

Is Frederick E. Carlton a Modern Bluebeard?

Many Women Claim Him as Their Wedded Husband.

HELD ON MANY SERIOUS CHARGES

Suspected of Poisoning Two Wives by Unique Methods to Collect Their Life Insurance —He Puzzles the Brooklyn Police Force.

New York.—Gaboriau, Poe or Conan Doyle might have thought of it for their heroes, but never in the world of real life before, it is safe to say, has a detective found its strongest clue in the effort to prove a man one of the most remarkable criminals of the age in the simple art of brewing a cup of tea.

Yet to-day that may be called the principal connecting link by which they are hoping to obtain stronger evidence to show that Frederick E. Carlton, now a prisoner in Raymond street jail, Brooklyn, has been guilty several times over of murder, repeated grand larcenies, many bigamies, wholesale blackmail and swindling of insurance companies.

Their first cup of tea has been found almost at the time one James E. McCandless, a farm boy, left his home at Louisiana, Polk county, Mo., in the latter part of the eighties, and the last sees Mary Gorman Carlton dying 18 years later in a furnished room house in Sands street, Brooklyn, from tetanus. During those 18 years they have found tea brewed in half the states of the union, in 20 of its great cities, in the army and in the navy, and always in the same way. The tea, of course, is only the first step. The second is the confrontation, and that, the police promise, will be for the living.

Inspector Cross Puzzled.

Police Inspector Adam A. Cross, known as one of the most intelligent and best educated of the uniformed force, borough inspector of Brooklyn, after an hour and a half's searching cross-examination of Carlton the other day turned to the men waiting, and with a smile that was not wholly that of triumph, pointed at the retreating figure of Carlton departing between two policemen, saying:

"There goes, in my opinion, one of the remarkable criminals of the age. I confess I cannot wholly make him out. A very high degree of cunning, a smattering of education along peculiar lines and a criminal instinct driven by an inordinate desire for notoriety have combined to produce a man who would stop at nothing, who could cover his tracks well for years and then when discovery did come supply him with the effrontery to stand undismayed before overwhelming evidence.

"I have just talked to him for an hour and a half. He declared to me he would answer frankly, and yet when questions were put to him that he did not care to have asked he would veil his frankness under refusal or the plea that his counsel had instructed him to keep silent. He laughs at all charges except perhaps one, that of having improper photographs in his possession. He declares he has an ample defense to every other accusation, and yet he will not even

be used in speculating in tax sales. On that he stands indicted.

The second charge for which he is under indictment in Manhattan is the accusation of Dr. G. A. Goldsmith, of Stamford, Conn., who has sworn that Carlton drugged him with a cup of tea and robbed him of \$500 at the St. Clair hotel, Park Row, in January, 1900.

The third, for which he is accused jointly with Mrs. Eleanor Van Deventer, with whom he lived, is having in his possession improper photographs of women.

At present Dr. Charles P. O'Connor, pathologist of the health department, is conducting a chemical analysis of the stomach and organs of Mary Gorman Carlton, his wife, who died in March of this year, supposedly from tetanus, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the woman died from poison.

The authorities at Washington stand ready, it is reported, to exhumate the body of Jennie Smyth Carlton, wife, who died in June, 1904, from tetanus. It was supposed, for the purpose of discovering if she died from the effects of poison.

Suspect Tetanus Inoculation.

In both of these cases the authorities are proceeding on the assumption that in applying modern scientific methods to murder, the man may have actually inoculated the women with the germs of tetanus. They have the testimony of two persons already in their possession that Carlton not only often spoke of germs, but apparently had cultures of them in his apartments. A motive for the murder easily proven, the police declare, would be found in the insurance he collected on the death of both wives.

Photographs of Carlton have been identified by Mrs. John E. McCandless, living in a small town in Nebraska, who declares that they were married in 1890, after which she was despoiled of her savings and deserted.

Mrs. Fred Carlton, of Yankton, S. D., has written to the police that she recognizes Carlton's portrait as that of the man she married soon after the McCandless episode. She declares that she was robbed and deserted.

Mrs. James Martinez, of Covington, Ky., is positive that Carlton, and the Martinez she married in the early nineties are one and the same person.

Mrs. Lulu Kettering, of Rochester, N. Y., now using her old name, was courted and wed in 1897 by one Eduardo de Rodriguez, self-styled Brazilian plantier. They came to New York city immediately after the wedding and Mrs. Kettering swears she recognizes in Carlton the man who a few days later took all her money and jewelry, amounting to about \$2,500, and deserted her.

Bigamy Charge Likely.

Rose Cerler, of St. Louis, has sent word that she recognizes in Carlton

There have been inquiries for further descriptions and identifications from at least five insurance companies and guarded statements that there was some suspicion that there might have been fraud in that way.

The charge of blackmail rests on the pictures. These pictures are now in the possession of the police, and the statement of one Marie Brozman is to the effect that Carlton at one time threatened to transpire a negative of her head to the body of another woman. She has told the police that he hinted that by that means he had been able to accomplish much.

Inquiry from Chicago.

In addition to this there is the inquiry of the Chicago police, asking for more particulars about Carlton, declaring that a Carl Horton, who ran a matrimonial bureau at No. 155 Washington street, that city, several years ago, resembled Carlton's published pictures. That man was arrested, but was acquitted and left town.

It will be seen easily that except for the three crimes on which he now stands charged and the one which always the outcome of the chemist's analysis the testimony is not yet conclusive. The police have not yet gathered together all the strands of evidence, but in every allegation so far the cup of tea is found. St. Louis has sent word that Carlton is the young McCandless, of Polk county, who en-

years and years for him," avers Mrs. Vandeventer.

And as to this, Inspector Cross says he has occasion to believe that the loving couple are already married.

"A Funny Mix-Up."

"He tried to insure her life for \$2,000 and they both swore they were married," says the inspector. "And her own brother-in-law told the insurance company, for which he was the agent, that they were married. Now, that's a funny mix-up."

Besides the various other strange enterprises in which Carlton has figured as a promoter, it is daily hinted by the Brooklyn police that he has been conducting on an extravagant scale matrimonial bureaus in different cities. This, it is taken, is not entirely out of his line of work as a plotter after hearts. Queer love codes, names of women in many cities printed on slips, and photographs of many more, were resurrected from his effects. A. Carlton would say to this when the police asked him about it was:

"Ah, go find out!"

In his checkered career Carlton has posed as a physician, chemist, expert photographer, priest, Presbyterian minister, expert chef and owner of a Brazilian coffee plantation. He has boasted of his keen knowledge of medicine, and has said he knew how to cultivate enough germs to supply the borough of



listed in the United States army at an early age, deserted and served two years' imprisonment in Fort Leavenworth, the military prison. It is there, it is asserted, that he learned to cook. It is there, it is thought, he learned to brew a cup of tea by pouring hot water upon the tea leaves, upon which lay a slice of lemon. That is a common enough way nowadays in cities and abroad, but it is not the way they make tea in the country districts, where the old-fashioned boiling or steeping is still used. It was strange enough to have Helen Murray remember it of John E. Candless, for Jennie Andrews, of South Dakota, to use that as one of her means of identification, and for Lucia Mitchell, Mrs. Kettering, Rose Cerler, Mrs. Kingrey, the Peterson girl, the parents of Jennie Smyth Carlton, and the mother and brother of Mary Gorman, as well as the Mrs. Hattie Schultz and her bandmaster husband in Sands street, Brooklyn, where Carlton boarded, all of them refer to it.

Brooklyn for the rest of its natural life.

"Germs?" he said at one time. "Why, they're easy! Anybody can get germs. Just dig 'em up."

He didn't talk so volubly about germs when Inspector Cross, a few days since, put him through the sprouts.

"Germs?" he repeated. "You'll have to ask a bacteriologist about them things."

Carlton has maintained a marvelous bravado since his arrest. It is a characteristic that is one of his strongest points. Nothing seems to nettles him, and he affects a good humor at all times that, with a man under such intense cross-fire, is hard to understand. Lack of nerve has never for a moment led him to a false step since his arrest. Confronted at Raymond street jail by Millie Peterson, a Jersey City woman whom he caught in his spyder web under promise of marriage, only to forsake her for another, he gazed coldly at her.



afford the police the slightest assistance in arriving at the truth of any of the charges against him. He says he does not care how many come forward to accuse him, he knows that at the proper time he will be able to go free.

Laughingly Defiant.

It was just as the inspector had said. When Carlton met men-reporters from the newspapers and others, frankness itself on some points, he had drawn a mental circle about others and his answers never overstepped the line—but through it all there was the laughing triumphant declaration: "You will see. I will go free. There will never be a charge made to stand up against me. I am willing to go to jail and have everything sifted thoroughly. At the proper time I will tell everything."

Carlton has at the present time three definite charges against him. The first is the accusation of H. B. J. Schaub, machinist on the submarine Porpoise, that Carlton took from him the sum of \$700 on a pretext that the money

the Carl Marlin who married her, robbed her and deserted her in the same year.

Mrs. Etta Kingrey, of Gordon, Ala., is coming north to be satisfied that in Carlton she will be able to identify the Eduardo J. Martinez who married her in 1898 in Alabama, took all her savings and then deserted her. On this identification the police believe they will be able to base a charge of bigamy, for they claim to have outside evidence to show that in one particular case Carlton posed as De Martinez, claiming to have been a Spaniard spy and to have inside knowledge of the blowing up of the Maine.

Millie Peterson, of Jersey City, has positively identified Carlton in jail as the man who made her his common law wife and deserted her. She does not say Carlton ever robbed her, but she has sworn that he endeavored to have her life insured.

The charges of swindling the insurance companies, the police admit, are wholly without anything substantial on which to base suspicion at this time.

Schaub, who has accused him of grand larceny, alleges that he was offered tea to drink. Dr. Goldsmith has sworn that the drug which De Martinez administered to him to produce unconsciousness was in a cup of tea. The foregoing is the arraignment by the police. There is something to be said for the man around whom so powerful a net is closing. Carlton himself can talk for himself and talk quietly, intelligently and logically; that is, where there does not intervene a date or a place or a name he desires at this time to withhold.

A Dangerous Man.

"He is a dangerous man to have loose," is the way Inspector Cross puts it. "How many women have fallen a prey to his greed and viciousness it would be hard to say. How he won the love and confidence of these women is beyond comprehension. He is a man of low, petty practices, a man of the meanest type. He fascinated innocent women and they were as toys in his hands."

Miss Marie Breslin, upon whom Carlton tried a unique scheme of blackmail by means of an obnoxious photograph, fell under Carlton's hypnotic eye.

"He asked me to marry him before his second wife was dead," says this pretty Brooklyn miss. "I was her bridesmaid, and I was shocked when he spoke to me. I felt myself under his terrible influence. I had hardly the strength to refuse him, but, thank God, I did. Then he told me he would get me by foul means, and I don't know what might have happened if he had not been arrested. I always hated him, but his influence over a woman was so strong that no one without a desperate effort could get away from him."

Carlton's feverish anxiety for feminine love has not deserted him since his incarceration at the Brooklyn jail. Mrs. Vandeventer, who was herself thrust into a cell when Anthony Comstock heard of her having posed for photographs found in Carlton's trunk, and who later gained temporary freedom through the kind offices of a bondsman, calls on him every day and they exchange most endearing confidences.

"I'll marry her when I get out," says Carlton. "She's the best friend I have in the world."

"I love Fred devotedly and I wouldn't marry anyone else if I had to wait

for the rest of its natural life."

"For God's sake, don't say you don't know me," implored the heartbroken woman, whose life had been the torment of a thousand hells since he left her.

"I never saw you," declared Carlton, his eyes dropping to escape her tears. She fainted, and on being revived her agonizing screams sent chills to the hearts of the callous prison guards.

Carlton gazed upon the creature before him unmoved.

"Fred, I love you. I don't want to prosecute you."

"Take her away. She's crazy," commanded Carlton.

And the woman in a convulsion of hysterics, was taken to a hospital.

This is the real nature of the man whom the Brooklyn police term a "Bluebeard."

Poor Willie!

Just outside of Berlin a crown of Somerset young folks on their way to White Horse were attracted by the bawling of a cow whose calf had got down over an embankment. The calf was returned to its mother's side and one of the young men was telling his girl how the cow actually licked his hand in gratitude, when she told him that it wasn't gratitude at all, the cow only thought she had twins.—Myersdale (Pa.) Commercial.

Rhapsody on Railways.

A writer to the New York Mirror of 1840, in the course of a rhapsody on the railway, says: "Dueling and changing horses and separate rooms are at an end—our light literature must now become woven with steam—our incidents must arise from blow-ups, and love be made over broken legs; while here the novelist will have to record the falling in of a tunnel, the only chance left for a touch of the sublime."

PECKS BAD BOY ABROAD



The Bad Boy and His Dad Climb the Pyramids—The Bad Boy Lights a Cannon Cracker in Rameses' Tomb—They Flee from Egypt in Disguise.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK, Ex-Governor of Wisconsin. Former Editor of "Peck's Sun." Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," Etc.

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Cairo, Egypt.—My Dear Old Geezer: I broke off my last letter in sight of the pyramids, when I was left alone on the desert, my jackass having stampeded with the camels, on account of my fireworks, and I presume you think I was all in, but I got to the pyramids before the stampeded caravan did. I saw a car coming along, and I just got aboard and in ten minutes I was at the base of the big pyramid, and the camel with dad on between the humps, was humping himself half a mile away, trying to get there, and the other camels, with the Arabs, were stretched out like horses in a race, behind, and my jackass was right next to dad's camel, braying and occasionally kicking dad's camel in the slats.

There were about a hundred tourists around the base of the big pyramid, all looking towards the stampede of the camels, and I told them my dad, the great American millionaire, was on the runaway camel in advance, and asked them to form a line across the trail and save dad, but when the camel came nearer I was ashamed of dad. He had his arms around the front hump of the camel, and he was yelling for help to stop his menagerie, and his legs were flying in the air, and every time they came down they kicked a hole in the side of the camel.

Well, sir, I thought dad was a brave man, but he blatted like a calf, and when the camel stopped and went to eating a clump of grass dad opened his eyes, and when he saw that the procession had stopped he rolled off his camel like a bag of wheat, and stuck in the sand and began to say a prayer, but when he saw me standing there, laughing, he stopped praying, and said to me: "I thought you were blown up when that jackass kicked the can of dynamite. You have more lives than a cat. Now, get a hustle on you and we will climb that pyramid, and then quit this blasted country," and dad sat down on a hummock and began to pull himself together after the most fearful ride he ever had. He said the camel loped, trotted, galloped, single-



WANTED HIM TO PAY FOR THE CAMEL.

footed and shied all at the same time, and when one hump was not jamming him in the back the other hump was kicking him in the stomach, and if he had a gun he would shoot the camel, and the Arabs, and bust up the show.

By the time dad got so he could stand up without leaning against a pyramid the Arabs came up and they all talked at once, and drew knives, and it seemed as though they were blaming dad for something. We found an interpreter among the tourists, and he talked with the Arabs, and pointing to the camel dad had ridden, which was stretched out on the sand like he was dead, he told dad the Arabs wanted him to pay for the camel he had ridden to death, and founded by letting it drink a wagon load of water, and then entered in a race across the desert, and the interpreter said dad better pay, or they would kill him.

Dad settled for the camel for a hundred dollars, and a promise of the skin of the camel, which was going to take home and have stuffed. Then a man who pretended to be a justice of the peace had dad arrested for driving off with a walk, and he was fined \$10 and costs for that, and then all the Arabs struck him for money for one thing and another, and when he had settled all around and paid extra for not riding back to Cairo on the camel, we got ready to climb up the pyramid. Dad said he wouldn't ride that camel back to Cairo for a million dollars, for he was split up so his legs began where his arms left off, and he was lame from Genesis to Revelations.

But I never saw such a lot of people to pray as these pirates are. Just before they rob a man they get down on their knees on a rug, and mumble something to some god, and after they have got you robbed good and plenty, they get down and pray, while they are concealing the money they took from you. Gee, but when I get home I am going to steer the train robbers and burglars onto the idea of always being on praying grounds.

Well, I told dad he hadn't better try to climb up the pyramid, that I would go up, 'cause I could climb like a goat, and when I got up to the top I would fire a salute, so everybody would know that a star spangled American was on deck, but dad said he would go up or quit the tourist business. He said he had come thousands of miles to climb the pyramids, and sit in the shadow of the spinks, and by ginger he was going to do it, and so we started.

Well, say, each stone is about four feet high, and dad couldn't get up without help, so an Arab would go up a stone ahead, and take hold of dad's hands, and two more Arabs would get their shoulders under dad's pants, and shove, and he would get up gradually. We got about half way up when dad weakened, and said he didn't care so much about pyramids as he thought he did, and he was ready to quit, but the guide and

Shall We Speak the Truth or a Lie?

By DR. GEORGE F. SHRADY,
New York Specialist.

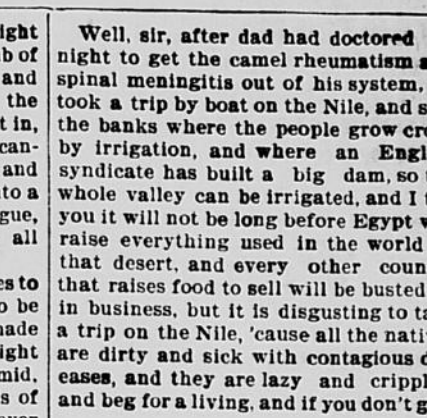
say truth would be uncivilized in the extreme and unchristian.

The motive of truth is to save people, and when it can be available there is wisdom in its use. It is perfectly right to suppress the truth when you want to tell a patient he is going to die. Suppression is helping him along and giving him courage.

Contrary to morality, people wouldn't understand the truth in its naked aspect. Truth is to be told when it does good and suppressed when it does harm. It is a wicked thing to destroy one's faith in humanity, and the woman system contains a great deal of recuperative tissue to adapt itself to the ordinary agitations of life, but I doubt if the amount is adequate to endure the shock or injuries of one day's truth telling. A large percentage of our insane asylums are now filled with people suffering with melancholia who at some time in their lives have been the victims of a disagreeable truth when wholly unprepared to receive it.

Truth telling, practiced with an improper spirit would neither benefit the individual nor the community and whether told in New York or elsewhere would certainly find a disastrous end.

Well, sir, after dad had doctored all night to get the camel rheumatism and spinal meningitis out of his system, we took a trip by boat on the Nile, and saw the banks where the people grow crops by irrigation, and where an English syndicate has built a big dam, so the whole valley can be irrigated, and I tell you it will not be long before Egypt will raise everything used in the world on that desert, and every other country that raises food to sell will be busted up in business, but it is disgusting to take a trip on the Nile, 'cause all the natives are dirty and sick with contagious diseases, and they are lazy and crippled, and beg for a living, and if you don't give



DAD IS DISGUISED AS A SHEIKH.

them something they steal all you got. You are in luck if you get away without having leprosy, or the plague, or cholera, or fleas.

So we went back to Cairo, and there was the worst commotion you ever saw, about my fireworks in the tomb. The papers said that an American dynamiter had attempted to blow up the great pyramid, and take possession of the country, and place it under the American flag, and that the conspirators were spotted and would be arrested and put in irons as soon as they got back from a trip on the Nile.

Well, sir, dad found his career would close right here, and that he would probably spend the balance of his life in an Egyptian prison if we didn't get out, so we made a sneak and got into our hotel and bought disguises and are going to get out of here to-night, and try to get to Gibraltar, or somewhere in sight of home. Dad is disguised as a sheik, with whiskers and a white robe, like a bath robe, and I am going to travel with him as an Egyptian girl till we get through the Suez canal.

Gee, but I wouldn't be a nigger girl only to save dad. Your innocent,
HENNERY.

ENGLISH OF FOREIGNERS.

Their Efforts at Mastering the Language Are Oftentimes Very Ludicrous.

The struggle of foreigners who have put their faith in dictionaries to account for "English as she is spoke" in New York are sometimes funny, says the Times. An educated young Italian asked an American who spoke his language why the dictionaries were so badly made.

"There are two expressions which I hear constantly," he said, "and neither of them is in any dictionary I have looked into. They are 'abetchu' and 'idono.'"

His American friend pondered for a season, and then, with a cheerful smile, told him that "abetchu" stood for "I bet you," and "idono" was short for "I don't know."

"But why," said the Italian, "when a person is leaving, do you call 'saloon' after him? I can't understand it. I thought at first it was a joke, to insinuate that I was going to a saloon. But they call it after women, too."

"Your 'saloon,' my boy," replied the American, "is simply 'so long,' that is New York dialect for adieu, adios, au Wiedersehen, farewell, or good-bay."

Red Hair.

When red hair makes its appearance on a human head all lukewarmness is at an end. It is either loved or loathed. Its admirers, with artists in the van, are almost hysterically enthusiastic. They call it golden, though the gold that comes out of the earth is not often exactly that shade. A red-haired woman is sure of a success in some quarter, however plain her face or insignificant her figure. The detractors of red hair say it is a sign of bad temper or immorality or both, and therefore to be scrupulously avoided.—Queen.

Very Likely.

"We thought," said the reporter, "that you might care to say something about these charges against you."

"No," replied the crooked public official, "I believe that 'silence is golden.'"

"Well," replied the reporter, "perhaps the public might believe it's merely gilt in this case."—Catholic Standard and Times.

One Not Enough.

The average girl believes in affidavits—and lots of them.—N. Y. Times.