

Pitties Stillman as Victim of Mania

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 turned quickly as she broke the silence with: "I don't want to be interviewed. What can I say that would be of interest—really?"

"Why," it was suggested, "what do you think of Mr. Stillman?"
 Her analysis of Stillman

A shake of the head. Another pause. More thought. Two children homeward bound from somewhere—one about being Guy's age, it might be guessed—toddled along the sidewalk far out at the edge of Mrs. Mack's well-trimmed lawns. And Mrs. Stillman, for the second time since the case became public property, was talking.

"I look on Mr. Stillman as I would look on a sick man in a hospital. He has many admirable qualities, but he is abnormal—like so many Wall street men; for, remember, Mr. Stillman is not the only one of his kind—not by a long shot."

"The fault seems to lie with the lives they lead down there. The constant struggle for power, more power, more power and still more power—that is the life of the men in the street. The eternal mania for making money. It is this power complex in such men that turns them away from their equals in their moments of relaxation."

"They turn to their inferiors because they want nothing to do with persons anything. So it was that Mr. Stillman turned to that poor Mrs. Leeda and filled his yacht with women. Was it right or ten of them?"

"He would have nothing to do with his own family. Such women as those I have spoken of are mere phonographs for the expression of certain emotions of such men."

"Tried to Destroy Own Home"
 "Just consider, Mr. Stillman's eldest son refused to shake hands with his father after hearing of his way of living. Think of that. Doesn't it show that there was an abnormal condition of mind in Mr. Stillman? For surely this was not a normal family condition."

"Then Mr. Stillman tried to destroy his own home, to demolish it and fling the wreckage all over the world. I mean just that, for it went all over the world. I had a letter from Japan on this matter."

"A man of great wealth and power strikes at his own family and the foundations of his home. If the home and family can be crushed to fragments in such fashion, what is to become of the State, and of civilization itself. I can almost say, if it does not seem to be attaching too much importance to myself."

"I think that what I am passing through is of value to the world's women and to society. In its broadest sense, for if this thing that Mr. Stillman is attempting can be done, it will give endless encouragement to the Socialists and anarchists of the world."

"Already they, the radicals, are pointing to us as people of high position and asking what is to become of them if we are allowed to break our wills on the world regardless of the laws of morality which we are supposed to uphold."

"Worse Than Bolshevik"
 "So I feel that Mr. Stillman is worse than a Bolshevik in what he is doing, and it convinces me that he is an abnormal person, as I have said. I feel keenly what all this means. I can appreciate the feelings of those socialistic people who would stone us for permitting these things to be. But it is not of my doing."

"Yet I could scarcely blame any one who did attack us in the circumstances. And remember, again, that Stillman is not the only person indulging himself in such reckless fashion. He is not the only one in New York—not by a long shot."

"As a matter of fact, Mrs. Stillman,"

Accused as Slayer



Ledger Photo Service
FRANK JOHNSON

He is charged with the shooting and killing of Robert Vogt during a fight that followed abusive language addressed by Vogt to Johnson and his foster-mother, regarding Johnson's working at a plant where a strike is on. Johnson lives at 1708 North Park avenue, where the slaying occurred

The question was put, "aren't you waging your fight more for Guy than yourself?"

"Well," came the answer, "I always loved children. I understand children and they seem to understand me. The young people of what is called society always were my favorites. I always fought to have their 'rights' recognized. But rich men's children don't have so good a time because their parents are rich. They are almost to be pitied because they do not have the chance to develop as other children do. They are often laughed at for their attempts to wake up."

"Says the Rich Are Not Happy"
 "The rich are not happy. It is not happiness to have eighteen servants. It is not happiness to have the chair pushed under one at the table. It is rather a bore, and one sickens of it if one has any breadth of understanding."

"So much and Mrs. Stillman decided on a spin and a tramp. Several miles beyond Wappingers Falls and close by a farmhouse came an abrupt halt. Mrs. Stillman left her car. The newspapermen left theirs."

Mrs. Stillman led the way. It was over a stone wall, with a treacherous bit of barbed wire nestling like a trap in a hole. Incidentally, she discovered the twining irritant and disclosed that if she feared anything she feared poison ivy. "I had a terrible time with it once," she said.

Thence the way led through a field, waist high with wheat, through which Mrs. Stillman trudged with gusto.

"Isn't this fine?" she asked, beaming. "Isn't this great? No horses crowding down on the streets here, no gasoline to taint the air."

But the questioners were again ranged on the stone wall and she was saying:

"I am an individualist. I think I have won my spurs as the equal of any one in my family. I feel that equality should be recognized in all women who have attained it."

Blames Stillman's Adviser
 A few more questions, turning the talk back again to the banker.

"Mr. Stillman," she said, following the lead, "was not as bad a man as one of his advisers has succeeded in making him out to be. That adviser is essentially a woman-hater who does not

believe in any woman. He would be glad to crush and kill me, I think, and he has complained that I am always crawling out of the holes in which he is trying to bury me. But I intend to keep right on crawling out. That is what they have made me do."

"There are many men of Stillman's type of mind, abnormal, but, unlike him, they believe that no woman has any right to life, much less to happiness, and least of all to equality. On the other hand, Mr. Stillman had some real friends, splendid people who recognized the good qualities that he possessed. They have written to me in amazement and with sympathy."

"This affair will teach a lesson to a certain type of man that will not be forgotten soon, for American gentlemen, rich and poor, of normal mind, do not treat the women of their families as Stillman and others have done. The people of America will not long tolerate it."

That ended the talk, for Mrs. Stillman climbed back into the machine for a spin through the country that kept her crawling out of the holes in which she was until late in the evening.

Man Shoots Dead Mother's Assailant

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 breakers. After she had made indignant answer Mrs. Senesman says the stranger raised his hand as if to strike her. She stepped back.

"Then he said that he would place my name from the house to Fifteenth street on 'Columbia avenue,'" Mrs. Senesman said this morning. "If I didn't throw Frank and his family out of the house, I was frightened, and as he raised his hand to strike me Frank came up the steps. The stranger asked Frank if he was Johnson. Frank said that he was, and the man hit him in the mouth."

"Frank hit back and they rolled down the steps together. When they struck the pavement Frank was underneath. The man got up first and just as he was about to kick Frank in the face Frank drew his revolver and fired at him."

The wounded man ran until he reached Columbia avenue and Watts street, where he collapsed from loss of blood. The bullet had punctured his lung and at St. Joseph's Hospital, with a priest at his bedside, he was told he was dying.

Refuses to Give Address
 "What is your name and address?" asked the clergyman. "My name is Robert Vogt," replied the dying man, "but I will die before I'll tell where I live." He became unconscious shortly afterward and succumbed to his injury before revealing his address. It is believed that he lived near Eleventh and Berks streets.

Magistrate Kenshaw, in Central Station today, held Johnson without bail for the action of the Coroner, on the charge of manslaughter.

Testimony of several witnesses was to the effect that Vogt struck Johnson, knocked him from his doorstep, and was menacing him as he lay on the ground when the fallen man produced a revolver and fired.

All the testimony corroborated Johnson's statement to the effect that he shot in self defense.

TREE DISMOUNTS RIDER

Horse Shot After Front Legs Are Broken in Contact With Auto

Reuben Stewart, nineteen years old, of Twenty-first street and Columbia avenue, was riding his horse near the Diamond street entrance to Fairmount Park last night when the animal became frightened at a passing automobile and ran into a grove of trees and left Stewart suspended to a limb of a tree after he had been dragged from the saddle. He was unhurt.

The horse continued through the park on its mad dash and emerged into Thirty-first street, where it attempted to climb into the tonneau of an automobile driven by Mrs. Elsie Jewell, of 3313 Master street. Both its front legs were broken, and it was shot by a policeman.

PATROLMAN HIT BY AUTO

Traffic Officer Taken to Hospital and Driver Arrested

While directing traffic on Broad street between Spring Garden and Green streets last night, Jacob Bechtel, a policeman of the Twentieth and Buttonwood streets station, was knocked down by a motor truck. He was taken to the Hahnemann Hospital in the vehicle which struck him and treated for contusions of the back. He lives at 3016 West Lehigh avenue.

George E. Phillips, thirty-five years

old, of Susquehanna avenue near Belgrade street, was arrested by Reserve Policeman Brendlinger, charged with assault and battery. Phillips was unable to produce his driver's license, police say.

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