SCOURGING ARRAIGNMENT OF MODERN SOCIETY

"A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE RICH"

BY THE MILLIONAIRE SOCIALIST JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON

STOWAWAY TOO CLEVER TO HIDE SANG IN CABIN

Young Man Audaciously Mingled With Passengers and Was Life of Voyage.

ON ELLIS ISLAND NOW.

Says He Is the Son of Rich Parents, but Won't Communicate With Them.

In cabin 33, of the Prince Joachim, of the Atlas service of the Hamburg-American line of steamships, with his wrists cuffed behind him, big leg-shackles on his ankles and pinioned against the wall, is a young man who has just accomplished the slickest coup as a stowaway in the memory of the oldest immigration officer.

The young man says he is Michael Davis, son of wealthy Philadelphia parents, and he has been given every opportunity by the officials of the line to communicate with his parents and get them to come to his assistance, but has not yet done so. He says he is ashamed to let them know of his plight, and if this feeling of mortification continues he will be shipped over to Ellis Island and maybe back to Panama, unless he can prove he is an American citizen, in which case he will go to jail if the officials do not take pity and refuse to prosecute him.

The Prince Joachim left Cuba seven days ago, and the second day out First Officer Duvan noticed the young man jaunty walking about on the promenade deck. Duval didn't remember having seen him before, but he was so well dressed and had such an air of graceful assurance that there was not a suspicion that all was not in order.

Used the Name "Rawling."

"You are a first-cabin passenger, are you not, sir?" asked Duval.

"Certainly," answered the young man, "John Rawling, cabin 102. Have a cigar?"

The cigar was a good one and strengthened the pleasant impression created by "Mr. Rawling," so that when another officer vouched for him and it was found that "John Rawling's" ticket had been handed in, nothing more was thought of the circumstance.

On the voyage the young man made more friends than any other stowaway in the history of navigation. He was good looking, he sang well and accompanied himself gracefully on the piano. He played bridge faultlessly, and auctioned a pool with a humorous dignity that made the losers think they were winners. His table talk was sprightly and full of wit and every woman on board admired him.

But when the Prince Joachim docked last night the trouble began for "Mr. Rawling." The checking off of the passengers showed another "John Rawling," and a search was made for the bogus one. He was found hiding in a lavatory and had to confess that he had beat his passage. But he was game.

Said Necessity Forced Him.

"Temporary necessity forced me to it," he said. "My family is wealthy. Allow me to go out and communicate with them and I will get the money for my passage."

"We'll lock you up, that's what we'll do," stormed Capt. Von Leitner, "and you can telegraph 'em. Away with him!"

At this stern command the captain was besieged by a score or more of women passengers, who vowed it was a shame, that the captain was a cruel tyrant and that the nice "Mr. Rawling" should be set free, even if he did beat his way on the horrid old ship.

But they didn't make up a purse to pay his fare, so he was handcuffed in cabin No. 3 and a man stationed outside the door to watch him. In the early hours of the morning the watcher heard a noise inside, and opening the door found that "Mr. Rawling," Houdini-like, had slipped the cuffs, taken off half his clothes and was preparing to squeeze through the porthole and make a swim of it.

Capt. Von Leitner was again called and he ordered the handcuffs, the leg shackles and the pinioning to the wall.

"I am an American citizen," said "Mr. Rawling." "Beware how you treat me. This is a German ship, and Germany may have to answer for it." But he was trussed up just the same.

Slips Through Porthole.

At the breakfast hour the steward was sent in with food for "Mr. Rawling," and he was once more unstrapped. Without touching the food, he only waited until the steward was out of the cabin, when he again peeled off and jumped out into the river. Through the driving rain he swam until he reached a boat.

"Give me a lift!" he cried to the first man he saw. "I just fell off that liner," and he was hauled aboard. But chance was once more against him, for his rescuer was the police boat Patrol, and when he was asked a few questions he betrayed himself and was taken back to the Prince Joachim. There he was again wrapped in a bath towel and tied up again, tighter than ever.

"Dunder teufel!" said Capt. Von Leitner. "You are of such a slipperiness. We will hereafter feed you through a tube, yes."

Later Commissioner Watchorn ordered the young man taken to Ellis Island. In the Barge Office he said he was born in England and had lived in this country six years. He went to Colon, he said, to look for his wife, who had eloped.

WALL FALLS AT BLAZE; DOZEN FIREMEN HURT.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 26.—Fire early to-day destroyed the building of the Overbrook Carpet Company on the outskirts of this city. About a dozen firemen were injured when a wall fell. Only one was seriously hurt, however, District Engineer Vollinger being taken to a hospital with a broken leg. The loss is estimated at $80,000.

Concluding Instalment of the Most Sensational Novel of the Day, Printed by Special Arrangement with the Publishers, The Reilly & Britton Co.

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CHAPTER XI.
Sportsmen and Sportswomen.

FIVE years later Paul was a successful broker, a member of the firm of Eckstein, Saltonstall & Potter. Through the influence of the Ellis brothers and Wilmerding he had become a member of the Handball Club, and there over cocktails in the hour before dinner he cemented friendships which might bring grist to his firm.

Paul was now making between twenty and twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

But he knew that, as long as he was rated at ten or fifteen thousand a year, no mother for whose opinion he cared would have permitted his serious attentions to her daughter. And with the mothers opposed to his advance he realized that his every effort must be vain. For it was a woman's game entirely—and **the older, wiser women, the mothers with daughters to marry or sons to keep single, directed the game of Spend and Catch, which is Society.**

Carl, now as always his staunch and loyal friend, no sooner received the vaguest intimation of what was passing in Paul's mind than he invited him for a two weeks' cruise on his yacht, the Capuan. Billy and Katherine Dunbar, Jim and Lassie Ellis, Mrs. Evers and half a dozen others—maids, men and matrons—were to make up the party.

* * *

The long June day's light was faint and dying when the Capuan exchanged with her sisters, the kept pleasure craft of the masters, four rich-toned double strokes from her bronze and silver bell.

"Ah, delight, pure delight, is it not, my friend?" began the musical voice of Muriel Evers, as soon as the diners were seated and she found herself beside Paul. "What could be more perfect? This truly is the very last word in living."

"Oh, yes," said the man, vaguely.

They talked to each other almost steadily through dinner, which was served on deck. Rather early they reached the worn enigma: If a married person finds himself or herself desperately and deeply in love with some one other than wife or husband, what should that married person do?

They agreed at once, "He or she should try to forget."

CHAPTER XII.
A Mitigation of Boredom.

"WHAT a wonderful time it has been," whispered Muriel. "And to-morrow we take up our separate paths again through the cruel, gossiping, brutal world; to-morrow begins again the same deadly round of luncheons, teas, drives, dinners; to-morrow we step out of this garden of cool shade and perfume into the full glare of the noonday sun, shoulder our packs and trudge along the dusty highway. Ah, Paul, but if to-night were our last night upon earth, and we were to face Almighty God with our sins hanging heavy upon us to-morrow, I would not regret having known you—and having loved you."

"Kiss me, dear," he said.

Little Wilmerding rose to his feet and drew his slender, short body to its full height. He threw out his arms vehemently. "I tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going home; and I'm going to start right now. I am sick of all this rotten boozing and dressing and lugs. I've stood it just about as long as I can for this time—and I need a rest. You're my best friend, and I'll take you home with me. We'll start right off on the Capuan and be in New York to-morrow."

Paul gaped with astonishment. "What are you talking about, boy? We've just come off the boat, and you're home now in your own house in Newport."

Wilmerding had been striding up and down the polished floor, muttering to himself.

"HOME," he suddenly burst out, "HOME—do you call this home? **Do you call it home to live in a marble palace with a woman who would only bear you one child—and that one's dead—for fear of missing a season and spoiling her figure;** who tells you to your face in her tantrums that she only married you for money; who considers you nothing but a combined pearl fishery and diamond mine; who spends her time with—oh, I'm not such a fool as she and everybody else think me. What I know about her would surprise her. No, I have been long suffering and silent, but I have a home, as different from this as heaven from hell, where there is a woman that understands me and loves me. Do you want to come or not, Paul? Do just as you want."

"I'll go, if you are going." * * *

In the station Paul had set his foot upon the step of the vestibuled parlor car when Carl seized him gaily by the arm, saying, "No, my son, day coach, just ahead."

"It's about time for me to explain," he continued when they had found a seat and he had carefully lodged his bundles in the rack above their heads. "You are going out to Wissacon to spend a week or ten days with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Chester. I am Mr. Chester."

"Oh," said Paul.

"Our cottage is very small. Blanche has limited the budget to twelve hundred a year, and we've never been over the limit. Queer, too, considering she knows all about father."

"Oh," interjected Paul, amazed.

Wildmerding chuckled. "It looks a little as if she cared for me, myself, doesn't it?"

"It decidedly does."

"That's why I call it home, and not the other place. When I met her she was doing the tough girl in 'Ten Beauties and One Beast' three years ago. Believe it or not, but she is my first and only since marriage."

"Of course, I believe it, old man."

"Well, things went on for about a month; and after a while we got to really like each other. She wanted to quit the show business and go into the country to live, so I bought a little cottage in Wissacon, and she seems perfectly contented with it. I've been on the square with her, and I've been a better fellow for knowing her—a lot better," he insisted earnestly. "Here's our station. Carry some of these bundles for me up to the house. We don't ride in Wissacon, but walk like the other commuters. I'm known in town as a travelling man for a woollen house. That explains my absences. I wish there were fewer to explain."

CHAPTER XIII.
The Making of a Mime.

PAUL'S visit to the cottage of "Mr. and Mrs. Chester" brought him back to the past in a strange manner. His eyes lighted upon a photograph on the bookcase that made him start. The face that looked out from the frame was that of Sylvia. Blanche explained that she and Sylvia, whose stage name was Cynthia Castleman, had played together in various companies. Leamington has trained her until she was a great artist. But she had travelled a hard road from playing small parts in a "road" company to wearing tights in musical comedy. The thought of Sylvia in tights shocked Paul.

"But don't make any mistake about one thing," admonished Blanche. "She is good. She's as straight as a string."

Paul's manner angered Blanche. She had learned the lesson of the stage and she was now the mother of a ten-months-old daughter. With her eyes flashing she said to Paul:

"Well, it's you and other men that make girls wear tights. Girls don't wear 'em for the fun of it, but because you men pay 'em to. And they've got to have money to live. You pay a girl six or eight dollars a week in a store to stand up all day and sell goods till she's ready to yell at night she's so nervous, and you offer the same girl eighteen a week to wear tights and dance and sing in a chorus. Do you wonder that those who can choose the chorus? Let me tell you one thing, Mr. Man. If I had it to do over again, I'm damned if I'd ever go into store work at all—I'd light out straight for the chorus. We women 've got to do what you men want us to, to live anyhow—and it seems you like us better in the chorus—you pay us three times as much for showing our legs as for selling your wives hardware—I'm sick of all this bunk about the chorus girl—let me ask you one thing; which is the decenter proposition, the girl on the stage who's working for her living—and working hard, too—or the rich loafer in the bald-headed row who comes night after night to look at her—and tempt her if he can?"

For a long time that night, Paul lay awake, passing his years in review. Said he to himself, "I wonder if Carl will be down on me because of Sylvia. That Blanche woman, if she takes it into her head, can make him think it was pretty bad."

CHAPTER XIV.
In the Gay Set.

WHEN Paul went back to town he saw more and more of Mrs. Evers, who flattered him, took him about with her, and constantly assured him that she loved him. Muriel and her husband drifted farther and farther apart. Finally Dick Evers even went so far as to complain to his wife about Paul, whom he characterized as "a Western bounder and a climber."

One night the husband found his wife and Paul sitting in his home side by side and cheek to cheek, the woman's bare white arm about the man's neck. Dick took his revenge by asking Paul whether he would marry Muriel—he was tired of her—and then showed Paul love letters which had been written to her by three other men.

Paul and Muriel were married fifteen months later, only to lead a cat-and-dog existence. She soon began to complain that he did not supply her with enough money to keep up appearances, and they quarrelled frequently. Muriel finally turned to old Jim Ellis for consolation, while Paul bent all his energies to increasing his income of $50,000 a year.

One night Paul heard with interest that Muriel was to have as the lioness of one of her expensive suppers an actress named Castleman, who was creating a furore at a Harlem theatre. He proposed that he go up in his motor car and fetch her. * * *

Sylvia stepped out of the stage door with a thin, elderly man—Leamington.

Paul advanced, hat in hand. "How do you do?" said he.

"How do you do, Paul?" Each looked quickly at the other, to observe the changes of a decade. She seemed full ten years older, perhaps fifteen older, than when he had last seen her. She showed greater maturity, womanliness of body; and her face, instead of being a prophecy, was a fulfilment. It was a face that had been written upon.

She saw him less slimly graceful, stronger, more comfortable looking. His face was shrewder and shaper and harder. His jowls were the triflest bit heavier; veins showed here and there; but his eyes were as clear, his teeth as shiny white, his shoulders as broad, and his back as straight as in the days of his youth.

When the car drew up before the tall stone house Paul said: "I had many things to say, but I could not. Thank you for the ride, Sylvia."

She was silent.

"Come," said he, "let us go in where there are lights, and alcohol, and false laughter, and lies. Oh, I am not the one to say this. It was these siren lights and this lying laughter that I sought, and have paid for. Now I know the worthlessness of it—and the cost."

"Hush, Paul," she whispered, her eyes shining. "Let us go in."

CHAPTER XV.
The Apogee.

PAUL'S motor car made many trips to the Harlem theatre where Sylvia was appearing. Muriel's husband and the actress were together almost daily, and the old love came back to both of them.

"The woman who bears my name," Paul told her, "has meant nothing to me since I have seen you. Everything has been a mistake since you went out of my life. You are to be the mountain top of my life, its culmination, its summit, its apogee."

She had become suddenly pale, but unshrinkingly and most steadfastly her eyes met his.

"Paul, my answer is yes. I give it unafraid and unashamed; for you are the only man I love, the only man I have ever loved."

But the way still seemed long when Sylvia went abroad for the summer at the end of the season. Muriel was at Newport giving lavish entertainments, while Paul worked feverishly in town trying to pay their constantly increasing debts. His jumping nerves received a further shock one night when a newspaper reporter called him up at his club to tell him that his wife and Jim Ellis had been killed in an automobile accident at Newport.

The papers next day printed stories of the dinner of Mrs. Potter and James Ellis at the Green Gage Inn; how they had consumed four cocktails, three pints of champagne and three cognacs (one enterprising reporter had telegraphed to his paper a copy of the bill for dinner); how, after remaining at the inn until about half-past eleven o'clock, they had started away in the machine; how they had had tire trouble before reaching Second Field, and, finally, how, at that station, Ellis had striven to rush the track, ahead of the oncoming locomotive, in spite of its whistling.

CHAPTER XVI.
"Diamonds and Pearls."

ON the evening of Sylvia's return from Europe Paul's motor drew up in front of her home, in the lower Fifties, west of Fifth avenue.

Sylvia looked at him timidly: "How pale you are," she said, "and drawn and sombre. It was terrible, terrible. No wonder you look ill." But the fire was running through her veins as she spoke her necessary, conventional condolences.

"No, it wasn't what happened, or the way it happened. It was overwork—and for her," he answered, between his shut teeth. "But, dear, I am so glad to be with you again. Now we shall be happy."

She placed her long white arms about his neck, drew his face to hers and kissed him. "I love you. Oh, I love you," she whispered. "At last we shall be together—as it was destined from the beginning."

"My woman," he whispered, drawing her to him, "forever and forever."

"Yes, forever and forever, dear," she answered. "And, beloved, I want to go again to those wonderful places I saw this summer. I want to go again with you—on our wedding trip."

"Yes, yes, dear," he replied, drawing a chair for her and walking slowly to the window, his hands in his pockets. "Our wedding trip?" he repeated.

"Yes, and even though it is wicked, I cannot pretend that I am sorry she is dead. I would not have had her die as she did, for your sake; but she came between first of all with her lies and her purrings and her glitter. Now she has given you back to me, to be mine in the face of the world. You don't know how I have sometimes trembled for the promise I made you. But I never weakened. I would have kept my promise, I always meant to keep it—if there had been no other way. But now it can be as it ought to be. There shall be nothing to hide, nothing to shame us. We need only wait a little longer."

Still standing by the open window, he lit a cigarette, and stood silently watching the smoke curl out into the night air. "Must we wait?" he asked slowly.

"You know we must, dear," she said, in surprise. "The world would misunderstand if we were married within a year of her death."

"Oh, the world, the world. I thought you were big enough and brave enough to give not a tig for the world."

She looked quickly at him. "I am a good woman, Paul, and I do care for my good name. I promised you what I did because that seemed the only way. But now there is a cleaner, straighter way, without concealment. Surely, you do not expect me causelessly and wantonly to offend the world where I must always live. Surely you know I could not recover the esteem of people if we were to be married now. And neither could you, dear, for a long time."

He frowned. "Marriage!" he exclaimed, "is that necessary? The world that you seem to fear so much will not be shocked if it does not know."

"What do you mean? Not marriage—not marriage—now, when there is no obstacle?"

"Oh, for us," said he, with an attempt at ease, "it would seem rather foolish concession to convention, that would waste much precious time—sweetheart."

"Don't call me that until I know what you mean. What do you mean?" Her face was flaming.

"Surely that's plain," said he, leaning his elbow upon the mantelpiece and looking at her from half-closed eyes.

The scarlet left her cheeks. She smiled at him. "And so, Paul, you can't bear to think of waiting another long year for me? You want me to live with you now, your wife in the sight of God? The mumbling of a few words over us by priest or parson could neither bind us more eternally nor sanctify with greater holiness our grand passion? It would be a tenderer, truer union, perhaps more—oh, romantic or whatever you call it—to keep our love a secret from the whole prying outside world? Is that what you think?"

"Yes, dear, really I do. Don't you?" His face was alight with anticipation.

"And there must be more practical reasons, too," she continued, gently. "I suppose that being married to a professional actress would not especially help your—er—social position. Your friends consider actors hardly as equals. Come," she smiled, "it will not hurt my feelings. Tell me, is that not so?"

"In a way, perhaps," he admitted. "It is rather narrow of them, of course. But," he said, to reassure her, "you know better than any one that I have no such silly notions about you."

The scarlet rushed back to her cheeks; her nostrils flared; her eyes shot lava terrors at him.

"Let me only thank you for one thing—that I found you out in time"—she began.

"But," stammered Paul, "Sylvia, you"——

"Don't interrupt me, you cur," she thundered. "Hear what I have to say—then go! I know you, at last. It was time. Behind your man's face is the brain of a slavish sycophant; within your athlete's great body is the heart of a cringing, shrinking coward. You talked to me of courage; you, you, dared to talk to me of courage, when you have no more bravery in you than the canary in that cage. You talked to me of love. It has been lust you felt." She raised her hands above her, looking up with pitiable eyes. "Ah, God, to think that even in such a leprous soul as his I should have been able to inspire nothing but lust."

"You don't understand," he began.

"Be quiet!" she cried. "You say you fear I might interfere with your social position. Social position!" Her words volleyed forth. "What is it you mean, but the chance to go to the garish, vulgar houses of sure-thing gamblers, to guzzle yourself stupid and talk putrid pseudo-sentiment to their emoty-pated doll-women? You are a cheap little tout, Potter, whose business in life is to pull in victims for the operators of gigantic confidence games"——

Once more he started to speak, but she raised her hand, furiously, for silence.

"You live uselessly. The world were better without you. You should be swept away, you and those like you."

Her deep rushing contralto overwhelmed his interruptions. "You add not one jot of knowledge or wisdom or happiness or wealth or health or virtue to the world, and yet, by the skilful, crooked tricks of your vicious trade you have niched from it ease, emolument, respect, luxury and power, and you sit above the rest of us, drawing away in your hideous pride, that you may not be contaminated by our touch. Social position! To whom does society owe position? To me, who give it education and recreation and thought and happiness, or to you, who take from it everything you can swindle it out of, and return to it sneers, corruption, evil example, depraved tastes and debased amusement? In the eye of Truth your social position is incomparably lower than mine. Yet, fool that I was, I stooped to you, because I loved you. But now, at last, I know you—the inside of you, you the man," her scorn became immeasurable, "for what you are. This is the end."

She rang the bell. "Give Mr. Potter his hat and show him out," she ordered.

"But Sylvia," he made one last effort, "if you want, I will marry you"——

She stretched her rigid arm toward the door. "Oh, you BEAST!" her voice rolled out, "GO!"

* * * * * * *

The great Filon came from Paris to witness the first presentation in English of his mighty drama, "L'Ouvriere." From scene to scene the applause grew until it became wildness. Filon, with tears streaming down his cheeks, left his box and sought Sylvia in the wings. "Ah, que tu es magnifique, superbe, que tu es artiste," he sobbed, kissing her on the cheek.

Her cue was given. Smiling forgiveness, she crossed the stage to where Leamington, as Frederic, sat huddled and touched his shoulder. He turned, started back afraid; then, when he saw her smile, slowly hope was born into his eyes. Frederic arose. "My wife," he moaned, placing his arms about her neck. The curtain dropped.

Through the heavy cloth the people on the stage heard the heavy, swelling roar — handclappings, foot-stampings, shouts of "Brava, Castleman, bravissima!" "Bravo, Leamington!"

But Sylvia, heedless of it all, as soon as the curtain shut off the audience, jumped back from Leamington's arms and struck him with all her strength full across the mouth. "Drunkard!" she hissed. "Sot!" He sprawled under the blow.

She turned again, fiercely, to Leamington. "You'll do the rest of your dressing for to-night with me in my dressing-room.

"I am going to marry you to-night," said Sylvia, calmly, as they sat changing for the third.

* * * * * * *

Two years later Paul met Mrs. Leamington and told her he was going to marry the daughter of August Puncke, a St. Louis brewer.

"I know it's all rotten and false," he confessed, "but it's too late to change."

"Good-by," she said, holding out her hand. "I am afraid you are a quitter, Paul."

(The End.)

"BEAST"

WOMAN RODE AS A HOBO DRESSED IN GARB OF BOY

Mrs. Williams Travelled in Disguise From Ohio to New York.

FOUND CRYING IN PARK.

Came Here to Work, and Posing as a Boy Was the Least of Her Troubles.

"Well, it's pretty hard to tell, from your face, whether you're a woman of forty or a boy of fifteen," said Magistrate Barlow in the Jefferson Market Court to-day when Mrs. Gertrude Williams was presented on a charge of vagrancy for wearing men's clothes.

The woman, who is not over four feet tall, and is thin to the point of emaciation, looked up from a shock of boyishly cropped hair. Her big staring eyes are set in a weazened face like that of a youngster who has spent all his life working in a coal mine or somewhere away from the light of day. Her suit, though ragged and grimy, fitted her fairly well, and it was almost impossible to tell, save by her walk, which is mincing and effeminate, that she was a woman.

Mrs. Williams was arrested in Union Square late yesterday by Patrolman Winters. He saw her sitting on a bench crying, which is not a trait common to park bench hoboes, and when he took her to the station Miss de Sohard, the matron, found that she is not of the sex which claims the majority of vagrants.

"I'm twenty-six years old," she told Magistrate Barlow. "My husband died and I was broke in Ohio. I wanted to come to New York to work, and as I had no money I started to walk it. But I found that it was necessary for me to pose as a boy or a man. So I cut my hair and got these clothes, and haven't had much trouble in making my way."

"Did you ride the blind baggage?" she was asked.

"Oh, yes," she said, "it wasn't hard at all. Nobody thought I wasn't a boy, not even the other hoboes, and the train men treated me like one too. Tey often threw me off," she added, smiling.

The little woman said she had tried to find work in New York, but couldn't, and had been hungry and without shelter, so Magistrate Barlow dismissed the case against her, and Miss Sohard will get her some proper clothes and try to find her a job.

DESERTED WOMAN SLEPT OUT IN RAIN

Without Food or Shelter, She Appeals to Police in Pitiable Plight.

A bedraggled, pinched little woman, streaming with water, staggered into the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station to-day and implored Lieut. Loonan to give her food and something warm to drink. She said she had been wandering all night in the rain; that she was homeless and her husband had deserted her while she was in the hospital.

She gave the name of Mrs. May Gilligan, is thirty-two and the wife of Patrick Gilligan, a coal heaver. She lived in two rooms on the top floor of No. 342 East One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, until she had sold every stick of furniture for food. She was in the Mount Sinai Hospital until a week ago, when she was to have been operated on for tumor. Her nerve gave way and she did not stay for the operation.

The police in the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station did what they could for her in the way of providing coffee and food, but she was still dripping wet when she appeared before Magistrate Finn and asked to be committed to some shelter until her strength returned. The Magistrate turned her over to a matron and ordered his probationary officer to investigate her story.

She told the Magistrate that she had been in Thomas Jefferson Park, One Hundred and Fifteenth street, east of First avenue, last night, and there two men had attacked her. She was rescued from them by a night watchman.

ROCKEFELLER'S PASTOR IN CLEVELAND HAS TYPHOID.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 26.—Rev. Charles A. Eaton, D. D., pastor of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, of which John D. Rockefeller is a member, is seriously ill with typhoid fever. Dr. Eaton was taken sick in Boston several weeks ago. Later he returned home and has been confined to his bed ever since.

CARNEGIE GIVES $7,000 TO MINE CRASH SUFFERERS.

WIGAN, England, Aug. 26.—Andrew Carnegie this afternoon donated $5,000 for the relief of the families of the seventy miners who lost their lives as a result of an explosion which occurred in the Maypole Coal Mine on Aug. 18, and whose bodies are still entombed.

AGED INVALID LEAPS TO DEATH FROM A WINDOW

Mrs. Buk, 71 Years Old, Kills Herself While Her Daughter is Sleeping.

Mrs. Regina Buk, seventy-one years old, suffering from an abscess of the brain, committed suicide to-day by leaping from the window of her home on the fourth floor of No. 307 East Ninety-fourth street.

Her body had lain in the rear yard several hours before her daughter, Mrs. Christopher Oberst, awoke and discovered that her mother was missing.

Mrs. Buk had been a great sufferer for several years. Her daughter nursed her, and lately it had been necessary to keep a constant watch on her. Mrs. Oberst slept in a room connecting with her mother's, and ordinarily the slightest move wakened her.

At 3 o'clock this morning Mrs. Buk got up and wandered around the flat. Her daughter persuaded her to go back to bed, and after her parent seemed sleeping soundly she returned to her couch. She did not awaken again until the morning was well along, when she noticed that the kitchen window was open and the rain pouring in. Looking down into the courtyard she saw the body of her mother.

MINISTER STOLE TO PREACH, GETS OFF

Y. M. C. A. Secretary Stands Sponsor for the Rev. Emil Hagen.

The Rev. Emil Hagen, a newly landed clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church, who pleaded guilty in Special Sessions a few days ago to larceny, was let go under a suspended sentence by Justice Wyatt to-day. The secretary of the German Branch of the Y. M. C. A., where the theft was committed on Aug. 3, agreed to stand sponsor for the young preacher's future honesty.

During the three weeks that Mr. Hagen spent in the Tombs Probation Officer Meyer had ascertained that what the prisoner said of himself was true. He is the son of a high officer in the Austrian army. For two years he was a Catholic priest. Then quarrelling with his bishop he turned Protestant and was ordained a minister.

When he landed here two months ago from Vienna he had $90, and that went for bills at a hospital where he was a patient for a week after his arrival. He then secured lodgings at the Y. M. C. A. A local pastor invited him to fill his pulpit, and his own clothes being seedy, Hagen took a suit and a pair of eyeglasses belonging to his roommate, Antony Stankowitz. Having gone that far, he dared not return the borrowed articles. He spent two days in New Jersey, preaching one sermon in the other man's clothes at Newark. Then he returned to New York and was arrested.

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