WEATHER—Fair; colder to-night and Sunday.

FINAL RESULTS EDITION

The World.

EVENING EDITION

"Circulation Books Open to All."

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SHOT DOWN VICTIM IN CROWDED AVENUE

BANDIT TRAPPED AFTER MURDER IN BATTLE ON TRAIN

With Companion He Blew Safe, and the Two Escaping, Drew Pistols.

SHOT DOWN PASSENGER

New Hampshire Posse Hunts Men Who Held up Fast Express Crew.

(Special to The Evening World.)

EXETER, N. H., Feb. 10.—One of the burglars who killed a passenger on the St. John express of the Boston and Maine road in a pistol fight while trying to escape after blowing a safe at Dover was caught this afternoon by a posse.

The chase covered several miles and the fugitive, who had with his pal jumped from thetrain at Rockingham Junction, led his pursuers through the woods to Northampton, where he was rounded up.

Although armed, the bandit was so exhausted he offered no resistance. He refused to give any information whatever concerning himself.

His pal has been surrounded by the police and residents of three towns in a thicket near Northampton and cannot escape.

The chase for the men began after a fight when Conductor Reeves and other train hands attempted to arrest the men on the train, but the bandits drew pistols and ordered everybody to throw up their hands.

The police at Dover had telegraphed ahead that Luddy & Currier's shoe factory at that place had been robbed and that the thieves were aboard the train.

Pulled Their Pistols.

The conductor identified them without trouble, and with his men seized the pair. The robbers pulled pistols, and in the excitement an Italian started from the car, either from fright or to secure help, and one of the robbers fired five shots at him, all of which took effect, the Italian dying shortly afterward.

In the confusion which followed the shooting the two suspects jumped from the car and disappeared in the woods. When the train reached here word was sent to the police of this town, and the cities of Dover and Portsmouth, about fifteen miles away, and posses started from each place to search the country.

The Dover police report that the safe of the Luddy & Currier factory was blown open, but that the robbers secured less than $15.

Dover officers, who heard the explosion, saw the two men run from the factory and jump aboard the train as it was pulling out of the station.

Tracked to Woods.

The force pursuing the fugitives was largely augmented during the day, residents of Exeter, Dover and Newfields joining in the hunt.

Medical Referee A. J. Lance, of Portsmouth, who held an autopsy on the body of the dead man, found in the clothing a receipt for a check for $100, which had been sent to Italy by Giuseppe Giampa, and it is believed that this was the dead Italian's name. There was nothing to show where he lived. He was about forty years old, and was travelling from Calais, Me., to Boston.

Conductor's Story.

BOSTON, Feb. 10.—Conductor Howard A. Reeves, in charge of the St. John express on the Boston and Maine Railroad, on which an Italian was fatally shot at Rockingham Junction this morning, said upon the arrival of the train here to-day:

"Two men boarded the train at Newburyport and went to near the centre of the smoking-car and paying their fare to South Lawrence. At Rockingham Junction, when I stepped off the train, the telegraph operator read me a despatch describing two men who had committed a burglary at Dover and requesting me if they were on the train, to arrest them.

"I recognized the description of these two men. With the baggage master and operator, I went into the smoker. The men evidently had overheard the operator giving me the message, for as we entered the car both sprang to their feet, each drawing a revolver.

"One of them shouted 'Hold up your hands, everybody; the first man that moves we will put a bullet through him.' None of us was armed. About twelve passengers were in the car.

"The two men made a rush for the forward end of the car. As they did so an Italian, evidently not understanding English, jumped from his seat. As he did six live pistol shots were fired, but I cannot tell whether one man fired all the shots or both fired. The Italian fell to the floor. The man opened the forward door, stepping over the prostrate body and sprang off to the ground. Before we could get out the men had made their escape."

New Russian Ocean Line.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FEB. 10.—A Russian line of steamers is to be operated between this port and the Siberian coast, and the first vessel will arrive here about the first of June.

NEW YORK TO NASHVILLE, TENN., AND RETURN, $23.00.

Via Southern Railway, "The Land of the Sky." Tickets on sale Feb. 20, 21 and 24. Apply Southern Railway, New York or Nashville, N. Y. Offices, 271 & 1185 B'way.

ROSSA HANGED; WOMEN CONVICTS NEAR COLLAPSE

Murderer Talked With Mrs. Valentina and Mrs. Tolla Before Execution.

BEGGED FOR RESPITE.

Wanted Chance to See Relatives When Sheriff Came with Warrant.

Pleading in a state of utter collapse, as he stood on the gallows, for five minutes more of life, Jeremiah Rossa was hanged in the jail yard at Hackensack to-day.

Previous to his execution he had seen and talked with Mrs. Valentina and Mrs. Tolla, who are both confined in the same jail under sentence of death. They were completely unnerved as he bade them farewell.

The noosed body of the condemned man was shot into the air at 10.35 o'clock. Seven minutes later Hangman Van Hise lowered the boy so that physicians might see if the pulse had stopped. Finding it still beating feebly they gave the signal and the body was again hoisted and allowed to dangle until 10.49. The neck was broken by the force of the jerk.

Rossa was led to the gallows at 10.30 o'clock. His arms were loosely bound at the elbows. A slight trembling of the knees made his progress slow. Behind him walked Rev. Father Lambert and Rev. Father Gartland, praying.

The hangman led Rossa to a chalk mark in the floor of the gallows and placed him on it. Then he pulled the black cap down over Rossa's face. Raising his hand, Rossa pushed the cap aside and spoke to Father Lambert, who stood at his side.

Said He Felt Lonesome.

Speaking in Italian, Rossa, in a low, husky tone, said:

"Father, I feel very lonesome. My mother and sister did not come to tell me good bye. I would like to wait until you could send for them to come to see me."

The priest told him that the Sheriff could not wait.

"Then can't I go back to my cell long enough to say good-bye to Mrs. Tolla and Mrs. Valentina?"

Mrs. Tolla and Mrs. Valentina are the two Italian women now in the Hackensack Jail under sentence of death.

The clergyman shook his head and raised the crucifix before Rossa's eyes. As the Italian's lips moved as if in prayer, Van Hise slipped the black cap down, drew the noose over the head and tightened it and tautened the straps at the murderer's elbows. The next moment the body was drawn into the air. There were only a few weak convulsions of the body.

Warren Ferdon, of Closter, one of the witnesses, fainted as the dying man twisted at the end of the rope. He soon revived and was able to go away in a cab.

Talked to Mrs. Tolla.

Rossa, it was learned, had talked to Mrs. Tolla and Mrs. Valentina early this morning. The detention room, upstairs in the jail, where he spent his last hours, faced the cell of the two women in another wing. Through an open window Rossa had talked to the women after he got his nerve back and they tearfully replied. Both of them were greatly depressed after he had been taken away.

Until he heard Hangman Van Hise and the hangman's son hammering together the gallows tree in the jailyard Rossa's iron nerves never lost their grip on him. But the thump of the tools on the wood of the scaffold took

(Continued on Second Page.)

WENT TO A HOTEL TO DRINK POISON

Gernich Asked Father's Pardon and that Death Be Kept from Papers.

Leaving a note for his father, Herman Gernich, of No. 69 Rutgers street, asking pardon for causing so much trouble, and begging that his death be kept out of the newspapers, Gustave Gernich committed suicide to-day at the Spingler House, Fourteenth street and University place, by drinking carbolic acid.

Gernich registered at the hotel under the name of Brown, giving his residence as Albany.

He went to bed early this morning, and when he did not appear this afternoon the proprietor had the door broken open and found the body.

WILL MR. JEROME EVER WAKE UP?

This is a photograph of District-Attorney William Travers Jerome asleep at his desk in the Criminal Courts building. He is resting nicely. His feet are elevated so the blood can flow upward and refresh the batteries of the brain. But why does he need so much repose? Edward Eggleston once wrote a story about a tribe of sleepy-headed people in the Wabash country, who were alert and lively when all was still, but who dropped off into profound slumber as soon as anybody else made a noise. Can it be that Mr. Jerome is of this class? He can be loud as the loudest at a Tammany beefsteak party, and yet go into a deadly trance at, let us say, the noise of the Fowler Committee's report on the New York Life thievings or the Tillinghast confessions of jury fixing on behalf of the traction scoundrels. Will nothing but silence keep him awake? Must he always be dopey when the thunder of duty calls?

HARRY STEPHENS WINS CUP RACE AT CITY PARK

Only Head Separates Him From Double in Fierce Drive to Wire.

CITY PARK, NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 10.—There was nothing lacking to make this a day of good sport have to-day. a splendid card of seven races was offered the talent. Of these two were feature events, one being the Henslip Cup at two miles and the other the City Park Anniversary Handicap at a mile and a sixteenth. The latter event commemorates the birthday of the City Park courses. The track was still heavy.

FIRST RACE—Two and one-eighth miles; selling.

Starters, weights and jockeys.	Betting. Str.	Pl.
Helgeson, 97 (H. Smith)	7-2	1
Rosalie, 101 (R. Lowe)	12	12
Hymettus, 101 (J. Hennessy)	4-5	—
Del Carina, 94 (Finn)	10	3
Harpoon, 91 (Koerner)	20	4
Sunbin, 101 (W. McIntyre)	30	5
Hardcastle, 98 (Ott)	40	12
Mildred L., 100 (D. Austin)	10	2

Helgeson went to the front soon after the start, made all the running and won easily by four lengths from Rosalie, who beat Hymettus a length. Time—3.59 2-5.

SECOND RACE—Short course; steeplechase.

Starter, weight, jockey.	Betting. Str.	Pl.
Gould, 128 (Dupee)	8-5	8-5
New Amsterdam, 146 (Ford)	7-2	7-2
Oliver Mic, 138 (Chamberlain)	6-2	3
Evander, 130 (Ellison)	9-2	8-5
Florlands, 149 (Wells)	5	4
Pirate, 137 (McClain)	12	6

Won by Gould. New Amsterdam was second and Oliver Mic third. Time—5.44.

THIRD RACE—Selling; one mile.

Starter, weight, jockey.	Betting. Str.	Pl.
Gauze, 107 (D. Austin)	9-2	1-2
Mazeppa, 101 (R. Lowe)	10	8
Girard, 107 (Nicol)	11-5	4-5
Ezra, 98 (Ott)	7	5-2
Galenda, 108 (W. Daly)	20	10
Goldie, 110 (Larsen)	9-5	4-5
Daugis, 101 (Hofferman)	60	15
Little Mike, 101 (W. McIntyre)	15	5
Gray Dal, 104 (J. Hennessy)	25	10

Time—1.49 2-5.

Gauze, revivified, went to the front early and won early by a length from Mangoulyre who finished strong and beat Girard a length.

FOURTH RACE—Henslip Cup; two miles.

Starter, weight, jockey.	Betting. Str.	Pl.
Harry Stephens, 112 (Nicol)	11-5	4-5
Double, 99 (J. Hennessy)	11	2
Attila, 113 (R. Lowe)	9-2	8-5
Rosemond, 115 (D. Austin)	5	3
Drexal, 104 (Larsen)	7-2	6-5
Safety Lad, 102 (W. McIntyre)	10	4
Lou M., 90 (Herbert)	20	7

Attilla made the running, followed by Double and Harry Stephens. They ran this way for a mile and a half, when Double took the lead and showed the way to the last stretch. There Harry Stephens loomed up with Double and in a drive won by a head. Double was two lengths in front of Attila. Time—2.05.

NEW YORK AND MEMPHIS LIMITED. Leave New York 12.15 noon daily, except Sunday, via P. RR. and Southern Railway. Parlor, sleeping cars, dining car service. New York offices, 271 and 1185 Broadway.

FIRE PANIC IN FIFTH AVENUE

A small fire in the four-story brick building, No. 14 East Twenty-ninth street, late this afternoon threw a number of women and girl employees of a large dressmaking establishment into a panic, and they were hurried to the street by police and firemen, screaming as they went.

Wild excitement also prevailed in the Hotel Seville, just back of where the fire occurred. All traffic on Fifth avenue was blocked for some time by the large crowd that gathered.

The house in which the fire started is occupied by Madame Whelan. About $1,000 damage was caused.

LATE RESULTS AT FAIR GROUNDS.

Fifth—Footlights Favorite 3-1 Cap. Bob 4-5 pl. Los Angelino.
Sixth—Tristan Shandy 9-5, Kenton 1-1 place, Cottage Maid.

AT CITY PARK.

Fifth—Karguh 7-1, Sias Lee 7-1, Belleindian.
Sixth—Tryon 5-2, Taplola 5-1 place, Colin George.

PRISONERS OF BOXING CLUB HELD IN COURT.

Former Assistant District-Attorney Daniel O'Reilly appeared before Magistrate Wahle in the Yorkville Court to-day and asked the Magistrate to hold the prisoners arrested in a club house where boxing exhibitions were being given last night for trial, in order, the lawyer said, to test the legality of the exhibitions given by the club.

Inspector Flood, Capt. McDermott, of the East Twenty-second street station, and a score of plain-clothes policemen had raided the Summit Athletic Club, in Thirteenth street near Third avenue, for the third time in as many weeks.

Patrick Hanley and John Sheridan, the secretary and treasurer, Referee John Pinto and Charles Drye and George O'Brien, two little exhibition boxers, were arrested.

Magistrate Wahle held Hanley and Sheridan in $500 each for trial in the Court of Special Sessions.

Sunday World Wants Work Monday Wonders.

ALCOHOLIC GASTRITIS KILLS A PHYSICIAN.

Dr. Henry M. Malloy, of No. 200 West Twenty-seventh street, died in St. Vincent's Hospital to-day from alcoholic gastritis. The physician was removed to the hospital on Friday.

According to the police, Dr. Malloy had been drinking heavily since Christmas. His widow stated that she had seen very little of her husband during the last month. For the last week he was in his home, and Dr. Henry R. Purdy, of No. 149 Lexington avenue, attended him. On Friday Dr. Malloy's condition became worse and he was removed to the hospital.

Mrs. Malloy stated that about eighteen years ago her husband lost his diploma, and she did not remember the college from which he graduated. During the last ten years, she said, he had not practised medicine, but had been employed by a patent-medicine firm.

FLORIDA, HAVANA AND NASSAU. The Southern's Palm Limited. Leaves New York 12.15 noon daily, except Sunday, for St. Augustine, Aiken and Augusta. Superior service. N. Y. offices, 271 and 1185 B'way.

GOLDSMITH IN FAIR GROUNDS STAKE WINNER

Jack Martin Gets 7 to 1 Shot Home First in the Audubon Feature.

FAIR GROUNDS, New Orleans, Feb. 10.—A card of seven races, containing two features, was down for decision here to-day. The features were the Audubon, at a mile, and the Preliminary Cup, at two and one-quarter miles. Both had good fields engaged. The rest of the programme was up to the Saturday standard. The track was still heavy, but most of the horses starting were mudlarks.

FIRST RACE—Selling; six furlongs.

Starters, weights and jockeys.	Betting. Str.	Pl.
Lady Henrietta, 105 (Radtke)	8-5	3-5
Gay Adelaide, 103 (Sewall)	11-5	4-5
Delinda, 110 (Frank)	20	1
Great Clifford, 110 (Dennison)	5	2
Golden Gallant, 113 (J. Martin)	20	3
Tennyburn, 101 (Moreland)	40	12
Pretty Nellie, 85 (Chandler)	30	10
Marvel P., 100 (Crimmins)	15	5
Von Hope, 108 (Freeman)	40	12

Lady Henrietta went to the front at the start, made all the running and won by a length from Gay Adelaide, who was a length in front of Delinda. Time—1.16 4-5.

SECOND RACE—Two-year-olds; four furlongs.

Starter, weight, jockey.	Betting. Str.	Pl.
Zick Abrams, 106 (Bell)	7-10	—
Our Own, 102 (L. Smith)	12	3
Glad Pirate, 105 (Anderson)	12	4
May Gilmore, 97 (Radtke)	15	4
My Son, 105 (—)	15	4
Blacklock, 100 (McGee)	12	4
Regal Lad, 109 (J. Martin)	12	4
Reclaw, 109 (Crimmins)	20	4
Fast Mail, 106 (Robbins)	6	8-5

Time—0.52.

Zick Abrams went to the front at the start and, making all the running, won easily by a length from Our Own, who beat Glad Pirate a length for the place.

THIRD RACE—One mile and ten yards; selling.

Starter, weight, jockey.	Betting. Str.	Pl.
Canyon, 111 (Sewall)	4-5	—
Sincerity Belle, 106 (Moreland)	12	4
Harry Scott, 102 (Anderson)	15	3
Besterling, 100 (Dennison)	9-2	7-5
Wedgewood, 105 (J. McIntyre)	12	4
Donnie Prince Charlie, 109 (Bedell)	4	1

Time—1.50.

Canyon made all the running and won easily by two lengths from Sincerity Bell, who beat Harry Scott a length for the place.

FOURTH RACE—Audubon Stakes; one mile; selling.

Starter, weight, jockey.	Betting. Str.	Pl.
Goldsmith, 115 (J. Martin)	7	2
Col. White, 104 (Sewall)	4-5	—
Joe Lesser, 102 (Diggins)	12	4
King Cole, 100 (Freeman)	12	4
Lieber, 102 (Radtke)	11-5	4-5
Macy, Jr., 95 (Perkins)	25	8
Rahland, 110 (Bell)	20	6
Holloway, 95 (L. Smith)	25	7

Goldsmith went to the front at the start, made all the running and won by a length from Col. White, who was second all the way. Joe Lesser outgained Lieber in the run through the stretch and was third.

CROWD SEES MAN SLAIN WITH PISTOL IN FRONT OF HOTEL

Mitchell, Fleeing for His Life, Slips and Falls, Then Brooks Fires Four Bullets Into Him—Murderer Is Caught After Hard Chase.

Fleeing for his life from an infuriated enemy, William Mitchell, a dance-hall singer, this afternoon tripped on a bit of icy sidewalk and fell flat just in front of the Hotel York, in the heart of the Tenderloin.

Before he could scramble to his feet his foe, Clarence Brooks, a waiter, was upon him. Four times, as fast as he could pull the trigger, Brooks fired his revolver pointblank into the body of the prostrate man. It is probable that Mitchell was dead of the first bullet before the last one entered his stomach.

Stirring times followed the killing. A policeman chased the fleeing slayer up Seventh avenue to Thirty-seventh street and captured him at the muzzle of a pistol. The prisoner's friends tried to rescue him, and the policeman had to fight hard, holding off the crowd until reinforcements came.

Had Been Drinking.

The two men were negroes. They were neighbors and had been good friends. All day Brooks, who lives at No. 200 West Thirty-seventh street, and Mitchell, who lived with his wife at No. 350 West Thirty-seventh street, had been drinking gin in Pat McCue's saloon, on Seventh avenue, diagonally opposite the hotel. Late this afternoon, inflamed with the alcohol they had poured down their throats, the two men quarrelled. In a moment they were swapping blows across a table.

A barkeeper pried them apart and threw Brooks out of the swinging doors. He walked north a few feet and waited with his right hand in his hip pocket.

He only had to wait a minute or two. As Williams stepped out of the saloon Brooks pulled his gun and started for him.

Mitchell saw his danger. He jumped the curbing and ran for safety at top speed, heading toward the Hotel York. As he dart'd across the opposite pavement his feet slipped on the frozen flagging and down he came on his hands and knees.

Before he could straighten up Brooks was on him. The first two bullets entered the victim's back. He rolled over and the other two passed through his stomach. He screamed once and was dead.

Crowd Fled in Panic.

With the gun smoking in his hand Brooks went dodging down the crowded thoroughfare. At the sight of his brandished revolver men scattered, leaving him a clear path. He might have escaped if Policeman George R. Frisch, of the traffic squad, who chanced to be afoot, had not heard the shooting. Drawing his pistol he chased the fleeing negro. In less than a block he overtook the fugitive.

"Stop, or I fire!" shouted Frisch, levelling his revolver.

Brooks turned around, dropped his gun in a snowdrift, and threw up both hands in surrender. As the policeman collared him a dozen negroes, friends of Brooks's, ran up, intent on freeing the prisoner.

The surrounded Frisch and Brooks. Backing into a doorway, Frisch threatened to kill the first man who closed in on him. But the negroes were growing bolder, when A. Strauss, a lodger at the Julia Hotel, in Bleecker street, and Policeman Keefe arrived. They helped to fight back the crowd.

A driver of a delivery wagon for a dry-goods house stopped to watch the struggle. The three white men rushed Brooks through the ring of bystanders giving and taking blows as they went. They threw Brooks bodily into the back end of the delivery wagon, piled in themselves, and the driver whipped up his horses and drove away to the West Thirty-seventh Street Police Station at a gallop, soon distancing Brooks's friends.

The body of Mitchell lay where he died with a great crowd about it. Pretty soon a woman forced her way through and fell screaming and groaning on the corpse. She was Mitchell's wife.

Brooks, the slayer, is a single man, thirty-five years old—three years older than the man he killed. He had been somewhat of a dandy in the negro colony in the upper fringe of the Tenderloin.

GIRL SHOOTS NEGRO INVADER OF HER ROOM

Miss Gilmore Screamed and Fainted as Victim Fell

(Special to The Evening World.)

CHESTER, Pa., Feb. 10.—While trying to enter the sleeping apartments of Miss Bertha Gilmore, aged nineteen, the daughter of Charles Gilmore, of Morton, shortly after 3.30 o'clock this morning, a negro was shot by the young lady and probably fatally injured. A trail of blood was found in the snow about the house, showing the man was badly injured.

After shooting the intruder Miss Gilmore ran screaming to the room of her parents, where she fell in a faint. She was later revived, but is now suffering from shock.

When the matter became known an armed posse was formed and the country is being scoured in the hope of finding the negro. He is believed to be too badly wounded to have got far away.

Miss Gilmore was able to give a description of the man. He is about 5 feet 5 inches in height, rather yellow and stockily built. He wore a black short coat, black trousers and a cap. He climbed up on the grape arbor and lifting the window sash, entered the room. As soon as he moved the window a burglar-alarm bell rang, and awakened the young woman.

When he saw the girl was awake the negro started to leave, and was out on the porch when Miss Gilmore, picking up a revolver, fired. The man threw his arms up over his head, gave a cry of pain and tumbled off the porch to the ground, a distance of ten feet.

Local physicians and hospitals have been notified of the incident in the belief that he will eventually apply to some one for medical attention. Miss Gilmore recently returned from a visit to her "father's ranch in Western Montana, where she became an expert marksman.

LONGWORTH BETTER, WEDDING IS SURE.

Congressman Who Is to Marry Alice Roosevelt Recovering Rapidly.

(Special to The Evening World.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The positive announcement is made that Congressman Longworth's illness will not postpone his marriage to Miss Alice Roosevelt.

The patient's doctor, after visiting him to-day, announced that he was much better.

The attack of tonsilitis readily yielding to treatment.

It was stated, however, that it would be necessary for Mr. Longworth to remain quiet for some days.

Stabbed to Death.

BOSTON, Feb. 10.—John Nicholas, a Greek peddler, was found dead from stab wounds at his lodging house in the South End to-day. The police expressed the opinion that Nichols had been killed during a quarrel. Nicholas Brown, also a Greek, who lives near Nichols, was held by the police on suspicion.

NEARLY CRAZED BY BOYS.

Snowballed Italian Until He Drew Razor and Cut Man.

There was much excitement in the Iron Clad Works at Flushing avenue, near Cook street, Williamsburg, to-day when James Madino, twenty-three years old, of No. 391 Linden street, appeared to go suddenly insane and began cutting about him with a razor.

Before he was subdued with several iron bars he had cut Charley Walters, of No. 40 Boerum street, about the hands and arms. Later he was held in the Ewen Street Court in $1,000 bail on a charge of assault. A crowd of boys had been snowballing the young Italian before he developed his sudden frenzy.