

PRICE ONE CENT.

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DRISCOLL HANGED.

The Whyo Chief Executed in the Tombs.

Pale, but Facing His Fate Without a Tremor.

A Request to the Hangman to do His Work Quickly.

Beezy Garrity's Murder at Last Avenged by the Law.

The Condemned Man Awakes Early and Writes a Letter to His Wife—Walking to the Gallows Between Two Priests—A Message to Warden Walsh Asking Forgiveness—A Solemn Spectacle Under the Gallows—The Rope Cut at Precisely 7.24—Death Instantaneous—Commodore Gerry's Words of Approval—Arrangements for the Funeral.

As the first rays of the rising sun lighted up the cold gray walls of the Tombs this morning, Dan Driscoll, the Whyo chief, was led to the gallows to pay the extreme penalty of the law for the murder of Beezy Garrity. A moment later The Evening World's extra, by an instantaneous signal sent from the prison as the weight fell, gave the public the first information that the crime had been avenged.

Driscoll walked to the rope with a face ghastly pale, but otherwise did not show that he realized that he stood face to face with death. Without an instant's delay the hangman gave the signal and the murderer silently passed to a higher tribunal.

The drop fell at 7.24. The execution of Driscoll was almost without incident. It was the recurrence of the solemn scene which the law of this State says shall take place when the courts declare that a life shall be forfeited.

Driscoll was a man who had shown in his life fear of neither God nor man, and yet the solemn spectacle that met his wandering eyes as he stepped from the hot prison corridor into the cold morning air moved him to fervently kiss the crucifix that was held out to him and to move his lips in prayer. The condemned man was no longer the defiant Whyo, with his old-time manner of flippant contempt. He saw the officers of the law in sombre black, the anxious hangman ready to welcome him, and beyond, the hemp rope twisting slowly back and forth.

All were silent, and he heard no sound but his own footsteps upon the hard paving of the prison yard. The dreadful silence struck him forcibly, and he whispered in Father Pendergast's ear: "Please ask Warden Walsh to forgive me for what I have said and done to him."

It was feared by those who well knew the desperate character of the Whyo that he would resist at the last moment and cause trouble. Sheriff Grant had been warned to be prepared and every precaution had been taken to prevent any demonstration.

Morbid curiosity had prompted many persons to apply to the Sheriff for permission to see the execution, but he refused to allow any witnesses inside the Tombs except his deputies and the coroner's jury. Eldridge T. Gerry, a member of the nomination appointed to determine the best methods of executing criminals, asked to see the hanging, and he was appointed a member of the coroner's jury. The reporters and other members were representatives of the press, and among them a reporter for The Evening World.

Sheriff Grant's deputies were fourteen in number, as follows: Joel O. Stevens, Peter McGinnis, John Lavery, Paul Fitzerald, James Young, Charles Wild, Charles Anderson, Frank Deane, Lawrence Deimos, James Carraher, Wm. Burke, Thomas Carroll, Dan. Haney and Julius Kaufman.

Sheriff Grant was dressed in black throughout, as were all of his deputies, and they carried little silver-tipped staves as insignia of office in addition to the badges displayed on the outside of their overcoats.

At 7.15 Sheriff Grant promissed his force in the office of Warden Walsh, and with measured step they marched two by two through the corridors. All but five of the deputies were stationed out of sight of the gallows.

The Sheriff cast a hasty glance about the prison yard, spoke a few words with Hangman Atkinson, and then, motioning to his deputies and the coroner's jury, he stepped where the condemned man was pacing his cell.

Sheriff Grant said a pleasant "good-morning" to Driscoll, and the latter replied that he was feeling very well. In answer to the question if Sheriff Grant could do anything for him the Whyo said that everything he desired had already been done.

Deputy Sheriff Sexton then read the death-warrant. The hangman had an erud, and at a nod from the Sheriff stepped forward and adjusted the little rope with the running knot in it around the prisoner's neck, and quickly bound his arms behind his back.

Fathers Pendergast and Gelinus, the condemned man's spiritual advisers, took positions on either side, and behind them the deputies fell in, while Sheriff Grant, with raised staff, led the way.

Slowly the procession passed by the empty cells and came out into the prison-yard. Driscoll wore a four-button overcoat of black, with black cravat. On his feet were black, with black cravat. On his feet were black, with black cravat. On his feet were black, with black cravat.

Driscoll showed the effects of his weight of worry and restlessness. He had taken no food save a cup of coffee and a slice of dry toast, and he had slept but little. He was awake long before dawn, and had written a rousing letter to his wife before Father Gelinus had left him from his cell, and in another cell and read a chapter from the Bible to him.

At a slow pace Driscoll walked between the two priests to the rope. Sheriff Grant stepped to one side and the deputy stood behind him. The gallows had been erected scarcely ten paces from the door of the



DRISCOLL'S MOTHER



DANIEL DRISCOLL THE MURDERER



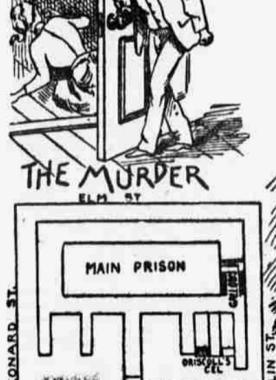
DRISCOLL'S WIFE



CARRIE WILSON



McPARTHY



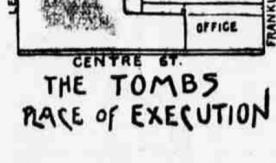
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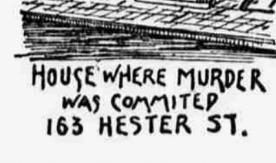
BEEZY GARRITY THE MURDERED WOMAN



LESLIE



THE TOMBS PLACE OF EXECUTION



HOUSE WHERE MURDER WAS COMMITTED 163 HESTER ST.

prison, between the main prison and the Franklin street wall of the Tombs. The 350-pound weight was held up temporarily by a stout cord and beside it stood a man with a broad axe.

Driscoll walked to the hanging hemp and grasped his neck to the right to allow the hangman to attach the noose to the rope. The knot came under the left ear. Driscoll kissed the little crucifix, raised his eyes to the sky, and faintly muttered: "May Jesus have mercy on me."

When Warden Walsh was told that Driscoll had asked for his forgiveness he shook his head and said: "He was a very bad man. I don't know about forgiving him. It is too late now. He ought to have thought of that before."

WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT

"THE EVENING WORLD" AHEAD OF ALL ITS RIVALS WITH THE NEWS.

Findings of Driscoll's Execution Instantaneous—Only Planned from Roof and Tower Between the Tombs and "The Evening World" Office—Special Work by a Novel and Ingenious Signal-Service Corps.

Of course THE EVENING WORLD was the first newspaper on the street with an account of Driscoll's execution. This latest victory was achieved by a novel and ingenious method, which, so far as is known, was never before used in journalism in this city and by which not only time and space but also the steel bars and massive walls of the Tombs were overcome. A description of it cannot fail to interest the readers of THE EVENING WORLD.

To secure the prompt receipt of the news, a signal service corps was organized and carefully trained. So thorough were the preparations and so well were the plans carried out that every detail was executed with the accuracy of clockwork, and the news was flashed by quick-eyed observers from the Tombs to THE EVENING WORLD office with the quickness of thought.

Electricity itself was at a discount and left behind. It should be stated that when Sheriff Grant and his deputies arrived at the Tombs the doors were double locked, and no one was allowed to go out until the body of the executed murderer had been taken down and placed in a coffin, and the coroner's jury had rendered their verdict.

The Evening World's representative on the roof of the tower. Mr. F. Gerow, the President of the American Athletic Club and employed by the Colwell Lead Company, being more of an athlete than the sturdy watchman, was a companion of the Evening World's representative on the roof of the tower.

The scheme worked to perfection," he said. "As soon as the signal was given by the man on the Leonard street building the big red flag was flying on the shot tower, and a second or two later was answered by the Colwell light from THE EVENING WORLD office. The signal was given at 7.24, and in getting the news from the Tombs to THE EVENING WORLD office."

Mr. Gerow was quite right in saying that not ten seconds were lost, because the transmission of the news occupied less than two seconds.

C. C. Tracy, the foreman of the shop, and T. B. Murray, his assistant, were also interested in the success of the enterprise. It was Mr. Murray who hoisted the big flag up to the top of the tower with the dummy.

Two blocks distant from the roof of that tenement, and in the direction of the Evening World office, the lofty shot tower of the Colwell Lead Company, 200 feet high, and one of the landmarks of the city, looms up against the sky. The tower is reached by successive flights of iron steps. The roof is flat, and is surrounded by a double iron railing. Though the tower is a long way from the Evening World office its great height makes the roof clearly visible from the editorial rooms, and thus a direct chain of communication was formed between the scene of the execution and the office of THE EVENING WORLD.

In the gloom of the early morning, long before sunrise, three reporters left the office of THE EVENING WORLD. Two carried huge flags of red bunting, the poles of which were fully ten feet long.



VIEWED FROM THE TOWER.

By the kindness of Foreman Tracy, of the Colwell Shot and Lead Company, one of the young men was admitted to the base of the shot tower, and he laboriously climbed his myriad steps to the roof, carrying his flag with him.

Another reporter took up his position on the apex of the Leonard street tenement and looked down into the jail-yard.

The minutes flew by and the glorious sun rose, gilding the tops of the buildings around and beautifying even the grim old Tombs with its rays.

When the young man on the roof turned his face to the southward he saw the tall form of his colleague clearly outlined against the darker sky. Looking down towards the Tombs he saw the deputy sheriffs gathering around the scaffold. A few moments later Sheriff Grant waved his hand and the reporters took their seats at the long pine table erected for their use.

THE EVENING WORLD man on the tenement-house roof kept his eyes fixed on his colleague at the reporter's table. At 7.23 the funeral procession came out of the door of the boys' prison. Driscoll walked slowly towards the gallows. The Evening World reporter in sight of the scaffold waved a handkerchief.

Gerow, of the Colwell Lead Company, who accompanied the reporter to the top of the shot tower, fired off a red Cotton signal light, which the reporter had with him in case the early morning darkness should prevent the flag signals being seen.

The plan worked to perfection. The reporter in the Tombs yard had hardly waved his handkerchief once, when the answering signal was made from THE EVENING WORLD office.

With the aid of its magnificent presses THE EVENING WORLD was able to get its early extra edition on the street full five minutes before the most expeditions of its rivals.

It was a famous victory and it was well earned. It was the first instance on record of a code of signals being used to give instantaneous news of an execution.



THE SIGNAL FROM THE ROOF OVERLOOKING THE TOMBS YARD.

The observer of THE EVENING WORLD signal-service bureau who was stationed on the Colwell shot tower was admitted, carrying a big red banner, by Thomas Dougherty, the watchman.

It was about a quarter past six when I let him in," said Watchman Dougherty later in the day. "and we started right away for the top of the tower. It's a long climb, and it was half-past six before we reached the top. We could not carry the flag up with us on account of the length of the staff, so it was tied to the dummy and hoisted up afterwards."

I did not go out on the top of the tower myself, for it is not to be expected that a man of my girth would tackle such a narrow hatchway. Besides, it was too cold. I stayed in the section below, where I could keep warm and see all the fun. I tell you it was a big success, and it's strange no one ever thought of the scheme before.

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LAST EDITION.

DID THE BLOW KILL HIM?

BILL DEMPSEY'S DEATH SAID TO HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY SHOCK.

County Physician Shepard, of Brooklyn, Makes a Post Mortem Examination, and Says that Death Resulted from Heart Failure Following Upon Excitement, or a Blow, or Both—Swipes Tells His Story.

Simon Besser, known to "sports" as "Swipes the Newsboy," who is charged with homicide, sat weeping in a cell at Precinct Station 1, in Brooklyn, this morning when an EVENING WORLD reporter called to see him.

His story of the occurrence at Fort Hamilton, which ended abruptly yesterday morning in the death of "Bill" Dempsey, differs somewhat from that of the other known parties. He said, punctuating his statement with sobs and applications of a handkerchief to his eyes.

"I am nineteen years old; I live at the Newsboys' Lodging-House in New York, and I ain't got no friends. I guess my father's living in Hartford, but I don't know. I was told by Eddie McDonald that dere was to be a fight over James' way Saturday night, and my friends dat we could all get in, and we went. Dempsey was with us.

"We drank and got pretty full before we left New York, and when we got over to Thompson's at Fort Hamilton, we met Patsy O'Brien and Dan Cushing. Mike's brother—didn't come. We had some more drinks and was drunk. They said the fight was for a gold watch and chain, and I was with us.

"Den dey put up for a fight between me and Dempsey. We didn't care. I didn't hit him more'n twice. They told me to 'cut,' and I went away to get a newspaper. They went to bed at the Windsor lodging-house on the Bowers. It was 2 o'clock or so, and Eddie McDonald pulled me out at 4 o'clock.

"Den I walked all over town 'till long towards night I went to Johnny Eckhart's, in Centre street, and told him. He told me to give myself up and came over with me. Dat's all dere is of it.

"Say, boss," to the doorman, "I ain't had nothin' to eat since Saturday night and I'm hungry."

Food was brought in to the prisoner. He is a typical New York gutter-snipe. Bill Dempsey lies on a couch in the rear room of his decently furnished home, second floor of 29 Hicks street, Brooklyn. His grief-stricken, pretty little wife of sixteen months wanders from room to room. Her babe in arms completes the household.

Dempsey was twenty-four years old and a steady, decent young husband. His father is Daniel Dempsey, who was retired from the New York Fire Department on half pay in 1868 for disabilities received by suffocation in the Windsor Theatre fire in 1850.

He was famous once in hunting down the Ludlow-street firebug. He is now in the packing department at Aldrich's, and lives with his wife at 111 Madison street. He bears no ill-feeling towards Swipes. He says that he did not know his son ever fought.

Young Dempsey has been eight years in the employ of an evening newspaper. Last week he received a promotion in the press-room with a nice increase of salary. He had lived with his young wife and baby at 29 Hicks street only one month.

County Physician A. W. Shepard conducted an autopsy at noon. He found no evidence of violence on the body. The brain, heart and stomach were normal. There was traces of alcohol in the stomach and consequent congestion. Death resulted from syncope or shock (heart failure) following upon excitement, or a blow (if one were received) or both.

Swipes' story of two blows one on the chest and the other on the right side of the neck seems to be unshakable. There was a black and blue spot on the neck, but it had no effect there. There was no sign of the blow on the temple described by those who saw the man. An inquest will be held to-morrow evening at 10 o'clock.

The funeral will occur Wednesday at 3 o'clock from the house and the interment at Calvary Cemetery.

A BABY BURNED TO DEATH.

It Probably Played with Matches When Left Alone in the House.

Louis Smith, aged two years, was burned to death at 16 Pike street at 11.40 o'clock this morning.

Mrs. Charles Smith, the child's mother, left the little one on the bed in the front room on the first story at 11 o'clock while she went to a neighboring school to bring home her children. Charles Smith, her husband, went downstairs early in the day after locking the door of the toy and cigar store in the basement.

At 4 o'clock flames were seen coming from the second story of the house, which is a three-story brick building. An alarm bell and a detachment of firemen, who soon extinguished the fire. A fireman found the child burned body of the child under the bed. Thinking that life might not be extinct, he went for an ambulance. It was too late, however, for the child died. The body was taken to the Seventh Police Precinct Station House to await a coroner.

It is supposed that the child set the house on fire by playing with matches. There was a stove in the back room of the first floor. Mrs. Smith was a first-class nurse when she returned home. She was taken to a neighboring house.

BIG FIRE AT PATERSON. Two Shops of the Rogers Locomotive Works Burned and Others in Danger.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.) PATERSON, N. J., Jan. 23.—The frame shop of the Rogers Locomotive Works here was destroyed by fire at 11 o'clock this morning. There was great scarcity of water and the flames spread to the machine shop, which was also destroyed. A noon the fire was somewhat under control, but it was thought that the office would be burned, and the books and papers were being removed. The damage will doubtless reach \$10,000.

Speaker Carlisle Given His Seat. (SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.) WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—The resolution confirming the title of Mr. Carlisle to his seat has been adopted. Vote, 164; nays, 7.

Victory for the Anti-Homoe Clubbers. The election of officers of District Assembly has resulted in a complete victory for the opposition to the Homoe Clubbers. An effort is to be made to oust Master Workman Quinn.

Verdict Against John B. Alley. (SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.) DEDHAM, Jan. 23.—The verdict in the Snow-Alley case is \$25, 50 for the plaintiff.

Hurray! at Stratford Everywhere. (SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.) STRATFORD, Conn., Jan. 23.—All things all done, best news.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)