

FINAL RESULTS EDITION. PRICE ONE CENT.

PRINCE HENRY LED RESCUE OF WRECK VICTIMS. Ten Survivors Taken from the Steamer Berlin as Seas Pound Her. MANY SEE BRAVE ACT. Queen Wilhelmina's Husband Risked Life Twice in Pilot Boat. LIFE SAVERS FOLLOWED. People Brought Ashore After Many Hours of Suffering—Only 11 Out of 180 Saved.

HOOK OF HOLLAND. Holland, Feb. 22.—Prince Henry of the Netherlands, husband of Queen Wilhelmina, today joined the intrepid force of life-savers, who, suffering great hardships, battled for thirty-five hours to save the survivors of the steamship Berlin wrecked here.

The Prince, setting a fine example, braved mountainous seas and a freezing gale. Twice he went out in a pilot-boat and tried to board the wreck, to which ten persons were clinging. He was beaten back each time, but the Prince had the satisfaction of seeing a hairy booby of a surfer not to be outdone by his drive through the sea to almost certain death, board the steamer's hull and take the people huddled there into their boat and row safely back to shore.

Thousands on the ocean front cheered the Prince and the heroic life-savers, as the survivors were landed among them. As the victims from the wreck were made comfortable, Prince Henry visited the building which is being used as a temporary and passed down the lines of white draped figures, stopping with bowed head for a few minutes before the body of a fair-haired child.

The ten survivors were landed at 2.30 o'clock this afternoon. The life-savers report that two women who could be rescued remain on the wreck. It is not known whether they are dead or alive. (The one taken off to-day and one washed ashore on wreckage yesterday.) On this statement only eleven persons were saved out of 180 passengers and crew carried by the Berlin when she struck on a sandbar yesterday at 1 A. M.

What makes the wreck most horrible is the fact that the Berlin struck almost within reaching distance of land and that a misty ship was close enough under moderate weather conditions to have rescued all her passengers. This was the Clacton of the Great Eastern Railway. Waves forty feet high and a gale blowing toward the shore compelled the Clacton to hold off. Against the waves and the wind it was impossible to put out lifeboats from ashore.

Throng at Morgue. Capt. Parkinson, of the Holt Steamship Line, who was on his way to Liverpool, on board the Berlin to join his vessel, the Myrrhion, and take her back to Liverpool, is one of the eleven survivors of the disaster. He said to-day that the catastrophe was due to the fact that the Berlin branched to the starboard side as she was entering the waterway, and that before she was able to recover herself she was dashed upon the pier head, immediately "crumpled up like a tin can."

The straggling little village of Hook of Holland is filled with anxious relatives of the passengers and crew of the Berlin, and heartrending scenes are witnessed at the improvised mortuary, where the bodies of the dead which are ready to be washed up are lying. Many of these are believed beyond recognition, and some are without heads and others without arms or legs.

Saw Vessel Go Down. Veteran pilots and seamen who watched the Berlin being driven to her doom say the scene was the most amazing described the scene as follows: "As the vessel approached it was noticed that she was being carried out of her course by the force of the wind and the tremendous driving power of the waves. The trained eyes of the officials on the jetty who were awaiting the steamer's arrival, as she was in imminent, deadly peril and a fare

WEATHER FORECAST. Forecast for New York City and vicinity: Fair and slightly colder to-night; Saturday light north winds.

EMPIRE TRACK STILL AFTER RACING DATES. Fight for Them Will Be Made Before the State Board To-Morrow.

The fight of the Empire City race track at Yonkers for racing dates during the coming season will be reopened to-morrow morning before the State Racing Commission in the office of Russell & Perry, at No. 32 Nassau Street. There is a period during the metropolitan season when the horses are away in Saratoga and New York are without the sport of kings. This period might be filled in with benefit to local followers of the game with a meeting at the Yonkers course, and that is what the association wants.

BEST FILLIES IN STAKE RACE AT NEW ORLEANS. Martha Washington Feature Brings Out Cream of Young Division.

NEW ORLEANS RESULTS. FIRST RACE—Donna Riviere (8 to 5) and 8 to 5, 1, Alanie (6 to 1 for place) 2, Berivole 3.

SECOND RACE—Wes, 1 to 2 and out; J; Ohysa (4 to 1 for place) 2, Bitter Mite 3.

THIRD RACE—Emergency (even and 1 to 4) 1, Belle Storme, 1 to 8 for place 2, Kohmor 3.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 22.—The Martha Washington stakes for two-year-old fillies, was the feature of an excellent holiday card at the Fair grounds to-day. All the best fillies in training, including Whirlwind, Broom, and many others, were present. The race was won by Donna Riviere, a filly owned by J. M. Starnes, who was trained by J. M. Starnes. She was a favorite of the crowd, and was backed for a good thing, going to the post a warm favorite.

SECOND RACE—Seven-eighths of a mile. Wes, 106, Garner, 12, Ohysa, 104, Hoge, 12, Bitter Mite, 80, Hodge, 82, 7 to 10. Royal Heave, 50, J. Hendry, 20, 4. Quinn, 82, Lovell, 20, 15. Harry Stephens, 110, Gargol, 200, 0. Albany, 16, Lloyd, 60, 15. Columbia, 0, 1, 0, Van Dusen, 8, 2.

ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL CHARLES DANA GIBSON ART SUPPLEMENT WITH NEXT SUNDAY'S WORLD.

MAN'S FEET IN BOX MAY PROVE MURDER CLEW

Found by Boys Playing in the Rear of a Third Avenue Saloon. CUT OFF MONTH AGO.

So Declares Coroner's Physician and Police Try to Identify the Victim. PROBABLY AN ITALIAN.

Detectives Inclined to Believe that Some One Carrying Box to River Lost It While Intoxicated.

The finding of a man's feet, together with a portion of a shinbone to-day in a yard at the rear of "Scratch" Kenny's saloon, No. 187 Third Avenue, according to the police of the East One Hundred and Fourth Street Station, may give a clue to a murder mystery as baffling as the famous Golden Supper case.

Coroner Shrad's physician examined pieces of the body found and declared the cutting up of the body occurred a month ago, and that a saw was used in severing the bone and feet. Three boys, Charles Kenzie, aged fourteen, of No. 188 Third Avenue; William Wallace, aged sixteen, of No. 225 East One Hundred and First Street, and Andrew Bernie, aged fourteen, of No. 225 East One Hundred and First Street, found the bones while playing in the yard. They were wrapped in a pastboard box, the size of a shoe box, which had been dropped in the yard evidently before the late heavy fall of snow.

The children were badly frightened when they unearthed the box while digging at a snow pile. With white faces they ran all the way to the East One Hundred and Fourth Street police station and told of their discovery to Sgt. McGuire, who immediately sent Detectives Hart and Duffy and Pittman Lynch to go to the scene to get the bones and search for the remainder of the body.

"I suspect the man may have been murdered and his body cut up in one of the tenements of the neighborhood," said McGuire later. "The victim was a man and in all probability an Italian. It is possible the person who was carrying the feet to the East River became intoxicated and lost from his possession this evidence of a crime."

The police in investigating the case are looking over the list of persons reported missing from the locality where the feet were found. There are no marks either upon the box or the paper in which the feet were wrapped that would lead to an identification. The Detective Bureau was notified of the discovery late to-day and two of the old guard of murder mystery sleuths were assigned to investigate by Inspector McLaughlin.

Late this afternoon Capt. Corcoran put out a dozen men under orders to search the basements, cellars and yards in the neighborhood for the rest of the body. One squad of men working with pick and shovel unearthed near the spot where the feet were found a photograph of a young woman upon the back of which was written "T. Taber," which might have been in the pockets of the person carrying the box.

Mary Zaques, landlady of the tenement building, told an Evening World reporter she was satisfied the box was left in the yard last night. Her own little boy was playing in the yard yesterday and did not see the box.

Dr. Volk found Devello still pinned between the cars. An examination convinced him that the leg had been smashed beyond possibility of repair, and he immediately amputated the limb above the knee. Devello showed remarkable nerve while the operation was going on. He was very weak when he reached the hospital, but he will get well. Some day he will be holding a red flag at a trade crossing.

Entirely satisfied with its strange surroundings, a blue-eyed baby boy, six weeks old, is waiting in Bellevue Hospital in its diamond-backed mother, who left it with the matron at the Grand Central Depot and failed to return. The baby is dressed in an expensive silk coat and cap, trimmed with fur, and wears a fancy pair of white rat shoes.

Matron Mary Corey, of the Grand Central, was approached by two handsomely dressed women last evening. The one who carried the child was about thirty-five years old. Gems sparkled on her fingers and ears. She said she wished to check the baby for a time. This is not unusual at the station, for passengers often take advantage of facilities offered by the New York Central to have their little ones cared for while they are at lunch. The second woman was about twenty-eight and good-looking. With them was a child of seven.

"MY POOR, DEAR, BRAVE LITTLE WIFE!" SOBS THAW WHEN EVELYN VISITS HIM

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw Sketched While Under Cross-Examination by Jerome



DOCTOR CUTS OFF LEG HELD DOWN BY CARS.

Thomas Devello, a young brakeman on the New York Central Railroad, fell between the bumpers and a freight train near Hunt's Point road to-day. The engineer stopped the train, but Devello's leg was caught and he could not be removed. While Dr. Volk was on the way a policeman gave the suffering man some aid by improvising a tourniquet, which stopped the flow of blood.

ROOSEVELT WORKED ON THE HOLIDAY.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—Notwithstanding it was a national holiday, President Roosevelt spent a busy day, most of the time being occupied in his office on public business. This afternoon the President received about one hundred and fifty members of the Naval League of the United States, now meeting here.

ALAS! JOHN D. HASN'T GOT A WHOLE BILLION

For the first time in the financial career of John D. Rockefeller the public has been taken into his confidence as to the magnitude of his fortune. By the authority of the Standard Oil Company Frederick T. Gates, Mr. Rockefeller's financial representative, has given out a statement that is intended to put an end to all popular speculation concerning his fortune. The statement is as follows: "There have been a great many amusing misstatements on the subject of Mr. Rockefeller's fortune. Several years ago Senator Hoar made the assertion on the floor of the United States Senate that it was no less than \$1,000,000,000. Quite recently the statement has been made and published widely throughout

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS SECTION IS FLOODED BY ACCIDENT.

With a rush like a mountain torrent a flood started to-day on Washington Heights with the blowing up of a four-foot water main by a dynamite blast that drove all of the tenants out of two big apartment houses in panic and flooded the basements of houses for several blocks toward the Hudson. The destructive blast was set off in a big excavation that is being made on the west side of Broadway, between One Hundred and Forty-fourth and One Hundred and Forty-fifth streets. The work is being done by A. Kelly & Co., contractors, and nearly a hundred men were in the excavation when a charge of dynamite lifted out a shower of rocks and dirt and a huge section of the city water main. Within a few seconds water was pouring out of the wrecked main in a torrent, and the workmen had to flee for their lives. Hardly a man got out in time to escape the sudden freshet. As they poured out of the excavation they set up cries of alarm, and soon all of the neighborhood had been aroused to the danger.

Both Break Down at Meeting in Tombs and Each Weeping Tries to Console the Other—"No Holiday Visitors" Rule Relaxed.

MADHOUSE, NOT THE CHAIR, IS PERIL OF THAW NOW.

Jerome's Alienists When Called May Testify that White's Slayer Is Insane and the Trial Be Brought to a Sudden Termination.

Although the rules of the Tombs prohibit prisoners from receiving visitors on a holiday, Commissioner of Corrections Coggey made an exception to-day in the case of Harry Thaw. His wife was allowed to see him, and the greeting was too much for the case-hardened guard at the door of the counsel room. He turned his head and brushed the back of his hairy hand across his face as the young prisoner clasped the little figure in his arms and sobbed: "My poor dear, brave little wife."

DYNAMITE BLAST CAUSES A GREAT WATER TORRENT

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ATTACK ON APARTMENT-HOUSE.

The silent of the ground at that point was such that the current of the fast rising water was directly toward two big five-story apartment buildings that occupy nearly half a block in One Hundred and Forty-fourth Street, extending from No. 612 to 616. It came like a tidal wave against the walls of the two structures and then, smashing basement windows and doors poured unheeded into the cellars. The basement rooms of No. 615 were occupied by Mrs. Stroff. She was at work in the kitchen when the flood burst into her apartment and before she could gather her wits she had been cut off from escape both at the front and rear doors. Through a little window she crawled out into the spray-way between the two buildings, carrying under her arm a small Irish terrier. In the areaway Mrs. Stroff found the flood had preceded her. As she dropped down from the window she set up a shout for help. The water was filling around her at an alarming rate. Her cries soon brought assistance in the form of a rope that was tossed down to her from the first apartment. In her excitement she could not hold the rope and several times dropped before she could be lifted out of the water, which soon was up to her shoulders. Hauled Up by the Rope. Finally the panic-stricken woman followed the advice of her rescuers and

It was the first public outward display of affection the couple have permitted themselves since Thaw was arrested. There was no doubt of his sincerity. Thaw cried like a big boy and his wife gave way to her feelings unreservedly. It was at Thaw's request that his wife was allowed to visit him to-day. He sent word he wanted to see her if she could possibly leave her room. Mr. O'Reilly arranged for the pass and escorted her to the prison.

Both in Tears. Her face was dead white, and peaked as she met the Criminal Courts Building reporters. To their inquiries as to how she felt she replied: "Oh, I am feeling pretty well." Thaw could not eat his lunch, so he passed back and forth to his cell until word was brought that she was awaiting him in the counsel-room. He ran down the prison stairs two at a time, burst into the room like a whirlwind, and smothered her in a strong embrace. Prison discipline was a trifle relaxed on this occasion. The keeper, standing out in the corridor, where he could command a view of the room, saw the young couple sitting hand in hand for an hour. Both wept at times, and Thaw stroked his wife's hair and face, as though seeking to comfort her. There was a new light in her eyes as she left the Tombs and started uptown.

As the impress of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw's terrible testimony and the still more terrible cross-examination sink deeper into the mind the belief is growing among those who have followed the trial of Harry Thaw that the young wife might as well have been spared the ordeal of the past few days under Jerome's merciless questioning; that the bitter cup could have been put from her lips without affecting the result so far as the course of the public prosecution is concerned.

For a majority of those who have listened to the evidence from the beginning believe that within a week Jerome will let Justice Fitzgerald be convinced from the testimony of the defense alone that Harry Thaw is now a lunatic and ask for the appointment of a commission in lunacy with a view to sending him away to Matteawan. The prediction most often heard in the court since Evelyn Nesbit Thaw first took the stand is this: "Whatever happens there is not going to be a conviction—Hung Jury, or an acquittal." Mr. Jerome must have heard it, too. He must know the common public attitude toward the greatest murder case he ever prosecuted. Besides, under his sworn duty, he cannot continue to try to send Thaw to the death chair if he is not guilty. He has become convinced that Thaw's proper place is the madhouse.

Wife Is Near Collapse. If Jerome, instead of causing his alienists to testify to their belief in Thaw's present sanity, should offer expert opinions to the effect that he is a paranoiac, neither Thaw's lawyers nor the court could do would save him from commitment to the asylum for the criminal insane. The issue would never go to the jury. Thaw himself seemed to be in good spirits in his cell. He said he expected to see his wife if she felt able to drive down from the Lorrains to the prison, for Commissioner Coggey at Lawyer Dan O'Reilly's request had lent a blanket permit for any one of Thaw's family to visit him in spite of the fact that callers are supposed to be barred from the Tombs on a legal holiday. Evelyn Thaw was nearly a wreck when she slipped from the witness chair last evening. The ordeal through

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(Continued on Second Page.)