M'ADOO PUTS SWELL SLEUTHS IN UNIFORMS

Twenty of Murphy's "Old Guard" Sergeants Scattered Into Stations as Roundsmen

Because they were "swelling around and wearing fancy vests" is the reason assigned in Mulberry street for a sensational order issued by Police Commissioner McAdoo to-day distributing twenty detective-sergeants of the "old guard" to the ends of New York and commanding them to don uniforms for the first time in the lives of some of them.

The order has spread consternation throughout the department, for it sets at naught all political affiliations and "pulls" of the men affected.

The majority of the twenty detective-sergeants belong to the old Murphy clique—men, who, according to tradition, were compelled to pay roundly for their yellow shields. They never did patrol duty, going into the detective bureau from the start of their police careers. Some of them never owned a uniform. Now they are cast out into the street to act as roundsmen.

The new order will cripple the staffs of the inspectors of police who, it would seem, didn't have even the influence to save their most prized henchmen from the axe.

Most of the men named in the order were transferred only a short time ago into precincts where there was a lack of investigators. Those ranking as sergeants in these precincts which have no captains were put in as acting heads. This made it necessary to draw in the roundsmen for station desk work and left the men on patrol to do about as they pleased. Instead of doing police duty the detective-sergeants went "swelling around" with their "fancy vests," and now they have reaped the result.

This is the list of detective-sergeants transferred to-day:

Henry Pfeiff, East Twenty-second street, to Delancey street station; Cornelius J. Sullivan, West Thirtieth street to Amity street station, Brooklyn; Daniel A. Kear, West Thirty-seventh street, to Stagg street, Brooklyn; Michael Reidy, East Thirty-fifth street to Eldridge street station; James F. Kerr, West Forty-seventh street, to East Eighty-eighth street station; James J. Mahoney, West Forty-seventh street, to Fifth avenue station, Brooklyn; Anthony Saver, West Sixty-eighth street to Grand avenue station, Brooklyn.

Charles A. Stripp, East One Hundred and Fourth street, to Gates avenue station, Brooklyn; Owen Beagan, West One Hundredth street station, to Madison street; Michael H. J. Dempsey, West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station, to Bedford avenue, Brooklyn; Thomas Monaghan, East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, to Liberty avenue station, Brooklyn; John F. O'Brien, West One Hundred and Fifty-second street, to Leonard street station.

Michael J. McDonough, Herbert Street Station, Brooklyn, to East Ninety-fifth Street Station, Brooklyn. John W. Boyle, Jamaica Avenue Station, to Lee Avenue Station, Brooklyn. Joseph O'Connor, Central Office, to Flatbush Avenue Station, Brooklyn. Joseph Brown, Central Office, to West One Hundredth street station; James Livingston, Central Office to Macdougal street station; William Mulcane, Central Office, to Fort Hamilton Station. Dennis Lyons, Central Office, to Ralph Avenue Station, Brooklyn. John J. Collins, Central Office, to Long Island City.

Thirteen more roundsmen were assigned to sergeants' duty to-day.

POLICE SCORED BY MAGISTRATE

McAvoy Tells One Officer He Would Have Hit Him Twice, and Censures Another for Abusing a Citizen.

Magistrate McAvoy in the Centre Street Police Court to-day sharply rebuked Policeman Michael J. Bennett, of the Brooklyn Bridge squad, for his arrest of Frank Rodriques, of No. 62 Reeves place, Brooklyn, at the bridge entrance last night.

Bennett told the Magistrate that Rodriques assaulted him. Bennett is over six feet tall and built proportionately, while Rodriques is a small man.

"That is not true," Rodriques told the Magistrate. "The policeman struck me in the face and also kicked me because I didn't get out of his way quick enough."

Three citizens corroborated Rodriques and declared Bennett had sworn falsely.

Turning on the policeman Magistrate McAvoy said to him:

"Don't you know you are paid to protect citizens and not abuse them."

"But he punched me in the face," ejaculated Bennett.

"Quite right," retorted the Magistrate. "I would have done the same thing. I would have punched your face several times. Your conduct was disgraceful."

Rodriques was discharged and will make a complaint to Commissioner McAdoo against Bennett.

Policeman Comasky, of the Brooklyn Bridge squad, also came in for a lecture from Magistrate McAvoy for abusing a citizen. Comasky arraigned Haisey S. Walker, an accountant, of No. 521 Putnam avenue, Brooklyn, on a charge of disorderly conduct in obstructing traffic on the north roadway of the bridge.

"That is not so," Mr. Walker told the Magistrate. "I was with my fiancee and left her while I walked to the north roadway to see if a trolley car was coming. As I stood there the policeman grabbed me by the shoulders and pushed me violently off the roadway. When I remonstrated he told me that for two cents he'd run me in. When I recorded his number he arrested me."

Ex-Congressman Driggs, of Brooklyn, told Magistrate McAvoy Mr. Walker was a model young man and he would vouch for his absolute truthfulness.

"This arrest was wholly unjustifiable," the Magistrate told Comasky, "and you policemen should know better than to lose your temper."

U-say-U
Want Money!
Then here is a chance for you to satisfy your desire, for
350 Businesses
will be sacrificed tomorrow for much less than they are worth through
Sunday World Wants

WOES OF BERTHE CLAICHE AROUSE WOMEN'S SYMPATHY

Her Own Testimony Is Borne Out by That of the Detectives and the Policeman Who Saw Her Rush, Beaten and Bleeding, from Her Home—She Shows No Trace of Dread—Hearing to Be Resumed on Monday.

By EMMELINE PENDENNIS

The Coroner's inquest is proving a great triumph for Berthe Claiche. Her mother and younger sisters, Irma and Jeannette; her girl friend, Miss Miller, and the sympathetic women of the neighborhood, who had come to court with grave fears for their Berthe, found fortune going with her hand in hand.

The unadorned story that Berthe has told of her life with Gerdron, his abuse and threats of death, her flight from him four weeks ago, his ultimate arrest and her shooting him when, in a panic, she feared that he might kill her first, was borne out to the last detail by all the witnesses.

The testimony of the detectives who were with her at the time of her arrest, that of the officer who witnessed the shooting from Twenty-fourth street, a block away, and of Patrolman Xenodochius, who went with the girl to arrest Gerdron on Sunday, June 18, and of the young man who the Saturday night before saw the girl rushing from her home half clothed and bleeding, corroborate the girl's accounts or events.

Her Defense Bare Truth.

The defense that is to save the life of Berthe Claiche is no masterpiece of legal artifice, but the unvarnished truth—the story of her own frank lips.

After court adjourned it seemed to be generally believed that at the close of the examination on Monday's hearing the case would be dismissed.

The girl in court yesterday was essentially French, from the saucy tilt of her white sailor hat, with its blue cut-glass hatpins, to the five-inch heels of her little French shoes. The simple prettiness of her shirred habutai silk waist; the fit of her plain tailored skirt, with the touch of red petticoat showing beneath it as she sat, and the precision with which waist met skirt beneath a trim little belt, were all plainly characteristic of a land where women know how to wear their clothes.

Black gloves on the little hands clutching the black handbag gave an added touch of neatness to the simple costume.

Berthe looked surprisingly better than I had ever seen her in the Tombs. Her face was delicately pretty, especially in profile, as her dainty mouth and chin, small nose and straight brow were seen in relief against the black coats in the jury box. Berthe's lovely brown hair was scrupulously neat, and all stray waves fastened in securely with gold and turquoise-trimmed combs.

The big imitation pearls in her ears and the peculiarly French cast of her countenance made her seem a thing apart from the men who sat in judgment, the Coroner, the two attorneys, and even her fellow country men and women on the back benches, who had come to see the girl they knew in her ordeal.

Shows No Trace of Dread.

Berthe through all was peculiarly composed. She showed no fear, and while essentially modest in her bearing, her embarrassment was slight. Her brown eyes beneath the crescent eyebrows turned to each witness as he took the stand and rested in apparent confidence and approval.

As the witnesses rehearsed the story of Berthe's sufferings her cheeks, heretofore deathly pale, flushed crimson, and the women in the court room leaned forward drinking in the horrid tale of blows that bruised and brought blood.

Crowd Greedy for Details.

Open-mouthed they listened to the story of the tyranny of brute force and hate and spite, while some shuddered and grew pale and muttered "Brute!" to a gossiping neighbor.

For among those women, some dressed in tawdry splendor, soiled feathers and locks, others plain and clean, whose faces told of want, not of drink, all were Berthe Claiche's champions.

Real sympathy stirred all hearts alike—whether beneath the gilt locks and the faded silk, or the clean cotton shirt waist. They were ready to befriend the frazile girl who had been wronged.

And —the sat before them, intent on every word, intelligent in every step, and prayerful for deliverance.

GIRL EATS ICE CREAM AND DIES IN GREAT AGONY

Screams of Suffering Young Woman Cause Panic in Flat on Grand Street.

Bertha Gross, seventeen years old and very pretty, died at her home, No. 394 Grand street, to-day in agony after attending a reception last night given by the Manhattan Rifles. After the reception Bertha and several friends ate ice cream in a saloon on the east side, and the theory for a time was that her death had been caused by ptomaine poisoning.

Bertha was taken ill shortly after midnight, and Dr. Strachstein, of No. 253 East Broadway, was called. The girl's symptoms resembled those of ptomaine poisoning, but she rallied under treatment and was apparently out of danger when the physician left her.

About dawn the girl was again taken ill. This time in her agony she screamed so loudly that a panic was caused in the flat house. One man, running to the street, was about to turn in an alarm of fire when a policeman stopped him.

When Dr. Hastings, from Gouverneur Hospital, arrived at the Gross house, the girl was dead. Believing that she had been killed by ptomaines the police began a search for her companions of last night. They found that none of them was ill. From Sadie Bernstein the police learned that Bertha was in high spirits and excellent health last night.

"I was with her all the evening," said Sadie. "I have never seen her happier. All of us ate the ice cream and none of us has been made ill except Bertha."

It was learned that Bertha, who has been employed in the office of a Wall street broker, had suffered from an affection of the heart when she was a child. Her parents believe that this heart trouble returned, having been brought on by the excitement of last night's entertainment.

The Coroner has ordered an autopsy.

WOMAN GIVES MAN LASHING WITH A "CAT"

Mrs. Ehrig Rains Blows on Schmelzer Until Exhaustion Stops Thrashing.

Henry Schmelzer, of No. 201 West Sixty-sixth street, is wearing to-day across his cheeks, on his throat, his back, on his head and his hands great stinging welts made by a cat-o-nine-tails with which Mrs. J. A. Ehrig, a pretty and vivacious brunette of No. 128 West Sixty-third street, thrashed him, while her husband and another man stood by to bear a hand if necessary.

Mrs. Ehrig proved equal to the task she undertook and sent Schmelzer, a big and brawny iron worker, running home crying for mercy.

The whipping took place in the rear room of a saloon on the ground floor of the house in which Schmelzer lives, and of which his wife is the janitress. Schmelzer, on his way into the saloon, passed through the room where Mrs. Ehrig, her husband and their friend were sitting, bade them good day, but got no response.

Leaving the bar Schmelzer went through the room again and, as he stepped into a dark hallway, which led to the sidewalk, Mrs. Ehrig set upon him.

"Take that—and that—and that," the woman screamed hysterically as she brought the lashes of a new cat-o'-nine tails down on him.

Schmelzer yelled with the pain of the falling leather thongs. He threw his arms up to protect his face and head, and ran for the sidewalk, Mrs. Ehrig following relentlessly and thrashing him with all her might.

WOMAN WHO FLOGGED MAN WITH CAT-O-NINE-TAILS

"You have talked about me," Mrs. Ehrig kept repeating. "You have told stories about me, and this is what you get for it."

Schmelzer was dazed when he reached the sidewalk and seemed powerless to get away from Mrs. Ehrig's flaying right arm. A crowd gathered, and as the woman brought down blow after blow she was cheered by men spectators.

Finally Mrs. Ehrig's arm dropped from exhaustion, and then Schmelzer made for his house on the run, his face spattered with blood which trickled from many wounds.

It appears that Mrs. Ehrig and her husband had an apartment in No. 201 West Sixty-sixth street. They moved on Saturday last and their going was not remarkable for its pleasantness, as the story is told by Mrs. Ehrig, and led up to the thrashing which she gave Schmelzer.

"My husband and I went to live at the Schmelzer house six months ago," said Mrs. Ehrig, "and from the beginning Schmelzer began to annoy me with his attentions.

"I had been in the house only a few days when one evening Schmelzer came up behind me in the hall and tried to put his arm around my waist.

"I told him that I thought he had made a mistake. He said I was pretty and that he didn't think so. I was too ashamed to tell Mr. Ehrig about it.

"After that when Mr. Ehrig, who works at night, was away from home Schmelzer would walk up and down the hall in front of my apartment, knocking at my door and making life miserable. But to avoid trouble I kept that from my husband.

"Finally, when Schmelzer could not annoy me any other way, he would drop matches in the garbage can and then call me and point at them. 'I could have you fined $5 for every one of those matches,' he would say, 'but I'll let you off this time.'

"A week ago Schmelzer became so enraged because I wouldn't speak to him that he threw a paint pot at me and cursed me. Then I went to the police, but they wouldn't arrest Schmelzer, they said, because the paint pot hadn't hit me. Then I told my husband, and we decided to move. On Saturday Schmelzer upbraided me horribly and threatened to do everything. I thought he would throttle me, he was so mad at my moving. It resulted in an uproar throughout the house.

"When I told my husband he said, 'You horsewhip that fellow or there'll be trouble in the Ehrig family. I'll stand by and see that you do it.' I bought two cat-o'-nine tails," and here Mrs. Ehrig exhibited them—one with six of the tails beaten off. "I thrashed Schmelzer good. I went to that saloon twice with my husband to meet him.

"He got what all men should get who neglect their wives to spend their money on pretty shoes and gay neckties and fine vests to win other women's attention."

Mrs. Schmelzer explained the beating her husband got by saying that Mrs. Ehrig "made eyes at him and because he wouldn't make eyes back at her she got mad."

BLOWS DID NOT STOP "MASHER"

The Woman Accosted Slapped Smith's Face and Pounded Him with Handbag, Yet He Persisted in Insults.

Benjamin F. Smith, thirty-one years old, of St. Louis, who says he is a conductor on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, was sentenced to six months on the island by Magistrate Steinert in Yorkville Court to-day on a charge of disorderly conduct. His offense was attempting to "mash" Mrs. Grace M. Gamble, of No. 176 Stuyvesant avenue, Brooklyn, wife of Henry H. Gamble, in business at No. 1 Broadway.

Smith begged Magistrate Steinert to grant Mrs. Gamble's request for leniency, but the Magistrate declared that if such offenses were not punished it would be unsafe for respectable women to be alone in the streets at night, and he punished Smith heavily as an example to others.

The encounter between Mrs. Gamble Forty-second street, near the Subway entrance. Mrs. Gamble was waiting, by appointment, for her husband to come out of the building at that corner.

Mr. Gamble was delayed at a business meeting, so Mrs. Gamble walked up and down in front of the Subway kiosk. She is a handsome woman, and was fashionably costumed.

Smith spoke to her in a way that she resented. She told him he had made a mistake and had better move on. He repeated his remarks, and then Mrs. Gamble struck him in the face with her handbag. This did not drive him away, and she slapped his face. He persisted in his attentions and made more insulting remarks, according to Mrs. Gamble.

Her voice, as she struck Smith again, attracted Patrolman McDonnell. Before the policeman arrived Mrs. Gamble told Smith her husband would thrash him. Smith paid no attention to this and then McDonnell arrested him.

Mrs. Gamble ran into the room where her husband was. She broke up the meeting with her incoherent story. Her husband and the other members rushed to the street and would have treated the prisoner roughly had not McDonnell hustled him to the station.

HARRIMAN CASE WAITS.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., July 15.—On account of the absence of Surrogate Silkworth the final accounting of the executors of the estate of the late Oliver Harriman, who left an estate worth about $5,000,000, was not approved at White Plains to-day, and the proceeding was adjourned until Monday.

FOUND WIFE IN DANCE HALL

She Was Doing the Glide Instead of the Dishes, and Laebman Enlivened Coney Island by Starting a Row.

Because her husband played sleuth instead of going to lodge as he told her he would Mrs. Flossie Laebman, twenty-three years old, of No. 22 Stanhope street, Brooklyn, was arraigned in the Coney Island Court to-day with Arno Schmidt, twenty-one years old, of No. 201 Irving avenue, both charged with intoxication.

Arno is a clerk in the Brooklyn dry goods store where the woman's husband, George Laebman, is bookkeeper.

Laebman learned from neighbors that when he went out of the house at night Arno went in, and last night he decided he would learn the truth for himself. lodge and would not return until late. Instead he stood in a shadow up street where he could watch the house. Soon he saw a man enter.

When Laebman reached the house he found it empty. Questioning some children, he learned that his wife had taken a car for Coney Island with Arno. Laebman followed and made a search of the various dance halls. In Stauch's, on the Bowery, he found Flossie and Arno doing the glide. Laebman grabbed his wife. Arno hit him in the eye. A merry three-cornered row was on when Policeman Apel entered the arena and took the trio to the Coney Island Police Station. When Sergt. McGowan heard Laebman's story he locked up the wife and Arno and advised the husband to be in court to prosecute.

When the police searched Arno they found in addition to a dollar watch and 60 cents a collection of silver spoons, forks and other little trifles.

Magistrate Voorhies lectured the young wife in preferring a clerk to a bookkeeper and suspended sentence on both.

SLEEPER ROLLS OFF ROOF.

Carpenter Crashes to the Ground and Fractures One Leg.

August Gelson, a carpenter, is in the Presbyterian Hospital with a fractured leg and other bruises. Gelson went to sleep on the fire escape of the fourth floor of No. 1623 Second avenue, where he lives, last night.

This morning before daylight he managed to roll off and so crashing to the ground. His fall was broken somewhat by the usual number of intervening

'CHIEF' SMITH, OF BROOKLYN, DEAD

Veteran Fireman, Known to All "Vamps," Succumbs After Operation Following Blood Poisoning.

Ex-Fire Chief John W. Smith, of the old Williamsburg Volunteers, and later Assistant Chief in the paid Brooklyn Fire Department, died to-day in the Eastern District Hospital, after the amputation of his left leg, made to prevent the spread of blood poisoning. The injury began in an attempt by Mr. Smith to cut a corn with a razor.

The old chief of "vamps," who was seventy-one years old, was living in Freeport, L. I., when he contracted the blood poisoning, and hurried to Williamsburg and put himself under the care of his old friend, Dr. Blaisdell, surgeon-in-chief of the Eastern District Hospital. Mr. Smith's vitality was not great enough to withstand the shock of the operation. His body will be taken to Freeport.

John W. Smith was born in Newburg in 1834. He came to New York at an early age and became a printer. He was a member of Phoenix Hose No. 22, of the New York Fire Department, and was foreman of Friendship Hose No. 3. In 1863 he was made Fire Warden, and in 1867 was elected Assistant Engineer of the Fire Department, and in 1868 was chosen Chief Engineer of the Eastern District. When Williamsburg was annexed by Brooklyn he was made Assistant Chief, serving until he resigned on account of injuries in 1890.

SUNDAY WORLD WANTS WORK MONDAY MORNING WONDERS.

HUMAN LIFE HELD CHEAPLY BY FIREBUGS

Gang Ready to Burn Buildings for Small Sums, Say Police.

Holding the destruction of human lives by fire as a trifling matter purchaseable for small sums of money, a band of incendiaries, ready to contract to burn any kind of building, has its headquarters in Manhattan, according to Capt. Harkins, of the Brooklyn Detective Bureau, to-day.

The confession of Samuel Levine, the firebug who tried to kill himself by jumping from the top floor of Brooklyn Police Headquarters, which was sworn to before Capt. Harkins and Fire Marshal Beers, has been laid before the District-Attorney and Assistant District-Attorney Robert Elder has been given the prosecution.

Hired to Fire Building.

In his confession Levine says he was hired to fire the building at No. 318 Union street, Brooklyn, by a carpet cleaner whose name he does not know. When he questioned the cleaner about the payment of the $62.50, which he was promised for imperiling more than seventy lives, Levine says Philip Davis, the saloon-keeper now under arrest, guaranteed the money. The confession runs:

"The carpet cleaner told me how to do the job. He gave me a bunch of matches as big as my hands and told me to put the sulphur ends together and with a wick tied on between two barrels of wood, then pour benzine on the wood and light the wood. When the flame caught on the wick and burned to the sulphur it would blaze up big and light the rags around. That would take about fifteen minutes, and then I was to run.

"Phil Davis, the carpet-cleaner, and an Italian, took me to the house last Monday. The Italian was the boss of the house. I asked him why he wanted it burned and if he was sore at somebody. He said no, but that he had it insured for $3,000 and didn't get enough rent out of it to make it pay, as it was an old house. They took me through the house and down into the cellar, and I was to have burned the house that night."

"Who knew of this plot besides yourself?"

Several in Plot.

"Phil Davis, his son Harry, the Italian and the carpet-cleaner. The cleaner gave me the benzine, batches and tape and I went over Monday night. I saw two men sleeping in the hallway. I didn't want to burn so many people, so I went back and told Davis I couldn't do it, but would some other night. That was Tuesday. Davis said 'Do it tonight and I'll give you $125, and all the money we get out of it we'll give you.'

"The night I was arrested (Tuesday) I went to Brooklyn to do the job, but my conscience hurt me and I couldn't do it just then and was turning away when Capt. Harkins and Detective Dugan arrested me. Before I went on Tuesday they sent Davis's boy to tell me it was all right. I wasn't in my room, but my roommate told me, and I went to Davis's saloon and told him I was nervous. He called me a coward and doubled the price to $125 from $62.50 and gave me 25 cents carfare."

After the confession had been signed and taken to the District-Attorney Capt. Harkins said to an Evening World reporter:

"I am satisfied that there is a gang of firebugs in Manhattan ready to burn any building, regardless of the persons in it, for a small sum. There will be more arrests."

AMERICAN MINISTER KILLED IN LONDON.

LONDON, July 15.—Rev. Homer Anthony, of Arkansas, a delegate to the Baptist Congress, was struck by a truck to-day and died in the hospital to which he was taken.

ANSON PHELPS STOKES'S SUMMER HOME BURNED.

Handsome Building at Lenox Destroyed, but Valuable Paintings and Furniture Saved.

LENOX, Mass., July 15.—Fire to-day destroyed the handsome Lenox summer residence known as the Appleton House, owned by Anson Phelps Stokes, of New York, and occupied by Eric B. Dahlgren, of New York. The fire started in the cellar from a cause thus far unknown, and the Lenox Fire Department, which consists of only a hose company, was unable to save the structure. Most of the furniture and several valuable paintings were removed.

The loss is placed at $100,000, with insurance of $70,000.

All the members of the Dahlgren family escaped from the house safely and no one was hurt. The house, which was of colonial architecture, was built in 1876. There were about forty rooms in it.

RUSSIAN-JAPANESE WAR SUPPLEMENT WITH THE 1905 WORLD ALMANAC AND ENCYCLOPEDIA.