

# WHERE DID CATHERINE WINTERS GO?

## SONG



35

Soft winds sigh  
and breezes whisper,  
As for her our hearts  
doth yearn,  
Roses bloom in all  
thier beauty,  
But will Catherine  
e'er return?



Dedicated to  
CATHERINE WINTERS  
Nine years of age,  
who dissapeared  
from the streets of  
New Castle, Indiana,  
March-20-1913  
at 11 o'clock, A.M.

Words by  
Z. F. GORBETT.

CATHERINE WINTERS.

Music by  
SYLVESTER GORBETT.

Published by  
GORBETT BROS.,  
2014 S. 18th St. New Castle, Ind.

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Tempo di Valse



VOICE

There's a myst - ery in New  
Tel - e - phones were bu - sy  
Would you know her if you'd

Cas - tle, — tell us tru - ly if you know — Why did  
ring - ing — quick - ly news flashed through the town — That the  
see her — as through for - eign lands you roam? — Here's her



Cath - erine Wint - ers leave us \_\_\_\_\_ and the friends that  
Win - ters' girl was mis - sing \_\_\_\_\_ and no where could  
pic - ture on this ti - tle \_\_\_\_\_ if you do please

loved her so \_\_\_\_\_ Mer - ry birds sing 'round her  
she be found \_\_\_\_\_ Wil - ling hearts, some tear drops  
send her home \_\_\_\_\_ Ho - ly an - gels tell us

home - stead \_\_\_\_\_ flow - ers bloom friends come and  
fall - ing \_\_\_\_\_ spread the news for miles a -  
tru - ly \_\_\_\_\_ has she now a home with

go\_\_\_\_\_ But the myst - ery in New Cas - tle,\_\_\_\_\_  
 round\_\_\_\_\_ Have you seen the lit - tle dar - ling,\_\_\_\_\_  
 God?\_\_\_\_\_ Is her spir - it with the an - gels,\_\_\_\_\_

— Where did Cath - erine Win - ters go?\_\_\_\_\_  
 — Who is miss - ing from our town?\_\_\_\_\_  
 — And her form be - neath the sod?\_\_\_\_\_

## CHORUS

*p*  
 Is she far a - way in bond - age, con - trol by

cru - el hands\_\_\_\_\_ Or is she a

mong the ang - els, in that ho - ly land? \_\_\_\_\_

*pp* Soft winds sigh and breez - es whis - per, — as for

*pp*

her our hearts do yearn Ros - es bloom in all their

*affetuoso*

*pp rit.* beau - ty — but will Cath - erine eer re - turn?

*pp rit.*

# The Post

VOL. 73. No. 40.

CINCINNATI, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1914.

PRICE ONE CENT.

## CATHARINE WINTERS---HER DESCRIPTION

Have you seen this child?

Her name is Catharine Winters.

She is 10 years old, but small for her age.

She is very bright, and talks like a girl of over 12.

Her eyes are brown and very sharp. Her hair, light brown, was bobbed short when she disappeared.

Her skin is without any blemish, her teeth perfect.

She had no tomboy traits, but is very much interested in dolls, domestic work and gardening.

The Post suggests that persons wishing to aid in the search for the missing girl clip out this picture, with the description and The Post's reward offer, and post it in a conspicuous place in Postoffices or stores or on public bulletin boards.

# \$1000 TO FIND GIRL

## Father Spends His All in Search for Child Thought Kidnaped -- Reward Offered to Stimulate Others in Hunt.

The Post offers \$1000 reward for the recovery of Catharine Winters, 10 years old, who disappeared from the streets of Newcastle, Ind., on March 20, 1913.

Her father, Dr. W. A. Winters, has spent \$6000 to find her. It was all he had. He has pursued gipsy caravans and hunted for the reality of visions seen by spiritualistic mediums. He has tracked down every "clue"—and now he stands handicapped by lack of funds. The Post believes that the search should be prosecuted more vigorously than ever. It is the belief of nearly all investigators that the girl was kidnaped and is still alive.

### HUNT NATION-WIDE

For this reason The Post has joined with 70 other afternoon daily newspapers in a nation-wide hunt for the girl.

It enlists its readers in the search.

As incentive, it today offers the \$1000 reward.

Details of the offer appear elsewhere on this page.

Surely, the father, who has spent everything he had in his vain quest, is entitled to all the help The Post and its readers can give him.

Every section of the country is covered by The Post and the 70 newspapers that are co-operating with it in the effort to find Catharine Winters.

### FATHER'S MEANS LIMITED

The father's search has necessarily been limited by his means.

Such a far-flung hunt as is being inaugurated today cannot fail to bring results.

Folks in the State of Washington as well as folks in the South—throughout the country they are reading the tragic story of the father who has sacrificed everything in order that his missing daughter might be restored to him.

Even to this day, when the Chicago train pulls in at the Newcastle station, Dr. Winters is on the platform.

The conductor, who has come to know Dr. Winters, shakes his head, meaning thereby to tell Dr. Winters that the passenger whom he is waiting for is not on the train.

But—just as he has done for nearly a year now—Dr. Winters waits and waits until the last Newcastle-bound passenger has gotten off, until the conductor has given the signal to the engineer and the train is pulling out.

The train disappears behind a curve in the track and Dr. Winters turns away. He'll be back tomorrow.

### DOLL AWAITS OWNER

Catharine's doll lies in its little buggy, in the Winters home, just as Catharine left it on the day she went away. It will be there always, waiting for Catharine.

Still is Catharine's little brother, Frankie, saving up the white cat that he caught shortly after Catharine went away. He is keeping it for Catharine when she comes back.

Still is Frankie treasuring the two little yellow artificial chickens that he got for Catharine last spring, because he thought she was coming home for Easter.

Dr. Winters freely tells his tragic story to every one who will stop and listen.

### STORY OF TRAGEDY

Here is the way he tells it:

"Catharine disappeared at noon on Thursday, March 20, vanished utterly in thin air, right in the midst of our city! That evening we took to the autos. She had last been seen on the public square at 11:45 a. m. by Dan Monroe. A band of gipsies, straggling along the streets which she must have traversed on her way home, left the town soon after that time.

"Now, I've always suspected the gipsies from the first, and I still do. The night of Catharine's disappearance was the first night of the great March floods. We went in headlong pursuit of that band of gipsy wagons! It was after daylight when we suddenly blundered onto their camp. I thought the quest was over. But in all the camp never a sign of my little girl did we find!

### "FIFTH WAGON" MISSING

"Then we discovered that one of the five wagons was missing. It never has been found.

"Next day the Mayor proclaimed a city-wide search. In vain. But this search proved she had not been murdered.

"Then I put detectives on the case. Others—newspaper men and the police of other big cities—have joined in the search.

"Moving pictures and hand bills have carried Catharine's description all over the country. I am receiving clues daily in answer. I follow these up personally as much as I can. I went clear to Wisconsin to search half a dozen gipsy camps. I have ransacked the whole of Indiana and Illinois on foot, horseback, by auto and train. I made a break-neck trip to Hudson, Mich., on a very promising clue, but only trapped a blackmailer. When I reached home again I found that my wife was way down near Maysville, Ky., holding up and searching, all by herself, a suspicious band of gipsies!

### VOWS TO FIND HER

"And now," the doctor went on, "I've just come back from a 1200-mile trip to Little Rock. What result? None, of course.

"Now I don't know where to look for my little girl.

"But somewhere in this country little Catharine is alive. That much I know! Somewhere she is waiting and longing for her daddy. She knows I will come to her at last. If life remains in my body, I will! If it takes all the money I can earn and all the days of my life that are left, I will still find my little daughter!"