

The PRIMROSE PATH

NAN PATTERSON HAS FOLLOWED IT TO THE PRISON BARS.

Whether Innocent or Guilty of Murder She Is Paying the Penalty of a Life of So-Called Pleasure.

Attracted by the Glare of the Footlights She Forsakes Family and Friends for the Tinsel of the Stage—A Moral in Her Tragedy.



NAN PATTERSON.

New York.—"From the Glare of the Footlights to the Gloom of a Cell in the Tombs," would be a fitting title to a story of the life of Nan Patterson, the former show girl, charged with the murder of Caesar Young, the well-known horseman and bookmaker.

Only a short step and a few brief moments from the stage with the plaudits of hundreds still ringing in her ears as she gaily danced in the famous "Floradora" sextette in the glare of the calcium, to the dismal depths of the prison, to be branded as a murderer by thousands and to hear the bitter and cutting words of the stern prosecutor as he laid bare the secrets of her past life.

Such, in brief, has been the experience of Nan Patterson, and it has turned her from a beautiful and care-free girl to a prematurely aged woman.

There are those who declare her innocent of the crime charged to her; say she is only an unfortunate victim of cir-



DEATH OF CAESAR YOUNG.

cumstances who is reaping the reward of a life generally and generously known as "fast."

Whether she is guilty or innocent of the murder of Young will probably never be positively known to any but her and her Maker. She has been brought before the earthly bar of Justice, where crafty and skillful lawyers have tried to fasten the crime on her while others have tried to free her, and the 12 men have been unable to agree.

Adopts Life of Stage.
Nan Patterson was quite well known along Broadway among theatrical people for several years before she so suddenly took the center of the stage. Among the profession though it was simply Nan Randolph.

She was born in Washington, D. C., the daughter of a minister, and was raised amid the religious surroundings of a Christian home.

Always of a wild and wilful disposition, the simple life did not appeal to her.

She was an uncommonly beautiful child, and the praise called forth by her good looks, as she grew older, turned her thoughts in directions wholly opposed to that intended for her by her parents, and before she was many years in her teens she went to New York and obtained a place in the chorus.

Stage life caused her to forget the religious training she had received. The glitter of the spangles and the gay life of the actor folk appealed to her, and she decided to become a great actress.

Surely there was nothing harmful behind the footlights, she thought. Fine clothes and a "good time" were to her liking.

She was handsome in face and form, and it was not long before young scions of wealthy families and elderly men of means who haunt the "bald head" row began to haunt the stage door and make her acquaintance.

The flowers and champagne suppers they furnished were also not amiss. Jewels and gems were showered on her and more than one, smitten with her beauty, laid their hearts at her feet and begged her hand in marriage.

But she refused them all, and finally married a young man in the profession named Martin.

Her Meeting with Young.

The confining bonds of matrimony were evidently not to her liking, and when "Floradora," a musical comedy which had gained great popularity in London mainly through the famous sextette, was imported, she applied for and obtained a position in the front row.

The company was organized to tour the country, and was to extend to the Pacific coast. This gave her an opportunity to visit California, something she had always longed for.

It was on this trip that she met Young, whose tragic death has caused her so much misery and sorrow.

Young was a prominent and successful horseman and bookmaker. He had horses running on nearly all of the prominent tracks of the country, and was reputed to be worth half a million dollars.

Although a married man, he immediately fell a victim to the charms of the beautiful and vivacious show girl. On their arrival in San Francisco he installed her in a handsome flat in Oakland, across the bay, and for some months led a dual existence. Anything she wished for was at her command. During the trial it was shown that during their acquaintance he had given her thousands of dollars.

Leaves Stage for Young.

While on the coast she sued for a divorce from her husband at his suggestion, and also deserted the stage.

With all his faults, Young maintained an outward show of respectability, living in a pretentious home in an exclusive section of San Francisco. He had a certain respect for his wife, and when she discovered the double existence he had been leading, he was driven almost crazy by the exposure. With the recklessness of a man insane, he entered upon a long debauch, and lost a fortune on the block before he recovered himself.

According to his racing partner, he repeatedly tried to sever his unholy relations with the chorus girl, but his infatu-

ation was too strong or his will power too weak, for he never succeeded, and she was his friend and companion to the day of his death.

Young began his career on the Pacific coast as a foot racer, and was said to have been one of the fastest runners that the world has ever known. From the cinder path he drifted to the race track, and his luck from the beginning was phenomenal.

Her Fatal Beauty.

Nan Patterson's beauty has been the cause of other troubles in which lives have been forfeited. An actor in another who had proposed to her became insane over her refusal and committed suicide in her presence. Another admirer of hers killed himself on the coast.

Nan Patterson remained in the west with Young until last spring. They visited the tracks at Los Angeles, Oakland and other prominent racing centers on the coast, and returned east in March for the first time since their meeting.

Young returned to the coast the following month, and it was but a few days before she was speeding westward in response to a telegram from him.

All this was brought out in the testimony at the celebrated trial. Seldom were they separated by a very great distance, and then only when it was unavoidable.

During all this time he tried to hide his relations with the Patterson girl from his wife. His friends and relatives pleaded with him to give up the show girl, and finally induced him to agree to take a trip to Europe, where they hoped she could or would not follow, and where he might forget her.

The Fatal Shooting.

It was on the morning that he was about to leave, on Saturday, June 4, that the tragedy occurred. He had seen her the evening previous, told her of his proposed trip and, according to her story, had asked her to follow and meet him in London. She had given him an indefinite answer, but had agreed to meet him the next morning and see him off.



FOLLOWING THE PRIMROSE PATH.

They had sent a night of carousal and drinking, and Young was considerably under the influence of the liquor when he finally left her at her sister's home and returned to his.

It was early next morning when they met again. After Young had several more drinks they entered a cab and started for the pier, where Young's wife was awaiting him. It was at an hour when the streets were not very crowded. There was a pistol shot, and Young fell

FINDS HER HUSBAND'S BODY ON A COLLEGE DISSECTING TABLE.

Had Been Lying in Yale Medical Cold Storage Room for Two Months.

New Haven, Conn.—Mrs. George Klea, of New York, took her husband's body back to that city, after rescuing it from the cold storage room of the Yale medical school. Mrs. Klea made a sorrowful tour of the undertaking shops of the town, looking for the body of her husband, whose death two months ago she had only learned of. On learning that the body had been sent to the medical school, she hurried thence, to find the body embalmed ready for dissection. She secured a permit to remove it to New York.

Klea was a shoemaker here, and, being ill last June, was taken to the Spring-side home, where he stayed until his death early in October. The officials there for the first time learned of his wife, whose address was found in his pocket. Efforts were made to locate her by letter and telegram, but receiving no reply, the officials finally turned the body over to the medical school, according to the law of this state.

In speaking of the matter Prof. Ferris, of the anatomical department of the medical school, said:

forward, his head in the girl's lap. He was dead, and a bullet had fulfilled its mission.

For some days an absolute silence prevailed. Then a flood of alleged eyewitnesses turned up. Their stories, however, could not stand investigation, and one after another they were cast aside as sensation seekers.

But there was one exception; an old man, Martin Hazleton, of Oneonta, N. Y. He saw the man and woman, their hands clasped and held face high, then a flash, a puff of smoke and the report of a revolver broke the stillness of the morning.

Hazleton was the most important witness placed on the stand by the defense, and the efforts of the prosecutor to shake his brief but vital testimony ended in failure.

Then the defendant herself went to the witness chair and told the whole story of her relations with Young. It was a trying ordeal—before the curious crowd in the courtroom—as she repeated the history of her life from the day she met the man who was to turn her life in tragedy's path to the fatal moment in the cab.

Finally the trial was completed, and the jury, after deliberating for 24 hours, declared they were unable to agree as to her guilt or innocence.

Story with a Moral.

This, in brief, is the story of the life of Nan Patterson, or that part of it that had an ultimate bearing on the death of Caesar Young, and the trial that has been a three times nine-days' talk in New York and probably throughout the country.

Little did she suspect when she embarked upon her theatrical career and her life of pleasure and gaiety of the tragic ending and the accompanying sorrow and pain in store for her, or she would have undoubtedly reconsidered the matter.

Although one young and wayward girl has dearly paid the price of her folly, the

HE DID THE TALKING.

And His Self-Importance Blinded Him to the Possibility of a Mistake.

A lively-looking porter stood on the rear platform of a sleeping car in the Pennsylvania station, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, when a tussy and choleric old man clambered up the steps. He stopped at the door, puffed for a moment and then turned to the young man in uniform.

"Porter," he said, "I'm going to St. Louis, to the fair. I want to be well taken care of. I pay for it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir, but—" "Never mind any 'buts.' You listen to what I say. Keep the train boys away from me. Dust me off whenever I want you to. Give me an extra blanket, and if there is anyone in the berth over me, slide him into another. I want you to—"

"But, say, boss, I—" "Young man, when I'm giving instructions I prefer to do the talking myself. You do as I say. Here is a two-dollar bill. I want to get the good of it. Not a word, sir."

The train was starting. The porter pocketed the bill with a grin and swung himself to the ground.

"All right, boss!" he shouted. "You can do the talking if you want to. I'm powerful sorry you wouldn't let me tell you—but I ain't going out on that train."

Fine Politeness.

Newrich—How'd you get along at the dinner? "Great I say. Keep the train boys away from me with a fork. I done it, too, so as not to let 'em see their break.—N. Y. Sun.

Shouting Their Praises.

Kirkland, Ill., Jan. 2nd.—(Special)—Cured of the terrible Rheumatic pains that made him a cripple for years, Mr. Richard R. Greenhon, an old and respected resident of this place, is shouting the praises of the remedy that cured him, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I had the rheumatism in my left limb so that I could not walk over ten to fifteen rods at a time, and that by the use of two canes," Mr. Greenhon says. "I would have to sit or lie down on the ground when I was out trying to walk, and the sweat would run down my face, with so much pain. I could not sleep at night for about five or six weeks."

"I tried different doctors' medicines, but they were all no good. Then I sent for Dodd's Kidney Pills and almost from the first they brought relief. By the time I had taken fourteen boxes of them my rheumatism was all gone and I can truly say I feel better than I have in the last twenty-five years."

A man thinks it awfully stupid for a woman to lose her pocketbook, but he forgets how often she has to help him fix his collar button, and remembers for him just when he put his hat.—Baltimore American.

ULCERS FOR THIRTY YEARS.

Painful Eruptions from Knees to Feet Seemed Incurable Until He Used Cuticura.

Another of those remarkable cures by Cuticura, after doctors and all else had failed, is testified to by Mr. M. C. Moss, of Gainesville, Texas, in the following letter: "For over thirty years I suffered from painful ulcers and an eruption from my knees to feet, and could find neither doctors nor medicine to help me, until I used Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, which cured me in six months. They helped me in the very first time I used them, and I am glad to write this so that others suffering as I did may be saved from misery."

A Michigan editor has had a streak of bad luck. He was just about to step into his new \$10,000 automobile the other night when three bed rails gave way and he awoke.—Auto Era.

Are You Going to Florida or New Orleans?

Tickets on sale via Queen & Crescent Route and Southern Railway to Florida, New Orleans and other points south at greatly reduced rates, good returning May 31st, 1905.

Also variable route tickets good going to points in Florida and Cuba via Atlantic and returning via Asheville. For rates and other information address:— W. A. Beckler, N. P. A., 113 Adams Street, Chicago, Ill. D. P. Brown, N. E. P. A., 11 Fort Street, W., Detroit, Mich. W. W. Dummavant, T. P. A., Warren, Ohio. W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The world could worry along with a good deal less smartness in stock if only it might carry a heavier line of sympathy and a simple neighborliness.—Chicago Tribune.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Eucalypti Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

All the fun of having a bank account is destroyed for a woman because the cashier knows how much money she hasn't got.—N. Y. Press.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Many a boy is sent to college because he doesn't seem to be good for anything else.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Some people think they have fallen from grace if they forget to grumble.

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Ask Any One

Ask your neighbors what Celery King, the tonic-laxative, has done for them. You will be surprised to find that most of them are kept in good health by using this famous remedy. 25c. at druggists'.

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usually catches you in your weakest spot. No matter where it is, Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, will reach the seat of the trouble and cure you. Your money back, if it doesn't.

25c., 50c. and \$1.00

Relies on Court's Protection.
The Louisiana (Mo.) Press-Journal tells of a negro bootblack who was being "joshed" in a barber shop the other day. "If the grand jury had got at you," said a man, "it would have made you tell all about your crap shooting." "No, dey wouldn't," replied the bootblack. " 'Cause de court don't hold dat a man don't hab to tell nothin' dat cremates hisself."—Kansas City Journal.

It is interesting to learn that the United States navy cost last year a little more than one dollar apiece for every man, woman and child in the country. This information comes from the secretary of the navy and it is calculated to stir up considerable pride in the patriotic fathers of large families.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.