CZAR'S ADMIRAL SHOT; OTHERS ON THE DEATH LIST

Woman Agent of Terrorists Carries Out Threat Against Chouknin.

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 10.—The Admiralty has received a report from the [illegible] charge of Vice-Admiral Chouknin, who was shot by a [illegible] in his office at Sebastopol yesterday, to the effect that his wounds are not dangerous. Rear-Admiral Dzigorovitch has assumed command of the Black Sea fleet in succession to Chouknin.

According to the morning papers and subsequent despatches from Sebastopol portraying the press accounts the attending surgeons are confident that Chouknin will recover. The most severe wound is in his breast, from which the bullet has not been extracted. The other wounds are in the right shoulder and both legs.

The murderess, who was shot and killed by an orderly who rushed to the Admiral's assistance, is believed, like the murderess of Lieut.-Gen. Sakharoff, the former War Minister, who was shot and killed Feb. 1 at Kharkoff, and the assassin of Gen. Gryaznoff, Prefect of Police at Moscow, who was shot and killed at Moscow July 11 last, to have been an emissary of the St. Petersburg group of Terrorists.

Chouknin had long been a marked man, a number of his subordinates being sent to the Black Sea fleet in repeating disorders. When the sentences were passed on the sailors for participation in the Odessa mutiny were before him for review formal notice was served on Chouknin to the effect that if he approved the death sentences he would be killed within a week.

It is believed that the Terrorists were already waiting for a favorable opportunity to kill him have reached the Admiral several times since. The hand of the Terrorists is now raised against the heads of officialdom, military and civil, which are called upon to curb the revolutionary movement.

Strong measures have taken place in the last three months, and a number of official heads have been pilled on account of their prominence in repressing agrarian uprisings.

The story of terror hangs over them like a sword of Damocles, and the security of the Terrorists is sure to be avenged sooner or later.

Grand Duke Sergius, Governor-General of Moscow, and Count Sollogub, Governor-General of the Baltic Provinces, both of whom, like Chouknin, were considered in imminent danger, have shown that the security of the Terrorists is sure to be avenged sooner or later.

The murderess, who is a sister of Chouknin, the former Minister of Justice, is a woman who was considered in the service of the Admiral's family for a long time. She was not to be suspected of any such act.

It is generally feared that a large number of arrests will follow. Terrorist sentences have been executed by women who are [illegible] trusted members of the Terrorist organization. The number of women of the police force has been with the object of the Terrorists in assassinating as quickly as rapidly that the heads of such crimes hardly receive [illegible] news comes daily.

GOES TO JAIL, SAYING HE IS NOT ACOUNT

Henry Penalosa, Accused of Intercepting Mail, Is Held for Trial.

Henri Penalosa, who has enjoyed publicity about town as a Spanish count, was arraigned this afternoon before United States Commissioner Shields on a charge of having intercepted the mails of the Oliver Typewriter Company.

He was held in $1,000 bail for examination on Monday next and in default went to Tombs. Marshal Henkel in the Tombs says he was locked in a cell.

There is a lot of mystery about the prisoner. He has the manners of an educated and well-bred scion of a well-to-do family and talks English. He talks but a broken Portuguese language. He English also is good.

Before being taken to the Tombs, Penalosa stated that he had posed as a count, but that he was even a Spaniard. He claimed to be a native of Havana. He declared that if there really was a Count Penalosa, some one must have usurped their names.

"I do not mean to injure the Count's good name," said the accused young man, "or give his family any cause for anxiety. Certainly I am not the Count."

DR. MALLOY DEAD, VICTIM OF DRINK.

Once Well Known, with Large Practice in the Middle Section of Manhattan.

Dr. Henry Malloy, one of the best-known physicians in the middle district of New York, died to-day in St. Vincent's Hospital of alcoholism. He had been in the hospital several days [illegible]

Dr. Malloy's practice began to fall away [illegible] Dr. Malloy has lived at No. 20 West [illegible] street with his wife and [illegible] drinking heavily, and last night became so unmanageable that his wife took him to the hospital.

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BURGLARS IN THE HOUSE, SHE 'PHONED COPS

Reserves Flocked to Fifth Avenue Residence to Find Flopping Blind.

The telephone at Police Headquarters rang out loud and clear at 4 A. M. today. Police Sergeant Manion answered the call, and a woman's voice, high and excited, said:

"Please send the police here at once! Send them quickly! Burglars are in the house! They are tearing things to pieces!"

"But who are you?" asked the sergeant.

"You just please send the police," came from the other end of the telephone. "Please send them."

"Certainly, madame," returned Manion, "but where must we send them?"

"Send them to the home of Mr. Andrew C. Zabriskie, No. 73 Fifth avenue," the excited voice replied. "Send them quickly. Please send them quickly! Burglars are here!"

Sergt. Manion communicated with the police of the East Fifty-first street station, and the sergeant in charge was told:

"Get your men over there on the run. There's something doing."

Two policemen started for the Zabriskie home. They slipped on the icebrowned pavements and arrived out of breath. Hardly had they been despatched when Headquarters 'phone rang a second time, and again the excited woman said:

"Why don't you send those policemen? I tell you, burglars are in the house. Please! Please hurry!"

Manion again called up the East Fifty-first street station and asked:

"Have you sent those men?"

"Yes," answered the sergeant.

"You'd better send more," Manion suggested. "There seems to be an urgent call."

The patrol wagon was loaded with the reserves. The horses were whipped into a gallop and the wagon rattled down the street. Near the Zabriskie house the policemen began dropping out of the wagon. The reserves took their place around the block. No burglar could escape that cordon.

When the block was surrounded completely policemen began a search of the house. They found no burglars, but they did find a window which had been left open by a maid and the blind flapped frightfully. The blind might have been broken to pieces had not a policeman stopped the window.

Then the patrol wagon was loaded with the policemen, and the horses headed their way back to the stationhouse.

"It was almost a burglary," commented a reserve man, as he turned in, and his companions had some additional remarks to make about servant girls.

CHINESE VISITORS INSPECT POLICE

Secretaries Go to Headquarters and Meet Bingham and Waldo.

Four of the members of the Chinese Imperial High Commission looked over the nine cds of war at Police Headquarters in Mulberry street to-day. They had a jolly good time, or its Oriental equivalent.

The visitors were secretaries and attaches, by name Liu Yo Tesing, Lee Liang Kien, Weng Ya and Wung Sing Sin. They were chaperoned by W. S. Cheng, a Chinese law student who talks Columbia University English, and Dr. Cortrutier, U. S. A., who was with Gen. Chaffee as a surgeon in the Peking relief campaign.

When the gayly caparisoned Deputy Imperial Highs were ushered into Deputy Commissioner Rhinelander Waldo's office he was engaged with Inspectors Cortright, Schmittberger, McLaughlin, Flood and Titus, teaching them how to fix a dress tie and how to squeeze in an opera hat without looking conscious or fooling the approach.

The Deputy and five inspectors rose and saluted. Then it was all hands around for a hearty shake. Only one of the visiting Chinamen besides Mr. Cheng could talk English. This was Secretary Sing Sin. He made conventional remarks, while the others smiled and took notes on red laundry slips.

Gen. Bingham came in while the party was in Deputy Waldo's office and personally escorted the visitors to the domain of Col. Kipp, the chief clerk. In turn they inspected the telephone system, the cosy cells in the basement lock-up, and the room where lost children are kept over night. The sleep of the tiny beds, little chairs and stores of much-dented toys made an impression on the Chinamen. They discussed the equipment among themselves for some minutes. A reporter who was right there on the job apologized for not furnishing a transcript of all that was said, his fountain pen broke.

The elders were just delighted the moment they learned that the system revealed in Chinese for them by Interpreter Cheng when two detectives brought in an Indian pickpocket to be "nailed." They followed with interest the process of measuring and photographing the prisoner.

Through Mr. Cheng Mr. Secretary Kien explained that in the old country they do this sort of thing differently.

"First we take an impression of the felon's right thumb pad in yellow paint on parchment," he said, per translator, "then we cut his head off. This system gives excellent satisfaction for the identification of our criminal classes at home."

When they went away the four investigators bowed low in company and chanted something which sounded like "Hooray for the police."

They were simply model conduct. They were simply telling Gen. Bingham good-by.

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PRISON THREAT FOR MEN IN GREAT TURF SCANDAL

Criminal Charges to Follow Fight Over $5,000 Trophy Won in Major Delmar-Lou Dillon Race.

Criminal proceedings will undoubtedly grow out of the sensational turf scandal over the championship trotting race won by E. E. Smathers's Major Delmar from C. K. G. Billings's Lou Dillon at Memphis in which Mr. Smathers is accused of having entered into a conspiracy to dope Mr. Billings's mare.

Mr. Smathers, from whose apartments the $5,000 gold cup awarded for Major Delmar's victory was forcibly seized by Deputy Sheriff John Murray, who now holds it under Mr. Smathers's $1,000 bond, said when seen to-day at the Pierrepont apartment-house, No. 49 West Forty-third street, that the present suit brought against him is a conspiracy in which several prominent millionaires are involved.

The former owner of Major Delmar said if his enemies failed to prove their conspiracy charge against him he would immediately bring action against them upon the same charge. He declared that if the civil suit was successful criminal proceedings would undoubtedly follow.

"Any one familiar with trotting races during the past few years," said Mr. Smathers, "must know who is behind this action against me, and that no stone will be left unturned by these conspirators in their efforts to blacken my character. But I have engaged the firm of McIntyre & Adams and will fight this matter to a finish. We have already filed an answer to the replevin action by which the Memphis cup was seized in the Supreme Court.

"We are going right into the courts without any delay. They must prove that I entered into a conspiracy with my trainer, Speers, and with Saunders, who was Mr. Billings's trainer; that with my consent and at my instigation dope was given to Lou Dillon so that she would lose the world's championship trotting race at Memphis.

"If they don't prove all this they will be made defendants in a charge of conspiracy and I shall be the complainant. The charge they have made against me is ridiculous on its face. There was no hint, no suspicion that Lou Dillon was not running her best in that race. The trained eye of any horseman would have noticed something if there had been anything to notice.

"Speers is now in the employ of Mr. Billings. He was in my employ until until last July. I paid him his salary up to the first of October and paid him his last money six weeks ago, and he was at that time apparently very friendly toward me.

"In their affidavits, which are in the possession of Murray Howe, former secretary of the Memphis Racing Association, Speers and Saunders admit they gave dope to Lou Dillon.

"Now, I have never known, in my connection with trotting races of a time when dope was given in a race of any importance. In fact, I never heard of any occasion of which dope was given to a trotting horse."

Since the race in which Major Delmar defeated Lou Dillon Mr. Billings has purchased Major Delmar and now owns him.

Mr. Billings, besides being socially prominent and a multi-millionaire with various commercial interests—principally the Chicago Gas monopoly—is undoubtedly the foremost trotting-horse man in the world. He owns the world's record and not for stakes, purses or money prizes. He never makes a bet. He has an extensive breeding farm in Kentucky, a stable and training quarters in Cleveland which cost him $300,000, and a new stable in Lexington, Kentucky. Mr. Billings's home is near the Speedway, which cost $500,000 and which is said to be the most magnificent ever built in this country.

It is known that Mr. Billings's love for the trotting horse costs him a fortune every year.

NO COAL STRIKE, SAY THE MINERS, FIXING DEMANDS

Terms Will Be Moderate and Such as the Operators Will Likely Accept—Mediation for the Bituminous Men.

(Special to The Evening World.)

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., Feb. 10.—The anthracite mine workers' officials in conference here to-day to complete the demands which are to be presented to the operators at the meeting in New York on Feb. 15 express confidence that there will be no strike in the anthracite region.

It is understood that this is based upon the decision to greatly modify the demands referred to the Scale Committee by the mine workers, and make them such that the operators cannot well refuse them.

They may be confined to a demand for an equalization in wages and a new form of conciliation board, as arranged that grievances may be quickly settled.

In the meantime it is believed that powerful influences already at work will prevent any strike in the soft coal regions. The Civic Federation is expected to act and President Mitchell will probably confer with some of the leading members when he reaches New York next week.

After the demands are in shape they will be taken to New York, and President Mitchell will decide if they are of the nature he deems wise to present to the operators.

All the members of the Scale Committee will go to New York, so that any disputed question may be referred to them, but only thirteen will attend the joint conference with the operators. These thirteen will comprise Presidents Mitchell, as chairman and spokesman; the district presidents, vice-presidents, secretaries and national board members.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 10.—A brief hearing on the temporary injunction secured yesterday by President Patrick Dolan of the Pittsburg District miners against 150 delegates attending the district convention, restraining them from interfering with his powers as president, was held to-day before Judge Frazer in Common Pleas No. 1. Additional time was requested by the defendants, and Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock was fixed by the Court for the final hearing.

A session lasting one hour was held by the convention this morning previous to going to court in a body. It was the stormiest meeting yet held, and there was opposition to every matter presented by President Dolan.

National Vice-President Lewis announced that President Mitchell had instructed him to remain in Pittsburg for a few days. Mr. Lewis also read a telegram from President Mitchell advising the executive board of the Pittsburg District miners that they were permitted to draw on their treasury for funds to retain legal talent in the injunction proceedings.

"I personally am paying my attorneys," shouted Dolan to Lewis and the delegates, "and the executive board will do likewise. No money will be taken from the treasury for this purpose if I can help it."

DRAWN FROM RIVER BY A HUMAN CHAIN

Policeman and Two White Wings Save Snow Cart Driver from Drowning.

Two "white wings" and a policeman formed a human chain and rescued Edward Hanley, of No. 176 Third avenue, also a "white-wing," from drowning at the foot of East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street to-day.

Hanley drove a cartful of snow to the pier and was dumping it into the river when another cart bumped into his and jogged him into the water. While he was floundering about in the slush and ice that coated the river, two of his fellow employees, George W. Brady and J. C. Fitzgerald, threw him a rope and a life-preserver.

The man managed to get hold of the line, but when he was dragged in to the dock his strength gave out and he slipped back into the water.

By this time Policeman Miller, of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street Station, was on hand, and stripping off his coat he had the two street cleaning employees lower him to the water by the legs. Then when he got hold of the drowning man they told the "white-wings" to pull them both up.

When Hanley was finally high and dry it was found he had suffered severely from shock, and an ambulance carried him to the Harlem Hospital.

UNFINISHED HOUSE BURNED.

Two Alarms Sounded for Fire in Bronx Tenement.

Two alarms of fire were sounding at 2 A. M. to-day, when flames shot from the windows of the apartment house at One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street and Lenox Avenue. This house, which is in the course of construction, is owned by Meyer Frank, and is not occupied.

The damage was about $1,000. The firemen reported that the flames started through some unknown cause.

MUCH LAUGHTER.
(From Printer's Ink.)

Of all the notable papers the daily circulation of The World is larger than larger in Greater New York than that of any other.

"JACK THE STABBER" CAUGHT, CONFESSES

St. Louis Police Capture Man Who Stabbed Women on the Streets.

(Special to The Evening World.)

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 10.—John Brady, twenty-two years old, of No. 2809 Pine street, a waiter out of employment, is under arrest as the man who stabbed thirteen women on the streets on Jan. 31. He has confessed to the police, and in addition two men, William F. Bailey, of No. 831 Minerva avenue, and Eugene McKenna, of No. 2818 Marcus avenue, have identified him as the person they caught at Twelfth street and Washington avenue on the night of the stabbing spree he had attacked Mrs. Maude Young, of No. 1807 Franklin avenue. Brady escaped at that time.

The police took him in custody early to-day on information given by a woman acquaintance of the prisoner. He had boasted to her that he was the man who had used the knife on so many women.

Brady gives as his reason for stabbing the women only an uncontrollable desire to do so. He does not appear to be insane. All the women were stabbed on the hip or leg while walking along the streets. The wounds were painful but not dangerous.

WILLIAM GRINNELL DIES OF PNEUMONIA.

President Harrison's Former Assistant Secretary of State Expires After Brief Illness.

William Grinnell, who was Assistant Secretary of State under Harrison, is dead at his home, No. 318 Madison avenue, this city, yesterday after a brief illness from pneumonia.

Mr. Grinnell was born in New York in 1857. After graduating from Harvard he studied in Germany and later received a degree from the Columbia Law School.

He was counsel to the French Government during the copyright negotiations.

Until the last national campaign Mr. Grinnell was a [illegible] but he then came out for Mr. Parker. He was a member of the Democratic Club of Washington, who declared that the general will be held to-morrow afternoon.

YOUNG GIRL IS KILLED AT DEAD MAN'S CURVE

Struck by Engine on Long Island Railroad Close to Her Home.

"Dead Man's Curve," a tragedy-ridden turn in the tracks of the Long Island Railroad in Long Island City, claimed another victim to-day. Cecilia Poula, a fourteen-year-old girl, who lived with her parents at No. 127 Greenpoint avenue. The Paula family moved in two days ago. This morning the mother sent Cecelia to the nearest drugstore for medicine. Coming back the girl, not being familiar with the neighborhood, headed in the wrong direction and started over the Railroad avenue crossing, a spot that is shunned by the residents because of the number of fatalities and casualties that have occurred there. But Cecelia didn't know this.

Around the acute angle beyond swept a west-bound passenger train going at a high rate of speed. Trains nearly always travel fast through the outlying sections of Long Island City. This one was loaded with commuters.

Frozen with terror, little Cecelia stood squarely between the rails. The engineer closed the throttle, but before the big locomotive could slacken its gait the girl's body was tossed nearly a hundred feet through the air. Her neck was broken and her chest crushed. She was dead when they picked her up.

George Daller, the engineer, is under arrest.

VANISHED LIKE TWO OTHERS OF FAMILY.

Stephen H. Olin, of Jersey City Real Estate Firm and Church, Disappeared from Home.

As his grandfather and his brother George strangely disappeared, never to be heard from again, so did Stephen H. Olin, forty-five years old, of No. 257 Arlington avenue, Jersey City, the famous Van Winkle. Mysterious drop from sight Jan. 31. His wife, Mrs. Anna Olin, nee Van Winkle, a pretty seven-year-old daughter, Anna, and small creditors of the real estate firm of D. Van Winkle & Co., of No. 285 Communipaw avenue, Jersey City, mourn his absence.

Chancery Master John S. McMasters, of No. 1 Exchange place, says expert accountants have discovered what seems to be a deficit of $10,000 in the funds of the concern.

Mrs. Olin is prostrated with grief, but her counsel declares she has sunk all her possessions, valued at about five thousand dollars, to meet the obligations of her husband, and is to-day to file a petition in bankruptcy for herself and her firm, which Mrs. Olin owns.

Mr. Olin is a member of the consistory of the Bergen Reformed Church, and was highly esteemed in Jersey City.

On Feb. 1 Mrs. Olin received a postal card from her husband, dated at Philadelphia. It told of a train wreck which delayed him, but assured Mrs. Olin that he was uninjured and on his way home. No complaint has been made to the police, and they have not been asked to search for the man.

CONVICTED WOMEN NEAR COLLAPSE AS ROSSA IS HANGED

(Continued from First Page.)

the gift out of him almost in an instant. He fell into a jelly-like mass of quivering terror. His legs would not bear his weight, and he lay huddled together on his bed weeping.

"I'm afraid we will have to carry him to the gallows," said the Sheriff. "And only last night when I read the death warrant to him he was apparently the most unmoved man present. Why, he has gone to pieces all of a sudden!"

But presently Father Lambert, of St. Mary's church, at Hackensack, arrived, and after the priest had prayed with him the Italian grew more composed. He was still in a very nervous state, however.

Sheriff James W. Mercer, of Bergen County, had something besides the collapse of his prisoner to worry him this execution day. Threats had reached him from alleged anarchists that if Rossa's countryman was hanged the jail would be blown to atoms with dynamite.

Sheriff Took No Chances.

While he did not believe that an attack would really be made, the Sheriff took no chances. Every deputy sheriff in the county and all the available policemen of Hackensack reported at the jail to-day, ready to check any outbreak. Taken in connection with the gruesome work that was about to be performed, the possibility of a hostile demonstration by the "Reds" made some of the watchers pretty nervous. The coolest man in sight was old Yan Yan, the veteran "executioner" of Newgate, whose practised fingers were to send Rossa to his death.

"This will be my seventy-seventh execution," said the white-headed professional executioner, "and I propose to make it a good one."

Rossa was told last night that he must die to-day. The sturdy Italian showed no fear. He had declared from the first that he is innocent, and that he would not take interest in religion. He said time and again:

"I tell you there's a God for me! I'm not let an innocent man hang. If I am allowed to hang there is no God. I am innocent."

When his wife made visit to Rossa last night by the Rev. Father Lavelan that he must die today Rossa smiled resignedly, and said again:

"They will hang an innocent man."

First Prayer His Last.

The priest then talked with Rossa, and for the first time since he had been under arrest he prayed. A table was put into the jail while the condemned man was praying, and a priest's robe was put on him as a suit of clothes in which he is to be hanged.

After the priest had left, Rossa the prisoner asked the Sheriff and the deputies and the State hangman to join him in a toast.

"I will be served here in the cell," said the Sheriff. "And it is all in a life time."

Rossa ate his last meal, for the last time, to put him to death could not prevent his appetite to the output Rossa the collapsed.

POOR YOUTH FINDS $4,010; GIVES IT UP.

Harry Spencer Lives Up to His Reputation for Honesty.

Harry Spencer, a newspaper wagon driver, whose solemnity and truth-telling won him the sobriquet "Dowie," to-day returned a chatelaine containing a certified check for $4,000 and $10 in cash. He has received a pleasant smile—so far.

The return of the lost chatelaine was the occasion for the grandest equestrian parade Harlem has seen in lo, these many moons, and even if the reward doesn't climb beyond the present limit "Dowie" will have the satisfaction of knowing that he rode proudly at the head of the procession.

Harry is nineteen years old and supports a widowed mother like all good, truthful heroes should. His humble domicile is No. 302 West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, and daily he smites his steed in a mad race to get his wagon load of papers before the panting public of Harlem. Yesterday his faithful steed "Davey Crockett" was jogging along Eighth avenue when he scented a check and stopped at One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street. Harry alighted and there in the snowbank gleamed a chatelaine.

No Questions Asked.

He picked it up and urged his steed along, opening the bag as he did so. His eyes threatened to fall out when he saw the amount on the check, which was certified and drawn on the Passaic National by C. Bahnson & Co., to the order of H. B. Clark and indorsed in J. H. Kimbal.

There was excitement at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street when the news went around among the boys that Harry had found a good thing. They asked him what he was going to do with it.

"Do?" said "Dowie," "I'm going to give it back. Why there was a black bordered handkerchief in that bag, and no doubt the owner is a poor widow."

Last night the chatelaine rested safely under Harry's pillow. All the boys of the delivery wagons were reading the Lost and Founds this morning, and they all saw the ad. spotted. It read: "Return to No. 20 Morningside avenue, to the Hamilton Bank. One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Eighth avenue. No questions asked."

Great Things Predicted.

The boys lined up their wagons—Harry Fisher, Louie Goldman, Louie Kramer, Doc. Farrell and Abe Wolfman, all falling in behind Spencer's wagon they drove to the Hamilton Bank. The receiving teller, Kimball, this was an amateur Tracy, said, slammed the window sate when Harry Fisher, who is quite a wag, asked:

"Have you $4,000 worth of sentiment?"

The clerk was threatening to send for the police when Spencer, showing the check, told his errand. The clerk beamed and then said:

"Give us your name and address and maybe you will get a reward."

"I don't want any reward; I want a receipt," said "Dowie," and then the procession filed out to slap Harry on the back and predict great things.

FIRE ON ISLAND NEAR WORKHOUSE.

Blackwell's Engine Puts Out Flames That Destroy Hothouse and No Panic Occurs.

Fire destroyed the hothouse in which flowers are raised for sick prisoners on Blackwell's Island early to-day.

The hothouse is several hundred yards from the workhouse and a night watchman turned in an alarm which called Engine Company No. 1 located on the island, and one engine company and a hook and ladder company from Manhattan.

The island engine put out the blaze before the Manhattan engine and hook and ladder companies arrived.

There was no panic among the prisoners. Few knew of the fire.

BEATEN WIFE WILL NOT DIE OF HURTS.

Husband Accused of Brutal Assault Cowers Whimpering in Police Station Cell.

Harlem Hospital physicians said to-day that Mrs. Rose McLean, of No. 2006 Second avenue, who was so severely beaten by her drunken husband yesterday that it was feared she would die, was on a fair road to recovery.

McLean, limp, whimpering and miserably, as most wifebeaters are, spent the night in a cell in the East One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street Station and was taken to the Harlem Police Court for arraignment to-day.

Witnesses were in court to tell the neighbors how brutally McLean had beaten his wife.

BIG CHIEF'S ACTRESS WIFE SEEKS DIVORCE.

So She Has Begun an Action Against Powhattan Gordon, a Drummer.

Powhattan G. Gordon is a commercial traveller. Sophia, his wife, who describes herself as an actress, declares that in the course of his travels per chance he met a man who was actually a relative of Powhattan Gordon.

Sophia and Powhattan for an absolute divorce, and Justice Goldfogle has granted an application for the appointment of a Toronto lawyer named Smith Rogers and Parkle Rogers, son of Smith Rogers and Parkle Rogers, of the Canadian city, and report of Warren Leslie, referee in the case.

THE WEAK STOMACH will find POSTUM FOOD COFFEE "THERE'S A REASON."

HAPGOOD SCORES CITY NEWSPAPERS

Editor Prosecuted by Deuel Endorses Jerome's Attack Upon the Daily Press.

Norman Hapgood, editor of Collier's Weekly, gave a talk on "Newspapers and Public Morals" before the League for Political Education at the Hudson Theatre this morning and at the suggestion of Robert E. Ely the audience gave a vote of thanks to him for his attitude in the Town Topics affair.

Mr. Hapgood devoted himself entirely to daily newspapers. He declared they were all more or less biased and directed in news and editorial expression by particular influences, financial or otherwise. The best of them had some bad features and the worst had some features that were good. He referred to his recent trial for libel and said:

"Our attention has been called recently in this town to the worst that the press is capable of. We have been forced to think of the most degraded expression that can be given to human vice. We have beheld the vision of a gray-bearded scavenger poisoning innocent minds that he might turn scandal into gold. We have seen a man in high judicial office hired to watch a stream of polluting facts and lies in order to draw the line of legal danger. Such a vile and scandalous journal is not to be found in the whole newspaper field."

Mr. Hapgood said the so-called conservative press is open to much of the criticism directed against "yellow journalism."

"Yellow journalism has its faults," he said, "but it was the first to shake the newspapers out of the old rut and give them new vigor. It was the consequence of a growing democracy, and had for its purpose the establishment of a press wherein the laboring classes would have expression."

The increased boldness and popular tone of the conservative press, he said, was due to the influence of yellow journalism.

Mr. Hapgood took up one by one the New York newspapers and registered his criticism of each. He declared all were controlled in their news and editorials by financial interests. He said the District-Attorney spoke the simple truth when he said recently that the newspapers of New York were influenced by money. That was only a moderate expression of the truth.

Mr. Hapgood said he thought that the outlook was promising for better things in newspapers. Sensationalism had about reached its limit, and that there was already a reaction. The morality of the press is increasing, and its influence becoming better and better in quality.

NEGRO TRIED LIBERIA, RETURNS WITH FAMILY.

Tuckers Were Among Those Who Went From Georgia to Africa Four Years Ago.

Among the steerage passengers who arrived here to-day on the Cunarder Lucania was John Tucker, a colored man, with his wife and five children returning from an unsuccessful negro colonizing scheme in Liberia.

Five years ago the Tuckers with a party of fifty negroes went to Liberia, hoping to make a fortune in cotton growing in the African forests. Three of their ten children died of a tropical fever. Another child is sick in a Liverpool hospital.

Like the other colonists who returned from Fitzgerald, Ga., Tucker sold all his belongings to pay his way to Liberia and establish himself there. He had not been long in the country before he found out that it was too wet to grow cotton.

The party was in wretched circumstances when the members of the colored Baptist church, of which Tucker was a member in Fitzgerald, clubbed together and raised enough money to bring him and the survivors of his family home.

BOYS IN HUMAN CHAIN FAILED TO SAVE CHUM.

(Special to The Evening World.)

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., Feb. 10.—Henry Leggin, fifteen years old, was drowned to-day while skating on the Amawalk reservoir in the northern section of Westchester County in the presence of half a dozen girls and boys chumd.

The boy was skating on "rubber" tip on a dare, when it suddenly collapsed beneath him and he disappeared under the ice.

His companions by holding hands and forming a human chain managed to bring him from deep water, but he was dead before the doctor arrived.

James Stasia, twelve years old, was saved from drowning while playing near Yorktown by another lad, who dived under the ice and then managed to drag him on to the ice.

"Greatest of Brandies." HENNESSY. Celebrated Hats. SPRING STYLES correct in every particular. Will Be Issued Saturday, February 17th.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

PEABODY ASSERTS THERE IS NO CLASH

No Dissention, He Says, in Truesdale Committee Investigating Mutual Life.

Charles A. Peabody, President of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, denied to-day that there was dissention in the Truesdale Investigating Committee.

"I only know what I have seen in the newspapers," he said. "The committee has handed in four reports to the trustees and all of these excepting one has been adopted. That one was the recommendation that the company bring suit against all persons where there were outstanding claims. That brought up the question of the validity of the claims, and the matter was submitted to Joseph H. Choate for his opinion. He has not yet made his report to the trustees. When he does immediate action will be taken in the matter.

"The committee has full power to act, and I assume that it will make a drastic and thorough examination and take advantage of all of its powers."

The story that brought forth these remarks from Mr. Peabody was to the effect that Stuyvesant Fish had been overruled by the other two members, Mr. Truesdale and Mr. Auchincloss. It is also declared in Wall street that they had yielded to the so-called H. H. Rogers influence, and that Mr. Truesdale was forced to give into them. This would mean that the end of the investigation would be a whitewash.

DIED AT SEA AS SHE CAME TO SEE HUSBAND.

Mrs. Jane Evans Stricken with Heart Failure When Lucania Neared Port.

On her way to join her husband in this city, where he had just found a firm footing in a business enterprise, Mrs. Jane Evans, twenty-three years old, a very pretty young English woman, was taken suddenly ill on the Lucania as she was making port last night.

She died in a few hours of heart disease. She was married only a year ago and her husband had almost immediately afterward left her to come to this city.

TELLS BY THEIR SLEEP.

"I can tell by my little ones' sleep when a cold is coming on" said a mother when speaking of the advance symptoms of colds in children. "They toss about, are restless, their breathing is heavy and there are symptoms of night sweats. The next morning I start with Scott's Emulsion. The chances are that in a day or two they are all over it. Their rest is again peaceful and the breathing normal."

Here's a suggestion for all mothers. Scott's Emulsion always has been almost magical in its action when used as the ounce of prevention. Nothing seems to overcome child weakness quite so effectively and quickly as Scott's Emulsion.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York.

4 JOYES' TABLETS 4
HY-PO-PHOS-PHITES.
Put up in Four Perfect Prescriptions. Are accurate, active and dependable, take their appropriate place with the best products of the pharmacy. CREATES and REGULATE is possessed by Parkelene the most positive tonic for all forms of NERVOUS DEBILITY, MENTAL and PHYSICAL WORK, MALTHUSIAN BLOOD, THE LOCOMOTOR and CATARRH DISORDERS.
No. I. and No. II. and No. III.—50c. No. IV.—$1.
At Druggists, in order, boxes only.
P. O. Box 117, N. Y.

DIED.

CARR—Suddenly, on Feb. 8, 1906, SIDNEY CARR.
Funeral from the residence of his sister, Mrs. Jas. Cassey, 488 East 161st st., Sunday, at 1 P. M. — Relatives and friends invited to attend. Interment Albany.

GOWTLAN—Suddenly, on Feb. 10, 1906, Dr. Alexander Ingoldby, of Orono, Maine, Alexander Gowtlan, of New York, in the 68th year of his age.

MEANY—On Thursday, Feb. 8, 1906, at the Ninth Ward, New York Hospital, after a short illness, Mary Kelly, aged twenty-eight years.
Relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from his residence, No. 213 Cedar st., Brooklyn, on Sunday, Feb. 11, at 2 P. M. Interment Calvary Cemetery.

SCANLEY—On Wednesday, Feb. 7, 1906, ELEANORE, beloved daughter of Jennie and the late Arthur and son of Mary McAuliffe.
Funeral from the late residence, 169 East 71st st., on Sunday, at 2 P. M.

SCHLEIFER—On Feb. 8, 1906, at his residence, 176 Hope st., Brooklyn, Wednesday, Hugo Schleifer, husband of Amelia Schleifer.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from his late residence, on Sunday, Feb. 11, at 2 P. M. Interment Cypress Hills Cemetery.

SCHLEIFER—On Feb. 8, 1906, at his residence, Hope st., Brooklyn, Wednesday, Hugo Schleifer, husband of Amelia Schleifer.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from his late residence, on Sunday, Feb. 11, at 2 P. M. Interment Cypress Hills Cemetery.

VAN WYCK—On Feb. 8, 1906, at his residence, 1 Pierrepont st., Brooklyn, CORNELIUS, husband of Sarah Van Wyck.
Funeral Sunday, Feb. 11, at 2 P. M.