

UP IN ARMS FOR \$200,000 DRAFT THEIR PET DOGS. CASE DWINDES

Women Crowd the Aldermanic Chamber in Opposition to the Ordinance Banishing Poodles and Collies from Flats.

CHEERED THEIR CHAMPION. BAIL QUICKLY FURNISHED.

Father of Proposed Law Tremblingly Says He Introduced it by Request and Is Told He Escaped a Coat of Tar and Feathers.

That Alderman Goldwater's proposed ordinance which contemplates the banishment of dogs from flat and apartment houses will meet with stout opposition from women was shown to-day at a hearing before the Committee on Laws and Legislation in the Aldermanic Chamber.

At no time in recent years has so large a number of women appeared before an Aldermanic committee. Even the broad gallery was crowded with women when the session opened. Every one of them owned a dog of some sort, but they discreetly left their pets at home.

Applaud Their Champion. But the women were not without their champion in the committee. Alderman Oatman was on hand with a ready speech.

"I think this is an outrageous measure," he began. "A perfect storm of applause from the women, many of whom burst their glazes in their zeal, drowned his remarks. 'Come from the speaker,' came from one part of the house in a shrill feminine voice, and three hundred women actually screamed their hearty cheers for the Alderman. Cheers were given again and a wave of enthusiasm swept the chamber."

Alderman Goldwater, the father of the measure, tremblingly arose and faced his woman audience.

"I—I want to state," he said, "that I love dogs (applause). I had a dog (applause) and he was stolen (sighs, many of them deep and long drawn) and I want to add that I presented this resolution at the request of a constituent."

What Goldwater Escaped. "We are so glad to learn that you are personally not opposed to dogs," exclaimed Mrs. Emma King, of Brooklyn. "We were preparing to get a coat of tar and feathers ready."

Mrs. King's further remarks were drowned in the applause and laughter.

When Chairman Watters asked who wished to speak in opposition to the measure a hundred women arose and one hundred voices were raised.

"I wish to speak," said Mrs. Harry Dunn, of East One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street. "I own a dog, and he is a faithful animal, and thousands like me will oppose this unjust measure to the last."

Mrs. Elizabeth Crane: "I am opposed to this law. I have a dog and I am blind."

Mrs. Turner, blind News Vendor J. Hahn, whose dog has been his companion, and many others, all of whom were opposed to the ordinance.

On Monday the Aldermanic Chamber was again in session, and the committee on Laws and Legislation met to consider the ordinance.

Dr. Parker, Famous Reacher, is Dead. Passes Away in His London Home After an Illness Which Began Several Weeks Ago.

LONDON, Nov. 28.—Dr. Joseph Parker, Minister of the City Temple, who had been seriously ill for some time past, died at 5 o'clock this afternoon.

Dr. Parker was without exception the most prominent divine of the immense body of Nonconformists in Great Britain. Born in 1820 at Hoxham, Northumberland, he studied theology under Dr. Cameron and at University College. In 1846 he was ordained as pastor of the Congregational Church at Salisbury, Oxfordshire, and subsequently at Manchester, where he founded mission stations and night schools and did much admirable work.

STEAMERS COLLIDE ON BELGIAN COAST

OSTEND, Nov. 28.—It is reported here that the steamships Gotha and Hans have been in collision off this port, but no particulars have been received.

Word also comes from Calais that a large sailing vessel is ashore on Belle Isle and that efforts to rescue the crew have thus far failed.

Girl a Victim of Gas. NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 28.—Amelia Frabel, seventeen years old, employed in the family of William E. Gresham, died at noon to-day as a result of inhaling illuminating gas. Mr. Gresham is the Secretary of the Board of Public Works in this city. His home is at No. 24 Cottage street, Irvington.

LANDAU, WHOSE DRAFT FOR \$200,000 SCARED A BANK.



BURNS GIRL WAS DEFIANT AS SHE WED WILDRICK.

(Continued from First page.)

"That will make it necessary for us to modify our plans," Wildrick was heard to say. "Somebody would be sure to recognize you."

After Justice Mayer, of Special Sessions, had decided that there was no sufficient evidence to hold Florence Burns to the Grand Jury for the murder of Walter Brooks, with whom it was alleged she had gone to a room at the Glen Island Hotel, the girl disappeared.

There were rumors that she was in the South and a report came that she was engaged. This was denied by her parents and in time she returned to her home in Flatbush. She lived quietly, the neighbors said, going out but seldom.

They Met by Chance. On Monday last she came over to Manhattan and then met Charles Wildrick. He had known her and it is said had loved her, but that must have been in the way he loved most women. Infatuated with Walter Brooks, she declined his attentions and they drifted apart.

According to his own story, told at the time of his arrest in April a year ago, Charles Wildrick is a modern D'Artagnan. Other people who have had dealings with him are less complimentary. One of these is W. A. Cockey, an agent for a Pennsylvania meat company.

When Wildrick was arrested on complaint of Manager Hamlyn, of the Hotel Grand for non-payment of a \$25 board bill, Cockey telegraphed the hotel man.

Wildrick, single, rascally hotel beat, living off unfortunate women. Advise fullest prosecution."

Investigation revealed that Wildrick had run away from Philadelphia with Cockey's wife. The husband found Charles Wildrick at the Hotel Winthrop, Seventh avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, and began suit for divorce. Then Wildrick threw the woman over.

Asked about this some months later, Wildrick in now thirty years old, tall, broad-shouldered and handsome, admitted he has run through a fortune of \$100,000 in six years. His father, a Lieut.-col. Abram Wildrick, who died in 1894 at his country place, Clifton Towers, Arden, Staten Island, Col. Wildrick is buried at West Point. He was the youngest man to be brevetted Wildrick's mother, who was Marion White, a Boston beauty, died in 1896.

place of business, in Third avenue and an attractive young woman there told her that she was Mrs. Ernest Carl Reichert.

There were mutual explanations. The new Mrs. Reichert was Miss Ella Fried. She had grown tired of spinsterhood and advertised for a husband, Ernest Carl responded, and they were married on Dec. 5, 1900, two days after his ceremonious departure for "Cleveland."

When she heard Mrs. No. 1's story she was mad clear through, left the much-married Ernest Carl, and would not listen to his explanations. She sued for an annulment and got it last January.

The unhappy Ernest Carl thus lost the wife he wanted, but still had the wife he didn't want, so he on his part sued for an annulment of his first marriage on the ground that Mrs. Cronk's first husband was still alive "in law and in fact."

Mirrella Drew and Matilda Bernhardt came all the way from Canada to testify before Justice Stecker to-day that Cronk was alive and that they had seen him and Selma Cronk together only a few months before her marriage to Reichert.

The trial lasted twenty minutes. Selma Cronk-Reichert was not present. She did not appear and Justice Stecker annulled her marriage to Reichert, who, although he had two wives at New York, will have none for Christmas unless he speedily contracts a new alliance.

Trouble Prompts Suicide. NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 28.—Her married life having been full of trouble, it all culminating in the breaking up of her family, Mrs. Sarah Kauffer drank carbolic acid at her home, No. 18 Charlton street, to-day and died in agony. Her husband, from whom she was separated, will bury her.

MARION RALLIES TO WHITECAPS.

Even School Children Contribute to Fund for Defense of the Accused Men and Witnesses Strive to Screen Them.

LIKE RUSTIC SAM WELLERS.

Prepared to Swear to Alibi, Prosecutor Gets Little Out of Them and that Little Scarcely to the District-Attorney's Satisfaction.

(Special to the Evening World.) ELY, N.Y., Nov. 28.—So disappointed is District-Attorney French over his failure to entrap the citizens of Marion into a confession of their whitecap outrage of Aug. 6, that to-day he despatched detectives to scour the vicinity and collect more proof. He also had subpoenas issued for the three Selectmen in Marion, William H. Rider, William A. Andrews and Capt. Cobb, who will be recalled in rebuttal to the testimony now being submitted.

James McDonald, the man tarred and feathered on account of his alleged relations with Mrs. Clara Porter, swears that these town authorities instead of trying to punish the offenders advised him to leave the village, and jeered at his sad plight. The Selectmen have already been on the stand and bravely asserted that they examined McDonald next day and found upon him neither any marks of violence nor a remnant of tar and feathers. The prosecutor will now endeavor to force these men to turn State's evidence. But no one believes that he will succeed.

The astounding feature of this trial is the intense loyalty displayed by the 200 people in Marion. Every man, woman and child in the town is ready to take oath to prove an alibi for the seven accused men. Never has such loyalty been seen. An Evening World reporter learned in Marion that nearly every citizen has contributed his mite to pay Lawyer Cummings, counsel for the defense.

The main witness to-day was Isaac Hiller, proprietor of the livery stable, proprietor of the livery stable where employees are charged with being ring leaders in the job. His replies give an idea of the task undertaken by the State prosecutor.

"I'm trying to show that the whitecap men were there on the eventful night and used one of Hiller's teams to drive McDonald out of town, Mr. French asked.

"Were you at the stable on that night?" "Yes, sir."

"When?" "All the time off and on."

"Did you see a horse taken out?" "No, sir."

"Was there a gray mare missing any time during the night?" "No, not exactly a gray, sort of white."

"Well, whitish then. Who took it out?" "I don't know."

"How could a horse go out without your knowing?" "Somebody else might have hired him."

"When did you hear about this tar and feathering?" "Next day."

"Did you hear any one talk about a horse being taken out?" "Not in my hearing."

"Well, they couldn't talk out of your hearing?" "Perhaps."

And then the unhappy prosecutor continues. Just at the moment when he thinks he has a witness trapped, the lawyer surprises him with a frank reply.

BUY BELGIAN GLASSWORKS.

BRUSSELS, Nov. 28.—A financial paper announces that the glass works of Courcelles have passed under the control of a Pittsburg company.

PROTECT YOUR CHILD'S EYES!

Don't let her be accused of dullness in school when the whole trouble is in her inability to see.

Many children have weak eyes and naturally can't keep up with lessons. We will examine their eyes carefully and will guarantee to furnish glasses that supply the defect of nature.

You owe it to your child to have this examination made. We have been optical specialists for ten years. We make glasses from \$1 up. Like Like Artificial Eyes \$3.

Mat Skonis Optical Specialist 348 Sixth Ave. (bet. 21st and 22d Sts.)

Choice Holiday Presents. Rich Solid Gold Jewelry. Direct from the Manufacturer at Factory Prices. Assortment of jewelry including diamonds, pearls, and watches. Price list with various items and their costs.

WM. VOGEL & SON. The Difference Between the "STUFFED" Shoulder and Our "CONCAVE" Shoulder. Illustration of two men in suits, one with a broad shoulder and one with a concave shoulder.

OUR \$15 SUITS AND OVERCOATS. Medium length Overcoats, single-breasted, made of a fine quality of Oxford Melton, satin shoulder lining, cut full—\$15. Medium length Overcoats, single-breasted, of a fine black and blue Kersey, made with satin shoulder lining, cut very full—\$15.

Wm. Preston's Cook says of Presto. Very nice indeed. I made cakes from Presto and they was delicious. Sold them and the pie crust was elegant too. 222 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa. October 25, 1902. Signed Alice Becker, with Henry Dietrich.