OUSTED A DYING WOMAN FROM CHAIR IN STREET

Stricken with Heart Disease, She Died Shortly After on Doorstep.

There was a woeful lack of good Samaritanism on the east side to-day when a dying woman was ousted from a chair by the owner of the chair. Dumped onto the hot pavement of Oliver street the gasping woman succumbed to heart failure before the arrival of the ambulance, for which two calls had been sent.

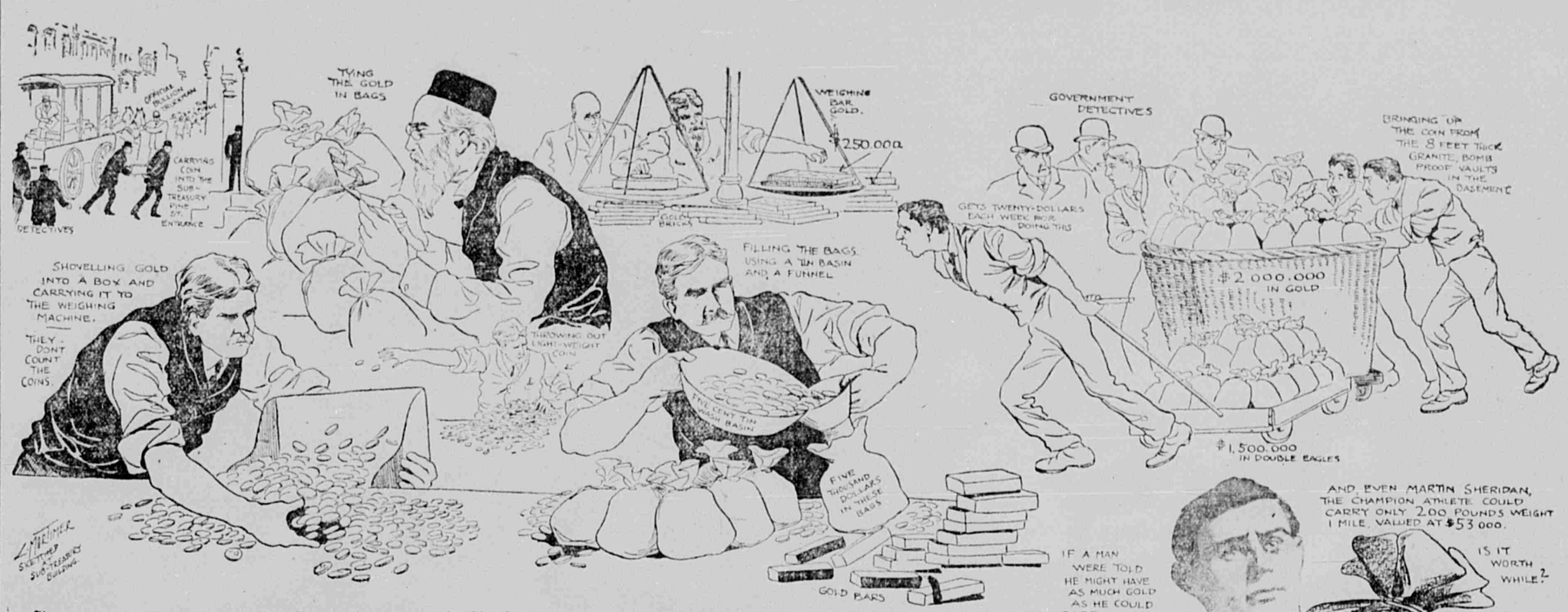
The dead woman was Mrs. Mary Myers, thirty-five years old, of No. 261-2 Hamilton street. She has been sickly for some time, a sufferer from heart trouble. This forenoon she was seen walking along Oliver street from Oak street toward the river. She had not gone a block before she turned and tottered feebly back. The heat in the narrow little street was intense.

The woman's face was working with suppressed pain and she grasped at the iron railings in front of the shops she passed, and it was apparent that she was about to faint when a carpenter ran into a little store nearby. He reappeared immediately, carrying a cheap wooden chair, which he placed in front of the Chinese laundry at No. 76 Oliver street and assisted the woman into it.

Mrs. Myers sat there, silent and gasping, while the carpenter fanned her with his hat and Samuel Iser, of No. 44 Oak street, ran for a policeman. While they were waiting the shopwoman who owned the chair came out, and, believing Mrs. Myers to be intoxicated, ordered the woman lifted off of the chair, which the shopkeeper took away.

Policeman Garrett Doyle, of Oak Street Station, came along to find Mrs. Myers lying on the hallway steps at No. 79 Oliver street. He sent a call for an ambulance, and after waiting a while the woman's condition became more serious and he sent another call. A Hudson street ambulance finally arrived and Dr. Leslie pronounced the woman dead, giving heart failure as the cause.

SUB-TREASURY COIN EXPERTS COUNTING TONS OF GOLD



Six expert coin counters are wading through sixteen tons of gold coin that has been dumped into the Sub-Treasury Building from the vaults of Continental counting-houses. The precious metal has been imported by local bankers to meet the advances made by the local sub-treasury during recent periods of stringency. It has all to be weighed and counted—no easy job when the bulk of the metal is taken into consideration. Then, too, the milling on Uncle Sam's eagles and double eagles, the English sovereign and the German reichmark is very sharp, and hands unaccustomed to handling the coin would be cut and blistered.

The men at work in the Sub-Treasury have hands as hard as parchment and they plunge their arms up to the elbows into the glittering piles of treasure and with deft fingers put aside every coin that is the slightest shade below standard weight. The coins are not counted one by one, but are sorted out and weighed.

The English gold is easiest handled. It comes in little bags, each containing 500 ounces, a matter of $9,300. The precious metal is heaped up on long tables and the men sweep it into wooden coops, in which the gold is aligned in stacks and taken to the weighing machines.

Every half-hour the men have to leave the tables and turn their backs to rest their eyes from the sheen of the metal. So piercing is its brilliancy that after a short time their sight becomes affected, the room swims before them and everything appears in a reddish-yellow aspect. The work cannot be done at all at night, so the counters begin shortly after daybreak and work until dusk. Some of the gold is in bullion which is very easily handled, but over three-fourths of the imported metal is in coin.

Seven million seven hundred thousand dollars worth of coin had been counted up to noon to-day, and the weary counters still have $2,500,000 more ahead of them which arrived yesterday. Unless there are further shipments received by to-day's steamships the men will be through with their labors by to-morrow night.

When they are done they will lay off to rest their numbed fingers and overstrained eyes. They receive no extra compensation for the trying work.

RACE RIOT IS BEGUN BY SHOTS FIRED BY WOMAN

Real Estate Broker on Opposite Sidewalk Got Bullets.

While four negro women were engaging in a revolver fight at Fortieth street and Seventh avenue to-day, Louis Swartz, a real estate broker, whose home is at No. 216 West Thirty-ninth street, happened to get in range of the shots and was shot twice, through the jaw and the left ankle.

The shooting of this innocent man nearly caused a race riot. White men came from four directions and negroes flocked from tenements in the vicinity, and only a free use of police clubs, wielded by the reserves from the West Forty-seventh and the West Thirty-seventh street stations, saved a clash between blacks and whites which would have resulted seriously.

Anna Lighthorn, of No. 219 West Fourteenth street, and Margaret Highball, of No. 239 West Thirty-sixth street, both black and friendly to each other, were walking up Seventh avenue when they met Pearl Johnson, of No. 322 West Forty-first street, and Mildred Badger, also black and also friendly to each other.

The police say that some sort of feud existed between the four women and that they stopped to argue it out on the street. The argument was about to result in a hair-pulling match when the Lighthorn woman drew a revolver from the folds of her skirts and began firing.

The Lighthorn woman said she fired in the air, but that she didn't was proved when Swartz, who was directly across the street, screamed twice and fell as two bullets plowed into him.

Swarz was taken to Roosevelt Hospital, where it was said that his wounds would not result in death.

Then came the reserve police. The police have had much trouble in this section of the city and there have been more than one incipient race riot in the vicinity. First the four negro women were arrested, the Lighthorn woman charged with the shooting and the three others with disorderly conduct. With the women withdrawn, the police used their night sticks, and everyone had that showed got a jar. They fought back the whites and the blacks alike, and when dawn came all was quiet.

MYSTERY IN IDENTITY OF DROWNED MAN

Charles T. Dillingham Does Not Believe Body Is That of His Son.

Whether the body found in the East River yesterday was that of his son, Lee Dillingham, a Cornell graduate and convert to Socialism, is the question that is to-day worrying Charles T. Dillingham, a wealthy bookseller, of No. 156 Fifth avenue. Cards on the body bore the name "Michael Dillon," but the father heard some time ago that the young man had taken this name by application to the California Legislature and that he was travelling about the country using it as an alias, while he lived and toiled among the working classes in the interests of Socialism.

Mr. Dillingham, the father, is a cousin of the late George W. Dillingham, the publisher, and to-day tried to persuade himself it was impossible that his son could be the drowned man. He said that a week ago his wife received a letter from him, sent from California. The youth had been on the coast for two years, and during that time Mr. Dillingham had heard he had changed his name to Michael F. Dillon. The address on the card, however, was No. 136 Milk street, Boston.

Has No Positive Proof.

"I cannot believe it," said Mr. Dillingham to-day, "for I have no positive proof that Lee changed his name. I had heard so, but was not impressed by it. After he graduated from Cornell several years ago I sent him to my brother in Bangor to learn the chemical process of paper-making. While there he lived much among the workingmen and became inoculated with Socialism. He wanted to study social conditions and left Bangor to travel across the country and work in various places. The last I heard he was in California."

Despatches from Bangor, Me., make it appear that the young man was an ardent Socialist. It is said that he was filled with a desire to emulate Maxim Gorky and Josiah Flynt. With this idea in mind he started out to work his way from one town to another, staying just long enough at one job to pay his car fare to another place.

He believed he collect material for a work on social conditions. In Bangor he became popular with the workingmen and made many speeches.

In Bangor friends and relatives heard that he had at times travelled under the name of Michael Dillon, and finally had this legalized in California.

With an Evening World reporter Mr. Dillingham this afternoon visited the Morgue to view the body taken from the East River. It was so badly decomposed that identification was impossible, and as the father had not seen his son in over two years, he was not able to say whether it was the body of his son.

Two letters found on the body went a great way in convincing Mr. Dillingham that it was another Michael Dillon. One was signed "Mamie" and written to a Boston address from an address in Maine, while the other was a letter of recommendation for a stable hand, written at Long Branch, N. J.

"If the card had read Michael F. Dillon," said Mr. Dillingham, "I might think that it was the body of my son. My son was never short of money, as is indicated to have been the living condition of the man whose body was found in the East River. Lee has been out in California for two years, and while I have not heard from him, he was in regular correspondence with my wife, she receiving a letter from Los Angeles written by him the day following the San Francisco earthquake."

Mr. Dillingham did not explain how his son came to change his name from Lee Dillingham to Michael F. Dillon. Young Dillingham was thirty years old, had rowed in the Cornell crew when at college, and is 5 feet 10 inches tall and extremely muscular. There are many points in common between his appearance and that of the "floater" taken from the East Branch [illegible]

MAHARANEE IS ANGRY AT THE 'RUBBERNECKS'

East Indian Princess Doesn't Like the Way She Is Being Pursued.

Her Highness, the Maharanee of Baroda, thinks America is the most remarkable place she ever visited. And this passing observation of the most talked-of visitor to New York is anything but complimentary.

In other words, the woes of the Maharanee are coming mighty near spoiling her visit to this great land of liberty.

For the first time since coming to America this royal lady from the Indian Garden of Eden, as the rich and fruitful state of Baroda is called, to-day expressed her thoughts to a newspaper representative.

Also the Maharanee has some very radical views on American newspapers which her more diplomatic husband probably would not have cared to hear.

Her Highness was greatly distressed over a story published in a morning newspaper which she says made her very ridiculous.

Doesn't Like Interviews.

"Why is it that the newspapers want to interview me?" she asked. "I have never been so pursued in my life. The things some of them say about me are not true. It really is too bad. I have absolutely refused to be interviewed since I have been here because it is distasteful to me, and besides I cannot see how my opinions would entertain the American people."

Her Highness stopped on her way to her apartments from the elevator, in which no other guest is permitted to ride when occupied by the royal family of Baroda. She wore the Indian costume, but there was not the least display of color or jewelry. A little drab figure, with a copper-colored skin, big black eyes and the gentlest expression in the world. That is the Maharanee. The conventional idea of an Indian princess bedecked with jewels and a blaze of color was not portrayed in the little gray lady. The only spot of color about Her Highness was the pink spot in the middle of her forehead, the mark of the high-caste Indian woman. With Her Highness was her brother-in-law, Sampatrao Calkwad. Waiting for her was Mrs. Burroughs, the faithful Englishwoman who for seven years has been a member of the royal household.

"America may be far ahead of India in civilization," said the Princess, "but in India we woul dnever make visitors to our country so unhappy by pursuing them as they do here. It may be the way of civilization, but it is the first time in my experience I have ever been pursued. I have travelled in Europe and England and never have my slightest movements been followed by a curious crowd."

Dislikes Such "Compliments."

It was explained that it was only an American way of expressing a compliment of great interest, but Her Royal Highness doesn't like compliments of that kind.

"Why do people want to write about me when I have nothing to say?" inquired Her Highness naively. "Why, I was made to discuss subjects in a morning paper that I never thought of. It is very unpleasant.

"I have visited Paris and have never even been remarked as I have passed from store to store. In London I shop and see the sights without any of this great demonstration of curiosity. Why is it that I cannot do the same here? The first two days of our visit in New York I did not mind, but now it is different. I think people ought to appreciate my desire for privacy."

The Maharanee paid a high compliment to the New York shops. She said that what she was able to see when avoiding the crowd was extremely interesting. She made a few purchases in some of the Fifth avenue shops, and later visited one of the big department stores.

"I enjoyed my visit to Columbia University very much indeed," she said.

Her Highness The Maharani

"Of course, I do not intend to accompany my husband on all his visits to the educational institutions, but I am interested in all of the results.

Her Highness spoke of her friends in America and talked with pleasure of Edmund Russell, whom she had met abroad. When in India Mr. Russell was entertained at the royal palace of Baroda, but he did not meet the Princess, as it is not the custom of high caste Indian women to receive gentlemen at their homes. While in London and Paris Her Highness met Mr. Russell and his reception in her honor will be one of the few social functions she will attend during her brief stay in New York.

"Her Highness is really overcome at the American spirit," said her English companion. "She is totally unable to comprehend the American attitude of regarding her as a curiosity. When American ladies come to India we do not pursue them and ask them to talk. They are treated as though their personalities were sacred. American people seem to be always worrying about something. You notice it in the street, in the hotel, everywhere. In India it is so different."

There is one thing Her Highness wishes very much to state through the Evening World, and that is she never took her husband's arm when she walked into the hotel.

"Such things are not done in Baroda," she said.

The Princess takes the things written about her very seriously. She is deeply distressed at being attributed with strange and weird habits which to the high caste Indian woman seem barbarous indeed.

So in place of the customary charming remarks about our beautiful America, our handsome men and lovely women, Her Highness, the greatest Princess of India, thinks New Yorkers are entirely too busy, that some of them are really quite lacking in delicacy in dealing with royalty and that they are always living at a high tension that perhaps makes them unaccountable for their sometimes rudeness.

So after that perhaps the curious rubbernecks will let her Royal Highness alone.

SCOFFS AT ARREST IN PAGE MURDER

Official Who Prosecuted Tucker Declares Action Was Not Unexpected.

BINGHAM, Me., May 17.—Sheriff C. H. Smith came here to-day and took Jerry Hayes, a laborer, arrested in connection with the Mabel Page murder case, to Skowhegan for a hearing. Under the law in this State, in murder cases, any magistrate can order a prisoner held for examination.

BOSTON, May 17.—James H Vahey, senior counsel for Charles L. Tucker, who is under sentence to be electrocuted during the week of June 10, for the Page murder, said to-day that a representative of his firm would start for Skowhegan, Me., during the day, in connection with the arrest of Jerry Hayes, who is held on suspicion of being implicated in the murder. Mr. Vahey has begun an investigation here and at Weston to ascertain whether Hayes may have been at Weston in 1904.

Former Attorney-General Herbert Parker, who conducted the prosecution in the Tucker trial, said to-day:

"A most superficial examination of the matter shows that it is entirely unworthy of serious consideration. Such a development—if development it may be called—was to be expected, and coming at this particular moment, it is particularly significant.

"It was not unexpected but I do not think that the thing should be taken seriously."

A petition for the commutation of Tucker's sentence to life imprisonment was to have been presented to Gov. Guild next Friday.

ROGERS IS PUT IN BAD LIGHT BY GARFIELD

Varying Statements of Standard Oil Magnate Told to Roosevelt.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—President Roosevelt to-day transmitted to Congress the complete report of James R. Garfield, Commissioner of Corporations, of the investigation which he made into the operations of the alleged oil trust. A full synopsis of the report, accompanied by a message from the President dealing with the facts developed by the inquiry, was sent to Congress May 4.

In submitting to the President the full report of his inquiry Commissioner Garfield wrote a letter to him inviting his attention to some of the published comments on the oil report attributed to certain railway officials and representatives of the oil trust.

That letter was made public to-day by direction of the President, although it was not sent to Congress with Mr. Garfield's report. It is peculiarly interesting, because it contains Commissioner Garfield's answer, by directing attention to certain parts of his complete report, to the comments which have been made, and mentions Rogers and Archbold thus:

"Mr. Rogers and Mr. Archbold, officers of the Standard Oil Company, are quoted as saying:

"'If the New England roads ought to prorate, but refuse to do so, it must occur to some one somewhere that perhaps the New England roads, and not the Standard Oil Company, are blameable.'

"As shown in Chapter III. of the report the Standard Oil Company for years has enormously benefited by the refusal of New England roads to prorate, and a representative of the New York, New Haven and Hartford system states that the Standard Oil Company 'wanted the road not to prorate.'

"Messrs. Rogers and Archbold are quoted as saying, regarding the Whiting-St. Louis sale:

"'It is quite true that having our oil at Whiting and desiring to transport it to points in the interior of Illinois we used the State rates.'

"As shown in Chapter VII. of the report, all shipments from Whiting to Illinois are interstate. The mere inclusion of Whiting into the Chicago switching district, by an application sheet, does not make Whiting an Illinois shipping point.

"As shown in the report, the Standard Oil Company has used the location of Whiting for the purpose of claiming the right to use either Indiana State rates or Illinois State rates as best suited its convenience.

"Furthermore, it is an interesting fact that in 1901 in response to a request from the Industrial Commission for information as to freight rates to certain points in the South, Mr. Archbold wrote the commission and gave the rate from Whiting to Birmingham, Ala., as 41 cents; from Whiting to Memphis, Tenn., as 18 cents, from Whiting to Little Rock, as 30 cents; whereas, at that time and until the secret rates were discovered by the Bureau of Corporations the Standard Oil Company was shipping traffic on the following rates: From Whiting to Birmingham, Ala., by way of Grand Junction, 29 1-2 cents; from Whiting to Memphis, by the same route, 15 cents; from Whiting to Little Rock, by way of East St. Louis, 26 cents. Those facts are all set forth in full in chapters VI. and VII. of the report."

Marrying 'Squire Dead.

HAMILTON, O., May 17.—Squire Thomas McGreevy, known as the "Marrying 'Squire," who has performed the marriage ceremony for more than 3,000 couples in twenty years, died yesterday while being removed to a hospital.

GREENE THOUGHT HE'D WIN A MILLION

But He Didn't, and His Wife Charged Him with Abandonment.

When Warren Greene sold out his boot and shoemaking business in the Wall street section last fall and started for New Orleans to play the races, he told his wife that he would come back with $1,000,000. That was the last time his wife saw him until she confronted him in Coney Island Police Court to-day. He was a prisoner on a charge of abandonment.

It appears that the winter was hard for Warren. His bank roll vanished and, being unable to pick winners for himself, he adopted the occupation of picking them for others. He followed the horses from the South, and a few days ago appeared at Scheuster's Hotel, in Sheepshead Bay.

Somebody told Mrs. Greene. She secured a warrant and Warren was arrested. He promised Magistate O'Reilly that he would never make another bet and was allowed to go with his spouse to her home, at No. 652 DeKalb avenue, Brooklyn.

CHOATE FIGHTS EIGHTY-CENT GAS

Former Ambassador Represents Corporation in the United States Court.

The argument before Justice Lacombe in the United States District Court on the motion for a preliminary injunction to restrain the enforcement of the 80-cent gas law was to-day adjourned until June 4.

Former Ambassador Choate appeared in behalf of the Consolidated Gas Company and announced that he was ready to proceed with the argument.

Attorney-General Julius Mayer, representing the State, and Assistant Corporation Counsel Taylor, for the City of New York, asked for an adjournment and insisted that a reasonable time be granted them to file affidavits.

Mr. Choate contended that great hardship would result to the gas companies without a restraining order as asked for in the original petition.

"THE MASQUERADER!"

"The Masquerader," a splendid romance of love, action and dual identity, by Katherine Cecil Thurston, author of "The Gambler," will begin in Saturday's Evening World. The first instalment will be issued in a special color supplement.

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