

Table comparing newspaper costs: THE JOURNAL, 4 1/2 Columns Yesterday; Herald, 4 Columns Yesterday; World, 3 1/2 Columns Yesterday; Times, 3 Columns Yesterday; Tribune, 2 1/2 Columns Yesterday; Sun, 2 Columns Yesterday.

Table comparing newspaper costs: THE JOURNAL, 90 Columns; The World, 80 Columns; The Tribune, 68 1/2 Columns; The Herald, 65 Columns; The Times, 60 Columns; The Sun, 55 Columns.

ARTIST MURDERED IN HIS STUDIO.

Assassination of Aged Max Eglau, Teacher in a School for Deaf Mutes.

Three of His Boy Pupils Suspected of the Crime and in Hands of the Police.

The Body Was Frightfully Mutilated and Blood Spattered in All Parts of the Room.

WAS IT THE WORK OF ROBBERS?

One of the Questions the Police Are Striving to Answer—Interrogating Witnesses in the Deaf and Dumb Language.

Professor Max Eglau, a veteran teacher of drawing, widely known in this city, was murdered yesterday in his studio in the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes. The police have arrested three mutes, students at the school, and there is a chain of circumstantial evidence against them which the detectives say is strong. In spite of the arrests the affair



Max Theodore Eglau.

The aged artist was found dead yesterday in his studio on the fourth floor of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes, in West Sixty-seventh street. There were several wounds on the head, which had evidently been inflicted with a shovel which was found in the room. Three pupils in the institute have been arrested on suspicion of having committed the murder. One theory is that a burglar killed him, as the artist was known to have had \$100 in cash in his pockets, and only 60 cents was found. The picture is drawn from an oil portrait of the artist which hangs over the mantel piece in the Professor's late home, No. 56 1/2 St. Mark's place.

is attended by the deepest mystery.

The Institution for Deaf Mutes is in Lexington avenue, between Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth streets. It is an imposing four-story brick and stone building, with ornamental gables and many windows. Most of the students pay for their instruction, but there are also charity pupils.

At the time the professor was killed there were probably 200 students—many of them coming from the best families in the city and State—in the building. There were many professors and teachers also in the institution at the hour when the murder must have been committed. It was the dinner hour, however, and the upper rooms and hallways were presumably almost deserted.

THE STUDIO OF DEATH.

Professor Eglau's studio is in an "L" on the fourth story, in rooms facing on the Twenty-eighth street side. He had the use of two class rooms, one, a painting room, opening from the main hallway on the floor, and the other, a modeling room, opening out of the painting room and not connecting directly with the hall. Besides the door opening from the hall into the class room for the pupils in painting, the only other mode of ingress and egress to or from the studio was a fire escape, built to a window of the painting room.

Professor Eglau was to have given a drawing lesson to some little boys and girls in a classroom four stories below, on the first floor, at 2:35 o'clock in the afternoon. Superintendent Green, the head of the institution's faculty, noticed the absence of the Professor at 2:30 o'clock, and went to the studio to see what was the matter.

Opening the door into the painting room, the Superintendent noticed the easels and other articles of furniture scattered about the place in great confusion. Mr. Green walked to the door opening into the modeling room, and in the middle of that apartment, flat upon the floor, face upward, was the body of the dead artist.

A BUTCHER'S WORK.

The head was in a pool of blood. The crimson fluid was spattered in every direction, on the floor and even on the plaster walls. In places there were great splashes on the floor, as if the body of the aged professor had been dragged over spots of blood. On one side of the body was the mark of a bloody hand on the floor and on the other side another. It was as if Eglau had twice tried to rise after being struck down.

Everywhere about the rooms were marks of a desperate struggle. A heavy ladder, weighing a hundred pounds at least—had been tipped over. It must have made a crash when it fell almost loud enough to be heard in the basement of the pretentious school building. In an instant the thought flashed over Green's mind that Eglau had surely been the victim of foul

play. There were three fearful cuts, one on the back of the professor's head and two sharp and deep gashes on the left side of his neck.

RUDE WEAPONS.

The superintendent rushed at once to give the alarm. One of the professors hurried for a doctor, who reached the studio in ten minutes. The physician found that rigor was just setting in, indicating that the professor had been dead not more than forty-five minutes.

The police were notified as quickly as possible and came at once. Nobody was afterward admitted to the institution but the coroner. The superintendent feared that publicity thrown upon such an awful crime happening in such a strange and dark manner would greatly injure the school.

The detectives found marks of blood upon two articles in the room that might have been used as weapons. One of these articles had been the side of a modelling table. It was made strong and heavy to keep the plastic clay from falling on the floor, and was shaped not unlike a chair leg. One end was round and the other square, the piece of wood having been used, apparently, as a pestle to mix clay in the large mortar in the modelling room.

TWO ASSAILANTS?

The other implement was a shovel, used in the room for mixing material for the casts the pupils had been making. One corner of the blade of this shovel was bent nearly double. Both the shovel and the stick of wood were bloody as could be seen.

The theory the police formed at once was that Professor Eglau had been attacked by two persons, one using the shovel and the other the spade. One of the bloody articles was found on one side of the modelling room, and the other on the opposite side.

Professor Eglau was seventy-one years of age, but well preserved. He was short,

but stout, and broad-shouldered. He walked briskly, climbed stairs like a boy and gave every one the impression, up to the very day of his death, that he was well able to care for himself. The boys who have been arrested are much smaller and weaker than he appeared to be.

A SAVAGE BLOW.

Upon Coroner Fitzpatrick's arrival most careful search was made in the rooms for further evidence that might lead to the detection of the murderers. It was found that while the body was near the middle of the room the most of the blood spots were toward the corner of the apartment nearest the door from the painting room. Upon the wainscoting, close to this door, was a sharp cut in the wood. This cut was fresh, and the instrument used had been partly imbedded in the blow, and when pulled out had entirely lifted a large splinter. The conclusion was reached from this that a savage blow with some weapon, possibly the shovel, missed the object aimed at and was effectual only in marring the wainscoting.

In the studio proper, or painting room, a heavy sabre was found hanging on the wall. It was thought the cuts on the neck of the professor might have been made with this sword, even in its scabbard, but there was no blood upon it.

BLOOD NEAR THE EASEL.

In the studio, too, close to the easel, were drops of blood on the floor. The theory based on this was that the old man was struck from behind while seated at his work. A painting, half finished, was still upon the easel, just where the old artist's brush had left it. Coroner Fitzpatrick does not agree with the conclusions of the police as to the blood near the easel. He concluded that the blood dropped from the hands of one of the persons who had been fighting with the venerable drawing master. The coroner adheres to the belief that all the blows were struck while Eglau was standing, and trying his best to defend himself.

In the opinion of the detectives, most important of all was the finding of the round end of a sleeve button near the easel. The other part of this button was found in the pocket of Peter Wolfe, one of the mutes arrested. This may mean a great deal or nothing at all, for the boy was frequently in that room and might have dropped the bit of button at some other time.

THE FIRE ESCAPE.

There was a careful examination of the fire escapes, which later developments showed might have been used either by the escaping murderers or by the intending murderers when they entered the room. The window at this fire escape was found partly opened, though the day was cold. Inquiries among the house servants proved that it would be easy for even a stranger to walk in during the forenoon

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ANOTHER OF ASTOR'S EDITORS ASSAILS HIM.

The Shot This Time Is Fired by Mr. Cust's Angry Assistant.

He Defiantly Claims That He Never Failed to Follow Instructions.

"My Reward a Dismissal with Scantier Courtesy Than Would Be Shown a Lackey," He Adds.

INTERESTING CHAPTER OF THE WAR.

E. Iwan Muller, the Only Practical Newspaper Man Except One on the Pall Mall Gazette, Handles Its Owner Without Gloves.

By Julian Ralph.

London, Feb. 10.—I am enabled to send you for exclusive publication in America the last and most interesting chapter of the story of the revolution in Mr. Astor's Pall Mall Gazette office. It is a letter sent to Astor by E. Iwan Muller, late assistant editor with Cust.

He was the only practical journalist except one on the Pall Mall Gazette, and has one of the best reputations as a man of judgment and experience and considerable literary and scholarly ability. He was incontinently discharged like Cust, except that no reasons were given in his case.

MULLER'S SCATHING LETTER.

In his letter mailed to-day Muller says: "Since the last Board meeting, held before your departure for Spain, I have received no communication, verbal or written, direct or indirect, from you till on the morning of the 2d inst. I received the insolent verbal demand of your man of business requesting me to hand in my resignation.

"If by the reasons I have already given you mean your conversation with Mr. Cust on Saturday and your letter to him on Monday, I have to remark that in that conversation my name was only mentioned in connection with your intention to dismiss me and that in the letter not one of the so-called reasons applied to me.

A CHALLENGE TO ASTOR.

"I cannot recall a single instance, and I challenge you to produce one, when you gave me an instruction or expressed a desire with which I failed to comply.

"I remember three in all. The first was when you desired me, to use your own elegant words, 'to mop the floor with Mr. Carnegie,' as I quite agreed that it was a desirable operation, I undertook it and discharged the pleasing duty to the best of my ability, and, as I understood, to your satisfaction.

"The second was when you expressed the desire that an article should be written in favor of the restoration of the empire in Brazil. I admit I thought it rather foolish, but as I saw it could not injure the reputation of the Pall Mall Gazette I undertook it.

VEILED ON THE RIDICULOUS.

"The third was your insistence that the death duties should be attacked. That again was a course of action which seemed consonant with the general policy of the Pall Mall Gazette, and in season, and sometimes I fear out of season, I hampered away until the Radical papers, such as the Chronicle and Truth, treated us as the organ of the anti-death duty agitation. More than that it was impossible for me to do without making the paper ridiculous.

THE PARTING SHOT.

"These are all incidents which occurred during Mr. Cust's absence while I was acting editor. Never have I heard from you a word of complaint of my actions, except that twice or thrice a misspelled name occurred in the personal column, known in the office as 'little-tit.'

Mr. Muller concludes his letter with the sentence: "My reward has been a curt dismissal, with scantier courtesy than an English gentleman would show his lackey."

MR. ASTOR IS TRUE BLUE.

Eminent Compatriots Declare That He is an American at Heart, and Always Has Been.—Cust's Editorials.

That William Waldorf Astor has shown his fidelity to American institutions by his action in discharging Henry Cust from the editorship of the Pall-Mall Gazette is the opinion of those who know him in this country. To many persons Mr. Astor seemed to have grown away from his native land. This impression was a false one. His friends say is shown by a portion of the letter of dismissal which he wrote to Mr. Cust. The part they cite is as follows:

"One of our first differences related to snecrs and disparaging comments upon America which you allowed to be printed, and which I told you were in bad taste and extremely offensive to me. In December, 1893, and again in March, 1894, I spoke to you very plainly of my dissatisfaction at your habitual disregard of my instructions, but with little avail.

We are suddenly confronted by a dangerous controversy between England and the United States, in which I am deeply interested. I

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SHOWED A NEEDLE IN HER STOMACH.

Another Score for the Great Invention of Professor Roentgen.

Successful Operation Performed on a Poor Seamstress, Whose Life Was Despaired Of.

First Beneficiary of the Central Roentgen Photograph Association of Berlin.

EXCRUCIATING TORTURES RELIEVED.

The Patient Spent Days of Unendurable Agony, Until It Was Made Possible by the Aid of the New Science to Remove the Cause of Suffering.

By Henry W. Fischer.

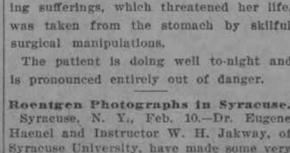
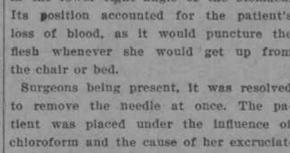
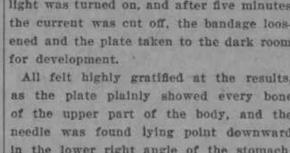
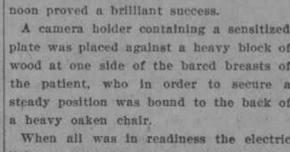
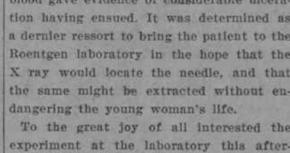
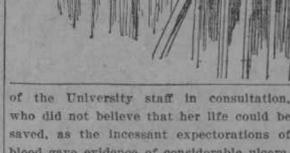
Berlin, Feb. 10.—The Central Roentgen Photograph Association, which, as I cabled you last week, was in course of organization for the purpose of promoting experiments with the cathode ray, has already established a large laboratory in Berlin.

To-day the first Berliner to benefit by the wonderful discovery of Dr. Roentgen was a poor young seamstress, who had swallowed a needle last week.

Every day of her existence since seemed an age of agony. Her physician despaired of her case, as the poor woman could not retain the lightest food on her stomach. Since Saturday morning she grew steadily worse. Frequent spells of vomiting increased her unendurable tortures.

It was also noticed that the patient expectorated blood early mornings, which caused the doctor to surmise that the needle was imbedded somewhere in the lining of the stomach, causing a flow of blood at every sudden movement.

The physician called an eminent surgeon



of the University staff in consultation, who did not believe that her life could be saved, as the incessant expectorations of blood gave evidence of considerable ulceration having ensued. It was determined as a dernier ressort to bring the patient to the Roentgen laboratory in the hope that the X ray would locate the needle, and that the same might be extracted without endangering the young woman's life.

To the great joy of all interested the experiment at the laboratory this afternoon proved a brilliant success.

A camera holder containing a sensitized plate was placed against a heavy block of wood at one side of the bared breasts of the patient, who in order to secure a steady position was bound to the back of a heavy oaken chair.

THE PEARL BRYAN MYSTERY UNSOLVED.

A Fruitless Search Being Made for the Dead Girl's Missing Head.

Scott Jackson and Walling Each Trying to Fix the Crime on the Other.

The Former Shows Signs of Weakening, and Is Seeking a Way to Prove His Innocence.

NAT GOODWIN PAYS THEM A VISIT.

Police Are Now Beginning to Believe the Head Was Thrown into the Ohio River, Which One of the Prisoners Admits.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 10.—The entire police force of this city are working to-day in an earnest endeavor to connect the missing links in the chain of circumstantial evidence that is being formed around the prisoners—Scott Jackson and Alonzo Walling—the two dental college students who are held on the charge of murdering Pearl Bryan, of Greencastle, Ind.

The day has not been fraught with dramatic incident, but many new developments have been brought out. The search for the head continues unabated, but so far not even a clue has been obtained as to its whereabouts. The police are beginning to fear that it was really thrown in the Ohio River, as Alonzo Walling has claimed all along, though many persons still hold to the theory that the men could produce the head, but have so mutilated it they are afraid of increasing public indignation by bringing it forth.

Early this morning two detectives took the black coat covered with blood stains found in the sewer near the City Hall a few days ago to the County Jail and there tried it on the two prisoners. It had dried in the meantime, but care was taken to remove the blood stains. When Jackson saw the coat he at once declared it was his, and when he tried it on it was found to fit him perfectly. Jackson claims he put the coat in a closet on January 6, and had not had his hands on it since. He charges that Walling had it on when he murdered the girl, and afterward threw it in the sewer, but when he was arrested he was wearing it.

Walling it was found to be far too small. The ends of the sleeves came only half way between his elbows and wrists.

STARTLED THE OFFICERS.

This fact rather startled the officers. It recalled the piece of shirt sleeve found near the body of Miss Bryan, and which they had almost forgotten. It was considered likely that Walling may have had the coat on and that in the death struggle the murdered girl had seized the protruding shirt sleeve and torn it away, and the officers will renew the search for the sleeve. The police induced Jackson to sign a statement that the coat is his. This was done to identify the letter written to young Will Wood at South Bend as being in Jackson's hand. Wood was arrested for complicity in the crime. After his arrest a letter addressed to him was intercepted, which is believed to be from Jackson, and which contains some damaging evidence against that man. The hat found Sunday has been sent to Greencastle, to be identified there. It had one rose missing when picked up, and Sheriff Plummer, of Newport, has had a lot of men searching for this lost flower about the scene of the crime.

While the prisoners were in the City Prison Turnkey Underwood found his way into Walling's good graces and won from him the best statement so far secured. Among other things Walling told him that he would find the head buried within a hundred feet of where the body lay at Fort Thomas and that on the other side of the fence which enclosed the prison, Turnkey Underwood, with several assistants, spent the entire afternoon digging up every foot of ground in the vicinity of the spot indicated by Walling, but no head was found. Underwood went to the jail to-night with a diagram of the place drawn while he was there, and asked Walling to indicate more clearly the identical spot where the head was buried. Whatever information was obtained was not given out, but Underwood will renew the search at daylight to-morrow.

ALL CLEWS OBLITERATED.

Unfortunately all the evidence that might be obtained from tracks or other clues about the spot where the body was found has been destroyed by the thousands of curious on-lookers who thronged the place since the day of the discovery. The tracks, so prominent then, have all been obliterated, and the only clue left is the place since the day of the discovery. The tracks, so prominent then, have all been obliterated, and the only clue left is the place since the day of the discovery.

The authorities are now beginning to appreciate the great oversight that permitted this. The police are also trying to locate the rings that Miss Bryan wore, one a diamond, and her umbrella, which she had the day she arrived here.

Jackson, who is considered the leading principal in the murder of Miss Bryan, shows some signs of weakening. He is becoming possessed of the fear that Walling will swear his life away. In talking to-day Jackson said he was innocent and wished there was some way to prove it.

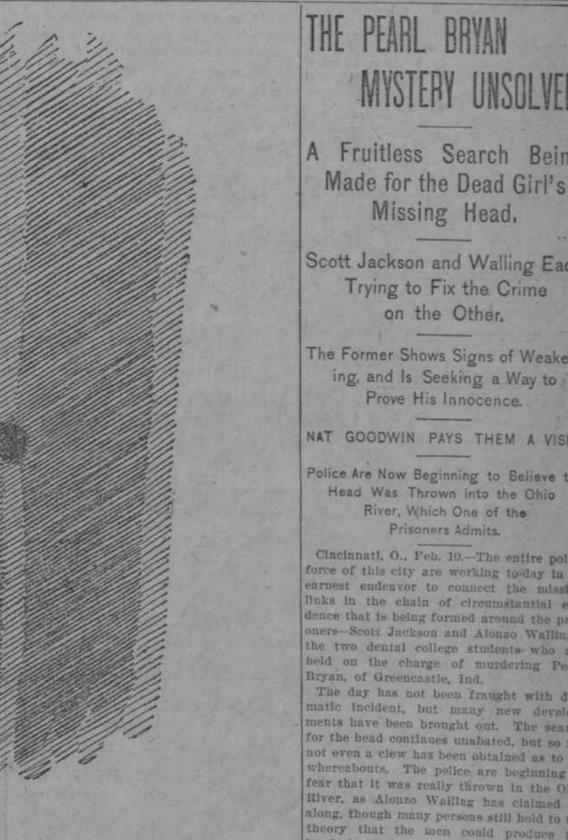
SCOTT JACKSON TALKS.

"Now, look here," said he, "suppose I am not able to prove my innocence. I'm here a defenceless man, while Walling is right at home. He's a good lawyer and his friends are working for him to get out, and they have money. I have none, and don't live in this State. Suppose he gets up a good story like the one he told me on a cab Friday night to Fort Thomas, got out of the cab with her, walked with her or dragged her down the lane, and then came back without her, what would happen to me? Suppose he should have witnesses to testify to all this apparently reputable witness?"

"But how could he get them?" he was asked.

"By paying for them, and then they'd hang me," said Jackson. "Do you think," he continued, "that the circumstantial evidence is as strong against me as against Walling? He's the guilty man. He knows where her head is. I believe he threw it into the river, for when I asked him where it was he answered: 'I threw it overboard.' I asked him what he proposed to do with the clothes, and he answered: 'The river is the best place for them.' It seems to me that putting those two

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First Practical Test of the X Ray. Photograph taken by Professor Cox, of Montreal, showing where the bullet was lodged, which has been extracted from the leg of Talsen Cumming, who was shot in a scrimmage on Christmas Day.

experiments will be conducted this afternoon.

The physics department of Syracuse University is well equipped for a thorough investigation of the properties of the wonderful light.

Producing the Vacuum.

The method of producing the vacuum in the tube is an interesting process in itself, but rather monotonous when watched steadily. To the top of the Crookes tube is attached a small curved pipe about a yard long, which connects with another tube that discharges into a continuous stream of mercury, which, falling and passing off through an iron pipe, is

EDISON NEARLY READY.

An Admiring Throng Watches His Preparations for Brain Photography.

An eager crowd, composed chiefly of newspaper reporters and artists, surrounded Thomas A. Edison in his laboratory yesterday and gazed with wonder and admiration at his every movement as he continued his preparations for experiments in photographing the brain. It was a matter of general knowledge that he was not ready to make the great test of photographing through the skull of a living subject, but every one present seemed to have faith in his ultimate success, and they felt that the most complete and unqualified success should reward such untiring energy and indomitable perseverance.

The short respite from unceasing toil Saturday night and Sunday was given as a concession to his assistants, who, though as deeply interested in the results as he, are only human; but as to himself, he never wears. He would be content to sit before his vast and complicated array of apparatus, watching the increase in the exquisite tube of his own construction as the degree of vacuum increases, day and night, until he obtains the desired result, and, meantime, depend for sustenance upon the occasional sandwiches which he chews in an absent-minded way, and as if by sheer force of habit.

The delay in making the attempt at photographing the brain was caused by the fact that though the tubes he uses are a trifle better than the usual form of Crookes tubes, he has not yet succeeded in ascertaining the exact amount of vacuum necessary to secure the best results. All day to-day he was experimenting upon one tube which is part of the battery of five he will use to-day, or whenever he shall succeed in ascertaining the proper degree of vacuum.

Edison Photographing with the X Ray.

Surrounded by an interested throng the inventor continued yesterday his preparations for his great experiment of photographing the human brain.

pumped up again into the tank to again descend through the lower part of the attached tube. As the vacuum increases the rays of electric light in the tube gradually disappear, leaving only the ultra violet rays which are described by Professor Roentgen as "longitudinal vibrations of ether." Mr. Edison was successful yesterday with a high vacuum tube in photographing a half-inch steel plate, and said that he had demonstrated that some rays of light had penetrated the metal. In this experiment these mysterious, pale rays penetrated a strip of celluloid, a bit of cardboard, the half-inch strips of steel, and the vulcanized plate holder, leaving the plate uniformly black. He said that if the rays had not penetrated the steel plate would naturally have been black, and only in the place where the steel was not interposed. This result was secured two or three times, with uniform precision.

Concerning the published statement that the cathode rays had restored a dead mouse to life, Mr. Edison remarked that it might have been a good plan to pierce the subject's heart with a needle before trying the experiment, in order to be sure that it was dead at the outset.

One of the most interesting features of the present experiments, Mr. Edison said, was that it seemed to him that the cathode rays would, if properly directed, kill almost any bacteria or disease germs, and as soon

Plate Glass Broken by the Late Storm.

The Lloyd's Plate Glass Insurance Company, of 62 William st., the largest company of its kind in the world, report that during the severe storm of Thursday last they sustained forty-five losses in New York City and Brooklyn, and every loss was adjusted within 48 hours after the company was notified.

Burnett's Extract of Vanilla

has taken gold medals against all other brands.

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