

WOMAN AND DOGS POLICE MYSTERY

When Arrested She Had Given Animals Rich Lace Handkerchiefs.

REAL NAME IS HIDDEN.

"Mary Allen" She Faces Court and Says Tonic Had Made Her Intoxicated.

With two dogs, both of them blanded and tugging at leashes, a handsomely dressed woman walked slowly up Eighth avenue early to-day. As one of the dogs pulled harder, the woman was seen to stagger. Once she fell to her knees, only to rise quickly. A policeman followed her. It was unusual for one so handsomely dressed to be on that part of the avenue at that time in the morning, and, besides, the woman appeared weak.

"You better come to the station-house with me," said the policeman; "you and your dogs come now."

The woman drew back, but the policeman held her firmly. He led her to the West Forty-seventh street police station. Her dogs stood by her when she was arraigned before the sergeant.

Both dogs' blankets were reinforced with pockets and from these pockets were pulled two handkerchiefs. There were two handkerchiefs from each pocket. A policeman pulled the handkerchiefs from their pockets. They were costly and dainty. Most women would be proud to display them.

When the woman was asked her name she said that she was Mary Allen. If she gave an address it is one of the police secrets. Then she was told that she would have to go to a cell and that she was under arrest.

"I am going to take my dogs with me," she declared. The sergeant saw that the woman was determined, and he permitted the dogs to go with her. It is to be explained that the identity of the woman was known to the police and that every attention was to be shown to her.

Some one communicated with Dr. Lawrence M. Stanton, of No. 162 West Fifty-seventh street, and he came. He was told that the woman who said that she was Mary Allen was charged with being unable to care for herself. He at once offered bail.

Bail was fixed at \$500, and this Dr. Stanton furnished. The woman and her dogs were released and they ambled down the street.

Dr. Stanton accompanied the woman and her dogs to the Manhattan Square hotel, at No. 10 West Seventy-seventh street, where she lives. All information as to her identity was refused at the hotel. The doctor also refused to divulge her name.

"This is a terrible thing," he said, "should the papers find out the name of the woman there would be a tragedy. It would ruin her name. The lady is one of the most prominent in New York society. I certainly shall do everything in my power to keep her name a secret. It would ruin her and misery to many people."

"Mary Allen" came to the West Side Police Court later in the day in a carriage. She was gowned in a stunning long green auto coat with a high collar and black silk and lace suit. A trim toque hat was the crowning feature of a perfect costume.

She is a well-preserved woman, and as she passed haughtily down through the group of hangers-on a vivid flush crept over her face. She had to wait while a "drunk" received a three months' sentence to the island before she was led before Magistrate Wahl. He looked at her sternly and asked if she had ever been in a police court before.

"Of course not, Judge," she answered nervously. "I am supposed to be a lady. This is the first time I ever was in trouble. This is frightful. Oh, please let me go. I'll never do it again."

"You see, I had better get out to call on some friends and I stopped in at a drug store to get some calaisya. I had two glasses, but they went to my head and made me drunk. For I could see nothing and everything went around. I am a married woman and if my husband knew of this he would cast me off. He is fortunately out of town now."

CROWDS WATCHING CORTEGE OF FIRE HEROES.

(Photographed Especially for The Evening World by a Staff Photographer.)



The Procession Passing Through 23rd Street

PLAYED GODIVA ON CONEY'S SANDS

Demented Young Woman Gives Policeman a Lively Chase.

A pretty young woman, entirely nude and with her long black hair floating over her white shoulders, ran out of a house on West Fifteenth street, Coney Island, this forenoon and tried to run up Mermaid avenue, singing an Italian song and dancing on the sidewalk. Passers-by stood aghast until Policemen Oliver Mott appeared. When he approached the young woman ran. Her lack of attire gave her the advantage at first as Mott lumbered along under the handicap of his heavy uniform. As he ran he pulled off his tunic and after a chase of two blocks got close enough to throw the garment about the girl and hold her. It was this time some 200 men and boys had joined in the chase, and women who happened upon the scene hastened away.

The young woman screamed loudly, and it was with difficulty that she was bundled into an ambulance and taken to the King's County Hospital. There it was learned that she is Teresa Bunsalo, twenty-three years old, of No. 156 Mulberry street, Manhattan. Her parents told the police she had been insane and three years ago was in an asylum. She was discharged as cured, but of late has been falling and on admission of a physician had been sent to Fifteenth street where she became again demented to-day.

At the Mulberry street house it was learned the young woman has a husband, who is a tailor, and two small children. Neighbors said she has been insane at times ever since her discharge from the asylum.

THOUSANDS WEEP AT BIER OF DEAD FIREMEN HEROES

Bandaged Survivors of Engine Company No. 14 Salute Cortège of Four Comrades on Way to the Cemetery.

Thousands stood with uncovered heads as the bodies of three of the firemen who died in the discharge of their duty at the Greenwich Village fire on Monday were carried into the Church of St. Vincent de Paul to-day for the final rites before their burial in Calvary. At the same time a similar scene was enacted at the Church of the Epiphany. At Twenty-second street and Second avenue, where the funeral of Foreman John F. Walsh, of Engine Company No. 14, took place.

Twenty-third street, near Sixth avenue, in front of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, was crowded with spectators when the hearse bearing the bodies of Dennis J. Healy, George B. Christman, Jr., and Thomas Halpin, Jr., drove slowly up, followed by long lines of carriages containing relatives. At the doors stood fifty firemen in double file, headed by Deputy Chief Kruger and Battalion Chief Ross. There was also a detail of fifty policemen under Roundsman Walsh. The interior of the church was heavily draped, the candles and the great heaps of flowers about the three biers standing out in relief against the background of black.

Chaplain Singe Mass. The mass was sung by Rev. Father McGovern, chaplain of the Brooklyn Fire Department, with Rev. Father Smith, of the Manhattan department, as deacon and Rev. Father Nathum as sub-deacon. The eulogy was pronounced by the Rev. Father John Chidwick, former chaplain on the battleship Maine, and now chaplain in the New York Police Department.

A crowd of equal size gathered at the Church of the Epiphany. The chiefs of ten battalions each detailed three men to report in full uniform at the Walsh home and march with the hearse to the church. Foreman Patrick T. Lennihan commanded the men.

Dr. McMahon, the pastor of the church, sang the mass and delivered a touching eulogy on Walsh's heroic sacrifice. He was assisted by Rev. Father Flaherty, as deacon; Rev. Father Ladow, as sub-deacon; and Rev. Father Morley, as master of ceremonies.

Fire Commissioner O'Brien, Fire Chief Croker and Deputy Police Commissioner Waldo were among the city officials who heard the services.

On the journey to the Long Island side of the river the cortège of Halpin, Christman and Healy joined that of Foreman Walsh and the united procession went thus to Calvary. Escorts of firemen accompanied the bodies to the cemetery and assisted in the burial as honorary pall-bearers.

The route was so arranged that the hearse and carriages passed Engine Company No. 14, on Eighteenth street, near Fifth avenue. Here a pathetic little service took place. Such of the living members of the company as are able to be out of the hospital stood at attention upon the engine, which had been drawn into the street. Most of them were bandaged. The engine was draped. As the hearse appeared one of the men began slowly tolling the engine bell, and this was kept up until the last carriage had passed. There were many few dry eyes among those who heard and saw this little tribute of respect to the battered survivors of No. 14 to their four comrades, who had laid down their lives in the line of duty.

Christmas was a member of the Sixty-ninth Regiment. A squad of pupils, men acted as pall-bearers for him and fired the military salute over his grave. All four bodies were buried side by side in the firemen's lot.

LA SAVOIE SAILS WITH HEAVY PASSENGER LIST.

Steerage of French Liner So Full that Many Were Forced to Remain Behind.

The French line steamship La Savoie sailed to-day for Havre with many in the cabin and the steerage so full that about a dozen were left behind.

Among those who sailed was M. A. Tiersot, who has concessions in Venezuela and who is said to be conducting in France a press campaign for President Castro.

Manuel Jimenez, of Chicuelo, the Spanish matador, who has been killing bulls in Mexico City, sailed for his home in Seville. He will then go to Barcelona to open the bull-fighting season there. He speaks no English.

Others on board were Marquis Catenoso Adorno, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Barbey, Mr. and Mrs. Martial Chevrolat, Edouard Garneau, Count A. de Gontaut Biron, Mrs. E. Gimpel, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Iselin, Jr., P. X. Macheu, Jean Evroul, Count de Portes, Count Maurice de Perigny, A. C. Roussel, Mrs. George B. Shattuck, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. De Witt, Phoebe K. Wilberding, Julien Tiersot and Mrs. R. A. Thornton.

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MRS. BLOODGOOD FOUND DRUGGED

Removed from Fashionable Hoffman Arms, Hysterical; Morphine Is Blamed.

There came a loud ring in the office of the Presbyterian Hospital early to-day and a man at the other end of the telephone said:

"This is the Hoffman Arms, No. 40 Madison avenue. I want you to come here and get Mrs. Emily Bloodgood. We can't handle her."

The night clerk at the hospital tried to ask some questions, but the man who was asking assistance hung up the receiver. Then an ambulance was sent from the hospital in charge of Dr. Smith. The ambulance backed up to the Hoffman Arms and two men came forth, bearing the unconscious form of a woman, wrapped in blankets. The physician was told that the woman was hysterical.

At the hospital it was learned that the woman was Mrs. Emily Bloodgood; that she was fifty-six years old, and that she was connected with some of the most prominent families in New York.

On investigation by the police of the West Sixty-seventh Street Station, it was learned that Mrs. Bloodgood had become hysterical some time last night. It was next to impossible to control her. Then, according to the story told to the police, some one gave her an injection of morphine, hoping to quiet her.

At the hospital it was said that Mrs. Bloodgood was not only suffering from hysteria and alcoholism, but that she was possibly poisoned by an overdose of morphine.

Dr. Smith, the attending surgeon, declared the woman in a very serious condition. "It is a very dangerous case," he said, "but I cannot see her recovery. As she comes of a very prominent family, I do not care to say whether she is suffering from an overdose of morphine."

Charles A. Terlach, proprietor of the Hoffman Arms, said that so far as he knew Mrs. Bloodgood had never used morphine. She lived at the Hanover Hotel, Fifth avenue and Fifteenth street, for fifteen years before she went to live at the Arms with her three sons, who formerly had offices at No. 25 Broad street.

He became greatly excited when his mother exhibited violent symptoms last night and advised that she be sent to the hospital. He was in charge of the ambulance. Mrs. Bloodgood is an enthusiastic patron of the arts, and her collection of old masters is valued at thousands of dollars.

It had not been for the prompt action of Mrs. Anna Tilles, of No. 60 Madison street, at 6 o'clock this morning, her seventeen-year-old boy and her husband might have died from the fumes of escaping gas in their flat near the Madison street police station.

Mrs. Tilles woke up, and the house was filled with gas. She ran to a window and then went back to where her husband and son were sleeping. The wife could not awaken them.

She called for help, and the two were revived just in-time to save their lives.

OLD MAN DIES IN PACKED HORSE-CAR

Exertion of Getting Through Crush on Houston Street Line Too Much for Aged Man.

The crowded condition of an east side car to-day cost the life of an old man and gave tragic testimony of the need of the relief there as urged by The Evening World.

Houston street car No. 89 started west during the early morning rush. At every corner a group of men and women were waiting and soon the car was filled and the platform crowded. The Houston street cars, by the way, are the most antiquated of the horse cars in Manhattan.

An old man, supposed to be Henry Finkbinder, of No. 234 Eldridge street, was at Eldridge street when the car came along. He swung himself on the rear platform and managed to cling to the handrail. Several passengers reached out and held him on.

The man was gasping and somewhat pale, but the passengers were not alarmed. A young woman who had a seat in the car corner of the car saw the old man's distress and gave him her seat.

The car bumped over the Bowery tracks and the old man got paler and paler. There was no air in the car and the conductor ran to Police Headquarters and Sergeant Coughlin summoned an ambulance. When the police arrived the passengers were urging the driver to go on.

"We will get decked," they cried, "till the man off the car and let us get to work."

But instead the police drove the other car to-day cost the life of an old man and gave tragic testimony of the need of the relief there as urged by The Evening World.

In the mean time the passengers stood in the street protesting. Several other cars came up and their passengers joined the first car. A patrol wagon removed the body.

Several papers and an Iron Moulders' Union card, with the name and address of Henry Finkbinder, were found in the victim's pockets. At No. 234 Eldridge street it was said that Henry Finkbinder was not known there.

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TWO OLD PALS!



Here we see two long-time friends off for a quiet walk. Surely it would pay to stop and listen to their talk.

"My owner is in need of ready money," says the home. "That's all right," says World Wants, "many times the sun has shone on good men who need money and I've always helped them out—just follow me and we will put his hardships all to rout."

Then trusting to World Wants the home agreed to do as bid. So soon in arms the twin set forth. "Of you'll soon get rid," said World Wants, and the path they took led all about the town; and thus it was that they were seen by people of renown.

DID JITSU STUNTS UPON LEE QUONG.

Japs Did Up Restaurant-Keeper and One Is Fined in Court.

Two dapper little Japs were arraigned in Yorkville Court to-day charged with handing some jitsu-stunt to Lee Quong, a Chinaman who keeps a chop suey house at No. 1001 Third avenue. Both Japs denied the charge, but Policeman Shue, headed by Deputy Chief Kruger and Magistrate Poole fined Hal Fuke-Gumai \$2 and discharged his friend, Agizaburo Jijima.

The Japs are butlers at No. 440 West End avenue, and were dining with others in Quong's place last night when they got into a dispute and Quong got the worst of it. When Magistrate Poole stepped in on the charge of assault.

This is the first time since I have been on the bench that I have had a Japanese before me on a charge of assault. I am surprised, for I had formed an opinion they never fought needlessly.

MRS. ROOSEVELT OFF FOR SOUTHERN CRUISE.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—Mrs. Roosevelt, accompanied by Ethel, Archie and Quentin, the children's governess and Mrs. Roosevelt's maid, left Washington for Fernandina, Fla., on the Florida Limited, over the Southern Railway to-day.

Fernandina they will board the Mayflower for a cruise of about ten days in the West Indian waters. Mrs. Roosevelt is taking the trip for a rest and does not expect to be entertained by the people either in Cuba or Porto Rico.

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