

FAILS IN SCHOOL, ENDS LIFE AFTER LOVING IN VAIN

Body of Boy of Nineteen Recovered From Ice-Coated Pond Up-State.

COULDN'T FACE MOTHER
She Had Sold Papers to Keep William Eisenstadt in Classes.

BOY WHOSE BODY WAS FOUND IN ICE-COATED POOL.



WILLIAM EISENSTADT

GIDEON GANG'S LEADER PLANNED CELLAR HENNERY

Hopes of Youthful Four Blasted When Chief Is Sent to Protectors.

With never so much as a glance at the Faithful Three, and with a scanty goodby kiss to his weeping mother, twelve-year-old Johnny Murphy, the peerless leader of the Gideon Gang, which operates in and around Washington Market, was led away from the Children's Court today to the delights of an indeterminate sentence at the Catholic Protectors. Tears streamed from the eyes that have so often flashed a fine defiance at his natural enemy—the policeman; and the lips which were accustomed to hurl a bitter invective quivered with mortification and rage.

Johnny and the Faithful Three had been pinched for stealing chickens. Chickens—therein lay the sting and shame of arrest; if it had only been a gold watch or a fat bankroll for the theft of which he was sent away, Johnny would have taken the sentence without a murmur; but to be juggled for a couple of measly pullets—that was too much.

The Faithful Three—otherwise John Dillon, twelve years old; Florence Sullivan, eleven years old; and Eddie Schofield, also eleven, on whom Judge Salmon suspended sentence, watched their leader disappear with sorrowful faces. The dream of cheap fresh eggs was over, and the chicken farm which Johnny was going to start in the cellar of his home at No. 138 1/2 Charles street—with other people's hens—was wrecked before it had fairly begun.

So many likely young pullets, alive and dead, have mysteriously vanished from the wagons at Washington Market recently that the dealers complained to the police. Detectives Harvey and Campbell was assigned to catch the thieves and rounded up Johnny and the Faithful Three Saturday in the act of gracefully plucking a hen from a wagon at Christopher and Washington streets. Johnny was in the Children's Court two weeks ago for being one of a gang which robbed Snydam's Stove Works at Hudson and Perry street, and was released on probation.

"Sall due to th' increased cost of livin'," said one of the Three, philosophically, "nice, fresh eggs is so blamed expensive nowadays that we thought we'd lift a couple of hens and let 'em lay for us." "Sall over now, though," he declared, "an' I s'pose we'll have to put up with cold storage stuff."

Wise Elephant.
(From the Chicago News.)
"Life with you must be monotonous," remarked the monkey, as he swung by his tail in the park zoo.

"Why so, my friend?" queried the lazy Jumbo.

"Well, all you have to do is sit here all day and be stuffed with peanuts."

The elephant smiled an elephantine smile.

"That may be, my friend; but I'd rather be here being stuffed with peanuts than over in Africa being stuffed for a museum exhibit."

Which shows that even an elephant knows a good thing when he sees it.

BROKER DOOMED TO DEATH BEFORE 5 P. M. TO-DAY

Jealous Husband of Walter V. Bennett's One-Time Friend Makes Threat.

Walter V. Bennett, a young broker who lives in the Pterfield apartments, No. 512 West One Hundred and Twelfth street, is passing as anxious a day as any dweller in Greater New York. An excited young man who on Saturday night called at Bennett's apartment had tickled his nose with the muzzle of a revolver and doomed the young man, over the telephone yesterday, to die before 5 o'clock this afternoon.

In consequence of this threat Walter V. Bennett and his brother, Frank, called on Capt. Farrell at the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station and besought police protection. The "doomed" broker said that the young man who threatened his life had married a comely dark haired girl with whom he had been intimately acquainted when she worked in a biscuit factory.

Won't Tell Her Name.
Though admitting that he was in fear of his life, Bennett refused to reveal the girl's identity and thereby give the police an opportunity to arrest the jealous husband.

"I haven't seen the girl for eight months," said Bennett to an Evening World reporter to-day. "She told me then that she was going to get married, but still loved me. I told her to forget me and she promised to try to."

"I had almost forgotten all about her when her husband, a young, good looking Italian, called on me Saturday night. I went to the door, and without any preliminaries he told me he had come to kill me."

"My mother was inside and in order not to frighten her I stepped out in the hall and shut the door."

"Now, what do you want?" I said, "I don't know you and am sure you've got the wrong man."

"You're Walter V. Bennett," he said. I assented. Then you're the man I want," he cried. "You ruined my life and my wife," he shouted, "and I've come here to kill you."

"I told him if he didn't get out I'd smash him," Bennett drew a big revolver and stuck it into my face. I was almost paralyzed, but managed to say, 'You better look out. There's lots of people around here and the elevator's coming down. If you shoot me you'll get caught.'"

Girl There, Too.
"He stuffed the gun in his pocket then and ran down stairs. I followed him and in the hallway I saw the girl and two other men. They all ran out."

"Yesterday morning the same man telephoned me and said he was coming up to kill me. I told him I'd be ready for him. Later in the day I heard that several suspicious looking men were hanging around the Porterfield and I decided to wait some time I got protection."

"With my brother I went to the 125th street station. I got a detective to go home with me and when I got back I learned that there had been another telephone message to the effect that I would be killed before 5 o'clock this (Monday) afternoon."

"Naturally this made me nervous, and I will continue to be nervous. It may only be a blackmail scheme, but you never can tell what these excited Italians may do. For certain sentimental reasons I will not disclose the identity of the girl. I understand that she married a chauffeur."

Detective Calkins of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station was detailed to watch out at the Porterfield as a guard to young Bennett.

SHE HAS CAPTAIN AND HIS 40 MEN IN POLICE COURT

Mrs. Jane Smith Says Commander of West 47th Street Station Oppresses Her.

BOARDING HOUSE RAID.
Since Then Bluecoats Have Continually Been Stationed at Her Door.

Capt. Palmer and forty policemen of the West Forty-seventh street station were summoned before Magistrate Green in the West Side Court to-day upon the complaint of Mrs. Jane Smith of Nos. 216-218 West Forty-sixth street, who charged all forty-one defendants with oppression.

Mrs. Smith alleged that on Nov. 14 Capt. Palmer and ten of his policemen raided her two houses and made several arrests. One young woman was held in the Night Court and later discharged. Mrs. Smith was charged with maintaining a disorderly resort, but the complaint against her was dismissed. Subsequent to the raid, she complained, two policemen have been on guard in her two houses day and night. This guard has been divided up into three watches of eight hours each, making a total of six policemen a day occupied in the vigil.

"I conduct a respectable theatrical boarding house," said Mrs. Smith, "and my business has been ruined. These policemen answer the door bell and threaten the maids with their guns. They turn visitors away with

the announcement that it is a disorderly place. They send out for whiskey and are continually making a row."

C. W. Hoffman, counsel for the complainant, read a declaration of Supreme Court Justice William J. Gaynor in which the then jurist declared that the police under no circumstances had the right to camp on any person's premises. In reply to Justice Gaynor's decision Assistant Corporation Counsel Hahlo read the following extract from a letter written by Mayor William J. Gaynor, dated July 25 last, to former Police Commissioner Baker:

"I beg to inclose to you information in regard to a betting place. Let it be ascertained if it is a gambling place or disorderly place, and if so let the police take possession and keep possession long enough to stop it. The police have a right to take possession of all public nuisances, and on examination I find that all gambling places and disorderly places are public nuisances."

Lawyer Hoffman said that if Mayor Gaynor had written the above he had daily reversed himself. After Mrs.

Smith had made her formal statement Magistrate Green adjourned the hearing until Wednesday.

ROLL NUDE IN THE SNOW TO RENEW THEIR YOUTH.

CHICAGO, Dec. 12.—Seven men and three women, devoid of raiment, wailed and rolled in the snow in a back yard at Evanston yesterday, believing that thus they would renew their youth. The youngest was forty-five, the oldest sixty-five.

The women were separated from the men by an eight foot board fence, over which they threw snowballs at one another.

The institution where this took place is the Kosmos Physical Culture Sanitarium, and the "cure" is known as the "first aid to nature."

Dr. Henry E. Lane, who conducts the sanitarium, had a similar place on the North Side until he was forced to leave because of the criticisms of his neighbors.

The snow cure is combined with the sun cure, and in both treatments Dr. Lane insists on nudity.



JESS DANDY, as Hans Wagner, in Henry W. Savage's wonderfully successful Musical Comedy "The Prince of Pilsen."

"Believe Me, No Custom Tailor Has Anything on Hilton for Making Classy Clothes"

As a parodist, Jess Dandy is the acknowledged best in America. As soon as a song becomes popular he writes a parody on it, and in many cases his clever twisting of the original idea of a popular ditty has won him the praise of those who appreciate true satire.

As "Hans Wagner" in "The Prince of Pilsen," Jess Dandy portrays this picturesque figure in an excruciatingly funny manner.

Mr. Dandy is one of the many well-known professional men in theatricals, law, medicine, etc., who have renounced expensive custom tailoring in favor of Hilton Ready-for-Service Clothes—and you may rest assured that our product had to be extraordinarily fine to win his endorsement.

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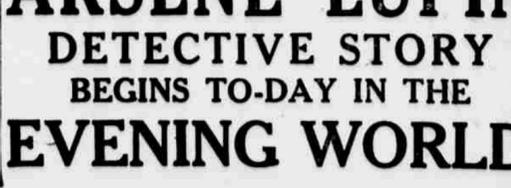
- \$18 Hilton Suits & Overcoats, \$12.50
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Styles and make represent the Highest Standard of quality and are characteristic of Oppenheim, Collins & Co.'s entire Stock.

No Alterations No Approvals or Credit

When the lifeless body of William Eisenstadt, nineteen years old, was dragged from the icy waters of Sutherland Pond, near Cornwall, N. Y., yesterday it became known that he had been driven to suicide because he had failed in his studies and lost the girl he loved. He was not only broken-hearted because a girl had rejected his suit, but because he dare not face his mother, who had sold papers to keep him in school.

The young man, whose future seemed assured to his energetic mother and whose employers speak most highly of him, disappeared on Nov. 28 while he was carrying a message for Nygren, Tenny & Ohmes, heating engineers at No. 77 Nassau street, where he worked. He went immediately to a little village near Cornwall, and at the Mountville country store purchased newspapers and post-cards, upon which he wrote to the young woman who had rejected his suit and his parents, saying that he was bent on ending his life. The note to the young woman expresses the best wishes of the young clerk for the future happiness of the girl who had rejected him, and that of his decision to end his life rather than live without her.

Ice Covers Lake.
This note was shown to the police. They instructed the frantic mother to look to the authorities of the section from which it was written. The following day Mr. Eisenstadt journeyed to Mountville, but no trace of the boy was found. It was at this juncture that William E. Stark, a tutor in Columbia University and who had taught and was deeply interested in the boy, offered his aid. Through his efforts a widespread search was carried on in the country about Cornwall. It was finally decided that the body must be in the pond, but as a thick layer of ice had formed, it seemed impossible to drag it. The boy's mother was so urgent in her plea, however, that Mr. Stark finally arranged to attempt the dragging.

When seen by an Evening World reporter to-day in the rear of No. 116 Pearl street, where the Eisenstadts have humble quarters, Mrs. Eisenstadt was in a state of collapse. "He is dead. He is dead," were the only words that her lips could form. Her husband told of his son's disappearance.

It is understood that a wide social gap separated the young man and the girl he loved. It is probable that that is the reason his suit was looked upon unfavorably by the young woman's parents.

"Efforts have been made to locate the boy for two weeks," said Mr. Stark. "It was believed at first that he had sought the solitude of the country to forget his troubles. I did not believe, personally, that he would do such a deed. The pond where his body was found yesterday had been covered with ice for several weeks and as no sign of a breakage showed itself, we were decided that he had not sought his death there. It was at the earnest plea of his mother that we finally arranged to have the lake dragged."

Love Hampered Studies.
That the boy's studies at Cooper Union, where he attended night school until his disappearance, suffered because of a mental strain, caused by his unrequited love for the young woman, is shown by the fact that it was only at the last examination that he failed. He had stood high in his class before his disappointment.

The police of this city have no knowledge of the whereabouts of the young woman for whom the boy committed suicide. Commissioner Flynn said that he had no record of such a case.

Arrangements were made with the Stephen Merritt Burial Company for the shipment of the body to this city to-day.

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