

AUTO CAR HURLS WOMAN TO DEATH ON BUSY CORNER

Well Dressed Victim Tossed on Head by Charles Felman's Touring Motor.

CHAUFFEUR IS MENACED

Avoiding Nostrand Avenue Trolley, Woman Steps Directly in Machine's Path.

A well-dressed woman, about thirty-five years old, was struck by a rapidly moving touring automobile at Nostrand and Park avenues, Brooklyn, at noon to-day and instantly killed. Her identity is a mystery. The auto belonged to Charles Felman, the Coney Island resort proprietor, and was driven by Prosper Parish, his chauffeur, who lives at No. 253 West 104th street, Manhattan. Parish was arrested and held in the Gates Avenue Court on a charge of homicide.

Following the tragedy scores of women and men from the Dunlap Hat Company's plant on the corner advanced into the street to get a glimpse of the body, thinking the woman might have been an employee of the firm. None of the hundreds who tied up traffic for twenty-five minutes was able to aid an identification.

Steppeo Into Path. Witnesses told the police that the woman was apparently waiting for a south-bound Nostrand avenue car. As one passed she walked quickly behind it and directly into the path of a car going northward.

She jumped hurriedly to escape the street car and sprang squarely in the path of the auto, which was going north. Before she could stop, or the chauffeur could halt his machine, the hood struck her on a hip and hurled her several feet. Her head struck against the curb, fracturing the skull and causing death before Dr. Sheppard, of the Cumberland Street Hospital, could respond. The chauffeur stopped his car and jumped to the side of his victim. Crowds surrounded the scene, but he did not heed the angry voices, instead examining the woman for signs of life. He refused to leave until Mounted Policeman Beecher placed him under arrest. The officer was forced to drive back fully 1,000 persons who thronged into the opening, where the body lay.

The woman was five feet four inches and weighed about 135 pounds. She was of apparent refinement. She wore a black short coat. Nothing on her person gave information as to her identity.

WIZARD MOXEY NOW ON TRAIL OF THE COPPER KING

There is no one in New York more keenly and personally interested in the conviction of C. W. Morse and Alfred H. Curtis than F. Augustus Moxey, one time Copper King, who went down in the smash of United Copper and wobbly banks a little over a year ago. Mr. Moxey was indicted on Jan. 7 of this year for over-certification of checks and falsification of the funds of the Mercantile National Bank, of which he was president.

The indictment against Mr. Moxey incorporates thirty counts, relating to fifteen separate transactions, all of which took place on Oct. 14, 1907, when Moxey was making desperate efforts to hold up a top-heavy corner in United Copper, since the indictment was based on Moxey's having been at liberty under bail of \$50,000.

Mr. Moxey, the deadly little Government expert, who goes through a bank's books like a cat through a carpet, and dragging to the light hidden and questionable entries and accountant's tricks, will start to work in the Mercantile National next Monday. As a result of work of this nature that Mr. Moxey has done in the past thirty years, the United Copper case will then be prepared and the former copper king will be called to trial in January.

THE EVENING WORLD'S WRITING CONTEST For the School Children of Greater New York. \$500 in Prizes for the Boys and Girls Who Write the Following Sentence in the Best Style: The Evening World is read in our home.

MORSE, IN THE TOMBS, BEGINS FIGHT OVER 15-YEAR SENTENCE

(Continued from First Page.)

Morse stood up briskly, a small, trim, plump figure in a hunter's green frock. The droning voice of the clerk cut the air like a knife.

Asks for Sentence. "Any motions, gentlemen?" asked the Judge almost perfunctorily.

The United States District-Attorney, Mr. Stimson, stood up.

"Your Honor," he said in an undertone, "I move the sentence of the defendant Curtis and the defendant Morse."

Mrs. Curtis began to sob with deep, drawn breaths that it fairly hurt her to hear.

Curtis and Morse started uncertainly out of the jury box. Marshal Henkel met them half way. He grabbed them officially each by an elbow and hustled them around until they faced the Judge's desk.

"Prisoners," said the Judge, "have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced against you?"

Morse knew what was coming. He backed gently up against the railing of the jury box, rammed his fists in his coat pockets and looked his Honor in the eye. The man was made of iron and ice.

Curtis was all slumped down inside of his clothes. He seemed to have shrunk together. He hesitated, wetting his lips, which gaped slightly, and looked appealingly toward the counsel table.

Up came his lawyer, former Judge W. M. K. O'Leary, who was on the verge of a breakdown himself.

Twice he cleared his throat huskily before he could get his voice under control. Tears were running down his cheeks.

Begs Mercy for Curtis. "Your Honor," he said hoarsely, "this man, my client, is a friend and a neighbor. We have lived near together—our families are friends. Your Honor will understand what I would like to say if I had control of myself. I can only say a few words now. I hold in my hand a copy of a petition in which the president or vice-president of every bank in New York City asked for a separate trial for Mr. Curtis. I feel sure that at this time I could get those same signatures on a petition asking mercy for this man—this dear old miner."

He had to wait a bit to clear his throat. Then O'Leary went on:

"The jury have acted. They said he was guilty, but they asked for mercy. As a lawyer, as a friend, as a neighbor, too. This man has fallen from his high seat. He has a wife and children, and I love them all. Judge, I know this isn't a logical, coherent statement. But it's the best I can do. I believe what Mr. Curtis has already suffered will be an example to others, placed as he has been, and tempted as he has been, and I believe that the justice of the law has already been satisfied. I have nothing to say for any one but for this man, my client, and I ask no comparisons between his case and the case of the other defendant here and no relations one to another. I ask only for mercy for him."

There was a little pause in which the seat of Mrs. Curtis rose above the railing of feet. Mr. Stimson arose again.

Stimson, Too, Speaks for Curtis. "The evidence has been so full and complete that it is unnecessary for me to make any recommendations in the case of the defendant, Morse," said the Prosecutor. "As to the defendant, Curtis, I have this to say: The course upon which Curtis embarked was conceived and initiated and determined upon by another man. He was subsidized by another and a stronger will."

Since this trial began my attention has been drawn to the immense power which the defendant Morse exerted over the mind of Mr. Curtis. It has been shown in the trial that Mr. Curtis never directly profited by the illegal acts of the other defendant. The jury has strongly recommended mercy for him. But as he has been found guilty there is no other course open to me save for his sentence to the minimum, which is five years. I have no hesitation in saying that under the circumstances I would regard any such punishment as over-severe for Curtis. I ask, therefore, for a suspension of sentence in his case."

Mrs. Morse, sitting in the half light, had her head down in her hands now, and her eyes were fixed on the floor. Young Harry Morse, white as a sheet, was trying to comfort her. Morse moved for the first time. His eyes roved to where his four lawyers sat rigid as grave stones. There was a glint in his eye that might have been an appeal, except for this he was like a dead man.

Mrs. Curtis's head was rolling with a sick, steady motion. She was weeping in the close air. Marshal Henkel rubbed his eyes with water. She waved him back and heaved against Col. Thompson.

"I have had the aid in this trial of a careful and intelligent jury," said Judge Hough, and there was a softness and a sympathy in his voice that had been lacking before. "I may say that the recommendation of this jury has coincided entirely with my own view. I have done my duty, and the District-Attorney has just taken. He has made it easier for me to perform

the painful duty which is now before me. I do not see from the evidence that the intention of Curtis was evil and that he acted out of a base and selfish course. He had for an excuse the specious pretense that he was making profits for the bank of which he was president."

It is evident that he soon perceived that he was wrong. But having taken the false step he had not the strength to stop. Yet we must consider that he was sorely tempted. He had a family. He had climbed by slow steps to a high place. He was drawing a higher salary than he had ever before attained. IT IS PLAIN TO ME THAT HE COMMITTED THESE CRIMES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF A STRONGER WILL THAN HIS OWN. HE WAS UNABLE TO BREAK AWAY. He made feeble efforts to rectify the errors of the men which prevailed, but he got no help from the outside. He was drifted on, suffering, I have no doubt, mental torture, protesting vainly at times and always hoping against hope that the day of disaster and a final reckoning might be averted.

His Fortune Swept Away. "Disgrace has come upon him and his family, and he is in total financial ruin—that everything he had amassed in a lifetime of hard work has been swept away."

"His personal honesty has not been impeached. He has not done anything which he would not do in the presence of his family. He has not done anything which he would not do in the presence of his friends. He has not done anything which he would not do in the presence of his neighbors. He has not done anything which he would not do in the presence of his country."

He paused here. Mrs. Curtis was trying to get to her feet. She whispered something that sounded like "Thank God" and slipped back into her chair. Curtis arose and looked at the judge. He was pale and his eyes were fixed on the floor. He was weeping.

"No end of justice would be properly served by sending the defendant Curtis to prison," went on the Judge. "He is therefore sentenced to five years' imprisonment and the sentence is suspended for three years."

A roar of applause swept the room. The jury rose and congratulated the two men in plain sight, clapping their hands. The clerk and the Judge rapped for order. The applause kept up.

One of Henkel's deputies touched Curtis on the shoulder and led him through a side door. He staggered as he passed out, a small, shrunken figure of a man, prematurely old at fifty-four. Mrs. Curtis fought to get to her feet. Col. Thompson and her sister, Mrs. Gardner, lifted her up. The crowd packed about the group. Then she fainted dead away. Three attendants rushed to the door and Col. Thompson and three other men, including a juror, who jumped forward, carried her out.

As she reached the outer corridor her husband stepped out of a door further down the hall—a free man. He called her by the first name. The poor woman stretched herself, drew her breath sharply and breaking free from the others ran to him. Even that corridor crowd had the grace to give their heads away as the two met. With his arms about her and the friends trailing on behind, Curtis led his wife down a flight of iron stairs and out by a side way on Park Row. A cab was waiting to take them to their home.

The Sentence of Morse. Meanwhile, with the Curtises gone, the tragedy was being worked out to its bitter end. Judge Hough turned his head and looked at Morse.

"As for the defendant Morse, there is nothing to be taken away from or added to the weight of the evidence," stated the Judge, sternly. "The softness was all out of his voice. There is no proof, and abundant proof, of a criminal undertaking which was merely incidental to a larger scheme, by which whereby the money of the depositors of a national bank was deliberately risked and again risked to satisfy a personal end and a personal gain. It was a scheme so evil and wrong as to demand punishment as a matter of course, and the money of the public would be at the mercy of every adventurer rich enough to buy himself the control of a national bank."

It is the judgment of this court, therefore, that the defendant Morse be sentenced to serve fifteen years at hard labor in the State Prison at Sing Sing, commencing on the day of the plea of guilty. The prisoner is remanded without bail into the custody of the United States marshal for ten days pending any motions that may be made by his counsel."

Morse squared his shoulders, raised his eyes and swept the room with a cool, contemptuous glance. He looked at him by the shoulder in an instant, and with rather more show of force than seemed necessary signalled the judge's attention. He pushed along from behind the railing, his eyes fixed on the two young men sitting in the courtroom, and with two sons dining in his ears—the heartbroken sobs of his wife and the sobs of the hand-sapping of men and women glad to see his downfall, judging by the glee there must have been among the men who suffered in the panic of 1907.

Move to Put Curtis Back in Bank of North America

Col. Robert M. Thompson, financier, lawyer and promoter, of No. 43 Exchange place, to-day made the following statement:

"Alfred H. Curtis will in all probability be a vice-president of the reorganized National Bank of North America. The stockholders of the bank at a recent meeting expressed such intention in the event of Mr. Curtis's acquittal and I consider the court's tribute the equivalent of an acquittal. As a stockholder and a director of the bank, I am glad to see that Mr. Curtis with the vice-presidency under some strong, honest man at the bank's head."

The question as to the future of Alfred H. Curtis apparently found answer in this announcement from Col. Thompson. He talked of a movement to reorganize the National Bank of North America and place the released banker in the important position of first vice-president.

Old Employees Cheer. More than a score of the old employees of the bank were at the Federal Court this forenoon, and walked with Curtis down the corridor to the elevator at the northeast corner of the building, a cheering and shouting mob, cheering him and assuring him that their confidence in his vindication had never wavered.

"I have been through hell," Curtis said to a friend. "I feel like a man who has been buried alive and rescued from that horrible death. Poor, poor Morse! I am sorry for him. When we left the Tombs together he was content that his punishment would be light."

Mrs. Curtis had to be supported into the elevator by Col. Thompson. On either side was a sister, Mrs. Goddell on the right and Mrs. Carroll on the left. With Curtis walked his own sister, Mrs. Gardner. When the elevator reached the ground floor Mrs. Curtis had to be nearly carried to Col. Thompson's closed automobile, which was waiting for her. Curtis walked across City Hall Park, followed by great crowds, to the Parkway entrance. He rode uptown to his residence at No. 32 East 87th street and street. When he came out of the Federal building he did not have \$1 in his pocket. Col. Thompson was observed to force several bills into his pocket. Since the closing of the bank Mrs. Curtis has been in the hands of Col. Thompson.

All Depositors Paid. "It is due to Curtis more than any one else that Morse did not wreck the bank," said Col. Thompson to an Evening World reporter. "The public does not realize that every depositor of the National Bank of North America has got back every cent of deposit there. The bank stock is now up at par. At a meeting of the shareholders of the bank, I have just reported to the board that the bank is now in a position to suspend action until after the outcome of the trial, as their opinion was that in the event of an acquittal no better man could be vested with the vice-presidency than Mr. Curtis. I consider the verdict paid to Curtis by the court to be even more than the equivalent of an acquittal."

It has been revealed that Curtis did his utmost to prevent the banking trickery of Morse. He went to the court to see that the bank was not allowed the granting of certain Morse loans. But the directors passed the loans over the heads of both counsel.

There are three indictments pending in the State courts against Charles W. Morse. All three were filed by the Special Grand Jury last February. Besides the arguing of a few dilatory motions, nothing has been done with them by District-Attorney Jerome.

When Justice Dowling, in the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court, in January, empaneled the Special Grand Jury, he told them it was their duty to make a complete investigation into the methods pursued by certain capitalists in manipulating the funds of State institutions to further their own interests. He assured the Grand Jurors that in the event of their failure to do this, prompt prosecution would ensue. As the result of their investigations the Grand Jurors indicted three men against Morse, two for grand larceny and one for perjury, one indictment charging Morse with the crime of kidnapping. The other two indictments were against Orlando Thomas and two against William R. McGowan, vice-president of the Hamilton Bank, accusing him of having stolen \$100,000 from the bank with the help of which he was an officer. Nothing has been done to bring the men to trial.

PIMLICO ENTRIES. (Special to The Evening World.) PIMLICO RACE TRACK, Nov. 6.—The entries for tomorrow's races are as follows: 1. H. H. 110; 2. H. H. 110; 3. H. H. 110; 4. H. H. 110; 5. H. H. 110; 6. H. H. 110; 7. H. H. 110; 8. H. H. 110; 9. H. H. 110; 10. H. H. 110; 11. H. H. 110; 12. H. H. 110; 13. H. H. 110; 14. H. H. 110; 15. H. H. 110; 16. H. H. 110; 17. H. H. 110; 18. H. H. 110; 19. H. H. 110; 20. H. H. 110; 21. H. H. 110; 22. H. H. 110; 23. H. H. 110; 24. H. H. 110; 25. H. H. 110; 26. H. H. 110; 27. H. H. 110; 28. H. H. 110; 29. H. H. 110; 30. H. H. 110; 31. H. H. 110; 32. H. H. 110; 33. H. H. 110; 34. H. H. 110; 35. H. H. 110; 36. H. H. 110; 37. H. H. 110; 38. H. H. 110; 39. H. H. 110; 40. H. H. 110; 41. H. H. 110; 42. H. H. 110; 43. H. H. 110; 44. H. H. 110; 45. H. H. 110; 46. H. H. 110; 47. H. H. 110; 48. H. H. 110; 49. H. H. 110; 50. H. H. 110; 51. H. H. 110; 52. H. H. 110; 53. H. H. 110; 54. H. H. 110; 55. H. H. 110; 56. H. H. 110; 57. H. H. 110; 58. H. H. 110; 59. H. 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