

BARONESS BODENBACH'S ADDRESS TO MILLIONS, ONE LITTLE TRUNK HOLDS HER EFFECTS.

PICKED THE POCKET OF HENRY CABOT LODGE. TWO BULLETS PIERCED THE CLERGYMAN'S BIBLE; A THIRD HIS PAJAMAS.



TENDERLOIN'S DEAD BARONESS, HER OLD AND LAST HOME, AND HER TRUE FRIEND.

At the last, when it was too late, this beautiful but erring girl, who ran away from her paternal home and a \$4,000,000 estate, repented, and would have wedded the man who loved her and tried to rescue her from the slums.

Wanda von Sporn Bodenbach's Story Was Doubted by Her Tenderloin Associates, who Knew Her as Lillie Barnett—Her Only True Friend.

BARONESS WANDA VON SPORN BODENBACH, heiress to a vast estate in Austria, lies dead in Benedict's undertaking rooms, at Carmine and Bedford streets. In the Tenderloin, where she had lived since last winter, she was known as Lillie Barnett. The Baron P. de Lange, of Austria, who met and recognized her by chance two weeks ago on Broadway, has sworn to avenge her ruin and disgrace.

"I will follow that man all around the world and when I meet him I will kill him," he has sworn. He stood by the dead girl's bedside in her furnished room at No. 234 West Thirty-eighth street Saturday and took this oath. A girl who stood by, one of the Baroness Wanda's Tenderloin associates, turned her head and smiled at the Baron's dramatic gesture and at his fervor. He saw the smile.

"Don't laugh," he pleaded. "This is a solemn moment."

Yesterday and last night the well-dressed women of the pavement and the all-night resorts were all talking about "Lillie," as they called her, and her tragic death. For the Baron de Lange had known the beautiful eighteen-year-old girl when he was a guest at her father's house in Austria years ago, and when he returned from hunting excursions with her brother he used to act the little daughter of his host on his knees and tell her fairy stories. And his chance meeting with her in the Tenderloin had kindled a flame in his breast which no reasonings and the life she had been forced to leave could not quench.

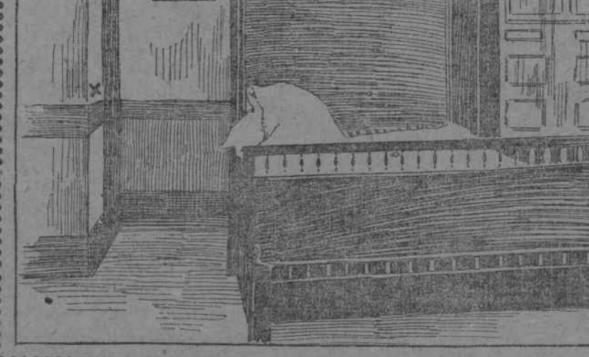
Baron would have wed her. He was going to marry the beautiful girl, crying though she had been, and restore her to the place she was born to occupy. He had told her so, and she had thanked him with tears in her eyes, and promised to be worthy the love and respect of a gentleman. And then she died.

They were talking of this along Broadway last night, and in the brilliantly lighted places where women gather and meet to meet them and drink with them. They said they were sorry that they had not been so kind to "Lillie" as they should have been. They had heard her tell in bursts of confidence that she was of noble birth and they knew that she was reckless and careless of money, but they had not believed her. Women with a past tell so many stories of that kind that a true one falls on incredulous ears. But they believe it all now, and in their way they are sorry for poor "Lillie," stricken down just as the dawn of a new life which promised real happiness was opening for her.

little trunk at the West Thirty-seventh street police station now. The Baron de Lange, who is an Austrian and has visited this city several times on business during the last few years, is about thirty-five years old, tall, straight and military looking. He wears eyeglasses. At the St. Nicholas Club, No. 7 West Forty-fourth street, where the Baron has been stopping as the guest of E. A. Quillard, it was said last night that his visiting card had expired and that he had gone to the Metropolitan Club with Mr. Curtin.

At the Metropolitan Club, where the Baron spent last evening, it was said that his card for a week had run out and that he had said he was going to the Hotel Majestic. He was not at the Majestic at midnight, and Mr. Quillard, who was seen, declined to give his address.

Earlier in the day the Baron told a Journal reporter that the stories in the morning papers, while strictly true, had caused him much annoyance. He was disposed to criticize the police for making his visit to the West Thirty-seventh street station public.



Interior of Dr. Potter's Bedroom.

From a photograph taken by the doctor to show the bed on which he lay, the window through which the alleged assassin's bullets came, and the place where one lodged in the opposite wall.

Light-Fingered Man Relieved the Senator of His Purse.

IN THE GRAND CENTRAL.

Was Hurrying to Catch a Train, but Had Bought His Tickets.

WAS HELD UP BY A FRIEND, BUT POLICE ARE SCEPTICAL.

Stranded Boston Man Wanted a Small Loan, but Had to Get Along Without it.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, was relieved of his pocketbook, containing valuable papers and money, in the waiting room of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, in the Grand Central Station, yesterday afternoon. Fortunately, he had bought his tickets to Boston and went on home, after reporting his loss to Policeman Thomas Penny, the officer in charge at the station.

One of the Senator's constituents, to whom he was about to lend \$10, had to get along without the loan.

Senator Lodge spent the greater part of last week with Theodore Roosevelt at Patchogue, going over the political situation. He came to New York yesterday, prepared to take the 3 o'clock train home.

He drew from his inside pocket a wallet and stepped up to the ticket office. Then he paid for a seat in the Pullman car and started through the gate to the train shed.

He carried in both hands in front of him a good-sized traveling bag. The latter was lolling about the station, evidently waiting for the sight of a friendly, generous face from home. The man rushed up to the gatekeeper after Senator Lodge had passed through.

"That man ahead is a friend of mine; may I go in and speak to him? It's very important."

"The train's about ready to go, but if you come right back I'll allow you to pass in and see the accommodating official."

The man rushed down the walk alongside the Boston train and into the Pullman car. The porter saw him rush up to Mr. Lodge, who was then the only passenger in the coach. The attendant near the stranger introduced himself, but did not catch the name.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Lodge, loud enough to be heard at the other end of the car to be heard at the other end of the car.

"An old friend of my father's! Very glad to meet you! Stranded here and want to get back to Boston, don't you? Well, don't blame you. I guess I can fix it for you."

"The Senator went through his pockets in a nervous sort of way.

"Why, I've been robbed!" he ejaculated, and jumped out of his seat with alacrity. "Here, porter, I've been robbed! I had my pocketbook at the ticket office not ten minutes ago!"

"Better report it inside, sir," said the porter, and the Senator, who had only five minutes before his train left, ran back to the waiting room, followed by his impetuous friend, who was more anxious even than he that the pocketbook should be found.

The Senator rushed up to both ticket agents, but neither had seen the pocketbook. The man who admitted him through the gate had not seen the purse nor had he seen any suspicious characters about the place.

"It must have been taken as I came through the gate," said the Senator. Back he ran to the waiting room, and he had just three minutes in which to tell Policeman Penny all about it.

"A pickpocket stole my wallet right here in front of your nose," he said with considerable heat. "There was not much money in it, but the papers were valuable. Take my name, please—Henry C. Lodge. If you get any trace of the purse, please send it to my summer home at Nahant, Mass."

Turning to the old friend of his father, he said: "You see what kind of a fix I am in. I'm very sorry I can't take you along to Boston." Then he made a wild rush for his car.

Two Bullets Pierced the Clergyman's Bible; a Third His Pajamas.

WAS READING IN BED.

Dark Hints from the Doctor of a Conspiracy to Put Him Out of the Way.

BUT POLICE ARE SCEPTICAL.

Their Investigation of His Report Causes Them to Wonder at the Remarkable Marksmanship.

"THIS attempt to murder me was the second—and intended to be the final edition of my story, with which the public is familiar," said the Rev. Dr. Daniel C. Potter, formerly pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle, yesterday. Dr. Potter, it may be remembered, reports that he is frequently attacked by assassins. Dr. Potter says that this assassin, at 2:30 o'clock in the morning had attempted to shoot him as he lay in his bed reading the Bible, which received two of the three bullets instead of his heart.

Since last March the Rev. Dr. Potter and his three sons, Paul, Stuart and Dean, have lived at No. 125 Ninth street, Long Island City. The house is the end one of a row of brick dwellings, and is entered not from the street but from the side, which faces a large lot in which stands an unoccupied house. Between Dr. Potter's and the adjoining lot runs a high fence. A person standing on the fence can look into Dr. Potter's bedroom, the rear room on the first floor.

Says Attack Was Premeditated.

"It has been my habit for thirty years," began Dr. Potter, "to read at night. I should say right here that a close tab has been kept upon my movements for the past five or six years. Now my two younger sons are away from home, visiting my sister in Paterson, N. J."

"My eldest son, Paul, went out Saturday afternoon, taking a small bag. He must have been seen, and it must have been the conjecture of those who are interested in watching my movements that I would be alone all night. After events proved that it

was his intention that my body should not be discovered in twenty-four hours, he sent him to the window, which, as you see, is between the window and near it and this bullet mark on the opposite wall. I will say that I call an 'easy' night. There was some merrymaking in the houses two blocks away, and I could hear shouts and merriment, and 'Good nights' until long after 1. Paul came in about 12 o'clock, had some supper and went to bed upstairs. I continued to read.

Bible Stopped One Bullet.

"The bed was covered with newspapers and books. I had read until I was sleepy at last. I usually read in my Bible just before going to sleep. Last night, curiously enough, I took out an old Bible, a treasure of my student days. I lay with the Bible held open before me, its lower edges resting upon the bed. It was covered with a copy of the Journal.

"All at once I heard a sound or sounds as if a gun were being fired in my ear. I felt the Bible move toward me. I realized an instant that I had been shot at. I rolled out of bed on the side furthest from the window. As I did so a bullet cut the sleeve of my pajamas and buried itself in the wall here.

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How Rev. Dr. Potter Says He Was Shot At.

According to the police, who have found a clumsy, queer, home-made weapon, it was a wonderful feat of marksmanship.

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