

THE FAMOUS CAB TRAGEDY

Nan Patterson's Own Story of "Caesar" Young's Death.

DIED BY HIS OWN HAND, SHE SAYS

Graphic Description of Fatal Ride and Events Leading Up to It—Fell in Love on First Meeting—Celebrated Case Ends with Release of Show Girl.

New York.—Nan Patterson, the former show girl, has ended a long but extremely unpleasant engagement at the Tombs. While she had formerly been accustomed to gaily dancing in the chorus of light musical comedies, the role assigned her in this performance was that of star in a tragedy of life and death. The stage settings consisted of a stern court of justice and a gloomy prison, with the grim spectre of the gallows on every scene.



NAN PATTERSON.

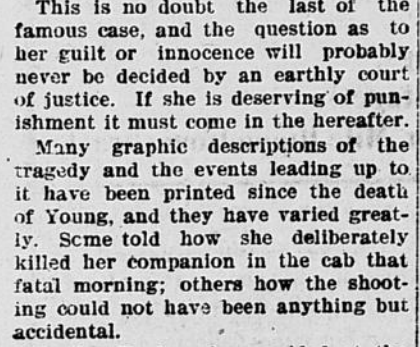
After having the limelight of the public press turned on her for almost a year, with hardly an intermission, the curtain has been rung down and she has retired.

"All the world's a stage," says Shakespeare, but few have played the part that has this young and comely girl—Nan Patterson.

Charged with the murder of "Caesar" Young, the prominent race track habitue and bookmaker, she has finally been given her liberty, after three mistrials, the jury in the first trial having been discharged after one



HE WAS WRITING WITH HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW AS I PRESSED.



HE DREW ME ROUGHLY TOWARD THE CAB SAYING, 'MY HORSES ARE LOSING, MY MONEY IS GOING AND NOW I AM LOSING MY GIRL.'

of the men had been taken sick, the other two juries not being able to reach an agreement.

This is no doubt the last of the famous case, and the question as to her guilt or innocence will probably never be decided by an earthly court of justice. If she is deserving of punishment it must be in the hereafter.

Many graphic descriptions of the tragedy and the events leading up to it have been printed since the death of Young, and they have varied greatly. Some told how she deliberately killed her companion in the cab that fatal morning; others how the shooting could not have been anything but accidental.

Justice Davis, who presided at the first two trials of Nan Patterson, at a dinner of an organization of lawyers the other evening, made the remarkable statement that he believed the girl was guilty, and that she lied throughout her whole case.

Miss Patterson has steadfastly proclaimed her innocence, and the following is her own story of the tragedy.

Her meeting with "Caesar" Young is thus described:

fora during the racing season. Our chance acquaintance ripened into warm friendship and then into love.

"I was a married woman then, having been married to Leon James Martin in 1898. In Baltimore, when I was only 16 years old. We had separated, however. I knew that Mr. Young was also married, for he told me so.

"As a result of my meeting with Caesar Young I did not go to Los Angeles, but remained in his company more or less during all of the racing season. It was at Caesar's suggestion that I sued my husband for divorce in order to obtain my freedom. I was divorced in San Francisco in May, 1903.

"I left the coast and came east for the first time in March of last year. I had been in New York only two weeks when Caesar telegraphed me to come back to San Francisco, and I went. My visit to the east made me acquainted with my sister Julia's husband, J. Morgan Smith, whom I had never met before, and gave me a chance to run down to my old home in Washington and see my father and mother.

"I went back to the coast and met Caesar at Los Angeles in the middle of April, the day the races closed there. We were together a few weeks, and then Caesar went to San Francisco—his wife had arrived there—and I followed. He went east from there, and I also did, but on different trains. We met by agreement at Chicago. Then we came east together, he going to New York and I to Washington.

"We corresponded regularly, each writing a letter every day.

Mrs. Young Learns of Nan.

May 1 Nan Patterson went to New York, and it was about this time that the wife of Young began to suspect his relations with the chorus girl. Young to prevent trouble promised his wife and relatives that he would not see her again, but up to about May 25 they were living as man and wife at a little hotel. From that date until June 2, she declares, they did not see

Nan. I will tell you what it was I had to say to you this afternoon. I must go away; I have been trying to plan and see how I could get out of it, but there is absolutely no way; the only thing for you to do is to come on after me; we are going on a slow steamer, and you must leave on a fast one, because I planned and planned and planned; besides, I told the folks I would go on a fishing trip and leave my wife with Harry Thatcher's wife. He is my chum in England. And on this supposed fishing trip I will meet you, and we can be together for three or four weeks. Now, will you do that?"

"I said I supposed I would. I did not give him any definite answer, but I did not want to go. Well, we talked about what we would do when we got over there, and one thing and another and finally returned to the saloon."

Young had arranged to meet Luce here and go home with him, so that his wife would not suspect that he had met Nan.

Young Drinks Heavily.

"While we sat there I guess Mr. Young had 15 or 20 drinks of straight whiskey. I drank very little. He talked about the way he had been spending money, and when he had the money out of his pocket to pay for some of the drinks he counted off five \$20 bills and he said: 'Here, put that with the rest of your money; put all that money somewhere so that Luce will know nothing about it. Don't for goodness' sake make any break and say you are coming over there. Because if Mrs. Young ever saw you again there would be trouble.'

"He would not let me put the money in my purse for fear that Luce would see it. He made me take all my money and put it in his stocking. Then I told him I was hungry, and he suggested going over to Luce's table and having something to eat. He was beginning to show the effects of his drinking. So the three of us had something to eat and Mr. Young and I drank some more—half-and-half it was. There was no quarrelling there, however—the only thing he showed any anger about was when he thought I did not want to go over to Europe very much.

"When we left the hotel Mr. Young was very much in liquor. Mr. Luce went to get a cab. Mr. Young said: 'Now, you get in and drive up to One Hundred and Fortieth street with us and then drive down to the hotel.' I said, 'Why, I cannot do it. It is so late now Mrs. Smith will be worrying about me. I must get home. It is getting light. It is daybreak.' So that made him very angry because I would not drive up to the house with him. I said I wanted to drive down. 'You can either drive down with me and then go back or else I want to go home alone.'

Kissed Her Good-Night.

"When Mr. Luce got the cab Mr. Young took me by the arm and walked me over to it and I stopped. I did not want to get in and I said so. He did not like it. He said, 'Call another cab.' Another cab came and he put me on the step. When he was drunk he had a great habit of putting his hand up and pushing my face. He was only playing. He wasn't rough at all. He was not angry. He did it that night. It did not hurt me. Then I got as far as the step of the cab and he pulled me over and kissed me. The cab driver was closed and I was driven away.

"I do not think I cried on my way home that night, but I may have, though I cannot think of any reason except that I was very tired and sleepy. I did not expect to see Mr. Young the next day, or on this side of the water for a long time. There was no arrangement for me to meet him next morning—the day of his death.

"I started to walk faster—just playing. He ran up and grabbed hold of my arm, and we walked up to the corner, then crossed the street and walked down to the next corner, back to One Hundred and Fortieth street.

"He explained to me who it was he had been talking to—it was Mr. Luce, his brother-in-law.

"We took a surface car down to Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. Then we went into a saloon, as he said:

"Let's go in here and sit down and have a talk.' He ordered a glass of beer for me, but would not let me drink it. He said:

'I don't want to sit here. What will we do—take a drive?' And I says, 'All right.' We left there and went outside and got into a cab and drove for an hour or an hour and a half through Central park.

Young Plans Trip to Europe.

"While alone with Mr. Young in the saloon and in the cab, he said: 'Now,

"I got back to the St. Paul hotel about four a. m. and went directly to bed. Next morning my sister awakened me early and said that Caesar Young had called me up on the phone. I was too sleepy to get up, but she called me again and I arose. While I was dressing the phone rang and it was Mr. Young. He wanted me to get up and dress and meet him as soon as I could. I did so and met him.

"It was half-past seven or eight, nearer eight, when I left the hotel, and I hurried to Fifty-ninth street and Columbus avenue, where Mr. Young wanted me to meet him. He stood there in front of a saloon. He swore and wanted to know why I was so long getting there. He said he had had time to get 40 horns and have a load on. His hair was all mussed up, he had one eye closed and showed that he had been drinking.

"We went into the saloon, for he said, 'I must have another drink.' He



HE SWORE AND WANTED TO KNOW WHY I WAS SO LONG IN GETTING THERE.

The Fatal Day.

"I heard a report, but I had not seen the pistol. Mr. Young fell over my lap, but he was up again, fell back, and I thought he was having a spasm or something. He kept twitching and twisting, and I spoke to him and called him two or three times, and tried to make him answer, and he would not pay any attention to me at all.

"I knew then something serious had happened. I believe I put my hand up and told the cabman to drive to the drug store—I do not know whether I did or not. I know that was my idea. And it seemed—oh, ages before I could get anybody to pay any attention to me or give me any aid at all.

"And the policeman jumped on the front of the cab and asked me what had happened. When I saw him I felt relieved, and I knew he would take care of Mr. Young. No matter what was the matter with him, I lost control of myself and seemed to be dazed in my memory from then on. I remember I went to the hospital and the policeman tried to lift Mr. Young out of the cab and his knees gave way under him. I do not remember how I got out of the cab, or anything of the kind.

"I did not shoot Caesar Young. I had no pistol. I never saw the pistol. And if it was in my power to bring him back to life, I would willingly sacrifice my own life."

IN A STRANGE COUNTRY.

Where Seemingly Impossible Things Were Done and Little Thought Of.

We left Pearson's ranch in Montana about eight miles behind us, when we came to where a man was hanging to the limb of a tree, and there was a cowboy on horseback not far away, relates a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The stage driver pulled in his horses when we all had a look, and then he beckoned to the cowboy and asked:

"Has there been a lynching here?"

"Can't say as there has," was the reply.

"But a feller is hanging there to the limb of a tree."

"That's true, and I've been puzzling over it. It seems pretty plain that he was drawn up to that limb, don't it?"

"She do. Yes, sir, it seems plain that he was drawn up to that limb, and then the free end of the rope made fast."

"And that's what I'm puzzling about," said the cowboy.

"As how?"

"As to how a critter can pull himself up, choke himself to death, and then come down and fasten the rope and go back up again. It's the first time I ever seen it done, and it's suthin' new to this country, and after this I shall go in for all boss thieves to do likewise. Tain't no use in disturbing us when they can do the trick for themselves. Well, so long."

"Do you think the man hung himself?" I asked of the driver, when we were a mile away.

"I dunno, my son—I dunno," he replied, with a shake of his head.

"But think of how impossible it is."

"Yes, I think of that, but when you are in a kentry where a wolf can bite his tail off and stick it on again, what you going to believe or disbelieve?"

MINDING HIS OWN BUSINESS.

Inquisitive Traveler Evened Up Scores with Stage Driver Who Was Cruel.

Wallace Cummings used to drive the old stage which ran between Bridgton and Portland, relates the Boston Herald. One day Wallace had as a passenger along the stage route was both beautiful and diversified; the young man was much interested, and as he sat on the box, or post of honor, beside Wallace, literally plied him with questions as to what mountain that was and what river this was, etc.

The old driver, who detested this sort of interrogation, stood it as long as he could. Finally he blurted out: "Say, stranger, if you'll mind your business I'll mind mine."

Thus snubbed, the young man re-lapsed into silence.

They had driven about ten miles farther when they came to a long hill, where the driver was obliged to apply the brake. As he shoved his foot toward it he immediately noticed that the mail bag, which always lay there, was gone. Evidently it had dropped off along the road.

Wallace stopped his horses; then, breaking the long silence, he said: "Say, stranger, do you see that mail bag slide off?"

"Yes, I did; some ten miles back," calmly remarked the young man.

"Well, why in thunder didn't you tell me?" gasped the astonished driver.

The "dude" looked him squarely in the eye for a moment, and then he drew, imitating Wallace's tone: "Say, driver, you mind your business and I'll mind mine."

The rest of the journey was driven in cold silence.

Child's Head on Banknote.

The accepted design for the new Austrian five kronen banknotes is remarkable for the picture of an unusually beautiful child's head which forms its chief ornament. The model for this head was the son of Prince Franz Josef Rohan, whom the artist saw one day in the street, and with whose beauty he was so much struck that he asked the child's name, and obtained the parents' permission to make a drawing of him for this purpose.

Favorite of Fortune.

Joseph Chamberlain, the celebrated Englishman, is not a graduate of any university or of any of the large public schools. He was a full-fledged business man at the age of 16 years and his fortune grew so rapidly that at the age of 38 he was able to retire from commercial life and devote himself to the study and practice of politics.

Cheering Her Up.

Patience—O, doctor, I'm dreadfully afraid of it!

Dentist—Madam, you shouldn't take laughing gas as seriously as that.—Chicago Tribune.

The Bad Boy's Dad Meets a Count at a Party—They "Go Broke" at Monte Carlo.

BY DON GEORGE W. PECK.
(Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Formerly Publisher of Peck's Sun, Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," Etc.)
(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Monte Carlo.—Dear Uncle: I blush to write the name, Monte Carlo, at the head of a letter to anyone that is a Christian, or who believes in honesty and decency, and earning a living by the sweat of one's brow, for this place is the limit. If I should write anybody a letter from South Clark street, Chicago, the recipient would know I had gone wrong, and was located in the midst of a bad element, and the inference would be that I was the worst fakir, robber, hold-up man or assassin in the bunch.

The inference you must draw from the heading of this letter is that dad and I have taken all the degrees of badness and are now winding up our career by taking the last degree, before passing in our chips and committing suicide. Do you know what this place is, old man? Monaco is a principality, about six miles square, ruled by a prince, and the whole business of the country, for it is a "country" the same as though it had a king, is gambling. They have all the different kinds of gambling, from chuck-a-luck at two bits to roulette at a million dollars a minute. What started dad to come to Monte Carlo is more than I know, unless it was a new American he has got acquainted with, a fellow from North Dakota, that dad met at a sort of dance that he did not take me to. It seems there is a place in Paris where they go to see men and women dance—one of those dances where they kick so high that their feet hit the gas fixtures.

Well, all I know about it is that one Wednesday night dad said he felt as though it was his duty to go to prayer meeting, so he could say when he got home that in all the frivolities of a trip abroad, even in wicked Paris, he never neglected his church duties. I never was stuck on going to prayer meeting, so dad stayed at the hotel and played pool with the cash register boy in the barroom, and dad took a hymn book and went out, looking pious as I ever saw him.

My, what a difference there was in dad in the morning. I woke up about daylight, and dad came into the room with a strange man, with spinach on his chin, and they began to dance, like they had seen the people dance at the show where they had passed the evening. They were undressed, except their underclothes, which were these combination suits, so when a man gets into them he is sealed up like a Bologna, and he has to have help when he wants to get up to take a bath, and he has to have an outsider button him in with a button hook. Gee! I would rather be a sausage and done with it. Well, dad and this man from Dakota kicked high until dad caught by the ankle on a gas bracket, and the strange man got me up out of bed to help unloosen dad and get him down before he was black in the face. Finally we got dad down and then the two old codgers began to discuss a proposition to go to Monte Carlo to break the bank.

The Dakota man agreed that American money doing Europe, when their genius was equal to the task of acquiring the money of the less intelligent foreigners. He said they could go to Monte Carlo and by a system of gambling which he had used successfully in the Black Hills they could carry away all the money they could pile into sacks. The man said he would guarantee to break the bank if dad would put his money against the Dakota man's experience as a gambler, and they would divide the proceeds equally. Dad bit like a bass. He said he had

always had an element of adventure in his make-up, and had always liked to take chances, and from what he had heard of the fabulous sums won and lost at Monte Carlo, he could see that if a syndicate could be formed that would win most of the time, he could see that there was more money in it than in any manufacturing enterprise, and he was willing to finance the scheme.

The Dakota man fairly hugged dad, and he told dad in confidence that they two could divide up money enough to make them richer than they ever dreamed of, and all the morning they discussed the plan, and made a list of things they would need to get away with the money. They provided themselves with canvas sacks to carry away the gold, and dad drew all his money out of the bank, and that evening we took a train for Monte Carlo. All the way here dad and his new friend chuckled over the sensation they would make among the gamblers, and I be-

came real interested in the scheme. There was to be some fun besides the winning of the money, because they talked of going out in the park and on the terraces when they were tired of winning money, and seeing the poor devils who had gone broke commit suicide, as that is said to be one of the features of the place.

Well, we got a suite of rooms and the first day we looked over the place, and ate free banquets and saw how the people dressed, and just looked prosperous and showed money on the slightest provocation, and got the hang of things. Dad was to go in the big gambling room in the afternoon with his pockets fairly dropful with money, and the Dakota man was to do the betting, and dad was to hold one of the canvas bags, and when it was full we were to take it to our room, and quit gambling for awhile, to give the bank

HE WOULD REACH OUT TO DAD FOR MORE MONEY, AND DAD WOULD REACH INTO ANOTHER POCKET AND DID UP ANOTHER ROLL.

chance to raise more money. Dad insisted that his partner should lose a small bet once in awhile, so the bank should not get on to the fact that we had a clench.

After luncheon we entered the big gambling room, in full-dress suits, and, by gosh! it was like a king's reception. There were hundreds of men and women, dressed for a party, and it did not seem like a gambling hell, except that there were piles of gold as big as stoves, on all the tables, and the guests were provided with silver rakes, with long handles, to rake in the money. Dad said in a whisper to the Dakota man: "What is the use of taking the trouble to run a gold mine, and get all dirtied up digging dirty nuggets, when you can get nice, clean gold, all coined, ready to spend, by betting right?" And when dad turned to me and he said: "Hennery, don't let the sight of this wealth make you avaricious. Don't be purse-proud, after years of struggle against adversity, and the machinations of designing men, has got next to the Pierpont Morgan class, and has money to buy railroads. Don't get excited when we begin to bag the money, but just act as though it was a regular thing with us to salt down our gold for winter, the same as we do our pork."

A count, or a duké, gave us nice seats, and rakes to haul in the money, a countess, with a low-necked dress, winked at dad when he reached into his pistol pocket and brought out a roll of bills and handed them to the Dakota man, who heigh-tailed \$500 worth of red chips, and when the man looked the roulette table over and put about a pint of chips on the red, dad choked up, as he was almost black in the face, and began to perspire so I had to wipe my face with a handkerchief; the gambler rolled the wheel and when the ball stopped on the red, and dad did the raking and raked in a quart of chips, and dad shook hands with the Dakota man and said: "Pard, we have got 'em on the run," and reached for his sack to put in the first installment of acquired wealth, and the low-necked countess smiled a ravishing smile on dad, and dad looked as though he owned a brewery, and the Dakota man twisted his chin whiskers and acted like he was sorry for the Monte Carlo lark. I just got so faint with joy that I almost cried.

To think we had skinned along as economically as possible all our lives, and never made much money, and now, through this Dakota genius, and this Monte Carlo opportunity, we had wealth raking in by the bushel, made me feel great, and I wondered why more people had not found out this far-away place, where people could become rich and prosperous in a day, if they had the nerve. I tell you, old man, it was great, and I was going to cabin you to sell out your property for what you could get for forced sale and come here with the money, gamble and become a millionaire.

Monte Carlo (the next day).—My Dear Uncle Ezra: I do not know how to write you the sequel to this tragedy. After our Dakota partner, with the Black Hills system of beating a roulette game, had won the first bet, he never guessed the right color again, and dad had no more use for the rake. Every time he bet and lost, he would reach out to dad for more money, and dad would reach into another pocket and dig up another roll, and the countess would laugh and dad had to act as though he enjoyed losing money.

It was about dark when dad had fished up the last hundred dollars and it was gone before dad could wink back to the countess, then the Dakota man looked at dad for more, and dad shook his head and said it was all out, and they looked at each other a minute, and then we all three got up and went out in the park to see the people who had gone broke commit suicide, but there was not a revolver shot and dad and the Dakota man sat down on a seat and I looked at the moon.

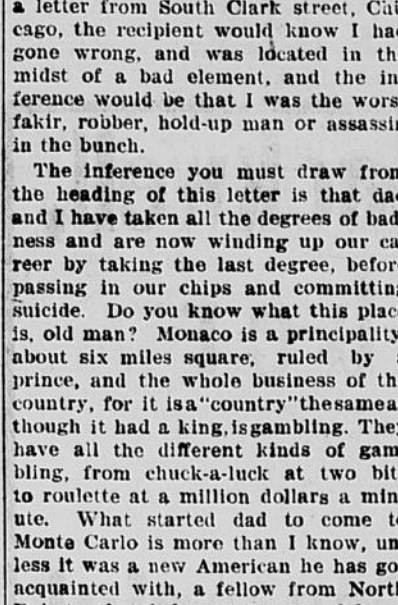
Dad looked at the Dakota man and said: "You started me in all right. What happened to your system?" The Dakota man was silent for a moment, and then he pointed to me and said: "That imp of yours crossed his fingers every time I bet, except the first time." Dad called me to him, and he said: "Hennery, let this be a lesson to you. Never to cross your fingers. You have ruined your dad, and he turned his pockets inside out, and hadn't change for a dollar note, and he gave me the empty sack to carry, and we went to our suite of rooms, knowing my money had been put in the bank."

It will take a week to get away from the states, and we may be sent to the work house, as we are broke, and haven't got the means even to commit suicide. Don't tell me.

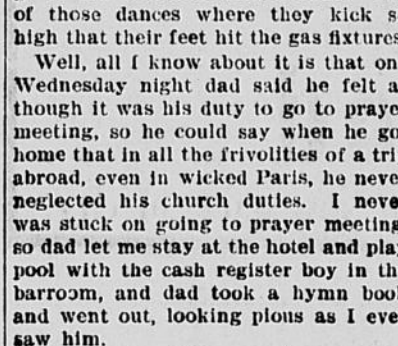
Yours,
HENNERY.



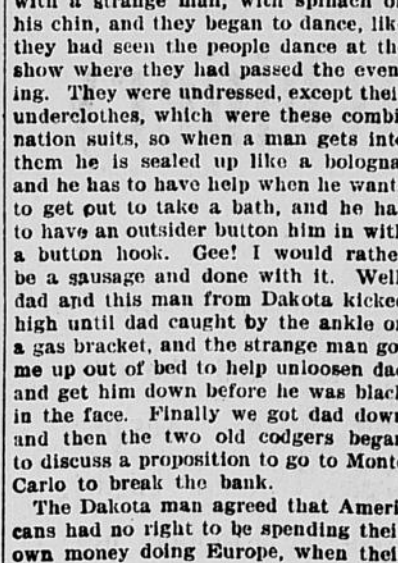
HE TRIED TO STRUGGLE AWAY FROM HIM—THERE WAS A FLASH AND THAT WAS THE END.



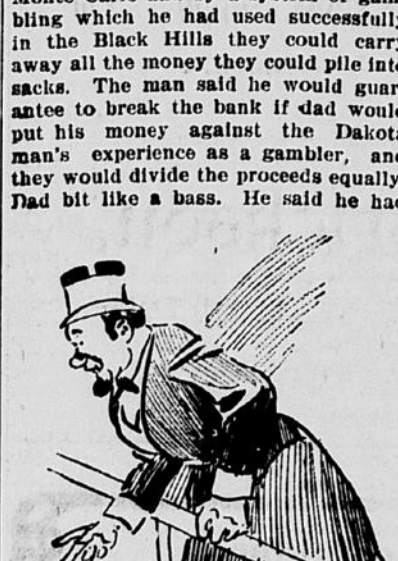
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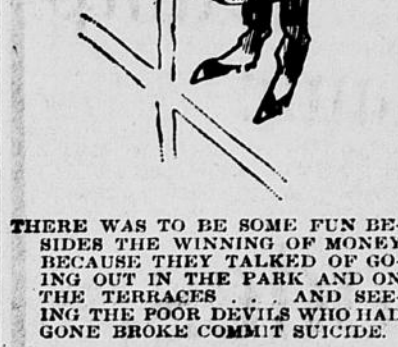
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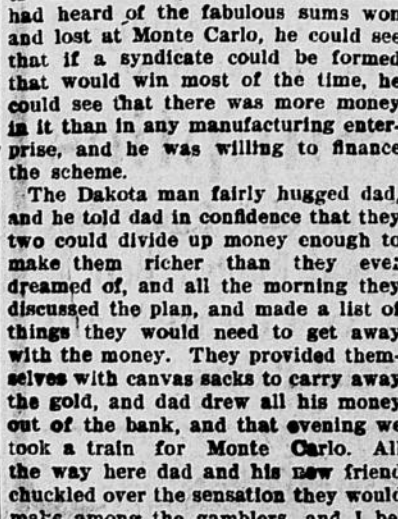
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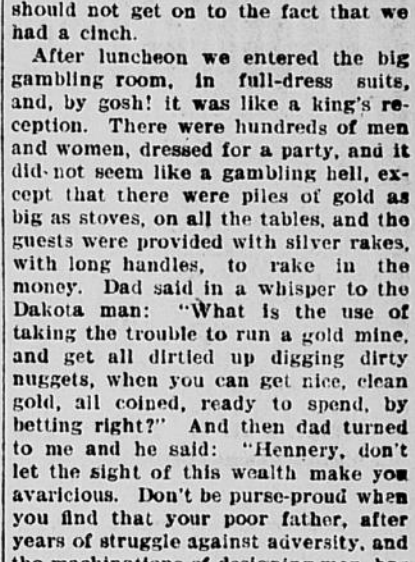
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PECK'S BAD BOY ABROAD.

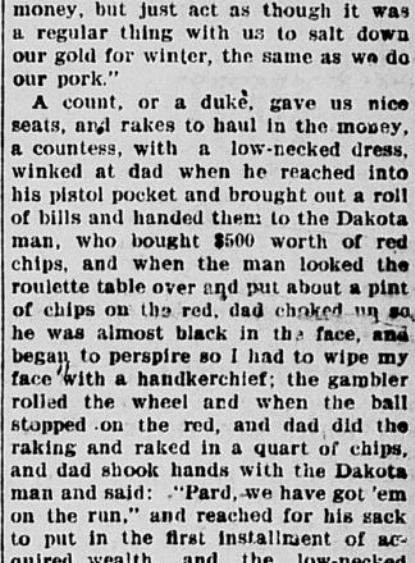
The Bad Boy's Dad Meets a Count at a Party—They "Go Broke" at Monte Carlo.



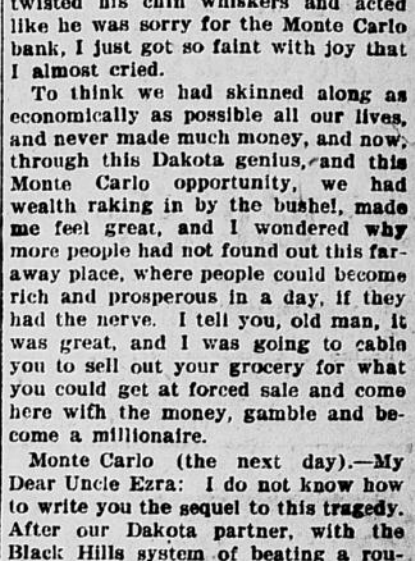
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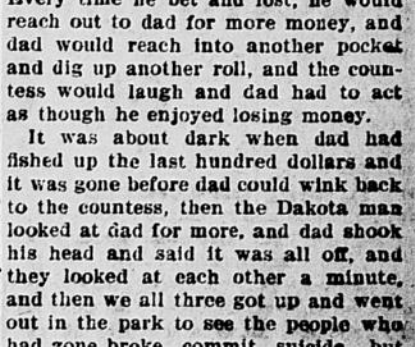
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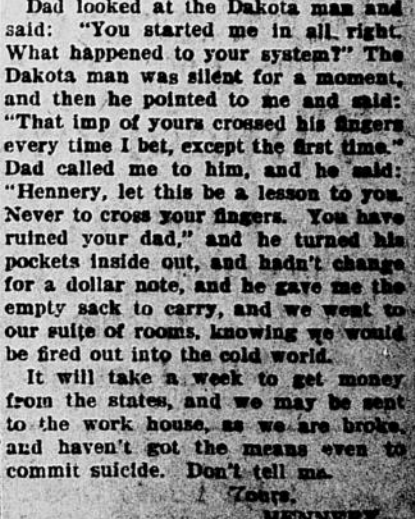
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