

MARLBOROUGH'S PALACE STRIPPED BY THE DUCHESS

Blenheim Dismantled to Remove Wife's Costly Belongings. DUKE TO DEFEND SUIT Expected to Make Hard Fight in Court Against Divorce.

LONDON, Dec. 8.—The Marlboroughs, with the good offices of King's Cross, have thus far been successful in coming to an amicable arrangement on the custody of the children, but, naturally, feel desperately the parton from their mother, with whom, until a month ago, they had practically all their lives. There is an extreme, rather, when the Duke, while staying at the West End Hotel, sent for them, directing that they leave Sunderland House for Blenheim in a couple of hours.

Duke is Bellicose. Despite the children's own constant salling and the intervention of the Duke's relatives, he determined not to surrender them to the Duchess, and is making arrangements to carry on his education under his own control. The Duke presided at a charity dinner London last Thursday night, but the anxiety and worry are visibly altering his wrinkles, his face and giving him a prematurely aged appearance. He has frequently and long consultations in the house of Lords' corridors with Sir Edward Carson, former Solicitor-General, who is his leading counsel, and whose ploy in the suit creates the expectation that the Duchess will have to give up her custody of the children. Edward is noted for his hard-fighting qualities as an advocate rather than as an adviser.

The Duchess undoubtedly has the sympathy of society, which she has said is kindly ready to have her permission to demonstrate that he is a injured party.

Stripping Blenheim Palace. Featime all the modern French furniture from the Duchess's boudoir and all salon at Blenheim, together with Louis XIV. bergere (easy chairs), suite antiques bought by her eight years ago in Paris, and the furniture removed to Sunderland House, the ballroom which is filled with her possessions, still in their packing cases or cases cover.

The immense library of small white lum-bound books, mostly of French and German authors, which the Duchess has been collecting since before marriage, arrived last week, with the small case bookcases made for them. In every removable object which was personal property or which had been bought with her money has been sent out of Blenheim Palace and destined to her own house. V. K. Vanderbilt, the Duchess's her, is having his yacht, Vallant, fitted out at Marseilles, and it is understood that the Duchess is to accompany him on a three months' cruise embracing Egypt and the Nile.

WOULD TO CRUISE IN MOST PALATIAL YACHT

George J.'s New Atlanta, a Turbine Craft, Will Carry Party to the West Indies.

(Special to The Evening World.) LAKEWOOD, N. J., Dec. 8.—Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould will take a party of friends on a cruise to the West Indies after the holidays. Mr. Gould bought the turbine yacht, Atlanta, formerly owned by Alton L. Barber, and a restricted it of the Atlanta. Capt. Donald Tod, of Lakewood, who commands the craft, has arrived at midnight after a fast trip from the shores of the Atlantic, and the vessel expected to arrive in New York the first part of next week. The new Atlanta is said to be the most palatial private yacht that ever sailed into New York harbor. It represents the newest ideas in turbine construction, and it has been furnished in magnificent style.

DO YOU KNOW LOOGAN?

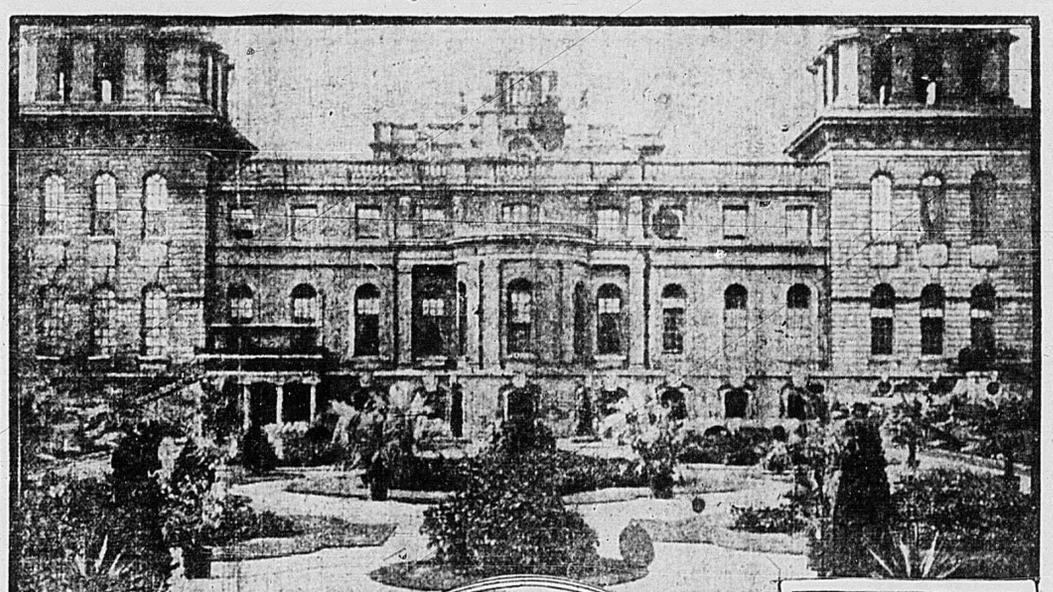
"Some of the new captains done well the transferin'," said Deepan. "That's not surprisint," observed Cloon. "It's just as well to keep people looking for favors in the way of tting acquainted with the new captain."

ALL! Kinds of Rooms, Houses, Apartments.

If you are perfectly satisfied with the place in which you live, don't read Sunday World To-morrow or you will become dissatisfied.

ALL! Sorts of Sizes, Prices, Locations.

Dismantling Marlborough's Palace, Duke and Duchess Who Have Parted



BIENHEIM CASTLE, The Duke of Marlborough's Residence

TWENTY WORKMEN CAUGHT IN DEATH TRAP ON BRIDGE

One Killed, Two Probably Drowned and One Dying in Accident.

Out of twenty laborers who were suddenly trapped between two flying express trains on the Harlem River Bridge of the New York Central Railroad at Mott Haven shortly after midnight, one man is dead, two are being strangled and in two when they reached the center of the bridge and heard the boom of the northern express behind them. They huddled together on the southbound track to await the passing of the express, when out of the blackness between them came a train moving with a bright light. There was no foot or whistle or cling of bell—just the blinding rays of the big light that focussed its glare upon them. They had only an instant for action, and every man scrambled for himself, some crawling across the tracks. He was cut to pieces. Baumgarten in his panic leaped from in front of one train to the track on which the other was racing. He fell in such a manner that his right arm and right leg were severed by the flange of the wheel and dropped into the river.

Open Gap Between Tracks.

There are four tracks on the bridge, two for local and two for express trains, but these sets of tracks are separated by a wide-open gap. The twenty men were strung along in two when they reached the center of the bridge and heard the boom of the northern express behind them.

Neither Train Stopped. Neither of the trains stopped or even slowed down, but the engineer of the bridge, John Pitts, who had seen the predicament of the gang, blew his whistle frantically.

In response the reserves of the Alexander avenue station drove to the bridge and sent out calls for ambulances to all the hospitals in the Annexed District. Before they had reached the scene the word had rung round the neighborhood that a score of laborers had been crushed to death by the wheels of the express train.

When the policemen and ambulance surgeons crowded out on the structure, they found a fast train from the north to the west, with fear and unable to pull themselves up to the track. When they had been drawn to a safe position they said that two of the gang had drowned in the river and the other appeared. The shattered body of the dead laborer was thrown across the bridge and the injured man was taken to the hospital.

LADY HERBERT'S PET TERRIER LOST.

Lady Herbert, widow of Sir Michael Herbert, who was British Ambassador to the United States, is still prosecuting an unsuccessful search for her fine fox terrier dog, which was a gift to her from her husband. Wednesday while walking with it at Forty-second street and Sixth avenue, Lady Herbert lost the canine. Wednesday she was walking with it at Forty-second street and Sixth avenue, Lady Herbert lives at No. 111 Fifth avenue.

NEW MEMBER OF SUCKERS' CLUB, SAYS MR. DAVIS

Mrs. Dwelle Accuses Him of Keeping Her \$11,000 Diamond Necklace.

The Suckers' Club has a new member. His name is Adolph J. Davis, and although he is generally believed to be a Wall street and uptown hotel circles to be a western mining operator, he is really a resident of a little town up State. "I've heard," said Mr. Davis, at the Hotel Georgian today, "that there is in New York a Suckers' Club, the membership of which includes men with money who have been freed by beautiful and designing women, and I wish to guess I'm in all right. It cost me over \$1,000, which I am trying to get back."

There are several points of difference in the stories told by Mrs. Dwelle and Mr. Davis concerning the financial transactions in the case of the diamond necklace. On one point both sides agree—Mrs. Dwelle got the \$1,000 and Davis got the necklace.

According to Mrs. Dwelle, whose maiden name was Ford, and whose family is prominent in the coal and iron business in Saratoga, after divorcing her husband, Lee Allen Dwelle, of Saratoga, Ohio, she met Davis, a man of forty-four, at the Grand Union Hotel. He became smitten at once she says, and soon asked her to marry him.

Mrs. Dwelle is living at the Hotel Irving in West Fifty-seventh street, and moved there last Friday from the Hotel Gotham and, at various times, she has lived at the Hoffman House and the Waldorf-Astoria.

When Mr. Davis proposed to her, she said today, "I told him my past completely. Knowing it he said he was anxious to marry me. The wedding was to take place on Dec. 14 at the St. Regis Hotel."

Mr. Davis told her that he had a diamond necklace worth \$11,000, which he had bought in Memphis, Tenn. He showed her a diamond necklace of 41 stones, worth more than \$100,000. He said he had a \$100,000 mortgage on the property, and he would give her the necklace as security for the loan.

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\$600 IS WHAT THIS ROOSTER WILL COST

Only a Common Barn-Yard Fowl, but Has Had a Career in Court.

(Special to The Evening World.) BETHLEHEM, Pa., Dec. 8.—Talk about imported peasanis and humming bird's tongues and other delicacies in the way of poultry that are eaten by the eatures of New York! They won't be worth a long sigh in the way of expense when Boras Lukash's rooster comes to be killed and eaten. Before the end of next week Boras Lukash's rooster will be the most expensive male fowl that ever happened. In the open market Boras Lukash's rooster would bring about 50 cents, unadorned. Why will he be so valuable? Listen: Boras Lukash is a machinist em-

played in the plant of the Bethlehem Steel Company. He keeps a few chickens to agitate the cinders in his back yard. His next-door neighbor is John G. Bednar, a butcher, who, also, keeps a few chickens.

The Rooster Strays Away. One day, a few weeks ago, Lukash says, the boss of his hen harem—the rooster—strayed into Bednar's yard to sample a crop of steel filings. He clucked further and Bednar asked the rooster and locked it up. When he went to claim the valiant fowl Bednar asserted ownership.

They went to court about it and Squire Casey heard the case for a whole day. Lukash and five witnesses swore that the rooster belonged to Lukash and identical birthmarks and other signs and symbols to prove it. Bednar and five witnesses were equally as positive that the rooster belonged to Bednar, and dug up an entirely new line of birthmarks to prove it. Squire Casey and the rooster—entirely completely exasperated at the conclusion of the case.

The learned jurist, after pondering over the evidence, refused to give a decision. He suggested that the rooster be assassinated and made into a new fricassee to be partaken of by the Bednar and Lukash families. This Salomonian expedient was repudiated by both litigants. The rooster would have repudiated it, too, had he been consulted.

CLEVELAND ILL AND CONDITION CAUSES WORRY

Ex-President Shows No Improvement After Week's Treatment.

PRINCETON, N. J., Dec. 8.—Grover Cleveland is ill at his home "Westland," of acute indigestion. Mr. Cleveland has been ill more than a week and still remains unimproved, and every precaution is being taken by his family physician, Dr. J. M. Carnochan, and by Mrs. Cleveland.

Dr. Carnochan said to a reporter today that Mr. Cleveland was not in a very serious condition, but was in pain. He said that Mr. Cleveland was suffering from nothing except indigestion, he replied: "I have no knowledge of anything else."

He also said Mr. Cleveland had been ill for some time and only by the most extraordinary effort had he seen Mr. Carnochan, who called Wednesday. "I expect Mr. Cleveland out in a few days," continued Dr. Carnochan, "but I can't tell exactly when."

WOODRUFF AND ROOSEVELT CONTR.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—Chairman Woodruff of the New York State Republican Committee, called at the White House to-day and had an extended interview with the President about political matters in the Empire State. One of the matters considered is said to have been the selection of a Federal Judge for Brooklyn to fill the vacancy created by the election of Judge Thomas C. C. Woodruff to the State Supreme Court. It was stated to-day that Mr. Woodruff favored the candidacy of Thomas C. C. Woodruff of the office.

SLEEP

Did you, sleepless one, ever try a dish of GRAPE-NUTS and CREAM just before bed-time? Surely you never did or you wouldn't train with the "sleepless squad."

IT'S A BAD PRACTICE to load up the stomach with a promiscuous variety of rich, indigestible food at night because it "tastes" good.

STRENGTH WITHOUT BULK is a requirement of an ideal food for the last bite before going to bed. The food that is concentrated so that a sufficient amount for all purposes will not distend the stomach; the food that is practically predigested so the organs can, without undue effort, absorb it wholly; the food that contains the tissue-repairing and energy-making elements from clean field grains—that contains the Phosphate of Potash which combines, by vital process, with Albumen to repair the gray matter in brain and nerve centres—that's

Grape-Nuts

TRY A DISH—about four heaping teaspoonsful with cream or milk, and a little sugar if desired, eaten slowly before retiring, if you're hungry, and note how well you sleep and how fresh you feel in the morning.

"There's a Reason"

GILLETTE A UNIQUE TYPE OF MURDERER--A STUDY

Nerve and Vanity Chief Characteristics of the Slayer of Grace Brown, Whose Letters Made the Case Out of the Ordinary.

(Special by a Staff Correspondent.) HERKIMER, N. Y., Dec. 8.—An altogether unique type of youthful murderer is Chester E. Gillette, the slayer of the pretty little factory girl, whose letters to her betrayer awoke the pity and resentment of the entire country.

Had it not been for those letters of Grace Brown, in which literature was outdone in laying bare the soul of a child made to suffer the agonies of a wronged woman, Gillette would have gone down into criminal history as a rather dull young man who had committed a brutal crime in order to rid himself of a burden that obstructed his social and material progress.

By the reading of those letters District-Attorney Ward transformed the young prisoner into a monster. Grace Brown's memory was as long as that of a commonplace young girl who toiled in a factory. The frail, blue-eyed daughter of the South Otselec farmer became a saintly little martyr. They rose Chester E. Gillette, clerk and a slight climber in the town of Cortland, in her relief as a criminal of note.

In this county, where the square-jawed, dull-eyed, sensual-lined youth of twenty-three has just been tried and convicted, hundreds of men discuss the way and night a wrenching should the jury find in favor of a verdict of guilty. As he was led to the Court-house from the tall men and women who hemmed at the narrow lane through which he walked reviled him and told him it he were set free he would never escape from the village slave.

His Wonderful Nerve. It was all so one-sided that there would have been something pathetic in the figure of the hunted youth had he not shown such consummate nerve throughout the entire ordeal. The emotions of the morbid folk who hurled anathemas at him are quick to run into many changes. The mob is as fickle in the twentieth century as it was in the days of the Caesars, and it would have required a very little thing to switch the sentiment that directed itself in full flood against the accused.

The fact that Gillette, alone of almost a thousand men and women, sat day after day throughout the reading of his cast of sweetheart's letters weighed against him as heavily as did the reading of the love-misses themselves. He seemed utterly pent up in the armor of his wooden calm. He chewed gum and stroked his shaggy cheeks with his long fingers while juries, judges and spectators wept, he not shown a flicker of emotion. This gave force to the prosecutor's theory that he had never been moved by the heartrending appeals of the girl he had deceived. It made him appear capable of the brutal murder he was facing trial for so stoically.

Every Hand Against Him. As day followed day and he preserved the same immobility, the resentment against him grew. In the eyes of those who watched him his features changed, until he became a veritable Frankenstein, and the courtroom mob

was on the point of rebelling the State's attorney when he described the boy before him as a ravenous wolf, a brute of the same order that had devoured Little Red Riding Hood. Yet in this boy's past there had never been anything upon which a predator cruelty or malice. Up to the time he won the love of the girl who worked beside him in the factory he had never done anything that suggested criminal instincts. No hereditary taint could be traced to him. His relations with Grace Brown were far from an extraordinary situation in factory town. It required her letters to make of him an extraordinary criminal.

There have been two notable young criminals, one of the character of Gillette, Jesse Romero, the boy murderer who shot his way out of the prison in Charlestown, was described as a precocious criminal by the experts who examined him and investigated his career. He was utterly vicious. So was the Stewart boy, whom former Justice Furman sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment at Sing Sing for stabbing to death his little playmate at the Catholic Protectors. Gillette had none of the habits or tastes that usually go to the makeup of criminals. In fact he had no vices that the world knew of. In Cortland he was regarded as a model young man by the most prudish families of the community.

Favorite with Women. He neither drank nor smoked. Though or several years he had been a brakeman on a Western railroad, his manners were those of a young man who was a favorite of the town he was a general favorite. Altogether he was a woman's man, had no life for him, and he never sought their society except in assemblies where there were women. One of the principal points scored against him was his alleged hypocrisy. He was seeking the appointment of a Sunday-school teacher at the very time he had been charged with seducing a girl to save her from shame and disgrace. His relations with the girl who loved him were entirely clandestine. His devotion was entirely clandestine. He had scrupulously avoided being seen with her.

The meetings with her were at places where he knew his friends would never come. He never mentioned her name except in the factory where they worked. When his counsel called to the stand clerical men, professors and members of Cortland to testify to his good character their testimony was turned against him, for they admitted he had concealed his love for the factory girl as he had the fact that he had loved her. They proved that while Grace Brown was working her heart out in the South Otselec farm-house



The Duke of Marlborough

Some Letters Suppressed. There was another young woman, daughter of a wealthy lawyer, with whom he was not ashamed to appear in public. He seemed to be devoted to her. He had written her a letter, and she had also written letters to Gillette, and they were found in his room. Her father, however, had "pulled" enough to get possession of them from the police and they were destroyed before District-Attorney Ward could reach them.

It is hard for men to see anything attractive in the hand of a woman who is not a woman. Now in this there is a striking similarity in the careers of Gillette and William Durand, the young Californian who murdered two girls in the Emanuel Baptist Church in San Francisco. Durand was a sort of Lothario among church women, and his murders were even more brutal than the crime of Gillette. Others refer to the idea of murdering two girls in the Emanuel Baptist Church in San Francisco. Durand was a sort of Lothario among church women, and his murders were even more brutal than the crime of Gillette. Others refer to the idea of murdering two girls in the Emanuel Baptist Church in San Francisco. Durand was a sort of Lothario among church women, and his murders were even more brutal than the crime of Gillette.

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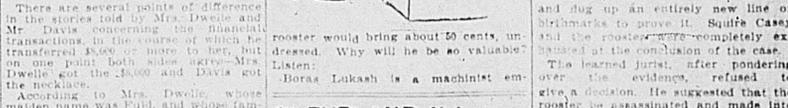
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Where were you on the night of the thirteenth?

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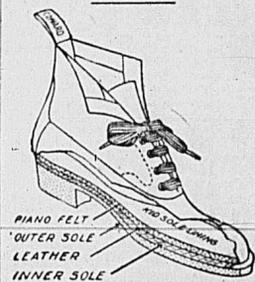
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The Coward Shoe



PILLOW INSOLE for Tired, Aching Feet.

Three separate soles of leather, cork, filling and felt are proof against cold and wet and form a springy, joltless cushion for tender and calloused feet.

All this comfort is felt but not seen. To the eye the shoe is natural, trim and stylish.

For men only.

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