FATALLY SHOOTS MAN IN HOTEL

Buddington Thompson, Medical Student in Brooklyn, Wounds Charles Bingerson During Dispute with Proprietor.

YOUNG MAN WAS TAKING AWAY A HOTEL SIGN.

Victim Came to Assistance of Landlord, Who Was Trying to Prevent Student from Carrying Off His Property.

There was a fatal shooting in the exclusive section of the Bedford district in Brooklyn early to-day, when Buddington Thompson, a young medical student, well known throughout the Bedford section, shot down Charles Bingerson, of No. 436 Barbey street, in the hotel run by George Boermerman, at No. 1278 Fulton street.

After dining in the hotel, Thompson and his friend took a sign with them in a spirit of mischief.

Seeing the men carrying the sign Albert Boermerman, brother of the hotel proprietor, and Bingerson, a bartender, stopped them at the foot of the stairs.

Boermerman seized Thompson by the collar, when the latter fought himself free and called out:

"Stand back or one of you will be hurt!"

At the same instant Thompson whipped a pistol from his pocket and fired at Bingerson, who fell to the floor with a bullet in the right side of the back. Bingerson was taken to the Brooklyn Hospital. There it was said that his injury would prove fatal.

Thompson Fires at Pursuer.

Thompson, who is a medical student at the Baltimore College, was captured under the awning in front of Dr. Napier's window, in Bedford avenue, three blocks from the scene of the shooting. As he ran away from the hotel he was followed by a Brooklyn Rapid Transit inspector. Half way down Herkimer street Thompson turned and fired at his pursuer. This collected a crowd which joined in the pursuit.

Thompson turned into Bedford avenue and ran up the stoop at Dr. Napier's house. Dr. Napier had been roused by the shot and was looking out of his window when Thompson climbed in under the awning, hoping the crowd would pass on by him. Dr. Napier raised the window and shouted to the crowd that their man was there. The police promptly arrested him. A search found the revolver in the yard of the Invincible Club.

Dr. H. H. Plympton was working on the wounded bartender when Thompson was brought in by the police. The bartender fully identified him and Thompson admitted shooting him, but said he had done so in self-defense. A hypodermic syringe and a bottle of cocaine were found on the prisoner.

Thompson was held without bail by Magistrate Tighe in the Butler Street Court.

Dr. Plympton said the bullet had entered Bingerson's body sideways and had lodged near the spine. He said that if it had not entered the abdominal cavity Bingerson would recover. He could not determine by a cursory examination if the cavity had been pierced.

BADLY BEATEN BY DETECTIVES

Man Accused of Acting in Suspicious Manner Resists Arrest, Thinking Sleuths Were Footpads.

Because he defended himself when attacked by three detectives whom he afterward said he thought were "crooks," Louis Simonetti, a painter, twenty-one years old, of No. 46 Baxter street, is suffering in Bellevue Hospital to-day from several scalp wounds and other bruises about the head, face and shoulders.

Detective Reardon, of the District-Attorney's staff, with Detectives Gilmartin and Gallagher, of the East Fifth street station, were sleuthing along Thirteenth street, between Third and Fourth avenues, when they caught sight of two men who, they said afterward, were acting in a suspicious manner.

They called upon the two to halt, and both started to run. Reardon started after the larger of the two, who proved to be Simonetti, and caught him in the next block. The stranger defended himself, the officer being in citizen's clothes, and the other detectives went to Reardon's aid. Between them Simonetti was a fit subject for the hospital when the detectives got through with him. He was taken to the Fifth street station and an ambulance was summoned.

The other prisoner gave his name as Lawrence Labasco, seventeen years old, of No. 24 Mulberry street.

Labasco said he and Simonetti had been attending to their own business, and were on their way home when stopped by the detectives. They thought the detectives were footpads and started to run.

DENIES ATTEMPTING SUICIDE.

Young Man Who Shot Himself Says It Was an Accident.

Oscar Koller, twenty years old, of No. 435 East One Hundred and Seventeenth street, who on May 11 shot himself in the apartments of Anthony Pustag, at No. 1877 Second avenue, because, as he said in his letter, his sweetheart would have nothing more to do with him, was arraigned to-day in the Harlem Court to answer a charge of attempted suicide.

He told Magistrate Flammer that he did not wish to die, and that the shooting was purely accidental. He was discharged from custody.

LOST HIS LIFE IN FIRE IN TENEMENT

Albert Schleiski Burned to Death in His Bed in Blaze in Five-Story Building in Avenue B.

HEROIC POLICEMAN SAVES MANY OF THE OCCUPANTS.

Patrolman Horn Breaks Into Burning Apartment and Rescues Woman and Three Children—Many Escaped by Roof

During a fire that started early to-day in the five-story tenement at No. 245 Avenue B Albert Schleiski, thirty years old, a laborer, boarding with the family of Thomas Callahan, was burned to death. A panic was caused in the tenement and many had narrow escapes from death.

Heroic work on the part of Policeman Charles Korn, of the East Twenty-second Street Station, probably saved many more lives.

The fire started in the apartment of Mrs. Clara McNeese, on the first floor rear. The woman, her daughter Clara, three years old, and her twin babies, eighteen months old, were asleep. A gas jet had been left burning in the kitchen and a curtain blowing against it started the blaze.

Patrolman Horn was passing the house when he saw a glare. He pushed open the front door and saw smoke coming from the McNeese apartment. He turned in an alarm and then returned to the building.

Breaking in the door of the McNeese apartment he found the woman and her children in bed and overcome by the smoke. The entire kitchen was in flames and the fire was eating its way up through the ceiling. Horn grabbed up the three children and ran out to the street with them. Then he returned for the mother.

When they were safe on the sidewalk he returned and started through the house to warn the other tenants.

Horn got everybody to the stairways he could and then shouted:

"Everybody to the roof, for your lives!"

The tide of half-robed humanity was turned roofward and about fifty of the tenants escaped that way.

Just how Schleiski came to be left behind when the Callahan family left their apartment could not be learned.

After the fire had been extinguished Policeman Horn heard that the boarder was missing and went to the apartment. The man's body was found on his bed, burned beyond recognition. His room had a window opening on an airshaft, and the flames entered the window in that way.

The old store won't grow with the business. But a newer, larger one may be obtained through "Business Property to Let" in World Wants. Read the Wants to-day.

STRUCK PINOCHLE PLAYER.

Butter-In Gets Ten Days for an Assault.

A dispute over a game of pinochle, in which Robert Steeter, a carpenter, of No. 561 East One Hundred and Forty-eighth street, got a whack on the head with a beer glass from Gustave Jacobi, a "butter-in," was the cause of Jacobi being sent to the Tombs for ten days this afternoon by Justice Zeller in the Court of Special Sessions.

"I had just melded 150 trumps," Steeter testified, "when Jacobi butted in and called me a fool for not melding the forty first."

"Had you taken a trick before?" inquired Assistant District-Attorney Gray.

"Yes, but I didn't have a chance to meld the marriage," replied Steeter. "When he called me a fool I aughed in his face and he went and got the beer glass and hit me."

Jacobi said Steeter had hit him first.

"You butted in the game?" asked Mr. Gray.

"I was only offering advice," replied Jacobi.

Justice Zeller, himself an expert pinochle player, found Jacobi guilty and sent him to the Tombs for ten days.

M'CLELLAN BUTTONS HERE.

Thousands from the West Put in Circulation.

A cry for McClellan for President has come out of the West. Thousands of McClellan buttons were put in circulation in this city to-day.

It is said the buttons were sent on from the West for circulation in the East.