

# NIGHT EDITION

# The



# World.

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PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, MONDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1905.

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## RIOTOUS SCENES IN REBELLIOUS MOSCOW.

(From the London Graphic.)



### REELLED HOME TO SMASH TOYS OF HIS BABES

Christmas in the Home of Drunkard Munsch a Sad One.

### WIFE SAVED IN VAIN. Deserted, She Had Worked and Starved to Make Little Ones Happy.

### HAD TREE AND A DOLL.

When, as Babes Gazed in Wonder, Drunken Father Broke All to Bits.

### BIG TIM SETS 5,000 PAIRS OF JAWS WAGGING

His Annual Christmas Feast for Hungry Was Unusually Successful.

### FED IN RELAYS OF 225.

Tables Groaned Under the Mighty Burden of Turkeys, Chickens and Pies.

### LONG LINE IN WAITING.

Beer in Plenty to Wash Down the Good Things that Tim Provided.

All the other children in the far end of East Forty-second street were to have a Christmas—a really truly Christmas—but the two little Munsch youngsters in the bare, chilly flat at No. 38 were woefully afraid they were to be forgotten. They hadn't seen their father for many weeks, and the mother had found it hard to pay the rent and buy enough food for them. She was ill, too, though she stuck to her work, mending and sewing for the neighbors. The little Munches are so small, one only two years old and the other just turned five, that they didn't know this. But they know that when father is home he has a big black bottle, and sometimes he beats the mother and sometimes he beats the little Munches about. So they were not sorry because father was away. They could play and laugh without being afraid. Yet, when they asked mother if Santa Claus would come, she would only say, "Perhaps," and once they saw her crying, just as she used to do when father would come home and hit her with his big fists.

Calculating ten bites to a mouthful and fifty mouthfuls to a good plenty, there were 2,500,000 bites to-day at Timothy D. Sullivan's annual Christmas feast for the hungry at the T. D. Sullivan Club House, No. 207 Bowery. Five thousand voracious appetites and imperishable traits were trained on 5,000 pounds of turkey, 3,000 pounds of chicken, 4,000 mince pies and 60 kegs of beer.

Went Hungry to Save. All last week she had eaten very little and the food that came into the flat was just enough for the children. Of course they didn't know that, nor that she was saving the dimes and nickels she might have spent for her own portion. All Saturday afternoon they played in the hallways of the tenement with the other children and heard a lot about Santa Claus and Christmas trees and presents and candy. When mother called them in for the supper they asked her again if she didn't think Santa had been so good that Santa would bring them something.

Rarely has such a distinguished lot of waters tended table at a T. D. Sullivan banquet. These are some who sat-footed with tray and scowling feet the cry of the frowsy latterday demagogues who ate and drank everything within reach, not excepting the paper napkins that they mistook for light entrees: George Krause, owner of the Dewey Theatre; State Senator John C. Fitzgerald; William Baker Calvert, treasurer of the T. D. Sullivan Association; Louis Dops, John J. White, Dr. M. B. Feeny, Charles Anderson, Warren Henry Oxford, H. O. Applebaum, William S. Long, the Cupid of City Hall, Col. Michael C. Madden, Deputy Sheriff Louis Lovett, Larry Higgins, the famous Sullivan family; John J. Donovan, better known as "Biggy," and Joe Dunn.

They both were in bed when Mrs. Munsch put on her faded shawl and went out into Third avenue. There were great crowds of shoppers and she saw two women who she knew. Mrs. Munsch looked suspiciously as if they were talking about her. She asked them and they spoke cheerily, but she knew that a little later they would say to one another they pitied her because her drunken husband, arrested many times for non-support, had failed to pay the meagre \$9 a month the Court had ordered. Oh, Mrs. Munsch knew how gossip runs.

Steering a wide course to avoid running down a crowd of children in the street, two huge Norman horses charging a heavy wagon to-day crashed into a store front at Fourth avenue and President street, Brooklyn, wrecking the glass windows of two establishments. The horses didn't have any more sense than to run away, but they had too much sense to trample the children. Pat Moran, a driver for the India Wharf Brewery, had gone into a saloon at Fifth avenue and President street to deliver a keg when his team decided to get out of the street. They ran down President street, at Fourth avenue they swung around the corner, squarely into a lot of happy youngsters, making music with tin horns and top drums. As if governed by the same impulse, the horses swerved in a wide arc, stumbled on the curbstone and fell across the sidewalk. They smashed the window of Corvelli's drug store into smithereens, and the wagon wheels did the same thing for the window of a fruit store next door.

Spent All for Children. At last she found a great, brightly lighted store with things that glittered in the big windows and that if you didn't get too close to them looked very well. It was one of those 25 and 50 cent emporiums, the pinback basins of the very poor. Well, she had almost a dollar she had saved in one week. Of course she had gone hungry, but that was because Mrs. Munsch had never read those nice sociological articles the settlement workers publish on the "Extravagance of the Poverty-stricken," and "How to Live on Ten Cents a Day."

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On her way back Mrs. Munsch had eight cents left. She saw a man on the corner with a lot of grocery in a basket. She looked at him for many minutes. It was a close, hard fight, but at last she walked away with a very little tree and the man had her eight cents. He had wanted ten, but she wouldn't give it. The little Munches were restless. They boistered mother a dozen times an hour about Santa Claus and if she could find his way to their flat. She told them not to worry, and

But on the whole the feast was an enormous success, and if John D. Rockefeller could have seen some of the appetites on show he would have wished with envy, deep regret, and many a rueful nod, that he had never been a member of the Ancient Order of Work Hunters who ottimes did justice on some joints and fessal oil stirred up his sense of staidness and thrust the demands for the flesh of the great American fowl.

### One Leaf a Year Is Enough!

THAT'S all the new leaves you'll have to turn over to be prosperous if you just resolve to let

### GAVE XMAS TOYS TO 2,000 CHILDREN.

Henry Rosenstein, a toy dealer at No. 118 Park Row, played Santa Claus to 2,000 children of the lower East Side to-day. This makes the fifth year that Mr. Rosenstein has remembered the children.

### WORLD WANTS Find the Things You Want.

Five thousand packages of toys were distributed. Dolls and sets of furniture were given to the girls, and mechanical toys and footballs to the boys. A picture book was given to each child. The children ranged from babies in their mother's arms to boys ready for long trousers. They packed the side-walk in front of the store and the line went out into the street, giving two policemen all they could do to keep them in line.

### RUNAWAY TEAM DODGES CHILDREN

Scared Horses Swerve Just in Time to Avoid Dashing Into Youngsters.

Steering a wide course to avoid running down a crowd of children in the street, two huge Norman horses charging a heavy wagon to-day crashed into a store front at Fourth avenue and President street, Brooklyn, wrecking the glass windows of two establishments. The horses didn't have any more sense than to run away, but they had too much sense to trample the children. Pat Moran, a driver for the India Wharf Brewery, had gone into a saloon at Fifth avenue and President street to deliver a keg when his team decided to get out of the street. They ran down President street, at Fourth avenue they swung around the corner, squarely into a lot of happy youngsters, making music with tin horns and top drums. As if governed by the same impulse, the horses swerved in a wide arc, stumbled on the curbstone and fell across the sidewalk. They smashed the window of Corvelli's drug store into smithereens, and the wagon wheels did the same thing for the window of a fruit store next door.

### FORTY HURT IN CRASH OF CARS

Dashed Down a Hill, Rammimg One Trolley Into Another, All Crowded.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Dec. 25.—Forty or more persons were injured last night in a collision of three crowded street cars. A car got beyond control of the motorman, dashed three blocks down a steep incline and crashed into the end of another car, shoving the latter car into a third, which was crossing a street at right angles. It was crushed like an eggshell and turned completely over. The runaway car was also badly smashed. Hardly a passenger on the three cars escaped injury, some of them being seriously hurt.

### WOMAN BURNED BASTING TURKEY.

Clothes Caught Fire While She Was Leaning Over a Kitchen Stove.

Mrs. Annie Lyons, thirty years old, a widow living on the top floor of No. 401 East Seventeenth street, was taken to Bellevue Hospital to-day by Ambulance Surgeon Madya, probably fatally burned. She was burning a turkey. Mrs. Lyons had stopped down to baste the turkey, and in doing so her kimono caught fire. She ran into the hall-way, where several children were playing. Instead of aiding her they ran away. The woman ran to a window and shouted for help. Men, seeing the flames, sent in an alarm. Janitor James Shannon found the woman lying on the floor. He extinguished the flames with his overcoat.

### MISSING MAN HID AS POSSE SEARCHED

Night and Day in Freight Car After Bolting Through Window of Home.

FREEMONT, L. I., Dec. 25.—While dependent over business troubles and the fact that he was unable to get money with which to buy Christmas presents for his wife and three children Samuel Noon, a cigar dealer of this place, disappeared on Saturday night last and wandered about for twenty-four hours. He is back at home to-day, but suffering from exposure. Noon's mind seemed affected Saturday. He was imagining an enemy sought his life. During the night he became boisterous and, leaping from a window, ran along the road, eluding members of his family, who went in pursuit. A neighbor meeting him and seeing him without coat or hat took him in and gave him boots. Noon starting off apparently for home. Instead, he struck out for Garden City, walking the entire distance and there taking refuge in a freight car. He remained hidden all night and all yesterday, while a posse searched the country side for him. Last night Noon turned up at the home of his brother-in-law in this place. He was thoroughly exhausted, having had nothing to eat. He is now under the care of doctors.

### WHOLE TRAIN PLUNGES OVER AN EMBANKMENT

Many Passengers Injured, Twelve of Them Seriously, in Accident on Denver and Rio Grande.

DURANGO, Col., Dec. 25.—The east-bound Denver and Rio Grande passenger train from Silverton, well loaded with passengers, was wrecked three miles from this city yesterday, and a large number of the passengers were injured, twelve of them seriously. The accident was caused, it is claimed, by a defective rail. When the accident occurred the chair car rolled down an embankment, dragging the other cars with it. The cars were dragged along in this manner on their sides for more than 400 feet before the train was brought to a stop.

### CHILDREN IN FIRE PANIC

While the little pupils, numbering a score or more, of Rabbi Rosenbaum's kindergarten on the second floor of the double-decker tenement at No. 126 Broome street, were at prayer to-day, fire broke out in the printing establishment of David Snorr on the third floor.

The children and other tenants were seized with panic but all were got out in safety. Capt. Seikless of Truck No. 12 fell from a ladder and was badly hurt while helping in the work of rescue.

### HURLED IN AIR BY TRAIN EXPLOSION

Two Men Badly Injured When the Boiler of a Locomotive Burst.

PATERSON, N. J., Dec. 25.—Two men were seriously burned and scalded, one of them so severely that it is thought he will die, by the explosion of a boiler in a big camel-back engine on the Susquehanna Railroad, just beyond North Paterson, early to-day. The engine was in the cab at the time, but escaped injury. The two men injured were Conductor Charles La Barr, of Stroudsburg, N. Y., and La Barr is in the General Hospital, city, suffering from a broken leg and face. At the hospital it is said to-day that he has only a slight chance of recovering. Mable is in St. Joseph's Hospital, badly scalded about the arms and body, but he will recover. The engine was drawing a train of empty coal cars up the grade just beyond North Paterson, when something happened to the machinery and the locomotive stopped. Engineer Shafer remained in the cab trying to ascertain the cause of the trouble, while La Barr and Mable jumped to the ground to investigate. The two men on the ground were examining the boiler when there was a terrific explosion. Both were hurled several feet. Engineer Shafer was not even thrown down, as the force of the explosion seemed to go downward. Shafer and the brakeman on the train ran to the aid of the injured men. They found La Barr lying on the road unconscious, his face and hands badly burned and scalded, and near by was Mable, also scalded and burned, but not unconscious. A wrecking train was sent out from here and the two injured men were hurried back to the city, where they were taken to the hospital. The entire lower part of the locomotive was damaged and a new engine had to be sent to take the coal cars to their destination. Engineer Shafer says he cannot understand what caused the explosion. The police of the city were heard for several miles and attracted a large number of persons to the scene.

### Lewis Graham Dead.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Dec. 25.—Lewis Graham, eighty-four years old, a Mexican and civil war veteran, and former President of the International Typographical Union, died suddenly yesterday.

### FIRE LED PATIENT TO SEEK DEATH

As Piano Factory Burned Firemen Stretched Net to Save Connelly.

A fire that caused a young man who was recovering from typhoid fever to attempt to jump from a second story window and which started a panic in Roosevelt Hospital, completely burned out the six-story building at Nos. 531 and 533 West Fifty-eighth street early to-day. Three alarms were turned in because the firemen had great trouble with low-water pressure. It was only by the hardest kind of work that the fire was kept from spreading, and, since the big tanks of the Consolidated Gas Company are just across the street, there was danger of an explosion. The young man who became frantic at the fire was William Connelly, twenty years old, who was convalescing from typhoid fever at his home, No. 632 West Fifty-eighth street. His father, Patrick J. Connelly, was in the room when the young man smelled smoke. This was just before the alarm was turned in. When the engines rattled down the street, young Connelly became uncontrollable. He jumped up and ran to the window. Before his father could interfere he had jumped out on the window ledge. In the street a crowd had gathered. Half a dozen firemen raised the young man screaming as he crouched on the window ledge. They spread a fire net for him. It was just at this moment that the elder Connelly dragged his son from the window. An ambulance from Roosevelt Hospital, half a block away, was summoned and young Connelly, still screaming and struggling, was taken to the institution. There the patients were on the verge of a panic, for the light from the big fire had illuminated the hospital as if it were day. The fire, which was confined to the factory building, started on the second floor, which is a shop for the making of organ reeds. The first floor is occupied by an iron company and the four upper floors by the Baumelster piano factory. The fire burned quickly. There was danger of its spreading to the tenements, the gas works and to the hospital, all within a stone's throw. Chief Croker arrived on the third alarm. Besides trouble with low pressure, Fire Truck No. 4, which is of the compressed air type, broke down. A crowd of persons, who were going to early mass at the Paulist Fathers' Church, witnessed the fire. The damage was estimated at \$50,000, and Chief Croker seemed much irritated by the lack of water pressure. "If the water pressure had been what it should be we could have kept the fire from spreading to the upper floors. It was lucky that the north wind kept the flames from blowing toward the gas tanks. It is a serious thing when a truck refuses to work. When we want them we want them badly, and I am taking notes on the condition of Truck 4."

### NO FINE FOR GATES FOR SPEEDING AUTO

Son of Chicago Plunger Explained that His Machine Was on Heavy Grade.

"Betcher-a-million" Gates's son, Charlie, was the only defendant in the Westchester Police Court to-day when Magistrate Breen ascended the bench. Charlie Gates was charged with speeding his Mercedes automobile faster than the out-second stop-watch of Bicycle Policeman John Dillon could keep time. His excuse was that when Dillon caught him yesterday in the Eastchester road, near Pelham parkway, the machine was on a grade and that that was what caused all the trouble. The policeman told the court that that was true, but that he only did his duty in arresting the son of "Betcher-a-million." So Magistrate Breen discharged Charlie and reprimanded him with a merry Xmas. When Charlie Gates was arrested yesterday Mrs. Gates was with him. In swinging the Mercedes around at Dillon's command Charlie smashed the policeman off his bicycle and rolled him in the mud. "Get in here with your bike," said the Chicagoan to Dillon. He helped Dillon and Dillon's bike into the auto and ran himself and his capor to the nearest police station.

### TWO DEAD AFTER CHRISTMAS REUNION

Muscov and Friend, Recently from Russia, Blew Out Gas at Sister's Home.

There was a tragic ending to-day to the Christmas celebration held last night in the home of Mrs. Paul Raymond, at No. 125 Bathgate avenue, the Bronx, when two of the guests were found dead in bed, asphyxiated by gas. One was John Muscov, 33 years old, of 105 Twenty-second street, Bayonne, N. J., who recently came to this country. He is a stepbrother of Mrs. Raymond and she had not seen him for thirteen years before he came to her house last night. He brought with him his friend, Andrew Casnuth, who came from Russia with him. The men were unfamiliar with illuminating gas. They retired to a room on the second floor of the Raymond cottage after midnight, and it is supposed they blew out the gas. They were found dead this morning.

## WAR IN RUSSIA AS 'XMAS PEACE' RULES WORLD

While All the World Joins in Christmas Celebration, the Streets of Russian Cities Are Strewn With Victims of Cossack Fury.

### CROWDS FALL UNDER LANCES AND SWEEPING GUN FIRE.

Barricades Are Stormed and Carried, Only to Be Raised Again by People, Who Fight Desperately—Czar Making Supreme Effort to Put Down Revolt.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 25.—While every other Christian nation on the face of the globe is celebrating the feast peculiarly associated with the sentiment "Peace on earth, good will toward all men," Russia is in the throes of butchery, assassination, lawlessness and rioting.

Fragmentary reports from various parts of the empire indicate that happenings on what in the rest of the world passes for Christmas Eve approximated in ghastliness the slaughter of the innocents ordered by Herod following the first Christmas Day. Christmas in the Russian Orthodox Church falls on Jan. 7. From present appearances it will be a festival of horror, for the people are determined to force the rebellion, while the Government is bending every effort to put down the revolution by force of arms.

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### KELLY, JUST KELLY, HE'S A FIRE HERO.

Thomas F. Kelly, who refused to tell the police his address, saved a man and wife from being burned to death in the house No. 83 Fifty-third street, Brooklyn, last night. One of the rescued, Mrs. Michael Cowan, died later. Her husband, who also was carried out by Kelly, was painfully burned, but not seriously. Kelly was so badly burned that he had to be taken to the hospital. His hands were a mass of blisters and his face bore marks of many burns. Mrs. Cowan had been reading and her clothing and the carpet became ignited. She was a mass of flames when Kelly, who was passing, rushed into the house. Unmindful of his own hurts, Kelly wrapped the woman in a rug and carried her to the street, where others cared for her. He then returned to the fire, where he found Cowan unconscious from the smoke and his clothing afire. Kelly shouldered the unconscious man and carried him to the open air, where he was revived.

**WEATHER FORECAST.**  
Forecast for the thirty-six hours ending at 8 P. M. on Tuesday for New York City and vicinity; Generally fair to-night and Tuesday; light southwest winds.