

KORB'S LIFE TAKEN TO ESCAPE DISGRACE. The Trusted Bookkeeper Robbed His Employers of Nearly \$80,000.

Tragedy of the Day Before Christmas Had a Hidden Reason After All.

Fearing Exposure, He Planned a Double Suicide, Then Calmly Notified His Friends.

INVESTED IN GILT-EDGE BONDS.

After a Patient Search Many of These Were Found in Wall Street, Where It Was Said They Had Been Taken at Mrs. Korb's Request.

When Arno Korb, head bookkeeper of the dry goods firm of Vloeor & Achells, and his wife, Marie, attempted suicide together at their home, in East Eighty-sixth street, on December 24, because, as they said, Korb's chronic headaches were driving him insane, some of the police officials who investigated the case wondered whether there wasn't something else "at the back of it."

Korb died as the result of his attempt, but his wife recovered, and it now appears that there was something behind the suicide of which the good friends of the Korbs never dreamed. It was robbery, the deception of kind and trusting employers, and fear of discovery. Less than two short weeks have laid it all bare, and last night the whole story was told by Acting Chief of Detectives O'Brien.

Mc and Mrs. Korb are well-to-do. They occupied the whole house, No. 533 East Eighty-sixth street, and entertained largely. Among other entertainments they always gave a large party on Christmas Eve, and the invitations to their party this last Christmas were eagerly awaited.

They were received as usual, but on the morning of the 24th several of the more intimate friends received letters which contained a sensation.

"When you receive this," wrote the Korbs, "we will both be dead." The letter added that Mr. Korb had been troubled

for weeks with terrible headaches, and, fearing that he would go insane, had determined to kill himself. Mrs. Korb had decided to die with him, and when the letters were received the deed would have been committed.

THE PROPHECY FILLED. Two of Mrs. Korb's friends, on reading their letters, rushed around to her home, taking a drugist with them. They found Korb dead on a couch in his bedroom, with a rubber tube attached to the gas jet in his mouth, and Mrs. Korb unconscious in bed, overcome by the escaping gas, and with a slight cut on her wrist, apparently made in an attempt to sever the artery.

It was a very superficial cut, however, and she recovered in Bellevue Hospital the next day, and was later arraigned in the Harlem Police Court on the charge of attempted suicide, but was discharged.

Few of the guests invited for the Christmas Eve party learned of the death of Korb until they arrived at the house in the evening. A policeman stood in front of the house until midnight, and as the guests drove up laughing and expecting a gay welcome he told them the story of the suicide. Several ladies fainted and all the guests were greatly shocked.

At that time the gifts which Korb and his wife prepared the night before lay heaped on a couch in a room adjoining the one in which Korb's body lay. All the presents were valuable, many were jewelry and each package bore the name of the friend for whom it was intended.

When the tragedy occurred Mr. Vior, the senior partner in Korb's firm, was asked whether it could be possible that anything was wrong with Korb's books. He laughed at the suggestion, and told what a faithful and trusted servant Arno Korb had been. He had entered the service of the firm at a small salary as assistant to their bookkeeper, who was also the treasurer of the Underhill Knitting Mills, at Nutley, N. J., a concern controlled by Vior & Achells, and on his death, two years ago, Korb had been chosen to succeed him.

The latter had proved so capable and trustworthy that, although he was still a young man, the entire management of the knitting mills had been given into his hands some time ago, and his salary was raised to \$4,000 a year. Now that he was dead, the firm, said Mr. Vior, would not know where to turn for a successor to his trust.

The complete confidence of the firm in Korb was shown by the fact that after his death no attempt was made to examine his books for a few days. It was when the accounts were examined in the ordinary course of business at the end of the year that the startling truth came out. It soon became apparent to the accountants that there were irregularities in them. At first they were supposed to be trifling, but gradually they were found to be of tremendous proportions. In all there was a deficit in the accounts of between \$70,000 and \$80,000.

Vior and Achells placed the matter in the hands of their lawyers, Blumenatell & Hirsch, of No. 320 Broadway. An investigation made by them showed that ever since his appointment Korb had been making purchases of railroad bonds, amounting in all to upward of \$70,000. No trace of the sale of any of these securities appeared in his accounts, neither were there any such securities among the firm's values.

Lawyers sought Mrs. Korb and asked her the whereabouts of the securities. She at first professed entire ignorance of anything concerning them. Korb, she said, had not made any such purchases so far as she was aware, she had not found them after his death, and although he had a safe at his home, when it was opened after his death nothing of value was found in it, and whatever books and papers it contained she surrendered to the firm.

The books discovered in the safe were again examined, but no clew was found in them to the whereabouts of the bonds. In the meantime, Vior & Achells gradually secured a complete list of the securities purchased by Korb. They were all of a gilt-edge character, including the West Shore, Baltimore & Ohio, Wabash, Chicago & St. Louis, Broadway & Seventh Avenue, Long Island Railroad, New York, Ontario & Western, Central Railroad of New Jersey, Canada Southern, Columbus, Hoeking Valley & Toledo, Lake Shore and other bonds, none of them of a speculative character.

Mrs. Korb was again questioned, and she now told another story. Before Korb committed suicide, she said, and while she was writing her farewell letter, Korb occupied himself in destroying a number of papers and documents. While he was doing so he said:

"Marie, I've committed thefts to a very large amount—so large, indeed, that I cannot tell you the amount. I cannot make restitution to the firm, and I fear that they will discover what I have done at the close of the year when they examine my books. I can't stand the shame, Marie, and that's why I want to die."

DID NOT BURN THE PAPERS. Korb had a package of paper in his hand and he said to her: "This package contains the cause of my shame. It has been my curse, and before I die I am going to destroy it."

According to Mrs. Korb's story, she begged her husband not to destroy the papers, telling him that if they were of value he ought to leave them behind so that the firm could obtain them, and he could make at least some restitution. She finally persuaded him not to destroy the package, and so far as she could remember it was placed in the safe. It was certainly not destroyed before Korb's death.

Afterward Mrs. Korb professed to be unable to trace it. After her discharge in the police court she went to board at No. 126 East Eighty-fifth street, never returning to her former residence. Mrs. Korb professed great anxiety to aid the firm in recovering their property after making her second statement. She gave the names of various friends who had visited the house after her removal from it, and she stated that the safe in which she believed the bonds were placed was opened in her absence by the

undertaker, Christian Herlich, in the presence of friends, whom she named on the Sunday after Korb died, but nothing of value was found in it.

Completely puzzled by the turn of events Vior & Achells's lawyers made inquiries in Wall street for the missing coupons. They discovered that a number had been placed on sale and then the police were called in. The whole matter was given into the hands of Acting Captain O'Brien on Friday last by Mr. Blumenatell, and he was asked to find the bonds.

FLYING GIRLS ON WHEELS. Twenty Contestants Open the Madison Square Bicycle Race.

Ten Away at Midnight and Ten at 2 A. M. for the Six Days' Run.

THE PRIZES AND PRIZE WINNERS.

All the Entries Are Record Breakers and Were Cheered to Their Work by an Audience Which Included a Number of Women.

The 'International Ladies' Six Days' Bicycle Contest for the Championship of the World,' under the management of William Madden, the one time discoverer of pugilistic champions, began at the Madison Square Garden last night. Several hundred persons rushed for the warm interior of the Garden when the doors were thrown open at 9 p. m.

The arena had been converted into a glistening ten-lap ellipse of white pine, whereon the contestants will circle for the next six days. William Baynes and the Sixty-ninth Regiment Band entertained for the intervening hours before the start, and when the start was finally made at 12:05 there was a goodly sprinkling of women present.

Twenty of the young women entered presented themselves for the long journey for glory and gold, and in accordance with the conditions of the race, by which each rider will remain on the track but two hours at a time, they were divided into two squads of ten each.

Squad No. 1, which took the track first, was composed of Frankie Nelson, of Brooklyn, the present champion; Mrs. J. C. Brown, of Syracuse, the amateur champion; Helen Baldwin, the ten-mile American champion of California; Kilty Staple, another Syracuse beauty, with several short distance records; May Allen, who will ride under the English flag; Ida Steinaer, a frailein from Bradford, Pa.; Aleda Calvert, of this city; Freda Ross, the female rider from over the Bridge; Della V. Walker, also a New Yorker, and Eleanor Vine, who has had seven years' experience as a sprinter.

Catherine Flanagan, the Irish wheelwoman, who has lowered the century record between Syracuse and Utica, was the picturesque star of the second relay, which succeeded the pioneers at 2 a. m. Her costume was of radiant, vari-shaded green, and she set the pace for her companions, who were Lizzie Adlington, a New Yorker without a record; Pearl Probst, New York, in blue and gray; Kfina Crobaugh, a long-distance novice; Grace Fisher, Rochester, a speedy scorer; Ayasha Warneta, a dark-eyed cyclist, who claims to have won the Denver twelve-mile race last September against nine starters; Ruth Dennis, from Somerville, N. J.; Violet Fisher, of New York; Clara L. Stevenson, a Buffalo miss with one-mile records, and Florence Brockway, another New Yorker.

Job E. Hedges, Mayor Strong's secretary; Commissioner C. H. T. Collis, Fred Gibbs, the "ex-wicked" ex-Senator, and Thomas S. Hamilton officiated as judges of the start, and Albert Shoch, the champion long-distance cyclist of the world, acted as referee.

The prizes which will be awarded the successful record-makers consist of a diamond badge and \$250 in gold to the winner; a diamond medal and \$100 in gold to the second; gold medal and \$75 in gold to the third; gold medal and \$50 in gold to the fourth; gold medal and \$25 in gold to the fifth; \$100 in gold as special prize to the competitor lowering the English record of 314 miles in twenty-four hours riding, and other rewards of value to the nearest rider, the best dressed rider and each contestant covering 200 miles or over will receive \$20 in gold.

The little Irish girl immediately set in to cut out the pace, closely followed by Helen Baldwin, the beauty of the bunch.

Only a few laps were necessary for Miss Baldwin to take the lead. She finished the first mile at the head of the procession in three minutes.

Mrs. J. C. Brown, the Syracuse champion, then sprang to the front with Edie Vine at her rear throughout the second mile, which was finished in that order. At the

end of the third mile Mrs. Brown still led, with Miss Baldwin close up. The little monarch girl, in close-fitting white jerseys, was then soon overtaken by the Irish Queen. The two, with frequent spurts and amid great enthusiasm, alternated the lead to the finish of the fifth mile.

THE SCORE AT 12:45 A. M.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Miles. Frankie Wilson... 11.1, Mrs. J. C. Brown... 11.1, Helen Baldwin... 11.1, Kate Vine... 11.1, Catherine Flanagan... 11.1, Kilty Staple... 11.1, May Allen... 11.1, Ida Steinaer... 11.1, Aleda Calvert... 11.1, Freda Ross... 11.1

some of the garments had been made in Paris. Since her imprisonment she has held aloof from the other prisoners, but has received no visitors nor letters.

MINER GETS "GENTLEMAN JOE." The question which has been agitating theatrical circles for a fortnight or more as to the future production of "Gentleman Joe; or, the Hanson Cabman," in two theatres in this city at the same time, appears to have been settled. The differences of opinion between the Amsons, of the Bijou, and Henry C. Miner, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, according to Lawyer Hummel, have been patched up, and the much disputed rights of production have been accorded to the Fifth Avenue manager, at whose theatre M. B. Curtis and company will present the play tonight. Mr. Curtis stated yesterday that Rudolph Aronson had broken his contract, and injunction or no injunction he would be given as advertised.

MADMAN TRIES MURDER. Louis Sullivan Goes Suddenly Insane and Attempts to Kill His Mother, but is Finally Overpowered.

Louis Sullivan, twenty-one years old, who lives with his widowed mother at No. 252 Central Park West, was taken violently insane at his home last night and attempted to kill Mrs. Sullivan.

Her screams aroused some of the neighbors, who immediately hastened to her assistance. The young man was overpowering and bound with ropes awaiting the arrival of an ambulance from Bellevue Hospital.

He submitted passively when he found himself helplessly bound on the floor and four big policemen standing guard over him. When the ambulance, in charge of Dr. Robeson, arrived, the insane man was with difficulty carried downstairs and put in a strait jacket.

On the trip to the hospital Sullivan yelled at the top of his voice, attracting the attention of pedestrians, and finally worked himself free from his bonds. He then ran to the street and would have fallen to the street had he not caught hold of the tassel of the insane man's coat.

The ambulance was immediately brought to a halt, and with the assistance of persons from the street, Dr. Robeson succeeded in restraining Sullivan. The man was placed in the insane ward of the hospital, and Dr. Robeson expressed his opinion that the unfortunate man would be insane for life. Mrs. Sullivan said that when Louis was six years old he was attacked with epileptic fits, which steadily grew more violent.

A SHOPLIFTER MYSTERY. She Has Money, Jewelry, Fine Clothes and is in Prison Without Friends.

Gertrude Nelson, a shoplifter, was sent to Blackwell's Island several days ago for petty larceny, having stolen a few articles from a Sixth avenue store before the holidays. When she was received at the penitentiary she was asked if she had any valuables.

"A few," she replied to the clerk. The woman then counted out \$876.01, turned over a bankbook on the Dry Dock Bank for \$1,200, gave up several diamond rings and a pair of solitaire earrings valued at \$1,200.

She refused to give any reason for having stolen the few trinkets, and appeared to be familiar with penal institutions. She had refused to make any statement to the police or engage counsel to defend her when placed on trial. She was dressed in the finest of clothes when arrested, and

northwest wind chilled pedestrians to the marrow.

The streets of New York were practically deserted all day. Fifth avenue, uptown Broadway, Riverside Drive and other favorite promenades were deserted and cheerless. The parks were empty, save for those who had to be there and those who used them as short cuts in getting from place to place on errands of necessity.

At Madison square, Union square, City Hall and the Battery, where the capricious wind found ample space for its gambols, there were no toilers to be found.

The first time was January 10, 1876, when the East River froze solid from shore to shore, and the other was December 31, 1880. The lowest temperature to-day—7 degrees—was equaled once on a corresponding date—January 5, 1878.

A great deal of suffering was caused by the bitter cold during the past thirty-six hours, particularly in the tenement districts and outlying hamlets. The most serious case reported was that of old John Gallagher, a homeless man, sixty-five years old, who was a well-known character about Corlies' Hook for many years. Gallagher's body was found frozen stiff early yesterday morning in an old unused boiler in the man's yard of Ward B. Smith, No. 28 Corlies' slip. He had evidently been frozen to death. Patrolman McGillion, of the Delancey Street Station, found him. The body was taken to the station house and removed to the Morgue later in the day.

Gallagher had for years lived in the only boiler in Smith's yard. The police of the Delancey Street Station knew him well and arrested him for vagrancy on several occasions. He was sentenced regularly, but returned to his boiler as soon as he regained his freedom. The police got tired of arresting him, and as he in no way disturbed the peace they allowed him to go unharmed in recent years.

The ice on the Central Park lakes will be thick enough to bear the weight of skaters in a few days if the cold weather holds. At the Arsenal it was stated yesterday that the skatehouse would be repaired at once and would be ready in ample time. There was good skating yesterday on the many ponds in the suburbs, particularly in New Jersey and Long Island.

When the porters on the downtown sides of the Sixth and Ninth avenue elevated road stations attempted to fight the gas from the uptown side, the result was nearly every station water in the gas pipes had been frozen, but it was not frozen on the uptown side. The reason assigned for this was that the downtown stations had received the full force of the cold from the river. As the clock struck last night many of the stations were in darkness, the agents selling tickets by candle and lamplight.

RESCUE OF GEORGE MARTIN. Broke Through the Ice at Van Cortlandt and Was Pulled Out Senseless.

Park Patrolman John Nooney and William Koentzer, a Park employe, rescued George A. Martin from death by drowning at Van Cortlandt Park yesterday. Martin broke through the thin ice into ten feet of water about 200 feet from shore, and his rescuers had to reach him by using boards.

The ice on Van Cortlandt Lake was not thick enough for skating yesterday. Owing to the high wind it froze very irregularly. Some places it was about two inches thick and at others less than half an inch. The police did not see any policeman on the lake, but they failed to provide sufficient protection.

Martin, who is thirty years old, and a bookkeeper for the New York City Police Department, reached the lake about noon. He had on a sweater, a thick double-breasted coat, a fur cap and a thick pair of gloves. When he reached the southern end of the lake he looked for a sign reading "Keep off the ice," but saw none. Neither did he see any policeman. Across the lake he caught sight of a crowd of golf players, but he saw no skaters. He examined the ice at the edge, concluded it was safe and put on his skates.

Martin is a good skater, and he shot out lightly over the glassy surface. The ice cracked and gave under him, but he continued forward until he had gone about 200 feet from shore. Then he broke through and shot downward into the icy water, completely disoriented. He shouted for help as he was going down, and threw out his arms and caught on the edge of the ice. He tried to get up, but the ice was so thin that he could not get up. He was in a helpless position for some time, but he was not able to call for help. He was in a helpless position for some time, but he was not able to call for help.

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COLDEST IN THIS WINTER. One Man Frozen to Death, and Many More Suffered in the Tenements.

Streets Deserted and Only Those Craft Were on the Bay Which Could Not Avoid Exposure.

ICE MAKING ON PARK PONDS.

One Enthusiast Tried Skating in Van Cortlandt Park, and Escaped Drowning Only Because Brave Men Were Near to Rescue Him.

Winter blow his iciest breath over Manhattan Island yesterday, and the thermometer registered the lowest temperature reached this season.

At 8 a. m. the temperature was 7 degrees above zero. That was 6 degrees colder than it had been in New York at any time this winter. The lowest previous temperature was 13 degrees above on December 13. The temperature rose 8 degrees at 10 a. m. yesterday, and at noon it was 12 degrees. The strong sunlight forced it up to 15 degrees at 3 p. m., which was the highest point reached during the day. It fell rapidly after that, and the sharp

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"I am all right now, but I had a very narrow shave. When I went down I thought it was all up with me. The water chilled me through and through. The skin on my head seemed to contract and I thought my head would burst. It was the coldest bath I ever had, and I never want another like it."

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