MILE-A-MINUTE FLYER HURLED INTO A RIVER

2 Trainmen Killed, 8 Passengers Hurt in Jersey Central Wreck.

CURVE TRACKS SPREAD.

Brakeman with Both Arms Broken Walks Two Miles to Get Help.

FIRE FOLLOWS CRASH.

Engineer and Fireman Crushed to Death at Their Posts—Some of Injured May Die.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Dec. 1.—Whirling at a mile a minute pace, the "New York Flyer" of the New Jersey Central Railroad left the tracks at Stony Creek early to-day and plunged into the Lehigh River. There the combination car next to the engine caught fire from an overturned stove, and several men, imprisoned in the wreckage, narrowly escaped burning to death.

The engineer of the train, Detro, from Scranton, and the fireman, Libbert, from Mauch Chunk, were instantly killed. Eight passengers were injured, some of them so severely that they are expected to die. The injured were brought to the hospital here.

The Injured.

Howard A. Fuller, eighteen years old; compound fracture of the leg.

R. A. Lindsley of Philadelphia; contusion of the hip.

F. E. Delong, of Philadelphia; contusions of the legs.

Thomas Goodwin, of Philadelphia; lacerated wounds of the head.

Samuel Schultz, a clergyman, of Landsford, Pa., lacerated wounds of the scalp.

M. B. Titlow, of South Bethlehem; lacerated wounds of the head.

George M. Willis, of East Mauch Chunk, Pa., engineer of the express train; lacerated wounds of the head and hands, and scalds.

Charles Brady, of Landsford; compound fracture of the nose.

F. O. Falkelk, body badly contused.

The baggage master of the train sustained a fracture of two ribs. He was treated at his home in South Bethlehem.

Hero with Broken Arms.

The scene of the wreck is in a picturesque mountain country. Stony Creek is the name of a tiny hamlet on the banks of the Lehigh River. The Central Railroad tracks, are on the west bank of the stream and the Lehigh Valley, on the east bank. The river is a shallow brawling stream except in time of flood.

The Flyer left Scranton for New York on time and was not heard from until one of its brakemen, bleeding and staggering and with both arms broken, made his way up into the signal operator's tower at Penn Haven Junction, sixty-five miles south of here.

"The Flyer's in the river," he mumbled, almost inarticulate from the shock of the accident and the agony of walking two miles along the railroad track in a heavy storm with his broken arms dangling. "The Flyer's in the river at Stony Creek. The engine and three cars went down the bank. The combination baggage and express car is on fire. You'd better send 'em some help."

The brakeman fainted dead away after giving his news. The operator telegraphed to Mauch Chunk, and a wrecking train and hospital car were immediately sent up from Mauch Chunk together with three doctors and all the help that could be found.

The wreckers discovered that the spreading of the rails on a curve had sent the train over the edge and down the bank into the stream. Engineer Detro and Firemen Libbert were pinned in the wreck of the locomotive and crushed to death.

USED FALSE LABELS AND IS CONVICTED

Blake Refilled Bottles and Is First to Be Punished in Years.

John Blake, of East Orange, who was manager for William Wilson, a druggist, of No. 86 Broadway, and was indicted in 1904 on a charge of selling drugs under false labels, was convicted of the charge to-day and sentenced to three months in the penitentiary.

The testimony of former employees of Wilson was to the effect that Blake refilled bottles of a water company with the product of another company and then sold them under their original labels. It is the first conviction of the kind that has been obtained in this county in many years.

After sentence had been pronounced on Blake his attorney served notice of appeal.

If your business is suffering
For lack of "Help," don't feel sad.
Able workers may quickly
Through World "Help Wants"
be had.

HOSPITAL GUEST, FATHER AND BROTHER.

Louis, Esther And Frank Deorio.

NEW PA. TUNNEL HITS INJUNCTION

Right of Officials to Close a Street Through Railroad Property Questioned.

The Board of Estimate was served with an injunction to-day during the regular meeting restraining the city from closing West Thirty-second street from Ninth to Tenth avenue for the purposes of the Pennsylvania tunnel. The order, issued by Justice Leventritt, is returnable on Monday.

Clarence J. Shearn, as counsel for E. F. Thomson and Robert W. Murray, obtained the order on the grounds that the city has no authority to close the street for a private corporation. The railroad company owns all the land on both sides of the street and wants it for terminal purposes. North and south traffic is not to be interefered with.

UGLY TYPEWRITERS RESPONDED IN SWARMS

Mischievous Office Boy Put In Want Ad for Homely Stenographer and Now Needs a Job.

Because of an office boy and a World want ad., David Welch, a publisher, of No. 76 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, is up a tree, besieged by 200 hundred of the homeliest women stenographers in or out of captivity.

"Willie," said Mr. Welsh to the office boy—Willum Tyke is the office boy's name—"put a line in The World for a stenographer." So Willum, the cut-up, dashed off this one and sent it in:

WANTED — Typewriter and stenographer; must be extremely plain; no sweet 16 or prize beauty; pretty girls barred; uglier the better. 10 A. M. Fair Deal, 76 West 125th st.

Which is why David Welch, publisher, took to the tall and ungarnered to-day after interviewing a regiment of unpretty typewriting ladies. Each one, on entering, put this question:

"Am I plain enough?"

And Welch couldn't tell a lie. He told her she was—and then some—

Those who did not come in person, bringing their faces for inspection, wrote letters. One applicant wrote:

"I believe this is my chance. I am many years beyond sweet sixteen, tall and angular, of New England ancestry, and Puritanical inclinations."

At one time to-day the string of applicants over sixteen reached half a block up One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

And William Tyke is out looking for somebody who needs a real devilish office boy.

QUICK-WITTED GIRL PROVED CASE IN COURT.

Ethel Everdell Got Ahead of the Lawyer Who Cross-Examined Her.

Ethel Everdell, of No. 324 Halsey street, Brooklyn, is a pretty name, and a pretty girl owns it. She was like a flower in a rubbish yard as she stood on the bridge in Centre Street Court to-day and parried thrusts of Charles M. Klefer, a lawyer, defending a man who stole her gloves from her pocket in the bridge crush Wednesday night.

Mr. Klefer attempted to show that she did not own the gloves, which were found on the prisoner after a detective had seen him take them.

"How do you know they were your gloves?" persisted the lawyer.

"We'll settle that right here," replied Miss Everdell, roguishly, as she picked up the gloves and slipped them on her dimpled hands. They were a perfect fit.

Magistrate Whitman held the prisoner, who described himself as Harry Richards, a "professional dancer," for the Court of Special Sessions.

LITTLE GIRL GUEST AT HOSPITAL FEAST

Goes to Bellevue to Get Her Dead Grandmother's Shawl.

Down in a crowded tenement at No. 55 Spring street Esther Deorio, a brown-cheeked little Italian girl of thirteen years, is the most envied of all her playmates, for, although her grandmother's funeral occurs this afternoon, Esther has the glory of having eaten dinner with the doctors and nurses at Bellevue. Yes, Esther's is the honor of having been a guest of those men who dash through the great east side in clanging ambulances, and who are to be seen only when some one is hurt.

Esther is one of five children. Her father is Louis Deorio, a well-to-do Italian house-painter. With the children and the mother and father lived Mary Barrone, the aged grandmother, until three weeks ago. Then she was taken to Bellevue Hospital. The doctors shook their heads, for Mrs. Barrone was very old, and there was little hope.

Little Esther was Grandmother Barrone's favorite, and she promised the child that when she died she would give to Esther her many-colored shawl that came from Naples and the great gold earrings that were so heavy and bright with pretty enamel designs.

Esther Wasn't Hungry.

So it happened that yesterday when word came to the Deorio family that Mrs. Barrone had died little Esther's mother told her she might go to the hospital and get the shawl and the trinkets that were her legacy. It was before dinner that Esther went away, and it was long after the family had ceased to delay their Thanksgiving feast that she came back.

Of course Mrs. Deorio had kept a bit of turkey and some dessert for Esther, but the child burst into the room, rosy with excitement and eager to tell of what befell her in the big buildings near the river.

"I had everything, mother, everything and even ice-cream!" Esther exclaimed, as she handed the bundle of Grandmother Barrone's treasures to Mrs. Deorio.

And that is the burden of her story to-day. It has spread through the district, and all the other children who attend the parochial school on Mott street have come to hear the tale. To some Esther tells it in Italian, and to others she gives an English version, but in either case there is no mistaking the enthusiasm.

Dines with the Doctors.

"I went down to the big hospital," she said to-day, "and I was in a hurry. I wanted to get gran'ma's things that I'll wear some day when I get older. I wanted to be back home too for Thanksgiving dinner. Oh, I went alone, 'cause I knew the way. You see, I'd been over to see gran'ma while she was sick there.

"Well, I went in the gate and told the man in the coat with the brass buttons that looks like a policeman's coat that I wanted my grandma's things. He was nice and pleasant, and he took me to a big man in a white coat. He was awful nice, and he smiled and said he would send for the things. Then he asked me if I'd had my dinner. When I said 'no,' he took me to a big hall, where there were, oh! ever so many doctors in white coats, just like when they go through Spring street, hanging on to the back of the ambulances.

"There was a lot of pretty nurses with white gowns and red crosses. The nice man who took me along got a chair and put me beside a nurse with big blue eyes."

She Had Ice Cream, Too.

This was the crucial point in Esther's tale. She paused for breath. All the other hearers except The World reporter knew the story. There were Annie, her nine-year-old sister, and Emma, four years old, and little Frank, five years old, and Emilio, her "big brother" of fourteen.

"And then you had the turkey," exclaimed Annie.

"Then ice cream," prompted Emilio.

"No," said Esther, with emphasis. "No, I had oysters first. And then I had soup. That came second."

And so she rattled off the menu right down to the coffee, with especial stress on the ice cream. By that time Mrs. Donatello, who lives on the floor above, had dropped in, and Esther very willingly began all over again, this time in Italian.

"And when I go back to school to-morrow," she said, once more using English, "I'll have to tell all the other girls about it."

FOUR SINK TO DEATH ON BARGE ENGULFED AT SEA

Delawanna from This City Goes Down at Night Withuot Warning.

ONLY ONE WAS SAVED.

Captain and His Wife Victims After Vessel Had Broken Away from Tug.

(Special to The Evening World.)

BOSTON, Dec. 1.—The foundering of the new steel barge Delawanna and the loss of four persons on board was reported here to-day by the tug Scranton, which had been towing the Delawanna from New York.

The barge went down in a heavy sea at 8.30 o'clock last night about eight miles east by south from Minot's Light.

Those lost were Capt. John B. Munsey, Mrs. Munsey, his wife; the engineer and cook of the barge.

The cook's name was Peter Johnson. He was forty-five years old, and lived at No. 6 West street, New York.

The engineer was an Austrian whose name was not known, but who made his home in Little Hungary in New York City.

The only pelson saved was Gustave Runnee, aged twenty-six, a sailor, who gives his home address as o. 987 Third avenue, Brooklyn. He saved himself by good swimming and hanging on to a piece of wreckage and a pillow which came within his rech.

The foundering of the barge followed the snapping of the tow-line. The tug was immediately turned about and raced for the craft, but no sign of her could be seen.

As the tug scouted about Runnee was sighted clinging to the wreckage and pulled aboard.

Survivor's Story.

After a further fruitless search the tug turned about, ran up to Boston and reported the wreck.

Runnee, when seen by an Evening World representative, seemed to have suffered little from his experience. As the sole survivor of the wreck, his story proved exceptionally interesting. He said:

"About 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, while a good sea was running, I went to the chart-room and got the side lights ready. While I was looking a heavy sea came aboard and washed me into the engine room.

"After I got the lights in place I went aft to the captain, who was at the wheel, and reported to him there was a foot of water in the engine room, and he said: 'We will have to make the best of it.' No signals were set for the tug, and the captain stayed at the wheel most of the time after that, while his wife was in the cabin.

Vessel Settled.

"The captain kept me at the wheel with him from the time I reported the water in the engine-room until the barge went down. Half an hour or so before the barge sank the engineer came aft and stood near the wheel with us. Later the cook joined us. The captain's wife remained in the cabin.

"Just about 8.30 o'clock, as I was holding the wheel, and Capt. Munsey, the cook and the engineer were standing by, we were running off from the rear lights of the tug, and I put the wheel hard astarboard, but she wouldn't answer to the helm at all, and I saw that we had a list to port forward and were settling there. The captain saw it at the same time and knew we were going down.

"He yelled to me to lash the wheel, which I did. Then he shouted to me to cut away the boats.

"I started for the port boat with an axe, but I never reached the boat as the barge had plunged forward to port and went down under the waves in less time than it takes to tell it. I suppose the captain was starting for the cabin to get his wife, but he could not have reached her, for he had no time, the barge went down so quickly. I never saw a thing of him or the others aboard after that.

Left Here Monday.

The Scranton, with the Delawanna in tow, left New York Monday, the barge carrying 1,156 tons of anthracite coal consigned to Boston. The tug and tow ran into rough weather yesterday afternoon off Highland light.

Capt. Munsey and his wife had been residents of South Boston, but had made their home upon the barge since she was in commission. They are survived by one son, George B. Munsey, jr., who is in business in New York City.

The Delawanna was owned by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad and was built only a few months ago in New York City. The cost was $30,000. She was 156 feet in length, with a beam of 34.5 feet and a depth of hold of 16 feet. The net tonnage was 628 and the gross 698.

MUST WALK BACK HOME.

Magistrate Imposes Severe Sentence Upon Youth He Once Helped.

"You are the very worst young scoundrel in New York," was Magistrate Crane's greeting to James Shanley, twenty-three years old, when the latter was arraigned to-day in the West Side Court, charged with vagrancy. Policeman Minehan brought Shanley over from the Municipal Lodging House.

"Less than ten days ago," continued the Magistrate, "I gave you money to pay your transportation back to Providence, where you told me your father was. You appeared before me in the Centre Street Court, didn't you. What did you do with the money?"

Shanley said he used it in riding to Providence. He also admitted that he had walked back almost at once, taking a week en route.

"I was going to give you six months on the island, but I'll make it stronger. I'm going to make you walk back to Providence. Get out."

LONGSHOREMAN DROWNED.

While working on a steamship at pier 36 East River to-day Cornelius Conway, thirty-two years old, a longshoreman, of No. 614 Water street, fell into the water between the ship and the wharf and was drowned.

His body was not recovered.

A STUDY OF KUBELIK.
By Charles Raymond Macauley.

MRS. TODD'S DEATH DUE TO ACCIDENT

No Evidence of Murder, Say Detectives—Story of a Confession a Fake.

The Evening World called up the Chief of Detectives of Philadelphia on the long distance telephone to-day and questioned him concerning the truth of a story, published in a newspaper of this city to the effect that a man had confessed to him he was one of a band of conspirators that killed the aged Mrs. Margaretta Todd.

The story recited that on the strength of the confession warrants had been issued and sensational arrests would be made to-day.

"The story is a fake," declared the Chief of Detectives. "There is not a line of truth in it. No confession has been made, no warrants have been issued and I do not expect that any will be issued, because all our investigations show Mrs. Todd came to her death by accident.

"I have worked on this case myself and I have had my men working on every phase of it. I have run down every clue, and they all lead to the accident theory. Lawyers for the heirs of Mrs. Todd, who were in Philadelphia last week and who conducted an independent investigation, told me they believed she was the victim of an accident.

"From all we can learn, Mrs. Todd came to Philadelphia from New York, and, possibly while temporarily demented, wandered about until she got lost. She got on the Reading Railroad tracks in a lonely spot and was run over and killed. We have worked out every murder hypathesis, and none has yielded results.

"Nothing was stolen from Mrs. Todd. Her diamonds and the contents of her purse were intact when the body was found. If conspirators had killed her it is hardly likely they would overlook several thousand dollars' worth of jewelry."

Mrs. Frank Tousey, the only daughter of Mrs. Todd, still believes her mother was murdered. She hopes her offer of a substantial reward to any one giving information of the manner in which Mrs. Todd met her death will bring results.

She has hopes of hearing from the anonymous letter writer "Justice," who gave to Coroner Scholer the first intimation that Mrs. Todd had been decoyed to Philadelphia, drugged in a cab, murdered and thrown in the path of an approaching train.

GALINSKI HOME WITH NEW IDEAS IN SHIPS.

Triple Screw Merchant Vessels and Submersible Battle-Ships Among Them.

Head winds, terrific seas, snow and all sorts and shades of zero weather are entered on the log of the White Star liner Cedric, which arrived here to-day. From water-line to rail the big vessel was coated with ice, and her deck fittings were scarred from the buffets of the waves.

There were 161 first cabin passengers aboard, among them Capt. Mark Galinski, of Rahway, N. J., who has been abroad seven years studying ship construction. He brought back a model of a steamship with three screws, two in the sides of the after-part of the ship and one at the stern, which he expects to revolutionize the merchant marine and develop express train speed. He will submit his plans to Charles M. Schwab.

He also said that he had drawn up plans of a battleship which he had submitted to several Continental Governments. It can be submerged during action so that only her guns are above water.

BEGGED FOR JAIL WITH HIS FRIEND

Warbin Was Only Fined $1, While Feldman Was Held in Bail.

An unusual case of friendship was shown in the Essex Market Court to-day when Hyman Warbin, who had been fined $1, insisted on going to jail with his friend Isaac Feldman, of No. 74 Allen street, who had been held in $300 bail for further examination.

Warbin was for nine years in the Russian army, as a non-commissioned officer in the Sixth Regiment, Royal Guards. About nine months ago he, with others, rebelled, and he made his escape from St. Petersburg, taking with him Feldman, who had befriended him. They finally reached New York. Here they joined the army of hand-organ men.

They stopped to-day to play in front of the Essex Market Court. Patrolman Misick, who had been detailed to the Charity Organization Society, arrested them, charging Feldman with begging and Warbin with playing an organ without a license.

Warbin was fined $1 and Feldman was held in $300 bail for examination. When Warbin realized his friend was compelled to go to prison he broke down and pleaded to go with him. He went, taking the organ along, and said he would stay in prison with Feldman just as long as he possibly could.

TAILORING FIRM FAILS.

Charles Herzog, trading as Duke & Co., tailors, at No. 129 Liberty street, to-day assigned for the benefit of creditors to Solomon C. Whilbeck.

Always Remember the Full Name
Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days
E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

THE FIFTH AVE. FUR CO.
290 FIFTH AVENUE,
Have purchased the furnishings and leased the building formerly occupied by
F. Booss & Bro., Inc.
and are selling their enormous stock of over
$500,000 WORTH
OF THE
FINEST FURS.
We have created the greatest sensation ever known in the FUR TRADE by the prices we are selling them at
For the past week our entire building has been crowded to its utmost capacity by FUR buyers anxious to get the great bargains we are offering.
Do not delay. Come at once to this
THE GREATEST FUR SALE
EVER KNOWN IN THIS CITY.
Every Piece of Fur Sold Is Guaranteed.
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WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
ESTABLISHED 1857
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.
CASPERFELD & CLEVELAND
144 BOWERY,
BOWERY SAVINGS BANK BLOCK.
WEST SIDE OF STREET, NORTH OF GRAND STREET 'L' STATION
Christmas Gifts for Thrifty Buyers.
It is time to give thought to the purchase of Christmas gifts. Our stock of Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry suitable for the occasion is more complete and varied than ever. Our prices of course are from 25 to 50 per cent. less than those of the rent-burdened uptown jewellers. If it is inconvenient for you to purchase at present you can make your selections now and we will keep them until you are ready.
Gentlemen's Diamond Belcher Ring, 1⅝ karats; perfectly cut; flashing brilliancy; worth $150.00; our price.....$115
Pearl Mercury Wings, all Oriental Pearls, set off by three steel-white diamonds; beautiful design; special at $48
Gentlemen's Diamond Tooth Ring, ¾ karat, steel-white, Amsterdam cut; worth $100.00; our price $70
Princess Ring of 23 blue-white blazing diamonds and 5 opals, beautiful effect; worth $125; our price.... $88
Pretty Nouveau Art Locket, superbly chased, a large glittering diamond in centre; only.....$15
Engagement Ring, steel-white, fine gem, perfectly cut; real ball of fire; 11-16 karat; Tiffany setting; is worth $100; special...$65
WEDDING RINGS.
Solid 14 and 18 karat gold seamless Wedding Rings our specialty. Prices $2.50 to $25. Quality guaranteed. No extra charge for lettering.
OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL 7. SATURDAYS UNTIL 10.
MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE FREE. ASK FOR IT.

CANDY
Loft Candy is concentrated Sunshine both in its origin and in its effects—the sun produces the sugar, fruits, etc., that compose it, and the candy produces the cheer of sunlight to those who eat it. PENNY A POUND PROFIT.
SPECIAL FOR FRIDAY.
ASSORTED BUTTER CUPS, FRUIT AND NUT FILLING .....POUND 10c
ASSORTED FRUIT AND NUT CHOCOLATES.POUND 15c
SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY.
CHOCOLATE COVERED FIGS .....POUND 10c
ASSORTED FRUIT AND NUT CHOCOLATES.POUND 15c
SPECIAL FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.
CREAMERY CARAMELS, CHOCOLATE, VANILLA AND NUT.....POUND 19c
CHOCOLATE PEANUT CLUSTERS .....POUND 25c
HIGH GRADE BONBONS AND CHOCOLATES OR AN ASSORTMENT OF ALL CHOCOLATES, 30 KINDS, POUND 24c
CHOCOLATE COVERED MOLASSES BUTTER CRISP —A SPONGY, CRISPY CENTRE .....POUND 29c
Park Row Store Open Evenings Until 11 o'Clock.
We will deliver 1 to 10 lbs. at the following rates: Manhattan Island, 10c. Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken or The Bronx, 15c. No goods sent C. O. D.
Candies for our out-of-town customers carefully packed and shipped from our Special Mail Order Dept.
Loft 3 Stores
54 BARCLAY ST., Cor. West B'way.
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Atterbury System Clothes
Men's $25 Suits.
Half the Price the Best Tailor Asks.
Fac-similes in all respects of the finest productions of New York's high-priced custom tailors—not palpable imitations in cheaper cloths and hit-or-miss workmanship.
These long cut sack suits, with straight front and square or rounded corners, are the choicest offerings of the season in ready-to-wear clothes at the Lambert Stores.
"Ask the Man Who Wears Them."
Other special lines of Atterbury Suits at $20 to $40.
Salesrooms:
Clothes, Furnishings, Shoes, Hats.
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