

EXTRA! The Seattle Star

The Only Paper in Seattle
That Dares to Print the News

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1905.

VOL. 7, NO. 209.

25 CENTS PER MONTH

FIFTH EXTRA EDITION!

EXTRA!

"MY GOD! I'M A SINNER!"--- MRS. FRANK B. HUBBELL FRANK B. HUBBELL CAPITALIST

SUICIDES AT THE HOTEL WASHINGTON

Tragedy at Prominent Hostelry Results In Death of One of Seattle's Best Known Business Men

WAS FOUND IN BED WITH GAS TUBE IN HIS MOUTH

Domestic Trouble Probable Cause of Suicide---Couple Married Less Than Four Months

DOCTORS WORKED OVER BODY FOR HOURS AFTER HEART
STOPPED BEATING---HEROIC MEASURES USED TO TRY TO
SAVE HIS LIFE WERE UNAVAILING

*****	*****
* Suicide	* Frank B. Hubbell.
* Method	* Gas.
* Place	* Hotel Washington.
* Time	* Friday night or Saturday Morning.
* Discovered by	* Mrs. Frank B. Hubbell.
* When	* Saturday Morning.
* Probable Cause of Suicide	* Domestic Troubles.
*****	*****

Frank B. Hubbell, capitalist, promoter, real estate dealer and backer of the Union street tunnel project, committed suicide at the Hotel Washington, Saturday morning by inhaling gas.

Early Saturday morning the engineer of the hotel in walking through the corridors, detected an odor of gas in the corridor in which the dead man's room, No. 207, is located. Gradually feeling his way along the hall, in his attempt to locate the room from which the gas came, the engineer finally halted in front of No. 207.

Through the open transom came a strong smell of gas.

The engineer knocked heavily on the door. There was no answer. Again he knocked—but still there was no reply. And again came the startling summons—and this time there came a faint reply.

"Get up quick," called the engineer. "What's the matter," came the answer in the faint voice of a woman apparently aroused from her sleep.

"Let me in, there's gas escaping from your room," called the engineer as he impatiently waited for the door to the apartment to open.

With but little delay the door was thrown open and the woman,

wife of the dead man, sleepily bade the man to enter. Opening the shades they were horrified to find Mr. Hubbell lying with the end of a rubber tube attached to the gas-jet. The engineer, step ladder in hand, quickly placed it under the gas-fixture and found the cock turned partly on. And the room was filled with gas.

While he was adjusting the valve, Mrs. Hubbell, who had gone to the bath-room, re-entered the sleeping apartment.

"How did this happen?" asked the engineer.

The woman seemed dazed and stunned.

She made an unintelligible reply—mere incoherent jumble of words.

And all the while, stretched out stiff and stark on the bed lay the body of Frank B. Hubbell, promoter and capitalist.

And he was dead.

But the wife apparently did not realize this.

The engineer, frightened at the ghastly scene, at once ran downstairs and notified the clerk.

The latter dashed upstairs, entered the room of tragedy, and quick at once the necessity for quick action, notified Dr. Harris, house

physician at the Hotel Washington, who resides in the building.

The physician hurried to the bedside, and he, too, realized the gravity of the situation and called another physician to help him in the battle of life and death.

For three interminable, long, mortal hours did the men of medicine struggle and fight against the angel of death—but to no avail—

Frank B. Hubbell was dead.

Through the still open transom came the sounds of the shrieks of his wife in agony.

Wailing and moaning, calling upon the dead to give back what was once life—stretching herself out upon the chilling body of her dead husband—fondling it, kissing the unresponsive lips, caressing his face and hands, calling upon the One on high to take her instead of her beloved, groveling by the bedside in abject misery—

But Frank B. Hubbell was dead—dead by his own hand.

And, in the corner partially hidden by draperies, was the instrument of death—a rubber tube through which the man had inhaled the fatal fumes.

While the hours of horror flitted away, through the open transom came the sounds of saw grinding and cutting the bones of the chest and throat, the physicians vainly tried to win back the breath of life into the body.

And with these gruesome sounds came the bubble, bubble of oxygen as it was forced into the dead man's lungs.

But all to no avail—Frank B. Hubbell was dead.

His widow, as yet unaware of her bereavement, but with a woman's intuition fearing it, crouched over the bed of death, and begged and implored the physicians to tell her the truth.

"Oh, my God, doctor—tell me—Oh, tell me in God's name, is Frank dead, is my darling Frank dead?"

"My God, doctor, he must live! He shall not die. He must live! Oh, my God, don't take him from me!" she wailed.

"Is his heart beating, doctor?" she asked, with faint hope.

"Madam," replied the man of medicine, as he wiped the blood off his shining instruments, "his heart has not beaten for almost three hours."

"OH, MY GOD, I AM A SINNER!" moaned the wife as she paced the floor, wringing her hands and gasping for breath and strength to throw

off the load of misery that was beating her down.

The silence of death made her words ring out loud and clear.

"I AM A SINNER!" And still the silence of death was her only reply.

The words uttered by a woman laboring under a frenzy of sorrow sounded horribly significant.

WHAT PART HAD SHE TAKEN IN THE SUDDEN AND APPARENTLY UNCALLED FOR DETERMINATION OF HER HUSBAND TO MAKE AWAY WITH HIMSELF?

Were her words the prodding of conscience, or merely the realization that all that was mortal and beloved to her had gone, and that the Lord, for her sins, had punished her?

Was this her reason for uttering the condemning words?

Or was she at the moment deprived of all reason?

THE FUTURE ALONE CAN AND WILL TELL.

A representative of The Star attempted to enter the room while the physicians worked over the corpse.

"Who is that man?" demanded the wife, as she pointed her finger at the reporter. "A newspaper man?"

Throw him out at once!" she shrieked, as she bent over the body of her husband and slapped his arms to restore circulation.

The greatest secrecy was maintained by all concerned with the affair. No one was allowed to enter the chamber of death save the physicians and the attaches of the hotel.

Every attempt was made at the office of the hotel to cover up the suicide theory, and even threats were made that if that theory were published in connection with Hubbell's death that trouble would be in store for the papers.

But the suicide theory would not down. The looks upon the men connected with the management of the hotel betrayed them, and when an officer in uniform came dashing into the lobby the suicide theory was no longer untenable—it was proven.

Even in her direst moments of agony the wife thought of an appointment her husband had made with Charles D. Stimson, a prominent capitalist of this city, the previous night, and she instructed that a message be telephoned him at once to come to the Hotel Washington.

Mr. Stimson, however, had called upon the woman before he had been notified, and had been informed by the clerk in the hotel office that she could not be seen.

Hardly had he closed this conversation when an employe of his informed him that Mrs. Hubbell wanted him to come to her immediately.

He immediately complied.

Knocking at the door of the apartment, he inquired for Mrs. Hubbell.

With face swollen out of its former beauty with the tears of agony, dressed in a long red dressing gown, her hair hanging in disorder over her shoulders and back, the grief-stricken woman appeared at the door and said: "Mr. Stimson, my husband is dead, and that deal is off."

When Mr. Stimson was asked as to the deal referred to by the widow, he replied that he had been arranging a large transaction with the now dead man for some time, and that

he had expected to close it up on Saturday.

As far as is known at present he was in no financial trouble.

Shortly after 11 o'clock Saturday morning the coroner was notified of the tragedy, and the remains were removed to the Bonney-Watson morgue, where an autopsy will be held over the body.

The most peculiar thing concerning the dead man's character, as noted by the employe of the Hotel Washington, was his constant taciturnity—his unwillingness to talk.

When he desired anything of the office he usually pointed to the object, grasped it and walked away without a word.

It was this attribute of his that caused the clerks and the other employes to make remarks as to his evident melancholy.

Frank B. Hubbell was a small, dark man, smooth shaven and natty in appearance.

All the time he lived at the hotel hardly any of the other guests made his acquaintance. He kept himself and his affairs to himself.

TOMSK, Oct. 28.—A mob marched through the streets today singing revolutionary songs and demanding a communal republic. Troops charged the rioting crowd, forcing a dispersal and many were wounded.

The attack was followed by a strike of railway employes, who remained at work until this morning.

A mob has gathered and threats of violence are made. Troops have placed machine guns at the railway station, expecting an attack.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 28.—At 10 o'clock this morning, three bombs were thrown, the chief of police and two Cossacks being badly wounded.

A mob at Reval fired the theater and prevented firemen from extinguishing the flames. Troops charged the rioters and clubbed them with guns. There were a number of casualties.

REVOLUTION RAGES THROUGH RUSSIA

WALKING THE PLANK



Mr. and Mrs. Hubbell were married in September. Their marriage license was issued July 31. Mrs. Hubbell was formerly Miss Helen H. Moore, and was an instructor in art at the Seattle high school. She is a beautiful woman and is very popular in this city.

Mr. Hubbell has resided in this city for several years. During that time he has bought most of the property fronting on Union street between Fourth and Ninth, his pet scheme being to make Union street a great thoroughfare.

Recently he obtained from the council a franchise to sell steam heat, with which he intends to heat his buildings as well as others.

At the present time he has pending in the council an application to construct a "booster" railway up Union from Ninth to Terry, and up Ninth from Union to University.

Mr. Hubbell is considered to be very wealthy. His wealth is approximated at between \$400,000 and \$500,000. He made most of his money through investments in Union street real estate. His financial standing is considered to be gilded.