

YOUNG STEVENS LAID TO REST; CASKET IS BURIED IN FLOWERS

Uncle and Family Moved Deeply by Kindnesses Shown
by Friends and the Public in Searching in Moun-
tains; Schoolmates and Greek Letter Com-
panions Serve as Pallbearers.

FUNERAL services for Horace B. Stevens, jr., were held at the church of St. Clement Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rev. Henry Easter, the boy's rector and a close personal friend of the Stevens family, read the impressive Episcopal service for the dead, and the vested choir chanted the musical service.

Church Crowded.

The big church was crowded with the friends of the young man and of the family, who followed the body to Evergreen cemetery, where the interment was made in the family plot. All day Friday floral tributes were received at the Stevens home on Upson avenue until one room was filled with them. The mound in Evergreen was completely covered with the flowers sent by friends.

Horace was 23 years old in June and was the eldest of a family of four children. He completed his college course at Wesleyan university at Middletown, Conn., last Christmas, returning in time to attend the annual reunion of the Stevens family on Christmas day. Two sisters, Miss Elizabeth, age 19, and Margaret, age 11, and a brother, Phillip, who is 16, survive him. He had five uncles living. They are Charles B. Stevens, of El Paso; Mose B. Stevens, of Las Cruces, N. M.; E. P. Stevens, of Santa Barbara, Cal.; Forrest Stevens, of Cutler, Mo., and James E. Coggeshall, of Providence, R. I. His aunts are Miss Sue Stevens, of El Paso, and Miss Etta Coggeshall, of Bristol, R. I. Louis J. Coggeshall, of El Paso, was a cousin.

Sister in the East.

Miss Elizabeth Stevens is attending Walnut Hills school at Natick, Mass. She knew nothing of her brother's fate until Thursday, as it was the hope of the family that young Horace would be found alive before it would be necessary to telegraph her. Because of the great distance, Miss Stevens will not be able to come for the funeral.

The body of the unfortunate young man was brought to El Paso Thursday evening in an automobile. It was accompanied by Mose B. Stevens, of Las Cruces. H. B. Stevens returned Thursday evening from the mountain camp and Charles B. Stevens brought Mrs. Horace Stevens, jr., to the city in James G. McNary's automobile, which was driven by Mr. McNary. The mother of the young man was met on her way to the mountains by El Pasoans returning after the discovery of the body and she was brought back to El Paso early Thursday afternoon.

The Pallbearers.

The pallbearers were Milton Shedd, Ernest Sauer, Harvey Wilcox, R. E. Beaton, A. S. Albro and H. E. Van Sürdam. The first three were boyhood playmates and friends of young Horace and the latter three are members of the Delta Kappa Epsilon national fraternity and represented the Delta Phi

chapter to which Horace belonged at Wesleyan university.

The city council passed resolutions of sympathy at the adjourned session Thursday afternoon and a copy of these resolutions were sent to Horace B. Stevens and Charles B. Stevens.

Business Almost Suspended.

Business was almost suspended Friday afternoon during the funeral service of the young man. All of the real estate offices were closed and many of the stores and banks closed to permit the employees to attend the funeral service. A. P. Coles, president of the Rio Grande Valley Land exchange, of which Charles B. Stevens is vice president, sent a request to all members of the exchange to close their offices from 3 until 6 in respect to the memory of the young man, who was engaged in the real estate business with his father.

Telegrams of Sympathy.

Charles B. Stevens was almost overcome Friday by the expressions of sympathy which were received from the city and by telegrams from all parts of the country. "Grief is something we learn to bear," he said. "But the kindness of our friends, in all walks of life, is too much for us all and it almost overcomes me. Up there in the mountains were bankers and business men, clerks and laborers, all aiding in the search. W. W. Cox drove a steer over to the camp and had it killed to feed the searchers and there was nothing that was needed that was not given freely and cheerfully. My brother and all of us are deeply grateful for all this kindness in this hour of our trouble and we will never forget it or forget our friends."

A Long Search.

Soldiers and civilians searched from Tuesday morning for the missing young man until about 9:20 Thursday morning. Privates H. R. Dickinson, R. B. Vondracek and sergeant Jesse B. Warwick, of Co. I, Sixth infantry, were tramping over the hills in their search with Lieut. Thomas N. Gimperling, their commander, a short distance away.

"If he had ever fallen over that cliff, it certainly would have killed him," said one of the soldiers, pointing to the cliff down which young Horace had fallen.

"Here he is!" shouted private Dickinson, as he saw the body on the side of the rock. Three shots were fired by the party, this being the prearranged signal to tell the other searchers that the boy had been found. A number of the searchers went to the place where the trail had ended abruptly and assisted in lifting the body and wrapping it in blankets carried by the searchers. A squad of soldiers brought the body down the steep mountainside and down the canyon to the camp.

The place where the body was found was 2500 feet or more above the plain at the base of the mountains where Horace had camped, and probably between two and three miles by the route he took. The fatal ledge was just under a peak near the head of Rucker canyon.

The Fatal Fall.

The body was found lying head downward about 15 feet from the trail where Horace had slipped on the smooth rocks. Had it not been for a projecting bush, which grew from a cranny of the rocks, he would have fallen to the bottom of the canyon. His 25 caliber Remington deer rifle lay a short distance away with the rubber butt broken and one exploded shell in the chamber. There were four unexploded shells remaining in the magazine when the gun was found.

Had Killed a Deer.

A deer was found about half a mile distant from the place where the body was found. It had been shot and had died near where it had fallen. It is believed that, while climbing over the rocks toward the summit of the mountain peak, young Stevens saw the deer and got one shot at it. He then hurried to get another shot at the animal before it could escape into the mountain canyons. As he climbed up the trail, using his mountain staff to aid him, he slipped another shell into the chamber to replace the one that had been exploded in firing at the deer, in order that he might have five shots when he saw the animal again, the searchers believe.

How It Happened.

When his foot slipped on the slick rock and he started to fall, it is believed that he attempted to check his fall by placing the staff in front of him with his right hand and shoving the rifle butt forward against the rocks with his left hand in which he was carrying the gun. When the gun butt struck a projection in the rock, Horace's head was thrown violently against the muzzle.

The cartridge was exploded at the same time that the muzzle struck the young man's forehead. His father's field glasses and his canteen were found near the body and a pocket knife, some small change and other articles which had fallen out of his pockets were also found.

The deer was found by H. B. Stevens, the boy's father and H. La Salle. They had passed within a few feet of the body a number of times during the search.

Old Matt Sorrowing.

A pathetic little picture, one of those which stand out vividly at such times, was James Matjoy, the aged negro janitor of the Mills building. He stood near the door of the Stevens office Fri-

day with his hat in his hand like an old family servant of ante-bellum days. Old "Matt" has been in the employ of the dead boy's father for many years and young Horace was a favorite of his since he was a little fellow in short dresses. Grief was visible on the lined and wrinkled face of the aged negro, who stood beside the crepe draped door with his head bowed down with the grief that was in his heart.

A Mother's Prayer.

Telephones in The Herald's editorial department were busy all day Thursday with inquiries about Horace.

As the presses were humming with the home edition telling of young Stevens's fate, a soft voiced mother called for information about the missing young man.

"Who found the boy?" she asked.

"A soldier of the 6th Infantry," she was told.

"God bless that soldier," came back over the phone like a prayer.