

# CHURCH OFFICER KILLS WIFE, TWO CHILDREN AND HIMSELF

## Moyer Mobbed, Shot and Beaten, Then Driven From Town

### FINAL EDITION

### The



### World

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WEATHER—Fair to-night and Sunday warmer.

"Circulation Books Open to All."

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## MOYER SHOT AND BEATEN BY MOB WHO RAN HIM OUT OF CALUMET MINE RANGE

### Labor Chief Says He Was Attacked in Hancock, Mich., and Dragged in Streets.

### HUSTLED ABOARD TRAIN. Threats of Vengeance by Men of Town, Scene of Panic Disaster, Where He Ruled.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Dec. 27.—"I was attacked by about twenty-five men in my room at the Scott Hotel in Hancock, Mich., last night at 8.30 o'clock, struck over the head with the butt of a revolver, shot in the back, dragged through the hotel and streets, and put on a train and told to leave that country forever," said Charles H. Moyer, President of the Western Federation of Miners, during his stop here on the train while en route to Chicago.

Mr. Moyer was confined to his berth and his pillow and bed linen were soiled with blood from wounds in his scalp and back. He was good natured despite his wounds and said that after he got "healed up" in Chicago he would return to Calumet and fight "those mine owners to the last."

"At 8.30 o'clock last night Sheriff Cruse and about fifteen other men came to my room to ask me about arrangements for the burial of the poor persons who met their death in the Christmas catastrophe. They remained about fifteen minutes and left after I had told them that the Western Federation of Miners and the labor organizations of the country could and would care for its own unfortunate."

**BURST INTO HOTEL ROOM AND ATTACKED HIM.**  
"Within four minutes, before the committee of citizens could leave the hotel, fifteen ruffians burst in to the room. I was standing at the telephone at the time and was putting in a call. Charles H. Tanner of California, traveling auditor for the Western Federation of Miners, was with me.

"Several grabbed hold of me and held me while another man came up from behind and struck me with the butt of his revolver on the head. Then there was a report of a gun and I felt a piercing sensation in my back. I do not think that any one who me deliberately. I think that the gun used in hitting me on the head was discharged during the action.

"Then two men got hold of my arms and dragged me out of the hotel. Down the street we went. When the two men became tired two other huskies took hold of me, and although I was on my feet part of the time, yet for blocks I was dragged.

"It is a little more than a mile to Houghton, where the mob took me. All the while they were pulling me along the others were yelling 'Tyrant him' and 'Kill him,' and calling me the vilest kind of names.

"When we reached the station James McNaughton, General Manager and Vice-President of the Calumet and Hecla (Continued on Second Page.)

## ADELAIDE BRANCH BELIEVES SPIRIT OF COUCH CALLS

### Secret Affinity Insists Lawyer Directs Her From Beyond the Grave.

### SCORNS BROTHER'S AID. Still Talks of Suicide and May Be Sent to a Sanitarium.

MONTICELLO, N. Y., Dec. 27.—Refusing to accept the offer of her half-brother, Herbert O. Branch, whom she met for the first time in fifteen years, to accompany him to his home in Hartwick, Adelaide M. Branch declared today she was in constant communication with the late Melvin H. Couch, in whose office she lived secretly for three years.

She said that while she wished to place herself in her brother's care, she would not do anything Mr. Couch did not approve. Asked how she knew what Couch would sanction, she replied:

"He directs my every step. He tells me what to do and what not to do. He counsels me, talks to me, and tells me of his love."

It is understood she has developed a delusion that Couch stands at the foot of her bed urging her to spurn life and follow him to the grave. When the vision appears, according to report, she has to be restrained from prostrating herself at the feet of the imaginary specter. According to report, she frequently begs for poison that she may "join the man I love." Especially at night, she believes, he comes to beg her to join him.

The meeting between the late lawyer's self-styled "soul widow" and her brother was intensely dramatic. When last he had seen her she was a round-shouldered, healthy, vivacious young woman. Though she had been expecting him, she cried when she beheld him. "Herbert! What did you come here for?"

He took her by the hand and soothingly told her he had come to help, not to scold.

The Sheriff left them together and the long talk followed. At its end Mr. Branch went to several shops and bought wearing apparel for his sister. Upon his return he talked with reporters.

Although his sister has refused to return to Hartwick with me and has practically refused to let me assist her," said he, "I have not given up hope of taking her back with me. It is fifteen years since we have seen each other, and while we have written occasionally we seem almost like strangers.

"Four years ago Melvin Couch came to Hartwick, saying he was Adelaide's attorney. We never imagined he was more to my sister than he represented. She never mentioned him in any of her letters."

Mr. Branch made still another call on his sister, but could not change her views. On departing, he was very bitter in his comments concerning Couch. He said he would try and recover from the Couch estate recompense for the stenographic work his sister had done. He took a late afternoon train for his home.

## Had 10 Wives No. 10 Kicked Because He Lived With No. 1

### Shopworn Hubby Had Gone Back to First Love, Who Is Now Sixty.

### HE IS ONLY 39, TOO. Left Sing Sing (Where Nine Wives Sent Him) to Marry Again.

A man with ten wives was arraigned in the Yorkville Court today on a charge of abandonment preferred by wife No. 10. When he was arrested he was living with his first wife, whom he married when he was seventeen years old, before he became a slave to the marrying habit. Wife No. 1 is sixty years old, while he is thirty-nine.

The much-married individual, who has already served four and one-half years for bigamy, is Joseph Kohler, a short, thick-set florid man, of No. 1077 First avenue, and not the least remarkable feature of the case is that his first wife was herself arrested for bigamy in Berlin, Germany, while they were on their wedding trip twenty-two years ago. The couple have had eleven children, of whom seven are living.

Whenever Kohler felt an irresistible craving coming over him to get married he used, so she says, to go out and acquire a wife, and after a more or less prolonged absence come back and admit that he had fallen once more from the conjugal water wagon.

The much married man was arrested on a charge of abandonment preferred by Mrs. Martha Schmidt, who was the tenth partner of the joys and sorrows of this virginal of the marriage game. And all this when he had serious thoughts of quitting the habit at New Year's.

**NO, HE'S NOT A CAT.**  
It is reported that Kohler has the habit so deeply ingrained that he cannot root it out. This thing of getting married has become a regular vice with him. He has tried to brace up, it would appear, and check the craving for wives, to which he has become a slave, but in vain. He has no good and there is no institution in which he can be cured, so far as is known.

As an instance of the complete possession the wife habit has taken of him, body and soul, it need only be set forth that five years ago he was sent to carry out a term of four and a half years in Sing Sing for bigamy.

But when he got out, what does he do but the very first thing but return to his old pernicious weakness and, apparently without making an attempt to brace up and break off his way of life, fell off the single life wagon with a loud crash and married the present and latest wife.

**ALLEGED CHIEF OF PIRATES IS TUGBOAT CAPTAIN.**  
The alleged pirate chief describes himself as James Malone, thirty-nine, a tugboat captain from Newfoundland, but now living at No. 130 York street, Jersey City. The two others of the crew of the stolen tug were Nick Shields, a deck hand, of No. 312 Clinton street, Hoboken, and Samuel Nichols, deckhand, of No. 35 Franklin street, Jersey City.

Like all regular seafaring tugboatmen, they drank deeply of black rum before they hoisted the black flag. It was this fact that in part led to their undoing, for with hoarse, piratical voices, they bragged, over the rigging of old Jamaica, of their proposed swoop on the coast. In fact, they neglected none of the conventional "props" for their part—except salt-crusted boot soles, scarlet sashes, large bucket-topped up-boots, a cutlass or two and a roaring stove of a rattling old boiler like "The Plank-Walk Rag."

At the request of the New York Central detectives the men were held till Monday for further examination when they were brought up in court. In the meantime the railroad people hope they will be able to locate the stolen property, which up to now they have failed to do. The first estimate that \$10,000 worth of loot was taken from the holds of the bark is said by the road to be erroneous. The loss will not foot up to \$100,000.

(Continued on Second Page.)

## PIRACY CHARGED TO THIEVES WHO STOLE TEN CARS

### Steal Freight and Set Immense Float Adrift in Gale to Endanger Navigation.

### FOUR MEN ARRESTED. Small Boat, Scuttled, Steams in Circle About Craft in River.

The late lamented Mr. Esquemeling, the noted amateur of piracy and historian of Black Bart, Lafitte and Lolois, must have turned over in his grave on the Spanish Main, where he was buried by Morgan's merry men, when in the height of the wild storm of Christmas night four river freebooters stole the tug James Bradley, ran a hawser from her to the barge of a big New York Central freight car float; then, while the waves ran like water mountains and the wind blew great guns, ran her through the gale to Staten Island and rifled the rich freight of the cars.

To make it all complete and in keeping with the best traditions of the craft of the Brethren of the Coast, as the pirates mention Mr. Esquemeling dubbed coyals of the Caribbean, they then scuttled the tugboat by opening the cocks and setting her adrift in the howling storm with the wheel lashed over and the rudder cock-a-block.

The stolen craft ran round and round in circles like the gallant old Wabale of the California Night line till she was boarded by a crew from another tug that had seen her lights going merry-go-rounding, pumped out and brought back to Hoboken, where she had been barricated from Pier No. 3 of the Hamburg-American line while her rightful skipper was ashore with his crew a-merry-making on pum duff and so forth.

The four alleged emulators of the glass-cheeked old-sashes Black Bart have been arrested and were arraigned today in Hoboken before Recorder McGovern on charges of piracy, a charge which in these degenerate days doesn't often figure on the court docket.

The last-day coxains is Henry Cobb, thirty, an engineer of No. 45 Clinton street, Hoboken. He is said to be a nephew of ex-Gov. Cobb of Maine, and acted as the brains of the looters and ran the engines of the Bradley.

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(Continued on Second Page.)

## Children Killed by Father Who Slew Wife and Himself



**VATICAN DENIES ANY MYSTERY IN RAMPOLLA'S DEATH**  
Answering Reports, Officials Declare Body of Cardinal Will Not Be Exhumed.

ROME, Dec. 27.—Officials of the Vatican, as well as intimate friends and relatives of the late Cardinal Rampolla, today denied emphatically rumors put in circulation in certain quarters in Rome of mysterious circumstances surrounding the prelate's death.

They also declared there was no intention of exhuming his body for medical examination, as the cause of death had been already established.

The rumors in question are assumed to have been founded on the disappearance of a small box supposed to have contained some private papers.

Several Italian newspapers today demanded editorially that the Cardinal's body be exhumed and its organs subjected to chemical analysis. The temporal authorities have not made any move in the matter.

Cardinal Rampolla died Dec. 18 last. He was stricken suddenly with indigestion after superintending repairs to the choir in St. Peter's. He went home, but refused to have a physician called. His secretary, alarmed, however, summoned a doctor, who said he found nothing serious in the Cardinal's symptoms.

Cardinal Rampolla declined to allow his secretary to remain with him, but later in the night became worse and sent for both the secretary and a doctor. When the two arrived they found the Cardinal dead. He had passed away practically alone.

In spite of the denial given out at the Vatican yesterday, a popular newspaper says the exhumation of the body of Cardinal Rampolla has been ordered in consequence of the suspicions aroused by his sudden death and the disappearance of his will, which it is thought may have been connected with it.

## HAS THREE SANDWICHES, LAVENDER SOCKS; IS LOST

### Also Has Green and White Shirt, Black and Red Tie and a Nickel—Who Is He?

The police inventory as follows the description of a smooth-shaven man, about twenty-three years old, who was found this afternoon roving aimlessly about at Kensington Walk and the Flower, Coney Island.

Gray check suit, green and white shirt, black and red tie, lavender socks.

Soft hat of check tweed. Three chicken sandwiches. One nickel.

He could tell nothing about himself, but maybe the publication of this description may help some.

He was said to be on his way to work. Everybody has one guess.

## WILSON A REAL HERO WITH GULFPORT FOLK

### His Work as a Fireman Likely to Bring Him a Formal Vote of Thanks.

PARR CHRISTIAN, Miss., Dec. 27.—President Wilson today slept late and it was after 8 o'clock before he left for his morning game of golf over the course of the Mississippi Country Club, thirteen miles away.

For the first time since he left Washington the President had a ruddy glow on his cheeks. He had grown somewhat pale during his recent illness, but rest, bracing air and exercise apparently has restored his health.

Citizens of Gulfport, through which place the President daily passes on his way to the golf club, to-day were on the alert to see him. Mr. Wilson's prowess as a fire-fighter has added to his fame here. One member of the volunteer fire department of Gulfport to-day revealed the fact that President Wilson is quite mandatory in emergency.

"I was standing outside the Neville residence waiting for the apparatus to arrive," he said, "when a man came up. He noticed my uniform and asked me why I was standing there looking at the fire."

"Why don't you get up there and help?" he asked. "I told him I couldn't go up until the hook and ladder wagon came."

"Well," he said, "my men could climb up the inside. I don't see why you can't." It suddenly dawned on me that I was talking to the President and I went inside to help."

## KILLS HIS FAMILY OF THREE AND THEN ENDS HIS OWN LIFE

### Henry Knell, Secretary of a Steel and Forge Company, Shoots Wife Dead and Smothers Himself and Children With Gas.

### ALL FOUR BODIES FOUND IN HOME ON LONG ISLAND

### Murderer and Suicide First Made a Will and Settled His Accounts as Church Treasurer.

The bodies of Henry Knell, his wife and two little children, were found today in a bedroom in the attic of their home at No. 38 Dry Harbor Road, Glendale, Queens. Knell was secretary of the Philadelphia Steel and Forge Company, of No. 50 Church street, and was prominent in church work and in the social affairs of the neighborhood.

Knell was much run down from overwork and a sufferer from heart disease, but seemed cheerful and happy when he left the Forest Park Athletic Club at Dry Harbor Road and Myrtle avenue last night. The police believe he shot his wife and then filled the room with gas by blowing out the jet, in order to asphyxiate himself and the children.

Mrs. William Ellis, who occupied the rooms on the first floor, heard sounds of heavy falls in the Knell flat from time to time after midnight this morning. She was moderately curious and when none of the Knell family appeared this morning went up to ask if there had been any trouble.

The hall was full of gas. Mrs. Ellis was alarmed and called Miss Helen Seelye of No. 22 Elm avenue, Ridgewood, who was passing. The two forced the door. They traced the gas to the attic. The bedroom door was closed but not locked.

**WOMAN AND BABY FOUND DEAD ON HER BED.**  
On the bed in the room lay the body of Mrs. Knell, a handsome young woman. There was a bullet hole in her left temple. Knell's body lay across the foot of the bed. His knees were on the floor. Little Edith, who was eighteen months old, lay in bed beside her mother, and the boy, Harry, who was three years old, was huddled in a heap on the floor.

Mrs. Ellis and Miss Seelye ran screaming from the house and it was some time before they could collect themselves enough to talk the neighbors who had happened and ask them to telephone for the police. Reserves from the Glendale and Richmond Hill station and an ambulance was called from Richmond Hill hospital. The surgeon said that all of the family had been dead for several hours.

When Knell's body was lifted the revolver with which he had shot his wife was found under his bed. Only one bullet had been fired from it. Ferdinand Knell of No. 348 11th place, brother of the dead man, who was summoned by the police, told them that while he was terribly shocked he was not altogether surprised by the tragedy.

**HAD LONG PLANNED TO DESTROY HIS FAMILY.**  
With other members of the family who arrived soon afterward he agreed that Knell had been planning to kill his family for some time. Knell believed that he would die suddenly of his heart affection and sometimes said that he did not want to leave his family behind him dependent. He was stricken with an acute attack of the disease at the Palm Garden restaurant Dec. 9 at the performance of the "Finger of Scorn," a play for which he had coached his fellow members of the Pielades Dramatic Association.

Dr. Helesheimer, his family physician, told him then that a similar attack would probably kill him. Last week he visited the family of his wife, who was Miss Emily Kessler before they were married six years ago, in Newark. On his way home he narrowly escaped being killed by a train in the Newark station and the shock threatened him with

GOES UP 20,295 FEET, WINS FLYING RECORD

Aviator Legagneux Establishes New Altitude Figures During Ascent in France.

SAINT RAPHAEL, France, Dec. 27.—The world's altitude record for aeroplanes was broken today by Georges Legagneux, the French aviator, who ascended from the aerodrome here to a height of 20,295 feet in his monoplane. The duration of his flight was one hour and 50 minutes.

The highest altitude hitherto attained in an aeroplane was that established by Edmond Perroyon at Buc, France, on March 11, when he rose 19,200 feet.

**How Employers Found Their Christmas Helpers**  
Just previous to the holidays nearly every home, office, factory, etc., in Greater New York takes on extra workers.

Now these workers are found in quite clearly shown by the following figures:

**44,195**  
WORLD "HELP WANTED" ADS. WERE PRINTED LAST MONTH.

**24,014**  
More Than All THE 6 OTHER New York Morning and Sunday Newspapers ADDED TOGETHER.

A Flanking in THE WORLD'S Advertising Column That Tells Its Own Story of World Ad. Results!

**WINTER CRIMINALS**  
New York, Dec. 27.—The New York Court today sentenced to prison for one year and a day a man who had been arrested for the murder of a woman in the city last year.

FOR RACING SEE PAGE 4.