

# THE ILLUSTRATED POLICE NEWS LAW-COURTS AND WEEKLY RECORD

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A "SNIDE" SHOWMAN IN PHILADELPHIA GETS HIS DESERTS—HE ATTEMPTS TO "LIGHT OUT" WITH THE BOX OFFICE PROCEEDS AND IS CAPTURED BY THE WOMEN OF HIS COMPANY, STRIPPED, BOUND TO A STAGE TREE AND DECORATED WITH THE SCENE PAINTER'S COLORS—A FIT PUNISHMENT FOR A MEAN TRICK.

## FOR HIM SHE DIED.

## Terrible Sequel of an Unholy Love.

## Manager Hickey Shot by His Discarded Mistress.

## The Heart-Broken Girl then Blows Her Own Brains Out.

## JEALOUSY OF MARY ANDERSON THE CAUSE.

## Touching Extracts from the Dead Girl's Diary.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In the Burnett House, Cincinnati, O., on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 12, Miss Florence McDonald, whose home was in Syracuse, N. Y., shot S. M. Hickey, one of the managers of Mary Anderson, the actress, and then, believing him to be dying, blew her own brains out. The shooting was done in the ladies' reception room of the Burnett House. The woman lived with Hickey for some time, but of late he had tried to cast her off. She had followed him from place to place, and her arrival in Cincinnati was unknown to him. On Sunday she sent him two notes asking for a meeting, both of which he tore up without reading. At length she got word to him by a messenger, and he met her in the reception room. It was a stormy meeting. Hickey told her that he did not wish to have anything further to do with her, and she begged him not to cast her off. He was unmoved, and she seemed to be willing to go away, asking him to give her money to pay her way to her home. As he turned around to put his hand into his pocket for the money, she pulled a revolver from her pocket and shot him in the back of the head, just at the base of the brain. He fell to the floor, and shouted, "For God's sake take her away." She fired a second and a third shot at him, and missed, but, believing that he was dying, she placed the pistol to the right side of her head, just above the ear, and shot herself.

Hickey crawled out of the room on his hands and knees, and was assisted to his apartment. A priest and a physician were soon summoned. The woman lived about fifteen minutes. Hickey, believing himself to be dying, made his will, devising his property to his brothers and sisters, and confessed to the priest. His physicians say that unless inflammation sets in he has a chance for his life, as the bullet did not touch the brain. Coroner Carrick found an ivory-handled dirk in the dead woman's stocking, and a bottle of laudanum in the bosom of her dress. She bought the laudanum in Buffalo. In the pocket of her dress was a complete and copious diary of her life for the past few months. In it she says she loved Hickey better than her life; that he had told her he no longer loved her, and that he was enamored of Mary Anderson, and never knew what it was to love until he met her. This frenzied her, and she determined to kill him and then herself.

Mary Anderson said that Mr. Hickey had not breathed a word of love to her, and that she was utterly unconscious of his attachment; he had not been to her more than a friend and her man of business.

The dead woman's diary contains the following: MAY 6.—I heard a gentleman describe Mr. Anderson as a very coarse and commonplace person. He came over on the steamer from Europe with her, and said that she would call "Ma" and "Papa" so loud that they could hear her all over the ship; also that her foot and hand were very large. I send the order that my friend gave me for tickets to Mr. Leahnan, and he sent back word that he would be pleased to make my acquaintance, and I said "Thank you, I do not care to make yours." Went to see McCullough the 7th and 8th.

On June 20 she writes: My dearest friend came home yesterday. I will see him very soon, and he will put his arms about me, kiss me, and say, "How is my little girl?" Such a minute as that will overpay centuries in hell. If I could make a bargain to have "Syl" all to myself for just one month, that I might be everything to him as he is to me for only a month, and then die and live in torture for all the countless ages of eternity, I would do it this very minute.

The following entries fully explain themselves: AUG. 19.—Yesterday I was 20 years old. It does not seem very old, only to those who count time by sorrow, not by years. I wonder if there will ever be any happiness for me. I would not treat a dog that loved me as badly as he does me, yet I love him, love him all the more for his neglect, but sometimes it almost makes me wild.

SEPT. 5.—My dearest friend came home last evening, and I am so happy that I cannot find words to express it. When he is with me I forget all about his neglect, and only remember that I love him—love him as nuns do their Savior. He is going to Auburn to-morrow, but will return and spend the Sabbath with me in Utica.

SEPT. 11.—I heard Miss Anderson play "Love" last night. I would like to tell her that in real life women sometimes say as she did about her lover, "He shall not belong to another. He shall not even love another. If he does he dies." She can love him half as well as I do. I love him with desperation and jealousy—love him as Henry VIII. loved Anne Boleyn when, in hatred of his love and jealousy, he caused her to mount the scaffold because she was untrue to him.

SEPT. 14.—He has dared to tell me that he loves this actress and never knew what love meant until he saw her. He also said were she penniless and he could marry her he would do it. I know he would never give his love without encouragement, but she shall not have him. Rather than see him belong to another I will kill him.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 18.—Mother Superior says that I am not like the bright child that came to see her two years ago. He did not love this actress then, and I was perfectly happy. I can hardly believe that he told me himself that he had learned to love. My proud darling, whose heart I thought no woman could ever touch, has learned to love at last, and it is not I that have sought his love. This "actress" has everything that heart can wish, and he was my all, yet she took him from me. He used to laugh at me and tell me not to be jealous of her, for I had no cause. He also said that he no more intended to marry her than he did me. I am only his mistress, but I would rather be his slave than the wife of any other man.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 21.—Miss Anderson will be here on the 24th. One of the children died here yesterday, and I went to a greenhouse and got some flowers to put on the coffin. I wonder if any one will ever do as much for me?

SEPT. 22.—Mother Superior says that when we

love one of God's creatures more than the Creator, he always takes them from us; and that is just what I have done. He was my god, and to try and please him was my religion. To see him give to another what I have tried so long and patiently to win is very hard. If I was good I suppose that I would wish him to marry this "actress," and be very happy, but only a saint could do that, and I am only a wicked, heart-broken girl. He could have made me a woman that would have been an honor in place of a disgrace to the sex, if he had chosen to I know that I am not worthy to be his wife, and would have not only been contented, but proud of ever so small a place in his heart; but if I can't have it, I can at least prevent her from enjoying it.

11:30 P. M.—I went to see Miss Anderson play Juliet this evening. Every one must acknowledge her a beautiful actress; but it is not the actress he admires, but the woman he loves.

SEPT. 26.—He came last night and told me about his plans and how he loved this woman and how much he would do for her, and I listened to him and did not get mad. I wish to heaven I had. He showed me what a blessing his love is, only to tell me that it was all given to her, but she shall not have him. I will show him that the words of Congreve: "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," are true.

"Darling when my hour is nigh,  
Let me rest thy arms within,  
Thus to die is not to die,  
'Tis but to leave a world of sin."

SYRACUSE, Oct. 4, 1879.—I have been here at home for one whole week. He has been very kind to me, but nothing can make me happy now.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 10, 1879.—I left Syracuse on Wednesday afternoon and got here last evening. Went to see Miss Anderson play Juliet, and saw my darling there at the theatre.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 11, 1879.—I went to the theatre last eve, and saw my darling watch this actress with eyes that fairly beamed with love. It was such a look as I would have been willing to die to receive.

OCT. 12, 1879.—He has scorned me, after all that I have done for him, and he shall die.

The following entry would go to show that the unfortunate woman had fully determined on the course she would pursue when she arrived here. It was written on the last leaf in the memorandum book; the entry read as follows:

CINCINNATI, Oct. 10, 1879.—I would like to have my body given to the Medical College.

The Mother Superior alluded to above is of a convent in Buffalo, which, it seems, Miss McDonald visited several times.

Mr. Hickey has been in the show business a long time, mainly as agent or manager of travelling companies, but never as a performer. He has for several years managed the Park Opera House in Syracuse. Last summer he lived at Long Branch, where Miss Anderson occupied a cottage with her mother and stepfather, Dr. Griffin. While there he made the bargain to take her on a professional tour in the West, in partnership with Mr. John S. Norton, the actor and manager. Inquiry among stage acquaintances of Miss Anderson and Mr. Hickey elicited a unanimous opinion that he is not a sutor for her hand. Nothing in the demeanor, so say those who have seen them together, indicate that either was in love with the other.

A dispatch from Syracuse says: The woman's right name is Florence Smith. A year ago last Thanksgiving she first made the acquaintance of Mr. Hickey. She was boarding at the Cheesebro House, in East Genesee street, opposite the Park Opera House. George Rignold played "Henry IV" at Hickey's Opera House, and the stage manager engaged Florence as one of the ballet. It was on this occasion that she first met Mr. Hickey, and she at once became enamored of him. When Hickey effected an engagement with Mary Anderson to become her manager, Florence became indignantly jealous. A year ago last spring she made an engagement to meet Hickey at the Hart House in this city. Florence openly charged Hickey with deserting her for Mary Anderson, and swore that if she could have Hickey no other woman should. As Hickey left the room she raised her hand suddenly and fired a pistol at him. Hickey had closed the door, and the bullet crashed clear through it. Her jealousy did not die. She soon learned that Hickey was going away on a traveling tour, and invited him to come and see her before he went. Florence had provided some lager beer, and asked Hickey to have some. He took a glass, raised it to his lips and tasted of it. Then he placed it on the table, saying that it was bitter and that he could not drink it. Florence afterward told a friend of hers that she had put poison in the beer, and that she meant to poison her lover.

Mr. Hickey is thought by his physicians to be in a fair way of recovery, although the concussion caused by the bullet striking his skull has caused much inflammation. If the latter can be kept down, all will be well with him. A post mortem examination of Miss McDonald's remains developed the fact that she shot herself twice, both balls passing into her brain. Hickey defrayed the expenses of her funeral. She was buried in the Wesleyan Cemetery at Cincinnati, on Tuesday, Oct. 14. Some unknown man sent an elegant floral offering to the undertaker's, with directions to have it buried on her coffin. In her diary she wondered whether any one would straw flowers on her grave, and this was the answer.

An account of Miss McDonald's career in Syracuse says:

The girl always carried a dagger with her name engraved on the handle. She also carried a revolver. She told her friends that she slept with the dagger under her pillow, and that some day she would need it to protect herself. She told her companions that if Hickey married Miss Anderson she would kill both of them. Last month Mr. Hickey returned to Syracuse, previous to departing on his tour with Miss Anderson. He went to see the girl, and remonstrated with her upon her infatuation for him. He plainly told her that he did not care anything for her, and that he did not wish her to follow him through the country as she insisted upon doing. The girl begged him to reconsider his determination, and told him that she would kill him if he deserted her. Last Wednesday she told her friends that she was going to Cincinnati to see Hickey. She left Syracuse on the train that day and went to Elmira, whence she went direct to Cincinnati. The girl has led a checkered career for one young woman. She was about 24 years old. She was exceedingly prepossessing in appearance, and would never have been taken for a fallen woman. She told her friends that she would kill Mary Anderson if she dared step between herself and Hickey. She had been educated in a convent, but, ever since her intimacy with Hickey, has been an inmate of a house of ill-repute.

Nearly two years ago Hickey gave to Florence the weapon with which she shot him.

Soon after 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning she entered the store of Lewis & Whelan, and said she was going away and wanted something to read on the cars. Seeing a book on the shelf, entitled "Mother Superior," she exclaimed, "I'll take that. No, I won't, either; that's a convent book; I've had enough of that." She purchased a volume entitled "Played Out," by Annie Thomas, and several illustrated papers. Her bill amounted to \$1.25. She said she was going out, "I am going to Cincinnati." An hour later she returned and bought

three cigars. When Hickey was in the city she used to buy twenty-five and fifty cent cigars in large numbers and give them to him. Every dollar that she could spare went to buy presents for Hickey, some of which he accepted and some of which he refused.

It is related that the first night that Mary Anderson appeared in Cincinnati Florence disguised herself as an old woman and shadowed Hickey on his way to the theatre. She was at the theatre and watched every motion he made with a jealous eye. When he left the hall at the conclusion of the entertainment she followed him to the Vanderbilt House, and did not cease her vigil until he retired to his apartment.

The Rev. Dr. J. A. O'Hara, pastor of St. Mary's Church, related a portion of Florence McDonald's life.

"In the early part of the summer of 1874," said Dr. O'Hara, "I gave Mr. Smith, Florence's father, a letter of introduction to the Superiors of the Magdalen Asylum, and he took his daughter and placed her in that institution. She remained nine or ten months, and then ran away. After roving about for some time she came back to Syracuse. The girl shortly after called on a Mrs. Bird, who lived near me. Mrs. Bird informed a servant of mine that a girl from a convent had called at her house. Not having much respect for Mrs. Bird, who bore a poor reputation at her house, I told my servant that I wished Mr. Bird to say to the girl that I desired to see her the next time she called. She visited Mrs. Bird a few days after, and being told of my wish came to my house. She said her name was Florence McDonald. I was surprised, and said to her that it gave a wrong impression when she said she was from a convent. I informed her that she was not from a convent, but from a Magdalen asylum, an institution of correction and reformation. She said she did not like to tell the kind of an institution she was from, as it would make known her former life. She told me that she was keeping company with a married man who had a sticky wife, and if the wife did not die he would get a divorce and marry her. I warned her against such bad associations. Smith married a young wife, and she and the girl did not agree. That was the cause of a great deal of the trouble. Smith was a heart-broken man. Florence's father's name is R. A. Smith. She was an adopted daughter. He failed in business there in 1875, and went West. Since then nothing has been heard from him."

Miss Anderson's mother says: "My daughter has never had an interview with Mr. Hickey at which I have not been present." Six years ago S. M. Hickey, who was a real-estate broker in New York city, traded a piece of property for a large steam saw-mill in Williams-town, Oswego county, N. Y. He conducted the mill one year, then exchanged it for the Academy of Music and a block of residences in Auburn, N. Y. It was in Auburn that he began his managerial career. There was a previous mortgage on the Academy of Music, held by the Mutual Life Insurance Company, who foreclosed a year later. After losing control of the Academy of Music, Hickey returned to New York and re-entered his old business. Five months later he assumed the management of the opera-house at Oil City, Pa., and remained at Oil City three months, and then went back to Auburn. He staid in that city a month, and after departing from Auburn the last time came to Syracuse and opened the Park opera-house. Mr. Hickey also managed a number of troupes on the central and western New York circuit. Notwithstanding the immense business that he did, he was not prosperous, and a year and a half later he went into liquidation. He failed for \$75,000. A year and a half ago he associated himself with John W. Norton in the management of Mary Anderson, the celebrated young tragedienne. When Hickey left Auburn he was in a depressed financial condition, and when he retired from the Park opera-house his finances, it is said, were in an even worse state. But now, it is alleged, he has five thousand dollars deposited in one of the banks in Syracuse. A sister of Hickey lives in New York, and a brother is employed as keeper in Auburn prison. As soon as he became connected with Miss Anderson his ill luck turned to good fortune, and money flowed into his pocket in a steady and good-sized stream. A letter received in Syracuse by a friend of Florence McDonald, since the latter's death, is as follows:—

CINCINNATI, Oct. 8, 1879.  
DEAR FRIEND—I arrived safely at Cincinnati to-night. I think it is the dirtiest place I ever saw. I am going to tell you something that I never had the courage to tell you before. He told me in Buffalo that he dared to love this actress. This woman has everything heart can wish. She has taken from me what I have long tried to win. He was my God and my all. If I cannot have his love, I can at least prevent her from enjoying it. Think sometimes kindly of the little, heart-broken girl who loved you better than you ever knew.

FLORENCE.  
The last sentence, it is supposed, was written on Sunday, as the writing is slightly different from the other part. The letter was mailed on Sunday, as the postmark shows. It was proposed by some of the women of Florence's class to raise by subscription a sum of money sufficient to defray the expenses of the burial and to bring the body to Syracuse, but it was announced that Hickey had offered to attend to the interment, and the idea was abandoned.

A friend of Florence's, a woman who acted almost as a mother to the girl, related many interesting incidents in relation to Florence. She said:—"I found her crying at her house several times last summer. I asked her, 'What is the matter?' She pressed her hand to her heart and exclaimed, 'O, my sweetheart!' I never heard the girl make a threat in the world against Hickey. She always spoke of him in endearing terms. Once she said, 'If I could go to a convent and be contented, I should do so.' She expressed a desire to go to a convent and take music lessons. She said that Hickey had told her that if she would learn he would take her with him to play the piano at the entertainments. Within the past few months she often remarked that she wished she had learned music when she had an opportunity, as, if she knew how to play, she could be with Hickey all the while. Friday night she attended an entertainment, and as she listened to the music she exclaimed, 'Oh, if I could only play the piano like that, I could always be with Syl.' She always spoke of Hickey as Syl. I do not know where her father and mother are. We were talking about them a week ago Sunday. I inquired where they were, and Florence said either in Illinois or Wisconsin. When she left the house last Wednesday I inquired, 'When shall we see you again?' She replied, 'Well, maybe never.' I laughed and said, 'I guess you will be back in less than two weeks.' She rejoined, 'You will be surprised if I never come back.' With that she sprang down the steps and hurried up the street. In the fall of 1873 Florence was employed in a millinery store on South Salina street. She became attached to a young engraver, and the woman who employed her also had an affection for the man, which soon led to Florence's dismissal."

It appears that for Florence's funeral Hickey, the faithless one, volunteered a coffin and carriage, but the women of the town in Cincinnati were not satisfied with this, and took the matter in hand, providing neat and proper burial clothing, and doing everything they could to make the burial a respectable one. The public sympathy expressed for Hickey, on the announcement of the tragedy, is fast changing to denunciation. It now

appears that he was not at all seriously injured; that the ball did not, as was at first supposed, penetrate the skull, and his remaining in bed at the hotel, under pretence of a dangerous condition, is believed by many to have been a plan by which to get a little cheap advertising, and watch the tide of public sentiment. An interview with him, published in the Enquirer, has hastened the tide of sentiment against him. In it he speaks in the most unmeasured and violent terms against the dead woman. Regarding his alleged love for Miss Anderson, he emphatically denies the statements made, and winds up by the remarkable statement that he merely looks upon Miss Anderson as he would upon Goldsmith Maid, as a valuable piece of property. Mr. Hickey is rapidly losing the little fame which his episode had gained him, and more than one remark: "It's a pity poor Florence McDonald didn't succeed in her purpose."

The following is the statement of Hickey: My name is Sylvester M. Hickey. I am 30 years of age, and a citizen of Syracuse, N. Y., and unmarried. I am manager of the company which supports Miss Anderson, and a partner of John W. Norton in her present season. I first met her season before last, when I played her through the New York Central circuit, of which I was then manager. Last season I played her through that circuit, and through the Eastern States. The relations between us are simply those of manager and star, except that, in common with the public, I warmly admire her talents, and in common with all who know her, esteem her as a lady. She has treated me politely, of course. She is a lady, as I have said. The question of the affections was never dreamed of by either. Most assuredly not by her.

The poor girl, who I am told is dead, I first met about two years ago in Syracuse. She had then been the inmate of a house about two years. I never treated her in any way save as a man of the world treats her unfortunate class; never entertained her in public, or rode with her, except one time she got on a train with me and rode some five miles. She has another name, I believe, besides Florence McDonald, but I do not know what it is, or cannot remember now. I have been, during the two years since I met her, most of the time out of Syracuse, and very often she has written me annoying letters, and followed me from place to place. For a long time I considered it a species of blackmail, but subsequently woke to the painful and startling fact that it was an infatuation for me amounting to madness. I tried to at once humor and avoid her in as kind a manner as possible. She was not my mistress, nor in any way dependent upon me for support, as she had a wealthy and liberal admirer.

In the room occupied by the unfortunate girl, McDonald, were found a few small articles, such as are necessary in travelling, and a cabinet picture of Mr. Hickey, handsomely mounted in a superb velvet case, with small brass-knobbed doors to close the photograph from view. At the back of the frame was an arm, hinged at the top, so that when thrown back the likeness could be made to stand as if it were an easel. In the upper washstand drawer, which had to be unlocked, was found a well-worn, moneyless pocket book, containing a receipted bill of the Mansion House, Buffalo, N. Y., for \$8.50, dated Sept. 26, for one and three-quarters days' board, fuel and extras. Besides this bill were a number of small cards on which were the names of Mrs. S. M. Hickey, Lillie Brown, 60 Jefferson street, and Flora McDonald. In another division of the purse was the following piece of poetry, that on perusal must cause a feeling of sadness to the most unfeeling:

SOONER OR LATER.  
Sooner or later the storm shall beat  
Over my slumber from head to feet;  
Sooner or later the wind shall rave  
In the long grasses above my grave.  
I shall not heed them where I lie—  
Nothing their sounds shall signify.  
Nothing the headstone's fret of rain,  
Nothing to me the dark days' pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine  
With tender warmth on that mound of mine;  
Sooner or later, in summer's air,  
Clover and violets blossom there.

I shall not feel, in that deep laid rest,  
The sheeted light fall over my breast;  
Nor ever note in those hidden hours  
The wind-blown breath of the toasting flowers.

Sooner or later the stainless snows  
Shall add their hush to my mute repose;  
Sooner or later shall slant and shift,  
And heap my bed with their dazzling drift.

Chill though that frozen pall shall seem,  
Its touch no colder can make the dream—  
That wrecks not the sacred dread  
Shrouding the city of the dead.

Sooner or later the bee shall come  
And fill the noon with its golden hum;  
Sooner or later, on half-poised wing,  
The bluebird above my grave will sing—

Sing and chirp and whistle with glee,  
Nothing his music can mean to me.  
None of those beautiful things shall know  
How soundly their lover sleeps below.

Sooner or later, far out in the night,  
The stars shall over me wing their flight;  
Sooner or later the darkling dew  
Catch the white spark in their silent ooze.

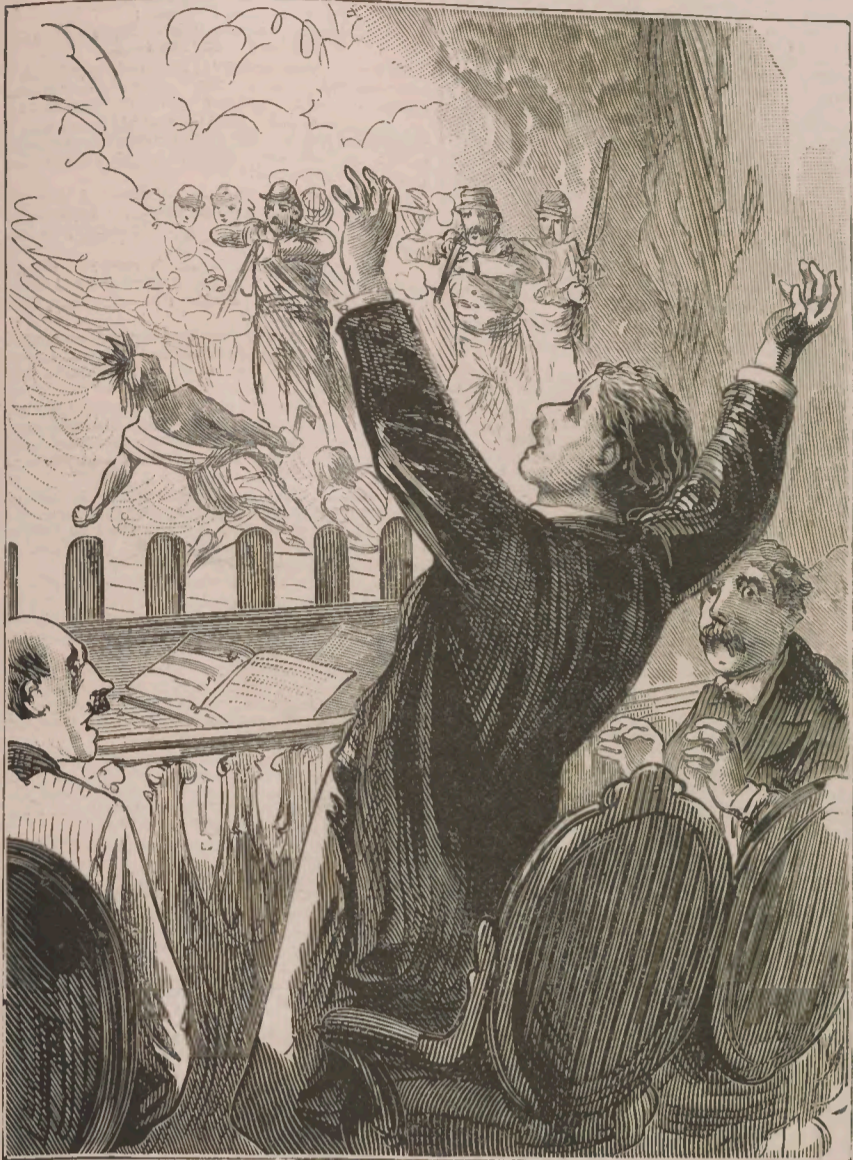
Never a ray shall part the gloom  
That wraps me round in the silent tomb;  
Peace shall be perfect to lip and brow  
Sooner or later, oh, why not now?

In one corner of the drawer lay a box of face powder, and near it an exceedingly fine linen handkerchief with the letter "H" embroidered in the corner.

Henry Wall, of New York, the theatrical agency man who had business relations both with Hickey and Miss Anderson, said:—

"It was a well-known fact that Hickey was head over heels in love with Miss Anderson. He used to rave about her when he had taken a glass or two. It was his great ambition to make her his wife. So great indeed was this infatuation and so widely was it known that all his friends used to 'guy' him about her, and when he would appear on the square after an absence of a few days, the question would be put to him half a dozen times an hour, 'Have you married her yet, Hickey?' And although this was very funny for the boys, it used to make Hickey very angry. Nobody ever thought for a moment that Miss Anderson had any idea of marrying him. She is a woman of rather frigid temperament and ambitious. If she ever thought of marrying at all, it was somebody of better personal qualities than Hickey, and of higher social standing."

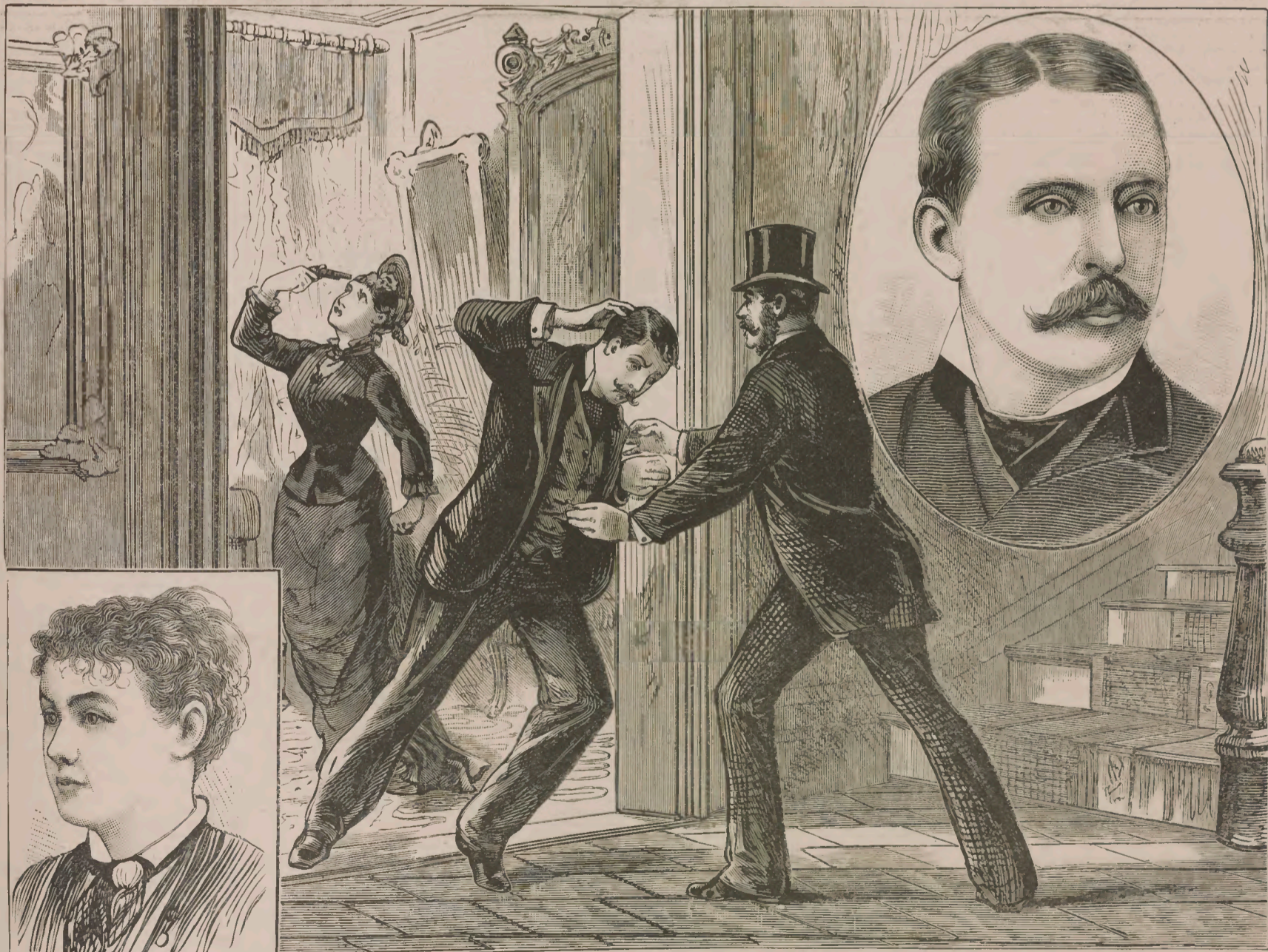
The funeral of the dead girl took place at the Cincinnati morgue, Rev. Thomas Lee, superintendent of the Bethel, officiating. His text was, "He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone." The audience was a strange one, composed of many women of the town. Hickey, the man for the love of whom the poor girl had died, a number of respectable people who sincerely pitied the unfortunate victim of her own rashness, and some curiosity-seekers. The last entry in the poor girl's diary requested that her body should be given to the medical college, but to this the kindly sympathy of the public, lacking in life, would not consent after her death. Hickey has left Cincinnati and gone to Chicago.



FATALLY SHOT IN A THEATRE—A LOADED MUSKET ON THE STAGE AT THE FRONT STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE, OCT. 4, KILLS JOHN NELSON, ONE OF THE AUDIENCE.



A NAUGHTY PUT-UP JOB ON AN "AWFULLY VIRTUOUS" COLLEGE BOY, AT EVANSTON, ILL.—A FELLOW STUDENT IN GIRL'S COSTUME INSISTS UPON OCCUPYING HIS ROOM.



FOR HIM SHE DIED—TERRIBLE SEQUEL AT THE BURNET HOUSE, CINCINNATI, OCTOBER 12, OF AN UNHOLY LOVE—MISS FLORENCE McDONALD, A DISCARDED MISTRESS, SHOOTS THEATRICAL MANAGER SYLVESTER M. HICKEY, AND THEN BLOWS HER BRAINS OUT.