

FORMALIN ON THIRD TRIAL.

New Blood Poison Treatment is Again Used on Woman at St. Vincent's Hospital, as Yet Without Apparent Result.

TWO OTHERS CURED BY IT.

Present Case Unusually Serious and Death Would Not Necessarily Mean that Method is Not Effective, Say Physicians.

The case of the young woman in St. Vincent's Hospital, who is the third patient to receive Dr. Charles C. Barrows' formalin remedy for blood-poisoning, had not developed so satisfactorily today as the physicians had expected.

The entire medical fraternity are interested in the development of this case, a successful cure meaning a signal victory for formalin as a remedy of septicæmia.

The fact that the patient does not show any marked improvement this morning does not necessarily mean that the formalin is not effective.

The first case to be treated by the new method, one at Bellevue, and Dr. William Francis Honan's patient at Hahnemann Hospital, were suffering from blood-poisoning following childbirth.

Present Case Now Serious. The St. Vincent patient was suffering from pneumonia when brought to the hospital, septicæmia in her case having a different origin.

Speaking further of the third case, Dr. S. F. Donovan said: "When she was brought here, her temperature became so high that we thought we detected symptoms of blood poisoning. We made a microscopical examination of her blood and found the bacillus septicæmicus, confirming our suspicion."

"As she did not rally to ordinary remedies, a consultation resulted in the determination to try formalin."

"Dr. Barrows, whose case with the negro had been so successful, offered to give the first injection. The house physicians administered the second."

Formalin a Last Chance. "We regarded the administering of formalin as a last chance, as the woman's condition was extremely low. We had hoped that she would show a more marked improvement by to-day, as we administered the second injection yesterday at 1:30 P. M."

The first was administered Friday night. After the first injection the patient's temperature dropped to normal in four hours. The slight drop to-day, we hope, is not an indication that the formalin is not proving effective.

The solution which was injected into one of the great veins of the woman's arm was one part formalin to 5,000 of water.

Even should the patient die the physicians say it is not necessary to indicate the ineffectiveness of formalin in cases of blood-poisoning as her anaemic condition indicates her as an unusually difficult subject. The patient is about thirty-six years old.

When Dr. Barrows showed the remarkable effects of formalin in the case of Annie Bentley, who was dying of purpural septicæmia at Bellevue, and brought the woman back to health, we thought the daring chance of this woman's life was well worth while, said Dr. Donovan, "and we are anxiously watching her. By to-morrow we will know definitely whether blood-poisoning has been checked."

FORMALIN FAILS IN CASE OF POLICEMAN.

Formalin, the new treatment for blood poisoning, failed to cure Policeman John Collins of the classic disease yesterday.

Collins was thirty-two years old. He leaves a widow and three children. He was appointed to the Police Department Jan. 5, 1897, and until his encounter with his cannibalistic prisoner was never sick a day. The bite was in the right hand. Two days later blood poisoning set in.

Every known kind of treatment was given the wound. First it became a running ulcer and then sores appeared all over the body. Collins would work a few days on his head and then lay off for several weeks. He has been at the Brooklyn Hospital for two months, and as a last resort formalin was on Friday injected into Collins's arm, but he died in great agony.

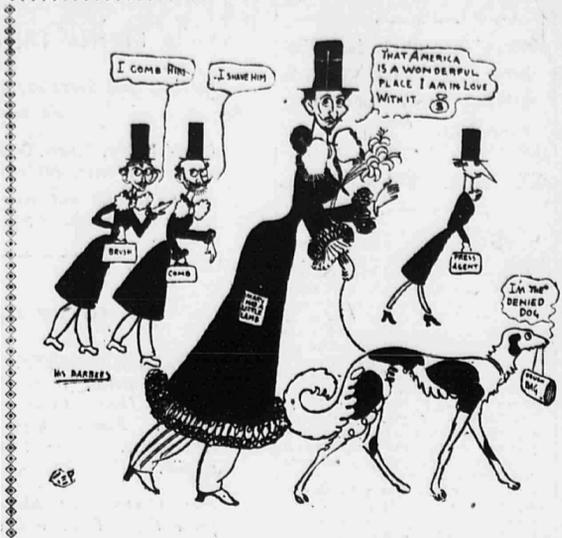
EX-MAYOR GILROY IS ILL.

Physician Orders Him South, and He Goes to Regain Health.

Ex-Mayor Thomas F. Gilroy, on the advice of physicians, has left for Palm Beach, Fla., to remain for an indefinite stay until his health is improved.

Before his departure on Saturday he had been confined to his bed for two weeks. Mr. Gilroy is President of the Twelfth Ward Bank, at Lexington avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. He has worked unremittingly of late, but had to give up three weeks ago. At his home, No. 7 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, Dr. Lyon, of No. 21 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, has been in daily attendance. Mr. Gilroy

COMTE MONTESQUIOU-FEZENSAC, WITH SILK-LINED DRESSING GOWN, IS HERE TO GIVE "CONFERENCES" ON LITERATURE TO SOCIETY.



He is Accompanied by a Hirsute Staff, a Dog and Some Manuscript on the History of Writing, and Comes Hither to Talk of Old Fiction Things to Our Effete Aristocracy.

Something is always happening in this town. Now it is the Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac, of France, who has a personality alongside of which that of Oscar Wilde was the personality of a prize-fighter.

Like Mary MacLane, the Comte is a genius. He admits it himself. To make the assertion indisputable he has brought two barbers with him.

One barber is charged with the care of his frizzled hair, the other with the care of his mustache.

You should see the mustache of the Comte! Parbleu! but if your eyesight is not good you cannot see it at all. Doubtless it requires great effort on the part of the barber to keep the mustache on the face of the Comte.

WEARS BUNCH OF ORCHIDS IN HIS TIE.

Besides the two barbers, the Comte brought a private secretary, M. Gabrielle Yturri, who looks like his name, and thirty trunks. They are quartered at the Holland House. The Comte and his private secretary being geniuses, are not trammelled by the conventional in dress.

The newspapers knew days ago that the Comte was coming to New York. Did not his press agent, a charming young woman, visit Park Row and leave at each office a sweet little book with a white cover containing the life of Comte de Montesquiou? She certainly did!

"In writing a short account of Comte Robert de Montesquiou," says the press agent, "one is at a loss to know where to begin. It is no less difficult to know where to end. His personality is infinitely more interesting than that of the average man of letters, for there is scarcely an incident connected with his family or his past that has not been born of some romantic surrounding. As a type he stands alone."

M. Helleu, the famous Paris etcher of portraits of women, who has just returned to France, said in an interview yesterday that he feared that the daintiness of the Comte would have the effect of keeping the men of New York at arm's length. But M. Helleu is sure that his countryman will be lionized by the women.

AS A TYPE HE CERTAINLY STANDS ALONE.

List to the press agent again. She describes as follows: "His works breathe an atmosphere of melancholy and mystery which renders them absolutely enchanting. His taste is accurate, his powers of description vivid and his imaginings are full of intense form and color."

There is the Comte as he appears to his press agent—and to himself. It will be observed that in all truth he certainly stands alone as a type. But his poetic nature does not allow him to overlook the financial side of life.

Although he is said to be one of the wealthiest literary men in France—his press agent says that besides his town house in Paris he owns five palaces in the country—he is going to get paid for shedding sweetness and light in New York.

He is not a lecturer. He gives "conferences." His managers have listed seven of these "conferences" to be held at Sherry's. Admission to each "conference" is fixed at \$5, but no one may buy a ticket to a single "conference."

Certainly not! It is necessary that those wishing to hear the Comte should buy tickets for the series of seven "conferences." There is no discount. It will cost \$35, and nothing refunded at the door. With the Comte it is a case of all coming in and nothing going out while he is in this barbarous place.

SEEMS FATED TO BE ROASTED, SOMEHOW.

Much is known of the Comte at his home that his press agent has failed to mention in her laudatory notices. She has forgotten to say that the Comte was in attendance at the Charity Bazaar in Paris when a fire broke out and many women were roasted alive. The Comte was not roasted—in the fire. But he has been "roasted" ever since by men who say he escaped by beating women over the head with his cane, climbing over their insensible bodies, fighting his way like a wild man to the doors.

Of course, no man knows how true this is but the Comte. He says it is not true.

Stories come from Paris about strange fetiches the Comte does homage to. He was painted by Baldini in the act of worshipping a jade cane. This cane is one of the most treasured possessions of the Comte. He did not bring it with him to the United States, fearing that the duty might be too heavy. He runs to canes, though, having a large collection in his trunks.

An interesting exhibit brought from Paris by the Comte is a reproduction of a portrait of himself, done by Whistler. The Comte was painted with a fur-lined overcoat on one hand and a cane in the other. No man ever held a cane like the Comte holds his cane, another proof that he is different. Here is the press agent's description of the Whistler painting: SCULPTOR OF CLOUDS, HE IS CALLED.

"One need only glance at the wonderful portrait of M. de Montesquiou by Whistler to realize that the former inherits racial prejudices and that he is not a man to be overlooked in any crowd. There is nothing commonplace about him. Look at the eyes—penetrating, restless and alert. It is the glance of a man who wastes but little time on worthless objects, for with him a brief impression suffices; then notice the aristocratic, sensitive face, the tall figure, slight almost to emaciation, making his delicate individuality stand out from the canvas. Although he is painted in the conventional frock coat and stiff collar of a man of the world, the gray gloves recall the deeds of chivalric Spain, and the malacca stick, tipped forward,



HOW COMTE'S HEAD SWELLED AND SHRUNK

Adventures in New York of the head of Comte de Montesquiou.

9 A. M.—(bulletin)—The Comte, he has just awakened. He is confused. His head—ah-h it is swelled. He has sent for his coiffeur.

10 A. M.—The head is continuing to be swelled. The coiffeur is in despair. The Comte is less confused. He is suffering. Mon Dieu! How he suffers!

11 A. M.—Bravo! The swelling, it is reduced. The coiffeur is wild with enthusiasm. Now the Comte can scratch his head without crossing the room. The coiffeur has begun to arrange the pompadour of the Comte.

12 M.—The pompadour does not fit the Comte's head. There is necessity for more reduction.

1 P. M.—The Comte is trying to put on his hat. It is most agonizing. No more will he remain out late in the hours of the night.

2 P. M.—The Comte has expressed a desire for food. His hat remains on his head without assistance.

3 P. M.—The Comte has gone out for a ride on the back of a horse. The cold air has made his head much shrunken.



Declares He Would Never Again Speak to Any One Who Insulted Him, Is a Sculptor of the Clouds, with Wild, Restless Eyes, and Hopes to Get \$5 a Throw for Lectures.

we recognize the poet, a sculptor of clouds, an alchemist of dreams and a fabricator of fancies."

In the sketch of the life of the Comte we are told that he is a lineal descendant of the swashbuckling, man-killing d'Artagnan, who was seldom seen without a sword in his hand. Perhaps that is the reason the Comte always carries a cute little cane. There is a curious study of hereditary influence in this, for assuredly there is a great difference between d'Artagnan the soldier and Comte Robert de Montesquiou the poet, who is willing to "confer" on advanced literature for a fee of admission.

BRAVE COMTE FOND OF BATS AND BABOONS.

An Evening World reporter who called at the Holland House to-day to see the Comte was received by M. Yturri, who wore a pale blue silk dressing gown in two parts and an immense muffler, which was indescribable.

Every chair in the room was covered with rich animal skin rugs and fur overcoats. The air was hot and perfumed.

M. Yturri explained that the Comte was indisposed. He was out late last night.

"Hees head," explained M. Yturri, "ah—h, it ees immense. The coiffeur, he is now reducing the head."

M. Yturri showed the reporter several books written by the Comte. They are exquisitely bound. One of the books, a collection of poems, is a weird piece of work. On the covers and on every page are engraved pictures of bats. The Comte is a great admirer of bats.

On a table in the apartment was a picture of the Comte, drawn by himself. It represented him attired in a prodigious dressing gown bound at the waist by a girdle of disks, each as large as a dinner plate. In his arms he held a baboon of surpassing ugliness. The Comte did not bring the baboon with him and M. Yturri says that he feels the separation very much.

WON'T REMOVE AQUEDUCT MEN.

Mayor Low Tells Merchants' Association that His Commissioners Are Efficient and Thoroughly Satisfactory.

CONTRACTS WILL BE MET.

When the Merchants' Association appealed to the Mayor to effect the removal of the Aqueeduct Commission, charging neglect of duty and misfeasance of office, the organization did not anticipate such a reply as the Mayor to-day made to its request.

He condemns the proposed removal of the Commission as "inadvisable and uncalled for," and calls the attention of the organization to certain facts which he presumes the accusers of the Aqueeduct Commission were in ignorance of. The merchants' letter ended as follows:

"We charge the Aqueeduct Commission, as constituted on July 15 last, with neglect and misfeasance, both with respect to the New Croton Dam and the Jerome Park reservoir. Concerning the former, we make specification of their failure to fix a time limit for the radical changes in plans which they ordered, and the advocacy of, if not connivance at, improper letting of highway construction to the contractor for the dam."

The Mayor replies: "The city now has a contract, with satisfactory sureties, that calls for the completion of the Croton Dam to a height sufficient to permit the impounding of water to a depth of 100 feet by Dec. 1, 1903, and for its entire completion by Oct. 1, 1904. The contract relating to the Jerome Park reservoir calls for the completion of the westerly half by Aug. 1, 1901, and of the easterly half by Aug. 1, 1901."

"The inevitable effect of the procedure you propose would be to delay still further the completion of these important structures so vital to the water system of New York."

"I recognize here all the elements of an engineering controversy that has been on ever since the first Chief Engineer of the Commission was so unfortunately obliged, by reason of illness, to lay down this work. So far as this aspect of the case is concerned, I am not sanguine enough to believe I am not sanguine enough to believe that an inquiry will settle it. The partisan of the two sides will remain partisan at the end of everything."

"So far as the Aqueeduct Commission are concerned, their work has impressed me as an ex officio member of the board."

HOW SHE SPENT NIGHT IN AUTO.

Mrs. Snow's Own Description of Her Twenty-Hour Automobile Journey from New York to Lakewood.

(Special to The Evening World.) LAKEWOOD, N. J., Jan. 19.—Mrs. Elbridge Gerry Snow's all-night journey by automobile from New York to Lakewood is the talk of society people at this resort. Mrs. Snow is the wife of the Vice-President of the Home Insurance Company, and she is well known in New York society. Her journey was hampered from the very start, accidents and breakdowns featuring almost every mile.

After being on the road all afternoon and nearly all night Mrs. Snow reached the village of Allaire, and, although nearly exhausted from exposure, was refused shelter by the innkeeper there. Mrs. Snow told the story of her experiences to The Evening World correspondent at Lakewood to-day.

Punctures Begin Early. "I certainly do not care to repeat the awful trip from New York to Lakewood," she said. "Miss White of Eaton-town, accompanied me. We left New York at noon on Thursday. We missed the boat when we got to Staten Island ferry and were delayed there some time, but our real troubles began when we reached the Jersey side. We had a puncture before we reached New Brunswick and another one just after leaving there. It was 7 o'clock when we got to Lakewood and we should have been at Keyport by that time."

"At Keyport we found that the gasoline and water tanks were leaking. When the chauffeur was having these fixed up we took a light supper. This was all we had to eat until 7 o'clock next morning, and on such a bitterly cold night you can imagine what hardship we suffered. I was determined to keep on to Lakewood, though."

"Well, we got to Ashbury Park about 11 o'clock. Between Ashbury and Deal Beach the pump went wrong, and in trying to fix that the chauffeur found that there was something the matter with the water tank again. He took it out, and as he did so, the water ran out, and we were in trouble. Luckily we were near a little lake, and the chauffeur crawled out on the ice on his hands and knees and filled the tank from the lake. After this was fixed up our muffler went wrong. This made a racket like a steam engine as we went along."

They Pay Their Fare They Want to Sit Down. A number of women, among them Mrs. Ralph Troutman, President of the Women's Health Protective Association, gathered in the aldermanic chamber to-day to advocate the creation of an ordinance preventing standing in the aisles of crowded cars.

Mrs. Troutman addressed the Railroad Committee in behalf, she said, of her long-suffering sisters and the public generally. She said that the present crowded conditions which were tolerable

place, Allaire. The machine was disabled, and Miss White and I were nearly exhausted. The chauffeur aroused me in town from this through intermediate stages, to downright demands for money.

"Pay the gang \$50,000 or we will kill you by slow poison," says one letter. Another reads: "Place \$50,000 under the coal box nearest your house or you will be assassinated."

Another unfolds a bold scheme. The writer threatens to kidnap Mr. Baird and hold him for a ransom. If he doesn't make a payment of \$100,000, Mr. Baird went to the Tax Office to-day and related his troubles to Commissioner Wells. He was being annoyed almost to death, he said.

He swore off the Assessor's \$2,500,000 estimate, declaring that he was not a resident of New York. He was excused.

Some of the letters rebuke the recipient for "holding out heretofore the just taxes due the city." And others range in tone from this through intermediate stages, to downright demands for money.

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CRANKS ASSAIL NEW MILLIONAIRE.

Mr. Baird, of Philadelphia, Exploited in Tax-List, Becomes Target for Blackmailing Letter-Writers.

BLOOD-CURLING THREATS.

Penalties Ranging from Kidnapping to Slow Poison if He Fails to Open His Purse to Unknown Correspondents.

Slow death by poison, kidnapping and bidding for a ransom are some of the things threatened in letters received nowadays by James M. Baird, the Philadelphia millionaire, who, with his family, is temporarily residing at No. 352 West End avenue.

The threatening letters are a result of the work of the assessors of the Tax Department, who in their diligent search for taxable folks lit upon Mr. Baird. They made an investigation, found that he was several times a millionaire, much of whose wealth was in personal property.

Without further research the assessors set down the value of this at \$2,500,000, and it so appeared in the list published in the newspaper. Here was a new target for cranks and Mr. Baird has been reaping the result of this publicity ever since.

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BABY'S MOTHER IN MARRIAGE DEAL.

Mrs. Martin Admits She Was Interested in a Matrimonial Agency, but Says It Was in Journalistic Capacity.

WOULD PAY FOR HUSBAND.

The cross-examination of Mrs. Elizabeth Martin in the proceedings brought by her husband, Dr. John McLeod Martin, to have a child she alleges was born to her, by him, declared spurious, was resumed to-day before Health Commissioner Lederer. The child was not present. Champe Andrews, for Dr. Martin, conducted the cross-examination.

He brought out that Mrs. Martin was married in 1876 to Rev. B. R. Keefer, rector of the Episcopal Church at London, Ontario. She bore him seven children. They were divorced in 1885.

Money for a Husband. "After your divorce," asked Mr. Andrews, "did you make any effort to get married? Did you promise to pay money to any person who might secure you a husband?"

"I know what you are driving at," said Mrs. Martin, "and I would like to have permission to explain." She said that in 1886 she was doing newspaper work in this city and discovered that matrimonial agencies were blackmailing patrons. She joined an agency in order to get material for a story.

"The story has never been printed," she said, "because persons who had been admitted to the agency had paid to come forward and give testimony."

Called Herself Boris le Prefroit. She admitted that she agreed to pay \$75 to the agency in case she got married. She met two men through the office of the agency. One was Champe Andrews produced all the letters she had ever written to the agency and documents showing that she had paid in \$42. She admitted that at that time she used the name of Boris le Prefroit and claimed connection with the Paris newspaper Figaro.

Mr. Andrews showed that she wrote her name as Elizabeth Martin in the matrimonial agency and that she had married Dr. Martin, explaining how she had met him, also that she wrote the matrimonial agency in 1896 when she and Dr. Martin were in London, where he was studying. On this occasion she sent the agency \$150—a fee she explained, for their services in keeping track of her.

Had a Ready-Made Family. Mr. Andrews had all the letters Mrs. Martin had written to the matrimonial agency as well as copies of the letters the agency had written to her. He read some of these letters. An extract from one, written in 1887, read as follows:

"I am still getting letters from R. L. Waite, J. A. Burns and W. Childs. They are all charming, but none of them can afford to marry me. It must always be remembered that I have a ready-made family."

In April, 1900, when Mrs. Martin was living at No. 78 Kensington Park Road, London, the manager of the matrimonial agency wrote to her making demand for \$35 for his services in getting her acquainted with Dr. Martin. She replied that Dr. Martin knew nothing of the matrimonial agency and that he was an acquaintance of hers of ten years before she married him. In another letter to the agency she wrote:

"Dr. Martin married me to take care of me and he has done it well."

"Is that true?" asked Lawyer Andrews.

"Mrs. Martin said it was not true; that when she said it she was 'blowing up'."

CRAZED BY HIS WIFE'S DEATH.

Neighbors Rush to W. Healy's Flat and Find Mrs. Healy Dead on Floor and Her Husband Acting Like a Madman.

MARKS ON WOMAN'S THROAT.

William Healy, a broker, of No. 35 West One Hundred and Fourth street, who was found in his home apparently insane over his wife's death, was taken to the West Side Court to-day.

The tenants in the house where Healy lived were alarmed by the broker's shouts for help, he saying that his wife was ill. Mrs. Healy was found lying dead on the floor between the folding doors separating the parlor from the dining-room of the flat.

A physician was called and when he attempted to see if there were any signs of life in the body, Healy attacked him. The doctor managed to protect himself from the infuriated man until Mrs. Brown, a tenant in the house, called the police.

Healy was not told that his wife was dead until to-day. The man again became violent, and it was some time before he could be quieted. Mrs. Healy's body showed black and blue marks on the throat. The coroner's physician said these might be due to apoplexy or strangulation, which will be determined by an autopsy.

Bedsteads. On Tuesday, January 20th, we will offer our full line of Sample Brass Bedsteads and White Enamel Bedsteads, comprising 56 designs in Enamel and 52 designs in Brass, at 1/2 to 3/4 off our original prices. In connection with above, we shall offer the following very special values in Hair Mattresses. Our No. 3, \$10.00 Mattress, at \$7.00. Our No. 6, \$20.00 Mattress, at \$13.50. Our No. 7, \$22.50 Mattress, at \$16.50. Above prices are for full sized mattresses, 40 lbs.; smaller sizes at proportionate prices. Lord & Taylor, Broadway & 20th St.

Continuation of January Shoe Sale, to close balance of broken lines. Women's Kid French Calf and Enamel Boots, \$4.50, formerly \$6.00 & \$7.00. Kid, Calf and Enamel Boots, broken lines, \$3.65, formerly \$5.00 & \$6.00. Kid Velour Calf Boots \$2.45, formerly \$3.50 to \$5.00. Lord & Taylor, Broadway & 20th St.