

KILLED HIMSELF IN HOSPITAL BED

**Aged Brooklyn Merchant, Ill of
Grip, Shot Himself in
the Breast.**

DELIRIOUS, IT IS BELIEVED

**Physicians and Nurses Had Been Un-
able to Induce Him to Give
Up His Pistol.**

Thomas Armstrong, a well-to-do manufacturer of leather findings, 71 years old, shot and killed himself in the Swedish Hospital in Brooklyn yesterday afternoon, using his own revolver, which the hospital authorities had permitted the old man to keep beneath his pillow. It is believed that Armstrong fired the shot while delirious from pain. He was suffering from grip.

Armstrong, who lived alone at 820 Lexington Avenue, Brooklyn, was taken ill at Lexington Avenue and Franklin Avenue on Friday night, and a passer by summoned an ambulance from the Swedish Hospital. There the old man insisted upon occupying a private room.

"I have plenty of money," said the old man, petulantly, "and I demand a private room."

The surgeon found that he had over \$100 in bills in his pocket, and granted his request. His revolver came to light when the doctors put him to bed, but Armstrong raised a protest when they tried to take it from him.

"I have slept with that revolver under my pillow for twenty-five years," he pleaded. "I could not rest without it now."

When the physicians still persisted in taking it away, Armstrong became angry, demanding:

"What do you mean? Are you afraid to leave me the pistol?" and, at last, to quiet him, the doctors let him retain the weapon, determining to get it from him by stealth in the night.

They did try, three or four times, but on each occasion the old man awakened and refused absolutely to surrender the revolver. Throughout yesterday he kept the weapon, although doctors and nurses pleaded with him to give it up, realizing the damage that might result were Armstrong to lose his head in delirium. On the other hand they feared to aggravate his illness by persisting in their demands against his wishes, and so he kept the weapon.

Miss Poulson, a nurse, entered Armstrong's room about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. She saw him lying on his side in the bed. She had some medicine for him, and tried at first to awaken him. She could not do so, and, believing him unconscious, called House Surgeon Morris.

The surgeon hurried to the private ward. He stripped down the bedclothes from Armstrong's body and disclosed his hand still gripping the butt of his revolver and pressing its muzzle against his left breast, less than an inch above his heart. He had been dead for some time, the surgeon decided. The weight of the bedclothes and blankets had evidently smothered the report of the shot,

for it had not been heard in adjoining wards.

Samuel Jones, manager of Armstrong's store at Lexington Avenue, near Broadway, called at the hospital in the evening and took charge of the body. He said that Mr. Armstrong had had no reason to kill himself of which he knew. He was certain that the old man had not been despondent, and believed that he had fired the shot in a moment of delirium induced by his illness.

According to Mr. Jones, Mr. Armstrong had a brother in California. His daughter, said Mr. Jones, lives at 37 Mulberry Street, Utica, N. Y.

House Surgeon Morris told a TIMES reporter last night that the hospital authorities had only consented to Armstrong's keeping his revolver when they discovered that it was unloaded and after a thorough search of his clothing had failed to reveal a single cartridge.

"There was no shell in the weapon when Armstrong came here," said Dr. Morris, "and I am certain that he did not have a cartridge in his clothes. After we found him dead we discovered that there was only one shell in the revolver—the empty one which had held the bullet that ended his life. How he obtained possession of this shell is a profound mystery to us here at the hospital."

TOOK ACID, REPENTED, DIED.

**Grocer Walked Two Blocks to a Drug
Store After Drinking It.**

Driven to suicide by illness and the prospect of destitution for his wife and three little children as a result of his grocery business being ruined, Benjamin Feinstein, 28 years old, of 416 Vermont Street, East New York, drank carbolic acid yesterday afternoon.

When his wife and babies screamed, the man gulped down water in an endeavor to offset the effects of the poison. He told them to have courage—that he would not die. Then he staggered to the drugstore of Hyman Levenson at 401 New Jersey Avenue, two blocks away.

"For my family's sake, save my life. I am dying from carbolic acid poisoning," gasped Feinstein.

The druggist administered stimulants, but Feinstein died before a doctor arrived.