

EXTRA EXPIATION.

Handsome Harry Carlton Dies on the Gallows.

He Walked Firmly to the Scaffold and Showed No Fear.

THE DROP FELL AT 7.29 1-2 O'CLOCK.

Last of the City's Murderers Who Will Be Hanged.

Carlton's Old Father Tries to See Him, but Fails.

"Handsome Harry" Carlton, murderer of Policeman Brennan, was hanged in the Tombs this morning.

The drop fell at 7.29 1/2 o'clock precisely. Carlton did without the slightest outward semblance of fear or nervousness.

Twenty watches, set alike, denoted the time as 7.29 when Harry appeared, coming out of the new prison, in which is the murderers' cage.

The good priests were praying fervently, but Carlton's lips could not be seen to move. His head was uncovered and his hair was neatly combed.

He smiled and nodded slightly as he perceived the Evening World reporter who was the first to tell him yesterday evening that all hope of Executive clemency for him was gone.

Shortly as was the walk from the prison doors to the scaffold, the fresh morning air brought a little color into the murderer's cheeks, and he looked flushed and alert as he took his position under the fatal rope.

ATKINSON FINISHED HIS FEET. With a deft movement Atkinson knelt and pinioned the dying man's feet tightly together at the ankles.

Then he slipped the noose about the victim's neck. The black silk hood was drawn around the unfortunate fellow's brow. For a second Atkinson stepped back to regard his work.

A DEPARTING SMILE. In that brief instant those present caught a glimpse of Carlton's face. The shadow of a smile, despairing, perhaps defiant, hovered about his lips.

The final on his cheeks was gone now. His face was pale to whiteness. His eyes seemed stony and looked at nothing. The black hood hid his eyes.

When the blow that cut the rope broke the stillness the wretch's hands were clasped at his breast in the hope of relieving the numb vibration. But it did not aid away before the spark of life had flown. The murderer's neck was broken. The hangman had done his work well.

Mrs. Mague and Weston, watches in hand, stood beside the body dangling there and felt the pulse.

They said afterwards: "No death center have been quicker or more painless than his. After the drop fell Carlton did not suffer a particle."

THE BODY LOWERED. At 7.42 A. M. the body was lowered to within two feet of the ground, and the doctors put their ears to Carlton's left breast.

The silence that had reigned before was broken then. The spectators scattered about with a gasp, and the hangman turned to witness the legal execution.

Every one had heard of the hangman that released and strangled the Tombs murderer, and he settled the hangman comfortably in the coffin.

STILL "HANDSOME HARRY." "Handsome Harry" Carlton died December 5, 1920, in the Tombs, New York City. He was 34 years old. He was a native of New York City. He was a member of the Tombs Prison.

The coffin lid was screwed on again and the coffin put in the hearse and driven away.

AN EXCITING MORNING. Carlton's earthly troubles were over, but his determination of affairs he spent an exciting morning.

Under Sheriff Sexton arrived at the Tombs at 7 o'clock, and found Carlton sleeping as peacefully as a baby in his cell in the cage. One arm was thrown boy-fashion about his head. The other was under the covering.

Father Gelinus was sleeping in a cell near by. LET HIM SLEEP. Mr. Sexton arrived first, and then wanted to awaken Carlton.

"Let him sleep, poor boy," said the worthy father, and so the doomed man rested quietly until Mr. Sexton, the priest, the Warden and Deputy Sheriff Burke and Lower said Mr. Sexton stood about his cell looking at him and wondering what kind of a man he could be to sleep there so peacefully.

He opened his eyes in a dazed sort of way, and did not seem to know where he was for several seconds. "Oh, let me sleep," he murmured peevishly, but Father Gelinus spoke to him, and then Carlton became fully conscious of his surroundings. He sat up yawning, opened his eyes and looked quite indifferently at the men standing about him.

"Just breaking yonder," replied Mr. Sexton, pointing to the eastward. "What time is it?" "Five o'clock," he was told. "Carlton, Scott, ate as that. Time is getting short now, eh, father?" he said as he sprang lightly out of bed. He washed and dressed himself, and then he walked firmly into the face of the Deputy Sheriff, Father Gelinus and Mr. Sexton, as if mutely imploring them to save him. These were the only persons with him at 6 o'clock.

After dressing he ordered a breakfast of French coffee, hot bread, eggs and toast, and wanted it ready at 6 o'clock.

THE MASS. Father Gelinus celebrated mass, and old Mark Finley served as acolyte. Carlton was very devout, and prayed fervently, his words frequently being audible.

"God have mercy upon me, a sinner," was his most frequent exhortation. While he was at mass he received a communication during the mass, and at 9 A. M. Deputy Sheriff McGinnis arrived at the Tombs and the Warden turned the keys over to him as representative of Sheriff Flinn, who then succeeded the Warden in charge of the Tombs until after the execution.

The mass being over Carlton was taken to the cage very rapidly. He looked extremely pale, but managed to eat his breakfast with a show of relish.

IN PRAYER. Thereafter he spent his time in prayer and saying farewell to a few people whom he had made friends with in the prison.

About the last thing the doomed murderer did was to bequeath his pet dog, Dan Terry, to Warden Osborne, and a few articles of his knickknags among a few of the keepers who had been friendly to him during his imprisonment. He also bequeathed his few remaining articles to the Sheriff and his posse arrived at 7.20 A. M., and within ten minutes thereafter he was taken to the gallows.

A PATHETIC PICTURE. A pathetic picture was that of Carlton's poor old father standing outside the big iron-barred gate on the Franklin street side this morning vainly and humbly pleading to be allowed one last interview with his boy so soon to die.

Old Carlton is thin, about the medium height, with iron-gray hair and stiff, bristling gray mustache. He did not wear, but from the frequent sick which burst upon him, it was evident that he was suffering greatly.

Young Dickenson, Carlton's brother-in-law, who had been in the prison, and who could not be affected by anything.

Warden Osborne had no compunction about refusing him admission, but he could not refuse to refuse the old man.

"I would let the old man in to see Harry," he said, "but it would break their hearts."

Inspector Williams, with Capps, McCullagh and other officers of the Tombs, but there was no occasion for their presence, and the few who did gather were as ordinary as the rest.

REMOVAL OF THE BODY. Promptly at 7.10 Undertaker J. J. Slevia's bearers drew up at Franklin and Elm streets, followed by a coach for the dead man's brother-in-law and other friends who might wish to follow the body to the grave.

The body was taken to the hearse and placed in the hearse and driven rapidly to the Calvary cemetery office, in Mulberry street, where the simple funeral train arrived at the coffin was plain, of imitation rosewood.

Neither Carlton's father, Thomas McKenna (the brother-in-law of one of the dead man's friends had put in an appearance at this time, so the empty coach followed the hearse at a brisk trot, and the funeral train arrived at the attention of many curious men and boys lazing about the Tombs, who chafed after it for the fatal rope.

The burial permit obtained, the hearse was driven to Calvary, where the empty mourners' coach followed, and the body was placed in the establishment at 25 Spring street.

AT 8.50 an old man, slightly built, with gray hair and a wrinkled forehead, a slouch hat, entered the undertaker's rooms, apparently under the influence of liquor.

"What is the body?" he asked. "On its way to Calvary," replied Undertaker Slevia's assistant.

"What is the body?" he asked. "On its way to Calvary," replied Undertaker Slevia's assistant.

"What is the body?" he asked. "On its way to Calvary," replied Undertaker Slevia's assistant.

"What is the body?" he asked. "On its way to Calvary," replied Undertaker Slevia's assistant.

"What is the body?" he asked. "On its way to Calvary," replied Undertaker Slevia's assistant.

JERSEY RACES.

Big Crowds at Both Tracks and Betting Rather Brisk.

GUTTENBURG LARGE FIELDS.

By Bergen's Fine Effort at the Finish Vigilant Won by a Length.

Sam Morse, at 10 to 1, Defeated Bradford and King Crab.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

NORTH HUDSON DRIVING PARK, Dec. 5.—Though the weather was threatening a surprisingly large crowd attended the races here today.

The fields were very large and it keeps people guessing where all the horses come from. Owing to the big fields, Starter Caldwell was kept busy as were the talent in picking winners.

The latter were very lucky in the first two races, as Belle Kennedy and Vigilant, the winners, were favorites.

The letter was mainly due to Bergen's fine effort at the finish. King Crab was made a big favorite, but had to be content with third place to Sam Morse and Bradford. Sam Morse was a 10 to 1 shot.

FIRST RACE. Five furlongs. Starters: W. A. Kennedy, 12; Belle Kennedy, 15; Vigilant, 18; King Crab, 20; Bradford, 25; Sam Morse, 30; Bradford, 35; King Crab, 40; Belle Kennedy, 45; Vigilant, 50.

THE RACE.—Belle Kennedy and Anstrutz made the running to the stretch, where they were followed by Bradford, and in a score King Belle Kennedy won by a neck before Anstrutz. Time—1:04 1/2.

SECOND RACE. Mile and an eighth. Starters: W. A. Kennedy, 12; Belle Kennedy, 15; Vigilant, 18; King Crab, 20; Bradford, 25; Sam Morse, 30; Bradford, 35; King Crab, 40; Belle Kennedy, 45; Vigilant, 50.

THE RACE.—Wynwood was first away and led until he was overtaken by Bradford, when he brought Vigilant up with a rush and won by a length. Wynwood was second, the same distance before Bradford. Time—1:55 1/2.

THIRD RACE. Six and a half furlongs. Starters: W. A. Kennedy, 12; Belle Kennedy, 15; Vigilant, 18; King Crab, 20; Bradford, 25; Sam Morse, 30; Bradford, 35; King Crab, 40; Belle Kennedy, 45; Vigilant, 50.

THE RACE.—Bradford was first away, but Sam Morse at once went to the front and, making all the running, won by two lengths from Bradford, who was the same distance before King Crab. Time—1:52 1/2.

FOURTH RACE. Five-eighths of a mile. Starters: W. A. Kennedy, 12; Belle Kennedy, 15; Vigilant, 18; King Crab, 20; Bradford, 25; Sam Morse, 30; Bradford, 35; King Crab, 40; Belle Kennedy, 45; Vigilant, 50.

THE RACE.—Lomax led to the stretch, where he quit and Thad Rowe went to the front. In the last few strides Bergen got Anomaly in front and won by a neck. Thad Rowe second, two lengths before Glenbrook. Time—1:04 1/2.

FIFTH RACE. Mile and an eighth. Starters: W. A. Kennedy, 12; Belle Kennedy, 15; Vigilant, 18; King Crab, 20; Bradford, 25; Sam Morse, 30; Bradford, 35; King Crab, 40; Belle Kennedy, 45; Vigilant, 50.

THE RACE.—Hamlet, Ralph Black and Larchmont made the running to the stretch, where Belmont drew away and won easily by a length from Larchmont. Time—1:57 1/2.

ANOTHER BOOKMAKER SKIPS. J. H. Plant Did Not Wait to Pay Winning Tickets on Pericles.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

CLIFTON RACE TRACK, Dec. 5.—Dark, gloomy-looking clouds hung over this place today, making it anything but pleasant for racing; still the crowd came out and the six races were runs in good shape.

The fields are lighter than usual, which of course makes the betting poor.

Still, one of the bookmakers, J. H. Plant, took in enough on Pericles, for the first race, at even money, to compel him to skip with the other gamblers.

This is now becoming a common thing, and the management should take some means to protect their patrons.

W. Hogan, the jockey who was hurt the other day, is very low, suffering from concussion of the brain and a broken shoulder, and the chances are he will hardly recover.

Elizabeth Entries for To-Morrow. (SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

CONGRESS ROBBED. THAT LEAGUE BOMB.

Cashier Silcott Has Skipped with \$75,000 of House Funds.

Col. Rogers Coming to Light It—The Players Not Alarmed.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—A great sensation was sprung this morning upon the House of Representatives.

A letter was read from John P. Leedom, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Fifth Congress, announcing that Charles E. Silcott, cashier of the House, has skipped the town with \$75,000 of the House funds.

Leedom called to have a committee appointed to examine the accounts.

A resolution to appoint the Committee was adopted and seven members designated to act upon it.

Silcott has been living a very fast life for more than two years, and has been supporting one or more women of doubtful reputation for some time.

Silcott's bonds of \$50,000 will be forfeited to Leedom, who will have to stand the balance of the loss.

Silcott comes from Ohio. He is believed to have gone to Canada. He is a man of forty-five years, has a wife and several children, and had been a trusted employe.

IF HE BEATS SMITH. Slavin Will Probably Be Matched Against John L. Sullivan.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

The Police Gazette has a cable from London saying the coming prize-fight between Jim Smith and Frank P. Slavin for £1,000 and the championship of England is beginning to attract considerable interest.

A group of frightened men, the foremost with his clothes afire, rushed from the building 227, and clouds of thick smoke rolled upward from the windows.

In a moment there was the clatter of engines and clanging of bells. Before the fire had got their streams trained on the burning boxes a second relay of engines came tearing up the roadway. A second alarm had been sent by Chief Hook.

His Clothes Afire. The early yells of the newsmen around the Cooper Union "Extra" EVENING WORLD. Full account of the execution" were drowned in a louder shout of fire from Sixth street.

The partners had barely time to snatch their hats and run from the office. One partner escaped with his overalls hanging about him.

Thirty odd men, employed upstairs, tumbled down the stairs or the fire-escapes barely in season to get out of harm's way.

It was all over in fifteen minutes.

THE COMMITTEE ON RULES. (SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 5.—The Committee on Rules has just been appointed as follows: The Speaker, Charles McNulty; Cannon, Carlisle and Handlan.

THE SHOOTING.

THE POLICEMAN BRENNAN.

HENRY CARLTON THE MURDERER.

THE TOMBS.

THE ATTACK ON ROESSLER.

IN COURT.

FRANKLIN ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

ELM ST. GALLOWY YARD. OLD PRISON. NEW PRISON. BOYS. PRISON. PLAN SHOWING GALLOWY YARD.

EXTRA PITTSBURGH'S BLAZE.

The Monongahela House Is Completely Guttered by Fire.

General Inmates Missing and Many Narrowly Escaped.

A Loss of \$500,000 Probably Involved by the Fire.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 5.—Fire broke out at 11.45 this morning in the Monongahela House, the largest hotel in the city.

The flames started at the foot of the freight elevator, shot up the shaft and spread rapidly through the house.

In a few minutes the entire structure was in flames, and the fire was spreading to adjoining buildings in First avenue and Water streets.

The inmates of the hotel were rescued with great difficulty, the firemen taking some of them from the upper stories.

At 12.45, although the entire city Fire Department was working hard, the flames were beyond control.

It was then reported that two servant girls were still on the top floor of the hotel.

J. C. Mason and wife, of New York, escaped from the fourth story by making a rope of bed-clothing.

Mrs. Anderson, mother of the hotel proprietor, is missing, but may have been out shopping. The night watchman is also missing.

The sample stock of the Atlantic Dynamite Company is being removed from the office in Smithfield street, as the flames are approaching that building.

The burned hotel is well known to all commercial men and to many others.

It is alluded to by Dickens in his "American Notes," where he characterizes it as "the model hotel of the world."

The owners valued the building at a half million dollars.

The work of saving baggage continues at the annex in First avenue.

The insurance on the hotel building is \$100,000; on furniture, \$37,500.

The hotel was owned by a syndicate and leased by Anderson & Swager.

A fireman has received fatal injuries by a fall from the top of a building.

An incident of the fire is the rescue of a man from the sixth story by an old sailor, who climbed up a rope hand-over-hand.

Two firemen, William Diebold and George Lang, have been taken out of the building badly injured.

They were working with the hose on the fifth floor when the ceiling fell in on them.

It is believed the fire is now under control.

The Monongahela House has been twice before destroyed by fire, in 1843 and 1865.

It was here that the heavy-weight champion of Wales, Grant, Abraham Lincoln and many other notables were entertained.

The building was destroyed by a fire in 1843 and 1865.

IT WILL BE A GO.

Though the Boston Police Mistrust the Daily McAnuliffe Match.

Both Jack McAnuliffe and Mike Daly, who are to spar fifteen rounds to-night at Boston for a \$1,000 stake, are ready to fight in that city today, having arrived in the Hub last evening.

There is a rumor afoot to the effect that both contestants have been indulging in liquor lately.

This rumor is not confirmed, and was probably started in behalf of the interested bettors.

The contest may not occur in the club-house here, as designated, as some malicious person informed the police that the contest was to be "for blood," and not strictly for points, as announced.

This, however, will not prevent the mill from turning place tonight, as there are innumerable halls in the Hub suitable for boxing contests.

McAnuliffe has decided to have his brother Con as his principal second.

The Daily people are asking heavy odds now, which has caused a drop in the enthusiasm for the fight.

Some of the Daily men are now looking for a fight with the champion of New York, who is taking up all the bets that can be made, even at these figures, such is the confidence in the abilities of the champion of the Williamsburg champion.

The mooted question of a referee is no nearer a solution than it was.

Ever since John L. Sullivan wanted to back an unknown against McAnuliffe there has been a dozen points more than the Bangor champion of the world and the light-weight ditto.

Daly's folks want John L. to act as referee, as naturally McAnuliffe is quite equal to that of the lighter man.

Cal McCarthy, who is an accurate judge of pugna, designated, as some malicious person informed the police that the contest was to be "for blood," and not strictly for points, as announced.

McAnuliffe will enter the ring weighing half a dozen pounds more than the Bangor champion. If he develops his greatest strength at this weight, Daly's chances will be lessened, as the champion's cleverness is quite equal to that of the lighter man.

Cal McCarthy, who is an accurate judge of pugna, designated, as some malicious person informed the police that the contest was to be "for blood," and not strictly for points, as announced.

McAnuliffe will enter the ring weighing half a dozen pounds more than the Bangor champion. If he develops his greatest strength at this weight, Daly's chances will be lessened, as the champion's cleverness is quite equal to that of the lighter man.

Cal McCarthy, who is an accurate judge of pugna, designated, as some malicious person informed the police that the contest was to be "for blood," and not strictly for points, as announced.

McAnuliffe will enter the ring weighing half a dozen pounds more than the Bangor champion. If he develops his greatest strength at this weight, Daly's chances will be lessened, as the champion's cleverness is quite equal to that of the lighter man.

Cal McCarthy, who is an accurate judge of pugna, designated, as some malicious person informed the police that the contest was to be "for blood," and not strictly for points, as announced.

McAnuliffe will enter the ring weighing half a dozen pounds more than the Bangor champion. If he develops his greatest strength at this weight, Daly's chances will be lessened, as the champion's cleverness is quite equal to that of the lighter man.

Cal McCarthy, who is an accurate judge of pugna, designated, as some malicious person informed the police that the contest was to be "for blood," and not strictly for points, as announced.

McAnuliffe will enter the ring weighing half a dozen pounds more than the Bangor champion. If he develops his greatest strength at this weight, Daly's chances will be lessened, as the champion's cleverness is quite equal to that of the lighter man.

Cal McCarthy, who is an accurate judge of pugna, designated, as some malicious person informed the police that the contest was to be "for blood," and not strictly for points, as announced.

McAnuliffe will enter the ring weighing half a dozen pounds more than the Bangor champion. If he develops his greatest strength at this weight, Daly's chances will be lessened, as the champion's cleverness is quite equal to that of the lighter man.

Cal McCarthy, who is an accurate judge of pugna, designated, as some malicious person informed the police that the contest was to be "for blood," and not strictly for points, as announced.

McAnuliffe will enter the ring weighing half a dozen pounds more than the Bangor champion. If he develops his greatest strength at this weight, Daly's chances will be lessened, as the champion's cleverness is quite equal to that of the lighter man.

Cal McCarthy, who is an accurate judge of pugna, designated, as some malicious person informed the police that the contest was to be "for blood," and not strictly for points, as announced.

McAnuliffe will enter the ring weighing half a dozen pounds more than the Bangor champion. If he develops his greatest strength at this weight, Daly's chances will be lessened, as the champion's cleverness is quite equal to that of the lighter man.