BABY AND AGED WOMAN SAVED AT TENEMENT FIRE

Boy's Clothing Ablaze as He Brings Child to Weeping Mother.

TWO POLICE HEROES.

They Rescue Former Servant of Mrs. Astor Who Was Paralyzed With Fright.

rs. Louise McDonough put part of breakfast on the stove in her flat No. 270 Tenth avenue to-day and t out into the front room to do a of sweeping and scrubbing before husband should come home from his it job.

r four-year-old boy Willie was ep in a room back of the kitchen. looked into the kitchen to see how cooking was going ahead, and was with a burst of flames and smoke. ing up her cleaning pail, she threw contents in the direction of the es, ran out into the hall and amed.

ctor Mehrhoff, the eighteen-year-old of the janitor, came bounding up stairs.

"Baby Will Be Burned."

he baby is asleep in the bedroom nd the kitchen," she cried to him, d he'll be burned alive. What shall o?"

Sothin'," said Victor. "Lemme by." e bent his head, pulled his coat about ears and dashed into the kitchen. minute later he came out with his rows singed, his coat tails on fire his hands scorched. From under coat he produced Baby Willie. The t of Willie's nightie was blazing. McDonough grabbed the baby and three made for the street.

illiam Dowling, a watchman in John ob Astor's palace at No. 842 Fifth nue, met them on the sidewalk. His e was on the top floor of the tenent. He knew that his mother, eighty- years old, who has lived with him e she became too feeble to be Mrs. oline B. Astor's laundress, a score of rs ago, was upstairs with his twelve- -old niece, Grace Carroll.

Paralyzed With Fright.

ith Policemen Cahill and Callahan ling fought his way up through the , into which the fire had already ead from the McDonough flat. They ad the old woman, paralyzed with ght, in an arm chair, begging the e girl to leave her and save her life. The two policemen picked up . Dowling, and Dowling grabbed his e and carried them down to safety, mbling and staggering through the oke. The immense crowd which had heered with the coming of the engines ered mightily when they appeared the front door.

he water with which the firemen ged the McDonough flat drove Fred me and his family, who lived below, of their home, and also made much the Saturday baking with which the ives of the Thone bakeshop had just n filled.

he firemen estimated the loss by fire water at $1,500. In this sum was not uded the penny bank of Willie McnOugh. He wriggled away from his her twice to try to rescue it from burning house, but was overhauled. en the blaze was over a soft-hearted man went up to the burned-out flat found the bank with all the red t scorched off, and brought it down gravely presented it to the baby. contained six cents in coppers.

Y "PIRATES" COMMITTED.

ree Lads, Who Had Lain in iver Shanty, Held by Court.

lleged by the police to be river ites, three seventeen-year-old boys o were arrested last night in a nty at Second avenue and One Hun- d and Twenty-ninth street, were to- arraigned before Magistrate Crane he Harlem court.

red Meyer, of No. 435 East One Hun- d and Twenty-second street, was mitted to the House of Misconduct Hart's Island, and William Jacob- of No. 249 East One Hundred and nty-sixth street, and John Dunn- of No. 115 East One Hundred and nty-eighth street, were put under ation for three months.

nsurpassed for quality and flavor, "Sa- " Tea. Trial packet 10c.

ake a Lesson From This Man

When you see a man tying to thread needle doesn't it remind you of the d adage, "Every man to his own ade?"

Too many grocers are trying to be rdware dealers; too many merchants be brokers; too many chambermaids be laundresses, &c., &c.

Find the occupation you are best ted for. Then turn to the hundreds "Business Opportunity" Advertiseents to be printed in to-morrow's nday World and find a business-enterse bargain. It will take but a minute.

Last year The World printed 50,554 nsecutive "Business Opportunity" Advertisements—21,206 more than the Herald any other New York morning and Sun- newspaper.

New York Girls Have Big Feet, Growing Larger, Says Expert Who Is Hunting for Cinderellas

Of 1,000 Who Answered "Ad" for Women With Small "Tootsies" Only Three Could Wear a 13A Shoe—Chicago Filled Similar Bill in Short Order, Mr. Grau Declares.

Feminine residents of New York have held to themselves for lo! these many years the flattering belief that they have the smallest feet of the women of any large city. They have prided themselves especially upon their superiority in the matter of small, neat tootises over their sisters of New York's deadliest rival, Chicago.

In this pleasant state of mind concerning their pedal extremities the girls of New York have been encouraged by the newspapers and the comic weeklies. They have also been helped along by the practice of shoe dealers, revealed at the meeting of the National Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association held this week at the Hotel Astor, of deliberately and falsely discounting the sizes of women's footwear.

But the dream is o'er. The fond delusion that New York women have Cinderella-like feet has been shattered. In the language of Mat Grau, a theatrical booking agent and stage director, New York women's feet, instead of peeping in and out like mice, carry their owners over the ground like twin suit cases.

Oh, Grau, How Could You?

Mr. Grau declares, without equ vocation, that the feet of New York women are not only large, but ugly. He finds that corns, bunions, callous ridges and mounds, unsymmetrical toenails, disfigured toes and flat arches are the rule rather than the exception.

He goes so far as to say that the Chicago girl, in the way of handsome, tidy, unblemished feet has her New York sister in the Milly Mills class. (Milly Mills is known to fame and dime museum history as "The Big-Footed Girl from Missouri.")

The conclusions and startling charges of Mr. Grau are based upon actual inspection of female feet in Manhattan, Brooklyn and Newark. To him has been entrusted the task of choosing chorus girls able to wear a 13A shoe for service in the forthcoming production of "A Stubborn Cinderella" at the Broadway Theatre.

Fully 20,000 New York feminine feet have passed under Mr. Grau's discriminating gaze in the past twenty years. Since last Monday he has looked over close to 1,000 picked female pedal extremities. His experience leads him to state that the feet of New York women are getting larger.

Advertisements have been inserted in the newspapers asking women with small feet to call on Mr. Grau to be examined as to their capabilities for chorus work in "A Stubborn Cinderella." Inasmuch as the advertisements have specifically stated that the applicants for positions MUST have small feet it is reasonable to supose that the 600 and more seekers for histrionic distinction, from Manhattan and the 300 from Brooklyn and the couple of hundred from Newark at least thought they had small feet.

One in 30,000 Really Small.

"I figure," said Mr. Grau, "that the young women who responded to my advertisement have either been told that their feet were small or convinced themselves that they had small feet from observation of the feet of others. Being of a mathematical turn of mind, I have elucidated, from what I have observed in the past week, that only one full-grown adult woman in thirty thousand in Greater New York has what I call a small, symmetrical foot—a foot called for by the demands of the chorus I am engaging.

"Out in Chicago we had no difficulty of a serious nature in picking a chorus of girls—adults—who could wear a 13A shoe. In Manhattan I have thus far succeeded in finding only two, and in Brooklyn only one. Of the three, but one, Miss Rita Harris, has a perfect small foot.

"The stage has been reached when I must send to Chicago for girls. I hate to do it, because I am a New Yorker myself, but the field here, large as it is, does not contain material enough for me. I'll bet I will have all the girls I want picked out in Chicago inside of three days. Just to show you how difficult it has been to get the kind of girls we want in New York, as regards feet, I have only to say that we are offering twice the regular chorus girl's salary for them.

And They're Growing, Too.

"I am safe in saying that the New York girl's feet have been growing larger steadily, year by year. I remember the time, when I was younger, that this test shoe I have—a 13A—would slip on the foot of possibly every fifth girl who applied for a chorus position. Putting it on most of the feet I have run across in a week was like trying to fit a peanut shell on the end of an incandescent lamp.

"Feet! I'll give you my word I never thought there could be so many alleged feet as have been presented to me as Cinderella tootsies. Some of them, if you were looking at the feet alone and not minding the sex of the owners of the same, might pass for the pedal extremities of policemen or waiters.

"I will say one thing for the New York girl, however. No matter how large her feet may be, she is neatly shod. That makes a big difference. Of all the girls I looked over not one wore shoes with run-down heels or worn soles or scruffed uppers. I also noticed that a great majority of the girls wore what are called military heel shoes and many had footwear of the common sense variety.

"The cause of it I wouldn't venture to state for a certainty. Possibly the growing interest of the New York girl in athletics accounts for it to some extent. Running and long walks and playing tennis and handball in loose shoes tend to spread the feet. Another thing that makes for large feet in New York is the large proportion of foreigners in the population. Girls from the races of the South of Europe who go barefooted or nearly barefoted the year round and descendents of the peasantry of other European countries are quite likely to be considerably spread in the understanding, so to speak."

And there you are. There is the man who says that New York girls have big feet and that Chicago girls have small feet. He offers figures to prove it. The accompanying photographs are some of the documents in evidence.

POLICEMAN ON TRIAL AS SLAYER MONDAY

Shellard, Accused of Killing Barbara Rieg, to Appear Before Justice Crane.

Justice Crane, who has just finished the Hains trial, will preside on Monday at the trial of Policeman David Shellard, accused of the murder of Barbara Rieg in a tool-house in Irving Park, Brooklyn, last July.

The trial will be in Part V. of the Supreme Court in Brooklyn. The principal witness will be Coroner's Physician Waest, who examined the body of the Rieg girl, and who will have to say whether, in his opinion, she committed suicide or was murdered.

James W. Ridgway, former District-Attorney, will defend Shellard, and District-Attorney Clarke will in person conduct the prosecution.

On the following Monday Justice Crane will preside at the trial of William Gow, formerly director of the Borough Bank, of Brooklyn, and Arthur B. Campbell, of Brooklyn, charged with criminally overdrawing their accounts, and with grand larceny, in that they removed $145,000 from the bank on Sept. 30, 1907.

William Maxwell, who was the president of the bank, committed suicide soon after the bank failed.

BIG WAREHOUSE TO TAKE PLACE OF OLD ST. JOHN'S

Trinity Corporation Plans to Put Up a Seven-Story Fire Proof Building.

Refusing to consider any proposal looking toward the preservation of St. John's Chapel, in Varick street, the Trinity Corporation has made definite arrangements for the erection of a seven-story warehouse on the site of the historic old edifice. This fact is revealed in the following statement published in the current issue of Record and Guide, a real estate newspaper:

"The Record and Guide is informed that plans are now being prepared by the Trinity Corporation for the improvement of the site of old St. John's Church, in Varick street, with a seven-story fireproof warehouse.

"The new building, so far as determined, will cover the whole plot owned by the Trinity interests, now covered by St. John's Chapel, a three-and-a-half-story brick rectory, and Trinity Hospital, which is also three and a half stories in height.

Size of the Plot.

"The entire plot measures 230.3 feet in Varick street, running through 115 feet on St. John's lane, with a frontage on St. John's lane of 240.11 feet. The site is bounded on the north by a six-story structure known as the Gray building, fronting in Laight and Varick streets and St. John's lane.

"To the west, taking in the entire block, is located the freight depot of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company. The Wool Exchange is located at St. John's lane, West Broadway and Beach street. The names of the lessees are withheld for the present. In previous building operations undertaken by the Trinity Corporation Architect Charles C. Haight, of No. 452 Fifth avenue, has been the architect. The old edifice is one of Manhattan's early landmarks, and one of the very few remaining on the lower west side."

The latest proposition in behalf of St. John's Chapel to be turned down by the Trinity Corporation was made by the members of the congregation in a petition presented to the rector, wardens and vestry of Trinity Church. They asked permission to be incorporated as a church and that the chapel property be transferred to the corporation so organized, whereupon no further support would be required from the Corporation.

Pointed Out the Facts.

The principal facts to which the congregation called attention were:

The work being done by St. John's Chapel is, and will increasingly be, most needed.

St. John's Chapel is of greater usefulness and its work shows better results than most of the chapels of Trinity Parish. So far from languishing, the work is full of vigorous promise, and the chapel is at the beginning of a new and larger usefulness rather than at the end of a decline.

The petitioners cited remarks by the Rev. Dr. William S. Rainsford in Trinity Church on May 4, 1902, when he said:

"It is the poor, the spiritually neglected, who have the first claim on them if we hold ourselves to be trustees for Jesus Christ. * * * Hundreds of thousands of lives bound in, bound down by an environment sordid and debasing—it is these that need a church worship large, beautiful, stately, using wisely all the gracious accessories of life, which their straitened means deny to them. But the Trinity Corporation remained obdurate, and will put up the warehouse, from which it will derive a fine rental.

The best thinkers choose

Grape-Nuts

from personal experience.

"There's a Reason"

ORVILLE WRIGHT IN TRAIN WRECK ON FRENCH ROAD

Aeroplanist, Recovering From Injuries in Air Flight, Escapes New Peril.

PAU, France, Jan. 16.—Orville Wright, the American aeroplanist; his sister, Miss Katherine Wright, and Mrs. Hart O. Berg, wife of the European business manager of the Wright brothers, were in a railroad wreck near Habas, in the Landes, to-day. None of them sustained injury, but ten of the passengers on their train were hurt, four of them seriously.

The Wright party were on the express train from Paris. The express ran into an accommodation train bound for Dax just before entering the Habas tunnel. Both the locomotives were destroyed and all the passengers were shaken up.

The journey was resumed on another train, which brought the Americans in here this afternoon.

YALE OARSMAN GOES WEST WITH SHOP GIRL BRIDE

Young Carley Hunt Flouts His Family and Elopes With Store Beauty.

FATHER ON THE SEA.

Plucky "No. 4" in Last Year's Crew Dazes Relatives and Friends by Marriage.

Frank Carley Hunt, the young No. 4 of last season's Yale eight, who forced the final, heart-breaking mile in a pitiful effort to drive Yale's beaten boat up to the Crimson crew, and who eloped and married a shop girl without the knowledge or consent of his father, Richard H. Hunt, the architect, faces another struggle now. He is forced to go out and win in a life race for success.

So far Young Hunt has not communicated with any of his father's folks, and at the Yale Club and other places where Old Eli's sons congregate none has heard of his whereabouts, although all know his bride and applaud his act. From a reliable source it is learned that he can scarcely rely on his family for aid, as his marriage before his school term expired has angered and grieved his relatives.

Hunt's father, Richard Howland Hunt, sailed for Europe last Saturday with the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Richard Morris Hunt, who lived at No. 37 Madison avenue. The boy's uncle, Joseph H. Hunt, a member of the firm of Hunt & Hunt, architects, of No. 28 East Twenty-first street, said to-day:

Father Doesn't Know It.

"Too bad Carley couldn't have waited a while. He has not said one word to any of us. His father will first learn of his marriage when he lands at Southampton to-day. He is not yet twenty-one years old, and had only five more months to go. Carley is a big, lumbering, good-natured boy, with romantic ideas, likely, and a great athletic. Boys will be boys, won't they?"

It is understood that young Hunt calmly planned his marriage with Miss Florence Adele Loomis, who was a clerk in Weinstein's store at New Haven, opposite the campus. His mother, formerly Miss Carley, a daughter of Frank D. Carley, was divorced from Mr. Hunt some years ago and is now the wife of Dr. Charles W. Hargens, of Hot Springs, S. Dak. Mr. Hunt is also married again. His present wife was Mrs. Walter Wilson Watrous, parted by divorce from her first husband.

The boy's mother met young Hunt's sweetheart in this city and gave her consent, the story goes. She was so pleased by the youth's manly devotion to the shop girl that congratulations followed and an invitation was extended to the young couple to go west. It is said that young Hunt and his bride have joined his mother in Hot Springs, and that he will shortly enter the mining business with the firm of a classmate's father.

Surprises His Friends.

Young Hunt's elopement occasioned surprise in Yale. He had only five months more of college before being graduated, and that he should suddenly abandon the course to elope and plan to take up a business career in the West surprises his friends.

Young Hunt met Miss Loomis in the store where she was employed. His infatuation for her has been commented upon for several months.

On Thursday Hunt and Miss Loomis took a train for Providence. They hurried to the City Hall and asked for a marriage license.

"Are you an eloping couple?" asked the clerk at the License Bureau.

"Yes," replied Hunt, "but we have every right to marry.

The license was secured and the ceremony performed at St. Stephen's Church in Providence. Hunt gave his age as twenty-one, and the age of his bride as nineteen. It is believed young Hunt and his bride will go West in the next few days.

Since F. D. Carley came to New York, twenty years or so ago from Louisville, his family has kept before the public. There were two daughters and a nephew, Earl Carley. One of the daughters became the wife of Oliver H. Harriman; the other married Mr. Hunt, from whom she was divorced. Earl Carley married Miss Augusta Barrett, of Henderson, Ky., and for a time was a conspicuous figure along Broadway.

Troubles of Carley.

F. D. Carley got into trouble after he built a railroad which tapped the Kentucky Mountains and which later became a part of the Southern system.

It was remarked at the time, however, that he never knew what defeat was. He was a perfect "Mr. Newcombe." He entertained lavishly and was looked upon as a man of tremendous wealth until the crash came.

Mr. Carley budded forth next in Wall street, where he soon got into trouble again. The Carleys came originally from Louisville. Frank D. was one of the founders of the Standard Oil Company. He started his business career in a little coal oil store in the suburbs of the city and built it up.

Then he formed the concern which became known as Cless, Carley & Co., which was gobbled up by the Standard in the latter '80s and which formed the nucleus of the Southern Standard Oil Company.

Ask for

An Old Fashioned Soda Cracker.

"Another" 5c Package

Now Then—
Who Said Biscuits?

Soda Biscuits
Beaten Biscuits
Raised Biscuits
Baking Powder Biscuits

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.

LAUGHED AT YARN IN HIS SLEEP AND FELL FROM BUNK

Then Trigg Told Story to Doctor Who Sewed Up Cut in Face.

Patrick Trigg is as gallant a sailor as never went to sea, but it's the hardest thing in the world for him to stay put when he climbs into his "steerage" bunk in the Girard Lodging House at No. 2470 Third avenue. Patrick in the forty-five years of his life probably has fallen out of more bunks than any man you ever met, but he never had such a bump as he received early to-day.

After he got through work yesterday, though a sailor at heart he is a laborer by profession, Patrick fell in with a crowd of friends and they swapped sea stories and made a vigorous attack on the brand of red liquor known in that section as "shock." One story he heard that pleased him a good deal was about a monkey on a barkentine that had the habit of taking things out of the cook's galley and leaping into the rigging.

Then with his tail wrapped around a cross tree he would swing off and pelt the sailor men. One day they caught him and greased his tail. This time as he swung off the crosstree the tail slipped and he fell to the deck with considerable of a bump. After that for days and days before attempting to go into the rigging he would wrap his tail around the taffrail and try it to see if it would hold.

When Patrick heard that story he laughed and laughed. Between laughs he made further inroads on the supply of "shock." Very late, with all sails set, he started for the Girard.

"Heave-ho, yo-ho," he sang, as he climbed up the steps to the third floor, and passing by the "stalls" crawled heavily into the top bunk of a tier of three.

He wouldn't go to sleep until he had told everybody about that monkey trying his tail out on the taffrail. Finally the "shock" got in its work and snores succeeded sea yarns.

Several hours later Tom Lawrence, the night clerk, three floors below, heard a loud noise and felt the building shake.

"It's either an earthquake or Trigg," he ventured as he ran up the stairs. One of his two guesses was right. Trigg, who had laughed in his sleep, was on the floor with his face battered and a bad cut on his forehead. The Harlem Hospital ambulance came and got him, and Dr. Smith sewed his face up. When he had finished there came filtering through the bandages a thick voice.

"Dochter," it said, "did iver ye hear the story av the monkey that went to sea? No? Well, I'll tell it t' ye."

And he did.

DETECTIVE SHOT ALLEGED THIEF IN FREIGHT YARD

Quigley, Wounded Man, Says He Was Not One of Gang of Four.

John Quigley, a laborer, of No. 13 Colden street, Jersey City, was shot in the abdomen to-day by Jacob Feists, a detective employed by the Central Railroad of New Jersey. Feists said he came upon four men under a freight car in the yards, who were trying to steal the brass journals of the car. They ran when he approached, he said, and he fired two shots at them. He did not know he had hit one of them until the police had been summoned to Quigley's bedside at the City Hospital.

Feists was arrested by Detective Lee, of the Jersey City police.

Michael Haley, who lived next door to Quigley, was arrested on the accusation of Feists that he was another of the thieves. The police are looking for two other men who are believed to have been with the brass thieves.

Quigley, when he was first taken to the hospital, said that he had been hunting for work in the yards, and that he was looking at some fellows who were running away from an office when he was shot. He will probably die.

L. S. Chanler's Son Under Knife.

William C. Chanler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, has just been operated on in Roosevelt Hospital for appendicitis. His condition at one time caused grave anxiety, and Mr. Chanler has joined Mrs. Chanler. The latter has cancelled all her social engagements and will remain at the Hotel Wolcott until her son is strong enough to be moved home.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the best remedy for rheumatism. It's a stubborn disease but *Scott's Emulsion* conquers in the end. Try it.

All Druggists

Loss of SLEEP

Body and brain need sufficient peaceful sleep each night to repair the waste caused by the physical and mental exertions of the day. Broken rest brings on headache, despondency, irritability and nerve exhaustion. When the nerve force is low,

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are invaluable as an aid to renew the supply of health-producing elements. They act favorably upon the digestive organs, throw off impurities from the blood, and restore the vital energies. Beecham's Pills relieve congestion, dispel brain-fag, quiet the overwrought nerves, and

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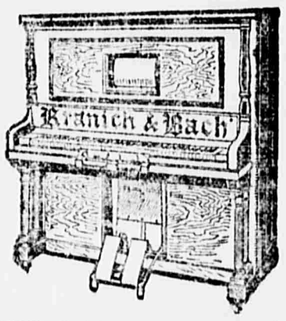

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