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**TO JOHN H. THIRY, WHO IS - - 77
AND HIS WIFE, WHO IS - - 22
HAS COME A LITTLE - - 1**



PHOTOGRAPH BY PARKINSON.

JOHN H. THIRY AND HIS YOUNG WIFE.

No picture of the baby has yet been taken.

**The Patriarch of Dutch Kills and His Young Wife
Have Now Another Reason for Believing Old
Age Does Not Come with Years.**

*Of all their acquaintances bidden (or bad),
With their loud high jinks—
And underbred winks—
None thought they'd a family have—but they had.*

From "The Precocious Child," in "Bab Ballads," by W. S. Gilbert.

To John H. Thiry, whom all the children of the public schools that save their pennies admire, came, in the night of St. Patrick's anniversary, a son. That is why Dutch Kills has an air of being in a festival. That is why the cars that pass in front of No. 181 Academy street, in that district of Long Island City, make their bells tinkle joyously.

Their bells tinkle, and Thiry comes out of doors waving his hand in amiable salutations. He is seventy-seven years of age, straight as an arrow, slim, elegant, alert. He smiles, and his teeth, white as those of a young wolf, catch the light. He takes off his hat, and his hair has iron gray tints that are fascinating. Every one knows him, every one has known him for years and years.

His wife is twenty-two, but no one would have thought that there was a difference of fifty-five years in the ages of the couple who marched up the aisle of the French church in West Twenty-third street to be married on Washington's birthday last year. Miss Margaret O'Connor was youthful. Mr. Thiry was only serious. That is not his habit. Usually he is simply, impulsively youthful. He explained why yesterday.

"It is true that my neighbors were children when I was old. But I have seen them become white haired, bald and infirm like a possum. Oh, when I came here, in 1876, I was an old man. I stooped. My shoulders were round. I knew only old books, coins and engravings then."

Old When He Was Young.

"I am a Belgian. I was a clerk in the Ministry of Public Works at Brussels. I had no other recreation than to collect masterpieces of Durer, Aldegrever and the other ancient wood engravers. I knew no other exercise than to go from shop to shop in search of rarities in books, prints and coins."

"I fell ill and the State Minister said, 'Thiry, you need a change of air. Here is money enough for all the expenses that you may incur in three months of travel. I was young, but weak and feeble, and old. You would not have given a dot for my prospects of living a decade. That was in 1856. I was thirty-four years of age.'

"I landed in New York, and, the next day, I attended an auction sale of books, engravings and coins. I bought almost everything at prices that would have opened your eyes in amazement nowadays. Nobody cared about Durer, Aldegrever and the rest. Their works were a-begging. I bought, bought, bought. I sold them to wealthy foreigners at a great profit. I went to the Hotel Drouot, in Paris, in 1874, with a library of early printed books that was a fortune."

"At the Hotel Drouot, you know, is the great auction mart of the aristocracy in the world. The expert Pillet was announced at my discoveries. Two years later I could retire from business. I liked this place. I had come here on hunting and fishing excursions with my sons. I bought lands and built this house."

"I was very old. I said to myself that it was wrong to be old at fifty-four. I would return to nature. I knew nothing of it. I filled the soil. I planted the fifty-eight varieties of grapes that you may see here. I worked like a slave on a plantation for the mere joy of working. I did not need money. I did not want to make any. I wanted to work, work, work with my arms and hands and every muscle in me."

Young When He is Old.

"You see the result. I am younger than I was in 1856, and I am seventy-seven years of age. My home is the home of a gayety. I have the rest of the sage and the joy of the innocent."

John H. Thiry was Commissioner of Schools for Long Island City in 1888. He had written several pamphlets on subjects of finance and on questions of economy. He had taken a vivid interest in the public school system. It seemed to him to be lacking in a quality of the public schools of Belgium, France and Germany. The children were not taught here as they were taught there, to be thrifty. He went from school to school preaching the new doctrine. He wrote long treatises that were published in the educational magazines. He devised circulars of appeal, bank books, statistical charts. He spent his money extravagantly. He expected no return other than the success of his work. He was rewarded at the World's Fair in Chicago with a gold medal and a certificate of excellence in individual effort for public education.

In 1895 he could show that there were 1,204 banks in the United States receiving deposits from 290 schools for 25,072 pupils amounting to \$120,837.82. He could show that he had gained nothing by this result except the pleasure of attaining an end that he deemed wise, and of spending to attain it a great part of his income.

A Home of Comfort and Happiness.

He is a member of twenty learned societies. He is in correspondence with educational men and methods everywhere. That is his hobby. But the child who came into the world in the night of St. Patrick's anniversary, has displaced that hobby for a wife. Mr. Thiry thinks now of his glory as a father. By his first wife he has two sons, who are forty-two and forty-three years of age. They have sons who are twenty-two and thirty-one years of age.

Mr. Thiry's second wife fell in love with him before she met him. She was a teacher in the public schools in Long Island City, and profoundly interested in the statistics, which it was her duty to send to him of the public savings. He was charming by her diligence in furnishing them. When they met, they loved each other for themselves. When they were married, no one thought of the union of old age and youth.

Mr. and Mrs. Thiry are happy. In their vineyard on Sunday, when the air is warm, the laughter of the children is mingled with melodies of song birds. One voice rises clear and gay above them. It is John H. Thiry's singing a round daisy or show. The figures in a Flemish cotton on the lawn.

JOHN SHERMAN IS NOT DEAD

Report Cabled from Cuba Early Yesterday, That He Had Died, Was Untrue.

IS BETTER--COMING HOME.

To Be Taken on the Cruiser Chicago and Brought to America with All Speed.

RUMOR KEPT FROM HIS WIFE.

Secretary Hay Issued a Proclamation Eulogizing the Statesman and Regretting His Taking Off.

Santiago de Cuba, March 21. 7 P. M.—There is no truth in the statements published in the United States, and cabled back here, representing that ex-Secretary of State John Sherman is dead.

The American line steamship Paris, Captain Frederick Watkins, arrived here this evening before dark, and it was immediately reported that Mr. Sherman was not only alive, but better, resting easily, and expected to recover.

Mr. Sherman will be transferred, if all goes favorably, to the United States cruiser Chicago. The cruiser is now coaling at Kingston, Jamaica.

Washington, March 21.—Seldom has official Washington been more deeply stirred by conflicting emotions than it was to-day by the announcement, first of the death of ex-Secretary John Sherman, and then by the contradiction of the report, which came a few hours later, giving a relief as marked as was the sorrow produced by the report of his death.

The first report, which came from New York, was received at 3 p. m., and was circulated in the departments just before they closed for the day. The announcement seemed to follow naturally the other cablegrams of the day stating that the venerable statesman's condition had grown worse since yesterday, and there was universal expression of regret, and in many cases of personal distress over the news. Cabinet Ministers, Senators and members of the House expressed deep sorrow, speaking not only in terms of admiration and respect for the ex-Secretary's public career, but dwelling with loving kindness upon his personal character.

The report was accepted as true, and at ten minutes to five Secretary Hay, acting under instructions from the President, issued a proclamation eulogizing Mr. Sherman and ordering diplomatic and consular officials all over the world to fly the American flag at half mast for ten days. At five o'clock the Secretary's announcement was being flashed beneath the ocean to all countries and climes.

News of Death Contradicted.

The contradiction of the first report did not arrive until 8:30 o'clock. It came to the Associated Press in the shape of a positive statement from Santiago, made in the knowledge that the report of the Senator's death had been circulated. This dispatch was immediately given as wide circulation in the city as it was possible for it to receive at that hour.

Secretary Hay was placed in possession of a copy of the dispatch, as were also the members of Mr. Sherman's family.

"A most marvelous condition of affairs," remarked the Secretary, who then expressed great relief that the first news was not confirmed.

The report of the reported death of Mr. Sherman took many persons, friends and others to his house on K. street. Among others who were congregated there were the two former private secretaries of Senator Sherman, Mr. Babcock and Mr. Vailo, as well as Miss Kate Willaek, a niece and Mrs. Colonel Charles Hoyt, whose husband was a cousin of Senator Sherman.

They and others present read the dispatch stating that the Senator was still alive, and tremulously.

The reading of the glad messages had scarcely been concluded by those present when Mrs. Sherman, the adopted daughter of Senator Sherman, burst into the room, accompanied by the daughter of General Miles. They had received the news through telephone message from the Associated Press while at General Miles's house, and had hurried over to impart it to the rest of the family.

"It has been a trying day," said Mrs. McCallum, "but all is well again."

All Washington Rejoiced.

Indeed, there were heartfelt rejoicings and thanksgivings on the part of all those who had assembled at the house when they realized it was true that the invalid was better and might yet be restored to them.

Mrs. Sherman was the one person of the Senator's household who neither suffered from the first attack nor recovered from the second. She was not informed of either. Mrs. Sherman has been quite ill from a paralytic attack for several months and had never been informed even of the Senator's serious illness for fear of its effect upon her. It was felt when the news of his death came to-day that it would have to be broken to her, but all hesitated to make the announcement. It was ultimately decided to postpone the sad duty until to-morrow. She was thus saved the shock.

SHOT FOR WOUNDING A DIVORCED WIFE.

C. C. Shayne's Brother John Dying from a Husband's Vengeance.

ATTACKED AT LUNCHEON.

One of His Guests at the Auditorium Annex Was the Woman in the Case.

MET HER AT HIS WIFE'S FUNERAL.

Their Friendship Caused Trouble; Her Husband Became Dissipated; She Got a Divorce and Was to Have Wedded Shayne.

Chicago, March 21.—In the dining room of the Auditorium Annex, while seated at luncheon with three women, John T. Shayne, one of Chicago's most prominent merchants, and a brother of C. C. Shayne, of New York, fell, this afternoon, before the bullets of a jealous man, and lies to-night at the point of death.

The shooting was not more dramatic than the events leading up to it, for the man who fired the shots is the divorced husband of one of the women who formed the party—the woman whom Mr. Shayne intended to marry.

Harry H. Hammond is the man who will be charged with murder if, as now seems probable, the death of Mr. Shayne results. Hammond is a man of means. He has a fashionable tailoring establishment in Wabash avenue, near Monroe street. He has been separated from his wife for four months.

It was just before 2 o'clock and the great dining room of the Auditorium Annex contained half a dozen luncheon parties. At a table near a window sat the party of which John T. Shayne was the host. His guests were Mrs. Harry H. Hammond, Mrs. James A. Davis and Miss Howard. They had been chatting and laughing five or ten minutes while their orders were being prepared and had just begun eating when Hammond appeared at the door.

He was dressed fashionably and walked in as quietly as if he were about to order lunch. A waiter stepped forward to show him to a table. Hammond ignored him and started toward the Shayne table. Shayne was sitting with his back to the door and the women were too busy listening to a story he was telling to notice the newcomer. Hammond advanced to within six feet of them. Then he jerked a revolver from his hip pocket and fired at Shayne.

Two More Shots at Him.

The report, followed by the screams of the women, brought guests and attendants running from the office of the hotel. Hammond did not move. As his victim fell forward on the table with a bullet in the swirl of his back and lurched heavily toward the floor the revolver was fired twice more, and both bullets struck Shayne.

Mrs. Hammond had sprung up at the first shot, glanced once at her former husband and fled screaming to the Palm Garden. The other two women sat stupefied.

Frank H. Roy, of Cincinnati, seized the arm which held the revolver. Hammond made no struggle, nor did he attempt to escape. Paul Gores, clerk of the hotel, was beside him before the echo of the third shot had died away, and to him Hammond turned.

"Paul," he said, "don't you know me? I've just shot Shayne."

A house detective took Hammond in a cab to the Harrison street station.

Dr. Elliott, house physician of the Auditorium Annex, attended the wounded man. The two bullets fired while Shayne lay on the floor had lodged in his thigh, and were easily extracted, but the first had passed into the region of the kidneys. A messenger was sent for Dr. Nicholas Senn, whose opinion was desired as to whether or not it would be advisable to probe for this bullet.

Shayne Makes His Will.

Mr. Shayne was still conscious, and, realizing the gravity of his situation, sent for his lawyer, William A. Vincent, and his partner, A. Goodrich. Beside his bed was drawn up the will which bequeathed his belongings to his seventeen-year-old son, Ray Merriweather Shayne, a student at Cornell.

The former Mrs. Hammond went away at once to No. 159 Sacramento avenue, her parents' home, and Mrs. Davis and Miss Howard went to the home of the former, No. 402 Lake avenue.

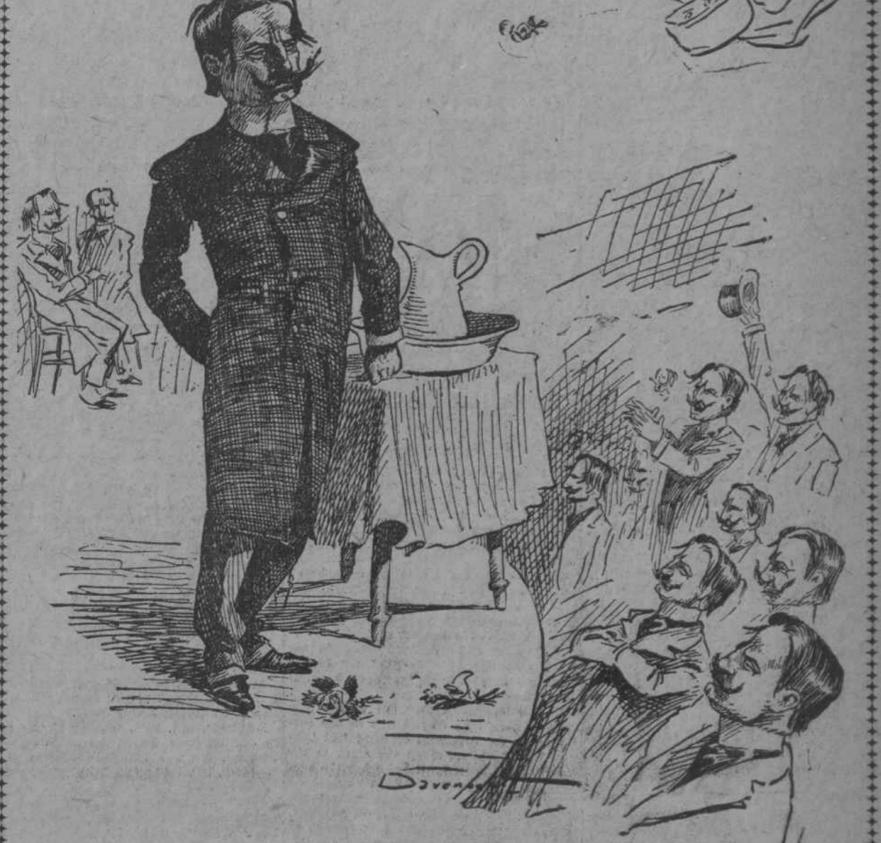
It was beside the coffin of his first wife that John T. Shayne met Mrs. Hammond. She is a singer of some note, and at the funeral of Mrs. Shayne her voice attracted the attention of the widow. Their friendship aroused the jealousy of Hammond, and, it is the frequent quarrels between the man and his wife resulted, Hammond's unhappiness led him to drink, so Mrs. Hammond declared when she applied for a divorce last fall. In November she obtained her decree by default on the ground of habitual drunkenness.

Hammond says he could have filed a cross bill showing that Shayne had come between him and his wife, but that his regard for her good name and their child, Howard, induced him to allow the decree to be entered by default, on her solemn promise that she would never speak to Shayne again. This promise, the prisoner declares, she violated and she is now brooding over this and her reported engagement to Shayne, he says, drove him to wreak vengeance.

The child was given to the mother by decree of the court when the divorce was granted. Six weeks ago Shayne went to Hot Springs and returned but last Monday. Mrs. Hammond and the little boy returned with him. This preyed upon Hammond's disordered mind and the happening of to-day was the result.

BRYAN SENDS A POSTSCRIPT ON BELMONT

"MY CONSTITUENTS."



P. Belmont—'I am a Democrat—I think—I guess—I feel pretty sure. [Loud applause. Bouquets.]

"Differences Which Are Great Enough to Separate People at the Polls Are Great Enough to Separate Them at Political Banquets."—W. J. Bryan in a Letter to the Journal Yesterday.

"It Seems to Me That Populists Are Trying to Capture the Title of the Democratic Party. It Is the End."—Statement by Perry Belmont at the Democratic Club Last Night.

A PRIZE of \$20 (silver certificate or gold note, as the winner prefers) for the best answer to the popular conundrum of the day: Which Dinner would T. Jefferson attend? Why?

STEVENSON, ALA., March 21.—William Jennings Bryan was to-day shown a telegraph copy of the Perry Belmont letter, written in reply to his of March 20 and published in to-day's New York Journal. He read it with much interest and at once wrote the following statement:

To the Editor of the New York Journal:

I have just read Mr. Belmont's letter. It contains nothing which requires immediate answer. He says he has sent me a volume containing his speeches, and I shall take pleasure in reading his public utterances and in pointing out wherein he differs from Jefferson.

I do not deny him the right to think as he pleases, nor do I deny that he may be right and the Democratic party wrong, but I insist that the majority of the party have a right to define Democracy and to retain the party name.

If Mr. Belmont believes that the Indianapolis convention adopted a Democratic platform he ought to find his political associates among those who supported that platform, or among the Republicans in whose interest the Indianapolis convention was held. Differences which are great enough to separate people at the polls are great enough to separate them at political banquets.

BELMONT ADDS TO HIS LETTER.

The claim is made by Mr. Perry Belmont that his letter to Mr. Bryan, as published in yesterday's paper, is incomplete and he asks that the following paragraphs be added:

In March 1896, I protested against the issue of bonds merely to maintain the endless chain, against legislation destroying the existing parity between gold dollars and silver dollars and against any legal tender law discharging with a fifty-cent dollar a valid promise to pay a one hundred-cent gold dollar.

Subsequently, in a public letter, April 6, 1896, to one of my neighbors on Long Island, I condemned the "Sherman-McKinley-Allison" currency plan, advocating payment and extermination of the greenback debt, that the existing unit value should be full legal tender, and condemned all "McKinleyism" wherever it showed its head, whether in coinage, currency, taxation or the tariff. Later, I protested before the Democratic Club against the creation of any more "inferior dollars," in order to repudiate any part of the public debt.

Although not taking part in the New York Democratic State Convention of June 24, 1896, whose platform I thoroughly approved, I attended the Chicago Convention as a delegate, uniting with the New York delegation in a protest against the platform and its candidates, as set forth in my telegram of July 10, printed in the New York World as follows: "The delegation will make a protest both against the platform and the candidates nominated of such an emphatic character as to leave no doubt of the position which the delegation occupies. So far as I am concerned, neither the platform nor the candidates nominated will be supported." After the adoption of the platform, against which the New York delegation voted, it announced through its chairman upon every subsequent vote taken that it refused to participate in the further proceedings of the convention, thus leaving each delegate his complete freedom of action.

I attended the Indianapolis Convention and supported Palmer and Buckner. I have no warrant in asking your opinions of what the Democracy should do in the national convention more than a year from now, yet you will, perhaps, in view of your preemptory demands for my opinion, permit me to assume that you deem the money question as presented in the Chicago platform of 1896 as now paramount to all others; that you insist on the infallibility of the coinage ratio of 16 to 1 as a test of Democracy, and that all Democratic votes must line up in 1900 on a Federal statute making every contract illegal which stipulates for the payment in gold. A law to prevent wage-earners and

OYSTERS AND CLAMS

\$194 TO JOIN THE TRUSTS.

Report That a \$5,000,000 Syndicate is Forming to Control the Trade of the World.

New Haven, Conn., March 21.—It is announced here to-day that in Jersey City, under the laws of the State of New Jersey, an organization will be formed which will control the oyster trade of the world. The project involves a change of ownership of all the oyster grounds on both sides of Long Island Sound, the New York and New Jersey bays where oysters are grown, the oyster farms of Narragansett Bay, and Rhode Island and the oyster grounds of Massachusetts. The new combination, it is said, will have a capital of over \$5,000,000. Andrew Radel, of Bridgewater, president of the Bridgeport Traction Company, is the organizer of the company, and, it is said, will be made president.

"Met Paris yesterday off Kingston bound for Santiago. Coal here. Take Sherman on board Friday."