

UNSHAKEN STILL AND PROTESTING HIS INNOCENCE, BEATTIE GOES TO JAIL CHARGED WITH BRUTAL MURDER OF WIFE

Cousin Confesses Purchase of Gun From Pawn-Shop.

WILD SCENES AT INQUEST

Paul Beattie, Raving Like Maniac, Succumbs to Excitement,

BURDEN OF SECRET TOO MUCH FOR HIM

Hurried to City Home Hospital, Where He Speedily Recovers, but Is Held Under Close Surveillance—Gives Signed Statement to McMahon and Wright.

On the confession of Paul D. Beattie, obtained yesterday in Richmond, while the county authorities were conducting the coroner's inquest in Chesterfield county, Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., was arrested by Detective Captain McMahon shortly after 3 o'clock as he sat at the dinner table in the home of his father, at 1529 Porter Street, South Richmond.

Acting upon orders of Major Werner, independent of the county authorities, Captains McMahon and Wright early yesterday morning set to work to trace the shotgun which caused the tragic death of Mrs. Beattie, knowing that it was the keystone in the evidence necessary to convict. Although Captain McMahon communicated with Coroner Loving before the opening of the inquest yesterday morning, and asked for a postponement until the afternoon on account of important evidence about to be brought to light by the Richmond detective force, the coroner refused to delay the proceedings.

When Beattie was arrested, the coroner was about to call the jury together after the lunch hour. The accused and his cousin, Paul, were rushed to the coroner's home in the same automobile, with Captain Wright sitting between them. As no indication of P. D. Beattie's confession and H. C. Beattie's arrest had reached the scene of the inquest, the arrival of the two in custody threw the great crowd, county authorities, special officers, as well as spectators, into the utmost confusion. The crowd streamed across the lawn toward them as they stepped out of the automobile, all too shocked and dazed for speech. In the midst of this confusion, Henry Beattie was as cool as man can be, but Paul was so affected that he seemed to be on the point of collapse.

As Dr. Loving called the jury together and Paul Beattie's shoulder to lead him around the house, he sank to the lawn, fainting. Compared to the shock and tension of that moment, all that had gone before was dull. Some one seized the fainting man and rushed him into the house, with the frenzied crowd of jurors, spectators and police streaming along. With the greatest difficulty the throng was cleared from the porch and windows, which they were completely blocking. The great crowd seemed stunned by the denouement and the subsequent events.

From his fainting spell, Paul Beattie awoke to a fit of madness and fury, and thrashed about the room in the arms of four or five police officers, with foam dripping from his lips and agonized groans escaping him. Before the crowd outside had time to realize the horrible struggle inside Beattie was overpowered and bound hand and foot. His clothing was torn from him in the struggle, and he lay breathing hoarsely. Still screaming, he was transferred to an outhouse under the care of several officers, and the coroner's inquest reconvened.

Beattie Alone Is Calm. When Dr. Loving called the inquest to order every face betrayed signs of dazed shock and horror, with the exception of Henry C. Beattie, Jr., who retained his calm. While his cousin was testifying on the stand, Paul Beattie lay in the outhouse almost in a dying condition and a complete nervous wreck. At one time it was thought he was dead, and the spectators around the corner of the house listening to Henry Beattie's testimony, although keyed to the highest excitement by what had gone before, were electrified when a man dashed to the scene of the inquest calling for a doctor and shouting that Paul was dying.

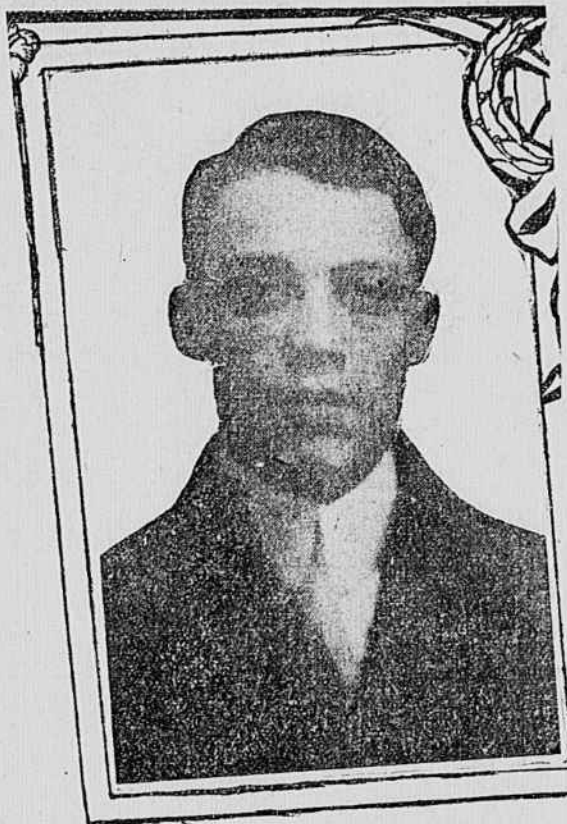
No human hand could have stayed the crowd at this news, and all rushed to where Paul Beattie lay seemingly dead. His condition was not so bad, however, and with Dr. Herbert Mann and Officer John Genry, he was sent in an automobile flying to the City Home in Richmond. His departure in his terrible condition left the crowd shaken to the heart, and the inquest was resumed under difficulty. With Paul Beattie lying in the back of the car, hatless, coatless and insensible, the big machine tore through South Richmond, across the bridge and up Ninth Street hill with a speed that has never been equaled before in the city streets. Happening as it did just at the time when the business houses along Main Street were emptying for the day and the newsboys were crying the extras of the awful murder, the sight of the flashing automobile, with its deathlike occupant, was terrifying. But before the crowd could breathe, the machine was out of sight and at the City Home, where Beattie was given emergency treatment with excellent effect.

Early last night Superintendent Cabell, of the City Home, stated that Beattie was perfectly normal, and would undoubtedly be in a condition to testify against his cousin to-day. News of his condition was anxiously awaited by Major Werner and the Police Department, as upon Paul Beattie's testimony depends the outcome of the trial.

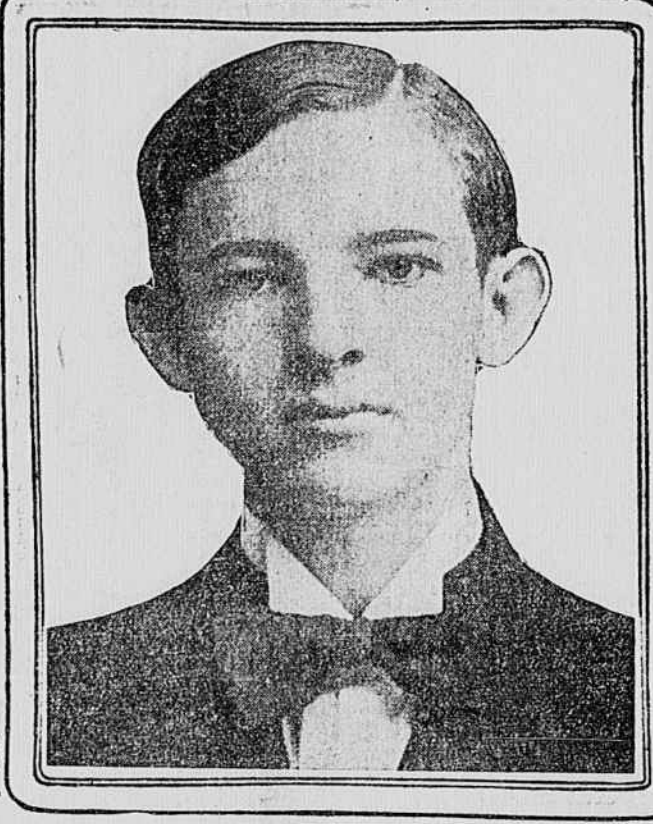
Refused to Postpone Inquest. So cleverly and secretly was Paul Beattie's connection with the case worked out by Major Werner, Captain McMahon and Captain Alex. Wright that no linking of any new discovery about the gun had leaked out until the dramatic denouement yesterday at the coroner's home. Major Werner was summoned to his office at 8 o'clock yesterday morning by a telephone message from a man, who stated that he had valuable information to give him personally about the gun. In his office Major Werner found Captain McMahon and the informant, and the latter quickly explained Paul's hand in the alleged murder. The informant went so far as to say that the gun had been bought from Sam Stern, and to add that Paul Beattie was so nervous and overcome by the death of Mrs. Beattie that he only needed a touch to make him confess the whole story.

Acting on the informant's statements, Major Werner summoned Captain Wright, of the Third Police Station and sent him with Captain McMahon to see Stern. Upon information volunteered by Stern, Captain McMahon requested the postponement of the inquest, but with negative result. Not deterred, however, by the rebuff from the county authorities, Captains Wright and McMahon and Sam Stern hurried to Paul Beattie's home, at 201 Randolph Street, only to find him out. They returned about 2 o'clock, and caught Beattie in. At the sight of the officers Beattie's dismay and despair were marked. He turned toward Stern before the officers could speak, and cried: "I did not buy it from him."

The Confession. The officers attempted to calm him, and a few questions elicited the information that the gun had been purchased by Paul Beattie from a Sixth Street pawnbroker last Saturday evening and immediately turned over to H. C. Beattie, Jr. While Captain Wright and Mr. Stern were endeavoring to calm the overwrought Beattie, Captain McMahon wrote out the following confession, (Continued on Second Page.)



PAUL BEATTIE.



HENRY C. BEATTIE, JR.



BEULAH BINFORD.

County Called Wendenburg

The entrance of L. O. Wendenburg into the prosecution of the Beattie case was dramatic in the extreme. The first intimation given Mr. Wendenburg that he was wanted to assist Judge Gregory was conveyed yesterday morning at 11 o'clock by Judge Gilman in the Chancery Court. He immediately asked Judge Gilman to excuse him, the request being promptly granted. The lawyer went to the inquest in a motor car, arriving at 11:30 o'clock, and took a prominent part in the examination of Beattie. Mr. Wendenburg said last night that he was not retained by private parties.

Paul Beattie's Sworn Confession to Detectives

I, Paul D. Beattie, hereby state that during the week of July 10 Henry C. Beattie called me up at my house and asked me to meet him at the corner of Short and Main Streets, which I did, and after meeting him we talked for a while, and he asked me to buy him a shotgun, whereupon I asked him what he wanted it for, and he didn't tell me what he wanted it for. I told him that I would, whereupon I went to a pawn-shop in Sixth Street and priced a single-barreled shotgun, the kind he had advised me to get, and on the following Saturday night, about 10:15 o'clock, which was July 15, 1911, in company with Henry C. Beattie, in his, the said Henry C. Beattie's, automobile, I went to the pawn-shop and secured the gun, paying \$2.50, and delivering the gun to Henry C. Beattie, whereupon we both got into the automobile, and he, the said Henry C. Beattie, brought me home, arriving at home about 11:15 P. M. July 15.

I also state that I bought three shotgun shells from W. B. Kidd's hardware store, at the corner of Harrison and Cary Streets, on the afternoon of July 15, 1911, and gave them to Henry C. Beattie.

(Signed) P. D. BEATTIE.

Witnessed by ALEXANDER S. WRIGHT, SAM STERN, THOMAS McMAHON.

Beattie's Trip to City

Up to the moment of his arrest Henry Beattie had never been under surveillance. While detectives made it appear that his home was guarded Thursday night, not an officer was near. Before midnight Beattie left home, boarded a street car, and went to the residence of Harry M. Smith, Jr., his counsel, where he remained for nearly two hours. He left the Smith residence in South Fifth Street, yesterday morning about 1:15 o'clock, and caught a late car to South Richmond. He had every opportunity to escape had he desired. Beattie had practically been accused of the murder on Thursday.

now an important witness, went to the City Home in a state of collapse. Beattie himself was cool and collected, showing the same unconcern that has marked his conduct since his name first became associated with the crime.

Once away from the scenes that had wrenched his spirit for many an hour, Paul Beattie, who forged the final link against the alleged murderer, speedily recovered, and is now in a calm frame of mind. The report that he had attempted to commit suicide is incorrect. The strain of the last few days and the burden of his secret were simply too much for him, and he went under for the time being.

The arrest came during the dinner recess of the coroner's inquest. For three hours and a half Henry Beattie had been on the witness stand, under what has been described as the most grueling cross-examination ever given at a coroner's inquiry. He never flinched, and though apparent discrepancies were shown in his story, his nerve failed at no time. In the afternoon he was again on the stand, and many of the secrets of his life were laid bare by questions which, under advice of counsel, he declined to answer, though, warned by attorneys for the Commonwealth that such refusal could be taken only as an admission that the answer would tend to incriminate.

Miss Beulah Binford, the "woman in the case," took the stand and directly contradicted Beattie's testimony in many particulars, telling in detail of her relations with the accused before and since his marriage, and of their trips to resorts as late as midnight of the day before the crime. A letter from Beattie to the girl, sending "oceans of kisses" and promising to be good, and inclosing \$10 for payment for furniture with which to set her up in housekeeping, was produced.

The girl's story was verified in many particulars by May Stuart, keeper of the objectionable resort which the evidence shows Beattie and the Binford girl visited four times in the past few weeks. Miss Binford said that many other trips had been made in Beattie's motor car to surrounding parks at night.

Seldom has there been a more dramatic scene than that following the arrest and the apparent collapse of the carefully built up defense. All the morning Beattie had fenced with expert attorneys, and they had failed to trap him. The sympathy of the crowd was veering, and when the noon recess was taken County Coroner J. G. Loving allowed Beattie to go to his home unattended, announcing publicly that he was not under arrest, and that though suspicion had seemed to point in his direction, the inquest so far was merely a general inquiry to bring out all the facts.

The Final Link.

While the examination was in progress, however, other wires were working. Important information came to Chief of Police Werner early yesterday morning, and was at once placed in the hands of Captain of Detectives McMahon. With Captain Alex. Wright, the detective found the pawnshop in which the gun had been sold, ascertained the price paid for it, and secured from Paul Beattie a signed statement that the weapon was purchased at the request of Henry Beattie. According to Paul Beattie, his cousin described just what kind of gun he desired, but he did not indicate what he wanted with it.

Armed with this written statement, and taking Paul Beattie along, the officers rushed to the Beattie home, on Porter Street, where the man under suspicion had gone with his father and brother during the dinner recess. Captain McMahon made the arrest, charging Beattie with having murdered his wife with intent. The party then proceeded at once to the home of Coroner Loving on the Middleman Turnpike, where the inquest was soon to be resumed, with young Beattie still a witness. Excitement there at the rumor of an arrest was intense. Beattie appeared and took his seat, with Detective-Sergeant Bailey beside him.

Paul Beattie Collapses.

When Coroner Loving rapped for order and the officers turned to gather their witnesses to spring the new evidence, Paul Beattie suddenly realized the significance of the situation, and without a word of warning, crumpled up on the ground in a dead faint. Captain McMahon, Chief of Police, Captain Wright and a dozen officers, city county and special, gathered around while he was carried into the parlor of the coroner's home, where Dr. Loving attended him. Seemingly to revive, he later went into hysterics, threatened suicide, and became so violent that it was necessary to strap him up. Officers guarded him constantly. Later fainting spells developed, and even after the inquest proceeded the wild screams of the overwrought man could be heard from the house, even while Henry Beattie, cold and collected, and with only the slightest twitching of his right cheek to indicate any emotion, continued his stereotyped refusal to answer questions that might incriminate him.

It soon became evident that Paul Beattie was too much excited to be placed on the witness stand, and fearing that the boy might work himself into a state of mental collapse, Coroner Loving ordered his removal to the City Home Hospital, under charge of officers. He revived when taken from the scene of the inquest, and at the City Home was able to walk into the building without assistance. The physicians express no doubt that he will be able to testify when the inquiry is continued to-day.

When the afternoon session of the inquest had closed without reaching many of the witnesses summoned, a formal warrant was sworn out before Coroner Loving by County Officer Jarrell, charging young Beattie with having "maliciously, with a gun in his hand, on Tuesday night, July 15, shot and killed his wife, the said Louise Owen Beattie, with intent to kill and murder." Beattie was turned over by Captain McMahon to the county authorities, and by direction of Magistrate Jacob was lodged in the Richmond City Jail for the night. He was brought from Dr. Loving's home in Swanboro to the jail in a motor car driven by John Alsop, who has from the first aided the detectives in every

MRS. BEATTIE HAD KEY TO MYSTERY

Wife of Prisoner's Cousin Told of Gun Purchased in Pawnshop.

KEPT TERRIBLE SECRET

But Aged Grandmother Urged That Relative Tell the Whole Truth.

Tell the truth, my boy.

Acting on the advice of his grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Black, of 207 Allen Avenue, Paul D. Beattie, of 201 Randolph Street, freely admitted yesterday that he had purchased the shotgun which Henry C. Beattie, Jr. is alleged to have killed his wife on Tuesday night. Having disclosed the full story of buying the weapon to his wife, Mrs. Ruth Houchens Beattie, his bride of little more than a year, she repeated it last night to The Times-Dispatch.

"I knew nothing of his figuring in the awful affair until last night," she said. "Since the terrible crime of Tuesday the nervousness of my husband had been very apparent, but until last night he refused to tell me the story.

Called Over Telephone. "In the meantime I recall that last Friday night he was called on telephone by Henry Beattie. It was after 9 o'clock, and he had retired. But going to the telephone, I heard him agree to meet his cousin at once at the corner of Main and Short Streets. He dressed and went out.

"He returned about twenty-five minutes later, brought home in Henry's Automobile. I questioned him as to the nature of his conference, but he was evasive, and said it amounted to nothing.

The following details I now know, though he only told me last night: He quit work early Saturday afternoon in order to attend to several little things for me. But he took enough time to go to a pawnshop in Sixth Street to buy the gun which Henry Beattie wanted. He did not bring it home, but left it at the pawnshop to be called for later. Saturday afternoon he had supper and announced his intention of going to South Richmond, (Continued on Third Page.)

RECALLS EVENTS OF M'GUE TRIAL

Striking Analogy Between Two Cases Arouses Much Comment in Richmond.

STORY OF OTHER MURDER

Public in Both Instances Leaps to Its Own Conclusions Without Awaiting Arrest.

The striking analogy between the alleged details of the Beattie murder and the early events of the celebrated McCue case, which stirred the State to its depths a half-dozen years ago, has been the subject of much interested comment in Richmond ever since the first accounts of the Chesterfield tragedy appeared in print.

As a matter of fact, long before officialdom was willing to entertain seriously the thought that the husband of the dead girl knew more of the crime than he cared or dared to tell, the public, or a large part of it, had reached its own conclusions, and from then on paid little attention to rumors and so-called clues, and simply awaited a single event, which all expected, and which in due time came to pass—the arrest of Beattie himself. At many a Wednesday breakfast table the brief but eloquent comment: "Another McCue case," was handed along with the morning paper that contained the first news, but that, curiously (Continued on Third Page.)

Sensational Rumors.

Everybody officially connected with the Beattie case refused last night to discuss the most persistent of the many sensational rumors as to a startling confession which would be unfolded at the inquest to-day. While this report related in a way to the prisoner, there was no intimation anywhere that he had confessed. Regardless of how it started, the whole city was ringing with a report, so astounding that it was almost beyond human belief. The lawyers and detectives said that rumors were to be expected. But they refused to talk. (Continued on Third Page.)

PAUL BEATTIE IN LIMELIGHT NOW

Sensational Rumors Fly About Town, but No Confirmation of Any Possible.

MUCH EXCITEMENT HERE

Case Probably Without Parallel in Depth of Popular Feeling.

For intensity of interest and depth of popular feeling nothing in all the annals of crime in Virginia can quite approach the Beattie case, which reached a long expected, but none the less sensational climax yesterday afternoon in the arrest of the husband of the dead girl.

From the moment the details of the tragedy became public property tongues began to wag, and strangely enough readers of the first newspaper accounts promptly inserted between the printed lines suspicions and expectations that had never been written. The story of the murder was not an hour old before the whisper of Beattie's possible complicity began to creep abroad, gathering ready assent as it sped on. In a day the whisper had become a chant that rang from one end of the city to the other. What lay behind the remarkable unanimity of sentiment it remains yet to be determined, but that it existed is a fact which speedily impressed itself with a stimulating force upon the police and constabulary wherever they turned. No hint seemed needed, for the first reports certainly gave none. The ground seemed ready prepared, and it looked much as if the public had occupied the frame of mind of one who after long watching at a smoldering crater simply gasps when the crash comes, and cries, "I told you so."

Public Mind Fixed.

With a public mind fixed and impatient, it is easy to suppose, as was in reality the case, that anything but satisfaction attended the apparently dilatory tactics of the police, which all now recognize as a wise precaution, without which the denouement could not have been brought about with the effect finally produced. The city was hungry for news, but news of its own liking. So-called clues leading any- (Continued on Third Page.)

Long Awaited Climax Closes Day Full of Sensations

CITY POLICE MAKE ARREST

Drag Confession From Prisoner's Cousin and Forge Last Link.

JURY AUDIENCE IS STUNNED BY NEWS

Tide Had Seemed to Be Turning in Favor of Young Husband When End Suddenly Came. Binford Woman, on Stand, Reveals Story of Past Life.

Charged with the murder of his wife Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., around whom a storm of popular clamor and excitement has raged for three days, went yesterday afternoon to a solitary cell, where, without hope of bail, he will await a further summons from the law.

Acting on information furnished by Paul Beattie, a cousin of the accused, who gave an explicit account of the purchase of the murderous gun from a Richmond pawnshop on Saturday night, Detective Captain McMahon and Captain Alex. Wright, ignoring the pending deliberations of the coroner's jury, went straight to the point without further delay, and at 3:45 o'clock placed the husband of the dead girl under arrest. At the time Beattie was at his home in South Richmond. Within five hours he had been safely conveyed to the Richmond jail, while his cousin, (Continued on Third Page.)