

WHO WILL BE GUARDIAN OF HEROIC "JOE" PHILLIPS?

GUARDIAN MAY BE CHOSEN BY THE EVENING WORLD.

I will place Joe Phillips in the custody of whomsoever The Evening World recommends as a proper person who will properly care for and educate the brave little fellow.—City Magistrate JOSEPH POOL.

Magistrate Pool to Decide His Lot on Friday—Will Accept Any Person that Comes Recommended by The Evening World Who Will Properly Care for and Educate the Boy.

Magistrate Pool, a kindly Judge, who says the boy has in him the making of a great man, will decide the fate of "Joe" Phillips on Friday, when he will consign the little hero to the custody of some person who is willing to help him along to that maturity of which his boyhood gives such sterling promise.

He will accept whomsoever The Evening World recommends as a person who will care for and properly educate the lad.

Who desires to help "Joe" Phillips to develop the noble, sturdy qualities he has displayed and aid him in reaching an honorable manhood?

The Evening World solicits replies from its readers who may desire to befriend the little man.

Magistrate's Indorsement.

"I am delighted with The Evening World's idea," said Magistrate Pool today. "It could not do a nobler thing. I will accept on its recommendation any person who will properly care for and educate little Joe."

"I don't want him committed to the care of anybody who is not able financially and otherwise to give him the opportunity to develop the undeniable good qualities he possesses.

"Never in my experience as a Magistrate has a similar case come before me which has affected me so deeply. I was very much touched by the pathetic plight of the little father. He is a noble lad; and when I say that I think I am competent to judge, for I have met all sorts of boys in my experience.

"He is a fine specimen of the independent Yankee youth. Though reared in the slums he is a gentleman, every inch of him. His poise in the face of terrible odds was pathetic, and calls for admiration from every one.

A Worthy Boy.

"I have no doubt he is a worthy boy and my sincere hope is that some benevolent person of influence will become interested in him. Properly educated there is no doubt that he has a brilliant future before him. Already he has displayed qualities that have made great men.

"I would like to see him adopted by some wealthy person who would look after him as a son. He is a boy of fine instincts, clean, nice looking and pos-

sessing lovable traits. I would cheerfully recommend him to the first family of the land and am sure they would feel proud of their charge in years to come.

"I hope The Evening World will be successful in finding a proper guardian for him."

The "Ragged Dick" stories that moved the hearts of old and young a generation ago never entertained a more heroic and cheerfully self-sacrificing figure than this fifteen-year-old lad who worked day and night to support his seven and nine-year-old sisters.

What "Joe" did.

He earned a few cents a week. He paid the rent. He did the cooking. He mended his sisters' clothes. He dressed them in the morning and

sent them off to school. When he had no employment in the evenings he stayed at home and read them to sleep.

And the self-reliant lad was happy, content to work thus until his own endeavor would bring a change, when he could buy Mamie and Katie fine clothes such as he saw displayed in the windows of the Grand street stores, and they could have meat to eat every day of the week.

"Joe's" mother is serving a sentence on the island.

Then the ferry safety stopped in and spoiled "Joe's" plans, but at the same time brought before the public his remarkable struggle. "I was getting along all right," said he, "and didn't need any help. Little and Mamie got good over all right and I was a kind of a boss. So long as I have my strength I will take care of them."

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PROSKEY HOLDS THE FORT AND BLOCKS SKY-SCRAPER.

Doughty Colonel Refuses to Vacate Rooms in Cumberland Apartment-House—Case in Court Again.

Another effort was made today to gain the legal title from under Col. Winfield Scott Proskey and compel him to vacate his apartment in the Cumberland, at Broadway and Twenty-second street, where protected till now by an injunction the Colonel has defied all efforts to oust him, and incidentally is blocking the erection of a skyscraper on the site of the Cumberland.

The Colonel's lease of his rooms does not expire until Oct. 1 next. When the Cumberland Realty Company told him to get out he got an injunction in Supreme Court restraining the owners from ejecting him.

Want Injunction Vacated. Today, through Lawyer Henry W. Taft, of the law firm of Strong & Chalmers, the Cumberland people asked Justice Hamblett to set aside the injunction on the ground that when it was obtained the Proskeys had already been notified of a bankruptcy and had no legal right to hold any title to real estate.

Mr. Taft also stated that Col. Proskey had offered to vacate his apartments in the Cumberland Realty Company would pay him \$10,000 attorney's fees and give him a lease to another suit of rooms all day.



HOT ON THE TRAIL OF BOMB-THROWER

Warrant Out for His Arrest and Police Begin a General Hunt.

A warrant has been issued for the bomb-thrower of Harlem, and the police have a clue to his identity and expect to make a speedy arrest.

"We know who threw the bomb. We know his name. We have sent out a general alarm for his capture, giving his name and address and description."

That was the reply made by a prominent police official today to Attorney L. Baggett, of the Hotel Winthrop, Seventy-fourth and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth streets, when he called on the police official to tell him of the man he had seen from his hotel window running away from the scene of the dynamite explosion in front of F. C. Gleason's jewelry store at No. 113 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street early this morning.

Mr. Baggett is a prominent resident of Harlem. He is proprietor of a shoe store at One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street and Third avenue, and is President of the Harlem Democratic Club. He has a suit of rooms at the fashionable Hotel Winthrop. His windows look out on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

He felt the explosion. "I was almost thrown out of bed by the violence of the explosion," Mr. Baggett said today. "I ran to the window and saw a young man, tall and slender and apparently about twenty years of age, coming at full speed toward Seventh avenue. At Seventh avenue he crossed diagonally and ran south. I thought that he was running toward the explosion, but a few seconds later I saw people running in an opposite direction toward Gleason's store."

George Aaron, manager of a shoe store on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, and James Peoples, ex-catcher of the Brooklyn Baseball team, saw the supposed bomb-thrower driving away from the scene in a rambot. Mr. Aaron had just left a Lenox avenue car. He was walking west on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street when the explosion occurred.

A rambot later a rambot dashed by him, going east. The driver was lashing the horse at every stride. The vehicle turned down Seventh avenue.

The entire front of the building was wrecked. The doors were blown inward, thus showing that the explosion took place outside. The plate-glass windows were blown to atoms and the woodwork under them was torn into shivers. The damage to this store alone amounted to \$1,000.

The windows of the second floor of the building were demolished, as were those in the building directly across the street.

The store floor at No. 113 is divided. Robert Howson's undertaking establishment occupying the half not established by the jewelry concern. The window in Howson's place were also smashed, but the damage was comparatively light. The undertaker was asleep with his wife and child in the rear of his office. They were all thrown out of bed. Howson's first thought was that burglars had blown open the safe in the jewelry store.

William Sinn's photograph gallery occupies the upper floor of the building. The explosion demolished his advertising display at the foot of the stairway.

Mr. Sinn lives in his photograph gallery. Both he and his wife were hurled from their beds.

Fernando C. Gleason, the head of the jewelry firm, lives in Bronxville. John H. Tappen, who lives at No. 150 West One Hundred and Thirty-second street, is a partner. He was awakened by a reporter for The Evening World and told of the explosion soon after it occurred.

Mr. Tappen dressed and went to the store. He found that the rear door and windows were closed and the show-cases were covered with cloth as usual. One show case, forty feet from the door, was smashed.

The big safe had not been disturbed, and little damage was done to the inside of the place.

Gleason & Co. Have an Enemy.

Mr. Tappen told the police that he had trouble with a neighbor at various times during the past year and he suggested that the explosion might have been caused by this neighbor from motives of spite and revenge.

Mr. Tappen said that he had never heard the neighbor make any threats against him or Mr. Gleason, but he said that he could account for the explosion in no other way.

Policeman Thornton, of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station, who was on post between Seventh and Lenox avenues, had just passed Gleason's establishment when the explosion occurred.

He was nearly carried off his feet by the shock. Thinking that burglars were at work he rapped for assistance, and rushed back to the big store. The refugees were called out and the building was completely surrounded.

Police in Apartment House.

In the rear of Gleason's store there is a handsome five-story apartment house occupied by wealthy families. Sergeant Townsend, who commanded the refugees, found a number of persons trying to escape from this structure by the fire-escape, and although it was mounted occupants insisted upon joining the ever increasing throng of the streets.

Twenty-five families living in the Beverly apartment house, at the north-west corner of Lenox avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, appeared in scanty attire, and the police searched them for a time all traffic was suspended.

Little Tot with a Memory.

Although only eight years of age, little Mollie Lieberman, of No. 173 Essex street, was the principal recitation at the exercises in the East Houston street school this afternoon. The little tot was placed on a piano and without a lapse of memory recited a poem containing twenty-four difficult verses. She was fully possessed and not a bit nervous. After her part in the exercises were over she toddled back to her seat and listened intently to the others. She was highly elated at the applause she received.

REYNOLDS GIRL AT THE TRIAL.

Victim's Young Sister Hears Case Against Kennedy.

"Dolly" Reynolds's younger sister, Helen, a pretty miss of sixteen years, was present at the trial of Dr. Kennedy in Part III. General Sessions, today.

The young girl, who was accompanied by her mother, has not visited the courtroom before at any of the trials. She is the girl who recently caused the arrest of a young boy in Westchester County, whom she accused of attempting to assault her.

The young girl, as well as Mrs. Reynolds, was dressed in mourning. She is quite pretty and seemed much interested in the proceedings, which really were dull.

The early part of the day was given up to the testimony of Dr. Peravot Fraser, a handwriting expert, who told of his reasons for believing Dr. Kennedy's signature on the back of the check found on the murdered woman's body was genuine, and also that he wrote the check drawn to "Dolly" Reynolds's order.

During the afternoon session Lawyer Moore, counsel for Dr. Kennedy, cross-examined Dr. Fraser at length.

The lawyer succeeded in so tantalizing the witness that he lost both temper and clearness. This seemed to amuse the jury immensely.

The jury, however, paid more attention to the cross-examination of Dr. Fraser than they gave to his direct testimony.

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