MRS. DONNELLY SCOLDED REGGIE AT HORSE SHOW

Brought Her from Chicago, She Says, to Drive for Him.

THEN REFUSED HER.

He Protests that She Is a Professional and Was Not Eligible.

Reginald Vanderbilt and Mrs. Dick Donnelly, a professional woman driver, had an altercation at the Horse Show to-day, when Mr. Vanderbilt refused to let her drive his entry, Barrington. Mrs. Donnelly denounced him, saying that on his solicitation she had come all the way from Chicago to drive.

Mr. Vanderbilt was overseeing the preparing of Barrington to enter with harness horses suitable for park driving when Mrs. Donnelly announced that she was ready.

"Sorry, but Miss Gladys Bloodgood is going to drive," said Reggie, as he gallantly helped Miss Bloodgood into the rig.

When Mrs. Donnelly protested that she had come, at some expense, from Chicago to drive for him, with the understanding that she was to do so, he added:

"The rules of the event call for an amateur woman driver. You are ineligible anyway."

After Barrington had won the red ribbon John W. Harriman's Laughing Water, driven by Mrs. Ellen Ames, winning first, Mrs. Donnelly went to the press box and protested to the reporters, saying that she had been shabbily used by the millionaire, and saying that she would report the matter to the Horse Show Association.

Mr. Vanderbilt said to the reporters that the matter was absurd, as Mrs. Donnelly was a professional and ineligible.

Dick Donnelly is the well-known developer and rider of high-jump horses, owning and riding the famous Rifle.

JUSTICE ZELLER BEFORE GRAND JURY.

Returns in Severe Mood and Disorderly House Keepers Get Jail Sentences.

Justice Zeller, of Special Sessions, left the bench to-day wearing his robes of office and went up to the Grand Jury room in response to a request asking that he tell the jurors certain things regarding the customary procedure in trying and punishing keepers of disorderly houses.

Police Commissioner Bingham had told the Grand Jury that his men were unable to break up such places because of the light fines imposed on the owners and managers by the Justices in Special Sessions.

The visit to the Grand Jury room apparently put an edge on Justice Zeller's temper. When he rejoined his associates, Justices McKeen and McAvoy, two women, who had pleaded guilty to keeping disorderly houses and expected to be fined, were sent to the Tombs for ten days.

TWO KILLED WHEN TRAIN CRASHED INTO ENGINES

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., Nov. 23.—Eastbound Colorado Midland passenger train No. 6 collided with two light engines at Ivanhoe, early to-day. It is reported that two passengers were killed and several injured.

VICTIM'S HAIR IN DEATH BOAT SHOWN JURY

Strands Torn From Grace Brown's Head in Struggle, Says State.

SKIFF TAKEN TO COURT.

Gillette Pales as Jurors Examine Craft, with Light Brown Hairs on Bottom Cleat.

HERKIMER, Nov. 23.—Strands of light brown hair, torn, it is alleged, from the head of Grace Brown, and found clinging to a cleat in the bottom of the boat in which the pretty factory girl went to her death, may drag Chester Gillette to the electric chair.

The boat was carried into court and put in evidence to-day. There a witness pointed out the hair still wound about the cleat. The District-Attorney has, there, removed from the cleat in the presence of witnesses. The State insists the hair is proof that the girl was knocked down in the boat and fought desperately for her life.

One by one the jurors came from the box to examine the boat with its mute evidence.

Gillette, who had paled as he saw the boat when he entered court, watched them nervously, twice rising from his seat to get a better view of a juror during the inspection.

When Gillette was led into the courtroom and saw the boat before the jury box he started and the pallor on his sallow cheeks deepened. The boat is of the St. Lawrence skiff type and was carried into court on the shoulders of two bailiffs. There was the usual throng of curious men and women in and around the court.

Big Moose Guide Called.

Thomas Barrett, a guide on the Big Moose, was recalled by District-Attorney Ward to-day. He said that when he saw Gillette and the girl rowing in the direction of South Bay on the day of her death there was very little wind. The defense had alleged that before Grace Brown fell to her death Gillette had taken the suit case ashore, leaving it there while he rowed round the bay and going back for it after the boat overturned. This would account for the fact that the suit case was dry immediately after the tragedy.

Barrett, however, saw the boat just before 6 o'clock, and the suit case was in it at the time. Robert Morrison, who rented the boat to Gillette, said when he got on the witness stand that on the day after the couple had rowed away from his landing he went out on the lake to look for the boat. He found it in South Bay. A straw hat was floating near it on the water. Both boat and hat were close in shore. The boatman swore the boat was bottom up.

Victim's Hair in Boat.

The water all about where the boat was found was dotted with pond lilies. Gillette after his arrest told Under Sheriff Klock he had tried to pick a pond lily and upset the boat. Mr. Morrison identified a black silk waist which he had found clinging to the boat.

The witness said that he found some hair clinging to a cleat in the boat. He removed some of it, but there still remained a few light brown strands, which he pointed out to the jurors, getting into the boat to do so.

It is Prosecutor Ward's contention that the hair snarled about a cleat is overwhelming evidence that Grace Brown was knocked down to the bottom of the boat, where, struggling desperately, she was beaten until unconscious and then cast into the lake. The jurors seemed deeply impressed by this evidence, leaving the box one by one and walking down to examine the cleat on which the hair was wound.

The defendant seemed nervously anxious about this evidence and twice got up out of his chair to watch the jurors climb into the boat and examine the cleat on the bottom.

During a brief recess the spectators in the court also crowded about the boat, while a half dozen women chatted with Gillette. One of them gave him several big red apples and another offered him candy. He accepted and ate both fruit and candy.

Mrs. Florence Morrison, daughter-in-law of the boatman, was the next witness.

"Mrs. Morrison," asked Mr. Ward, "you were with your father-in-law when he found the boat."

"Yes."

"What did you find in the boat?"

"I picked a lock of hair off of the two little screws. Mr. Morrison gave me another strand. I put those together, took them home and put them in an envelope, which I pinned to the cloak we found near the boat."

"Was this hair firmly attached to the screws?"

"Yes. It was matted on them so hard that I had to pull quite hard to get it off."

The envelope containing the hair was put in evidence through the identification of Dr. I. N. Coffin, Coroner of Herkimer County, who held the inquest over the body of Grace Brown last July.

Francis Brown, sister of "Billy" Brown, made her third appearance on the stand. She told of the bringing home of the body, and produced a lock of hair she had cut from the head of her sister. This was done to establish, by comparison, the genuineness of the first lock of hair that had been found tangled on the screwlocks in the boat.

Mr. Mills objected when Mr. Ward offered the strands of hair for the inspection of the jury. "This is prejudicial to the interest of the defendant, as it will create a sentiment against him," he said. The objection was overruled.

Finding of the Body.

Frank Crobbe, one of the two men who recovered the body of the girl from the bottom of the lake, was the next witness.

A dozen men had started out in the steamer Uncas to seek the body of the factory girl. After the steamer was anchored these divided up in pairs and took up their search in small boats.

"We were in toward the shore of South Bay," said Crabbe, "when I saw a white object down in the bottom of the lake. Hallored to Kerwin to bring me a stick. He brought me one with a large fishhook on the end of it. I reached down and got the hook on the clothing just below the waist. Then I called it up. Charley Kerwin and I pulled it out of the lake.

"It was a woman's body, and the head came to the surface first."

Crabbe said the body was taken to the Glenmore Hotel. When taken from the water the eyes of the girl were partly open and the hair partly down. One white stocking was down over the shoe.

Her eyes, recalled the witness, were bloodshot, and he thought there were bloodspots on the lips, which were swollen. The face was covered with mud. On cross-examination ex-Senator Mills brought out that fifteen parties in boats had been dragging the lake for hours before the body was found. Crabbe and Kerwin had no grappling hooks. The water, witness said, was seven and a half feet deep. The District-Attorney got Crabbe to emphasize the fact that one of the stockings of the dead girl was down over the shoe. It is said that upon this the prosecution bases the contention that Gillette robbed his victim.

Charles Kerwin, who was clerk and bartender on the Uncas, also told of the finding of the body.

"We suppose," he said, "that a boy and girl had been drowned. We were trolling along, when I heard Crabbe cry, 'Come here! I see something.' Crabbe began to pull up with the stick they gave him, and pretty soon I brought up a girl's body. I got hold of the lower limb and Crabbe the higher portion of the body." He also said one stocking was way down over the shoes.

The steamer had not passed over the place where the body was found, and the only hook that touched the body was the fishhook on the end of the pole used by Crabbe.

This destroys any theory of the defense that the injuries to the body were made by the boat or grappling hooks.

How They Awaited the Verdict

FRISCO'S MAYOR BACK, DENIES GRAFT CHARGE

Eugene Schmitz Denounces Indictments as Dirty Politics and Persecution

"Lies from beginning to end—all lies! Dirty politics, revenge and persecution—that's all it means!"

This was the way Eugene Schmitz, Mayor of San Francisco, made answer when he learned on his arrival from Europe to-day that he had been five times indicted in his own city for extortion, that unsavory charges were multiplying against his name, and that he would be dogged across the continent by detectives and arrested the minute his train crossed the California State line.

Not until he reached Quarantine with his wife on the Hamburg-American liner Patricia, did Schmitz, member of a labor union, former leader of an orchestra, and now leader of a machine, know what awaited him at his home. The news made no visible impression upon the tall bearded soldier of political fortune.

Not Afraid, He Says.

"I am not afraid to meet them face to face," he said. And he didn't look as if he was afraid. Coming up the Bay he had told a reporter for The Evening World that he was innocent of any wrong-doing, that not a cent of dirty money ever clung to his fingers and that he would stick to his friend and political manager, "Boss Abe" Ruef, as long as he believed Ruef to be an honest man.

Two detectives from San Francisco were among those who stood on the pier in Hoboken waiting for the Patricia to dock. Chief Hayes and Detectives Quinn and Weinthal of the Hoboken Police Department ranged alongside of them.

"Are you from California?" asked Hayes.

"No," said one of the two, shortly. "We're from New York."

"Very well," said Hayes. "But under the laws of New Jersey no man can be arrested and taken out of the State unless he has been extradited. If you try to serve any warrant on anybody here I will lock him up, and I'll lock you up, too, for attempted kidnapping."

It had been stated all along that neither the detectives nor Secret Service Agent Vendrell, their companion, would seek to take Schmitz into custody here. If they had changed their minds and hoped to arrest him as he touched the shore, Hayes's threat effectually discouraged them.

Went to the Waldorf.

It has been announced that out of consideration for Mrs. Schmitz the agents had orders simply to keep Schmitz in sight, to leave with him from New York, and to serve their warrants when they reached California. This may have been misleading information, purposely given out, but at any rate the two detectives stood back when the steamship landed, and Mayor and Mrs. Schmitz and their travelling companions, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Hipert, came down the gang-plank. There crowded forward to greet them a group from San Francisco, including Schmitz's lawyer, A. L. Rowlandy; his secretary, Charles Keene; his brother, Herbert Schmitz, and his close friend, M. T. Wathebner. Entering automobiles, the whole party came to New York, bound for the Waldorf. It was stated that all of them would start West to-night. The "Frisco detectives said they would go along, too.

When the pilot went aboard the incoming liner at Sandy Hook he bore to the Mayor the news that he had been indicted on Nov. 15 along with Boss Ruef on five counts for extortion, it being alleged that the two of them had conspired to extort blackmail from the owners of French restaurants in San Francisco. Schmitz was still digesting these tidings when a reporter went aboard and saw him in his stateroom at Quarantine.

"The whole thing is a mass of lies," he said. "When I went abroad for a well-earned vacation after my labors following the great fire my enemies set to work to ruin me. It is persecution pure and simple. This attack is being made on me by dirty political enemies because I opposed District-Attorney Langdon, who was a candidate for Governor.

Says He Hurried Home.

"I have hurried home five weeks ahead of time because I expected that an attempt would be made to besmirch me. I am not afraid because I have done nothing wrong. I want the fullest possible investigation of all my acts, public and private. I not only want it, but I demand it. When the truth comes out you people in the East will know that my enemies are trying to destroy the prestige.

"I know nothing about the alleged misappropriation of any of the relief funds. A committee had charge of the funds. They are responsible—not I. I do not think my brother is interested in the dive known as the 'Municipal Crib.' I know nothing of the story that Secret Service Agent Byrnes is digging into my record. The whole Secret Service force is welcome to dig. It is strange that they never dared to start these stories about me until my back was turned. Abe Ruef is my lawyer, and he was the lawyer of several of these French cafes. If they paid him fees that was his business, not mine. I know nothing about them. But Abe Ruef is my friend, and I will stand by him until they prove to me that he is not square."

Mayor Schmitz seemed to be in splendid health. He is a big, handsome man, with a full beard and a deep voice. The eyes of his wife were red as if from weeping as she came ashore.

DALY HEIRS SUE TO RESTRAIN GUS HILL.

Say He Is Infringing on the Title of a Play Thirty-four Years Old.

Ex-Justice Joseph F. Daly, Mary D. Daly and Richard Dorney, executors of the will of Augustin Daly, through Judge Daly's son, Edward H. Daly, applied to Justice O'Gorman to-day for an injunction restraining Gus Hill from presenting a play called "Around the Clock."

The executors charge that the title is an intended imitation of Augustin Daly's famous and for years successful play, "Round the Clock," but infector to it, and that the heirs have already been damaged to the extent of $1,000 by the imitation, produced at the Yorkville Theatre, Third Avenue Theatre and other houses.

"Round the Clock" was first produced by the late Mr. Daly at the Grand Opera-House in 1872, and Leon Laski, in behalf of Gus Hill, the club-swinging manager of many enterprises, declared that "Around the Clock, or Fun in a Music Hall" was a musical piece entirely dissimilar to Augustine Daly's famous play; that it was written by Steve Carsin, with music by Lee Orin Smith, and had been playing successfully all over England and America by the Ritchie Troupe.

Gus Hill made affidavits that he never saw Augustin Daly's play, and recommends that instead of enjoining him in an equity court, the Daly heirs sue him in the law courts for damages.

Decision was reserved.

FLAG-DECKED MAN NOW IN SANITARIUM.

For Years Eccentric Jacob Lott Van Pelt Lived as Recluse in Colonial Mansion.

Jacob Lott Van Pelt, a wealthy resident of Bath Beach and a descendant of one of the oldest families on Long Island, was taken yesterday from the colonial homestead at Bay Twenty-third and Eighty-sixth streets, where he had lived alone seven years, to the Bensonhurst Sanitarium, a victim of general debility. He is seventy years old. It is said he has slight chance of recovery.

Mr. Van Pelt had worn for years the same suit of clothes, with badges and flags pinned to the vest. He wore a crape and smoked a clay pipe incessantly. It was his custom to parade the streets on the Fourth of July, wrapped in an American flag and carrying a Japanese lantern. His claim was that the greatest peoples in the world were the Americans and the Japanese.

Seven years ago Mr. Van Pelt's mother died and he dismissed the servants and lived the life of a recluse. His removal to the sanitarium was caused by James Van Pelt, a nephew, who says he will seek to have a commission appointed to inquire into his uncle's mental condition.

$25,000,000 BOND ISSUE BY WESTERN UNION.

Stockholders of the Western Union Telegraph company at a special meeting to-day authorized an issue of 4 per cent., redeemable, convertible bonds to the amount of $25,000,000 to mature Nov. 1, 1936.

The bonds are to be convertible after two years, and not later than twelve years, into stock which has also been increased sufficient to provide for the conversion.

ADDS TO CAPITAL STOCK.

General Electric Raises Figures to $80,000,000.

ALBANY, Nov. 23.—The General Electric Company to-day filed a certificate of increase of capital from $60,000,000 to $80,000,000.

The State received a tax of $10,000 as a result of the increase.

Evading the Trusts!

UNCLE HI—Do you believe all this "loose talk" about the Trusts driving prices of commodities higher and higher?

UNCLE SI—I don't take stock in such reports. We are buying most everything we want at less than "wholesale" prices through World Want "For Sale" Ads.

The World prints more For Sale Ads. than all other New York newspapers combined.

GRACE BROWN'S LETTERS TO GILLETTE PICTURE A SOUL TORN BY GRIEF

The World's Literature Is Full of Love Missives, but Never Have Conflicting Emotions Been More Completely Revealed.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Some of the most remarkable letters ever written by a woman to a man were this week read in the Herkimer court-room, where Chester Gillette is being tried for the murder of Grace Brown.

The world's literature is full of love letters, brilliant, epigrammatic, subtle, analytical, but never in life or literature have the conflicting emotions of a loving woman's heart been more completely revealed than in these simple appeals from a woman who trusted too much a man who loved too little.

Grace Brown, the woman, stood face to face with life's most terrible tragedy—a tragedy that men make but which they never fully understand. In the beginning of the factory romance Gillette was probably not more to blame than she. Both were passive victims of the life force that occasionally picks up men and women and breaks them before the startled eyes of a race that defies it.

Both probably had the idea common to youth that laws were made for other men and women to serve—for them to break. Both discovered, later, that they had broken their own feeble lives upon a law that is unbreakable.

Picture Soul Torn with Grief.

Grace Brown died from the knowledge. Whether Gillette killed her, the jury must decide. But as the picture of a woman's soul torn with grief and shadowed by encroaching shame, her letters deserve to live long after the verdict which frees or condemns Chester Gillette is forgotten.

All the letters were written after the knowledge came to the girl that "the sins we do by two and two, we must answer one by one" and that she must answer alone. Yet they are loving letters, with no word of blame for the man to whom they were written, breathing a confidence that should have made the meanest creature try to deserve it. Every day they became more desperate and more loving.

Gillette had promised to take her away from the horror that loomed every day nearer and nearer; from the shame that stalked menacingly beside her, the fear that clutched at her heart and turned the radiant halo of womanhood into a wreath of thorns.

She believed him—up to the very last minute she believed him.

A Pathetic Letter.

What a pathetic letter she wrote telling him of her good-bys to all the places and things she loved, in anticipation of his coming for her:—

"I have been bidding good-by to some places to-day. There are so many nooks, dear, and all of them so dear to me. I have lived here nearly all my life. First I said good-by to the spring-house with its royal masses of green moss, then the apple-tree where we had our playhouse; then the bee-hive, a cute little house in the orchard, and of course all the neighbors that have mended my dresses from a little tot up to save me a thrashing I really deserved.

"Oh, dear, you don't realize what all this is to me. I know I shall never see any of them again; and mamma—great heaven—how I do love mamma. I don't know what I will do without her. She is never cross and she always helps me so much. Sometimes I think if I could tell mamma, but I can't. She has trouble enough as it is and I couldn't break her heart like that."

This is the most cheerful letter she wrote. There were others, as heart-rending as they are simple—terrible in their truth, and in their absence of all blame for the man to whom they were written—the most affective arraignment of him.

Only once was there a word of blame for Gillette, and that caused the girl far more torture than it could possibly have inflicted on him.

Then She Apologized.

For she immediately sat down and wrote him—five letters of the most abject apology. Here it is:

"Of course, dear, I want to see you, but that isn't the question. I need you and it's your duty to come. I hope you will be glad to see me, but I don't know why you should. I am going to be your especial trouble. I hate that so much. I don't like to be a bother, dear, and the thought that I am in your way drives me almost crazy.

Again:

"I am thin and my face is so deathly white—you would hardly know me. Oh, how I do want to see you, dear, and how I do need you all the time. Do you miss my poor little self in the factory? * * * It is getting late. My sister's little clock tells me so right on the face of it. Please don't think me ungrateful, dear, for I am not, and I won't write horrid letters any more. * * * Don't work too hard, dear, for I don't want you to get ill. We will be quite happy, dear, and I won't get cross.

"I know you will be awfully good to me, dear, for I will die in a short time. I know I will, and then? Oh, I think you will be glad you were good to me. I am cold and awfully tired. With lots of love and kisses,

My whole life is ruined, and, in a measure, yours is, too. Of course, it's worse for me than for you, but the world, and you, too, may think I am the one to blame, but somehow I can't—just simply can't think I am, Chester. * * * My little sister came up just a minute ago with her hands full of daisies and asked if I didn't want my fortune told. I told her I guessed it was pretty well told.

And it is pretty well told—told by the daisies that grow above her grave—the friendly daisies that no longer tell her the saddest fortune of a woman's life—"He loves me not."

DISFIGURED WITH ECZEMA

Brushed Scales from Face Like Powder—Under Physicians Six Months But Grew Worse—Some Said Face Would Be Marked for Life—Now Without a Blemish.

CUTICURA REMEDIES WORK WONDERS.

"As I was a sufferer with eczema I write to tell you what a great friend I found in Cuticura Remedies. In six months I had tried three doctors, but did not get any better. It was on my body and on my feet so thick that I could hardly put a pin on me without touching eczema. My face was covered, my eyebrows came out, and then it got in my eye. I then went to another doctor. He asked me what I was taking for it, and I told him Cuticura. He said that was a very good thing, but that he thought that my face would be marked for life. But Cuticura did its work and my face is now just as clear as it ever was.

"My brother-in-law told me about the wonderful Cuticura remedies. I took his advice and got the Ointment, Soap, and Resolvent. I washed with the Cuticura Soap and then applied the Ointment, and took Cuticura Resolvent as directed. In a short time my face began to get better, and when I had taken one bottle of Resolvent I could brush the scales off my face like a powder. When I had taken four bottles my face was as clear as ever.

"I told all my friends about my remarkable cure. I feel so thankful I want everybody far and wide to know what Cuticura can do. It is a sure cure for eczema. (signed) Mrs. Emma White, 641 Cherrier Place, Camden, N. J., April 25, 1905."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for every Humor, from Pimples to Scrofula, from Infancy to Age, consisting of Cuticura Soap, 25c., Ointment, 50c., Resolvent, 50c., (in form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 60), may be had of all druggists. A single set often cures. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Mailed Free, "How to Cure Eczema."

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We sell **Vinol** on the distinct understanding of money back to user if it fails to satisfy.

Vinol is sold on the guarantee plan in New York only at the following drug stores:

Dugenian & Co., 200 Broadway, 21 Park Row, 125th st. and 7th av., 125th st. and Lenox av., 149th st. and 3d av., 135th st. and Amsterdam av., 191st st. and Broadway, 512 Fulton st., Brooklyn.

Riker's Drug Stores, 6th av. and 23d st., corner Broadway and 9th st.

Kinsman's Drug Stores, 125th st. and 8th av., Broadway and 86th st., 39th st. and 8th av.

I. Jungmann, 1039-53 av., 428 Columbus av., 1 East 42d st.

In Brooklyn—Riker's Drug Stores, 156 Fulton st., 264 Fulton st., 275 Flatbush av., 247 Sumner av., 257 Columbia st.

Vinol is now for sale at the leading drug store in nearly every town and city in the country. Look for the Vinol agency in your town.

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A FRENCH NOVELTY FOR 25 CENTS! We have imported from Paris 20,000 papier-mache, small roasted turkeys about the size of a plump chicken, such an absolutely perfect imitation of the roast fowl itself. You cannot tell them from the real things until you try to bite in them. They look most savory and appetizing, appear to be roasted to a turn and basted with rich gravy. They are not intended to eat, but to hold good things to eat—open a little lid in the back and fill them full of Loft's pure confections. There is not another place in New York that sells them for less than 25 cents. Our price is 5 cents—while they last.

SPECIAL FOR FRIDAY.

SPANISH PEANUT CARAMELS ..... POUND 10c | ASSORTED FRUIT AND NUT CHOCOLATES ... POUND 15c

SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY.

PEACH ICE CREAM CHOCOLATES ..... POUND 10c | ASSORTED FRUIT AND NUT CHOCOLATES ... POUND 15c

SPECIAL FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

BUTTER PEANUT BRITTLE ..... POUND 10c | HIGH GRADE CHOCOLATES & BONBONS, or an assortment of all Chocolates, 30 kinds. POUND 24c

LONDON BUTTER TOFFEE ..... POUND 10c | CHOCOLATE COVERED MOLASSES BUTTER CHIPS ... POUND 25c

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