

SENATOR PLATT'S WIFE VICTIM OF SWINDLER BOECK

Daughter of Pittsburg Millionaire Also Said to Be One of His Dupes.

HE GOT \$250,000, IS SAID.

Relative of Bookmaker Says that He Owes Her \$50,000.

Further revelations of the many-sided life of J. Edward Boeck, the fugitive diamond broker, who is accused of cutting at least a quarter of a million from the fruitful preserves of New York's richest men and women, show amazing operations in high and low finance by the fugitive society pet, art patron, unofficial agent of the Chinese Government, prize member of the Republican Club and half-caste confidante of the biggest gamblers in this city.

The most startling development of today centres about a well-known bookmaker and one of his women relatives. It is alleged that a great portion of the proceeds of Boeck's thefts found their way through the hands of bookmakers to the race course. The woman relative has turned up, according to reports, with a claim for \$50,000, which she says the vanished Polo-Mongolian owes to her.

Said to Owe Mrs. Platt \$12,000.

It is alleged that Boeck won his way into the confidence of the wife of Senator T. C. Platt and that he acted as agent for her handsome country home, Toga Lodge, which came to the fortune of Whow Janeway in the division of the Platt estate when she separated from her husband. It is further reported that Mrs. Platt is one of his creditors. He is said to owe her \$12,000, although her lawyers claim to know nothing of this. A sweetheart heiress in Pittsburg, who did not know he had a wife, also let Boeck have \$10,000 in cash that he never repaid.

Women as Well as Men His Victims. A secondary quest—a search for another woman—has grown out of the hunt for Boeck, who it is alleged, has led for months a life of the most amazing duplicity in Broadway, Maiden lane and the Tenderloin, using the names of J. P. Morgan, Senator W. A. Clark, P. A. B. Widener, the Eugenheims and other prominent men as his stock in trade.

The Grand Jury this afternoon returned before Justice O'Sullivan in General Sessions an indictment charging Boeck with grand larceny. Other indictments are expected to follow. A bench warrant was immediately issued, thus bringing the county authorities actively into the chase for the fleeing half breed.

The Pinkertons who are at work on the case expect that it will be hard to find the fugitive. Because of the Manchurian blood in his veins he has the oblique eyes and yellow face complexion of a high-class Oriental, and by shaving his long black hair off and encasing his six feet of erect frame in a blouse he can easily lose himself in the crowd of any large American city, since he speaks the patois of Canton and Peking like a native.

As a diamond broker, with offices at No. 110 Broadway, Boeck is said to have had an income of at least \$100,000 a year.

Find the Woman. While estimates of his pecuniary gains range from a quarter of a million to a million, including the sums that he borrowed, he did not appear to be a great spendthrift. This fact helps to lead the authorities to the opinion that the unofficial diplomat of China had a hidden intrigue, and that when they trace the money to its source they will find where most of the money went. Boeck lived in splendid quarters at the Republican Club, but it is stated that he spent no great part of his leisure time there.

Down town, where he operated in business hours, it is told that he was the smartest jewelry salesman New York ever knew. Incidentally he found time to borrow at least \$50,000 from prominent men with whom he had dealings in gems and art treasures. As security, in some instances, he gave a number of rare porcelains, which had been entrusted to him by the wife of a former Chinese Minister to this country.

In Boeck's deserted offices to-day his stenographer was still waiting for a few dollars of pay out of which her late employer had billed her, and a tailor's clerk hung about mournfully with an unpaid bill for a \$50 overcoat.

HONOR EMPLOYEE. Bloomington Bros. Give Retiring Head of Departments Luncheon and Silver Token.

Mrs. Mary E. Fairbrother, who for twenty-eight years has had charge of the muslin underwear, corsets and infants' wear departments at the store of Bloomington Brothers, at Fifty-ninth street and Third avenue, recently announced her intention to retire from business. As a token of their high estimation of Mrs. Fairbrother the firm of Bloomington Brothers at an informal luncheon yesterday presented her with a beautiful silver service which contained a goodly number of jingling gold pieces.

Nixola Greeley-Smith Takes a Trip Under the North River—She Is the First Woman to Have Such a Novel Experience.

Describes for The Evening World How She Was Lowered to the Depths and Passed Through the Big Bore.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



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I WALKED from Jersey City to New York yesterday, strolling placidly sixty feet under the surface of the North River, twenty feet under the river bed, with forty feet of seething water above it.

From Fifteenth street, Jersey City, to Morton street, New York, the northerly tunnel of the four the Hudson and Manhattan Company will open within the year is perhaps not more than a mile and a quarter in length. But when you start the walk as I did by going down a sixty-foot shaft, partly like an old section of tunnel stood on end and partly cut through the solid dripping rock, and then follow the roadbed of the trains that next year will make it possible to travel from Hoboken to Thirty-fourth street without going outdoors, over the uneven bottom of a gigantic tube of steel and iron and concrete, you feel as if you had accomplished something rather unusual when you get through.

FIRST WOMAN IN TUNNEL.

I was the first woman ever allowed in the tunnel, and it was certainly a unique experience to form the advance guard of a party of eighteen or twenty men, in single file, walking the narrow planks laid along the drain that cuts the centre of the concrete bottom where there were any, or picking our way along the sloping sides where there were none.

The party started at 1.30 o'clock from the offices of the Hudson and Manhattan Company, under convoy of Secretary R. B. Conger. He led the way to the site of the gigantic Terminal Station now being constructed on the block formed by Dey, Church, Greenwich and Cortlandt streets, which when completed next year will be the largest office building in New York and the centre of traffic for the four tunnels. Then we took the Cortlandt street ferry to the Pennsylvania Station to Pier C, and I climbed various steep stairways till we came to an elevator on which the carts which carry refuse from the tunnel beneath are brought up and their contents dumped back into the river, from beneath which it has been taken.

DOWN INTO THE TUNNEL.

I went down in the first elevator, through sixty feet of dripping rock, and though of course the elevator had no sides and the slightest accident might have sent any of us plunging to certain death below, my sensations were not very different from those I experience every morning going up in the rigidly inspected "lifts" of the Pulitzer Building.

"Get out on the other side," said Mr. C. J. Crowley, works manager. I don't know exactly what a works manager is, but I met three on my little afternoon stroll and they were all very nice indeed.

"I'd rather wait till I get down, if it's the same to you," said a jovial member of the party as we were lowered through the last thirty feet into the "drift" or temporary tunnel at its base.

"Follow me. Be careful where you put your feet," said Mr. Crowley, leading the way to what he told me was an "airlock." This is the sort of a little tubular room with a door at either end at the entrance to each tunnel, in which, as I understood it, the workmen take a sort of preparatory course in breathing before they go into the compressed air of the tunnel beyond.

The air is normal in that room till a valve is opened which lets in the compressed air by degrees. When the pressure becomes equal to that in the tunnel beyond the further door flies open and the man can walk into the tunnel without feeling it. There is thirty feet of pressure in there now. No man can work in it more than three hours.

"That's where they get the 'bends'?" I asked.

TRIES BIT OF AIR PRESSURE.

"Yes. Do you want to take a chance on it?" Then for the first time I was frankly frightened. The sentence reminded me of the Actors' Fair, and I thought that when you are asked to take a chance on anything with forty feet of water rolling over you you had better accept. But Mr. Crowley meant merely to inquire if I wished to go into the airlock. I said I did. He opened the first door and one of the tunnel workmen stepped out. I walked through to the further door, which had a large glass eye in its middle, and peered through it into what seemed an endless cylinder filled with whirling mist. And far, far away were tiny, indistinct figures, that I took to be men at work.

When we had stepped out of the airlock again, the workman opened the valve and at once there issued a deafening noise that sounded as if the mighty river above us had burst the protecting barriers of iron and steel and was about to sweep away the ruthless invaders of its peace.

"That's only ten pounds of compressed air!" said Mr. Crowley.

WALKING TO NEW YORK.

Then we went back and took the elevator to the surface again. I was so used to the dripping sixty-foot hole in the rock by this time that I almost said "eleventh floor" as we sped back to the sunlight. The tugboat Pliny Flak was waiting and took us up to Fifteenth street, Jersey City, to the two northerly tunnels which will extend thence to Morton street, New York. The tunnels, one for trains going Jerseyward, the other for New York bound cars, are built entirely of iron and steel and concrete. There is thus no chance of any except a rear-end collision, and there is nothing inflammable in the entire structure. At Fifteenth street we were met by Reginald Courtney, a young English engineer, and works manager, and we started on our walk back to New York through the tunnel.

Mr. Courtney and I set the pace for the party, picking our way through piles of concrete slabs on which tall white candles were set, their flickering lights giving a dim religious aspect to the place and making me feel for the moment as if I were leading a religious procession through a cylindrical chapel.

CANDLES AND ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

Further on electric lights gleamed brightly. The candles had been placed simply to light us last a dark spot. I took one of them as a souvenir, and Mr. Courtney very nobly carried it for me, even when we emerged into the streets of New York, where the striking longshoremen around their headquarters, which we passed, greeted our mud-be-spattered appearance with friendly smiles.

Midway in the tunnel a voice from the rear called out: "Fine scene for a melodrama, isn't it?" "Yes," I answered. "But how can the villain lay the heroines on the track? The tracks aren't laid yet."

"You be the heroine," suggested Mr. Courtney. "I'll be the hero and rescue you."

"No, you won't," said the voice from the rear scornfully. "Nothing so old as that. The villain must climb up, bore a hole through the tunnel and let in the North River! Think of the scene!"

I thought about it, not without some discomfort. The river roared above us, though we could not hear it. At any moment it might be upon us. The catastrophe was exceedingly unlikely, of course. But even thinking about it made me shiver.

SANDHOGS SCOWL AT HER. "All there is to be done here," said Mr. Courtney, "is to lay two feet or so of ballast and then lay the tracks." Then he called my attention to slits in the concrete on either side at intervals of twelve and a half feet, making a sort of ladder to a narrow pathway above. "Those are for the track-walkers to climb out of the way of approaching trains," he explained. "Just then a handcar came along. The man on it stared at me rather hostilely. 'The sandhogs don't like to see a woman in the tunnel,' explained

Senator Platt's Wife, Who Is Said to Have Trusted Boeck, the Swindler



Mrs. T. C. Platt. Copyright by G. V. Bush 1907.

Mr. Courtney. "They think it brings bad luck. President McAdoo made a special exception for you."

Then he added: "All the men who work in the tunnel are called sandhogs. At first they didn't like it, but now they've adopted it themselves."

"What was in that car?" I inquired. "Muck!" answered Mr. Courtney. "Ugly word, isn't it?" "Yes," I acquiesced; "but very fashionable just now."

"Oh, yes, to be sure. Muck raker." And then he turned, his face lighted by a sudden inspiration: "Do you know, this tunnel hasn't been muck-raked yet? Why don't you do it? Don't I look like a pale, over-worked creature, and I can't afford to go to the Waldorf more than five times a week?"

"A water can stay there seven days," I suggested. "I suppose so," the young engineer answered, looking rather disconsolate. "But the engineers have other grievances just as great."

AMERICAN CASH, ENGLISH BRAINS.

We were nearing the New York end now and were joined by Vivian Messiter, another young English engineer. It has been said of these tunnels, by the way, that they have been built by American capital and English engineers. In a few moments we were in New York's streets again and my strange trip as the first woman to walk under the Hudson River was ended.

But I am going back some day soon to "muck-rake" it and see if I can't make some real money. To be sure, the system of tunnels devised by President William G. McAdoo, of the Hudson and Manhattan Company, seems to me now a wonderful and perfect achievement. But there's always room for a "muck rake."

POLICEMAN TOBIN DEAD.

His Wife Reported to Be Close to the Grave. "Jack" Tobin, one of the best-known men in the Police Department, and for years on the staff of the late Capt. Donohue, in West Forty-seventh and West One Hundredth streets, died today at the J. Hood Wright Hospital, where he had gone for an operation for an intestinal disorder. His wife is reported dying in Liberty, Sullivan County. The family home is No. 52 Amsterdam avenue. When Tobin failed to report at the West One Hundredth and Tenth street station, where he was due, to-day Lieut. Andy Daverty called up the hospital and learned that he had died.

Tobin was with Capt. Donohue when Donohue died at his desk in the West One Hundredth street station several years ago, with \$7,000 in cash and securities before him.

WILL CROWD THE DEWEY.

The sale of seats for the testimonial to be tendered the Catholic Young Men's Association by Timothy D. Sullivan at the Dewey Theatre on Sunday night justifies the belief that the house will be overladen. Purchasers of boxes are Timothy D. Sullivan, Edward E. McCall, John C. Fitzgerald, Christopher Sullivan, P. H. Ryan, L. Mulligan, Frank Farrell and Timothy D. Sullivan.

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They act like Exercise. Cascarets - for the Bowels. Ten Cents. All Druggists.

RUSSIAN ARMY OFFICERS PLOT AGAINST CZAR

Arrests in St. Petersburg Show That Revolt League Among Troops Is Strong.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 23.—As a result of the clues obtained at the searches made of the lodgings of M. Ozel, a Social Democrat from Riga, where meetings of revolutionaries were said to have taken place, the police to-day arrested twenty members of the Army Revolt League.

The majority of them are young recruits, but several of those taken into custody are officers.

CROKER'S COLT TO WIN DERBY, VAN WYCK'S TIP

Ex-Mayor Says Orby Is Sure to Take Classic Race in England.

Former Mayor Van Wyck declares that Richard Croker's colt, Orby, will win the English Derby.

Mr. Van Wyck called to-day on the liner America and will visit Mr. Croker at the latter's country home in Ireland. Then, together, they will journey to the celebrated Derby course, to back the Croker-owned colt.

"The colt is a wonder," said Mr. Van Wyck, "and Mr. Croker is confident he will win the English classic. The animal was bred at the Croker stud and is a Irish horse in every sense."

Before sailing Mr. Van Wyck was given a luncheon by a score of the old guard of Tammany.

SHOT KILLS WOMAN.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., May 23.—Mrs. Mary C. Estalt, who was shot by Antonio Marpi at Dutchess Landing last Sunday, died in a hospital to-day from the effect of the wound.

Marpi, who also shot and instantly killed Alex Caruso, escaped and has not been arrested.

Mrs. Estalt kept a boarding-house, where Marpi and Caruso lived.

BANKER SCHIFF WITHDRAWS HIS POLICE CHARGES

Thought He Saw Driver Clubbed from Seat on Wagon.

Jacob Schiff, the banker, appeared at Police Headquarters to-day in what he thought was another police outrage. When left he was convinced that it is often easy to be mistaken, but he thought he saw a driver clubbed from his wagon.

Mr. Schiff came as a witness against Policeman Godfrey Knobloch, a traffic squad veteran, and his partner, Policeman Gabriel Kreutzer, who were alleged to have assaulted a driver named Moore at Thirty-third street and Fifth avenue, and knocked him from his wagon. Moore is still in the hospital.

Mr. Schiff in the trial to-day before Third Deputy Commissioner Hanson testified that he saw a policeman he identified as Knobloch jump into a coal wagon, strike the driver with his club and knock him to the street.

Mr. Schiff, when he heard the other evidence, arose and told Deputy Commissioner Hanson that he was on the outskirts of the crowd and may have been mistaken when he saw the officer strike the driver and saw the driver fall.

Deputy Hanson commended Mr. Schiff for his candor and said that the policemen had only done their duty. He dismissed the charges and praised both officers for keeping street traffic in good order.

TWO JAP CHILDREN LOST.

Policeman Comes Upon Them in Street Seeking Their Thimble.

Two little dark-skinned children were found at Ninety-ninth street and Columbus avenue last night by Patrolman Fletcher, of the West One Hundredth street station, and as they were apparently lost were turned over to the Children's Society.

The youngsters, it is believed by the police, are Japanese. They were not able to tell where they lived, but gave their names as Rose and Nora Gant, three and four years old respectively.

Their parents, said as they were apparently lost were turned over to the Children's Society.

Advertisement for Nabisco Sugar Wafers. It were easier far to catch the secret of the flowers' sweetness than to define the charm of NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS. When you think you have it, that moment it eludes you. Only those who are wisely content to feast upon these delightful confections are competent to appreciate them. In ten cent tins, also in twenty-five cent tin. NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY.

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