

PAUL L. FORD SLAIN BY HIS BROTHER

Shot by Malcolm as He Sat at His Desk in His Library.

MURDERER KILLS HIMSELF

"I Must Die Like a Brave Man," Paul's Last Words—Tragedy the Culmina- tion of a Long Family Feud.

Malcolm W. Ford, the athlete and magazine writer, yesterday morning murdered his brother, Paul Leicester Ford, the invalid and novelist. Malcolm W. Ford was insane, according to the testimony of those who knew him best. Members of his family say he had been partially demented some time, but that there appeared to be no reason for confining him in an asylum. To add to the horror of the tragedy, Mrs. Paul L. Ford is soon to become a mother, and is in a state of collapse, for she heard the shooting, and the truth had to be told to her. Malcolm W. Ford's son, a little fellow named after his father, went to bed last night under protest, for he told the housekeeper of the father's flat that "Daddy" had promised to be home early and to bring him a present.

Malcolm W. Ford left his home, 207 West Fifty-sixth Street, at a little before half-past 9. He had eaten breakfast with his son in the high chair sitting opposite to him. Ford was divorced from his wife, but the courts had given him custody of the child. The little fellow at the breakfast table told of boys he knew who had mothers, and asked where his mother was. His father told him that he might see her very soon. Malcolm W. Ford, Jr., was persistent, and wanted to know how soon. His father begged him not to ask again, and said that when he returned home he would bring him a toy. He kissed the boy good-by, and then started for the elevator. He turned back, kissed the boy again, and told him never to think ill of his father. Getting into the elevator, he remarked to the man who runs it that it was an unusually fine morning, and that the better the day the better the deed.

So far as is known, Ford did not take a car, but walked to his brother's home, 37 East Seventy-seventh Street. Although the brothers had quarreled, Paul had given orders that Malcolm must always be admitted. Malcolm spoke pleasantly to the servant who opened the door and observed that it was a lovely day. She replied that it was and he repeated to her the remark he had made to the elevator man, "The better the day the better the deed." He smiled in a happy way, and the servant, knowing, like all the other members of the household, of the family feud, took it that he had come to make peace with his brother.

TRAGEDY IN THE LIBRARY.

Malcolm went up to his brother's library without being announced. He bounded up the steps, taking two at a time, and walked into the room. Paul was at his desk writing a book which he had been at work on for some time.

The room was filled with sunshine, which streamed on the big head of his little deformed brother boyed over his labor. Miss Elizabeth R. Hall, the novelist's stenographer, greeted the visitor with a pleasant "Good morning." Malcolm gazed at the pictures on the wall, and one in particular, while he waited for his brother to look up from his work. The picture that seemed to interest him most was an etching where a handsomely gowned woman has stepped from her carriage and is leaning forward to pick up a little street Arab from the gutter, where presumably he had been thrown while running in front of the horses.

"Just a minute, Malcolm," said the cripple, presumably believing that the errand of his brother was to inquire about his wife, whose delicate condition he knew. Then he looked up as Malcolm stepped behind him, his broad shoulders casting a shadow on the manuscript. The cripple's eyes were troubled. He had formed a resolve, it appears, not to lend his brother any more money until he had his pledge that he would try to do better than he had been doing.

Malcolm stepped around in front of the desk. His face was dark and menacing. He leaned over the desk glowering at the cripple, and speaking in tones so low that the stenographer sitting not 20 feet away could not hear what he said, nor the reply of the brother. Then before she could move or speak, she saw Malcolm step back from the desk, draw a revolver from his pocket, take quick aim, and fire.

Miss Hall ran from the room, but turned back, blaming herself, she says, for her cowardice. As she neared the door she heard Malcolm call to her. She threw aside the portieres. The brothers were standing on opposite sides of the desk. Paul was looking at Malcolm, the whole expression of the little cripple's face being one of deep compassion. Malcolm stood with the pistol in his hand and his head bowed. The woman ran to her employer's aid, and as she did so the big brother turned quickly facing her. She stopped where she was. Malcolm placed his left hand over his heart, feeling for the heart beat. Then he thrust the barrel of the revolver between his parted fingers, fired, and fell dead.

Paul staggered and would have fallen if Miss Hall had not caught him. She helped him to a sofa near the desk, and as she laid him on it he said:

"I must die like a brave man."

Two of the servants who had heard the shooting rushed into the room with white faces. Miss Hall cried to them to hurry for a doctor. Dr. Emanuel Baruch lives next door. Without waiting time to excuse himself to waiting patients, he rushed bare-headed into the Ford home. He stepped over the body of Malcolm and found Paul still alive. He carried him to his room, where on examination he saw that he was mortally wounded. The bullet had hit him just at the right corner of the left breast

pocket of his vest. It had grazed the heart and torn through the left lung. There was no possible hope. As the doctor leaned over him the dying man said:

"How am I now, doctor?"
"Doing nicely."
"The truth, doctor."
"You are badly hurt."
"It's all right; I know the truth, and I am going to die like a brave man."

SMILED AT DEATH'S APPROACH.

The novelist, with all his high ideals of the manliness he had portrayed in his novels, seeing death, smiled. There was no tremor in the little misshapen body. He seemed pleased at his own courage, this cripple, who had been debarred by his infirmity from engaging, perhaps, in deeds of "derring do" of which he loved to write, but could meet death with a smile, and he died like a man.

The doctor went down to the other body. He saw that the athlete's death had been instantaneous. He had shot himself straight through the heart. The marksmanship he had boasted of even more than of his athletic prowess had served him at the end, and saved him from the electric chair or life imprisonment at Matteawan. There were but two shots fired, for the remaining cartridges in the weapon were intact.

Miss Hall, the eye-witness to the murder and suicide, says:

"I was in the library with Mr. Ford. I had been his private secretary. Mr. Paul was sitting in a large revolving chair. This was before his table in the northeast corner of the room, which is in the rear of the second story of the house, a four-story and English basement house, in which Mr. Ford took great pride, and which was built according to his designs. I was sitting in the opposite corner of the room at my desk, busy with my work. Malcolm entered, and I said 'Good morning' to him. He waited a second for his brother to look up from his work, and then, as he leaned over, I could not hear what the brothers said.

"Malcolm backed away from the table and I drew a pistol. Then there was the shot and I rushed from the room. I was ashamed of myself when I was out in the hall, and remember saying to myself, 'You are not doing right. You are not acting like a brave woman.' Then I turned back, and as I was hurrying I heard Malcolm call twice:

"Miss Hall! Miss Hall!"

"As I entered he was facing his brother, and Mr. Paul was holding to the desk for support. He had not fallen, and seemed dazed, though he looked at his brother in astonishment, and seeming shame. Malcolm Ford turned deliberately, thrust the pistol between the fingers of his left hand, which was over his heart, and fired. He fell, and I rushed to his brother's assistance. Mr. Paul was then staggering and about to fall. I helped him to a sofa, and he said to me:

"Miss Hall, I must die like a brave man."

"The servants came, and I sent them for the doctor. He came and did all he could. We took him to his room, and he died shortly afterward in the way he wanted to, like a brave man. It is all so dreadful that I do not want to talk about it."

THE PHYSICIAN'S STATEMENT.

Dr. Samuel Baruch of 57 East Seventy-seventh Street said of the tragedy:

"It occurred shortly before noon. The two brothers had been together for about ten minutes in the library before the shooting took place. I was informed immediately, and within a very few minutes after Mr. Ford was shot I reached his side. I found the author lying on a couch in the library. Malcolm Ford was dead on the floor. Paul Ford had a bullet in his left breast just above the heart. It had penetrated some of the larger arteries, and I could see there was no chance for him. He was still alive, however, and I began to do all in my power for him.

"Mr. Ford was conscious. He even had a faint smile on his face and he spoke, though weakly. 'How am I, doctor?' he asked as soon as he saw me, and he smiled. My necessarily superficial examination showed me how serious the wound was, but I did not tell him. I simply went to work to do what I could to inspire him and give him confidence, which counts for so much. Yet he realized how dangerously injured he was. I worked over him for about fifteen minutes. He was conscious for a greater part of the time. He said he would die like a man, and then he sank to his death.

"In death he was as he always was, sweet and beautiful. It will be of great comfort to his friends to know how he died and that he met his death calmly and heroically. He went off without pain. He sank as if into a sleep, peacefully and painlessly.

"I think it was a case of mental aberration on the part of Malcolm Ford. I do not think a man not criminally inclined would shoot his brother, unless he was temporarily insane, and unless he knew he was going to commit suicide himself. Malcolm Ford intended to commit suicide himself. Moreover, he did do so before his brother died."

Dr. Baruch said Mrs. Ford is bearing up better than could have been expected. He declared that as soon as he reached the Ford house and saw what had happened he sent to his own house for Dr. Julius Rosenberg, who lives there, and they consulted with a view to doing something for Ford, but he was past human aid.

Dr. Baruch said further that after the death of the author, and after he had done what he could for his wife, he tried to notify the Coroner, but that the girl at the central office kept telling him that the wire was busy. He at last managed to notify Coroner Scholer at about 1:30 o'clock. Coroner Scholer hurried to the house, where he took charge of the bodies. Coroner's Physician Weston late in the afternoon viewed the bodies and issued a permit for their burial. He said that the bullet which had killed the novelist severed arteries close to the heart, and that Malcolm Ford had shot himself straight through the heart.

Word of the tragedy was sent early to Edward H. Kidder, Mrs. Ford's father, at his office. Mr. Kidder is connected with the Barrett Manufacturing Company of 70 Broadway. He hurried to the home of his son-in-law, where he took charge of the house. He was the first to tell the daughter of the tragedy. She had been badly frightened by the shooting, but the real truth had been kept from her.

SYMPTOMS OF INSANITY.

At first the family tried to keep all news from the newspapers, and then seeing the hopelessness of the endeavor, issued a statement in which it was stated that Malcolm Ford had shown symptoms of insanity for some time. He had constantly troubled his brother, begging for money which he squandered, and recently Paul Ford had announced that he would not help his brother further unless he would give some evidence that he intended to help himself.

Police Captain Brown of the East Sixty-seventh Street Police Station says that Malcolm Ford's family had for some time known that he was mentally unbalanced, but they had thought him harmless. "He threw away such money as he made," said he, "and constantly begged from his brother. It is presumed that his importuning had been such and his demands so excessive that his brother had been forced to refuse further aid."

To add to the misery of the mourning family, in the early evening newsboys carrying great bundles of newspapers ran up and down the street crying out the news of the tragedy, and selling their papers to a great crowd which gathered before the residence. Mr. Kidder appeared to the police over the telephone for protection, and Capt. Brown sent several policemen to clear the block of the idly curious crowd and the newsboys with their shrill cries of "extra." In spite of the police, however, the street was crowded all through the evening and late into the night. The only thing the policemen could do was to keep the people moving.

Last night there was a gathering of the family. Mr. Kidder, Mrs. Hollins, and Mrs. Billings, aunts of Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Barr, a sister of the dead men, were present. They decided to bury the bodies in the same plot. The funeral will be held to-morrow morning at the Ford residence. Meanwhile the dead brothers lie in adjoining rooms.

At a late hour it was announced to reporters by Mr. Kidder that Mrs. Ford had

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surprised even the physicians by her courage in the ordeal and there was hope that she would survive the shock.

On the desk where the author was seated when his brother arrived on his errand of murder Miss Hall found last night several sheets of yellow note paper covered with the closely-written notes of Paul Leicester Ford. They bore no caption, but were numbered in consecutive order. These are supposed to be a rough draft of certain chapters of the novel Mr. Ford was writing when he was killed. Miss Hall refused to discuss the papers, saying that it was not a matter of public concern.
