

SKULL CRUSHED BY A FALL.

**John Jost Loses His Balance and
Drops From a Third-
Story Window.**

WAS OLD AND QUITE FEEBLE.

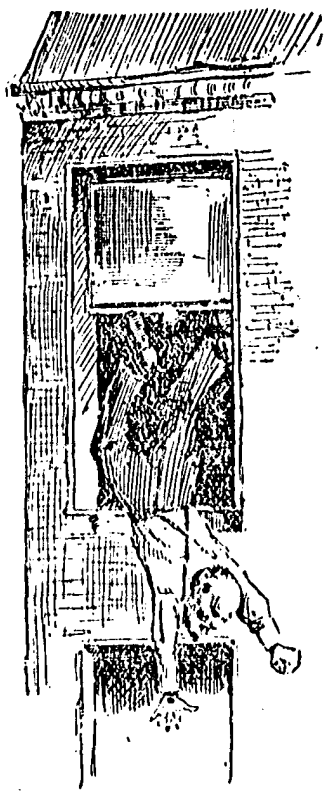
**Had Leaned Out to See Who
Was Ringing His Bell So
Early in the Day.**

WELL-KNOWN HARNESS DEALER

**His Body Placed Beside His
Widow, Who Was Sleep-
ing Unconscious of What
Had Happened.**

John Jost, senior member of the retail harness firm of John Jost & Son, 2617 Chouteau avenue, met a horrible death at his place of business about 6:50 o'clock Thursday morning.

Mr. Jost was 70 years old last May, and the intense heat of the summer told heavily against his declining strength, which even in his prime was not overmuch, as he was



JOST'S FATAL FALL.

small of stature and delicate of physique.

Mr. Jost lived on the third floor over his place of business, with his aged wife, son Herman, and the latter's wife, and it was his usual custom to rise about 5 a. m. Thursday morning he slept later than usual, and was about dressed when he heard his door bell ring.

He leaned out of the window to see who was at the door, lost his balance and dashed headlong to the pavement, thirty feet below. His head hit the uneven brick first and his brains were spattered for several feet over them.

Herman Jost was in the store, having entered at the rear, but had not opened the front door. Two men were passing by and the headlong form of the aged man grazed the coat of one of them.

They pounded on the door and Herman threw it open to behold his bleeding and lifeless father.

Just across the street, at 2612, is the office of Dr. Sutcliffe. He was standing in his door and saw the aged Jost strike the pavement. He rushed across the street and was beside the body by the time Herman Jost unbolted the big front doors.

Dr. Sutcliffe after a moment's examination, saw that the aged man was dead. The skull was not only mashed to a jelly, but the neck was broken.

The body was carried upstairs and laid on the bed, from which the luckless victim had arisen a few minutes before, and on which the wife he had married half a century ago was still sleeping. The sight that met her opening eyes was horrifying and heartrending. The poor old woman was the next to engage the doctor's care.

The dead man was about five feet seven, and weighed about 110 pounds.

There is a broad outside coping to the third-floor windows of the three-story building, and the sill of the window is nearly three feet wide, the window frame setting an inch or two from the inside wall. A man six feet tall could not easily stretch himself across this broad sill and look over the galvanized coping to the pavement, and even then his view of the pavement would be five or six feet beyond the three stone steps that lead up to the hall entrance.

The old man evidently tried to see who it was that was ringing his door bell, and, in stretching over the window sill, lost his balance and went headlong to his death.

For more than a quarter of a century John Jost had been in the harness business on Chouteau avenue, and up to a year ago had occupied a store almost opposite to the one from which he fell to his death. There was a new store and he moved into it less than a year ago.

Mr. Jost was born in Hesse-Darmstadt, a Grand Dukedom of Germany. He had been in this country nearly fifty years and was well known and highly esteemed among German-Americans. He was a member of the Chouteau Valley Mearner hor, the A. O. U. W. and Society of Chosen Friends.

He leaves five children, two sons and three daughters, all married.

The Coroner was notified and held an inquest.