

WILLIAM HENRY TAKEN TO JAIL.

The Man Suspected of Killing His Father Now Lodged in Raymond Street.

ALLOWED TO SEE A LAWYER.

Nothing Against the "Bad" Son but His Brother's Accusation.

WITHSTOOD THE THIRD DEGREE.

Police Now Have the "Good" Son Under Close Surveillance.

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motives which prompted the murder, the fact that brother accuses brother, and that on it is under arrest charged with the crime, are all absorbing chapters in a story surpassing in interest anything in the realms of fiction.

First News of the Murder. It was exactly 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Friday that Walter Henry, a son of the old miser, walked into the De Kalb avenue police station and informed Sergt. Dougherty, who was in charge, that his father was missing. He had been to Police Headquarters shortly before, and was directed to the precinct station.

The doors of his father's house, he said, were all locked and barred, and he wanted a policeman to accompany him and force an entrance. The sergeant directed Patrolman Walsh to accompany Walter, and a few minutes later both were standing in front of the rather gloomy looking house.

Walter, at his own suggestion, climbed from a neighboring shed in through a window, walked through the rooms and along the hall to the front door, which he opened for the officer. Then he led the way upstairs to the room in which his father slept.

The son, with the officer, looked under the bed, overturned the bedclothing, but could find nothing. Back of the bedstead was a closet, but they did not search there. Instead, Walter led the way from room to room, and on to the next floor. Several times the officer suggested going to the basement, and finally Walter led the way there.

At the head of the stairs, however, he passed a moment, then stepping aside, he allowed the policeman to lead the way. Just as they reached the bottom step they saw in the dim light the body of the miser. It was stretched out almost at full length. There were clots of blood about the head and a few stains on the staircase.

"Is that your father?" asked the policeman. "It is," was the reply, "and this is William's work."

No attempt of any kind was made to move the body, nor did the officer pay any attention to the other's remark. In fact, it was not until long afterwards that he thought of it.

Four hours later the coroner had arrived, and then for the first time it was known that a murder had been committed. The old man's head had been hacked with a hatchet. Eighteen wounds were discovered, seven of them had fractured the skull, and any one of them would have been sufficient to cause death.

THE MISER'S LIFE.

Old man Henry was a miser. He was seventy-three years old and for the past thirty-five years had lived penuriously.

When he married he was a different kind of man, of life, intelligent and of an open, generous disposition.

The woman he married was a belle in her day, handsome, vivacious and of good family. But as time ran on Henry changed with it. He became grasping and avaricious. He began to save money, at first in a small way.

When he got \$100 in the bank, he became more grasping still. He deprived himself of the necessities of life, and he might save even a cent. When the hundred swelled into a thousand he became worse.

As time wore on he bought a strong trunk, which he locked up in the closet in his bedroom. In this trunk he kept his money and it is related of him that often when the other inmates of the house were wrapped in slumber, he would get out of bed and count his money. Every coin he saved was practically fresh from the mint, and for years the only usage it got was when they passed through his fingers at night.

The miser's habits were such that every member of his family hated him, and every mention of his name, he stormed at and cursed them for the most trivial fault.

From a healthy, handsome woman his wife withered away by the slow process of semi-starvation until, when the miser was stricken down by some unknown hand, she had been reduced to less than half her original weight. He drove her from the house so often that she does not remember the number of times. Besides refusing to give her proper food he would not spend a dollar upon her for dress, and she was obliged to wear of the cheapest kind.

The "good son" was not always in his father's good graces. Fifteen years ago he quarrelled with him and left the house. The fact, however, that he ceased to be a burden upon his father seemed to heighten the latter's regard for him. He was soon back in the house, and remained there ever afterwards although he had married and lived with his wife and children in Flatbush.

The first to be practically driven from the house was Charles, the young fellow who had gone towards Cornwall. His wishes and the miser swore at him, and he was usual when anything went wrong, he revenged himself upon his wife.

He blamed her for the marriage, and said she had put foolish thoughts in the boy's head. Later Charles committed an offense which made him amenable to the law. He was arrested and declared insane. The judge committed him to the insane asylum, and he was later transferred to Ward's Island.

Once in a great while the old man's heart seemed to open. One occasion was when he gave \$100 to his son William to open a dry-goods store in Jersey. The young man failed. He spent the money in employment elsewhere and lost that. He returned to his father's home, where quarrels were numerous. Many a time William said he would not stay there at all but for the sake of his mother.

The old man's habits grew worse. He would not have the house swept, and he hung from the walls, and the windows were never opened. The old man came on Saturday one week ago when the mother and William were driven from the house. The old man was then alone with his gold.

BROTHER ACCUSES BROTHER.

Counting the Miser's Hoard. Back in another room was taking place a scene which formed such a marked contrast. At a rough table was seated Walter, the good son, before him lay the heap of gold and silver and the securities which had been taken from his father's strong trunk. Over his right ear rested a pen and in his left hand he held a writing pad. Coin after coin he counted, and made

fact, written to him on the subject, and in proof he showed the letter. The police seized it, and the rest was easy. Of course, in his opinion, no one but William could have committed the crime.

Walter said that he had seen his father on Wednesday night. When mother and son had been put out of the house, William from time to time visited his home in Flatbush for temporary shelter. He left her to recklessly spend the \$50 which he had in his possession.

Walter waited from Saturday until Wednesday evening, when he went down to see his father. He wanted the latter to pay for his mother's support in a sanitarium. He saw his miser father, but left without coming to any arrangement, as the old man was obstinate.

He said he called again next day—Thursday—and found the house closed. He was again at the house in the afternoon, with like result, and then on Friday, he invited the aid of the police.

No Mention of the Murder. He said that after finding the body he went home, and later William called upon him and had dinner. Although he searched for his father's hoard, he never once mentioned his father's death, even when William asked how the old man was. Neither did he call in an officer to have him arrested.

Back to the station went the police, and the wires to Headquarters were kept busy. A full description of William, the suspected party, was sent out.

Joy reigned in DeKalb avenue station next morning, when William entered and surrendered. He told a straightforward story. First he denied having had any hand in the crime. He said he had slept in Prospect Park the night before until 1 o'clock, when he was called out by a policeman. He finished his sleep in a nearby field.

He told where he had been the night before that, what he had drunk and all about himself. His pockets were searched and only a watch and a bunch of keys, not one of which belonged to the Portland avenue house, were found.

But he was the murderer. The police were confident of it. So, after a few more questions he was put into the patrol-wagon, and with Detectives Delahanty and Brady on either side, was taken to the station-house and almost immediately arraigned on the charge of murder in the first degree.

In pleading not guilty he again protested his innocence. Then he was led back to the station-house and almost the entire detective force of Brooklyn was put on the case to secure the necessary evidence.

THE PRISONER'S ORDEAL.

Beyond the fact that William was the wayward son; that he had been driven from the house; that his father had written a letter concerning him, and Walter's statement that it was "William's work," there was not an atom of evidence to warrant his arrest. It was after he had been locked up in a cell that the police began to think, and this led them down to theories and motives for the crime.

William implicated. William was an outcast. His father hated him and his father necessarily must have made a will disinheriting his wayward son. Why, then, was he so clear in his mind? Why had he killed his father and then stolen the will, which he undoubtedly destroyed?

In the absence of a will he stood in the same position as the other members of his family and entitled to his share in the miser's estate. It was the only thing that he had, and the motive to their minds was clear.

Next thing was to see if the will was missing, and in the search they were aided by the good son Walter. They searched the miser's bedroom again, and looked in the closet where the old man kept his valuables. Then they saw what first escaped their attention—the mark of a hatchet in the frame of the door. The hinges of the door looked as if an attempt had been made to force it.

The found no will, however, but they did find the strong box, and when it was opened the policemen held their breath. It was filled almost to the brim with gold and silver that sent back reflecting lights from the tallow candles with which they conducted the search. It was taken back to the same station where the bad son was a prisoner. There an extraordinary scene took place.

At a glance it may not understand the methods pursued by the police in such cases, it is just as well to say right here that nineteen times in twenty they hope for "confessions," and to obtain the latter they will resort to any device. They were what is known in police circles as the "third degree." This consists of putting the prisoner in a cell and surrounding him with all the terrors imaginable.

William was not permitted to see any visitors or newspapers, nor was he allowed a lawyer. Detectives were detailed to keep him on edge all the time. For the first time the crime was committed, and he was identified as belonging to his father.

His fears were worked upon, and when they thought they had him in the proper frame of mind the ax was put into his hand, and he buried his father.

"Come now, William, show us how you killed the old man. Show us how you cut him."

But William gazed steadily at his questioner and quietly replied: "I did not do it. I know nothing of it."

Then more detectives were brought in. District Attorney Ridgway dropped into the cell and they began telling stories. Great crimes were recalled in which the criminal was convicted on circumstantial evidence. The murder of Lyman was dwelt upon; the murder of the two Williamsburg boys for which Boheman had just been convicted, and dozens of others were gone over.

If anything in the world would break down a prisoner no better scheme could be devised, particularly a man like William, who had been so long in the cell by his mode of living, and who even then had not recovered from the effects of his recent debauch. But he never faltered for an instant in his protest, and the detectives left the room discouraged, and still sanguine that they would yet convict him.

Counting the Miser's Hoard. Back in another room was taking place a scene which formed such a marked contrast. At a rough table was seated Walter, the good son, before him lay the heap of gold and silver and the securities which had been taken from his father's strong trunk. Over his right ear rested a pen and in his left hand he held a writing pad. Coin after coin he counted, and made

up into convenient packages. On the back of each he marked the amounts, and these he entered in his pad. So absorbed was he in his work that he never once looked up. When he had completed his task he had the police go over the packages with him, and then he demanded a receipt.

THE TWO SONS.

It was quite a surprise to the police to discover on further investigation that William Henry, although the outcast, was not the terribly depraved man they first imagined him. In fact, his worst fault was his drinking habit. His greatest virtue, his extraordinary love for his mother.

The police followed up the story he had at first told as to his whereabouts, and found it in the main correct. They found what they thought was a telling point about him in one contradiction. It was against a scratch, just like what you get on a fence, or a fence might cause, on his right hand.

When first questioned he said he got it while cleaning out the furnace in his father's house one week ago. Later he said he got it climbing a fence in Prospect Park. That was all they got concerning him.

Walter has always been steady in his habits and has worked hard all his lifetime, but he never made friends as fast as his brother. His manner was too icy and he was too reserved. In fact, he was just as naturally disliked by some as his brother was loved by others.

Since the murder he has been constantly with the detectives, so much so that at one time he was called a runaway, that he was either under arrest or under surveillance. The police, however, deny this, and say that he has been steady and still believe they have the murderer under lock and key. District Attorney Delahanty says that he has been steady and still believe they have the murderer under lock and key.

Half the props in the case against William Henry were taken away from him. The wayward son, however, was not so easily discouraged. He was still confident of his innocence. He was still confident of his innocence.

On Wednesday last, according to Walter Henry's story, he called on his father with reference to providing for his mother. He said that the old man was well, and that he had written a letter concerning him, and Walter's statement that it was "William's work," there was not an atom of evidence to warrant his arrest.

The same witnesses also say they saw Walter at the door on Thursday night, and that he had been in the house. The police also say they have a story which corroborates his story.

Other theories advanced. While the police are still following but one theory, there are others who have been looking after others. The first thing to strike the average mind is the manner in which the miser was killed. It is easy to conclude that the murderer, even Walter, could in a moment of passion seize a hatchet and strike the old man down. It is much more difficult, however, to believe that either of them—that any sane man, in fact—could, after a man had been lying in bed on Wednesday night, and the rain blowing after blow upon his defenseless head, go to the window and strike him down.

Others who examined the premises as carefully as they could think the murder was committed in another room. The body was found in the room, and the body was found in the room, and the body was found in the room.

Done by a Maniac. Weighing up the facts as they have presented themselves, the general opinion is that the murder was the work of a maniac. As a matter of criminal history, as well as a medical science, that some women usually give in disposition can be raised to the highest pitch of fury. The old miser had female relatives who he treated just as cordially as he reciprocated the feeling. He had married and beaten his own wife, and starved her.

So far as his wife is concerned, it would be almost a physical impossibility for her to have been in the room when the murder was committed. The blows were too clean cut for feeble arms. But still there is a possibility that the crime was the work of a woman.

For the maniac theory. When it was first mooted, all thoughts turned towards Charles Henry, who is an inmate of the insane asylum. It was suggested that he had escaped and going to Brooklyn had struck down his father with a hatchet, and then fled in a panic.

Charles, however, could not have killed his father, as the latter was in the room when he was killed. He was in the room when he was killed, and he was in the room when he was killed.

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IN THE WORLD OF LABOR.

The Ribbon Weavers' Mutual Protective Association has received a demand.

The striking silk weavers of the Golden Rod Silk Company have resumed work, as their price list has been accepted.

Charles Barthman has been elected secretary of the International Union of the International Piano-Makers' Union.

John Spinner and Adam Keller have been elected to the board of directors of the Bakery and Confectionery Union No. 1.

With one exception, the boss framers in this city have been elected for union wages.

The contemplated strike at the Newark Brick Works will have the union of the Bricklayers' Union No. 1.

The strike against the employment of non-union laborers on a job on One Hundred and Forty-second Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, has been called.

The Pacific Coast Central Labor Union has removed its headquarters from the corner of Market and Hotel streets, Paterson, N. J.

New laws proposed by the Board of Trade and Operative Plasterers' Union this evening.

Richard Dezer, of Brooklyn, has been elected a member of the General Executive Board of the Journeymen Tailors Union of America, and P. A. Wood and H. Jones were appointed as organizers.

By a vote of 1,475 against 746 the Journeymen Tailors' Union of America decided against holding a national convention this year. The next convention, therefore, will take place in August at Louisville, Ky.

Nine local unions of the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders will meet this evening in Hickory Hall, 145 Hudson street. Officers will be elected and the advisability of holding an annual picnic will be discussed.

There are 400 members in the Journeymen Tailors' Protective and Benevolent Union, having 300 patterns of dress hand-made, and 100 of the members have withdrawn to avoid the responsibility of the indignities and formed a new union.

Delegates Eugene Steinhilber of the Artistic Rose Mosaic Union made his first appearance in the city on Wednesday night, since his marriage, and was received by a rising vote.

At the corner of Mercer and Hester streets, are a number of men who are working on a job on One Hundred and Forty-second Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, and the raising of the wage rate.

Two-door clothing-outlets employed by H. L. Bries & Co., at Mercer and Hester streets, are on strike for an increase of \$1 per week each.

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