

MCORKLE IS NAMED

West Virginia Democrats Nominate Him to Lead Their State Ticket.

TWO FACTIONS WRESTLE

For Supremacy and Make the Convention Quite Lively.

BENNETT, THE FARMERS' CHOICE,

Pushes the Leader for First Place, but Falls a Trifle Short.

LIVELY SCENES AMONG THE DELEGATES

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., July 27.—The Democratic State Convention met here today and was remarkable for a lack of harmony caused by the bitter factional feud which has grown out of the contest for the gubernatorial nomination.

The Eastham and Bennett men have formed a combine against McCorkle, and it is possible that one or the other of them will receive the nomination.

Three thousand were there. The convention met in a wigwam, built for the purpose, which seats 3,000 people. It was packed to suffocation this morning at 10 o'clock when State Chairman Belly rapped the convention to order and introduced Governor Fleming as Temporary Chairman.

On reassembling United States Senator C. J. Faulkner was made Permanent Chairman on Credentials, Secretary.

Attempts to Steal in Votes.

This vote is divided between Bennett and Eastham. The McCorkle men declare that the rejection of the majority report would be equivalent to the election of Eastham.

Every McCorkle speaker made this assertion. The Bennett-Eastham combine fought savagely for the minority report, and the feeling in the convention increased with every speaker.

At the evening session of the convention the exciting scenes of the afternoon were repeated, and there was a battle royal between the McCorkle factions and the opposition.

Confusion still reigns supreme. The confusion and excitement was so great that it was nearly 10 o'clock before the vote was completed.

WEAVER OPENS THE CAMPAIGN.

He Addresses an Enthusiastic Gathering of His County's Partisans. DENVER, Colo., July 27.—General James B. Weaver, the People's party Presidential candidate, last night made his opening speech in this city.

The result of the first ballot was McCorkle 208, Bennett 284, Eastham 132, Sydenstricker 74. It was midnight when the second ballot was begun, and when a few counties were called the electric lights were turned out.

In the hall, when General Weaver appeared upon the platform, B. Clark Wheeler, of Aspen, presented him with a silver pen with which, as Wheeler said, he would elect, sign the free coinage bill.

Republcan Co-lege League Headquarters. NEW YORK, July 27.—The American College League of Republican Clubs has opened headquarters at No. 202 Fifth avenue.

Colorado's People's Party. The State Convention Has a List of Candidates Put Before It by a Committee—The Delegates Commanded to Make Some Inquiries Before Voting.

Denver, Colo., July 27.—Coliseum Hall, when the People's Party Convention was called to order this morning, was a scene of enthusiasm. The members of yesterday's Silver Convention were there in large numbers and the Democrats and Republicans, who have left their parties to cling to the silver standard, were just as enthusiastic in the cause as those who had been People's party men for years.

After the usual convention routine of committee appointments the Conference Committee recommended that nominations be made from the following list, that of Presidential electors being the exact number required, but several dual recommendations were made for the State ticket. They are as follows:

Presidential Electors, J. G. Higley, of Weld county; J. G. Berry, Montrose; Hugh W. Pratt, of Lake; Silas Henshaw, of Clear Creek; For Governor, Julius Thompson, of Dolores county; H. H. Waite, of Perkin county; Lieutenant Governor, D. H. Nichols, of Boulder; Secretary of State, Chris Wilson, of Pueblo; O. McAlister, of Pueblo; Auditor, H. H. M. Gooch, of Montezuma; Alfred Durane, of Fremont; Treasurer, H. H. Etwood, of Summit; Albert Nance, of Arapahoe; Attorney General, Eugene Engly, of La Plater; John Coxson, of Arapahoe.

ELEMENTS AT PLAY.

Pittsburg Favored With Phenomena in the Weather.

YESTERDAY'S STRANGE EXTREMES

Heat, Rain, Wind and Temperature in Remarkable Quantities.

CASUALTIES OF A CHANGEABLE DAY

Yesterday was a record breaker as far as the weather was concerned. Sergeant Stewart was busy last night in studying up the phenomena chart in the lofty weather office to find comparisons.

It was a day of extremes. There was a dash of the hottest weather of the summer, the temperature had the greatest fall in least time, the greatest fall of rain descended, and the wind blew harder than for several years.

In addition to these facts comes the "colossal" intelligence that the "backbone" of the heat spell has been broken and Pittsburgers will be visited with more refreshing weather and some little dampness for the next day or so.

The thermograph had many surprises. From the high mark on Tuesday the temperature fell to 75° during the early hours of yesterday morning. It took a gradual rise from this time and at 8 o'clock marked the point of 79°. The sun's heat began to grow more intense until at noon it was at 90° and 3° more were mounted by the tiny blue pencil on the electrical instrument at 2 o'clock.

Nearly an Inch of Water Fell.

The thunder storm came up about that time and during the half hour the hail and rain poured down in sheets and gusts. Eighty hundredths of water fell and the temperature descended to 70°, something unprecedented in the history of summer weather for the last decade.

The phenomenal rapidity with which the storm came on proved most disastrous to the toilers of many pedestrians who were upon the streets.

The storm came to an end as abruptly as it started and the temperature resumed its ambitious march this morning and asked 80° hot. At that hour a westerly wind came over the hills and for a while blew at the rate of 32 miles an hour, a feat not before accomplished since the stormy July of '98.

In speaking of the satisfactory weather visited upon the two cities, Sergeant Stewart said none had cause to complain. "For," said he, "there was hot, dry, cool, wet and windy weather, and more could scarcely be wished for. The heated spell has come to an end, for the present at least."

He continued, "and cooler or less hot weather may be expected for the next few days. That there will be more hot weather for this local territory, suits the force to be probable, as the barometer is low in the West and a hot wave may come this way."

What Caused the Intense Heat. "Was the intense heat of the last few days due to a hot wave?" asked THE DISPATCH man.

"No," replied Sergeant Stewart, "it is due to the combined heat of the earth and the sun and the absence of winds. For the last few weeks the heat from the sun has been excessive and the only winds that have blown were quite gentle and not strong enough to sweep the heat away. As a result the earth became hot and the beginning of the hot spell was due practically to the absence of wind, which allowed the heat of the earth to arise and meet the sun's heat and produced extremely high temperatures. The barometer has been high, which shows conclusively that this was not caused by atmospheric passages, and it has generally been above 30 inches, which is high for this season. Mrs. Lois Walkenshaw, a widow aged 65 years, was found dead yesterday afternoon at her residence, No. 51 Sturgeon street, Allegheny. The coroner was notified. It is thought the heat was the cause of death.

Overcome by the Heat.

William McNally suffered a sunstroke yesterday, and is now lying in the West Penn Hospital. The probabilities are that he will recover. McNally lives at 3010 Mulberry alley, and was passing Thirty-third and Smallman streets, when he was overcome with the heat. He is 18 years of age and has only been in America a short time.

An unknown man, evidently a mill man, while walking over the railroad bridge at Thirty-third street was overcome by the heat and fell to the ground. He was taken to the West Penn hospital, where it was found that he had not been injured by the fall. He lay in a stupor all day and the attendants were unable to learn his name or anything about him. He is in a serious condition.

The Southside suffered severely from the storm yesterday afternoon. Several places were struck by lightning and much damage done to property. The storm was particularly severe in the Allegheny city, where Mr. W. Washington was much the worse for the experience.

Furnace Struck by Lightning. Soon after the beginning of the storm one of the furnaces in the glass house, on the corner of Carson and Tenth streets, was struck by lightning and the stack exploded over the street. It was several hundred dollars. Shortly afterwards a large tree, standing in the rear of No. 838 Carson street, was struck by lightning and blown down. Some of the family, who were sitting in the door at the time, were severely shocked.

Water came off the hill above the Pittsburgh, Virginia and Charleston Railroad in torrents and flooded the tracks and yard above Sixty-sixth street. The water being made preparatory to building a wall below the yards were filled with mud and debris, so that it will take several days to clear away and restore the work to its former condition.

Further down the street the storm was even more disastrous. The street near the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad was filled to the depth of a foot and a half with mud, stones and pieces of logs and rendered almost impassable. Electric lights were blown down and things torn up in general.

Mr. Washington suffered more from the wind than trees. Trees were uprooted and limbs blown into the street. The engineers on the Castle Shannon incline received a severe electric shock while working the machinery. No effort was made to run the cars for some time. The shanty boats near the river were flooded and the houses nearly washed away. No estimate could be made of the damage done, as all parts seemed to suffer alike, but the sum total would be a good sum.

OLD SOB BREATHES DEATH.

A Day Only a Little Less Terrible Than Yesterday—Terrible Mortality in Chicago and Philadelphia—Government Clerks Excused Because of the Heat.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 27.—The slaughter by the sun was still in progress in Chicago today, fifty deaths and more than twice as many prostrations from the heat having occurred. The hospitals are filled with patients, many of whom cannot recover. The record yesterday, which surpassed anything in the number of deaths and prostrations that this city has ever known, was eclipsed by the awful work of the sun today.

The temperature was about four degrees lower than that of yesterday, according to the official report of the Government office, which was 88° at noon in the Auditorium tower, but down on the pavements, where was little breeze there was, came hot and stifling, the mercury was in many places 100° to 110° in the sun, and 92° to 94° in the shade.

The majority of the casualties were among laboring men and in the portions of the city occupied by the poorer classes. At Philadelphia the highest point reached by the thermometer today was 95°, 50 degrees below yesterday. The effect of the scorching heat was shown in the number of deaths from heat exhaustion. The number of cases of prostrations received at the hospitals was not as great as yesterday, about 25 cases being admitted, against 40 yesterday.

At Washington the clerks and employees of the State, War, Navy and Treasury Departments were excused at 2 o'clock on account of the heat. All that could be spared from the Interior Department were allowed to leave at 8 o'clock this morning.

At Anderson, Ind., Judge Hill in S. Robinson, member of the Appellate Court of Indiana, is dying from the effects of two sunstrokes received yesterday. He is now in the various hospitals of the city, prostrated by the intense heat. Of these several will probably die. The air blowing in from the prairie was as hot as though it came from a furnace. The mercury in the Government office stood at 94° at 7 o'clock this morning, and reached 93° at noon. At this point it remained for the greater part of the day, the air cooling slightly in the evening.

Thermometers on the street level were from 82° to 85° at 7 o'clock this morning. To add to the general discomfort, some parts of the North and West sides were, during the hottest hours, entirely without water, the city mains being unable to supply for a time the tremendous demand put upon them. The wind still blows from the southwest, and there is a strong probability that Chicago will stay and sweeter for another 36 hours.

CHICAGO'S WATER GIVES OUT.

Sixteen Persons Die of Sunstroke, and 88 Are Taken to the Hospitals.

CHICAGO, July 27.—The number of casualties from the heat in this city today surpasses all previous records. Besides the deaths of 16 people from sunstroke, 88 have been taken to the various hospitals of the city, prostrated by the intense heat. Of these several will probably die. The air blowing in from the prairie was as hot as though it came from a furnace. The mercury in the Government office stood at 94° at 7 o'clock this morning, and reached 93° at noon. At this point it remained for the greater part of the day, the air cooling slightly in the evening.

Thermometers on the street level were from 82° to 85° at 7 o'clock this morning. To add to the general discomfort, some parts of the North and West sides were, during the hottest hours, entirely without water, the city mains being unable to supply for a time the tremendous demand put upon them. The wind still blows from the southwest, and there is a strong probability that Chicago will stay and sweeter for another 36 hours.

Thermometers on the street level were from 82° to 85° at 7 o'clock this morning. To add to the general discomfort, some parts of the North and West sides were, during the hottest hours, entirely without water, the city mains being unable to supply for a time the tremendous demand put upon them. The wind still blows from the southwest, and there is a strong probability that Chicago will stay and sweeter for another 36 hours.

Thermometers on the street level were from 82° to 85° at 7 o'clock this morning. To add to the general discomfort, some parts of the North and West sides were, during the hottest hours, entirely without water, the city mains being unable to supply for a time the tremendous demand put upon them. The wind still blows from the southwest, and there is a strong probability that Chicago will stay and sweeter for another 36 hours.

Thermometers on the street level were from 82° to 85° at 7 o'clock this morning. To add to the general discomfort, some parts of the North and West sides were, during the hottest hours, entirely without water, the city mains being unable to supply for a time the tremendous demand put upon them. The wind still blows from the southwest, and there is a strong probability that Chicago will stay and sweeter for another 36 hours.

GAMBLER AND LOST.

A Victim of Stock Fluctuations Kills His Broker.

NO CAUSE FOR THE MANIAC'S DEED.

Charles Henry Page, One of the Ablest Dealers, the Victim.

BOTH DIED IN ALMOST THE SAME BREATH

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.] PHILADELPHIA, July 27.—Charles Henry Page, one of the youngest and counted among the ablest brokers in the local stock markets, was shot dead in his office on Fourth street this morning by an irresponsible man who had lost his mind along with his money in stock gambling.

The murderer's name was Renaud Kennedy, 58 years of age, and he was known among brokers as an eccentric but harmless loser. He died almost to a breath with his victim, for he turned the smoking revolver to his own head and pulled the trigger the moment Page fell. The shots which killed the two men were fired at twenty minutes past 11 o'clock in the morning in the back room of the office of E. D. Page & Brother, at 132 South Fourth street.

Charles H. Page was the junior member of the firm, and in the absence of his two brothers was in charge of the brokerage business. He came up from Cape May, where his wife and baby daughter are living, early in the day, and reached the office shortly before 10 o'clock. Kennedy entered the front door at 11 o'clock or shortly afterwards, and the exact time cannot be remembered. He went into the back room, closing the door behind him, and was seen to move toward the stock quotation ticker in one corner, near which Page was standing. None of the conversation between the two men, if there was any, was overheard.

Shots Broke the Silence of the Office. The scratching of pens on paper in the front room was interrupted by two pistol shots, one a half minute after the other, and the startled clerks rushed to the back room as a body fell head foremost on the floor. The body of Page, with the breast bearing a lay near the door to the hall, so near that the head touched the threshold. Blood was running in a stream from a bullet hole in his side, just above his waist, and the carpet beneath him was already soaked. He was in his shirt sleeves, showing how his murderer had met him unawares, and a pipe which he had been smoking lay smoldering a foot away. He died in less than three minutes after the bullet struck him.

Kennedy shot himself in the head and fell close beside the ticker. The bullet entered the brain, causing almost instant death, and the revolver lay near his outstretched right arm.

News of the tragedy flew through all the offices and exchanges in the vicinity, where Page was very well known, in magic time. Desks and tickers and blackboards were deserted and the clerks, who had flocked to the office, neglecting everything, for the moment, in an effort to verify the startling rumors.

A Victim of the Stock Exchange. So great was the crowd which congregated in front that an ambulance called by Police Commissioner E. J. Connelley, and which difficulty was brought to the door. Many who knew the dead broker intimately were fairly dazed by the tragedy, and others who were willing to talk could assign no reason for Kennedy's terrible act.

Quite a number of men on Third and Fourth streets knew the man in a casual way. He was quite a frequent visitor to the Stock Exchange and used to go about among the largest and most important houses a good deal. He has lived in Philadelphia for six years, at the boarding house of Mrs. Rachel Austin, 110 North Eleventh street, but he had no friends and few acquaintances. It was due to this fact that some people clapped after the discovery of his body, until the fact of his connection with the Stock Exchange was known.

The man's glasses, nothing was found on the body. The man's connection with E. D. Page & Brother and more directly with Charles H. Page, dates back two years, when he was a customer of the firm. He came from New Orleans, he once said, and he appeared to have come here on a steady basis.

Investments That Ruined Him. The investments he made with Page & Brother were not profitable, and he lost, at first, several thousand dollars. Then, in February of 1920, he began to buy Aitchison securities on a pretty narrow margin, and in a couple of months made \$22,000. In as much time afterward he lost it all again.

He bought and sold also through Drexel & Co., Saller & Stevenson, Dick Brothers and Keen & Co. Within the past few months he had lost more than \$10,000, until it was believed among those who knew the man at all that he had "gone broke."

Page & Brother closed their account with him nearly a year ago, and the balance sheet did not please the committee. He accepted it and has been a frequent visitor to the office of the firm since.

Page's brother Robert was on his way from Homestead with the City Troop when the murder was committed. He took charge of affairs upon his arrival and telegraphed to the senior member of the firm, Edward D. Page, who was in New York, and cablegrammed to his aged father, Joseph F. Page, the well-known builder, who with a third brother is now in Switzerland. The residence of the dead broker at 2221 Locust street has been closed ever since the family moved to Cape May, but it will be opened again to-morrow when Mrs. Page and her infant daughter will arrive. Her mother, Mrs. Grosholtz, of Brynmawr, left for Cape May to-night to acquaint the afflicted wife with the sad news.

A LAUNCH AT MIDNIGHT.

Romantic Plunge of a Big Vessel Into the Waters of the Pacific. That California is still the home of the romantic and unexpected is emphasized in the recent launch at midnight of the big Pacific mail steamship Peru, at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco. The glare of the electric lights, the yellow flicker of the workmen's torches, the din of hammering, the crowds of spectators wandering about the yards and the vessel, all combined to make the scene a memorable occasion.

The Peru is the biggest ship ever launched upon the Pacific coast, and the event marks an epoch in the history of the development of shipbuilding there. The vessel is 345 feet long, 45 feet beam and 29 feet deep, with a gross tonnage of 8,800. It is stated that as many as 600 men were working upon its construction at one time.

A NEW DOCK IMPROVEMENT.

The Largest of Its Kind in Germany to Be Built at Bremen. The rapid development of the German ocean carrying trade has led to important dock improvements along the coast of the North Sea and the Baltic. The most extensive of these is that to be made by the city of Bremen, where it is desired to secure easy access to the new Kaiser Dock at Bremerhaven.

This work will be the largest undertaking of its kind in Germany. The dock will be 266 feet long, 82 feet wide and 33 feet deep. It will cost about \$4,500,000, of which the city is to pay \$4,000,000, and the general government the remainder. The great difficulty and expense of the works arise from the fact that the holding ground of the foundations can only be from 22 to 25 feet below the future floor of the dock.

COVERED WITH FILTH.

A Drunken Mother Who Neglected Her Children Arrested. A case of cruelty and neglect was brought to light on the Southside last evening. Officer Pentecost and Anti-Cruelty Agent McLaughlin visited the home of Mrs. Annie Layden, No. 148 Twenty-third street, and found the children in a most deplorable condition. The woman was helplessly intoxicated and her two little children were lying on a bed covered with filth. The woman was arrested and locked up in the Twenty-eighth ward police station and was charged with cruelty and neglect. On the way to the station the woman fought and caused a crowd of over a hundred to follow the wagon. The woman has been on a continued spree for several weeks.

She was arrested about four months ago on the same charge and her four children were sent to Tannehill Orphan Asylum, where two of them died, and the other two were given back to her. The condition of the house almost prostrated the patrolmen. Filth stood around in bucketsful and the house from top to bottom was covered with vermin.

The human skin is perforated by at least 1,000 holes in the space of each square inch. For the sake of argument any there is a hole in the skin of each square inch of each square inch of skin surface. No estimate could be made of the damage done, as all parts seemed to suffer alike, but the sum total would be a good sum.

FOUND A FULL FENCE.

A Curious Collection of Stolen Articles Recovered by the Police Out Penn Avenue—Harry Palmer's Peculiar Methods of Robbing—A Bad Record. Harry Palmer, colored, has been up in jail for two months past for assaulting Calvin Gray, with the assistance of a man named Gordon, who is now sojourning with him. He had just finished serving a term of five years in the penitentiary before this for burglary. His methods were quite peculiar, although he did not confine himself to any one line. One of his favorite plans was to throw a stone from the opposite side of the street at a show window, and if no officer appeared he would go and appropriate the contents. He has destroyed over \$1,000 worth of plate glass in this way. He executed an entrance into the front store of Gimbert & McKelvey, whose descriptions tallied exactly with Palmer and Gordon, who had meanwhile been placed in jail. The officers who were sent to take Palmer to the jail readily identified the two men.

Palmer recently signified his intention of employing a lawyer to sell his household goods, and contained in this room at 1217 West Ave. In the officers' search of the man and went to the address given, finding it a tenement house with a small sign on the outside reading "Harry Palmer, Electrical Engineer and Constructor." They executed an entrance into the front room which was occupied by Palmer and the examination proved to be a revelation to the officers. It contained about \$2,000 worth of stolen property, chiefly electrical instruments and supplies, but including a collection of empty wine bottles, bric-a-brac, typewriter, cut glass and clothing as well. Even the food he ate must have been stolen from the places where he had been working. He showed it to be homemade. He had an assistant who went by the name of Frank Diebold, but who is supposed to be the man Gordon.

The typewriter found was stolen from the Western Pennsylvania Phonograph Company July 1 with other articles amounting to \$150. The goods will all be removed to-morrow to Central station, where they will be returned to the owners upon identification. A police officer said last night: "The idea of a man carrying on a business and supplying himself with materials needed by 'his' is unique."

COVERED WITH FILTH.

A Drunken Mother Who Neglected Her Children Arrested. A case of cruelty and neglect was brought to light on the Southside last evening. Officer Pentecost and Anti-Cruelty Agent McLaughlin visited the home of Mrs. Annie Layden, No. 148 Twenty-third street, and found the children in a most deplorable condition. The woman was helplessly intoxicated and her two little children were lying on a bed covered with filth. The woman was arrested and locked up in the Twenty-eighth ward police station and was charged with cruelty and neglect. On the way to the station the woman fought and caused a crowd of over a hundred to follow the wagon. The woman has been on a continued spree for several weeks.

She was arrested about four months ago on the same charge and her four children were sent to Tannehill Orphan Asylum, where two of them died, and the other two were given back to her. The condition of the house almost prostrated the patrolmen. Filth stood around in bucketsful and the house from top to bottom was covered with vermin.

The human skin is perforated by at least 1,000 holes in the space of each square inch. For the sake of argument any there is a hole in the skin of each square inch of each square inch of skin surface. No estimate could be made of the damage done, as all parts seemed to suffer alike, but the sum total would be a good sum.

OLD SOB BREATHES DEATH.

A Day Only a Little Less Terrible Than Yesterday—Terrible Mortality in Chicago and Philadelphia—Government Clerks Excused Because of the Heat.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 27.—The slaughter by the sun was still in progress in Chicago today, fifty deaths and more than twice as many prostrations from the heat having occurred. The hospitals are filled with patients, many of whom cannot recover. The record yesterday, which surpassed anything in the number of deaths and prostrations that this city has ever known, was eclipsed by the awful work of the sun today.

The temperature was about four degrees lower than that of yesterday, according to the official report of the Government office, which was 88° at noon in the Auditorium tower, but down on the pavements, where was little breeze there was, came hot and stifling, the mercury was in many places 100° to 110° in the sun, and 92° to 94° in the shade.

The majority of the casualties were among laboring men and in the portions of the city occupied by the poorer classes. At Philadelphia the highest point reached by the thermometer today was 95°, 50 degrees below yesterday. The effect of the scorching heat was shown in the number of deaths from heat exhaustion. The number of cases of prostrations received at the hospitals was not as great as yesterday, about 25 cases being admitted, against 40 yesterday.

At Washington the clerks and employees of the State, War, Navy and Treasury Departments were excused at 2 o'clock on account of the heat. All that could be spared from the Interior Department were allowed to leave at 8 o'clock this morning.

At Anderson, Ind., Judge Hill in S. Robinson, member of the Appellate Court of Indiana, is dying from the effects of two sunstrokes received yesterday. He is now in the various hospitals of the city, prostrated by the intense heat. Of these several will probably die. The air blowing in from the prairie was as hot as though it came from a furnace. The mercury in the Government office stood at 94° at 7 o'clock this morning, and reached 93° at noon. At this point it remained for the greater part of the day, the air cooling slightly in the evening.

Thermometers on the street level were from 82° to 85° at 7 o'clock this morning. To add to the general discomfort, some parts of the North and West sides were, during the hottest hours, entirely without water, the city mains being unable to supply for a time the tremendous demand put upon them. The wind still blows from the southwest, and there is a strong probability that Chicago will stay and sweeter for another 36 hours.

GAMBLER AND LOST.

A Victim of Stock Fluctuations Kills His Broker.

NO CAUSE FOR THE MANIAC'S DEED.

Charles Henry Page, One of the Ablest Dealers, the Victim.

BOTH DIED IN ALMOST THE SAME BREATH

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.] PHILADELPHIA, July 27.—Charles Henry Page, one of the youngest and counted among the ablest brokers in the local stock markets, was shot dead in his office on Fourth street this morning by an irresponsible man who had lost his mind along with his money in stock gambling.

The murderer's name was Renaud Kennedy, 58 years of age, and he was known among brokers as an eccentric but harmless loser. He died almost to a breath with his victim, for he turned the smoking revolver to his own head and pulled the trigger the moment Page fell. The shots which killed the two men were fired at twenty minutes past 11 o'clock in the morning in the back room of the office of E. D. Page & Brother, at 132 South Fourth street.

Charles H. Page was the junior member of the firm, and in the absence of his two brothers was in charge of the brokerage business. He came up from Cape May, where his wife and baby daughter are living, early in the day, and reached the office shortly before 10 o'clock. Kennedy entered the front door at 11 o'clock or shortly afterwards, and the exact time cannot be remembered. He went into the back room, closing the door behind him, and was seen to move toward the stock quotation ticker in one corner, near which Page was standing. None of the conversation between the two men, if there was any, was overheard.

Shots Broke the Silence of the Office. The scratching of pens on paper in the front room was interrupted by two pistol shots, one a half minute after the other, and the startled clerks rushed to the back room as a body fell head foremost on the floor. The body of Page, with the breast bearing a lay near the door to the hall, so near that the head touched the threshold. Blood was running in a stream from a bullet hole in his side, just above his waist, and the carpet beneath him was already soaked. He was in his shirt sleeves, showing how his murderer had met him unawares, and a pipe which he had been smoking lay smoldering a foot away. He died in less than three minutes after the bullet struck him.

Kennedy shot himself in the head and fell close beside the ticker. The bullet entered the brain, causing almost instant death, and the revolver lay near his outstretched right arm.

News of the tragedy flew through all the offices and exchanges in the vicinity, where Page was very well known, in magic time. Desks and tickers and blackboards were deserted and the clerks, who had flocked to the office, neglecting everything, for the moment, in an effort to verify the startling rumors.

A Victim of the Stock Exchange. So great was the crowd which congregated in front that an ambulance called by Police Commissioner E. J. Connelley, and which difficulty was brought to the door. Many who knew the dead broker intimately were fairly dazed by the tragedy, and others who were willing to talk could assign no reason for Kennedy's terrible act.

Quite a number of men on Third and Fourth streets knew the man in a casual way. He was quite a frequent visitor to the Stock Exchange and used to go about among the largest and most important houses a good deal. He has lived in Philadelphia for six years, at the boarding house of Mrs. Rachel Austin, 110 North Eleventh street, but he had no friends and few acquaintances. It was due to this fact that some people clapped after the discovery of his body, until the fact of his connection with the Stock Exchange was known.

The man's glasses, nothing was found on the body. The man's connection with E. D. Page & Brother and more directly with Charles H. Page, dates back two years, when he was a customer of the firm. He came from New Orleans, he once said, and he appeared to have come here on a steady basis.

Investments That Ruined Him. The investments he made with Page & Brother were not profitable, and he lost, at first, several thousand dollars. Then, in February of 1920, he began to buy Aitchison securities on a pretty narrow margin, and in a couple of months made \$22,000. In as much time afterward he lost it all again.

He bought and sold also through Drexel & Co., Saller & Stevenson, Dick Brothers and Keen & Co. Within the past few months he had lost more than \$10,000, until it was believed among those who knew the man at all that he had "gone broke."

Page & Brother closed their account with him nearly a year ago, and the balance sheet did not please the committee. He accepted it and has been a frequent visitor to the office of the firm since.

Page's brother Robert was on his way from Homestead with the City Troop when the murder was committed. He took charge of affairs upon his arrival and telegraphed to the senior member of the firm, Edward D. Page, who was in New York, and cablegrammed to his aged father, Joseph F. Page, the well-known builder, who with a third brother is now in Switzerland. The residence of the dead broker at 2221 Locust street has been closed ever since the family moved to Cape May, but it will be opened again to-morrow when Mrs. Page and her infant daughter will arrive. Her mother, Mrs. Grosholtz, of Brynmawr, left for Cape May to-night to acquaint the afflicted wife with the sad news.

A LAUNCH AT MIDNIGHT.

Romantic Plunge of a Big Vessel Into the Waters of the Pacific. That California is still the home of the romantic and unexpected is emphasized in the recent launch at midnight of the big Pacific mail steamship Peru, at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco. The glare of the electric lights, the yellow flicker of the workmen's torches, the din of hammering, the crowds of spectators wandering about the yards and the