

WOMAN ENDS LIFE BY FIRE IN HER ROOM

Deliberately Fires Heap of Papers and Lies Upon Flame.

SILENT UNDER TORTURE.

Old "Mother" Gormley Makes No Sound While Enduring Awful Agony.

DISGRACE OF BROTHER.

Gamins' Gibes About Relative Sent to Prison Broke Aged Sister's Heart.

In a shabby little room of the rear tenement at No. 436 West Eighteenth street, Old "Mother" Gormley, after gazing about her a great heap of papers, smashed a burning kerosene lamp over the pile and lay down to die in the midst of the flames last night.

What her agonies were nobody will ever know for she made no sound while the fire slowly tortured her to death. Persons in the next room knew nothing of the tragedy that was being enacted until they smelled the fumes that brought out the entire block in a panic.

Disgraced by Brother. For years "Mother" Gormley had been a familiar figure of the quarter. She eked out a meagre living by working as a domestic in the house of a family uptown. Her only relative was a brother who worried her with his escapades. It hurt the more because "Mother" was proud, and would not take a loan from anybody. It hurt the more therefore when the brother, who was known as "Leather" among his easy-going kind, was sent to the Island last week. It was the first time it had happened and the disgrace was more than the old woman could bear.

The gamins of the neighborhood heard of the sentence and added their cruel gibes to the already heavy pain. The old woman would not smile and smiled back, as she had always done, but she broke down when she gained her room. She sent a message to her mistress uptown, telling her that if anything happened to her to see that the mistress came down post-haste, and after a time succeeded in comforting the disconsolate woman. She left last night, promising to come again this morning. She did, but she was too late.

Said She'd "Go Away."

It was after supper last night that "Mother" Gormley met little Gracie Boyle in the hall. The child had been one of the woman's favorites and she stopped her and spoke to her. "You would be sorry if I went away, wouldn't you?" she asked the little girl. "I think I will go away. My brother has disgraced me and there isn't much more for me to live for any-how."

The child told her mother of the incident, but nothing was thought of it until too late when she sent a message to one of her friends, a Miss Smith, who lives at 451 West Thirtieth street. Miss Smith came to the little rear tenement this morning, also too late.

It was midnight when Mrs. Boyle smelled a peculiar odor. "Somebody burning steak, I guess," she said. Then she went to the hall and opened the door. She reeled back nauseated by the reek that drove into the room. The others ran to the windows and shrieked for help.

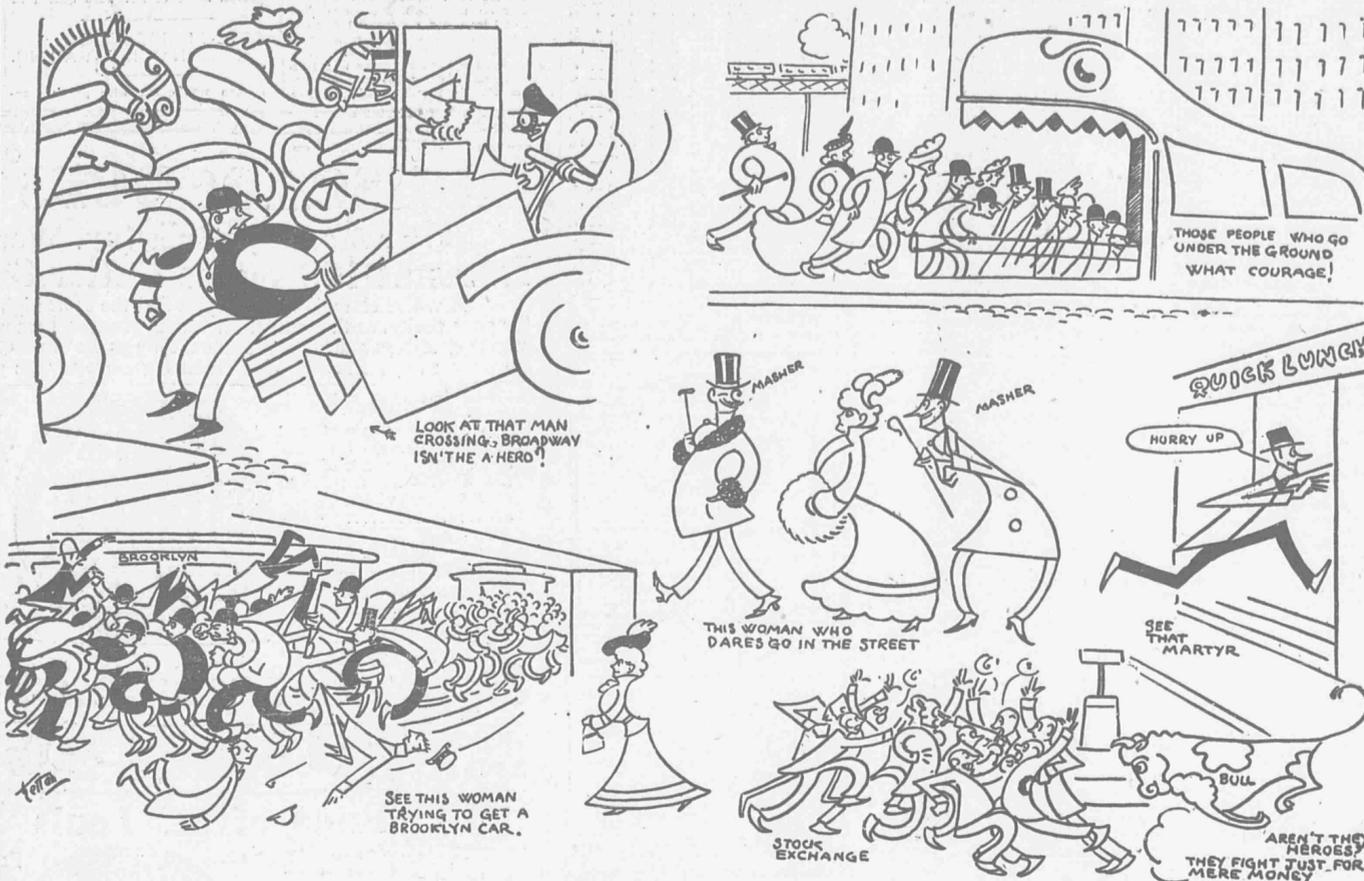
From the windows below was pouring a greeny smoke that also smelted that staved and choked back in the narrow little court, so that in a moment it almost darkened the ray of the gas lamp.

The tenements buzzed and emptied in less time than it takes to tell it. When the firemen came they had to break into the dinky little room on the first floor. There was little for them to do. On the floor lay the charred remains of the woman. About her were the smouldering fragments of the pyre that had consumed her. A few pieces of half-melted brass were all that was left of the lamp that had lit it. The firemen stamped out the smouldering flame and the frightened people stole away.

Only a few stayed to place a faded cushion under what had been the head and to "wake" all that was left of "Mother" Gormley and her sorrows.

NEW YORK IS FULL OF HEROES, MR. CARNEGIE!

By Maurice Ketten, the Angle-and-Curve Artist.



The last three months spent by the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission has failed to discover one hero or heroine.—News Item.

SECRET SESSION ON CONNECTING ROAD

Members of Rapid Transit Commission Discuss the Proposed Substitute Franchise.

Behind closed doors, in the offices of the Rapid Transit Commission, at No. 520 Broadway, to-day, the Commission on Plans considered the proposed terms of a franchise for the New York Connecting Railroad. Representatives of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company were present, but the public was denied admittance. Later on there will be a public hearing, as the Mayor and members of his cabinet are anxious to have the matter thoroughly ventilated.

The connecting railway proposes to get the Pennsylvania Railroad into Brooklyn by means of a tunnel and a bridge, beginning at Bay Ridge and connecting with the New Haven Railroad, which will cross the new Manhattan Island Bridge. There is in contemplation by both companies the expenditure of nearly \$10,000,000 more than half of which will be sent in labor. Immense freight yards are to be constructed in various points not only in Brooklyn but on Long Island.

The Bureau of Franchises of the Finance Department recently organized a committee to study the proposed franchise application for the proposed line. This committee requires \$250,000 when the contract is signed, \$500,000 a year for the first ten years and \$100,000 for the next fifteen years. At the end of that time the terms of the contract are subject to revision.

Besides this, the city proposes that the companies shall be liable to a fine of \$500 for failure to comply with any of the provisions of the proposed grant, and within thirty days from the time the franchise is signed, the company must deposit \$500,000 from which fines shall be collected. It also provides that the railroad companies shall be liable to a fine of \$500 for failure to comply with any of the provisions of the proposed grant, and within thirty days from the time the franchise is signed, the company must deposit \$500,000 from which fines shall be collected.

When Mayor McClellan was asked to introduce the bill, he said: "Nothing at all at this time, as I am a member of the Rapid Transit Commission."

Comptroller Metz said he believed the bill should be laid both to the companies and the city. He was not ready to make a definite statement.

Mr. Cassatt implied threat in his letter that if the city persists in the proposed scheme some of the works will be abandoned is not taken seriously.

DR. DADRIRIAN WANTS \$50,000 FOR LOST WIFE

Thinks John Whitson Is the Man to Pay it and Sues Him.

Dr. Dieran L. Dadririan has lost his wife, but considers that \$50,000 would settle the damage. Accordingly he has sued John Whitson, whose real name is said to be Edward R. Coppel, for that sum, alleging that Whitson alienated Mrs. Dadririan's affections. An order has been issued requiring Whitson to furnish \$5,000 bail or go to Ludlow street jail, and a deputy sheriff is hunting for him. He has been living at the Hotel Savoy.

Whitson has a wife and two children. He formerly lived at No. 625 Madison avenue. Whitson joined Dr. Dadririan in securing the evidence upon which the suit was brought. She is now living with her children at No. 26 Lenox avenue. Dr. Dadririan's home is at No. 625 West One Hundred and Thirtieth street, and his place of business is at No. 73 Lexington avenue.

Quick Action All Around. Dr. Dadririan was married in March, 1926, to Virginia A. Crowe, a daughter of Eugene F. Crowe, a member of the paper manufacturing firm of Perkins, Goodwin & Co. Six months later, he alleges, his wife left him, and for this he blames Whitson, who is president of the Whitson Auto-Press Company, at No. 114 Liberty street, a \$1,000,000 corporation, in which, it is alleged by Dr. Dadririan, some \$200,000 worth of stock has been sold.

Dr. Dadririan in his petition says that his wife knew Whitson before her marriage, but that he was not aware of the fact until June 17, 1926, about three months after the wedding. Mrs. Dadririan was taking luncheon at the Claremont. A stout, dark man was sitting at an adjoining table.

Mrs. Dadririan, the doctor says, spoke pleasantly to the stout, dark man, who hastened to shake hands with her. She introduced the stranger to her husband, an old friend. Mr. Whitson was of agreeable manners and the doctor liked him.

After a few minutes, Dadririan alleges, Mr. Whitson announced that he had a new horse outside and invited Mrs. Dadririan, the doctor's wife, to ride. The doctor was willing. Whitson and Mrs. Dadririan promised to be back in ten minutes. They came back in four hours, he says.

Bobbed Up Every Time. After that, according to Dr. Dadririan, Whitson bobbed up nearly every time he took his wife to a place of public amusement or entertainment. Hammanstein's Theatre, the Hotel Astor and the Casino in Central Park are mentioned as places where Whitson appeared just as the doctor was imagining he would have his wife to himself for the evening. On each occasion, the doctor alleges, Whitson would take Mrs. Dadririan out for a spin behind his trotter or in his automobile, and they would remain for hours.

While the doctor was taking his wife out and rearing the inevitable appearance of Whitson, Mrs. Whitson, as she prefers to be known—Mrs. Coppel was proving that this is a pretty small doctor's fees. Whitson would take a letter in her husband's pocket, signed Virginia Crowe, but had been unable to decipher it. She found a letter in a member of the newspaper. Desirous of moving to a new apartment, she consulted the newspaper and learned from them that a Mr. and Mrs. Crowe were about to go to Europe and would rent their town after all. She found a letter in her husband's pocket, signed Virginia Crowe, but had been unable to decipher it. She found a letter in a member of the newspaper.

No Escape from Him. "Martin Hewitt, Investigator." That's his card. He solves mysteries that Sherlock Holmes couldn't even guess at. Read his first exploit in "Wednesdays EVENING WORLD." Keep your eye on Mr. Hewitt.

STOLE COP'S SHIELD TO GET BLACKMAIL

Cabman Taylor's Easy Road to Wealth Led Him to Prison.

CHAPTER I. "Dere's nuttin' in this charioterin' game," lamented James Taylor, of the Bronx, as he turned in his handsomely appointed car at midnight last night. "Wot is dis fer a roll," he sighed, as he twisted the bills around the third finger of his right hand. Ah! Why did he twist the long green around the third finger? Because (heed well) the index and middle finger were bitten off by a sorrel horse three years ago.

Leading upon a polished rail James Taylor pondered. He cogitated, ruminated and thought, slipping the while from a mug of black-and-tan. At last an idea surged upward to his brain, and he exclaimed softly to himself: "I will rob a policeman! Busted coupon outer, I will flich me their gold and precious stones!"

CHAPTER II. For Jim Taylor to think was to act, especially when the mingled ale and porter supplied the proper thrill to his soul. Bold-hearted, fearless as any knight errant of yesteryear, he attained the handsome apartment of the Amateur Crackman, at No. 50 West Fifty-first street. As the Amateur Crackman (some cabman) softly kicked in the door Constable James Donovan awoke and called out drowsily: "Is that you, Mike?" (referring to his brother Michael).

"It's me," replied the intruder, shrewdly suspecting that Mike would not have replied, "It is I."

Thoroughly deceived the Policeman relaxed into sonorous slumber. Keeping time with the music of the sleeper Amateur Crackman swiftly cleaned out the fat, making a neat bundle of \$500 worth of Mrs. Policeman Donovan's fur, a quantity of silverware and some pretty jewelry. And as he tucked along the shank in the neighboring steepie astruck J. A. M.

A tremor passed through the nerves of the Amateur Crackman as the bell tolled softly its three tolls. "I will not take the flog," he sighed, slipping out into the fog-hung night.

Arriving with his bundle on the street James Taylor remembered that he had forgotten something. Back again he broke into the house, once more he kicked in the door of the policeman's fat. Anon Constable Donovan awoke and asked: "Is that you, Mike?"

But this is all repetition. Suffice it to say that the amateur crackman had forgotten the policeman's shield. He had only to take Donovan's wallet from the head of the bed and remove the insignia of police authority. He did so and was out again into the night.

CHAPTER III. It is morning—a Sabbath morning—sunny, oppressive—verily a thirsty morning. James Taylor is thirsty. His lips are parched and his tongue is dry. He enters the saloon at Fifty-third street and Eighth avenue, walks to the bar and orders "one beer in \$100 hall, drawn, the froth scattered in an encircling spray and the liquid drunk.

CHAPTER IV. With easy confidence James Taylor went on his way from saloon to saloon, first leaving beer and then demanding the gutter. He had accumulated a roll the circumference of a hydrant by

BRAVEY OF ENGINEER SAVES FLYING EXPRESS

Plainfield, N. J., He Badly Hurt in Wreck Near Alarms Flagman.

(Special to The Evening World.) PLAINFIELD, N. J., Jan. 22.—An east bound wildcat engine going at the rate of sixty miles an hour dashed into a drill engine on the Jersey Central here early to-day, the engineer and fireman of the former being seriously injured. The lives of several hundred passengers on an Easton express traveling west at sixty miles an hour were saved by the presence of mind of Engineer Murphy, of the drill engine.

When the wildcat smashed into the drill train, which was on the east-bound freight track, colliding with a freight train going west. Several of the drill train cars then careened over toward the west-bound express track, endangering the fast train which was approaching.

The drill engine was a total wreck, but Engineer Murphy, who was on the west-bound train, escaped injury, clung to his post and turned on his whistle, notifying "Flagman" Frank Hagerty, near the Sutherland station, to stop the Easton express, which was due to pass the spot at that time.

Engineer Mahoney, of Jersey City, of the express, saw the signal and reversed the engine, but the tracks were too slippery to stop the train in time, so he jumped just as the fireman's cab was being struck by the west-bound passenger cars and the baggage car were ripped out. Glass flew everywhere, and the passengers were cut about the face and arms. One woman fainted, but owing to the coolness of the men there was no panic.

James Vannatta, of Jersey City, engineer of the wildcat engine, bound his head with a bandage, and was so badly injured that he was removed to Muhlenberg Hospital.

Dr. Thomas J. Curtin, Coroner's Physician in the Bronx, testified he had examined about 800 bodies. He testified that only eighteen or twenty bodies were burned.

Mrs. Meia Deibenthal, who had charge of the luncheon counter, testified that her five fingers broke through the canvas of a life-preserver when she tried to pull one of the survivors of a party of six, told how she had tried to pull down life-preservers and the granulated cork fell out of the cover. Otto Gensara, who lost his mother and cousin, testified that the whole promenade deck was covered with cork before the Slocum was wrecked.

WORKS WITHOUT FAITH. Faith Came After the Works Had Laid the Foundation. A Bay State belle talks thus about coffee: "While a coffee drinker I was a sufferer from indigestion and intensely painful nervous headaches, from childhood. "Seven years ago my health gave out entirely. I grew so weak that the exertion of walking, if only a few feet, made it necessary for me to lie down. My friends thought I was marked for consumption—weak, thin and pale.

"I realized the danger I was in and tried faithfully to get relief from medicines, till, at last, after having employed all kinds of drugs, the doctor acknowledged that he did not believe it was in his power to cure me. "While in this condition a friend induced me to quit coffee and try Postum Food Coffee, and I did so. But the least hope that it would do me any good. I did not like it at first, but when it was properly made I found it was a most delicious and refreshing beverage. I am especially fond of it served at dinner ice-cold, with cream.

"In a month's time I began to improve, and in a few weeks my indigestion ceased to trouble me, and my headache stopped entirely. I am so perfectly well now that I do not look like the same person, and I have so gained in flesh that I am fifteen pounds heavier than ever before. "This is what Postum has done for me. I still use it and shall always do so." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason. Read the little book "The Road to Wellville" in pkg.

"LIFE PRESERVERS" COULDN'T PRESERVE

Canvas of Those on the Slocum So Rotten Fingers Percied It.

After one week of cumulative testimony, showing carelessness and neglect in providing against just such a catastrophe as occurred, the trial of Capt. William H. Van Schaick, of the Gen-Slocum, was resumed before Judge Thomas and a jury in the United States Circuit Court to-day. Still further evidence was introduced by the prosecution to-day showing the uselessness of the life-preservers with which the Slocum was provided.

Coroner's Physician Philip O'Hanion was the first witness called. He testified as to the examination of 200 bodies, all of which he found had died of submersion. Among them was the body of Michael McGrann, the steward, who had a life preserver. The defense has tried to bring out that McGrann died of an injury and was not drowned. In spite of the life preserver. Other physicians testified to the large proportion of drowned.

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SOLD GUN SUICIDE USED. Mrs. Annie Burgess Bought Revolver from a Pawnbroker. Joseph Anderson, a pawnbroker of No. 307 West Forty-second street, visited the Coroner's office to-day and told Coroner Shradley that Mrs. Annie Burgess, the young woman who killed Burgess, the young woman who did his best to avert the wreck, Robert Loane, of Red Bank, the fireman who was killed, and who was seriously injured. He, too, is in the hospital.

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Sample Suits. \$20 Spring Models, \$10.98! Big Tuesday Sale, Advance Spring Styles. Absolutely new creations—costumes later in fashion than any of the Winter styles—outfits with which you may relieve the constant wear on your Winter suit. New Spring Wear West England Cheviots. Beautiful long coat saddle-strapped suit, glove fitting and tailor stitched, coats being richly lined with gray satin. Cheviot, has the rich: texture of Broad-cloth. Also \$20 New Pony Box Coat Suits, with new style jacket—swell, natty, new designs in stylish Rugby Spring Mix- \$10.98. Remember: Alterations FREE. SALE AT BOTH STORES. Bedell. 10 TO 16 WEST 14TH STREET NEW YORK. 1000 1/2 FULTON STREET BROOKLYN.

Arnold, Constable & Co. TUESDAY, JANUARY 23D. Corsets. NEW MODEL of fine Coutil, straight front, supporters attached. Value \$1.50. 95c. NEW MODEL, high grade Coutil, medium high bust, supporters attached. Value \$2.50. 1.50. NEW MODEL, fine Mercerized Batiste, supporters attached. Value \$4.00. 2.25. Sale of Satin Foulards. Will Be Continued Tuesday and Wednesday. SINGLE WIDTH. Regularly \$1.50. 95c yard. DOUBLE WIDTH. " \$5.50 and \$6.00. 3.50 " Feather Neckwear. MARABOUT STOLES, Muffs to match. Regularly \$24.00 12.00 Set. COQ and MARABOUT NOVELTY STOLES. Regularly \$12.00 6.00 Each. MARABOUT MUFFS. Regularly \$7.50 3.75 Each. Broadway, 14th Street.

Last Week of Sale. SALE CLOSES TUESDAY, JANUARY 30th. Final Mark Down of great variety of styles and leather produces following offerings. Men's \$1.00 to 4.75. Women's Boots 1.90 to 3.45. Ties and Slippers 1.45 to 3.75. Young Women's 1.95 to 2.45. Boys' and Girls' 95 to 2.45. Children's 65 to 1.45. AN EARLY CALL AVOIDS THE RUSH. Sixth Avenue, N. E. Corner 19th Street. Alexander.

J. MORRIS. \$1.00 a Week Opens an Account. 3 ROOMS FURNISHED \$4.98. 4 ROOMS FURNISHED \$9.98. Golden Oak Dresser 6.98. WRITE FOR LISTS OF OUR OUTFITS. 12.98 for this Solid Oak Sideboard. Special Sale of Rugs and Carpets. OPEN SAT. EVENING. 267 W. 125 ST. EIGHTH AVENUE. NEAR

THE CALL OF THE WORLD. In 1905, the twenty-third year of The World's continuous growth since its uplifting began in 1883, it printed, in its morning and Sunday editions only, 2,682 columns of advertising, an increase of 4,424 columns, divided into 1,184,959 single paid advertisements, a gain over 1904 of 806,810. The New York newspaper closest to The World in total space grew much less than half as much in columns and increased but 7,911 single advertisements. GROWTH BY PERIODS. Advs. Published. 1883 86,577. 1885 448,793. 1890 782,794. 1900 874,958. 1904 1,184,959. The World's Want momentum reached its greatest force in the last half of the year, when, according to a count made by Messrs. Barrow, Wade, Guthrie & Co., chartered accountants, it printed 611,915 advertisements, against 555,817 printed by the New York Herald, leading it by 56,098 in the aggregate printed for the six months from July 1 to January 1. No other newspaper ever before made such gains in a similar period, or reached so vast a total. More than 75 per cent. of The World's Want advertisers give their business addresses, but, despite this, over 870,000 replies came to the box numbers in The World's own post-office.