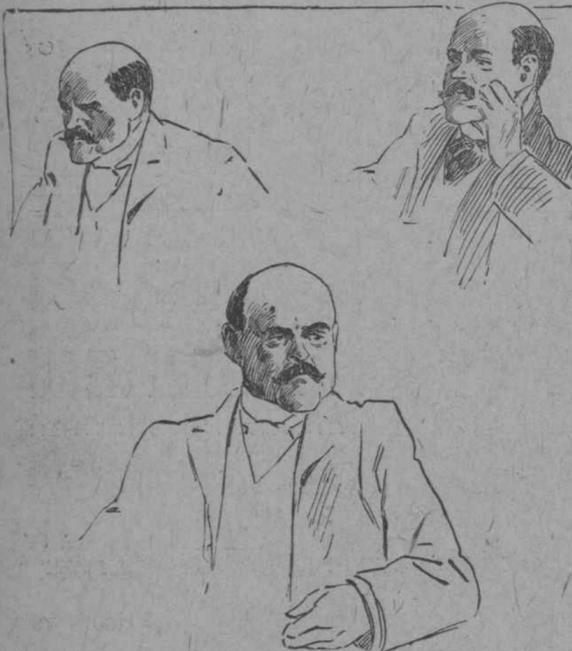


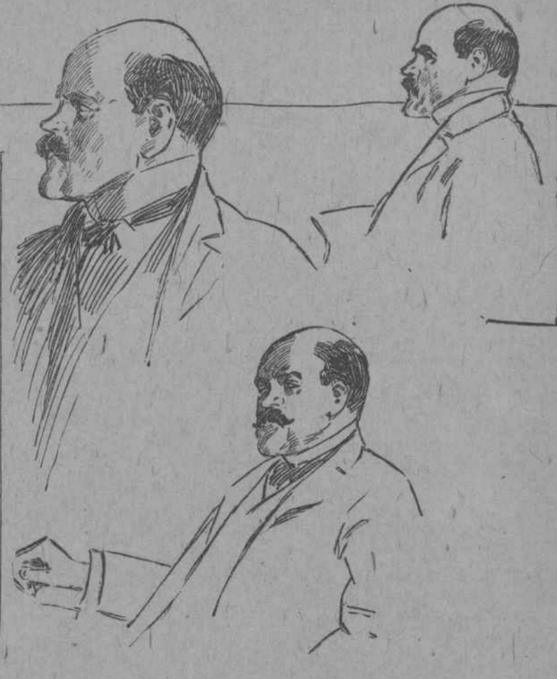
CORNISH'S EXAMINATION SKETCHED BY A JOURNAL ARTIST.



Cornish (guardedly)—I don't know of anything that would furnish sufficient motive. Cornish (vaguely)—My impression is mentioned. Cornish (hesitatingly)—I have had charges preferred against me by two persons.



Coroner Hart, Gen. Molineux, Mr. Osborne, Harry Cornish. Assistant-District-Attorney Osborne Addressing the Coroner in the Course of His Examination of Cornish.



Cornish (sharply)—The charges were that I had made remarks about Molineux and Barnet. Cornish (positively)—My statement was taken and the charge was dismissed. Cornish (explanatory)—The intimation was that Molineux had been in or I must leave the club.

comes absorbingly interesting.

Cornish Tells Everything Except What is Wanted

He was first invited to tell the whole story of his life, beginning at any point he chose, and the point he chose was the moment when he received the poison package.

He talked along until he had described the death of Mrs. Adams, with minute particulars, but involving nothing not already known, except that he did not go out with the two women on the night before the murder, and that he never suspected the poisoning was due to anything but an accident until forty-eight hours after the catastrophe.

He came to the end of his voluntary statement when he had described his own illness and recovery, and remarked that he could think of nothing else, in his knowledge, which had any bearing on the case. So, in spite of all the promises held out beforehand, we know just as much as we knew a month ago, and no more. This would never do!

But Mr. Osborne was not the man to let things rest there. He evinced an unmitigated resolve to believe that Cornish could tell a great deal more pertinent to the inquiry if he chose. After urging him to further voluntary disclosures without success—Cornish declaring that he would "rather be asked questions"—Mr. Osborne began to probe him with a view to finding out what enemies he had.

He developed nothing but that Cornish was a man almost or quite without any enemies in the world. Never was there an individual more free from hostilities of all kinds. If everybody did not love him, at least he was not aware that anybody hated him, and as to "the possibility of any quarrel serious enough for that"—namely, a poisoning plot—it was to Cornish unthinkable.

Perhaps—Possibly—Barnet's Case Might Be Like His.

"But did you never have any differences with anybody?" "Well, not for a year and a half, anyway."

Mr. Osborne finally tried another tack. Had it never occurred to Cornish that his case and Barnet's were similar? Cornish replied, with many qualifications and exceptions, that such a similarity might at one time or another have been somewhat brought to his attention.

Had none of the doctors (who attended both him and Barnet) spoken of the similarity to him? His memory was obscure as to that, but on the whole such might have been the case. He fell into a sort of argumentative tone, with a rapidity of utterance and plausibility of manner which were marked, but for which one was at a loss to assign a cause. It did seem (though it may have been due to the skillful handling of Mr. Osborne) that the witness, if not directly concealing some fact, was at least desirous to keep away from regions in which such facts might exist. The things which he didn't remember were numerous and not such as one would be apt to forget.

New Shadow Cast on the Character of Molineux.

But at last the question got down to Molineux and the alleged quarrel between him and Cornish, and the answer to it, if by contest, for it was really difficult to blink the fact that a contest there was—became more acute.

Mr. Osborne hammered harder and harder, and Cornish parried with more and more pertinacity and finesse. It was evinced that Molineux had been charged with maintaining a disorderly house in Newark, and the witness admitted that he himself had been there. Here, at any rate, was a new element in the case, and little more savory than most of the others.

It transpired that Cornish had been accused of bringing this charge against Molineux, but had been adjudged innocent by the Club Committee. And it was brought out that Cornish had also been accused of charging Barnet with improper conduct with women, and adjudged innocent of that, too. But this did not seem to advance us much further in any recognizable direction.

So Mr. Osborne delivered a home thrust: "Did you ever have or express any suspicion as to who sent you that poison?" Mr. Cornish said he had not. Mr. Osborne produced the record, in which it was stated that he suspected Molineux!

What to do in this dilemma? Cornish finally declared that he supposed that such must have been his impression at the time, but that, after all, he did not really suspect Molineux. He had only thought that if so inconceivable a thing as that, any one really did hate him enough to kill him, was to be entertained at all, why, then, he had thought that Molineux must have been that agent.

Besides, there was the similarity between the face-simile of the address on the package and Molineux's handwriting, as shown in the newspapers, but it afterwards turned out that the face-simile was not really like the original, so, upon that consideration, the whole suspicion against Molineux vanished from his mind.

Such Suspiciously Slight Grounds for Suspicion.

And then it was elicited by questions from one of the Jurymen that Cornish had "never had an unpleasant word with Molineux" in his life. The perplexing thing about all this (as Mr. Osborne seemed to feel) was that grounds so marvelously slight as those which Cornish admitted against Molineux should have induced him to name Molineux to McClusky at all.

And Mr. Cornish, try as he would, could not make this any clearer. All he could say was that he had "never made a charge" against any one. Really, the inoffensiveness of Molineux, according to Cornish, is equalled only by the freedom of Cornish himself from enemies.

In these respects both are remarkable young men. And not a word or a hint of anything resembling the unmentionable scandals which have been suggested in this case seems ever to have been communicated to the witness or to be within his knowledge.

What, then, are we here for? Who ever heard of a murder case in which the intended victim is found in the attitude of resolutely turning aside suspicion from the nevertheless suspected murderer? Are we to suppose a murder association, in which the members draw lots as to which shall be victims and which agents, and both are sworn to secrecy? Obviously, we are being reduced to absurdities.

But can Cornish keep this up? We shall find out tomorrow. He was on the stand when court adjourned.

Julian Hawthorne

CORNISH'S FULL STORY.

The Receipt of the Package; the Poisoning; His Suspicion of Molineux.

Harry Cornish had difficulty in starting his story. He said in lieu of answer to a question by Mr. Osborne: "I don't know just where to begin."

The narrative which has already been given up to him as a statement for publication. Before he was fairly started upon his rehearsal, Mr. Osborne turned and told all the other witnesses they might be excused until this morning. Then Cornish continued, after a warning from the Prosecutor, not to repeat the story from any previous statement, but to tell it from memory alone.

Story of the Murder of Mrs. Kate Adams.

The Witness—Well, on the morning of the 24th of December, 1898, I went to the club somewhere between 10 and 11 o'clock. I took my mail matter from the main office and carried it up to my office in the gymnasium, as is my usual custom to do.

POINTS BROUGHT OUT AT THE INQUEST.

Harry Cornish was the only witness examined yesterday at the Coroner's inquest into the poisoning of Mrs. Kate Adams, Cornish testified that:

He had been accused by a member of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club of making statements reflecting on one person who was a member of the Club, upon another who was not.

The man who accused Cornish was C. C. Hughes. The men he was said to have made the statements about were: Roland B. Molineux and H. C. Barnet.

Cornish denied having made these statements, and the charge against him was dismissed.

Cornish was accused of having said, in the case of Molineux, that Molineux had made improper use of real estate in Newark. This was specified to be keeping an immoral resort.

In the case of Barnet, he was accused of charging Barnet with improper relations with a woman. Her name was not mentioned.

Cornish understood that Molineux had once said that either he or Cornish had to leave the Knickerbocker Athletic Club.

Cornish said of Molineux to Captain McClusky: "That is just the fellow that sent that bottle to me."

Of Molineux, Cornish said on the stand: "He was the only one who had shown positive vindictiveness."

The witness testified that John D. Adams, Secretary of the Club, suggested Molineux's name. Adams gave to Cornish specimens of Molineux's writing.

It developed that the House Committee of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club allowed Molineux to withdraw from the club rather than discharge Cornish.

The inquest was continued until 10:30 o'clock this morning.

Bottle Fitted the Holder.

"After taking the wrapper off the bottle the bottle then went into the silver holder, and I placed it in there. This bottle also had upon the outside of it the Emerson label. As I took up the box to throw that away I noticed in the end of the box, where this bottle had been lying an envelope, a small white envelope that is usually used for holding cards, from the giver, which I thought was the Tiffany envelope, but there was no card inside of it.

velope that was supposed to contain a card, and I thought that perhaps that thing had been sent direct from Tiffany, and they had forgotten to put the name on the wrapper of the envelope, but I thought I would write to the Tiffany people and ask them if some mistake had not been made.

Sure it was a Joke. "My general impression was, at the time, I remember, that somebody had attempted to play a joke upon me, and I know I gave that impression to Mr. Finerman, and it was at his suggestion that I took the wrapper from underneath my desk and preserved it.

Another Man's Peril. "I put that aside in my desk, and I remember that during that day, while I was writing at my desk, that a Mr. King came in, and as I was busy I did not pay much attention to the conversation, but I remember that he made some joking remark about it, and told me that he thought he would like a little of it, and I gave it to him, or even, as I remember, I gave it to him, and I just pushed it one side toward him, on my desk, and said something like 'Take it, or something like that, but I did not follow up by any further conversation, containing my writing as usual.

The Poison Taken Home. "Then Cornish went on to tell how he had taken the fatal gift home, and thus led up to the actual giving by him of the poison to Mrs. Adams; of how, getting on in the morning to get his morning papers he had taken the bottle with him, and a cloth about her head, and asked her what was the matter. She answered that she had a fearful headache. He went back to his room, and when Mrs. Adams came and asked for the bottle, he took it into the dining room, but could not open it, and came back to get him to open it, or her. He described how he accomplished this with a "Pine" knife, reading the label as he held the bottle in his hand.

"I never took it but once in my life," he added, "and for that reason I read it more carefully."

He told how, upon Mrs. Adams saying "Why, that tastes funny," he swallowed the bottle that was left in the glass, and saying, "Why, that stuff is all right," he turned to his room, where he remained until Mrs. Rogers called him to "come and help mamma."

As he rose to go to her his knees gave way. When he reached the bathroom door Mrs. Adams dropped to the floor, and he was by this time so weak he could not lift her. He called in Mr. Hovey and they raised her, Cornish making some remark, but dressed, and after sending the boy for the doctor, went to the nearest drug store to secure some antidote. He ran down Eighty-seventh street to Harry Dr. Hirsch's, and met him on the way. They returned together.

Cornish explained how the doctors had taken the bottle. He asked them how long before the Coroner would be there.

"The fact that any crime had been committed, or anything of that kind, was the first thing that came into my mind, but I knew that Mrs. Adams was lying on the lounge in the dining room, where the meal had been served, and I thought that I had to get out, and my first thought was to dispose of the matter in some way possible."

"I don't remember whether it was Dr. Hirsch or Dr. Potter that I asked when

OSBORNE WILL HAVE THE FULL TRUTH FROM EVERY ONE.

THE Assistant District Attorney in this case has no theory. His position is to suspect everybody who has apparently any connection whatever with this crime, and to put all such persons under an exhaustive examination, and to force a full and complete explanation of their connections and relations with the subject matter of the crime.

All witnesses remotely and nearly connected with the crime will be called, and an opportunity will be given to them to tell all they know about this case, which appears to be the most heinous crime of the latter part of the present century.

ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY OSBORNE, in an interview yesterday with a Journal reporter.

would come, referring to the Coroner, but I asked one of the other of them, and the answer was I think he said, that the arrangements were made in the morning early in the Coroner's office, and that he had felt it impossible for anybody to get there until late in the night—maybe from 6 to 9 o'clock at night.

Why He Went to McIntyre. "I thought, I remember, that it was pretty hard that they should be compelled to be in that position all the time, and I suggested that I knew Mr. McIntyre, one of the Assistant District Attorneys, and I asked the doctor if it would not be best, if possible, to see Mr. McIntyre, and perhaps his influence with the Coroner's office would have somebody come up there before that time.

"I don't remember that they saw any objection to that, and it is certain that nothing else came into my mind in connection with seeing Mr. McIntyre, except to remove the body as soon as possible to the Coroner's office, and get somebody to go to the house.

He got to the club about 4 o'clock, and although street cars were running, he was ill enough on arriving at the club to require a doctor, and sent for Dr. Phillips.

Strangely Ignorant of Barnet's Illness. From this point on Cornish's examination ceased to be a narrative. Mr. Osborne began his questioning. Cornish told how, failing to get Dr. Phillips, he thought of Dr. Coffin, and sent downstairs for him. The doctor came up and gave a very severe course of treatment for over an hour. It happened, he said, the use of a stomach pump and the administration of medicines, Cornish said he remained in bed until Friday.

Then Mr. Osborne set about his inquiry as to the motive of the crime and Cornish's suspicions of who sent the poison.

"Q. Now, Mr. Cornish, I want to ask you this question: Can you give any suggestion or can you suggest anything as a motive in this case from anything you know about it?" "A. I cannot understand anybody but

Are You an Ale Drinker? What do you like best about it?"

A. H. HUMMEL SUMS UP THE RESULTS OF THE FIRST DAY FOR JOURNAL READERS.

To the Editor of the Journal:

THE probe of inquiry was not applied a whit too soon to demonstrate the fact that there was a motive for the perpetration of these abhorrent murders. Although in the initial part of the proceedings, when Cornish was given full rein to testify to any fact which might throw light upon the subject, he fenced and seemed thoroughly disinclined to make a clean breast of whatever he knew of what might lead up to the crime, yet constant, vigorous, active and relentless questioning on the part of Assistant District Attorney Osborne drew from him such revelations as will tend to enlighten the public as to the motive. That being established, it will be a matter of very little difficulty in properly centering on the really guilty culprit.

My protracted experience in the trial courts has invariably demonstrated the truth of the adage, "Constant dripping wears away the stone," and in this connection I predict that before Henry S. Cornish has completed his testimony, the authorities will be in possession of many links which are now needed to complete the chain of testimony. Evasion, desire of protection of influential friends, or false chivalry toward any members of the gentler sex must not stand in the way of the truthful fastening of this atrocious crime on the perpetrator; and the more the light of publicity is shed on this investigation, and the closer the scrutiny, the sooner will the guilty be brought to justice.

The ramifications with which this awful tragedy abounds are, to say the least, phenomenal. The parties involved being mainly of the higher order of intellect, all that mystification and secrecy can suggest has been applied by these people to endeavor to thwart the authorities in their investigation, and it requires the most skilful student of character, the most dexterous and astute questioning to absolutely wrench from them a truthful story.

When that truthful story is elicited and the curtain drawn aside, the members of this community will be horrified beyond measure at the low depths of a noisome degradation to which one would imagine the lower order of humanity would not descend—but to which those who pride themselves on their education, their social surroundings and their culture have literally, nauseatingly indulged themselves.

A. H. Hummel

ing a motive or any ground for doing anything of that kind to me. I certainly know my personal affairs better than anybody else, and there is absolutely no possibility that I would ever have had any quarrel or squabble or misunderstanding with any person which was ever serious enough to cause anybody to do such a thing as that."

Cornish Demands Questions. "Q. Now, can't you tell us just so much of your private affairs as you think will throw some light on this case? A. There is nothing in connection with my private affairs that will throw any light on this case, Mr. Osborne.

"Q. You think that they will not throw any light on it whatever? No, sir, I can't conceive anything that I have ever done to give anybody a feeling sufficiently strong against me that it would warrant a thing of that kind being done to me.

"Q. You know that it is not everything that would warrant the poisoning of a person with a cradle of mercury, don't you? A. Yes, sir, I do.

"Q. Well, now, Mr. Cornish, I have given you a chance to tell me all you know about this. I have a good many questions I may ask you upon this point, but I want you to tell me about it yourself. A. I think I would rather be put in a position of answering questions.

"Q. I ask you to tell me so much of your private affairs as you think will throw some light upon this matter.

Cornish made stout denial that there was anything in his private life, any trouble with a woman or anybody else, which would furnish reason for an attempt to poison him.

"Can you be under oath," he said, "and not only that, but I have told the police every single thing I know about the matter, I have given them more than they asked me." After repeated declarations that he had nothing to conceal, he was led to tell of the death of Barnet thus:

The Death of Barnet. "Q. Go on and tell me any body that you have ever had any differences with in your whole lifetime. A. I unquestionably have had differences with a good many people, but none in the recent past.

"Q. What do you mean by 'the recent past'? A. Except, perhaps, a difficulty that did occur in the club something over a year and a half ago.

"Q. Do you think you know when Barnet died? A. Do you mean do I know the time he died? A. Oh, yes, sir.

"Q. What do you know about his death? A. I knew nothing at that time, except I had been told that he died of typhoid fever.

"Q. Who told you that he died of typhoid fever? A. I can't tell you that because I didn't pay enough attention for me to remember as long as this.

"Q. Was it a doctor who told you he died of typhoid fever? A. No.

"Q. Was it some member of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club that told you he died of typhoid fever? A. I don't remember. I think it was some employe of the club

who told me that. He heard it, probably, in the club.

Osborne Begins to Prod. In his questioning Mr. Osborne drew from Cornish that he had no close personal or official relations with Barnet, though they both lived in the club, but that he knew of Barnet's illness during the period of that illness. The interrogatories seemed to be taking on the tenor of stiff cross-examination, and Cornish grew somewhat confused over the questions as to whether he knew that Barnet's illness was serious.

Continued on Fourth Page.

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