

## Ernest F. Thomas

### ( - 29 Aug 1893)

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**Thomas.** On Tuesday, August 29, 1893 at 4:36 p.m., Ernest F. Thomas, beloved husband of Josephine B. Thomas, aged 42 years. Funeral Thursday, August 30 at 3 o'clock from his late residence, 1135 Ninth street n.w. Relatives and friends invited to attend.

*The Evening Star, August 30, 1893*

#### **A Cashier's Suicide**

##### **Mr. E.F. Thomas Ends His Life by a Pistol Ball**

E.F. Thomas, a well-known man of this city, committed suicide yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock at his residence, 1135 9th street, by putting a bullet into his heart.

There are few men about town whose face is more familiar to citizens generally than was that of the unfortunate man who killed himself yesterday. For years he had sat behind the marble counter at Harvey's restaurant as cashier and had taken in thousands of dollars for steamed and liquid refreshments. He was regarded as a model cashier and day in and day out his cash invariably balanced to a cent. He had many friends, not only among the customers of the place, but all about town, and was generally popular. For this reason his sad end is greatly regretted. He leaves a wife and son, the latter a boy aged about twelve years. Mr. Thomas belonged to the Masons and the National Union, an insurance order. It is expected that he will be buried under the auspices of the Masonic lodge tomorrow afternoon.

Mr. Thomas formerly was an employee of the Post Office Department, but for four or five years past had been cashier at Harvey's.

For several weeks past Mr. Thomas had been out of sorts and was disconsolate, so that his friends had some premonition of his rash intentions. He had been suffering from neuralgia and at times recently had been drinking rather heavily. There is little doubt that he acted yesterday while under temporary aberration of mind. It is said that a couple of months ago he attempted to commit suicide in a room in a small hotel on Pennsylvania avenue by turning on the gas. The escape of gas was noticed and his efforts frustrated by breaking in the doors. Yesterday, shortly after 4 o'clock, when his family were startled by a pistol shot, a rush was made to his room, and he was found feebly gasping, with a bullet wound in the left breast and the revolver lying beside him. Dr. Woodward, who lives just opposite, was called immediately, but the unfortunate man was dying then.