

ANNE MORGAN'S EATING HOUSE TO RIVAL SALOONS

Financier's Daughter Obtains Permission to Open One in Brooklyn Navy-Yard.

WILL PERMIT SMOKING.

Purpose is to Show the Government How Easily it Can Be Done.

After begging permission from the Government for a year, Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, has received authority to start a restaurant to provide better food at less money for the men employed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The Government never doubted the advisability of the plan outlined by Miss Morgan, as chairman of the committee appointed by the New York section of the women's department of the National Civil Federation, according to Rear-Admiral Goodrich, of the Navy Yard, but was trying to study out a practical way of effecting it. Finally, the department was able to assign the room named.

The authorization is subject to the condition that the premises be vacated at any time should they be required for Navy Yard work.

"The restaurant will occupy part of the ground floor, about 100 feet, reaching from the eastern end back to the boiler and engine room extension at the south side of the building. It is the first building one sees in going through the Sands street gate of the Navy Yard.

Miss Morgan is very happy over her success, and says today: "Charity is not the object. We simply want to try to influence a general improvement in what are called 'welfare conditions' throughout the Government service. The restaurant at the Brooklyn Navy Yard is only one of many things that should be done to improve the conditions surrounding Government employees.

"This restaurant is greatly needed. Now the men have to go to the saloons for their food, as they have no place to go for a wholesome meal. By providing a restaurant in one of the buildings right in the yard we hope to prove to the Government authorities that such a plan can be carried out on a self-paying basis.

Good Business Proposition. "We hope and believe we can show that as a strictly business proposition the plan to provide the men with good food at a moderate price is a success from every point of view.

"Then we believe that when the Government realizes the good results it will take the restaurant off our hands and continue to run it. Not only that, but that it will start many others in different branches of the Government service.

"There is much to do, we having just received our authority, but we expect by May 1 to be serving good, wholesome meals, well cooked and well served, to seven hundred men. There are frequently from three thousand to six thousand men employed in the yard, so you can see we probably shall have to do a great deal more than at first we had planned to carry out. We hope this restaurant will be the beginning of an end which cannot now be seen.

Miss Morgan's associates on the special committee are Mrs. E. H. Gary, wife of the chairman of the Standard Trust, and Miss Elizabeth Marbury. Among others who have been interested in the plan are Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Laura L. Ray, Mrs. Gordon Harriman, Mrs. J. Kemps West, Mrs. Francis H. Cabot and Mrs. J. Everett Macy.

Mrs. Gary interested in menu. Mrs. Gilbert H. Gary, while deeply interested in Miss Morgan's project, admitted this morning at her apartments at the Waldorf-Astoria, to an Evening World reporter, that so far she had not taken any active part in formulating the arrangements.

"I am one of Miss Morgan's committee women," Mrs. Gary said, "but haven't attended any of the regular meetings so far. But this I intend to do from now on, as I am heartily in sympathy with this splendid work begun by Miss Morgan.

"Next week, perhaps, we will confer with a caterer, and then I think final arrangements can be completed. We will decide on a daily menu, which will consist of a three-course meal, for which, I think, the price will hardly exceed 15 or 20 cents.

"After getting the scheme successfully launched we have no doubt that the Government will take it off our hands."

ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP DESCENDS ON LAND.

Count Proves It Can Settle as Easily on the Earth as on Water—Army Men See Test.

FRIEDRICHSHOFEN, March 15.—Count von Zeppelin's new model airship, with the inventor and four other men on board, made a successful descent in a field on the shore of the Lake of Constance today. It has been asserted that the Count could not land on the ground without an especially built platform, but this has now been disproved. The airship came to rest on the earth, and after remaining for some time, was towed and returned to the balloon shed on the lake.

One of the striking features was slightly damaged in contact with a tree, but it was repaired on the spot. About 100,000 people and a number of other army officers were present to witness the manoeuvre.

She Will Feed 700 Navy Men At One Time in Her Restaurant



MISS ANNE MORGAN

INSANE LAWYER ORDERS COURT TO CALL GOVERNOR

De Angelis, in Third Plea for Liberty, Summons Hughes as Witness.

In order to allow Severin De Angelis, a prisoner in the Matteawan Hospital for the Criminal Insane, full opportunity to make a plea for liberty today Justice Blanchard cleared the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court of all spectators and gave the petitioner, who is a lawyer and a handsome, eloquent man, an hour and a half of time. The speech De Angelis made was in many respects remarkable, but it is doubtful if it will get him out of Matteawan.

De Angelis is a brother of Supreme Court Justice P. C. J. De Angelis, of Utica. In November, 1907, he got into an altercation with a woman on the street and shot a man who attempted to interfere. When placed on trial he was declared insane and committed to Matteawan.

Three Times Declared Insane. Since that time he has exercised all his legal learning in an effort to gain his freedom. He has been allowed to leave the asylum several times and argue before various Justices of the Supreme Court in this city and elsewhere. In January Justice Seabury, after listening to his arguments, declared him insane, and only three weeks ago Justice Morschauer, sitting at Newburg, made a similar ruling.

De Angelis came before Justice Blanchard today by virtue of a writ of habeas corpus. He was accompanied to court by Dr. Baker, of Matteawan, and two keepers who kept within arm's reach of him all the time. Dr. Baker says that De Angelis is a dangerous paranoiac.

When the court was ready for the De Angelis argument there was no one present but the judge, the court officers, the petitioner and his escort, District Attorney Jerome and two assistants and reporters. De Angelis was asked if he did not want to be represented by counsel. The Court suggested that if he had no means counsel could be assigned.

"I realize," said De Angelis, "what an advantage it would be to have counsel. But it is very hard to find a lawyer who will consult with me. They all think I am crazy."

"De Angelis then started on a rather orderly argument which lasted for about half an hour and was listened to with deep attention. Then he began to ramble to subjects not directly connected with the case under consideration. At intervals this tendency was pronounced.

Would Call Hughes as Witness. He said that while he did not make the charge openly, he believed that his brother, the Justice, was working against him. He accused the officials of Matteawan of cruelty and said he had been punished for making appeals to the courts by imprisonment in a dungeon. All through his talk he reverted frequently to the necessity of hearing witnesses in his behalf.

Who are those witnesses you wish the Court to summon? asked Justice Blanchard when De Angelis had shown signs of having exhausted his argument. "One of them," he replied, "is Gov. Hughes. I desire a subpoena duces tecum, commanding the Governor to bring into court all the letters I have written him and all the newspaper clippings in my case."

Justice Blanchard said he would take the matter under advisement, and De Angelis was forced to return to Matteawan. He pleaded with the court to state his place of imprisonment in the Manhattan State Hospital, on West 12th street, but Justice Blanchard said he could not do so.

Another George M. Cuban song with the "Sands" World from "The American House," now appearing at Grand Opera House.

TWO FALL OFF BRIDGE ONE DEAD, ONE UNHURT

Man Who Was Killed Fell 50 Feet and Died in a Few Hours.

John L. Sullivan and John Walt, workmen employed on the overhead structure of the new Manhattan Bridge, fell from the bridge last night, midway between Henry street and East Broadway.

Sullivan fell to the pavement, a distance of about fifty feet, and received internal injuries from which he died late last night. Walt landed on a projecting roof, and escaped with severe bruises.

Sullivan, whose home was at No. 205 East One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, was removed to Gouverneur Hospital, Walt, who lives at No. 230 East Thirty-seventh street, was able to go to his home. It is not known how they lost their balance.

GO ARMED IN FLATS TO REPEL THIEVES

Attempted Robberies Scare Inhabitants of Three Big Buildings.

A burglar scare has scared the inhabitants of the three-story flat buildings, Nos. 222, 224 and 227 East Fourteenth street, and they are arm-kick to protect themselves.

Early Sunday morning Mary Farrell, who lives with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Margaret Farrell, on the top floor at No. 222, heard somebody at the kitchen window, and saw a man who seemed to be trying to pry it open. He disappeared up a rope to the roof and the rope was found hanging there the next morning.

Mrs. George Bill, who lives across the hall, thought she heard some one trying to climb up the chimney. She called the police and they found the man. Three weeks ago an intruder entered the apartment of Mrs. Agnes Curtin at No. 227 also on the top floor, and frightened three of Mrs. Curtin's seven daughters. A top flat, occupied by John McNamara in No. 222, likewise had a nocturnal visitor not long ago who got as far as the fire-escape. Extra police have been sent from the East Twenty-second street station.

COOKE CAN GO SOME ON ALLEYS OR CINDER PATH.

James P. Cooke, of the T. L. Manson & Co. team, in the Stock Exchange League, is a well known Brooklynite and sergeant of Company H, Twenty-third Regiment. As captain of Company H bowling team he has led his company to victory for two years for the regimental trophy. Cooke averaged 113 the past year. Company H is also in the lead this year and Jim has an average of 180. He holds the regiment record at the sack race and was for years one of the best sprinters in the regiment. Mr. Cooke has a host of friends in the West Side Y. M. C. A., where he also made some records in athletics.

THREE FOR THE N. Y. A. C.

The New York A. C. team in the Athletic League strengthened its standing last night by winning three games on some alleys from Elizabeth Club team. The scores:

Table with 2 columns: Team Name and Score. Includes N. Y. A. C., Elizabeth, and other teams.

MAKING PAINT, DROPPED MATCH; THREE BURNED

Hester Street Jeweller Used Benzine and Started a Lively Blaze.

TRIED TO PUT IT OUT.

Effort to Save Gold Leaf Brings Injury to Self, Wife and Friend.

A fire at No. 54 Hester street, in the home and workshop of Charles Tuchalsky, jeweller and watchmaker, today, was full of the sort of thing that vaudeville sketch writers use to make audiences laugh. But it wasn't funny for Charles Tuchalsky or his wife, Esther, or their brave friend and neighbor, Charles Perlman. Mrs. Tuchalsky and Perlman are in Gouverneur Hospital with their many burns of the face and arms. Charles Tuchalsky's right hand and fore arm are wrapped in a sling. And the insurance adjusters shake their heads and say that they don't know, they don't know. For Tuchalsky's policy didn't cover the manufacture of green paint.

Tuchalsky is a hard-working, poor man. He was the janitor of the tenement. This reduced his rent so that he was able to live on the second floor. In the middle room of his flat was his work bench, where he fitted his eyes over his work under a gas jet. In a drawer of the work bench, which with tools and extra pairs of watches and his jeweller's stock, was the most valuable bit of property in the Tuchalsky household, was \$9 worth of gold leaf. Fifty dollars' worth of anything is a great deal in Hester street.

Got Benzine for Paint. One of the tenants complained to Tuchalsky today that the green paint in her kitchen was all streaky. Now Tuchalsky had furnished that paint and the agents had paid for it. And Tuchalsky felt that he might lose his job as janitor if the agents were notified that the paint was bad. Wherefore he went out and from his own leather money bag bought the material for more paint. Mostly he bought benzine, because it is cheaper than turpentine and answers almost as well.

Tuchalsky was mixing the green benzine paint in his work room. It was very dark and he lighted the gas. Heedlessly, he dropped the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

"Fire," she cried, "the gold leaf!" Together they leaped back into the street, and the match lit the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

"Fire," she cried, "the gold leaf!" Together they leaped back into the street, and the match lit the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

"Fire," she cried, "the gold leaf!" Together they leaped back into the street, and the match lit the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

"Fire," she cried, "the gold leaf!" Together they leaped back into the street, and the match lit the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

"Fire," she cried, "the gold leaf!" Together they leaped back into the street, and the match lit the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

"Fire," she cried, "the gold leaf!" Together they leaped back into the street, and the match lit the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

"Fire," she cried, "the gold leaf!" Together they leaped back into the street, and the match lit the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

"Fire," she cried, "the gold leaf!" Together they leaped back into the street, and the match lit the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

"Fire," she cried, "the gold leaf!" Together they leaped back into the street, and the match lit the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

"Fire," she cried, "the gold leaf!" Together they leaped back into the street, and the match lit the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

"Fire," she cried, "the gold leaf!" Together they leaped back into the street, and the match lit the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

"Fire," she cried, "the gold leaf!" Together they leaped back into the street, and the match lit the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

"Fire," she cried, "the gold leaf!" Together they leaped back into the street, and the match lit the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

"Fire," she cried, "the gold leaf!" Together they leaped back into the street, and the match lit the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

"Fire," she cried, "the gold leaf!" Together they leaped back into the street, and the match lit the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

"Fire," she cried, "the gold leaf!" Together they leaped back into the street, and the match lit the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

"Fire," she cried, "the gold leaf!" Together they leaped back into the street, and the match lit the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

"Fire," she cried, "the gold leaf!" Together they leaped back into the street, and the match lit the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

"Fire," she cried, "the gold leaf!" Together they leaped back into the street, and the match lit the match in the paint pot. There was a puff and a flare and Tuchalsky was driven back into the kitchen, fighting the flames which puffed out from his bushy red beard. For the minute he thought of nothing else. But Esther Tuchalsky did not forget.

MAGAZINE GOES INTO NEW HANDS

The Metropolitan Passes Into the Control of Melville E. Stone, Jr.

An arrangement was consummated yesterday by which the control and management of the Metropolitan Magazine, of this city, passed into the hands of Melville E. Stone, Jr., son of the General Manager of the Associated Press. The magazine has been in existence fifteen years. For the last six years it has been conducted by Robert H. Russell, who now retires.

Mr. Stone, who has had considerable experience in the publishing field, took active charge today. "I shall try to maintain the same general policy which the magazine has always had," he said, "and my only aim is to make it the most interesting and the most readable magazine published. There will be certain changes of make-up and contents, but naturally these will have to come gradually."

WEALTH FAILS BURGLAR.

Webber, Fighting Long Sentence, Loses in Second High Court.

HACKENSACK, N. J., March 15.—Frederick Webber, a burglar caught with the goods by the police at Ridge-wood and who was sentenced to fourteen years in prison by former Judge Zabriske, will have to serve his sentence, Assistant Prosecutor Mackay revealed word from Trenton today that the conviction had for the second time been sustained by the higher court.

A wealthy sister of Webber, whose name is not known, has supplied him with money to fight the conviction, employing ex-prosecutor P. W. Stagg as counsel.

TRAIN KILLS TWO INDIANS.

One Victim Was John Clark, Well Known as a Guide.

BUFFALO, March 15.—Two Indians from the Gowanda Reservation were run down and killed by a train here during the night. One of them was John Clark, well known as an Indian guide. The other is believed to be Levit Cook, of Newton.

TAKES BACK HIS OLD NAME.

Here is the story of a man who has changed his name to suit conditions. He was Rudolph Jankowsky when, in 1888, he came to this country. Then he decided to adopt the name of Langor, as he thought Jankowsky was a trifle too difficult for the average American to pronounce. Application was made to the Court, with the result that he became Rudolph Langor.

Rudolph is about to return to his native land for an extended visit. As he does not care to appear among his old friends under false colors, he asked Supreme Court Justice O'Grady today for permission to reassume the name of Jankowsky. This was granted forthwith.

Are You a Tea Drinker? TRY Thea Nectar Tea A Lb. Box—60c. THE GREAT Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. 325 Stores in the United States.

MUSIC Rolls 10,000 at 15c, 25c, 35c (none higher) Clearance Sale All This Week WORLD'S choicest classical operatic and popular selections. Every Roll is Worth 3 Times the Price We ask for it. A Call Will Convince. Tammany Organ Co. (Established 1876.) 17 W. 24th St., near B'way.

Bonwit, Harris & Co.



We have planned to make notable offerings in our WAIST SECTION. The many distinctive ideas in materials, trimmings and designs, combined with the low prices, are bound to meet with your approval. The three accompanying cuts are but a few of many styles now being shown.

SPECIAL VALUE 5,000 Lingerie Waists 10 new models—sheer material—embroidery and lace insertion. Values to \$3.50. 2.00 Broadway and 5th Ave., Cor. 21st St.

Lord & Taylor Shirts to Measure

Attention is directed to our new and extensive variety of imported shirting fabrics:—Scotch Madras, Zephyrs, Chevots, French Percales, Silk and Cotton, All Silk Viyella and Taffeta Flannel.

Special Scotch Madras Shirts To Measure Plain Negligée, \$3.50 Pleated, 4.00 Broadway and 20th St., 5th Ave., 19th St.

Lord & Taylor

Infants' & Little Children's Garments for Spring and Summer

Short and Long Dresses, Cloaks, Coats, Reefers, Embroidered Wrappers and Sacques, Piqué Afghans, Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Hampers and Baskets.

Maids' & Nurses' Aprons & Caps Special Values Offered for Wednesday

Maids' Aprons, 50c., 75c., 98c. Maids' House Dresses in percale 98c., \$1.25

Imported Hand-made Dresses 6 mos. to 2 1/2 yrs., \$1.85, \$2.25, \$2.95

Misses' and Children's Underwear

We direct attention to a large assortment of Nainsook, Cambric & Muslin Underwear in

Gowns, Skirts, Drawers, Corset Covers and Combinations. Special for Wednesday (at about 1/2 their value.)

Gowns and Drawers, 50c., 75c., 98c. Skirts, 50c., 75c., 98c., \$1.25 (Slightly Soiled)

Boys' Russian & Sailor Wash Suits in a large variety of styles and materials. Special for Wednesday

One lot of Russian Wash Suits at \$1.45, \$1.75 Broadway and 20th St., 5th Ave., 19th St.

Lord & Taylor

The New Footwear Golden Bronze Calf Skin

The most beautiful and the only serviceable bronze leather for Street Wear. Button Boots \$4.00 to \$7.00

Low Cut Shoes including two entirely new models \$3.25 to \$7.00

Broadway & 20th St.; 5th Ave.; 19th St.

"FOLLOW THE CROWD" into The World's "Want" columns.

Spring Shapes in Men's Hats with the celebrated hall-mark of quality and fashion. 867 Fifth Ave., 14th Broadway NEW YORK The Wellington 914 Chestnut St. Philadelphia