

SUICIDE WROTE LOVE LETTER AS HE DIED OF DRUG

Duberly Told Miss Hamshire He Felt No Agency While Thinking of Her.

ALSO WROTE EARL GREY

But Governor-General of Canada Denies Relationship with Young Man.

After Henry Grey Duberly, the young Englishman who committed suicide at the Hermitage, Forty-second street and Seventh avenue, had swallowed the poison that killed him last night he sat down to his desk and wrote two letters, which were found in his apartment today.

One of the letters was addressed to his sweetheart, Miss Amy Hamshire, of Niagara Falls, Ont., Canada, and told her that he loved her with as ardent a passion as ever.

Coroner Dooley would not make public the entire contents of the letter. He said that the unhappy young man wrote that he had taken poison and that death was crowding swiftly upon him. He could feel the acid taking effect as he wrote, but the quickening agony caused him no suffering when he thought of his love for her.

FATHER DID NOT KNOW THAT SON WAS IN NEW YORK.

YARLMOUTH, England, Jan. 7.—The news of the suicide of H. Grey Duberly, who was found dead in bed yesterday in New York, evidently from the effects of a narcotic poison, was first communicated to his father, Capt. J. Gray Duberly, through an Associated Press despatch.

When seen at his home to-day at the village of Cator, a few miles from here, Capt. Duberly, who is a retired naval officer, appeared greatly distressed. He said he had no reason to doubt that the suicide was his son, although he was quite unable to account for his presence in New York.

Harry obtained employment with the Grand Trunk Railway, holding a position near Niagara. When he wrote home last August his father understood that he was doing well, but since then the only communication received from Harry was a card to his sister on the latter's birthday.

Capt. Duberly says that his son always had roving tendencies, but he is unable to explain the exact nature of H. Grey Duberly's visit to New York. His grandmother was a niece of the first Earl. He was also related by marriage to Lord Mestyn.

WASHINGTON MOURN FATHER STAFFORD

Throng of Notables at Funeral Ceremonies, and Roosevelt Sends a Wreath

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—The funeral of Rev. Dr. D. J. Stafford, for several years pastor of St. Patrick's Church, in this city, was held at 12 o'clock today, the burial being held at Calvary cemetery here. A throng of notables attended the ceremonies, the list including Vice-President Fairbanks, Speaker Cannon, of the House of Representatives, many senators and representatives, justices of the Supreme Court, the United States and Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Cardinal Gibbons, Ansonic Delegate Farnham and many others high in the Catholic Church and in other religious fields were among those present.

Never in the history of this country has there been such a great outpouring of the populace at the funeral of a priest. The services began with a solemn requiem mass and occupied more than two hours. Cardinal Gibbons and the prelates occupied thrones on either side of the altar, and ranged about the sanctuary were the clergymen, nearly every priest in the diocese of Maryland and the District of Columbia being present.

President Roosevelt sent a great wreath of carnations and lilies of the valley from the White House conservatory.

AOKI'S LAST DAY. SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 7.—Japanese Ambassador Aoki spent the last day of his stay in America in visiting some of his courtiers in Oakland, and last night he received many friends in his suite at the Fairmount Hotel. Administration was denied to all newspapermen. Discount Aoki will leave for Japan on the Manchu, which sails to-

It Is the Same Old Setting for the Thaw Trial, but with a New And Rare and Radiant Evelyn, Says Nixola Greeley-Smith

Brimming with Life and Color, She Is Once More the Woman Whose Beauty Inspired Love, Jealousy and Murder.

THAW HIMSELF THIN AND PALE AND TURNING GRAY.

Littleton, Unlike Delmas in Speech, Has a Certain Rugged Informality That May Appeal to Jurymen.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



These two exceptions are Justice Dowling, who presides in place of Justice Fitzgerald, and Martin W. Littleton, who has succeeded Delphin Delmas as chief counsel for the defense.

Justice Dowling has a smooth, strong, clean-shaven face, a high forehead under smoothly parted hair. He is extremely well dressed and wears his black judicial robes with an air of smartness. He wore yesterday a bright blue necktie that relieved the general somberness of his attire and divided honors with a crimson four-in-hand that glowed under the ruddy features of Daniel O'Reilly, newly risen from a sick bed to take his place at the table as one of Thaw's counsel.

LITTLETON OF THE MASSIVE HEAD.

Martin W. Littleton, the other newcomer, betrays his Southern origin in the length of the dark hair on a fairly gigantic head; but if his brief utterances yesterday in the examination of talesmen may be taken as a criterion of his style, there will be no tropical flowers of speech in his oratory, to be watered by the tears of the susceptible or nipped by the untimely frost of common sense.

Simplicity, vigor and directness mark his speech, which has not the polished periods of Mr. Delmas, but has, instead, a certain rugged informality that jurymen may like. As, for instance, when he asked a quibbling talesman yesterday if he intended to "lug" a certain opinion with him all through the trial.

Mr. Littleton wore a dark green tie that might have been considered demure had not Mr. Jerome's sober black and white made all other neck gear gaudy by comparison.

THAW THIN, PALE AND GRAY.

He is the same Jerome, of athletic shoulders, with a slight student's stoop, of swinging movements, of wonderfully varied voice and air of indolent magnetism that when the time comes and he chooses to exert it, will make the still unselected Thaw jury hang on the words of his summing up as if he were another Moses expounding the tablets of the law.

It was the same Harry Thaw in a dark blue suit, with a faint hairline stripe, dark blue tie and prison pallor, except that the defendant in the famous case is noticeably thinner than last year. He is paler, too, and there is much more gray in his hair, but has a general air of health and normality that was lacking from his appearance last year.

He bustled himself all day looking over papers in the case and a package of letters Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw conveyed to him by messenger during the afternoon session, and in talking and occasionally laughing with A. Russell Peabody, his personal counsel.

A NEW AND RADIANT EVELYN.

But if it was the same Harry Thaw, it was a new and rare and radiant Evelyn Thaw that sat all day in the row of chairs reserved for the Thaw family, and which also held yesterday Harry Thaw's half brother, Josiah, and his sister, Mrs. Carnegie.

Persons who saw Evelyn Thaw at the first trial—wan, pinched and looking like a frail and badly nourished child—asked themselves what there had ever been in her appearance to justify the mad infatuation she had inspired in Stanford White and Harry Thaw, the man who died because of her and the man who killed because of her.

Yesterday she answered them. In the same simple blue gown and white turn-down collar, but with a new and much more becoming hat, she was dazzling with a new strength and health. A sustained primrose color was in her formerly pale cheeks and a sparkle in her hazel eyes. She was no longer "a pallid child," a "broken lily," or "a waxen camellia bloom," but the astonishingly pretty young woman with whom sun and sensitized plate had wrought so many marvels of photography.

PERFECTLY AT EASE IN COURT.

Her hair had a slight wave and was most becomingly arranged in a parted pompadour under a black velvet mushroom hat, the brim of which was laden with silk violets, with a single shaded lavender rose in their purple depths.

She was perfectly at ease. Familiarly with the court-room gained during the former trial gave both to her and Mrs. Carnegie a poise they lacked last year.

What she reminded me of yesterday as she sat in court leaning far forward with her head resting on her gloved hand was so incongruous that I cannot help writing it. It was Rosetti's picture of the Blessed Damozel, she of the full pursed lips and brooding eyes, of whom it was written:

"The Blessed Damozel leaned out of a fair and purple heaven." Of course, no one has ever specified how far the Blessed Damozel leaned, but she certainly never reached a court-room and a murder trial at which she was to be the principal witness. Yet that is what Evelyn Thaw looked like yesterday.

Officers Needed, So Graduation is Hastened. WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—The first class at the military academy will graduate in accordance with instructions received from Washington. The army is short of officers and the addition to the list resulting from an early graduation will help materially in filling some of the vacant assignments in

Drawn by Penrhyn Stanlaws Especially for Evening World



Evelyn Nesbit Thaw Rising to Greet Justice Dowling as He Entered the Courtroom.

PUT HOSPITAL IN UPROAR BY FISTIC BATTLE

Two Employees at Fordham Struggle From Basement Up Stairway to Wards.

Surgeons, nurses and patients in the Fordham Hospital are recovering to-day from the effects of fright and panic caused yesterday by a terrific battle between two husky giants which started in the basement and was finally terminated with a nightstick at the door of the male surgical ward.

John Lockwood, a servant in the male ward, and John Dolan, an officer, started the row. They had had a row-day celebration and returned to work slightly "under the influence." The fight started over a bottle of whiskey. Dolan, who is a powerful man, struck Lockwood. The men clinched and fought from room to room, and then up a flight of stairs to the ward.

Surgeons ran to separate the men, but the pair fought with such ferocity none could part them. Fists and legs kept flying, and a hurly call was sent for police.

When Bicycle Policeman Shea rushed in he found the men struggling on the floor, locked in each other's arms and accompanying their blows with epithets. They were rolling into the male surgical ward, and some of the timid patients were struggling to get out of bed and beyond their reach. Shea's stick quickly terminated the fight. The men were taken to the Night Court and fined \$5 each, but they will also lose their jobs.

A new Belleau Girl Calendar next Sunday. Every person who got last Sunday's Belleau Calendar will want it. Those who did not get last Sunday's should start now. Get the set. Ten copies. Extra quality.

\$500 IN GOLD GONE, CLERK IS ACCUSED

Leonard Paul Dusart, Employee of the Cook Tourist Agency, Under Arrest.

Leonard Paul Dusart, a clerk in the office of Thomas Cook & Sons, the tourist agency, of No. 245 Broadway, was arrested to-day in the Tombs Police Court charged with the theft of \$500 in gold.

Dusart is eighteen years old and lives at No. 515 West One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street. He had been a clerk with Cook & Sons during the last year in the office of Manager George Eade. On Tuesday of last week Mr. Eade received a bag of British sovereigns amounting to \$100. He placed them in a drawer of his desk and thought no more of them until evening when he looked for them to deposit in a safe.

An inquiry at money exchanges revealed that a young man whose description seemed to fit that of Dusart had been exchanging British coins for United States currency. Dusart was arrested late yesterday afternoon and was locked all night at Police Headquarters. At his rooms in West One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street the police found \$245 in currency, which was seized and held as evidence.

WAGON RUNS OVER WOMAN. Driver, Without Finding Out Injury, Quickly Drives Away.

Mrs. Harriet M. Lathrop, sixty years, No. 26 West Forty-eighth street, was run over last evening at Thirty-eighth street, by an express wagon, being driven fast down Sixth avenue. The driver whipped up his horses and escaped.

GUESTS INJURED AS BLAZE DRIVES THEM FROM HOTEL

Six Hurt and Others Narrowly Escape Fire Which Destroys Greenock Inn.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Jan. 7.—Six persons were injured and some twenty others had narrow escapes at a fire which destroyed Greenock Inn, a fashionable hotel in Lee, near Lenox, early to-day.

Forty guests who were wintering at the house were asleep when the blaze started, and all had to run from the flames in their night clothes. All practically lost everything they had. The damage is estimated at \$75,000. The fire is supposed to have been due to a defective chimney.

Postum is made of the purest cereals with absolutely no medication whatever and when boiled according to directions it is heavy with food value and a great nourisher and re-builder, as well as a delicious drink. It is also a specific for all of the dozens of different diseases caused by coffee. Trial proves this, and here's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

MARSHAL SHOT IN BATTLE WITH TWO BURGLARS

Minnerly Had Found Hiding-Place of Plunder and Waited for Thieves.

Marshal Paul Minnerly, of Leonia, N. J., is to-day nursing at his home three bullet wounds received in an encounter with burglars on the salt meadows near Leonia at 10 o'clock last night.

For four nights Minnerly and the three other marshals of Leonia, Palsades Park and Meserore had taken turns watching near a haystack for burglars who were expected to return to the stack for booty stolen Thursday night in Leonia, hidden behind the hay and discovered by boys the next day. This plunder had been taken from Matthews's shoe store, and consisted of shoes and rubbers valued at about \$100.

While Minnerly was watching last night he heard at least two men approach the haystack, but in the darkness could see nothing. Suddenly a man a few feet away ordered him to hold up his hands. Minnerly, instead, drew his pistol and fired. The thieves responded with five shots. The first of their bullets hit Minnerly under the right shoulder, making an ugly but not fatal wound. Another entered his leg, a third hit a penny in his pocket and was deflected, but made a flesh wound, and a fourth grazed his ear.

Thinks He Hit One. He emptied his revolver in the direction of the flashes and believes he shot an assailant, as one of the men cried out as the thieves retreated to the marshes.

Marshal Thompson, of Leonia, heard the firing and hurried to the scene. Minnerly hailed him with "They've got me, Thompson, but I'll go to Palsades Park and telephone for help while you go down to the stack."

Minnerly then walked nearly a mile to Palsades Park and notified the authorities there and at Ridgefield. They went home and was attended by a doctor. His condition is not dangerous to-day.

Marshal Thompson, who is also one of the editors of an Englewood paper, was soon joined on the meadows by a score of citizens, who searched about the marshes until nearly morning, but no trace of the thieves could be found, except a suit case marked "E. W. M." This was stolen from the Erie station in Leonia about a month ago, and belonged to E. W. Morse, of Leonia, proving the thieves to be the same men who committed the station robbery.

Other Robberies. The Leonia Public School was also entered last week, but only a large clock was stolen. A few nights ago Mayor Wood, of Leonia, halted and scared away a stranger who was peering through a window of his home. Other depredations and the frequently reported presence of suspicious characters in the village have caused a sort of reign of terror, especially among the women, for a month. It is believed, however, that Marshal Minnerly's brave stand last night has permanently scared away the intruders.

After the shooting of Minnerly last night the search for the thieves was

BODY OF MAN ON 'L' TRACK CUT TO PIECES BY TRAIN

Was Two Blocks from Station, and How It Came There Is a Mystery.

An unidentified man was cut to pieces by an L. train at Bond street and the Bowery at 3 o'clock this morning, and his body scattered along the track and on the street below before Motorman Walter N. Brown could stop his train.

The motorman was in charge of a three-car south-bound train and saw the man prostrate on the tracks about two blocks from the Houston street station. He tried to stop, but it was too late. After the cars had passed over the body the motorman blew the whistle and caused great excitement among early wayfarers along the Bowery.

The remains were gathered together and taken to the Mercer street station in a car and Motorman Brown was arrested.

How the man came there two blocks from the nearest station is a mystery. He was about forty years old, weighed 150 pounds, had dark hair and mustache, wore a black serge suit, black overcoat and black derby hat and carried a gold watch, Waltham movement. His clothing was of good texture and in his pocket were two pair of tan gloves and \$3.17 in money. A bunch of keys contains a brass tag stamped with the words "Chief Engineer," and on the third finger of his right hand is a signet ring with the initials "F. M. E." A pair of earplugs and souvenir knife completed his possessions. There were no papers found by which he could be identified.

THESE TRAIN ROBBERS RAN OFF IN A FRIGHT.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 7.—Four men attempted to rob the passengers on a Missouri, Kansas and Texas passenger train, standing in the Union Station here, early to-day. They were frightened off without securing any money or valuables. All escaped, leaving no clue.

made picturesque by the firing of several haystacks to afford light to the citizens' posse, headed by Marshal Thompson. Broker C. D. Schorr and Grover Moore, several dogs were taken to the swamp, but as they were more accustomed to hunting reed birds than to scenting burglars the "bloodhound" effort was a failure.

Central Office Detectives Fahey and Deboe arrested last night at St. Gregory's Hospital two men suspected of being concerned in the shooting of Minnerly. The men said they were Morris Bernstein, of No. 126 South Fifth street, Philadelphia, and Reuben Binstein, of No. 79 Norfolk street, The Leonia authorities had wired to the headquarters detectives that the thieves were heading toward Fort Lee. At headquarters the men gave good accounts of their whereabouts during the evening. One of the men had a slight wound upon his right wrist, but Dr. David at St. Gregory's Hospital said that he had dressed this wound on several occasions during the past three days.

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