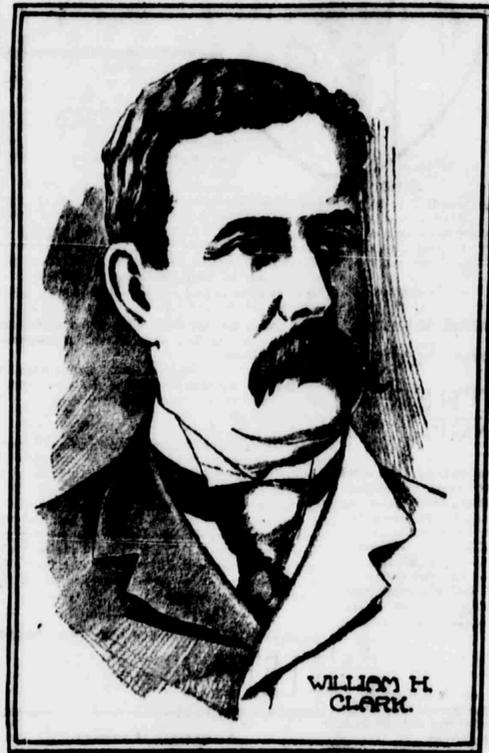


WILLIAM H. CLARK DIES SUDDENLY.

Ex-Corporation - Counsel Expires While Relatives Were Denying His Illness.



WILLIAM H. CLARK.

William H. Clark, ex-Corporation Counsel and millionaire; one of the leading owners of racing stables; builder of new Empire track near Yonkers; and once a power in Tammany Hall until his intimacy with ex-Mayor Gilroy put him among the men non persona grata in that organization, died at his home in West Seventy-sixth street, this morning, while his relatives were sending out denials that he was seriously indisposed and declaring that the stories that his fortune was irretrievably wrecked was a baseless fiction.

The news came from the dead man's house and the dead man's brother. He called up the City Hall this morning, and after announcing his name simply said in grief-stricken tones: "Billy is dead."

Inquiry over the wire revealed the fact that he died at 6:30 o'clock this morning.

The news was telephoned to the Democratic Club and the fax was at once put at half-mast on the club-house. It was a terrible shock to Mr. Clark's club-mates, as it was an utter surprise to them.

A few weeks ago, yielding to the entreaties of his wife and brother, he went to Lakewood. It did him no good. He returned to the city, placed himself in the hands of his family physician, and went into seclusion in his usual retirement.

His condition yesterday was so favorable that the family felt authorized in predicting a speedy return to health. But in the evening he had a relapse, and at midnight the family were summoned to the bedside. He rallied again until early morning, when he again suffered from fainting spells and his death became a question of hours, if not of moments.

Police Commissioner John B. Sexton, a faithful friend of many years' standing, reached the bedside and was present when the great change came. His wife and two children, Edmund and W. Grant Clark, were on their knees at the bedside. Other immediate members of his family were present.

Mr. Clark was conscious to the end. He died peacefully, leaving his blessing on his weeping wife and little ones and extending a tranquil farewell to all the others present. The immediate cause of death was heart failure.

HIS WONDERFUL CAREER.

Thus ends one of those wonderful careers possible only in New York City. The story of general "Billy" Clark is the story of many another bright New York boy, who started with no other capital than his brains and an inborn purpose to succeed, played an honorable part on the great battle-field of life, won and lost princely fortunes, speculated and died in the prime of life, beloved by his own kind, to whom he was good, and by a host of friends who can say no worse things of him than that he was his own worst enemy.

The story of Clark's life is a story of the golden possibilities which lie within the reach of a poor boy who has courage and good luck on his side. William H. Clark did much to deserve the fortune which came to him. It was not by luck that he won money, but by the hard way of hard work, backed up by abilities of no common order.

He was born in Newark, N. J., forty-two years ago. His parents gave him that better than money rugged, that fellow, strong as an ox, able to do twenty-four hours of work in a day, if necessary, and then do twelve more if needed. He was quick and alert, and up to the times.

MADE COCKRAN'S THUNDER.

Meanwhile he studied law. More than that, he practiced it. He came to the

office of Bourke Cockran, who afterward became his partner, and in time it became known that most of Cockran's most brilliant thunder was manufactured by Billy Clark.

He went into politics and again he succeeded. It is not true that he made money out of politics. Seeking to ex-Mayor Gilroy he won the amity of Mr. Croker. The office of Corporation Counsel was the only one he ever held, but in that office he made powerful friendships and they led him to Wall street, but led him in such a manner that he was not a winner.

A natural-born plunger, he plunged there with tremendous success. Under the tutelage of Anthony N. Brady, Grover and the late Mayor, he became Metropolitan Traction and Brooklyn Rapid Transit and like properties, and won and won until his fortune was reckoned at a million. Whatever he touched turned to gold.

But while he was piling up money on the side he was neglecting his public business. During his four years in office, he reduced the number of his employees from 2,500 to 1,500. His opinion on questions of municipal law were given with authority and were not only obeyed by the courts, but conceded by lawyers that his knowledge of the law was marvellous.

LAIVISH WITH HIS WEALTH.

Meanwhile the social and aesthetic side of his nature came into play. He married happily. Two bright children called him father. He indulged his propensity for art. He paid lavish sums for pictures. His house is a great gallery and even his palatial mansion in West Seventy-sixth street has works of art of the first class on its walls. No man seemingly got more out of his money than Clark. But oh, how the money went!

His entertainments were simply prodigious, whether they were semi-public dinners at the club, or more refined entertainments at his home.

As he grew richer and less absorbed in work, Clark went into racing. He had trained many fine horses, and he had the turf. He loved to drive a fast horse. He owned several trotters and was one of the best drivers in the city. But he wanted to go deeper, and he invested in thoroughbreds and started a racing establishment.

He ran this in the same extravagant fashion, counting cost a nothing. To-day he had thirty running horses in training and he had a fine stud to keep. He paid Jockey Almer \$10,000 a year. His stable, it is estimated, cost him \$100,000 a year. His private expenses were \$50,000 more.

In 1888 he gave a dinner which was the most magnificent of the kind ever given in New York. Clark met with Col. Bill Brown. Clark bet that Roosevelt would win. Col. Brown took Van Wyck. The winner was to give the dinner and the loser to pay for it.

BANQUET IN HIS STABLE.

The dinner was held in Clark's stable, which was cleared of its usual paraphernalia and profusely decorated. Of course, the decorations all had a horsey significance. Sixty guests sat at a circular table, and the dinner was a real gentleman's horse, who it is all a drinker of champagne and was on the best of terms with his less intelligent human dinner guests. Clark bet the tipping part of this story.

Nothing that Billy Clark ever did so utterly reflected credit upon him as the value of money as the establishment of the Empire City Race Track, near Yonkers. He was the man who built a wall worth thousands of dollars, and a splendid ballroom. And all this money was his without previous arrangement for running races on the splendid track which should insure a reasonable return for the expenditure.

The track never took in enough money to more than pay the wages of the attendants. But he never "squealed." He was a typical New Yorker. Handsome, genial, well dressed, democratic, the soul of good humor and of generosity, he was one of those men born to succeed, and whose success did not embitter them. It is feared that his fortune has been seriously impaired since his health began to break. But his brother is anxious for the statement that he has left his family ample provision for the future.

Stop that Cough and Work of the Cold.

Little's Peppermint Cure is a good one. It cures the cough, the cold, the

GRIP IS SLY, STAGE MEN DON'T FEAR CRUSADE.

The Health Board Dreads an Epidemic of Influenza.

SNOW IS APT TO BRING IT.

There Were 850 Cases of Measles and 39 Deaths from It Last Week.

While the Health Board has not had the usual epidemic of grip to contend with this winter, the officials are nevertheless keeping close tabs on the weekly statistics, fearing from the prevalence of the disease in other countries that it may strike here at any time in epidemic form.

"It isn't bad yet," said Col. Michael C. Murphy to-day, "but there is no telling how soon it may become a factor. It is a treacherous and insidious disease, and we dread it."

"Last year, for the week ending Feb. 3, sixteen deaths were reported from grip. This year there were ten. For the week ending Feb. 15, 189, there were nineteen deaths; this year only three up to yesterday."

"The open weather and lack of snow that have characterized this winter have doubtless lessened the grip rate. A succession of snow storms would probably cause it to jump. Snow collects, carries and amalgamates the grip germs."

"The best prescription in case of grip is 'get a doctor—one who has treated you and knows your weak points, physically. The grip always seeks out the most vulnerable spot for its attack."

"Measles have been very prevalent in the city since last September. This week, up to noon yesterday, 54 cases were reported in Manhattan and the Bronx alone. Last week there were 618 cases."

"In the whole city last week there were 850 cases and thirty-nine deaths from measles. Last year there were twenty-one deaths."

The bacteriologists of the Health Board have not yet figured out the cause for the prevalence of measles. Of

Marcus Mayer Says He Would Like to Have Rev. Dr. Parkhurst Witness a Performance of "Sapho."

The threat of Dr. Parkhurst's Society for the Prevention of Crime to hereafter exercise a censorship over theatrical productions in New York does not appear to have caused any widespread feeling of apprehension on Broadway. It was stated to-day that a very vigorous and earnest crusade against stage productions which, in the opinion of Superintendent Burr, of the society, did not conduce to a greater morality among the men, women and children of the city, would probably be inaugurated next Tuesday.

It is expected that on this date Dr. Parkhurst will be entirely recovered from his present indisposition, and prepared to don sword and buckler in the interests of public morals. But although this announcement was solemnly made there was no grief apparent among managers. They all, without exception, declared they had done nothing to make them liable to the wrath of the society, and no one of them had any idea of changing a line or a situation in the plays they are now producing.

As the contemplated attack will, in all probability, be chiefly directed against Miss Olga Netherole and her dramatization of the novel "Sapho," what her manager, Marcus Mayer, has to say on the subject of the latest Parkhurst crusade, is naturally fraught with the greatest interest.

MAYER DOESN'T FEAR.

"Really," said Mr. Mayer, "we have nothing to fear. I only wish Dr. Parkhurst and his superintendent, Mr. Burr, would visit Wallack's and witness the performance being given by Miss Netherole. I feel confident they would leave the house instructed and with a feeling that they had absorbed a great moral lesson."

"Sapho" was witnessed by the higher police officials of New York, and each one of them pronounced it to be harmless, and probably beneficial. That is honestly my idea of it. If the Society for the Prevention of Crime wishes to investigate "Sapho" we will extend its officers every courtesy."

David Belasco, author of "Zaza" and "Naughty Anthony," said: "I am a member of the Parkhurst Society, so called, will do anything in the matter. I have not seen 'Sapho,' but I have read the novel, and I consider it a classic. When I say I have not seen the play, I mean I have not seen the Clyde Fitch version. I saw Mrs. Helene play the part in Paris, and I thought it one of the strongest dramas I had ever witnessed. I actually cried at the end of the third act."

"If a play is bad, immoral and demoralizing, it is because the actress and the audience make it so. Would you call the statue of the Venus de Milo immoral? Certainly not. The artist has idealized it and made it beautiful. So could 'Sapho' be made beautiful. I have no doubt of it. If it is not, then the conception of the actress is at fault."

SAYS "ZAZA" IS MORAL.

"I would resent any imputation that 'Zaza' was not moral and uplifting, because I know it teaches a great moral lesson. The police are practical censors of the stage, and it is right they should be."

"Were we to have a theatrical censor, such as a dictator in London, the number of influences could produce anything he desired, while the man without influence might not be permitted to produce even 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' With all due respect to Dr. Parkhurst's society, I think we are doing very well as we now stand."

George W. Lederer, manager of the Casino, said:

"Certainly the public does not have to patronize plays which may regard as 'risque.' I do not think the American stage has ever injured any one, and the interference of a society would be nothing short of an impertinence. I am certain no Casino production has endangered the moral health of any one."

George H. Broadhurst said:

"The agitation seems to me to be absurd. Here we have, and have had for more years than I can enumerate, productions of 'Faust' without a word of protest. Surely the story of 'Faust' is quite as wicked as all the 'Saphos' and 'Camilles' and 'Zazas.' Such agitation only serves to draw patrons to such shows. I consider 'Faust' as the opera."

The police think the goods were carried away in a wagon, but all the detectives of the force, or of Detective Charles Heidelberg, who lives next door, has failed to throw any further light on the mystery.



He's Got the Grip.

THIEVES LOOT A HOUSE.

Bookkeeper Simmons Finds His Home Has Been Devastated in His Absence.

Harry Simmons, a bookkeeper, who lives ordinarily at 231 West One Hundred and Twelfth street, has, with his wife, been staying in the home of his mother ever since the death of their little baby six weeks ago. They returned to their home yesterday and on the very threshold of the door stood gasping and speechless with amazement and consternation.

From top to bottom the house had been systematically ransacked of nearly every portable article of furniture, from the coal-burner, silverware down to the hot-water boiler.

The police think the goods were carried away in a wagon, but all the detectives of the force, or of Detective Charles Heidelberg, who lives next door, has failed to throw any further light on the mystery.

GREEN GOODS CASE FAILS.

Five Prisoners Taken in Raid Escape on Matt Clause.

Frank Brooks, Charles Jackson and Thomas Gilbert, and Miss Lilly Walker and Ingeborg Lie, who were arrested on Wednesday in a raid at 35 and 37 Frankfort street, were all discharged this morning by Magistrate Cornell in the Central Police Court.

They were charged with running a green-goods game, but as it could not be shown that any of the circulars seized in the raid had been sent through the mails the prosecution was dropped.

SHANNON'S PHANTOM FIND.

Followed \$15,000 from Hole in Leg. Then Learned It Was Only Stage Money.

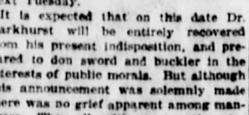
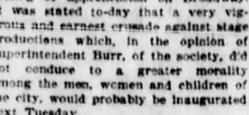
John Shannon, of 123 West Twentieth street, has just passed through an agonizing experience. He recently arrived here from Philadelphia, where this thing happened. When the old Mifflin mansion in Philadelphia was demolished Shannon bought a cart-load of beams for firewood.

MADE COCKRAN'S THUNDER.

Little's Peppermint Cure is a good one. It cures the cough, the cold, the

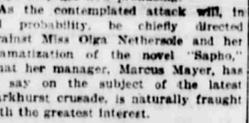
DAVID BELASCO.

(Who says "Zaza" teaches a moral lesson.)



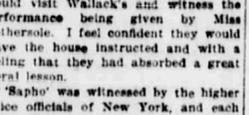
MARCUS MAYER.

(Who wants Dr. Parkhurst to witness "Sapho.")



GEORGE W. LEDERER.

(Says Casino productions never harmed anyone.)



OSCAR ALDEN.

(Scouring the City for Daughter and Abductor.)

HUMAN ROPE SAVES LIFE.

Brave Work Performed at a Fire on Fifth Avenue.

WOMAN SAVED MOTHER.

Two Persons Overcome by Smoke and Others Had Narrow Escapes.

Brave rescues were made by firemen and policemen during a destructive blaze which swept through the five-story brownstone house at 420 Fifth avenue at 2 o'clock this morning. A dozen men and women were asleep in the house at the time, and all escaped safely except two men, who were painfully injured.

Neighbors, including the Orme Wilsons, John H. Higgins's family, the artist, Archie Gurn, and others, were hastily aroused from their slumbers and, scantily attired, rushed out into the chilling snowstorm to seek safer quarters for the night.

The first floor of the burned building was occupied by James Weatherly, ladies' tailor; the second, by Hasset & Company, photographers; the third, by Miss Nora Raymond Greene, a teacher of vocal music; her mother, Mrs. N. M. Greene, and her sister, Miss Clara Bellinger Greene; the fourth and fifth, by G. L. Dyson, who rented furnished apartments. Among his roomers were R. Ellis McClelland, William M. Aiken, an architect; Dr. Wyatt and Miss Frances Freer, a pianist.

SAVED HER MOTHER.

The fire started in the apartments of Mr. Aiken in the rear on the fourth floor. Miss Greene had been awakened by a crackling sound, and rushing into the hallway was almost overcome by the smoke which was then suffocatingly thick. Miss Greene had barely time to arouse her sister and her mother and get them safely out of the house before the flames were bursting out of the windows.

As the Greene family ran screaming into the street they raised a mighty cry of "Fire!" which brought policemen from the surrounding posts. The other tenants had been aroused in the meantime, but most of them found escape by the stairs cut off.

McClelland, who is a wealthy bachelor, suddenly appeared at a window on the fourth floor. He was surrounded by smoke and flame. He threw up the window and was apparently making ready to jump when a cry from a hundred yards below shouted a warning.

He hesitated a moment and then disappeared. Five minutes later he was picked up on the first floor overcome by smoke, and with his feet burned and cut by broken glass. He was removed to the Flower Hospital and will probably recover.

G. L. Dyson was the next man to be taken out. He was found by the firemen on the fourth floor overcome by the smoke and had to be removed to the hospital.

By this time the fire had swept from floor to floor and a stifling smoke drove the rescuers out of the building. While the firemen were returning to the attack William Aiken appeared in a fourth-story window.

Lieut. Howe, of Engine Company No. 21, and Andrew Fitzgerald, driver for Battalion Chief Biens, were ordered to the rescue. Dashing up the stairs of the house adjoining they gained the fourth floor, paralleling the window in which Aiken was hesitating between a jump and death in the roaring flames.

SAVED BY HUMAN ROPE.

Policeman Cooper joined the men who formed a human rope to save the imperiled man.

Aiken stepped out on the window ledge, then lowered himself to the coping of the third-story window beneath. Howe, held by Fitzgerald, who in turn was in the grasp of Cooper, let himself out of the window and grasping Aiken under the arms hauled him in through the window.

The performance was witnessed by hundreds who had gathered in the street and cheer after cheer went up when the old man was seen to be safe.

Miss Frances Freer attempted to save herself by the fire-escape in the rear, but found there were no ladders below

HANNA'S SON WINS BEAUTY FOR BRIDE

To Marry Daisy Gordon Maud, Famous for Her Wit and Grace.



DAISY GORDON MAUD.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 17.—Society is thrilling to-day over the news that Dan R. Hanna, son of Marc, the Apostle of Gold, and Mrs. Daisy Gordon Maud, reputed to be the most beautiful woman in America, are to be married next Monday.

The wedding day, it is stated, was fixed for St. Valentine's Day, but for reasons known only to the contracting parties the matrimonial postman failed to arrive on time.

Both Dan and Linnie have learned in the school of experience that marriage is not always a success. She was the successful proponent in a divorce suit and he the beaten respondent.

Miss Gordon, with a national reputation for wit and beauty, was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gordon and granddaughter of the late Henry A. Smythe, once Collector of the Port of New York. She is a niece of Mrs. William S. Zaffray and Mrs. Edward Pedersen.

She met and loved in Texas one of the class of Englishmen who do not deign to contract marriages with rich and handsome American girls. He was Capt. Walter H. de Maud, of the British army. Before she had time to get acquainted with him she had promised to be his wife. They were married in New York Aug. 18, 1897, by the Rev. Father Hyman, in St. Agnes's Chapel.

They did not live long together. Mrs. Maud went back to Texas and then to Akron, O., and instituted a suit for divorce, pleading neglect of duty and extreme cruelty. She avers that Hanna's bad conduct began immediately after the honeymoon, and that he struck her when she was still a bride. A divorce was granted within a few minutes.

Since then she has had many suitors, but has been coy. Dan Hanna has long seemed to be the favored man. But Senator Walcott, of Colorado, has been played as a string "dark horse" in the race, the only stumbling block, so to speak, being that he had not got out of his first love before getting on with his second. There was a wife in the way.

Here's Another Pastor.

Frank Foster, a telegraph operator of Elizabeth, N. J., has concluded that eating is only a habit and an expensive one. He has ruined his stomach, and he proposes to put it in condition again by the starvation method. He has succeeded in eating for four days successfully, he says, and now proposes to try it for months.

TWENTY MILLION EGGS.

They Came to This City During the Last Week and Are Selling Cheap.

These are the days when fresh "good eggs" go into the humblest tenements and make the children of the poor exceedingly happy. They are the cheapest food now in the market, and thousands of families to whom eggs in February are a hitherto unattainable dream of luxury, are reveling in the delicious "hen fruit."

The commission merchants are simply overwhelmed with the supply. Forty-three carloads a day reached New York during the week just ended. This means a total of 20,000,000 eggs, or about seven for every man, woman and child in Greater New York.

"A shilling" a dozen is already being cried by public vendors. This is the lowest price at which the oldest and smallest of eggs is selling. But it looks as if the very best of Western large would be selling at a much lower price.

Hilton Sale, \$100,000. The sale of the Hilton art collection ended last evening, realizing a grand total of \$135,476.

FIRE-ENGINE LURED AWAY A UPSET; 2 HURT. YOUNG HEIRESS.

Horses Pinned Down by Tongue, and Traffic Delayed.

While running at full speed to a fire at 261 West One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street at 6:15 o'clock this morning fire-engine No. 37 was overturned, the horses thrown down and pinned to the ground under the debris, and two firemen, were more or less seriously injured.

The accident happened as the engine turned from One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street into Eighth avenue. Its momentum was so great that it slid in the slush in the gutter, and the car tracks in such a way as to throw it over on the side.

The horses were carried off their feet by the weight of the tongue, which pinned them down, kicking and struggling.

Joseph Wagner, the driver, was thrown several feet, striking on his head and shoulders. Capt. Samuel Best, who was riding in the seat, was thrown backward, also landing on his head.

OSCAR ALDEN SCOURING THE CITY FOR DAUGHTER AND ABDUCTOR.

Serious trouble may result in the streets of this city to-day if Oscar F. Alden runs across the man whom he suspects of abducting his beautiful sixteen-year-old daughter from her home in Malden, Mass. Alden and a party of friends are patrolling Broadway and other prominent thoroughfares in search of the man and the child.

Mr. Alden's daughter, Annie Winifred, disappeared from her home Feb. 12. The police here were notified the next day, and the slip issued from Headquarters said:

"Reported to have been seen walking in Madison Square in company with William S. M. Rideout, head shipkeeper in the Charleston (Mass.) Navy-Yard. Rideout is a married man."

Before Mr. Alden started to-day on his quest he said to an Evening World reporter:

"The man I suspect is missing from the Navy-Yard, where he works, and if my suspicions prove right and I catch him I will go hard with him."

Miss Alden is described as being of such beauty that she would be very attractive in the street. She is believed to be \$20,000 rich by her mother.

Man's Strength.



My appliance, the Dr. Sanden Electric Belt, with suspensory for men, is a perfect home self-treatment, the result of my 30 years' experience as a specialist. It pours a gentle, though perceptible, current through the weakened parts while you sleep.

Don't Use Drugs.

Drugs never cure nervous disorders which result from youthful errors or later excesses, because they simply stimulate. Electricity is different. It strengthens and builds up. I restored 7,000 to strength last year by the use of my Dr. Sanden Electric Belt. Drop in at my office and see it. I shall be pleased to go over your case free; or, if you live at a distance, write for my free book. It explains all. Sent in plain sealed envelope. I answer letters personally.

DR. W. E. SANDEN, Broadway, corner 12th St., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Daily. Sundays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.