

RATTLE SNAKE BITES CHARMER

Venomous Reptile, Angered by Being Handled by Coney Island Showman, Buries Its Fangs Deep in His Flesh.

DRAGGED OFF BY ASSISTANTS

Man is Now in the Hospital in a Dangerous State Despite Cauterization and Copious Doses of Whiskey.

Claude W. Powers, a snake charmer at Coney Island, is in a critical condition in the Brooklyn Reception Hospital to-day as a result of a rattlesnake's bite received at the evening performance.

Powers is twenty-five years old and since a child he has handled snakes, being known as the most fearless man in the business.

Holding the largest of his rattlers in his right hand he attempted to open its mouth with his left. The reptile gave a sudden squirm and thrust its fangs deep into the flesh on the back of his hand.

Powers hurriedly left the stage and went to the hospital. The wound was cauterized and he was given all the whiskey he could drink.

Many persons who were watching the exhibition left the hall in terror. The big rattler was greatly excited after his strike and stirred the other snakes to such a pitch that even the old attendants of the show were afraid to go near the cage in which they are kept.

UNIDENTIFIED MAN'S BODY FOUND IN RIVER

In His Pocket Was a Receipt Made out to William Thornton by a Law Firm.

Eugene Rogers, of No. 44 Henry street, Brooklyn, found the body of a well-dressed man to-day floating in the East River at the foot of Clinton street.

The man was 5 feet 8 inches tall, weighed 170 pounds, was smooth shaven and had red hair. The only suggestion of his identity found on him was a receipt made out to William Thornton by the law firm of Towns & McCrossin, of No. 35 Fulton street.

Mr. Towns, of the law firm, said to-day that William Thornton was a client of his who had been suing the Commercial Lighterage Company for two years.

FATHER'S SPITE BULLET KILLS

Little Son of James Kilpatrick, Whom He Shot Before Ending His Own Life, Dies of His Wound.

THE MOTHER HEARTBROKEN.

It Was to Wreak Vengeance on Her that the Husband Enticed the Boy into the Park and Put a Bullet in His Body.

James Kilpatrick's vengeance on his wife, who would not condone his dissolute life, began when he took their little five-year-old boy Thomas to Central Park Thursday afternoon and shot him and then killed himself.

As the life ebbed away under her weeping eyes the mother could not appreciate it. The endless silence which followed the last faint appeal for water to quench the cracked lips was interrupted by her sobs.

The mother stopped and straightened herself up. She could not realize it. Feeling she ran back to where the dead white face sank into the pillow and fell limp across the little wounded body.

Attendants lifted the heart-broken mother from the bed, and she was sent to her home, at No. 2 Franklin terrace, a home in which she has little interest now.

Since leaving her husband, who was a bartender, she had lived for the boy. She had established her new home through her work as a dressmaker, and never, until the designing and vengeful father enticed him away to become his innocent victim had the child been in her sight.

Mrs. Mary O'Hara, John's mother, was between tears and smiles when an Evening World reporter saw her at the O'Hara home, No. 281 Avenue A.

"To think of my lad's being arrested," she cried, "him that's studying for the priesthood! Why, there's not a finer boy in the ward—no, nor in the city."

"Not the Lad's Fault." "That's a name to look him up, even for a minute and him just after being dragged out of the river by Jimmy Levy and Eddie Loran, for my boy can't swim, not spouting the time from his books to learn, in all his life did he ever do anything that made me give him a hard word. He was that good. I'm feeling bad indeed that he

ARREST FOR A MODEL GOOD BOY

The Eighteenth Ward Amazed When It Learned that John Joseph O'Hara Was a Prisoner for Playing Ball in Street

FIRST HE FELL INTO RIVER.

When They Pulled Him Out a Policeman Nabbed Him and He Was Nearly Late for His Duty as Altar Boy.

Wonderment and dismay spread through the Eighteenth Ward to-day when the news of John Joseph O'Hara's arrest became generally known.

O'Hara, who has just turned sixteen years of age, was arrested last night at the foot of East Twenty-second street on a charge of disorderly conduct.

Since he was very small, O'Hara has been an altar boy at the evening services of Father Edwards's church, in Fourteenth street. He was released in bare time to slip into his surplice and officiate as usual.

It is related almost with awe by his friends that on one occasion Mrs. O'Hara missed John from the room at his accustomed study hour.

He at once hurried at top speed to St. Francis Xavier's College, in Fifteenth street, where he is taking examinations which will tell whether he has been successful in his effort to do two years' work in one.

At Bellevue it was said that Policeman Donlin had to make the arrest because he was broken out readily when he reported recently the rescue of another ball player who had fallen into the East River; he was threatened with discipline because he did not make an arrest.

"I've had a lot of trouble with boys who play ball in the street in that neighborhood," said Sgt. Sullivan, of the East Twenty-second street station. "And not long since a woman was struck by a ball and seriously hurt. Policeman Donlin had to do his duty."

MODEL BOY OF THE EIGHTEENTH WARD ARRESTED FOR PLAYING BALL.



ULYSSES S. GRANT GIVEN A SWORD.

Presented to Young Officer by Brooklyn G. A. R. Post Named for His Grandfather.

U. S. Grant Post, No. 27, G. A. R., gave a large reception to Gen. and Mrs. Fred D. Grant and their son, Ulysses S. Grant, at the Germania Club, Schermerhorn street, Brooklyn, the post, through its commander, William J. Harkin, presented Ulysses S. Grant with a sword and belt, to be used by him as soon as he receives his commission as lieutenant from President Roosevelt.

He graduated with high honors from West Point a few days ago. Responding to the presentation speech he said: "I feel this honor more than words can express. I only hope this sword will never be drawn except in a way creditable to the post which gave it and to the nation."

Gen. Grant in his address dwelt upon the civil war and humorously alluded to the capture of Jacksonville, saying that he wished to assure the post he captured Jacksonville because he got there before Jackson because he also said he hoped to be able to address the post later on the subject of the Philippines.

Judge Steie presented Mrs. Grant with a gown of embroidered black chiffon over tulle. Receiving with Mrs. Grant were Mrs. William H. Harding, in a gown of pale gray satin and cream applique lace, Mrs. Bates in a gown of black silk and Duchess lace, Mrs. W. A. Dougherty in a gown of black and white silk and cream applique.

Prior to the reception Commandant and Mrs. W. A. Dougherty, of Governor's Island, entertained Gen. and Mrs. Grant and Ulysses S. Grant at dinner.

Hattie Erskine Rives, the brilliant author of "Hearts Courageous," writes the life story of the murdered Queen Draga of Serbia in tomorrow's Sunday World.

LIFE'S WHEEL OF FORTUNE

While It Carried Leroy B. Crane Up It Bore Joseph H. Whitfield Down, Yet Finally Brought Them Together Again

JOE WHITFIELD IS DEAD.

How the Police Magistrate Was Able to Return with Interest the Kindness the Other Had Shown Him Long Ago.

Magistrate Leroy B. Crane was grieved to-day by receipt of a telegram from Pueblo, Col., announcing the death of his former benefactor, Joseph H. Whitfield, since a well-to-do New Yorker, whose early kindness the Magistrate was recently able to repay.

When Leroy Crane was an office boy in the dry-goods firm of Claffin & Co. the height of his ambition was to make his mark in the dry-goods trade like "Joe" Whitfield, the firm's head salesman, and by general repute the best dry-goods salesman in New York.

When the panic of '73 came, Whitfield's entire fortune was swept away. He was pluckily to work to rebuild it, but the death of his wife and daughter took the heart out of him and he lost his grip. He dropped out of the sight of his old associates.

During the last Christmas holidays a clear-eyed, tattered old man, so emaciated that he had hardly the strength to stand, was arraigned before Magistrate Crane as a vagrant. Some suggestion of penitence in the man's manner, despite his ragged attire, attracted the Magistrate's attention.

"My God, you're not 'Joe' Whitfield," cried the Magistrate, springing from the bench. The old man hardly answered before the Judge's arm was about his ragged figure and he was led into a prison cell. He was fed, and when he told of his years of ill luck and hardship the Magistrate promised that he should never again want. He kept his word.

After providing for Whitfield here until he regained his strength, Magistrate Crane sent him to Pueblo, Col., where Whitfield's sister, Mrs. Sarah Harris, resides. Magistrate Crane continued to provide for him until the end.

"Repel boarders!" ordered the captain of the old-time man-o-war. "Boarders Wanted," says the manager of the latter-day boarding-house, and with the stroke of the pen he writes an ad for the Sunday World, and the boarders arrive Monday morning.

MOTHER'S SKIN ON GIRL'S SCARS

Mrs. Lizzie Osborn, of Brooklyn, Insists on Making a Sacrifice to Save Her Daughter Minnie's Beauty.

FACE MARRED BY BURNS.

The Young Woman was Injured by the Explosion of a Lamp at Her Home, but No Lasting Marks Will Be Left.

On a cot in the Cumberland Street Hospital, Brooklyn, to-day, Mrs. Lizzie Osborn gazed lovingly at a pretty girl of twenty-two who lay beside her.

"Is she getting along all right, doctor?" asked Mrs. Osborn of Dr. Wilhelm, who is attending the girl. "Superbly," replied the doctor. "Now you must endeavor to get some sleep. You aren't out of danger by any means."

This conversation aroused the girl. The lower part of her face was swathed in bandages, but she was able to talk. To a reporter for the Evening World she told how Mrs. Osborn, who is her mother, had submitted to a skin-grafting operation so that the daughter's beauty might be saved.

"I didn't want mother to do it," said the girl, whose first name is Minnie. "My sister Rosie volunteered to submit to the operation, and so did several of my friends, but mother insisted that she was the one to undergo the sacrifice."

"Last January while a party was being given at our home, No. 96 Tompkins avenue, a lamp exploded, and the burning oil fell on my face and chest. They brought me to the hospital, and I have been here ever since."

"A few days ago Dr. Wilhelm told me that unless I wanted to bear hideous scars on my body for the rest of my life I would have to have new skin grafted upon my chest and neck. He asked me if I knew of any one who would consent to have the skin peeled off them."

"When Rosie heard of this she came forward and said she would submit herself for the operation. Then a lot of young men who are friends of mine volunteered. But mother waved them all aside and said the skin should come from her. Dr. Wilhelm said her health was excellent and that there wouldn't be much danger about performing the operation on her. The skin was taken from her arm last Wednesday, and now it covers the scars on my body."

Mrs. Osborn was smiling wanly while this story was being told. She is supremely happy over having sacrificed herself for her daughter. Dr. Wilhelm says she will be able to leave the hospital within a few days, and that as a result of the skin-grafting operation the burns on Minnie's face will in no way mar her beauty.

For the Sick Babies' Fund. The Evening World's Sick Babies' Fund has received \$1, collected by Jesse Levene, of No. 53 West One Hundred and Fifteenth street; by Louis Eileenberg, of No. 65 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street; and by Benjamin Bodenstein, of No. 6 West One Hundred and Fifteenth street, and \$1 from "Baby Edna."

JAMES McCREERY & CO

Linen Dept. 2d Floor. On Monday, June 15, Bleached Damask Table Cloths,—

2x2 yards... 3.00 each
2x2 1/2 " ... 3.75 "
2x3 " ... 4.50 "
Breakfast Napkins to match, 2.85 per doz.
Dinner Napkins to match, 4.50 per doz.

Pillow Shams,— Irish linen, hemstitched and hand embroidered, or lawn finished with ruffles and insertion. 3.00 to 6.50 per pair. White Dress Goods.

Fine imported India Lawn, 36 inches wide. 25c per yard. Value 35c.

Mercerized Madras,— fashionable stripe and figure designs. 25c per yard. Value 35c and 45c.

French Batiste, sheer novelty weave, 45 inches wide. 60c per yard. Irish Linen with embroidered dots. 1.00 per yard.

Twenty-third Street.

DON'T WRITE to a friend when you want to find some one to furnish your apartment for the summer. DO RIGHT and write right away to The World. There's just one quick way to rent an apartment, and that is to advertise it. Sunday World Wants is the medium.

For Romance, Adventure, Fashion, Mystery, Odd Places, READ TO-MORROW'S SUNDAY WORLD

Are We Becoming a Race of Giants? The "six-foot-three" man is predicted by scientists. The six-foot girl is by no means an impossibility. We may be obliged to look up to our sweethearts, whether we want to or not. In the Sunday World you will find this interesting possibility discussed by such eminent writers as: President J. W. Taylor, of Vassar College. Prof. Paul C. Phillips, physical instructor at Amherst. Dr. Anderson, physical instructor at Yale and the famous Dr. Edward Quinard. College men and college girls themselves believe that they are better physically than the college students of a quarter of a century ago. This story will cause old-time graduates to regret that they were born too early.

The Oddest Block in New York. It has just been discovered. It is a block where stable boys, horse doctors, millionaires, yachtsmen and gamblers rub elbows. It is no great privilege to rub elbows with a millionaire, after all; but you may read all about it in the Sunday World to-morrow.

The Heroine of the Ardsley Murder Mystery. In all the dreadful circumstances surrounding the Ardsley murder mystery there is no more interesting or heroic figure than that of Miss Juanita Hewitt. Her lover, to whom she was engaged to be married within a week, was accused of the awful crime. The Sunday World to-morrow prints the true story of her devotion and of how completely she cleared her future husband from the charge of murder. Many other girls would have fainted or become hysterical or lost their minds completely. Miss Hewitt did nothing of the kind. She simply set about clearing Mr. Sewall from the charge. How she accomplished it is told in a most interesting story in to-morrow's World Magazine.

What Mrs. Osborn Says. In to-morrow's Sunday World will startle every man and woman interested in fashions. Oh, the sleeves we are going to see in the near future! Forty-pound Indian clubs afford a faint comparison. And Mrs. Osborn knows what she is writing about. You remember the huge sleeves of eight years ago? The new ones are fully as remarkable as the old. They will be described fully in to-morrow's Magazine in a series of beautiful fashion pictures selected by Mrs. Osborn herself.

An Idyl of the Ateliers. This explains in the briefest possible manner the pretty romance of the late Harold Frederic's daughter. Herself a painter, she fell in love with a handsome artist. Her love story, which tells of mountain-climbing in the snow, is given in the Sunday World to-morrow.

Oh, the Dreadful Street Noises! Of course, everybody knows that New York is a noisy city. We remember it every time the scissoring blender, the junkman or the vegetable vender comes around before we are out of bed in the morning. But the awful noises which assail our ears have never been analyzed until now. Mrs. Russell Sage, the home-loving wife of the great financier, tells all about the street tumult in to-morrow's Sunday World. She points out Fifth avenue and Forty-second street as the noisiest corner, but there are those among us who will take off our hats to West street and to the Bow-ling Green. As stated in the story, the unit of noise is as the sound of one hundred drums.

Does \$50,000 a Year Mean Perdition? Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis Says It Does. Statistics will be given in to-morrow's Sunday World Magazine showing that there are many young bachelors in this city who have \$50,000 a year at their command and who are still regarded as eligible matches in the most select circles of the "40's." The bachelors themselves will tell you all about it in a most interesting way at your breakfast table to-morrow morning.

Why Did Mars Hide His Red Face? Not even the astronomers seem to have a clear idea why a whirling cloud twenty miles thick should sweep over Mars at this particular time. The circumstance, however, forms a most interesting feature of the Sunday World to-morrow, and Dan Smith has represented it artistically and in beautiful colors. Everybody interested in astronomy should ponder upon it.

"Dolly" of the "Dialogues" is not a mere dream born in the brain of Anthony Hope. She is a ruffled and furbelowed reality, and a pretty one at that. We have been in the habit of thinking that "Dolly" was a creature of Mr. Hope's imagination. You will be mightily surprised, therefore, to learn that Mr. Hope and "Dolly" are to wed. You will know all about it when you see the Sunday World to-morrow. "Dolly" is a pretty brunette, and her name is— But really it must remain a secret until to-morrow morning.

For Everybody Will Be Found in the Sunday World Colored Comic Supplement.

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