

A Case Of Suicide.

David E. George Passes To The Great Beyond Because Of Despondency.

Short On Money.

This morning about 10;30 o'clock, a man screaming aroused consternation among the guests of the Grand Avenue hotel on Grand avenue. The clerk and several others ran up stairs and found the sounds came from room number 4, occupied by David E. George, a man some 60 years of age, who had been a guest of the hotel some four or five weeks. The door being locked a man was put over the transom and the door unlocked. George was found on the bed in convulsions. Dr. Champion was summoned from across the street but the unfortunate man was beyond human aid. In a very few moments he was dead.

The body was removed to Penniman's furniture rooms and a coroner's jury impaneled. The jury is still hearing evidence as this is written.

From those who know, the Wave learns:--David E. George was a man of some 60 years of age. He came here from El Reno, but his home was at Colfax, Iowa. Who his people were, no one seems to know, but he was supplied with money by George E. Smith whose name appears frequently as signature to letters written to George. The latest one found concludes, "Go to First National Bank of Enid and get \$25." This money, those who know him say he spent at saloons. He claimed to be worth considerable money and property, and some time prior to his death made a will, bequeathing large amounts to different people. But, a little while before his rash act, he wrote a letter denying the bequests and annulling them. It is not believed he had anything of value will away.

At about 8 o'clock he was sitting in the office of the hotel and three hours later screaming was heard from his room at the head of the stairs. In thirty minutes he was dead.

All his effects were removed to Penniman's undertaking rooms and the coroner's jury summoned.

Mr. Smith was notified by telegram but no response has been had.

The deceased claimed to be a member of Lodge No. 70., K. of P. at Dallas, Texas.

Doctors are confident, from his symptoms, that he died from arsenical poison, self administered. He had seemed despondent recently and had told the proprietor of the hotel, Mr. Dumont, if he died to take no pains with his body, but to throw it out the back way.

He will be buried tomorrow if no word is had from his people.