WOULD WRING NECK OF HIS BENEFACTOR

Keeler's Ingratitude Assessed $10 by Magistrate Finn.

Threats to wring his neck were part of the returns received by C. E. Andrews, real estate dealer of No. 54 West Sixty-eight street, for befriending Charles Keeler, twenty-six years old. Mr. Andrews appeared in the West Side Court to-day as complainant against Keeler, who was fined $10 by Magistrate Finn.

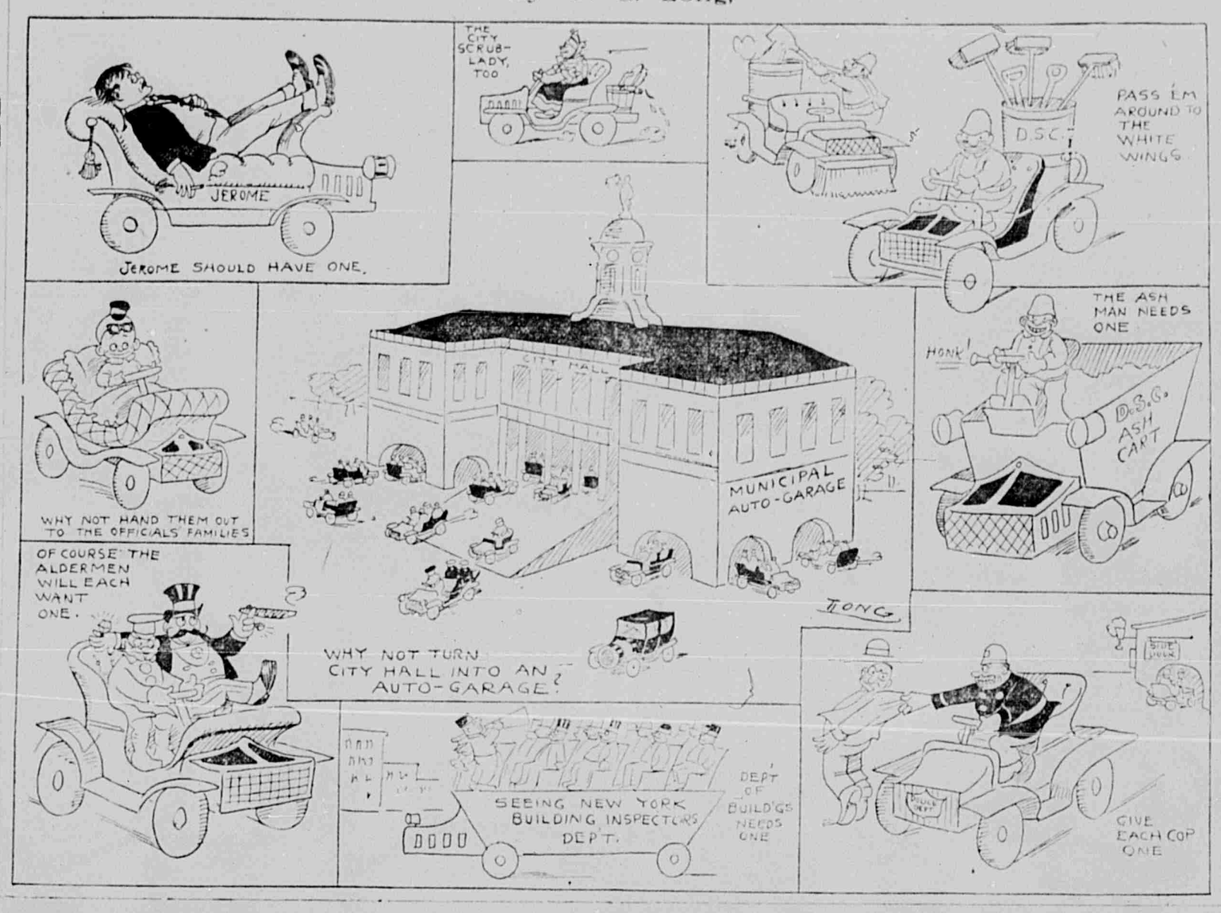
Mr. Andrews came before the public about two months ago, when he gave an apartment in one of his flat houses to young Carter, the Columbia student who was living in a tool house, because he could not afford to pay room rent. His experiment with Keeler was similar, but had different results. Mr. Andrews said in court that he found Keeler "down and out" and gave him clothes and a job as handyman and groom.

A week ago he discharged Keeler because the young man was quarrelling with the other servants. Then one of the maids in the house began to receive threatening letters from Keeler. References to the philanthropic Andrews were not complimentary. In one place Keeler wrote: "I'll wring his neck," and again "I'll do him good and plenty if he tries to stop me from coming to see you."

The servant showed the letters to Mr. Andrews and three days ago Keeler made a disturbance at the servants' entrance to the house.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP—OF PRIVATE AUTOS.

By F. G. Long.



FIRE DESTROYS THE PIER HOUSE OF MAINE LINE

Three Hundred Barrels of Oil Narrowly Escaped Feeding Flames.

The pier house of the Maine Steamship Line, Pike street and the East River, was gutted by fire to-day and a conflagration of three hundred barrels of oil barely prevented by the heroic efforts of firemen. Thousands of dollars' worth of various sorts of merchandise was threatened by the flames.

The building destroyed is on the street side of the new East River pier No. 32. It is occupied by the shipping department on the main floor, with offices above, and a garret where the records of the steamship company were stored.

The blaze sprang up in the northwest corner of the offices at 7.45 o'clock and rapidly swept the building. The flames shot high in the air, rolling up clouds of smoke and furnishing a fine spectacle for the throngs of Brooklynites who were then crossing the Bridge.

The alarm for the fire caled out a large relay of apparatus and the fireboats Abram S. Hewitt and William L. Strong. The heavy streams of the fireboats drove back the walls of fire that threatened the barrels of oil awaiting shipment from the end of the pier. This volume of water also saved the thousands of tons of other merchandise on the pier.

When the engines got their hose unlimbered and attacked the blaze from the street the company's office building was afire from the ground up.

To save more than the shell of the structure was impossible, and the firemen sought only to protect adjacent property. Employees of the company and a squad of freight-handlers hustled all the bales and boxes in the immediate vicinity of the fire to a safe place on the end of the pier.

When the fire was finally smothered down between $5,000 and $6,000 damage had been done, though immeasurable inconvenience will be caused by the destruction of the records that were stored in the garret of the building.

Sunday World Wants Work Monday Wonders

BODY FOUND IN RIVER.

Victim Was Man About 48 Years Old, and Slightly Bald.

Richard Sullivan early to-day found the body of a man floating in the East River at the foot of Twentieth street. The dead man was about forty-eight years old, 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighed 160 pounds, had gray hair, eyes and mustache and was slightly bald.

His clothing consisted of a blue overcoat, black suit, black Cardigan jacket, blue flannel shirt and black gaiters.

Sole LAMBERT Agent

Atterbury System Clothes

Clothes that Justify
Are Those that Satisfy

Clothes that justify themselves perfectly fulfil their purpose and satisfy those who wear them.

Atterbury System Clothes hold first place among ready-to-wear clothes. They possess every high quality demanded by the best custom tailoring, but at about half the best tailor would charge for them.

"Ask the Man Who Wears Them."

$20 to $45.

Perfectly modeled Suits and Topcoats of quality, in new Quaker and Westminster grays, specially attractive in weave, style & fabrics,

$25.00

Your Tailor Would Charge You About Double.

We also sell Men's Satisfactory Haberdashery, Hats, Shoes.

39-41 Cortlandt Street — LAMBERT — Between 6th & 9th Ave. 'L' Stations

CITY STARTLED AND VISITORS AMAZED

Great White Way and Wall Street Curb Places of Interest.

NO STOCKS FOR THEM.

"Steeloil" Held No Attraction, for They Had Been Warned Before They Came Here.

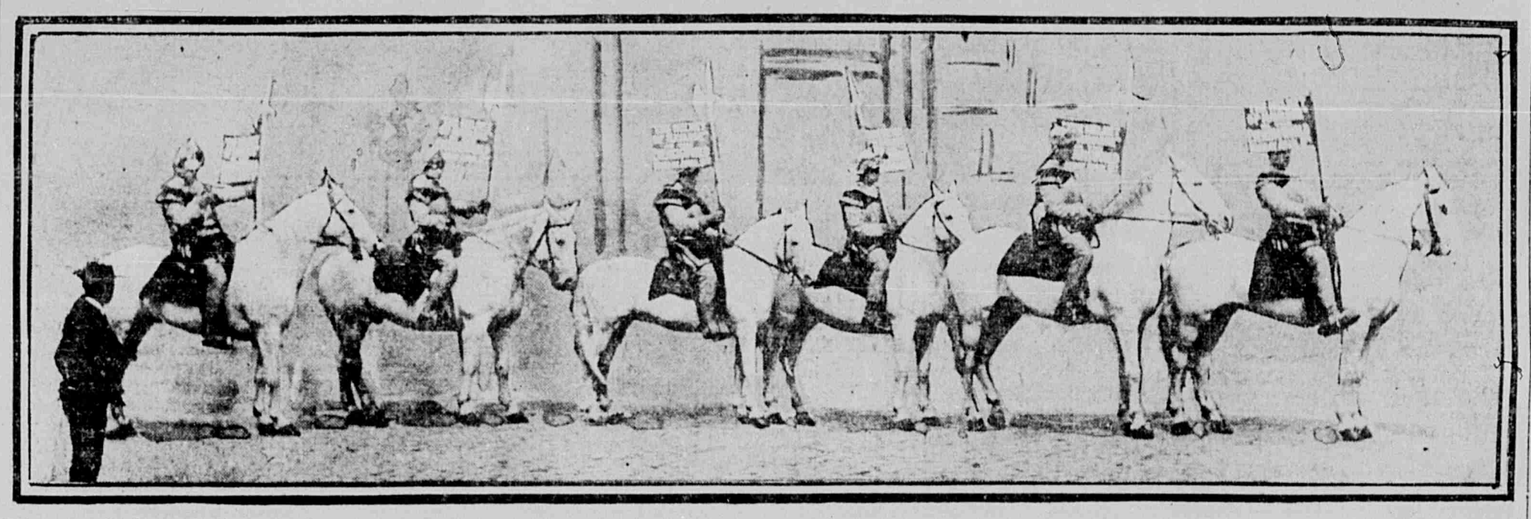
Dull and bleak the day broke, with a smear of yellow where the sun should have been, and a snarl of twisting clouds whirling overhead. All the night long the fog and sleeting mist had hung low in the old streets. Little puddles lurked in the cracks and crannies of the passageways. The walls dripped with the heavy night sweat.

Up from the west came a sudden stir of wind and the air began to clear hurriedly of its sulking burdens. With a great flash of red the sun threw like a kindly arm its warmth across the slated roofs and smoking chimneys. Slowly the town awoke.

Shopkeepers unbolted their doors, windows opened, dogs and cats crept out to the warmth, the streets took on gradually a hurry and a bustle as the foot passengers hurried to their daily tasks and the good wives hastened to their marketing.

From the farthest gate of the town came the shrill note of a bugle. After a

KNIGHTS OF OLD VISIT THE CITY IN QUEST OF ADVENTURE AND MARVEL MUCH AT THE SIGHTS.



parley seven fat knaves in blue coats and brass buttons lowered away the draw and there entered a troop of horse, clean and sparkling with burnished armor and shimmering trappings. They saluted with their high-flung lances the seven fat knaves, who bowed low over the coins flung to them.

Saw the Easter Rush.

The knights, who were mounted upon snow-white chargers, rode slowly down the principal street. From their lances hung strange devices that flashed and glittered in the sun. As they passed down the great street the townspeople gathered in wonder and little boys ran out and touched the robes of the knights crying, "Pipe de real sords, Jimmie!" and the like.

At intervals the knights sounded lustily their trumpets so that their coming was known for many squares in advance.

Down the main street went the knights, smiling and joking with the pretty ladies and stooping anon to snatch a flower tossed from a high casement. Then they came to the place of the clothing marts and they turned aside. One of the knaves in blue told them they were in the "shoppling district," whereat they marveled, seeing women fall one upon another and rend with teeth and nail in the purchase of those things they called "Easter Hats." These last were of fearful shape and colors, and in appearance like rainbows, with many kinks as though with colic in them.

At all this the knights marveled. And they came to a place where the men wore flashing brilliants the size of doves' eggs at their throats and where the knaves in blue were fatter than any men they had ever seen before and where a wagon with hooded ones and grim keepers plied ceaselessly to and fro, bearing men who shouted "Whospot" and "Letsavenother!"

"Cheap Sports" at That.

And when they asked the meaning of all this the fattest of the knaves winked owlisely and told them it was the "Great White Way," and they marvelled the more because it was so black. And some beckoned and allured, but the knights wer but visitors and hurried onward and the beckoners quoth, "Cheapsports," and called for more wine.

Now, every place the knights on the white horses went they were followed by great crowds of people, for the sun was high now and they came out on the streets in thousands, and when they read what was on the banners the knights carried they said, "Fineblizness," and "Hotstuff" and "Allrothemerry."

And the troop of horse came back to the main street after a time and turned south to the farther extremity of the town. Here they came at the hour of noon upon a throng of men, roped in and watched by a mounted guard, and they tore at one another with their hands though they had no weapons, and they shouted things in a strange tongue and when one of them would not listen the others fell upon him and swatted him across the ears.

The guard gave little heed to them except when they unthinking, got beneath the rope. Then he kicked them violently till they became aware of it and crawled back again.

No Lambs Were They.

But when they saw the troop of horse they forgot all else and came clamoring and clapping their hands. And after they had read the banners they said "Cinch" and "Wait till Monday" and "Something doing."

And when the knights would have gone away they pursued and cried that they should buy of "Steeloil" and make their fortunes. But the knights had been warned and kept on their way, and the men returned to the tearing of collars and the ruination of clothing with a will, for they had been refreshed.

So the knights at the end of the day came again to the gate whence they had entered and the seven knaves in blue lowered again the draw and they went forth. And one of the aged knaves, who could not read without glasses asked the leader what was writ upon the banners. And the leader quoth.

These banners bear the legend that on the coming Monday there will appear the story of the Helmet of Navarre; a story of brave knights, such as we, and of beautiful women, and of a great and noble love, together with the brave deeds that won it, and it will appear in the script which ye all read and ye are wise, which is called The Evening World." And the fat and nearsighted answered, "Youron, Me fer It." And the knights rode away, promising to return on the morrow.

JOE'S LUCK.

Drew a Prize in Matrimonial Lottery.

"Before we were married my husband was a coffee drinker and subject to severe attacks of sick-headache, which interfered with his duties as sup't of a large factory," writes a young Mass. matron.

"I had made up my mind that coffee was at least partly to blame, and that I could cure him after marriage by the use of Postum Food Coffee.

"When I told my younger sister about it, she laughed and said, 'Just wait and see! After you are married you'll find that Joe will have his coffee anyway.'

"I proceeded gradually, first eliminating by degrees the pastry and sweets from the daily menu, and as his meals were always daintily served and appetizing he began to have faith in his wife's ability as a cook.

"Meantime his headaches became less frequent, but did not cease altogether. When the time was ripe and I proposed to use Postum Food Coffee he consented upon the promise that he should have the old kind of coffee at his Sunday breakfast. He grew fond of the new food drink, however, and noted that after drinking the old coffee on Sundays he suffered from unsteady nerves and a dull, heavy feeling that he never had on the days when he drank Postum. The result was that at last he said: 'I would rather have the Postum Food Coffee Sunday morning, too, if you don't mind, my dear. The old kind makes me feel like a fool all day.' You may imagine how ready I was to fall in with his suggestion. The old kind of coffee has been banished from our table for more than 2 years now; Joe's headaches are only a memory and he always has steady nerves and a clear brain to meet the exacting demands of his business. On hot summer days he relishes a squeeze of lemon, at noon, finding it most refreshing.

"In the winter I make up a pot of Postum Coffee in the evening, boiling it 15 minutes, and let it set on the back of the range till morning, when it is heated and ready to serve in a few minutes." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Your Credit Is Good!!

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THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME!

To those who are unable to pay cash and large sums of money we will do all dental work on easy weekly or monthly payments. There is no other establishment in this city which does this; they will tell you they do, but keep you waiting for the completion of your work until you have paid them in full.

We guarantee to finish your work immediately and let you pay for it as you wish. Our work is so excellent, durable and lasting that we are willing to let you go home without paying for it. This in itself tells you that we fear no criticism. If you live out of the city we will allow your carfare for each visit.

22 karat Gold Crowns. None better, no matter what you pay.
Crown and Bridge Work.
Teeth Without Plates.
$3.00
A Written Guarantee for Ten Years Given to Everyone
AMERICAN PAINLESS DENTISTS
252 West 42d St., near 8th Ave., New York.
Office Hours—8 A.M. to 8 P.M. Sundays 10 to 4. Lady Attendant with Every Operator.

SKIDDOO MEMBER OF CROOKS ROUNDED UP.

Inspector McLaughlin's Nightly Dragnet Contained Pickpockets and Department Store Thieves.

In Inspector McLaughlin's dragnet last night twenty-three—the oftimes fatal skiddoo number—alleged crooks were rounded up. There have been larger hauls since the Inspector began corralling well-known criminals, but the last batch is looked on as being of value, because it contained three famous pickpockets and two men who are said to have been engaged in robbing department stores.

World Want Shadowgraphs
No. 9.

As the setting sun peeps into
The down-town tailor stores
It scatters many comely
Shadows on the floors—
Shadows of World workers,
The kind who earn good pay;
Just as all the workers do
Who go the World Want way.

Which do you prefer: World "Help" Wants or World "Situation" Wants?
NOTE ANOTHER WAY AND WIN!

FLORAL DISPLAY AT NOCQUET'S FUNERAL

Woman in Black Places Violets in His Casket—Her Identity Concealed.

The funeral of Paul Nocquet, the sculptor-aeronaut, who lost his life after his ballooning adventure on Long Island, was held to-day from the studio of his friend, Gutzon Borglum, at No. 166 East Thirty-eighth street. There was a distinguished gathering of artists, sculptors, literary folk, automobilists and amateur aeronauts in the great studio of Mr. Borglum.

It was an ideal setting for the ceremony. The dark gray coffin was set down amid splendid bronzes, half-finished plaster casts, easels carrying fine paintings, and all the tools and accessories of a sculptor's studio.

In the matter of flowers the friends of the hapless young man had been lavish. A procession of uniformed boys and men brought to the studio great bunches of roses, potted flowers, violets, lilies of the valley, jonquils, heaps of evergreens and ferns.

Mr. Borglum, assisted by several women friends of the dead sculptor, were busy for hours decorating the vast room with the floral tributes. The simple casket was smothered with roses and violets and green things were draped on the tapestries and rare rugs that covered the walls. Even the statuary and unfinished pieces of clay were made to bloom.

While the decorations were being arranged a slender little woman, richly dressed in black and wearing a heavy veil entered the studio. She carried great bunches of violets.

Walking up to Mr. Borglum rather timidly she asked to be allowed to place the violets in the coffin. The consent was granted. As the woman bent down by the dead she began to sob and was so overcome with emotion that she was scarcely able to adjust the flowers within the casket. After she had done so she retired to a secluded corner of the studio and wept softly. No one present at the time would reveal her identity.

Daniel Chester French, the famous sculptor, was unable to attend the funeral, but he sent a letter of condolence to Mr. Borglum, in which he paid this tribute to the dead Belgian:

"I have only seen a few pieces of his work, but they show the hand of a master, and the profession could ill afford to spare so strong a man."

Chancellor Charles Roemaet, of the Belgian Consulate, assisted Mr. Borglum in attending to the funeral preparations. The Rev. George W. Montgomery officiated.

Sang His Favorite Hymns.

The services began with hymns by a choir of four noted church singers: John Strong, the tenor; Claud Cunningham, bass; Helen Niebuh, contralto, and Edith Chapman, soprano. They sang Nocquet's favorite hymns, "Be Thou Still" and "Home Land."

The Rev. Father Wincher, of the French Roman Catholic Church of St. Vincent de Paul, read the litany for the dead. He was assisted in the services by Father Damien.

Chancellor Roemaet addressed the assemblage in the studio (there were more than 200 present when the services began), eulogizing his fellow-countryman. Jeff Poles, a sculptor, also pronounced a eulogy.

Five carriages followed the body to the Pine Hills Cemetery. Among those who attended the funeral services were Leon Dabo, an artist; Henri Crenie, J. E. Raine, Charles Cauvet, George de Rest, Solon Borglum, William J. Hammer, C. M. Manley, E. O. Stevens, the aeronaut, and his wife, Charles Duran, whose father made the first long-flight balloon ascension in this country; H. W. Hedge, organizer of the Aero Club; C. F. Bishop, Israel Ludlow, the airship man, Alfred Seligman, Emil Karlsen, E. Bickford, Pierre Peltz, Miss Mary W. Montgomery, John Nilsen Laurvik and Homer Davenport.

SNOW AT SARANAC LAKE.

(Special to The Evening World.)

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., April 6.—After the complete disappearance of snow throughout the mountains a heavy fall to-day restored all the signs of winter. It is expected that this storm will be the last of the season and that spring will soon set in.

THE HELMET OF NAVARRE.

If you enjoy a stirring romance of love, war, adventure and mystery do not fail to read "The Helmet of Navarre," by Bertha Runkle. This great novel will begin in next Monday's Evening World.

LAST QUARTER TO BUY DEATH

Discarded Suitor Drops His Final Coin in Meter, but Survives Gas.

Discarded by his fiancee for his intemperate habits and unable to fulfil the racial obligation of sending a Passover gift to his aged father in Russian Poland, Jacob Silberstein, twenty years old, a jewel-smith, spent his last quarter during the night to keep the gas meter going while he inhaled the deadly fumes in his bedroom.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Itschkowitz, of No. 165 Second street, with whom Silberstein boarded, were awakened by the gas odor, and broke into Silberstein's room in time to save him for the ambulance surgeons. He is at Bellevue Hospital.

Two letters were on the table, one addressed to the aged father in Chesokchov, Poland, the other to Sadie Lehrer, a former fiance.

Miss Lehrer lives at No. 109 Columbia street. She is very slender and minus one eye, but says Silverstein loved her devotedly. "He worked for my uncle, Mr. Orgie," she said, "and we weer engaged to marry, but he drank too much and I had to tell him to stay away, though I loved him.

"He came to Orgie's Sunday afternoon. I was sitting on the sofa with my new sweetheart. When Jakie saw me he said to Uncle Orgie: 'I've just bought a $6,000 house.' That was meant for me, so I said 'Maybe you will have rooms to rent to me and Bennie when we get married.' I am sorry I said that, because Jakie has tried to kill himself for love of me."

Miss Lehrer wept a little and looked important as she said this.

"Silberstein contracted his drinking habits in the Austrian army," said Mrs. Itschkowitz. "He spent all his money for drink. We let him live here because he and my husband were schoolmates and army chums. He said he wanted to sit up and write letters last night. That was unusual, but I didn't suspect he intended to kill himself—no, even when he insisted on spending his own money to keep the gas meter going."

FIFTEEN YEARS IS THE SENTENCE FOR BAD MAN

Mooney Shot and Killed a Deaf Mute Who Couldn't Answer Him.

Thomas Mooney, twenty-nine years old, of 365 Tenth avenue, athlete, all-around crook and ex-convict, was sentenced to fifteen years in Sing Sing to-day by Justice Dowling in the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court.

"You are a crook of the first water," said the Justice in passing the sentence. "You are a would-be bad man, the bully of the neighborhood, and this is where men of your stamp land, as convicted murderers. It is a wonder the jury dd not convict you of murder in the first degree."

Mooney has a mother sixty years old. He is married. On Sept. 24 he shot and killed Charles Brennan, a deaf mute. Mooney was on a drunk and went into the rear room of a saloon at Thirty-fourth street and Fourth avenue. He spoke to the mute and because he did not answer shot him through the back of the head, killing him instantly. He fled and hid in a sewer pipe, where he was found by the police. He denied the crime, but four witnesses testified that they had seen him fire the shot.

BRITISH IN PURSUIT OF ZULU REBEL CHIEF.

DURBAN, Natal, April 6.—A punitive expedition started from Greytown today in pursuit of Bambaata, the insurgent chief and deposed regent of the Greytown district. hTe country in which the troops are operating is difficult to traverse, consisting of vast tracts of dense bush, necessitating continual scouting in order to avoid ambushes.

Bambaata is reported to have compelled a number of loyal natives to join him, but the report that he has 2,000 followers is not believed here.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7TH.

Men's Hosiery and Underwear.

FANCY HALF HOSE, several thousand pairs, Spring Styles, including a lot of manufacturer's samples. Regularly 50c and 75c pair. 35c pair. Box of 6 pairs $2.00

GAUZE LISLE HALF HOSE, fine quality, fashionable plain colors, also white and black. Exceptional Value. 35c pair. Box of 6 pairs $2.00

BALBRIGGAN UNDERSHIRTS and DRAWERS, fine quality, 50c garment

Men's Negligee Shirts.

Of woven Madras, neat designs, cuffs attached and detached. Value $1.50. 1.00

AT 18TH STREET ENTRANCE.

Broadway & 19th Street.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE

Chocolate outside, crisp blown molasses candy inside. About four bites to the piece at first—then two. It parts clean between the teeth, crumbles in the mouth, and melts away with a taste that surprises the palate and haunts the memory.

GREENFIELD'S name on every piece; this is IMPORTANT.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

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