

CAPTAIN HAINS LIKE A GHOST IN HIS CELL

Former Handsome Army Officer Is Very Pathetic Figure Since His Arrest for Murder Of Annis.

HIS LOVE FOR PRETTY
WIFE HAS ALL FADED

Declares She Has Betrayed
Him and Disgraced Their
Children—Details of Killing
Blank to Him.

By Dorothy Dix.

New York, Dec. 4.—"I want you to say one thing for me—I want you to contradict the assertion that has been made that I still love Claudia. It is monstrous—grotesque, that I should have one particle of lingering affection for her after the way she betrayed me and disgraced my little children."

So spoke Capt. Peter Hains to me, his brooding eyes that never lightened and never brightened, fixed upon the table, where his restless hands that are never for a single second, were tracing meaningless marks upon the soiled jail table cloth.

Is Pathetic Figure.

He was the most pathetic figure on earth—a young man broken on the wheel of fate in his youth, the joy of living quenched forever for him, old in sorrow before he is old in years. He is the tallest of the three brothers, a fine soldierly upstanding figure of a man that must have been handsome enough to have captured any girl's fancy when his face was lit up by happiness, but now he looks wan and pinched, as if some cruel wind had blown over him and blighted him.

He is thin to the point of emaciation. His clothes hang on him loosely. His hands are transparent and bony. The skin is drawn tightly over his cheek bones and across his forehead. He has the pale, ascetic look of a young monk who has fasted and kept lonely vigils until he is ready to faint from exhaustion. His face is the saddest human face I ever saw and his voice when he speaks is like the voice of a ghost, so surcharged with deathless woe is it.

You don't need the doctor to tell you that melancholy has marked him for its own. You see it in the drooping figure and stricken face; you hear it in the tired speech that trails off into forgetfulness every now and then, as the dim memory struggles to bring back first one fact and then another, and tries to weld them into a coherent whole.

For Peter Hains' mind now is slowly emerging from the eclipse that darkened it on the day after his wife shattered his universe by her confession to him. He still remembers many things only in part, and he is pathetically nervous, with twitching hands and trembling lips that he cannot keep still for all his efforts. But he says he is better now—Oh, much, much better—that he is beginning to sleep a little.

"It is the first time I have been able to rest since I got those terrible letters of Claudia's in San Francisco, and it does well wonders for me. I hope to be well very soon now—if I can only sleep.

"Those Terrible Letters."

"Those letters—those terrible, terrible letters," he went on, his hands fluttering over the table. "You know I had been gone for three months to the Philippines and back with a transport, and I had not heard one word from Claudia or my babies. When I reached San Francisco I was already wild with anxiety about them, for she had never failed to write before, and so when I saw the great package of letters with her dear handwriting on them, I fell on them like a famished dog on bone. But I could not understand them. Everyone was filled with accounts of her smoking and drinking and going about with Annis, and doing things that she never did before that I knew of, and then I read on to where she mentioned that gossip was busy with her name. Then I knew something was wrong at home, and it made me crazy."

"I rushed like a mad man to my superior officer and told him I must go home, that something dreadful had happened. I didn't know what, but I must go, even if I had to resign my commission to do so. He saw that I was awfully upset and so he stretched a point and let me go.

"I can't tell you anything about that trip. I only know that I was insane, that I never ate nor slept between San Francisco and New York; that all I thought of was that Claudia, my poor Claudia, was in trouble, and I was going to help her. That way I came to Ft. Hamilton, and I suppose I looked like a crazy person when I burst in upon her."

He stopped, with face bowed and the sorrow of sorrow upon him.

Coming to the time when as alleged Mrs. Hains confessed to him her wrong-doing with Annis, Capt. Hains said:

"After that I remember things only in part. I went to Tony's (his brother) and we were together, and I couldn't sleep nor eat. I would walk the floor night after night, wild with grief and shame, tortured beyond endurance, and then came that awful charge that Claudia made against me—a charge that would make me an outcast among my fellow men. They told me of that, and that Annis had put her up

Is But a Shadow of His Former Self



CAPT PETER C. HAINS.

In a remarkable interview yesterday, granted to Dorothy Dix, Capt. Hains, who is charged with the murder of Annis, said he would never forgive his wife. His physical condition is rapidly breaking down under worry and confinement in the Tombs, New York.

LEADING THE LEAGUE

Freshmen of Earlham College Again Successful at Basket Ball.

UPPER CLASSMEN BEATEN.

LEAGUE STANDING.

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Freshmen	2	0	1.000
Juniors	1	1	.500
Sophomores	1	1	.500
Seniors	0	2	.000

In a fast played game the Freshmen, of Earlham defeated the Juniors yesterday and stepped into first place. Morrison was the bright particular star of the Freshmen, playing a whirlwind game and pitching in three field goals. The game was anybody's until the last few minutes of play, when the third classmen were swept off their feet. Final score: Freshmen 11, Juniors 9.

Seniors Again Defeated.

The Sophomores shoved the haughty fourth classmen back into last place yesterday in an extremely fast played and spectacular contest. The brilliant play of Conrad for the Sophomores 19, Juniors 17. The game was not decided until the last two minutes of play in the last half.

TAKE LEAGUE LEAD BY WINNING

A's Defeat D's in the City League.

STANDING OF CLUBS.

	Won	Lost	Pct.
A's	11	4	.733
D's	6	7	.500
C's	6	9	.400
B's	5	10	.333

Games tonight—Pirate vs. Richmonds.

In a hard fought contest between the leaders of the Business Men's league, at the city bowling allies last evening, the A's nabbed three straight games from the D's, thus stepping into first place and sending the D's to second. All the A's played a magnificent game. High scores were made by Glines, 206; Craighead, 188 and Haisley, 192.

Score by Games:
A's—722, 820, 783. Total, 2,325.
D's—600, 625, 741. Total, 2,056.

TWENTY-FOUR OTHER INDICTMENTS

Grand Jury Still Works on Reelfoot Outrages.

Union City, Tenn., Dec. 4.—Twenty-four additional indictments were returned by the grand jury investigating the recent raids of the night riders of Reelfoot Lake, bringing the total number to 125. Other than that the majority of the indictments charge capital offenses, strictest secrecy of which is maintained at their contents.



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Handkerchiefs to match.
We have them in purple,
brown, grey, blue, white, all
come in fancy boxes.

Sets \$1

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Affairs of the Sporting World

For the first time in twelve years
Jack McAuliffe, former lightweight
champion of the world, has decided to
indulge in public boxing exhibitions.
He is on the road with a
sparring partner and got an ovation
in the Hub the other day.

Old Joe Choynski has caused much
merriment among sporting men by ex-
pressing a desire to meet Stanley
Ketchel. Those who have seen Ketchel
put up his hands say that Choynski
in his prime could not have beaten
him. Some of these old time fighters
who do not know where they have
had enough seem to be in need of
friendly advise.

These suits have been muzzled and
packed away by Manager Jones and he
refuses to disclose them until the open-
ing of the basket ball season.

Earlham students are considerably
wrought up by the information that
the state oratorical contest will prob-
ably be held at Indianapolis and Manager
Jones wrote to the manager of the De-
Pauw team suggesting a game at the
capital on the afternoon of that day.

In reply, the DePauw manager stated
that it was more probable the oratorical
contest would be held on February
12. He probably speaks with authori-
ty, as the president of the state orato-
rical association is a DePauw man.

Joe Birmingham of the Cleveland
team has gone Mike Donlin, Harry
Howell et al one better by becoming
a theatrical magnate instead of a
mere actor. Birmingham is proprie-
tor of a moving picture establishment
at Elmira.

It begins to look as though C. Co-
miskey won't have any team next sea-
son. Jones says he has quit the game
for good; Dougherty writes that his
oil wells need his entire attention;
Donohue claims his health will keep

him out of the game for at least one
season; Isbell wants to remain in
Wichita; Tannehill is after the South-
ern Club; Davis desires to be an East-
ern League magnate, and Sullivan says
"Never again." Comiskey must be
worried to death. Wot?

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