Upon complaint of the firm of Weinstein & Lurie, dealers in woollens at No. 45 Canal street, police officers last night arrested Charles Demarec, twenty-seven years old, a bookkeeper, of No. 21 West One Hundred and Thirtieth street, and Frederick Krohn, twenty-three years old, a dressmaker, living at No. 184 Fifth avenue.

La Lorraine Brings a Flock of Famous Singers For Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House

Maria Labia, Who Is to Be Tosca on the Opening Night, Renaud, Zenatello and Sammarco Among Them—Adele Ponzano a New Carmen.

EAMES AND MARIA GAY FOR METROPOLITAN.

American Prima Donna Abhors Divorce, Hates Big Hats and Makes Her Own Fashions, She Says—To Celebrate Her Twentieth Year in Opera Next March.

The passenger list of La Lorraine, which got in to-day after a tempestuous voyage, read a good deal like an Oscar Hammerstein payroll, with a scattering of Gatti-Casazza stars to relieve the monotony of Manhattan Opera-House celebrities. Notably missing from the Hammerstein galaxy of beauty and talent were Tetrazini and Malina, who will arrive with a later contingent.

Mme. Emma Eames was the bright particular star representing the Metropolitan Opera-House and before she came ashore she made a few trenchant remarks on divorce and women's fashions.

The famous singer wore a long coat of squirrel skins and a little tupe of the same fur, made striking by a bright yellow bird that perched on the crown.

Eames Her Own Fashion Maker.

"It is a cocoon," said Mme. Eames, "and I chose it myself. Those long, tender green feathers that sprout up from the tail caught my eye. I abominate those huge hats the women are wearing nowadays, and like the wisest of French women, I make my own fashions. I have more consideration for men than to wear the huge and hideous creations that are now called the fashion. Then they strain the muscles of the throat and injure the vocal cords. The dressmakers create fashions for mercenary reasons, but the truly cultured woman makes her own fashions."

Asked about the report that her former husband, Julian Story, the artist, was seeking a reconciliation, Mme. Eames said with many dramatic gestures:

"Do I look like a woman, who, after ten years of deliberation upon an act that was a last resort, would change her mind. I abhor divorce, but it was the only solution of the problem. I took the step and it is irrevocable.

"But as to Mr. Story, his recent action in Paris, dancing at Maxine's until 3 o'clock in the morning, does not look as though he were seeking a reconciliation."

Mme. Eames said that the voyage had been a very trying one, and that she had been confined to her stateroom until yesterday.

"When I came out," she said, "only to be driven back again when we ran into a terrific cyclone. It was awful. Our log reads of nothing but tempest, tempest, tempest, day after day. I shall need every moment of the twenty-one days between now and my appearance at the Metropolitan. I have no new roles, unfortunately, but I have had a fine rest abroad. I did not sing a note from June 5 until Sept. 20, when I began to try out my voice, just a little at a time, like the birds in early spring. In Paris I had a fine time, running about just like a Cook's tourist, visiting all sorts of odd places I had never been before.

Her Twentieth Anniversary.

"On March 13 next I shall celebrate my twentieth year in opera. On that day twenty years ago I made my first appearance in 'Romeo and Juliet.' Gounod was my director."

The famous singer will occupy a suite at the Astor during her operatic engagement.

Among the new blooms Mr. Hammerstein has culled from the European gardens of song who arrived on the French liner were Signorina Maria Labia, a dramatic soprano imported from Venice, Mme. Augusta Doria, a contralto of great power and fine quality, and Mile. Espinosa, a French soprano.

Maria Labia is a Contessa, descended from an old Venetian family. She is twenty-five years old, of the puritan type, with large handsome dark eyes.

She has been singing in Berlin, where Hammerstein first heard her in "Tiefeland. She is one of few Italian singers who have made notable success in the Praterstadt. Her management, the Berlin Opera House put every obstacle in the way of Mr. Hammerstein to prevent him from getting a contract.

Another singer who arrived to-day was Mile. Adele Ponzano, an Italian mezzo soprano, who has achieved distinction in Italian opera during the last eight years. She is a new Carmen for the Manhattan Opera-House. A younger singer on board who was recommended to Mr. Hammerstein by Melba, was Mile. Sibyl Tancredi.

Maria Gay and her very good friend, Giovanni Zenatello, were passengers on the La Lorraine, as well as an imposing army of tenors, baritones and basses. Charles Dalmores was among those who returned for a second season in the Thirty-fourth street opera-house.

Dalmores at Bayreuth.

Dalmores, who declared he was glad to be back "home" in New York, said: "I gave up the Argentine Republic this summer to sing in Bayreuth. I am glad I did so, because it opened up a new world to me. The Wagner family showed every attention upon me. I was invited into their box for the representations, and I dined at their home



G. Dalmores. Signorina Maria Labia, Augusta Doria

American Prima Donna Who Denies Reconciliation to Divorced Husband

When Frau Cosima Wagner asked me to study the part of Walter for the 'Die Meistersinger,' to be given in two years. "I sang Don Jose in French and Lohengrin in German almost all summer. I also sang Samson from Saint Saens's 'Samson et Delilla,' which I am to sing here probably at my first appearance.

Among the new tenors were Adrien La Fayette Valles, a young Frenchman, who besides being a singer is a famous fencer; Giuseppe Toscani, twenty-eight years old, a big, deep chested young man, who has been singing with great success in Buenos Ayres and other South American cities; also Angelo Parola, a Milanese light tenor, who sang with Tetrazini in San Francisco.

Then there were Giovanni Fieses, a Venetian baritone; Felix Gluville, a young basso; Don Pabellio di Segorola, a Spanish basso and great favorite in Barcelona and Madrid; and Hugo Colombini, a light tenor.

Others in the Hammerstein group who have been heard here before were Adelina Agostinelli, Alice Zepilli, Helene Koelling, Anita Mainyverni, Renaud, Sammarco, Patranne, Crabbe, Silbese and Giuseppe Giannotti.

The Hammerstein conductors aboard were Marcel Charlier and Parelli.

DUKE TO MARRY MISS ELKINS ON NOV. 25, IS REPORT

Bride to Have \$1,000,000 Dot, and Be Guaranteed Against "Snubs" by His Relatives.

The marriage of the Duke of the Abruzzi and Miss Katherine Elkins is said to have been set for Nov. 25, and will probably take place in the private chapel of Mr. Falconio, the Papal Delegate at Washington. Several preliminaries are yet to be arranged, however.

One is that on the part of the Duke's royal relatives there must be a guarantee that the American bride will not be "snubbed" in Italy.

Another is that the Elkinness must provide a "dot" of \$1,000,000 to go with the bride before Margherite, the Dowager Queen, gives her consent. The Duke's income is said to be only \$1,000 a year. The Senator is said to be getting his cash ready.

Miss Elkins was happier than usual, and it is generally accepted at Elkins, Va., where she remains as much in retirement as possible, that she expects an early adjustment of all difficulties. A report from Rome says the Duke is to be appointed a Vice-Admiral of Italy's navy within a few days.

It is understood that former Senator Henry Gassaway Davis, Miss Elkins's grandfather, who favors the match, said of the \$1,000,000 dowry: "If Steve can't put up the money, I will."

BERT HAVERLY DROPS DEAD AS FRIENDS LAUGH AT JOKE.

Once Famous Minstrel, Parting With Merry Group, Expires in Frisco Cafe.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 31.—While his companions still laughed at one of his pleasantries, Bert Haverly, once known all over the country as a minstrel and comedian, and a brother of Col. Jack Haverly, turned to leave a cafe and dropped dead. The funeral will be held under the direction of theatrical men of the city.

Haverly came into prominence a quarter of a century ago. He was associated with Reed and Emerson and later appeared in Hovt's comedies.

WILLIAMSBURG SALOON FIGHT MAY PROVE FATAL TO VICTIM.

William Dougherty, of No. 692 Wythe avenue, and Daniel McBrady, of No. 128 Havemeyer street, had an argument in Haggerty's saloon, on the Williamsburg Bridge plaza, Williamsburg, to-day. McBrady had been out all night and was in an ugly mood. He picked up a heavy brick and made a swing with it.

The blow landed on top of Dougherty's head, fracturing his skull. The injured man was taken to Williamsburg Hospital. McBrady was held in Bedford Avenue Court to await the outcome of an operation which may save Dougherty's life.

ASQUITH ELECTED RECTOR.

ABERDEEN, Scotland, Oct. 31.—Frederick Herbert Asquith was to-day elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, defeating Sir Edward Carson by a vote of 270.

MORSE CASES CLOSED; LAWYERS SUM UP MONDAY

All Testimony Is In and Jury Is Ready to Hear the Final Arguments.

MRS. CURTIS ON STAND. Wife of One of Defendants Called as a Witness for Other.

Attorneys for Charles W. Morse and Alfred H. Curtis, jointly on trial before Judge Hough, in the Federal Court, on an indictment charging them with violating the National Banking laws, announced at noon to-day that all the testimony for the defendants was in. United States District-Attorney Stimson then presented some evidence in rebuttal, preparatory to the summing up arguments before the jury, which will begin next Monday.

When Court opened for the day Morse, still defiant, settled himself in the witness chair apparently anxious for another battle of wits with District-Attorney Stimson.

But he was disappointed. Mr. Stimson said the prosecution was through with Morse, although he stated at adjournment yesterday that he yet had a lot of things to put to the accused ex-cite King. Former Judge W. M. K. Olcott, who personally represents Curtis, the other defendant, had only one or two perfunctory questions to ask. Then Morse's own lawyer, Wallace Macfarlane, took him in hand and undertook to have him straighten out some confused point in his testimony.

Morse tried to explain how he came to write to the Comptroller of the Currency that he was not directly interested in the loan to Kate A. Wilson, his stenographer in the Bank of New Amsterdam, with 400 shares of stock of the National Bank of North America as collateral, when as a matter of fact by his own confession he was the real owner of the loan.

A Plea of Ignorance.

"It was like this," said Morse plausibly. "I signed that letter, but my attention was never called to the passage referring to the Wilson note. I am sure of that. I am also certain in my own mind that none of the other directors saw that passage, because they all knew Kate Wilson was in my employ and they all knew I was behind the note. I presume that the cashier wrote the letter and that the directors, including myself, simply signed it without reading, because I would naturally assume that it was a correct statement of facts. Why, if I had known that paragraph regarding Kate Wilson was in the letter I would never have signed it—never."

This explanation of the apparently damaging circumstance differed materially from the one which Morse blurted out yesterday in his blind anger, after Stimson had led him on and then trapped him by suddenly springing the letter to the Treasury Department.

"You have told many times about having given Mr. Curtis your oral guarantee for the Whitney loans and these other loans in which you were interested. Did you mean by that a legal guarantee?"

"No, it was not a legal guarantee," said Morse. "I regarded them as moral obligations, but I never bound myself in writing."

"Did other directors carry similar loans with the bank under names other than their own?"

"This question was ruled out as improper."

Judge Takes a Hand.

Judge Hough took a hand long enough to question Morse regarding part of the testimony of John S. Primrose, of Primrose & Braun, his brokers. Primrose swore that when the Mercantile called him to pay interest on the Primrose & Braun note, which was secured by 2,000 shares of Ice and 3,000 shares of Copper, he went to Morse and Morse told him not to worry about the matter.

The Judge wanted to know if Primrose's statement was correct. Morse said it was, but wanted to explain.

"I have already said this note was one which he exchanged for notes of Augusta Heine," declared Morse. "I thought we were not called upon to pay interest under the circumstances, and when Primrose came to me I told his partner, Arthur Braun, to go downstairs and demand it. It was my desire that we should swap back-getting our notes from the Mercantile and giving them what we had."

Morse Quits Stand.

At 10:30 o'clock Morse left the stand, where he had spent the greater part of two days. Except on three points—where they being vital points, however—his testimony had not been shattered. While practically admitting certain violations of the law, he had pleaded in excuse ignorance of the banks' statutes, despite his thirty years' experience with banks; carelessness in watching details, and a natural goodness of heart which led him into errors through his benevolent desire to help other men along the road to prosperity.

Halterbach is a fireman attached to a chemical engine company in South Third street, Williamsburg. He lives at No. 113 South Eighth street, Williamsburg. Last night Mrs. Asmus called at the engine house and tearfully told him that she had been trailing her husband for weeks and that he was at that moment in the fireman's parlor with Mrs. Halterbach. The fireman and Mrs. Asmus started around and what Halterbach saw through a crack in the closed shutters of his home made him rip them off and break into the room through the window. He beat Asmus till the horse-hair cried for mercy and then, he said, "here" him out.

While all four of the persons concerned in the row were on the sidewalk a policeman came up. Asmus wanted Halterbach arrested for assault. The policeman, having seen no blows struck, refused to arrest Halterbach, and then Asmus punched the fireman on the nose. Then Asmus was arrested on a charge of assault.

WARD PRESIDENT, ON JUNE 11" ASKED LITTLEFIELD.

This question was ruled out as improper, and the witness couldn't answer, although he seemed eager to do so. Littlefield's next question, dealing with Havemeyer's loans between June 5 and Oct. 15—the day of the big panic—was also ruled out. The same fate befel an interrogation regarding former Chief Justice Morgan J. O'Brien's indebtedness to the bank in the summer of last year, O'Brien having also been a contemporary director with Morse.

On cross-examination Stimson caused Accountant Kellogg to admit that from Oct. 2 to Oct. 15 Morse's indebtedness grew from \$100,000 to \$200,000 exclusive of loans carried in any names other than Morse's.

"Did you not find," asked Stimson, "that Morse received the benefit of a vast number of loans that did not appear in his own name?"

"I did," said the witness. Mr. Littlefield who on occasion can bellow like the moose of his native land, jumped up, roaring objections. But the Judge left it on the record.

Next came Louis J. Fowler, of Washington, representing the Comptroller of the Currency. He was asked by Mr. Littlefield to produce reports of the examinations of the Bank of North America made by National bank receivers between the summer of 1907 up to the present time.

"I refuse to produce these documents," said Mr. Fowler. "I have been instructed to follow this course by Comptroller Murray, my superior, he having ruled that it is contrary to the policy of the department to make these papers public."

Littlefield was in a great rage over the matter, but the witness didn't produce the papers.

Mrs. Curtis a Witness.

Mrs. Littlefield then caused a surprise by calling Mrs. Curtis, the pretty wife of the lesser defendant, as a witness for Morse.

"My name is Marion L. Curtis," said the stately woman in a low, sweet voice. "On March 2, 1908, I had a conversation with Mr. Adolph Radio in Wall Street. He asked me how Mrs. Curtis was. I said Mrs. Curtis, who had been ill, was much better, but felt very much worried because she had heard that she had not been called as a witness for her husband, but for Morse. Oblett's purpose in emphasizing this before the jury did not become manifest."

This was in contradiction of part of the testimony of Mrs. Curtis, the former assistant cashier of the bank, who testified several days ago for the prosecution. Before Mrs. Curtis left the stand Judge Hough caused her to say that she had not been called as a witness for her husband, but for Morse. Oblett's purpose in emphasizing this before the jury did not become manifest.

Kate A. Wilson Appears.

A slender young woman, simply dressed, with lots of yellow hair under a plain black hat, followed Mrs. Curtis to the stand.

This was Miss Kate A. Wilson, who, while dressed as a clerk as a dummy private secretary, figured as the dummy borrower of hundreds of thousands of dollars. She testified on April 7, 1907, she personally handed to Calvin Austin a letter from Morse telling Austin that Morse had accounted Austin for \$100,000. When he testified for the Government, Austin said he was never notified of the discharging of the note, but by him to secure his share in Ice pool No. 2 until he got a notice from the bank. Curiously enough, however, he did not cross examine the \$100 a year girl stenographer who played so big a part in the whole matter.

Several witnesses were introduced in an effort to show the government's contention that the trading in Ice stock was confined to "sales" shales conducted by Morse.

Dr. Michael Chirug, of Boston, who said he was stockholder in the Bank of North America was then called. He testified to a conversation he had with Morse in which the cashier had declared he had Morse on the run.

This evidence was offered in order to show that the relations between Morse and a man who testified against him, Mr. Stimson thought so little of it that he did not cross-examine Dr. Chirug.

The Defense Closes.

At 12 o'clock it was announced that both Morse and Curtis rested. In rebuttal Assistant District Attorney Frankfurter called John E. Black, who was a bookkeeper in the National Bank of North America, to show that Curtis knew of Morse's overdraw on the day the panic began much earlier in the day than Curtis admitted while on the stand.

Little Mr. Moxey, the prize statistician of the Department of Justice, who is known familiarly in the court as "Old Hundred," was again put on the stand to testify about the amounts Morse owed the bank.

What Morse Owed.

By Mr. Moxey's calculations, Morse's debts, whether carried in his own name or other names, aggregated in January, 1907, up to the date of the total loans of the bank, for the subsequent quarters of the same year, prior to the date of the panic, the Morse overdrawings constituted the following astonishingly large percentages of the bank's totals of loans: February, 1907, 12.9 per cent; April, 17.05; May, 15.07; June, 16.00; July, 12.00; August, 9.10; September, 12.00; October, up to the date of the panic, 19.07 per cent.

With Mr. Moxey's testimony the government also rested. Court then adjourned until Monday morning. Lawyers stayed behind to arrange with His Honor the order of summing up speeches. The entire day will be taken up with speeches for Morse and Curtis. Court may sit Tuesday to hear the closing argument of Mr. Stimson.

GET ELECTION NEWS AT SEA.

Arrangements have been made to notify ships at sea on Tuesday night of the result of the election by wireless. Messages will be sent from the roof of the Waldorf-Astoria to ships of twenty-two lines at sea.

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On Monday and Tuesday, November the 2d and 3d.

Sale of 2,000 yards, Imported Black Satin Majeste. 75c per yard former price 1.00

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23rd Street 34th Street

TRIFLING THIEF DELAYS TRIP OF KING'S FRIEND

Squire Blagrave, of Colcat, Waits While Police Hunt Up His Clothes.

"I say, but it's awfully distressing for one to have to delay his journey simply because a trifling robber carries away part of his luggage."

Thus exclaimed H. B. Blagrave, friend of King Edward VII. and devotee of gun and rod, who, with his secretary and four large Lincolnshire dogs, is now in New York, anxiously awaiting the result of a police investigation into the theft of his valuables before he starts for Lower California for a bit of hunting.

Mr. Blagrave, who hails from one of the oldest Berkshire families, and is commonly known in England as Squire of Colcat, the location of his four-thousand-acre estate, has spent the greater part of his life seeking the best game preserves of the earth. His travels have taken him to the four-corners of the globe, and at the age of sixty-two he has decided Lower California is the sportsman's paradise in the way of bird shooting.

His Eighth Trip Here. "This is my eighth trip here," said the veteran hunter at the Hotel Manhattan. "I've had a fling in Africa, where your President is going; in Australia and India, too; but Mexico beats them all. It's the world's greatest hunting ground."

The entrance of his secretary, David Nesbitt, caused the Squire's attention to turn again to the robbery, which took place aboard the Adriatic. Mr. Nesbitt remarked that the thieves had left him "not a bloom" bit of clothes but this suit I'm wearing and a pair of pajamas."

"The police have recovered all but \$200 of our stuff," said Mr. Blagrave, "and we're hoping Davy will get all of his before night. We are anxious to get away."

Mr. Blagrave's Mexican preserve is near Ensenada. He expects to spend several months there, and return to Europe for the racing season. He has a large string of horses and races in England, France and Belgium.

Likes Quail Shooting.

While the turf has always had a fascination for him, Mr. Blagrave finds his greatest pleasure in hunting and fishing and is particularly fond of hunting quail. "It is nothing," said Mr. Blagrave, "to shoot two hundred birds in a couple of hours in Lower California. They rise by the thousands."

The four dogs Mr. Blagrave has brought with him are shipped on to Mexico to-night. "Piera, the oldest of the lot," said Mr. Blagrave, "and his friends say there is not another man in England who is a better judge of horses!"

FIREBUG DIDN'T EVEN WAKE THEM

Twenty-four Families in Tenement Sleep on as Police Put Out Blaze.

An incendiary who touched off a lot of campaign literature in the letter-boxes of the apartment-house on No. 275 First avenue, at 4:20 A. M. to-day, failed utterly in causing a panic in the house among the twenty-four families who live on the six upper floors.

The fire was discovered by a citizen, who informed Policeman Frank Degurio, of the Fifth street station. Degurio awakened F. J. Stein, a grocer, who lives in the rear of his store on the ground floor, and the two broke down the letter-boxes with an axe and put out the fire.

The noise did not awaken the families above, nor were they awakened when firemen from engine company No. 5, in East Fourth street, came around and chopped through the wall just to be certain not a spark of fire was left. The tenants came out later they were surprised to see the vestibule demolished, and then they asked neighbors where the fire had been.