

FINAL RESULTS EDITION.
GREEN EDITION

TILLMAN HITS BACK AT ROOSEVELT BOTH SIDES REST IN HAINS CASE

The **EVENING EDITION** **World.**

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Weather—Cloudy and Colder To-Night and Tuesday

FINAL RESULTS EDITION

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, MONDAY, JANUARY 11, 1909.

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ROOSEVELT JABBED BY TILLMAN'S PITCHFORK

"He Hates Me," Says Senator in Reply to President's Charges of Lying.

MAKES A FULL DENIAL.

Flatly Contradicts Nation's Executive—Accuses Him of Passing Over Land Grabs.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—Senator Tillman got out his pitchfork today, and jabbed it into President Roosevelt, holding the President aloft for full inspection of the Senate and the country at large while in a characteristic tearing speech he answered the charge of the nation's Chief Executive that he had lied in connection with the Oregon land grab.

He also replied in full to the accusation from the White House that he had exerted his official influence as Senator and for his own benefit to bring suit against railroads of the Northwest in order that he might be able to purchase land held by the Southern Oregon Company and granted to the State of Oregon in 1883 for the construction of a military road.

The Senator directly accused the President of personal malice and practically declared that Mr. Roosevelt was shielding his "dear friend Harriman" in illegally holding 2,000,000 acres of the public domain, while he attacked him (Tillman) for wanting to buy 1,400 acres.

"The President hates me and would destroy me," he said.

Senator Tillman emphatically denied any untruth or wrongdoing and demanded an investigation by the Senate.

Crush in the Senate.

A great throng sought admission to the Senate to hear Mr. Tillman. The public galleries were also opened at an early hour and were promptly filled. The card galleries usually remain closed until 11:30, but the pressure was so great that they were opened an hour earlier today, and by the time ingress became possible the throng was so dense and the rush so strong that women screamed and many of them had their wraps torn from them. Probably not one-fifth of the people in the corridors found access to the galleries.

A man who gave his name as C. R. L. Croot, of this city, caught in the crush of the Senate galleries, was injured about the head and fainted.

Senator Tillman was applauded as he arose to speak, and his address was punctuated by hand-clapping and some laughter.

"In my public work here," said Senator Tillman, "I have not hesitated to criticize and comment on the official actions and utterances of President Roosevelt and I have doubtless given him good cause to seek revenge. I have, at various times, arraigned him in the Senate for tyrannical invasion of the rights of Congress, for usurpation of authority not given him by the Constitution, for disobedience of the law and the neglect of duty, and particularly in the case of Mrs. Morris, for brutal and cruel conduct toward a helpless woman."

"I was not aware that these darts of mine had quivered in the Executive hide and stung him so, but the eagerness and intensity with which he has presented his case against me, his making a precedent, when none has existed before, his taking from the committee to which he has forwarded them the papers and giving them to the press before that committee had considered them, indicate that Theodore Roosevelt enjoys to the limit the feeling of getting even with Ben Tillman and lays on the 'Big Stick' with the keenest relish, doubtless believing that the 'Pitchfork' has gone out of business."

Animus Displayed.

In addressing the Senate today Mr. Tillman arose to a question of personal privilege, declaring that for the first time in the history of this Government, so far as he had been able to learn, a member of the Senate had been brought to the bar of public opinion before the

FORTY WOMEN DRIVE CARS IN AUTO RACE TO PHILADELPHIA

Mrs. John Newton Cuneo Leads the Way on Run Through New Jersey—Quaker City Motor Club to Tender Them a Reception.

Forty automobiles, driven by women, started from the Hotel Plaza to-day on a run to Philadelphia. It is a two-day run held under the auspices of the Women's Motoring Club. Mrs. John Newton Cuneo, queen of last year's automobile carnival, led the way.

At Newark and Trenton they were given elaborate receptions by the New Jersey Automobile and Motor Club and the officials of the Ajax Grieb Rubber Company, and will arrive in Philadelphia to-night. From Trenton they will be escorted to Philadelphia by Dr. Overpeck, the official pathfinder of the Quaker City Motor Club and a score of its members.

They will have a reception tendered to them to-night at the Hotel Walton by the Quaker City Motor Club. Mayor Reuben F. Philadelphia, will deliver the address of welcome.

The return trip to-morrow will include an address by Gov. Fort, of New Jersey,

FACING DEATH FROM ILLNESS, HE ENDS LIFE WITH BULLET

Despairing of ever finding a cure for the tuberculosis that had ravaged his lungs for more than a year, Edward F. Wentworth, a salesman employed by the Brentano book concern, shot and killed himself in a room in the basement of the store at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-seventh street this afternoon.

Wentworth left his counter shortly after his return from lunch and was not missed until Lester Blumberg, an employee in the building, heard a shot in the basement. It didn't take him long to find Wentworth, a wound in his right temple and a pistol nearby. He had written a brief note of farewell, which was pinned to the lapel of his coat.

Wentworth was forty-five years old. A few months ago he had to take a leave of absence on account of his illness, but returned to New York unimpaired. He lived with his daughter at No. 124 Fourteenth street, Flushing.

The letter left by the suicide was addressed to his wife, and read as follows:

"My Dearest—When you read this note I shall have ended a life that has been unbearable to me. It may seem cowardly for me to leave you like this, but it was only a question of a short time when I should have lost my mind altogether and become a burden to you and my friends. So it is better thus.

"I feel myself failing from day to day. I have not enough life now to do my work. I have been trying to solve the meaning of things for the past twenty years, and my brain has broken down under the strain. God is just and into His hands I give myself for judgment.

"You have been a devoted wife and mother. Kiss Ethel for me, and tell her my last word is for her to devote her life to you. My troubles are beyond the reach of any human power. Thank all the friends who have tried to help us. God be merciful unto me."

CHILD, AT PLAY, FALLS UNDER HEAVY TRUCK AND IS KILLED

Julius Fried, five years old, on his way to his home at No. 59 Jefferson street from the kindergarten this afternoon, stopped to play in front of Beth Israel Hospital, which is in Jefferson street, between Cherry and Monroe streets. He ran back and forth from sidewalk to sidewalk with a crowd of children, dodging trucks and other vehicles.

A big two-horse truck, loaded with gravel and driven by Hugh Carney, of No. 553 West Forty-fifth street, an employee of the Deacon Contracting Company, happened along, bound from the East River. Little Fried, immersed in his play, ran right under the horse's feet and fell. Before Carney could stop one of the front wheels of the truck had passed over the boy's body.

Policeman Davis picked up the child and ran with him into the hospital. He was frightfully crushed and died in an hour. Carney was arrested, although there is no evidence that he was criminally responsible for the accident.

TRIES TO KISS A PRETTY GIRL, AND IS BEATEN BY FORTY MEN

Forty men looking for a job at the Empire Button Works at Tenth street and Vernon avenue, Long Island City, to-day, caused a riot when one of their number tried to kiss a pretty little stenographer as she walked through the crowd with the morning mail. In the excitement the girl, whom the men were trying to protect, had her clothes torn, windows were smashed and several heads broken.

In response to an advertisement for hands, the men lined up in the yard in front of the factory before the whistle blew for work. Among them was Giuseppe Grafoni, of Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn. The superintendent, John Clark, hurried through the eager crowd with a quick:

"See you in a minute, boys."

Then he went out Margaret Molloy, sixteen years old, of No. 72 North Fourth street, Williamsburg, with several letters. As she was leaving Clark suggested that Anna May Byrne, another stenographer, accompany the Molloy girl.

"Some of those chaps are pretty rough looking customers," he remarked.

In the meantime the job seekers had

A HARRIMAN AT THE WHITE HOUSE AS MRS. HARRISON

Entertained Charmingly at Luncheon by the President, but Under Wrong Name.

AN ERROR OF THE TYPES

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Miss Anne Morgan and Miss Elizabeth Marbury of Party.

Apparently, it shall not be said when the illustrious reign of Theodore Roosevelt, President, is over that any of the ilk of Harriman broke food on White House tables after the period when the Annapolis Club came into life.

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, who had lunch with the President last Tuesday in company with Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan and Miss Elizabeth Marbury, a Broadway play broker, is the latest of the Harrimans to run afoul of the Presidential anxiety lest a Harriman's name be found on a guest list of later years.

Mrs. Harriman is a conspicuous member of the Colony Club, Madison avenue and Thirtieth street, a prime mover in the campaign of the tuberculosis clinics and prominent as a member of the Dr. Andrew J. McCosh Memorial Executive Committee. She said Miss Morgan and Miss Marbury made up a little party invited to join the President at lunch.

Name Put on the List.

The major-domo after receiving their cards consulted the list of invited guests. He looked sort of perplexed at Mrs. Harriman and said sorrowfully:

"I'm so sorry, really, but your name doesn't appear on the list."

Mrs. Harriman turned a deep crimson, but quickly rallied and replied:

"Why, that's most extraordinary. Are you quite positive?"

The official busied himself going over the list again. Meantime Mrs. Harriman consulted her friends Miss Morgan and Miss Marbury. All three were for adjourning to an antechamber until the apparent error should be corrected or explained, when the major-domo interrupted:

"Be so good, please, but the name Harriman does not appear on the White House list, but we have a Mrs. J. B. Harrison, of New York City, here, see?"

"In the party of Miss Morgan and Miss Marbury, I take it?" said Mrs. Harriman.

A nod showed she had guessed correctly.

Apologies were then hastily made by the major-domo, a remark interjected about typographical mistakes and the three guests were escorted into the inner chambers.

A Harriman at President's Table.

"To think," remarked Mrs. Harriman, as the three were being ushered in, "that I have to masquerade under the name of Harrison. Still, possibly it wouldn't do to have it become known that a Harriman was lunching under the White House roof."

"Yes! We had lunch at the White House," said Mrs. Harriman to-day. "Our trip had nothing to do with the Colony Club or the McCosh Memorial Association—just a visit, don't you know, to Washington. Now there! You shan't know anything about the luncheon. Any little inconvenience was explained, and surely any one is liable to make a typographical error, isn't he? There, now, don't ask me any more."

Miss Morgan said to-day that she enjoyed the trip immensely, and the lunch at the White House was exquisite. She smilingly refused to discuss the incident of Mrs. Harriman's name.

"Suppose you ask Miss Marbury about the little lunch and the other incident," suggested Miss Morgan.

"She enjoyed it most."

Miss Marbury is a business woman with an office at No. 123 Broadway. She has laughingly spoken of the occurrence and joked about the White House anxiety lest one bearing the name of the capitalist mentioned as belonging to the legion of malefactor of great wealth should sit at the Roosevelt table by stealth or through the connivance of friends.

DOING RATHER WELL!

In the biggest newspaper building on earth.

On the greatest presses anywhere.

The World printed last year—and it was a year of depression at that—1,300,000 separate advertisements—168,894 more than the Herald or any other newspaper in America—and gave these advertisements in New York City, through the World's morning edition, a daily circulation greater than the Herald, Tribune, Times, Sun and Press combined.

Are not these excellent reasons why you should read or use World advertisements systematically throughout 1909?

COMMITTED MURDER, PASTOR SAID, UNDER HYPNOTIC SPELL OF WIFE

Rev. J. H. Carmichael Before Committing Suicide Makes Confession of Crime in Michigan Church That Mystifies the Police.

AFTER FIGHT TO DEATH HE BURNED BODY IN STOVE.

Victim, He Declares, Had Lured Him to Edifice on Pretext of Having Wedding Ceremony Performed and Then Attacked Him—Feared His Mystic Power.

Her Name Was "Harrison" at the White House, but It Is Harriman



HAINS QUAILS AS LAST WITNESSES HURT DEFENSE

Loses Nerve When Club Member's Wife Bears Out Mrs. Annis's Story.

Within fifteen minutes of each other State and defense rested to-day in the trial of the novel-writer, Thornton Hains, at Flushing, for helping his brother, Capt. Peter Hains, U. S. A., to murder William E. Annis, the yachtman, last August. To-morrow John F. McIntyre will sum up for the accused man. He will talk until evening or even later. On Wednesday District Attorney Darrin will make the final speech for the State. On Thursday morning Justice Crane will charge the jury and by Thursday at noon the issue will be in the hands of the twelve men.

The defense received a heavy blow in the rebuttal testimony of Dr. Harris Houghton, who swore that after he made an examination of Annis's injuries he heard Capt. Hains say: "Of course I did it. There's no question about that."

A strong point was scored with the last witness for the State, Mrs. Harvey G. Rockwell, a good-looking little woman, with an air of sincerity about her, swore positively that at the moment of the murder she saw Mrs. Annis run toward where her husband was being ridden and then fall back, the inference being that it was Thornton Hains's menacing revolver, aiming at her, which caused the wife to fall back.

Thornton Hains looked like a sick man when he heard this. He hadn't got his nerve back when he was returned to his cell in the Long Island City Jail to wait, as best he can, for his attorney's speech in his behalf to-morrow.

Calm After the Shooting.

After Justice Crane had quoted certain authorities in support of his action

Rev. J. H. Carmichael Before Committing Suicide Makes Confession of Crime in Michigan Church That Mystifies the Police.

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Victim, He Declares, Had Lured Him to Edifice on Pretext of Having Wedding Ceremony Performed and Then Attacked Him—Feared His Mystic Power.

CARTHAGE, Ill., Jan. 11.—Rev. John Haviland Carmichael, the clergyman wanted for the murder of Gideon Browning in the Methodist Church at Rattle Run, Mich., committed suicide by cutting his throat here to-day, following his arrest.

A letter was written by Carmichael before he killed himself admitting his identity and confessing that he killed Browning, cut up the body and burned it in the church stove while under the hypnotic influence of his wife.

Carmichael had been staying here since Friday night at a private boarding-house. He has a sister living here, Mrs. Miranda Hughes, and it was in the bathroom of Mrs. Hughes's house that he cut his throat.

Confessed to Sheriff.

The pastor had slashed himself twice in the throat, but was not dead when found. Two doctors stopped the flow of blood and tried to revive him, but he died after lingering some hours.

Carmichael had told some of the boarders in the place where he was stopping that he intended to leave for Bowen, Ia., to-day. Detectives, however, had trailed him and arrested him at his sister's home. He asked permission to go to the bathroom and while there slashed his throat with a razor.

Used Hatchet to Murder.

Sheriff Bertschi said this afternoon that Carmichael told the story of the killing in a graphic manner. He claimed Browning exerted some sort of hypnotic influence over him and that Browning attacked him with two knives as he (Carmichael) entered the little church at Battle Run. Carmichael added that he then picked up a hatchet and hacked Browning till Browning seemed to be dead.

Browning returned to consciousness, however, so Carmichael took one of the knives Browning had used in the attack upon him. He mutilated Browning's body until it had lost all resemblance to a human being, then took the dismembered corpse out and buried it. After that he took a train for Chicago, where he purchased new clothes; then went to Quincy, Ill., and from there to Carthage.

Carmichael's Confession.

The confession of Rev. J. H. Carmichael, given this afternoon, follows:

"CARTHAGE, Ill., Jan. 9, 1909.

"To Mr. Wagonstall, Port Huron, Mich.

"Honored Sir: I write this to explain some things in connection with the Columbus Church tragedy. I am guilty only because I am a coward. The man had such a hypnotic influence over me that I felt that something must be done. I felt greatly ashamed that a man said to be short-minded should be able to compel me to yield to his will, but I said nothing about it. At first he said: 'It's all right, Elder, don't be afraid.' Then he began to talk about how we two could get rich.

"Then after we had been at the restaurant, for which he paid, also for the horse, he gave me a half dollar and said he wanted me to go across there and buy a small hatchet for his boy to play with. I began to tell him to go and do his own buying, when he saw his eyes upon me in the queerest sort of a look, something like the look of a snake's eye. Then I felt his influence tightening his grip on my mind, so I went, intending to go into the store and

SAVANNAH RESULTS.

FIRST RACE—Purse \$150; for four-year-olds and upward; five furlongs—Lara, 102 (Dubbs), 5 to 1; 2 to 1 and even, first; Tiekens, 101 (Murphy), 6 to 1; 2 to 1 and even, second; Ora Sudduth, 99 (Blach), 3 to 1; 4 to 5 and 2 to 3, third. Time—1:04 3/4. Grams, Sir Vagrant, Hanover, Sky Blue and Bright Boy also ran.

SECOND RACE—Purse \$150; for three-year-olds; six furlongs—Racquet, 116 (Lynch), 4 to 5 and 3 to 1, won; Frank Patton, 92 (Dugan), 15 to 1; 3 to 1 and 2 to 3, second; Besterling, 91 (Davis), 5 to 1; 2 to 1 and 1 to 3, third. Time—1:47 1/2. Malcom and Pimnap also ran.

THIRD RACE—Purse for maiden three-year-olds and up; five furlongs—Merise, 92 (Lynch), even, 1 to 1 and 1 to 1, won; Lady Fitzherbert, 102 (Dubbs), 6 to 1; 8 to 5 and 1 to 2, second; 104 (W. Burns), 5 to 1; 6 to 5 and 1 to 3, third. Time—1:05 3/4. Pozanite and Miss Cardigan also ran.

FOURTH RACE—Purse for three-year-olds and up; one mile and forty yards—Autumn Flower, 95 (Burns), 8 to 5; 3 to 5 and 1 to 3, won; Frank Patton, 92 (Dugan), 15 to 1; 3 to 1 and 2 to 3, second; Besterling, 91 (Davis), 5 to 1; 2 to 1 and 1 to 3, third. Time—1:47 1/2. Malcom and Pimnap also ran.

FIFTH RACE—Purse for three-year-olds and upward; six and a half furlongs—Anna Smith, 115 (Murphy), 6 to 1; 9 to 5 and 3 to 5, won; Judge Burns, 120 (Dale), 5 to 1; 2 to 1 and even, second; Don Hamilton, 104 (Crowley), 4 to 1 and out, third. Time—1:30 3/4. Big Hawk, Mias, K. O. B. also ran.

Throughs Curse Band of Murderers and Shout in Glee When Blade Falls.

BETHUNE, Pas de Calais, France, Jan. 11.—The first inflictions of capital punishment in France for a number of years past were witnessed in this town to-day, when four murderers were decapitated by the guillotine. The executions were public, and took place in the presence of a large crowd.

The record of crime against the four men was a long one. Working together, they formed a band which had terrorized Northern France and Southern Belgium for several years, robbing, assaulting and murdering at will.

As the condemned men were led out of prison cries of vengeance arose from the assembled crowd, and as the knife fell four times in rapid succession the people present did not hesitate to evidence their satisfaction.

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