# ANARCHIST FREE, RAVED IN COURT.

## Young Hertzel Aroused Magistrate Crane's Ire by His Tirade Against the Clergy and the Wealthy.

## NO EVIDENCE TO HOLD HIM.

### Refused to Leave the City, Though He Has Boasted He Is to Go Abroad to International Conference of "Reds."

After arguing the cause of Anarchy as if he were a university professor instead of a seventeen-year-old boy, Francois Hertzel, the bartender arrested a few days ago for making incendiary speeches, was discharged in Centre Street Police Court by Magistrate Crane to-day.

Before leting the young Anarchist go Assistant District-Attorney Studin tried to make him promise that he would leave the city. "I shall do nothing of the kind," the young man said, "and you cannot drive me out."

"I understand, young man," Magistrate Crane said, as he called the boy Anarchist up on the bridge before him, "that you make incendiary speeches. The detectives, however, have been unable to gather sufficient evidence against you."

"No one can prevent me from talking my beliefs," the boy said. "This is a free country and freedom of speech is one of the fundamental principles of your Constitution. This Government, however, is rotten to the core, because it is controlled by money. I believe that the rich should be cast down, monopolies destroyed, and the money that the rich have been living on, while they keep the workingmen, the producers, under their heel, divided among the poor of the land. That would be an ideal state of affairs, and I propose to use all my talents to that end."

Magistrate Crane was angry.

"Stop such talk, young man," he cried. "You may be a bright boy, but I tell you that unless your talents are directed in other channels you will find yourself up against it and be an outcast."

"I have no fear of that," Francois said.

"Take your theories out of this country," the Magistrate said. "We don't want you foreigners coming here to kill our Presidents. Go back to Switzerland or on a desert island and study religion."

"Religion," the prisoner exclaimed with scorn. "All the clergy are rotten to the core. Religion is nothing but a cloak used by criminals to hide their black art."

"Get out of my sight," the Magistrate cried. "Take him away before I lose my temper."

The young Anarchist left the courtroom, still mumbling his tirade against religion and the rich.

When detectives found his trunk it was full of incendiary literature, including a picture and the life of Bresci, who assassinated Italy's King.

# THIS SHOWS THE VALUE OF FRIENDS

## When Feldman Was Accused Acquaintances Filled Court-Room to Testify in His Favor.

Friends of Joseph Feldman, of No. 47 Attorney street, flocked to the Essex Market Police Court to-day to testify to his good character. He was arrested yesterday by Detectives Brown and Sweeney, of the Eldridge street station, on complaint of Mrs. Rosa Millstein, of No. 102 Orchard street.

Mrs. Millstein went to the Provident Loan office, at Rivington and Eldridge streets, to redeem a watch. She alleged that she dropped a $5 bill on the floor and that Feldman, who stood behind her, picked it up. Feldman said that he also went to the place to redeem a watch, and when searched he only had money enough to redeem his property.

"Maybe you lost your money at home," said the Court to the complainant.

She insisted that she did not, and was positive that the defendant had picked it up. Max Stone, a member of the synagogue to which Feldman belonged, came to court with the entire congregation to testify for the prisoner.

"Let the defendant's friends stand up," said Magistrate Flammer. Almost every spectator in court arose.

"My!" exclaimed Magistrate Flammer. "There's over one hundred men. Madam, a man with so many friends cannot be a bad man. I believe you have made a mistake. I will give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt and discharge him."

## ARRESTED AS HE LEFT COURT

### H. D. Graff, Freed on Forgery Charge, Will Be Tried for Larceny.

When H. D. Graff, twenty-four years old, of West One Hundred and Second street, was arraigned before Magistrate Pool in the West Side Police Court today for passing a worthless check for $21.50 on Mrs. Kate Geggus, his wife was in court and paid the money to Mrs. Geggus, who then withdrew her complaint.

Magistrate Pool discharged the prisoner, but as he was leaving the courtroom Policeman George C. McCartney rearrested him on a warrant sworn out by Irving Washburn, a jeweler of No. 32 John street. This warrant charges Graff with the larceny of diamonds and jewelry worth $366.

## SPORT AT THE MIAMI CLUB.

The checker and progressive euchre tournament held last night by the Miami Club, of the Thirty-second Assembly District, at its clubhouse, No. 2600 Lexington avenue, had a large attendance of members. President John Skelly was enthusiastic over the interest shown in the event. The checker match was won by Benjamin Moses. Peter Burns acted as referee. Peter Coleman won the progressive euchre, and John Skelly was the referee. Mr. Skelly expects a large attendance at the pool tournament, which begins Monday evening and runs for five nights. Many of the members are practising daily for it.

# ALIVE, SHE WAS TO BE BURIED.

## Young Woman Thought to Be Dead Rescued from Being Buried Alive by Funeral Director.

## WAS ABOUT TO EMBALM HER.

### He Noticed that the Position of an Arm of Supposed Subject Was Moved, and Called in a Doctor, Who Revived Her.

Deep grief has given way to rejoicing in the Red Bank (N. J.) home of Miss Edith Curzon, a beautiful young woman who, apparently dead and in the hands of an undertaker, returned to life and is now fairly on the way to recovery.

Medical records contain no case more peculiar than this one of the girl who has been rescued from an awful burial alive after the physician had pronounced her dead and her family had left the room broken down with sorrow.

Her supposed death came with a suddenness that found her friends entirely unprepared, for on Monday night she was among them, and as the Goddess of Liberty at a Washington's Birthday party had taken the first prize of a gold watch. The entire company had raved over the striking beauty of her face and costume. She appeared in the hall on a handsome float.

**"Died" and Came to Life.**

It will be remembered that the air was chill on Monday. Miss Curzon's gown was thin, and she contracted a heavy cold which confined her to her bed on Tuesday. The following day the physician announced that her case was a light attack of pneumonia, but she suffered so little that several friends were allowed to come into her bedroom.

They laughingly congratulated her on her success at the party. On Thursday, too, her condition gave no cause for alarm and she conversed with the members of her family who came into the room. It was thought that all danger had passed.

It was yesterday morning that the turn for the worse came. She began to sink rapidly, and the family were called into the sick room. After several hours the physician turned away from his patient and sorrowfully told those gathered about the bed that there was no hope.

One by one the members of the family kissed her good-by and looked for the last time, as they thought, upon her face in life. The doctor held her pulse for a few minutes and after a trying silence, broken only by sobs, said that the last spark of life had gone.

The relatives left the room, the physician went away and the undertaker came. He entered the room to embalm the body and prepare it for burial. He took the usual precautions to see if life had entirely fled and saw no sign that the girl was alive.

**Saved by the Undertaker.**

Turning a moment from the bedside to prepare the board, the undertaker on returning saw that the right arm, which had rested limply at the girl's side, had been raised to her face. Used as he was to gruesome scenes he shuddered at the sight, but bent over her and gazed anxiously at her face.

At last a slight quivering of the eyelids was noticeable and with a startled cry he called the young woman's father. The physician was called again and the work to save her life renewed. In half an hour she sighed, opened her eyes and smiled and then closed them again in peaceful sleep.

The crisis, the doctor said, had passed.

# HOGAN'S WIFE IS ACTOR'S NEMESIS.

## Says He Abused Her Shamefully and Seeks Divorce and Alimony from Colored Comedian.

Ernest Hogan, author of "All Coons Look Alike to Me," whose megaphone notes have rattled the rafters in many a New York theatre, is in custody today on complaint of his wife, Mattie Wilkes Crowdus, a beautiful octoroon. Mrs. Crowdus has brought action for divorce, and pending the trial she is entitled to alimony, the amount asked being $75 a week, with $750 counsel fees.

Hogan, whose real name is Reuben Crowdus, evidently heard that an order had been issued by Justice Garretson, of the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, for when two deputy sheriffs called at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last night, where Hogan is appearing, they found the "colored chevalier" hiding in the cellar.

"All coons look alike to me," said one deputy, giving Hogan a tug from behind a barrel of cement, "and if you're not our man we'll take you anyhow."

The audience was still humming the refrain of Hogan's last song, "Go way back and sit down," as the performance closed, when he who was a moment ago so resplendent and gay marched off, wilted like the man who had to go "way back."

In her complaint, Mrs. Crowdus, who has been prima donna with Williams and Walker, says that she was married to the defendant in 1902, and left him last December. Among other things she alleges that he cruelly beat her and tore her clothes off.

She says his income is $8,000 a year from royalties, and declares he gets $150 a week salary.

**$9,075 for a Vase by Morin.**

LONDON, Feb. 28.—A collection of porcelains which belonged to the late Sir Hugh Adair was sold at auction yesterday and aggregated $35,255 for twenty pieces, mostly Dresden and Sevres vases. The highest price, $9,975, was paid for a vase by Lorin which originally came from the Marchioness of Londonderry's collection.

## YOUNG MOTHER WHO KIDNAPPED HER CHILDREN WHOM THE COURT AWARDED TO HER HUSBAND.

# WOMAN LEADS SLEUTHS A CHASE

## Mrs. Shaefer and Her Two Little Girls Whom She Kidnapped on Lincoln's Birthday Dodge Her Husband's Detectives.

## FATHER ILL OVER THE CASE.

Mrs. Emil Schaefer and her two little girls, Lena and Freda, who disappeared on Lincoln's birthday, have been located in Hartford, Conn. It is understood that Lawyer George Blauvelt, attorney for Emil Schaefer, the millionaire brewer, whom Mrs. Schaefer deserted, will see Mrs. Schaefer in Hartford to-day and negotiate with her for the return of the children to Mr. Schaefer.

It is said that the kidnapping and sudden disappearance of the children have seriously aggravated an illness from which Mr. Schaefer is suffering. That is why Mr. Blauvelt has gone to Hartford to make terms with the wife if possible

It is not known if Mrs. Schaefer is escorted by Graham Worth, a broker, who disappeared at the same time as did Mrs. Schaefer. Mr. Worth was acquainted with Mrs. Schaefer. He is a business man of high character.

Mrs. Schaefer has led the detectives and lawyers who have been searching for her a merry chase. The trail has led through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts and back to Connecticut.

# SPEAKERS' CLUB'S ANNUAL FESTIVAL.

## Noble Band of Tammany Spellbinders Will Hold High Revel at Harlem Casino.

The Speakers' Club of the Tammany Hall General Committee of the Thirty-first Assembly District is a noble band of spell-binders facetiously called the "Harlem Tammany Praying Band" by Republican revivalists who held campmeetings on the old "farm" in former campaigns.

Its annual dinner is the most important event in the political cycle in the North End, and a mecca for pilgrims from all over the five boroughs. It will be celebrated at Harlem Casino Monday evening, and will be made the occasion for symbolizing not only the reconciliation between Leader Isaac A. Hopper and the Fourteenth street Tiger, but of the complete harmonizing of all factions in the Wigwam. For the former purpose Leader Charles F. Murphy will journey up from the Eighteenth to give token that he and Hopper are en rapport, while the presence there with him of Lewis Nixon, Croker's "white-haired boy," who was regent for a time last year, will indicate that he harbors no ill-feeling because he was not allowed to lead.

Murphy does not gad about among the district affairs, as Nixon did, but steadily refuses to leave Fourteenth street. Hence the significance of this departure from his custom to show his face in Hopper's bailiwick and thus proclaim that the leader who under Croker got the cold shoulder and the "frozen face" is no longer looked upon as a "rank outsider."

## GAVE A SUMPTUOUS FEAST.

### Elkins Promised Reciprocity Insurgents Finest Dinner Possible.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—A sumptuous dinner was last night given by Senator Elkins to those nineteen Republican Senators who prevented Cuban reciprocity legislation at the late session of Congress. Other Senators, including Allison, Aldrich and Spooner, were present.

Mr. Elkins promised his associates in the contest the finest dinner that could be given if they succeeded in defeating the proposed legislation.

# DR. FLOWER ON HAGAMAN CASE.

## Denies Everything That Is Alleged Against Him, and Relates Connection with Mysterious Transfer of a Fortune.

## HOW BIG SUMS PASSED.

Dr. Richard C. Flower, the central figure in the Hagaman muddle, is out with a long statement in which he denies almost everything that has been alleged against him. The Doctor refrains very carefully from going into ancient history in so far as it refers to his past. Dr. Flower was examined by Assistant District-Attorney Garvan yesterday. Dr. Garvan said that Dr. Flower impressed him as being a very fine intelligent gentleman. Mr. Garvan will summon Mrs. Delabarre before him on Monday or Tuesday and give her a chance to explain away the suspicious circumstances that have been hinted at by Isaac Hagaman and his sisters, Andrew D. Meloy and Maurice Willis, as well as others connected with the case, will also be interrogated.

**Dr. Flower's Statement.**

Dr. Flower in his statement made for publication says in part:

"I was acquainted with Mr. Hagaman some two years before his death. He was a stockholder, director and vice-president of the Arizona, Eastern and Montana Company, only owning ten shares in his own name, but he purchased 20,000 shares at $5 par value to put in the name of his wife.

"About a month before his death, realizing the probabilities were strong that he might not get well, he expressed a desire to liquidate his business, being a member of the firm of Purnell, Hagaman & Co. This he proceeded to do immediately, and in a few days had withdrawn from the firm, receiving for his portion of the values of the house $572,000, and a few thousand dollars, I believe, was turned over a little later in settlement of some outside claims. On receiving this check Mr. Hagaman turned it over to his wife, saying: 'Pansie, this is a large check, and this I give to you. While it represents a good sum of money, it does not pay you back the money I took from you when our house was in trouble; but, with what I have given you before, it largely pays that claim.'"

**$300,000 in Standard Oil.**

"What did he refer to when he spoke of his 'house' being in trouble and of his taking money from his wife?"

"A few years ago the house of Purnell & Co. was in financial difficulties, they being on the wrong side of the market. Every member of the house put up what money he could spare. Mr. Hagaman put up all his money, and finally went to Mrs. Hagaman, and she turned over to him hundreds of thousands of dollars in valuable securities, a large portion of this being Standard Oil stock, as near as I can remember nearly $300,000 in Standard Oil alone. This saved the house."

# NOW LET PARIS MODISTES QUAKE

## American Dressmakers Determined to Lead the World Engage in a Novel Competition with Foreign Rivals.

## 80 ENTRIES FROM ABROAD.

An opportunity will be given next Wednesday for the dressmakers of America to compare their art in cutting and slashing, pleating and ruffling, frilling and furbelowing, hem stitching and cross stitching, trimming and fringing, looping and hooping, catching and dropping and tasseling and rosetting to that of the famous modistes in Europe. The contest will be conducted under the auspices of the Dressmakers' Protective Association in their show rooms at No. 174 Fifth avenue.

The Europeans have eighty entries, whereas the home talent, from Kalamazoo to Guttenburg, have several hundred. One thousand dollars in prizes will be distributed among the creators of the most artistic gowns entered at the show. The entries include every known pattern of feminine decoration. A prize will be awarded in each class. Already the association has on hand a wonderful collection of ball dresses. The teagown is well represented, kimono wrappers, trimmed and untrimmed, there are five score. Waists multiply by the day, each different in color and design. Short skirts and long skirts, under skirts and over skirts, plaited skirts and plain skirts, walking skirts and skirts with trains eight feet long, full skirts and tight skirts have been sent in in dozens. There is also an interesting line of Mother Hubbards and a carload of corsets, high and low, and of all the colors in the prism.

The Dressmakers' Protective Association of America announces that admission to the exhibition is "strictly free." The association also announces that "it will be a close contest and with many nice points involved," the final decision of which will be of interest to the universe. The announcement also describes the various entries as "confections," probably because the women will say "ain't they sweet?"

Though no admission to this exhibition will be charged, no one will be permitted to feast their eyes on the American and European "confections" without an admission ticket, which may be had upon application to the association.


**MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS**

for children. Mother Gray, for years a nurse in the Children's Home in New York, treated children successfully with a remedy, now prepared and placed in the drug stores, called Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They are harmless as milk, pleasant to take and never fail. A certain cure for feverishness, constipation, headache, teething and stomach disorders and remove worms. At all druggists', 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.


# WHO OWNS THESE TWIN BABY WAIFS

## Blue-Eyed, Expensively Dressed Boys Only Four Days Old Left in a Hallway at No. 22 Hubert Street.

## TAKEN THERE IN A CARRIAGE.

### Named Patrick and Joseph and Baptized by Father Kenna and Then Sent to the Bronx by the Guild of the Infant Saviour.

Deserted by their mother, left in a miserable hallway at No. 22 Hubert street and finally separated from each other—that is the story of the tiny twin baby boys. They are the first twins ever recorded as being deserted in the big city of New York.

Though only four days old the tiny waifs have travelled over New York more extensively than much older children and they have opened their blue eyes on more contrasting pictures than are allotted children born in circumstances such as the babies' clothes would indicate.

The schedule of these twin waifs' life programme up to to-day is:

Brought into the world in some unknown but comfortable home.

Hurried away in a carriage and left in the hallway by a stylishly-dressed woman at No. 22 Hubert street.

Found by Mrs. Mary Ryan and taken to the Church of St. Alphonsus, where Father Kenna baptized them Patrick and Joseph.

Carried to the police station in Leonard street, and from there to Bellevue Hospital.

Taken from Bellevue by Miss Frances McIntyre, of the Guild of the Infant Saviour, and placed with nurses in the Bronx.

When the babies left Bellevue they were separated for the first time.

**Why They Were Separated.**

"It was necessary for me to place them with separate nurses, as they are too much for one to manage," said Miss McIntyre. "I have waiting lists of women whose babies have died, and when we receive children from Bellevue we always place them with these nurses. As soon as they are able to be fed we will put them with one nurse, so that they may be together again.

"Joseph and Patrick are now waiting to be adopted by some one. The Guild of the Infant Saviour will see that they are properly placed, but there are not many people who want to adopt twins, and I hate to see these little waifs separated."

There is one woman in New York who cried bitterly last night when she heard that the children had been taken from the hospital, where she was on her way to visit them. She was Mrs. Mary Ryan, who found the bundle of humanity in the hallway on Hubert street.

"I think I ought to have one of them, for I am Patrick's godmother," she said, "and it broke my heart to see the baby taken away from me. I am a poor woman, but I never wanted anything so badly in my life as I wanted my godchild."

The strange caprices of fate which have brought the two handsomely dressed babies under the godmothership of Mrs. Mary Ryan, scrubwoman and honest toiler, is something their own mother must ponder when she reads the story of their fate. Who the pretty twins are is veiled in deep mystery, but that they are not of humble origin is indicated in every detail of face and clothing.

"I am sure that these twins are of some good stock," said Miss McIntyre. "In fact, I never saw two babies who had more aristocratic faces.

"The little waifs have tiny, straight noses, big blue eyes, brown hair and perfectly shaped heads. Their little bodies are well formed and they are as fine specimens of babyhood as ever graced the most patrician family."

**Distinguished by Embroidery.**

When they were taken from Bellevue yesterday, Joseph and Patrick, wrapped in separate coverings, began to realize that there was something new in store for them and they both showed their displeasure at being separated. Dressed in the finest of hand-made clothes, the only distinguishing features of the little boys is the color of the embroidery and ribbons on their garments. Patrick, the godchild of Mrs. Ryan, is dressed in blue, and little Joseph, who claims as his godmother Miss Madeline Breinn, has pink trimmings on his lace clothes.

Until the Guild of the Infant Saviour can find desirable homes for the interesting twins they will remain out at the Bronx with their foster mothers. As the first twin waifs ever found in New York they carry with them an interest which is intensified by the dainty laces and expensive garments in which they are clothed.

That two such fine babies should be deserted is a matter of wonder to every one who has seen the little twins.

Joseph and Patrick, who have been christened in the Catholic Church, are not wondering or worrying about the future or their past. The only thing that has clouded their baby minds is the longing for each other, which is marked even among children of such tender age.

## SHE CHEATED DEATH!

### Her Family Had Bought Her Lot in the Cemetery.

### Now Her Consumption Is Cured!

"The Paris physicians told me that I had consumption. My physician in Brooklyn ordered me to change climate, as I had consumption.

"I had abscesses and cavities in my lungs, and I gradually became emaciated, and no one thought that I could live.

"That terrible cough and my extreme weakness gradually grew upon me. For one year I was an invalid. At night they had to prop me up in bed with pillows, as I could hardly breathe. My lungs pained me. I raised from my lungs quantities of matter streaked with blood, and my family gave me up to die. They even went so far as to buy a lot in the cemetery, believing that I could live but a short time longer.

"Knowing that death stared me in the face and that there was no hope for a cure by ordinary treatment, I went to the Koch Lung Cure, 48 West 22d St., New York, as this seemed to be the only hope left for me.

"These doctors told me that they had cured cases as bad as I was. As I had the names and addresses of cured patients, I investigated and found that the cures were genuine. I therefore began to breathe into my lungs those healing oily vapors of the Koch treatment.

"In less than thirty days I could see an improvement. In three months I was as well as ever, and I thank God for the Koch Lung Cure!

"My neighbors and friends will tell you how truly I have spoken in this testimonial and how these great Koch doctors at 48 West 22d St., New York, cured me when everything else failed."

MRS. WM. HALL,
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