

# MOHAWK OFF THE ROCKS WOMEN HURT IN "L" PANIC

The **EVENING EDITION** World. "Circulation Books Open to All."

Weather—Cloudy To-Night; Sunny Fair and Colder

**FINAL RESULTS EDITION**

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1909.

PRICE ONE CENT.

## MEN IN PANIC TRAMPLE ON WOMEN ON 'L'

Many Faint When Guard With Clothing Ablaze Is Hurlled Into Car.  
FLAMES ADD TO TERROR.  
Explosion Follows Short Circuit Caused by Trainman Who Is Badly Burned.

A brass rod fastened to the bottom of a shade and pulled down hastily by a guard on a Third Avenue "L" train at noon today came into contact with the motor-box, in which a powerful current of electricity was passing. There was a vivid flash, a report as of a four-pounder, and the guard was thrown back sprawling into a car filled with passengers, many of whom were women.

The guard lay there, gasping about, with his face and hands burned black and his clothes blazing. A panic was started by the excited ones, women fainted and half crazed men trampled down everything in an effort to reach the doors of the car.

Passengers Hurlled About.  
There was a small fire in the motor box stall which licked up the curtain and scorched the varnished woodwork, and, while all was in great confusion, the train, obeying the emergency brakes, came to a sudden halt, hurling passengers against each other and over seats.

Strong and weak were in an indiscriminate mass.  
The guards of the train, under Conductor Charles Murphy, finally restored order, and the train, which had been approaching the One Hundred and Forty-ninth street station, was brought slowly to the platform, where the frightened passengers were allowed to leave the car.

The fainting women were carried out, and the unconscious guard, who all this time had lain neglected at the forward end of the car, was lifted into the arms of several policemen and carried into the station.

The guard was Joseph McGowan, fifty-two years old, who lives at No. 888 Union avenue, in the Bronx. He was gateman on the second car of the seven-car train, southbound.

## SON'S BAR BILL \$300 PER WEEK; MOTHER ALLEGES

She Has Commission Named to Test Young Moore's Mental Condition.  
NOT SOBER IN 4 YEARS.  
He Admits Drinking, but Blames His Family—Wife in an Asylum.

According to affidavits made by Mrs. Sarah A. Moore, of No. 319 West Eighty-fifth street, her son, William J. Moore, who enjoys an income from the estate of his father, who owned the Coboes Woolen Mills, has been drunk for the past four years, during which time some of his drink bills at the Hotel Empire, where he lived, have run as high as \$300 a week. All this came out today at a hearing before a commission which, with a Sheriff's jury, was appointed by Justice Gerard on Mrs. Moore's application to have her son's condition inquired into.

George Hood, proprietor of the King Edward Hotel, in an affidavit said that while he was stopping there young Moore was more or less continually drunk. According to a statement submitted to the commission by William J. Quinn Jr., of the Hotel Empire, Moore's routine was to get out of bed at about 6 o'clock in the morning, take several drinks, then eat a few mouthfuls, have more drinks, then go downtown in a taxicab, and home again at about 7 P. M., and then after more drinks, to bed.

Kept Bartender Busy.  
John O'Day, the bartender at the Empire, said Moore's requirements kept him busy mixing and pouring all the time. He drank, according to O'Day, six or seven cocktails before dinner. With this repast, he managed to slip down about the same number of rye highballs. When he arrived home in the taxicab in the morning he would have two or three pints of champagne as a bracer. One morning, says O'Day, young Moore drank 12 of wine in half an hour as a bracer.

Moore submitted an affidavit on his own behalf denying that he was a drunkard.  
"My mother is very strict and desires me to make my home with her, but she imposes restrictions on my personal liberty to which as I am no longer under age, I have refused to submit," he declares.

"I admit I have been in the habit of drinking. The opposition of my father to my marriage, his cutting me off in his will, and the unympathetic way in which my mother acts as trustee of the pituitary and the alimony of the large income she receives from my father's estate, have been enough to embitter my life and make me sometimes careless in my personal habits. I deny that I am a physical wreck or that I am incapable of managing myself or my affairs."

Victim of Red Acne.  
Dr. George S. Youngling, of No. 453 West Thirty-fourth street, said Moore showed no signs of chronic alcoholism, but suffered from a disease known as red acne, which caused a redness extending over all his face and the skin of his eyelids.

## MILLIONAIRE SHOOTS AT BURGLARS

Lawrence Mott Routs Gang in Midnight Battle at Country Home.  
THINKS ONE WAS HIT.  
Pursues Them Till Exhausted, but They Reach Auto and Escape.

Masked burglars made their third attempt to rob the home of J. Lawrence Mott, grandson of Jordan L. Mott, on Tarrytown road, near White Plains, last night. They were driven off by the young millionaire himself, who got out of a sickbed, eluded his two nurses and his wife and chased the intruders with a repeating rifle, wounding the Westchester night with shot after shot. He believes he wounded one of them, and marks on his lawn and the subsequent behavior of a mysterious gang in a strange automobile early this morning bear out his belief.

Mr. Mott pursued the thieves until he fell fainting with weakness in the road. He crawled back up his own road to his panic-stricken household, who did not even know he was out of bed, and thought burglars had fired the shot. It was nearly 2 o'clock this morning when, awakening, Mr. Mott tiptoed downstairs without waking the two nurses or his wife and young son, who were sleeping in nearby rooms. The servants were all away at a White Plains ball. The dogs, of which Mr. Mott has sixteen in his kennels, were making a great to-do, and the burglars did not hear Mr. Mott.

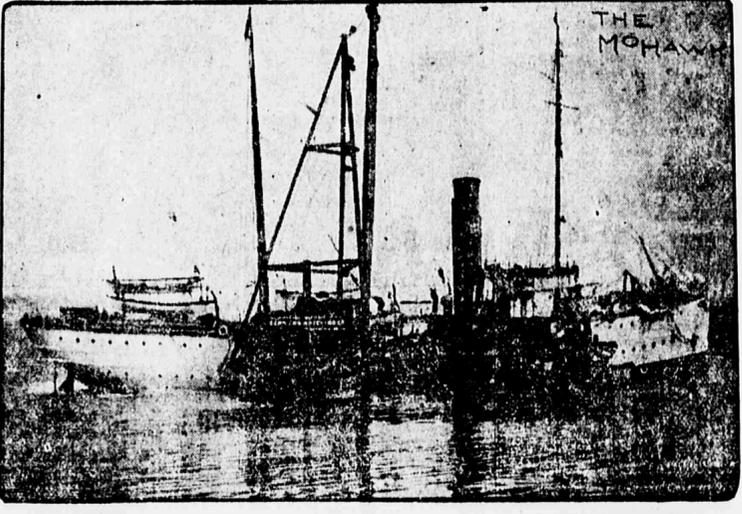
Opened Fire on Men.  
The young millionaire groped his way into his gun closet and got a repeating rifle and, in his pajamas, went out into the front hall. He was quite sure, he said, that he saw the figure of a man cross a light strip in front of the house and that there were other shadowy forms in the bushes on the lawn. He called to the man he thought he saw, and the fellow emerged into the light. He was tall and thin and wore a black mask. Mr. Mott spoke again, and the man ran in the direction of the road, and was joined by three others. As they disappeared Mr. Mott fired the rifle at them again and again. He ran down the road and in a slight thicket.

Mr. Mott fainted in the road and when he revived was so weak that he could not even carry the gun back to the house. He revived and crept back to the house, where he found everything in an uproar.  
"Auto Gang" Is Busy.  
Elmsford, Brarcliff, Larchmont, Yonkers and the outskirts of White Plains have been visited by burglars frequently of late. The thieves are known to travel about the country in an automobile quite as though they had been reading burglary stories in the monthly magazine. Just before Mr. Mott staggered into the house the women are sure they heard an automobile begin chugging on the Tarrytown road and then puff away toward Elmsford.

Mr. Mott was very sure he hit a burglar. An examination of the lawn this morning showed some heavy boots had been dragged across the grass. An Italian at Elmsford reported today that an automobile passed him on the Tarrytown road at 2 o'clock this morning with four men in it. Two men in the tonneau were supporting a third, who seemed to be hurt.  
Mr. Mott is a grandson of Jordan L. Mott, the founder of the Mott Iron Works. He has written several books, most of them dealing with life in the Canadian woods, and many short stories.

He is well known in the New York yacht club and always sails his own boat. It was said at his home this morning that he was in bed to-day recovering from the fatigue of last night's affair, but it was not thought that his experience. Detectives are at work in every town in Westchester County trying to get some trace of the burglars.

## Wreckers as They Lifted the Cutter Off Hog's Back Reef in Hell Gate



(Photographed Especially for The Evening World by a Staff Photographer.)

## NURSE POISONS MOTHER BY MISTAKE AT BOY'S BIRTH

Mrs. Gladys Schmidt Dying From Carbolic Acid Which Mrs. Bailey Administered in Place of Soothing Drops.

Because a trained nurse made the mistake of administering drops from the wrong bottle, Mrs. Gladys Schmidt, aged twenty, a wife of two years, who became a mother early to-day, is dying this afternoon at Harlem Hospital of carbolic acid poisoning.

At her home, No. 68 Bradhurst avenue, Mrs. Schmidt presented her husband, Charles Schmidt, a coffee salesman, with a fine son this morning. The young woman was attended by the family physician, Dr. Charles H. Dockstadter, of No. 483 Manhattan avenue, and Dr. J. Ludin, a consulting physician. They were assisted by Mrs. Schmidt's mother, Mrs. John H. Cronin, who also lives at the Bradhurst avenue address, and by Mrs. Anna Bailey, a trained nurse, of No. 19 St. Ann's avenue.

Takes Wrong Bottle.  
The baby having been found to be strong and lusty, the two physicians were packing up their kit bags to leave the house, and Dr. Ludin was already in the outer hall, when Mrs. Schmidt had a slight sinking spell. Dr. Dockstadter told Mrs. Bailey to give the young mother a teaspoonful from a bottle of soothing drops that was on a table alongside the bed. The bottle was identical in size and appearance with another bottle containing a carbolic acid solution for antiseptic purposes that stood alongside of it.

In the dimly lighted room the nurse got the bottle of poison. The moment the fiery fluid passed down her throat Mrs. Schmidt screamed and went into convulsions. Realizing at once what she had done, Mrs. Bailey gave the alarm and almost instantly the two doctors were back at Mrs. Schmidt's side working to save her life. Policeman Murphy, who had seen Mrs. Cronin running to the door to recall Dr. Ludin, got the hospital on a phone, and Dr. Gillette came with an ambulance and aided the other two.

The Nurse Collapses.  
Although fully realizing the consequences of her error Mrs. Bailey remained calm, performing her duties quietly and coolly until the poisoned wife, who had never yet seen her baby, was carried away, still in convulsions, to the ambulance. Then she collapsed under the strain of grief and remorse, going into violent hysterics and falling upon the floor. It was more than an hour before the physicians got her nerves under control.  
It was stated at the hospital that there was practically no hope for Mrs. Schmidt. Although both Dr. Dockstadter and the victim's heartbroken mother,

## MOHAWK IS FLOATED OFF HELL GATE REEF AFTER MANY EFFORTS

Wrecking Tugs and Sister Revenue Cutter Powhatan Tow Battered Vessel, Full of Water, Into a Dry Dock.  
CUTTER ON ROCKS CAUSED SINKING OF BARGE NEAR HER

Captain and Young Wife, Trapped in Cabin, Asleep, Narrowly Escape With Their Lives From Craft Foundering After Collision at Fatal Spot.

The expedient of lightening the revenue cutter Mohawk's bunkers of the extra coal which had so weighted her down that it was blamed by Long Island Sound pilots for causing her to ground on the Hog Back Reef yesterday, proved successful at high tide at 3 o'clock this afternoon. The Mohawk rose with the tide until she was clear of the jagged point of rock on which she was stuck and then slid backward gently, urged by cables on which the wrecking company's tugs were pulling, aided by the revenue cutter Powhatan.

Pontoons were lashed to both sides of the cutter as she left the shoal. She was filling fast with water and the pontoons were necessary for buoying her up.  
The Mohawk, thus supported by floating crutches, was towed down the river to Shewan's dry dock at the foot of East Houston street, Manhattan.

The effort to get the Mohawk off the shoal at high tide this morning at 2:30 o'clock was a failure, because the ship was so firmly fixed on a jagged pinnacle of the shoal that to pull her away would have torn her all to pieces. Other efforts were also unavailing. The unloading of her bunker coal began at 10 o'clock in the morning.  
Caused Another Sinking.  
It is believed the barge came into collision with a dredge or one of the wrecking boats surrounding the revenue cutter.

The Merritt-Chapman Wrecking Company and the officers of the Mohawk hoped to get her off the rocks at high tide at 3:30 o'clock this morning. But they didn't. It was found that she was piked hard and fast, and that to draw her off forcibly would rip a great rent in her hull.  
A large lighter was brought alongside the Mohawk at 10:30 o'clock and the unloading of the extra supply of coal in her bunkers was begun. It was hoped that, thus lightened, the cutter could be floated off the Hog Back at high tide this afternoon.  
The Mohawk carries seventy officers and men, who are still on board of her. Dense fog interfered with the progress of the work of the tugs, and as the tide began to fall it was announced that the vessel could not be floated until high tide again late this afternoon.  
Captain and Crew Stick to Her.  
A searchlight from the fireboat George B. McClellan played on the wreck at intervals throughout the night.  
The New Haven tugs and floats which had gone to the Mohawk's assistance as soon as she struck and which aided in the effort to pull her off this morning, as well as a light-house tender which came to the scene during the night, are all about her. Had not Capt. Landrey, of the Mohawk, sent wireless messages to Washington and to the Navy Yard, refusing more aid, there would be a score of vessels at his disposal.  
The Mohawk left New London yesterday after filling her bunkers with coal. This load caused her to draw nearly fourteen feet of water. She is a steel-hulled vessel of 280 tons displacement, 36 feet long, and the pride of the cutter service. She had been cruising in the waters to the northwest of Long Island for the past ten days searching for derelicts and was bound for her home station, off Tompkinsville, S. I.

There is usually about fourteen feet of water over the submerged reef known as Little Hog Back at low water. "We had slowed down to about ten and a half knots approaching Hell Gate," Capt. Landrey said in describing the accident. "A dredge engaged in blasting on Flood Rock was ahead and it was necessary to make a wide turn to go down into Hell Gate. A strong ebb tide was running and while we were trying to make the turn, it took us out of the course. The Mohawk struck on a submerged rock and was held fast. I ordered the pumps to work immediately."  
Has Rendered Good Service.  
The Mohawk was launched at Richmond, Va., in March, 1902. She cost \$240,000 and was built according to the newest designs and equipped with the most modern appliances. Her cruising grounds were from New Bedford, Mass., to Delaware Breakwater. One of her latest services was the discovery after a long hunt and "s" blowing up of a derelict off Barnegat, which had threatened ships for a long time. Similarly, she destroyed off Montauk the Buquetur—a Spanish tramp steamer, the first ship captured by Americans in the war with Spain. The Mohawk ran aground on Palmer's Island, in New Bedford Harbor, on Jan. 23, while going to the assistance of the White Star liner Republic, but was pulled into deep water without damage.

## BABY WHO CAPTURED J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

Just read this:  
"Miss Virginia Marie Burbidge:  
"Madam: I have the honor to inform you that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on Jan. 4, 1909, you were elected to membership in the Metropolitan Museum of Art as a fellow for life.  
"I beg to inclose to you herewith a certificate of membership which entitles you to all the privileges of this grade of membership and your permanent admission ticket. Respectfully yours,  
"ROBERT W. DE FOREST,  
"Secretary."  
The little Miss to whom this letter was sent was but six months old. The membership referred to cost \$5,000. The amount was paid by J. Pierpont Morgan.  
It's an interesting story how Mr. Morgan met and was "captured" by this little girl. The whole affair, from beginning to end, will be "featured" in tomorrow's Sunday World.  
To avoid a possibility of missing it order your copy of the Sunday World in advance.

## REGIMENT OFFERS REWARD FOR GIRL'S ASSAILANT.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 27.—Col. Paulding, commander of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, colored, stationed at Madison Barracks, Sackett's Harbor, today issued an order forbidding the enlisted men from entering that village without first having secured a pass.  
A reward of \$100 has been raised by the members of the regiment for the capture of the assailant of Edith Gamber, providing he proves to be a member of the regiment.

## TAFT IN WASHINGTON FOR HIS INAUGURATION.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27.—Winding up his pre-presidential travels, William H. Taft, accompanied by Mrs. Taft, arrived here at 2:45 o'clock this afternoon.

Fine New Turkish Baths  
now open at the New Pulitzer Building. Only first-class downtown establishment. Modern in every detail. Electric and Turkish baths. Free use of towels, hair cream, soap and light.

DEFICIENCY BILL PASSED.  
WASHINGTON, Feb. 27.—Within three hours after it had been reported the House today, under suspension of the rules, passed the General Deficiency Appropriation bill.

## TAMPA RESULTS.

TAMPA, Fla., Feb. 27.—The results today:  
FIRST RACE—Three-year-olds and upward, selling; five furlongs—Katie Gleason, 102 (O'Neely), 2 to 1, 8 to 1 and out, first; Griffen, 99 (Brown), 3 to 1, 2 to 1 and even, second; Lizzie Pitt, 104 (Lovelley), 7 to 1, 5 to 2, 4 to 3, third; Tommie, 101 (L. J. Boomerang), Tommie, Charlotte Hamilton, No. 10, Calabash, Lady Hendel, Self Reliant also ran.  
SECOND RACE—Three-year olds, selling; six and a half furlongs, purse \$150.—Autumn Maid, 107 (Dunn), 5 to 2, even and 1 to 2, won; Elviston, 107 (Smith), 8 to 1, 3 to 1 and 8 to 5, second; Rustician, 104 (Pendergrass), 2 to 1, 4 to 3 and 3 to 10, third. Time—1:23.14.  
Also ran—Clabber, Prince Albert, Ozamoon, St. Abe.

## FALL KILLS PAINTER.

While at work on the third floor of the building at No. 17 West Thirtieth street to-day Joseph Winter, thirty-five years old, a sign painter, of No. 224 West Twenty-fourth street, lost his balance and fell to the street.  
His skull was fractured and he died shortly afterward in the New York Hospital.

## BANKER SIMMONS BETTER. Will Probably Be Able to Leave Home Tuesday.

At the home of J. Edward Simmons, President of the Fourth National Bank, at No. 28 West Fifty-second street, it was said to-day that he had spent a very comfortable night and that he was greatly improved.  
The physicians say that the banker will undoubtedly be able to go to the bank on Tuesday or Wednesday next week. Mr. Simmons was stricken with paralysis while on a subway train yesterday and first taken to the Hudson Street Hospital, but later removed to his home.

## MANUFACTURER FOUND DEAD IN TURKISH BATH

William H. House, of Cincinnati, Stricken With Apoplexy in His Room.  
William H. House, manufacturer, of No. 312 Race street, Cincinnati, was found dead in his room in the Lafayette Bath, at No. 403 Lafayette street, today. Apoplexy caused death.  
Manager L. M. Cronk, alarmed by the failure of Mr. House to appear to-day, broke into his room.  
The coroner granted permission for the removal of the body.

## WORKER'S PICK STRIKES STICK Which Failed to Go Off in Blast.

The explosion of a forgotten stick of dynamite resulted this afternoon in the killing of one man and the maiming of six others in an excavation for a new apartment house which is being built at One Hundred and Sixty-third street and Oden avenue, the Bronx. The concussion shattered all the windows on the easterly side of the Altamont apartment house, at No. 106 East One Hundred and Sixty-third street, and shook up the whole neighborhood.  
The man who was killed is Tony Dentie, of One Hundred and Forty-eighth street and Park avenue. Tony Barlette, of No. 213 East One Hundred and Thirty-third street, Thomas Martelli, No. 151 Morris avenue, and John Florelli, No. 327 Villa avenue, are dying in the Fordham Hospital with fractured skulls and internal injuries. Minor injuries were sustained by the others.  
Early to-day a blast was set off and apparently one of the sticks failed to explode. Florelli, with the others, was removing the rocks loosened by the first blast. He was using his pick when the explosion happened. Dentie, immediately above the place where Florelli was working, was blown to pieces.  
The police decided that the explosion was solely the result of an accident, and no arrests were made. Mrs. Margaret Walsh, the wife of a police sergeant, was passing at the time of the accident. Before the arrival of the ambulance she helped the other workmen care for the injured men.