

How the Torrid Weather Made Its Effects Felt at Different Points in New York City



COOLING OFF THE KIDDIES ON GRAND STREET. WATER IS GOOD FOR MAN AND BEAST. ONE OF THE MANY FOUNTAINS.

WEATHER BUREAU WARNS OF SWELTERING DAY.
The Weather Bureau gave warning early of a sweltering day today. For a time last night there was some hope that the thermometers, which during the day marked 102 degrees and a shade more down on the street level would not go up as high today. But the night did not bring the expected relief. Such falling away of the heat as there was stopped at a little below 84 degrees and began to climb from that point with the first flush of dawn.

Had not yesterday been a holiday the city would have suffered much more. For one who could not get away Saturday took to street cars or boats yesterday or else stayed around the house in nighties and pajamas and drank cool things. An electric fan was a luxury that would have justified itself had its blades been made of beaten gold.

The Weather Bureau reported from Washington that the hot area covered pretty nearly the whole continent. The official thermometer registered 88 degrees in the Weather Bureau at Washington, but down along the muddy asphalt streets of the capital there were many which counted up to 102 degrees.

The thermometer readings from the Weather Bureau branch in this city are subject to the same discount. It is a great sight cooler in the shaded porch on the roof of the Whitehall Building where the weather observers' instruments are than it is on Broadway.

TORRID WAVE EXTENDS OVER MOST OF THE COUNTRY.
The following report on weather conditions for the twenty-four hours ending at 8 A. M. to-day was given out by the local Weather Bureau:
"Hot" prevails from the Mississippi Valley to the Atlantic Coast and in the Southwestern States. Maximum temperatures from 90 degrees to more than 100 degrees were reported from most of the stations in this territory yesterday.

"At New York City the maximum temperature of 94.5 was the highest since July 2, 1901."
"Excepting a few widely scattered showers, no rain is reported. Norfolk, however, reports half an inch of rain and Miami, Fla., one inch."
"Conditions are favorable for generally fair and continued hot weather in this vicinity to-night and Tuesday. The maximum temperature this afternoon will probably equal or exceed the July record of 99 degrees for this station, and the maximum Tuesday will be about 99 degrees. The wind will be light, variable, mostly west and southwest."

WESTERN NEW YORK IN THE HEAT BELT.
ROCHESTER, July 3.—Heat records in Western New York bid fair to be broken before night. The thermometer was 98 at noon and is climbing. At Penn Yan thermometers registered more than 100. At Hornell William H. Preston was overcome by heat, fell and broke his neck, dying instantly.

102 IN BOSTON; ALL RECORDS GO.
BOSTON, July 3.—All the heat records in the forty years' history of the Boston Weather Bureau were broken this afternoon. At 2:45 o'clock the mercury in the official thermometer had climbed up to the 102 degree mark.

BALTIMORE HAS 95 TEMPERATURE.
BALTIMORE, July 3.—Baltimore sweltered today under one of the highest temperatures on record at the local weather bureau. At 8 A. M. the temperature was 87 degrees, or six degrees hotter than at the same hour yesterday, and by noon it had reached the 95 mark, one degree hotter than at noon Sunday.

HEAT RECORD 110 IN CONNECTICUT TOWNS.
NEW HAVEN, Conn., July 3.—With the mercury hovering in the upper nineties Connecticut to-day is experiencing one of the most intense hot waves of a dozen years. Several prostrations have been reported and in some instances factories have been compelled to shut down. While the thermometer on high buildings shows the local station at the Weather Bureau is recording 99 degrees at 1 o'clock, nearer the street it was much closer to 100, and in other places it was above 100, notably in An-

FORT ERIE RESULTS.
RACE TRACK, FORT ERIE, Ont., July 3.—FIRST RACE—Maiden fillies: two-year-olds; purse \$400; five furlongs.—Wild Weed, 113 (Dukan), 4 to 1, 7 to 8 and 1 to 10, won by head; Wood Dove, 104 (Hall), 2 to 1, 4 to 1 and 4 to 1 a second; Red and Gun, 113 (Byrne), 3 to 1, even and 2 to 3 third. Time—1:01 1/2.
FRILL, Rains, Maroon, Monkey, Bina, Dipper, Lotus, Lotus also ran and finished as named.
SECOND RACE—Three-year-olds and up; \$500; seven furlongs.—Donham, 120 (Foden), 4 to 9 and out; won by two lengths; Caper, 116 (Goldstein), 4 to 1 and out; second; Tartar Girl, 100 (Warrington), 5 to 1, 5 to 1 and out, third. Time, 1:27 1/4. Only three starters.

Fun in Swing Made in Death. Fred Malvern twenty-one, of No. 22 Twenty-fourth street, Guttenberg, N. J., went to a picnic yesterday at Hooker's Park. While enjoying himself in a swing he fell faint and called to his friends. They stopped the swing and carried him to a table where he died. Heart failure caused death.

Black Swamp, and as both West and Kules agreed the murderers had fled west, the police were forced to conclude that the hounds were following the tracks the men made as they approached the house instead of when they left it.

Lieut. Graham came from Brooklyn Headquarters and prepared from the fragmentary stories of Mrs. Wigdel and West, incomplete and more or less vague descriptions of the two assassins. Graham also took possession of the whiskey glasses upon the parlor table. One of them, the whole one, bore upon its upper side the greasy imprint of a thumb. This glass was sent to Headquarters to be photographed and examined by Lieut. Huescher of the Identification Bureau.

Wigdel did a thriving business late at night with truck farmers passing through from Jamaica to the Manhattan and Brooklyn markets. But the police felt sure it was not a group of reckless farm hands that did this murder. They decided that it must be the work of an organized band of city rascals.

In some of its aspects it much resembled the killing of John Whiteford, another elderly saloon-keeper, with the same fondness for diamonds and big pocket rolls. This was shot to death in his bar at Grand avenue and Willoughby street on May 18. One of the murderers left a bloody hand print on a doorjamb, but the band was never caught.

SEVEN AEROPLANES BUNCH IN THE FLIGHT.
The morning was perfect, hardly a breath of wind ruffling the surface of the Channel as the pick of Europe's expert aviators headed from Calais for this shore. The air was as still when they landed on the downs here as when they left the Continent. A great crowd had surrounded the landing place in anticipation of the arrival of the birdmen. They had but a short wait before Vedrines, consistently the leader in the previous races of the race, drove his monoplane into view out of a bank of fleecy clouds that hung low over the Channel. He made a circuit of the aerodrome and landed gracefully. The flight from Calais had been accomplished in about half an hour.

The other contestants followed in quick succession. Seven monoplane

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Here's a Sad State of Affairs
THIS woman has taken a boat—or, rather, the boat is taking her. Where? She hasn't the slightest idea. And that's the trouble. She has started on a vacation in search of needed rest and a good time, but doesn't know WHERE to spend her outing. If she only had yesterday's Sunday World she would find therein 1,620 "Summer Resort" hotels and boarding houses described—1,813 more than if she had a copy of yesterday's Sunday Herald.
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Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Purely vegetable and acts surely and gently on the liver and bowels. Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and indigestion. They do their duty.
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SOUTHWEST WILTS; 104 MARKED UP.
ST. LOUIS, July 3.—The heat wave continued over Eastern Missouri and Southern Illinois to-day. Here last night the Government thermometer did not fall below 79 and at 7 o'clock this morning registered 82. At 10:30 o'clock the temperature was 94 and rising. Police reports show that two men died last night from the heat.

St. Joseph, Mo., reported two deaths from heat last night following the season's hottest day of 104 degrees. At 7 o'clock this morning the temperature was from 3 to 19 degrees higher than normal for that hour throughout the Southwest. The mercury stood at 84 in this city, at 80 in St. Joseph, 72 at Omaha and 80 at Wichita, Kan. Springfield, Mo., Oklahoma City, Okla., Little Rock, Ark., and Fort Worth, Tex. There were no indications of rain, the forecast said, and the probability was that to-day's temperature would crowd closely the highest of yesterday, which was 104.

SIX DEATHS FROM HEAT REPORTED IN NEWARK.
NEWARK, N. J., July 3.—The torrid wave was held accountable for six deaths here up to noon to-day. The mortality was greatest among infants, all but one of the victims having been under one year old.

As she stood, for a second, stunned and irresolute, down below somewhere she heard what sounded like a struggle and the scurrying of hurried feet. "Papa, papa," she cried out as she ran down the stairs. "What is the matter? Who is shooting?"

This stairway, down which the wife sped, ends in a center hall that divides the first floor of the hotel building in half. To the left is the saloon and the kitchen, to the right a sitting room and behind it a billiard room.

As the startled woman reached the foot of the steps she could see through the open door the figures of two men at the cash register behind the bar. A single low turned gaslight showed her their backs working with desperate haste at the mechanism. A third man, short and stocky and of dark complexion, was facing the hall with a revolver up.

ROBBERS BRUISED HER FACE WITH REVOLVER.
At sight of her he sprang forward, showing the muzzle of the pistol at her with such violence that it struck her face and bruised her flesh. "Get back where you came from," he ordered, "or you'll get yours!"

She obeyed him. As she fled back to her room she screamed for West. But West, it would appear, is a sound sleeper for he did not rouse himself until she had re-entered her bedroom and snatched up a revolver from a table in his right clothes he rushed her at the head of the upper hall landing. She showed the pistol in his hand. "Robbers!" she cried. "Go quick. Something terrible has happened!"

West sprang down the stairs. Mrs. Wigdel following him courageously. The barroom was empty now. The three men had sped across the hall and were just darting out of the side door of the parlor upon the wide veranda which skirts the front and two flanks of the skyscraper. As though inspired with sheer bravado they lingered now upon the porch and one of them cursed at West as the latter came in sight.

LOGGERS EXCHANGED BULLETS WITH ROBBERS.
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BUYING ICE
for the moment at least West and the women faced about and began a search for Wigdel. They found him lying upon the parlor floor, face upward, behind the center table where he had fallen. He had literally been shot to pieces. Two bullets had pierced his forehead close together, breaking both bones. Another had entered the cheek just under the right eye; another the left breast an inch or two above the heart, and two more the abdomen—seven in all. There was an eighth wound, too—a gash in the stomach where one of the assassins at close quarters had struck a long knife into him.

ALL OF HIS GEMS AND MONEY TAKEN FROM BODY.
His corpse was stripped of the gewgaws which he loved—a big diamond pin, a diamond solitaire ring, a seal ring of black jet set with diamonds, an Elk's pin, jeweled, a Masonic emblem and a heavy gold watch fob. The watch had been left behind for a bullet passing through the fob pocket had struck it in the face and smashed it into scrap metal. His roll of bills—amounting to more than \$200—was gone. The cash drawer had been hurriedly cleaned of its contents, amounting probably to \$50 or more.

On the table stood three whiskey glasses, two smashed and empty, one intact with its contents untouched. Plainly three strangers had entered just as the old roadhouse keeper was about looking up. They had called for liquor, and as he had brought it to them all three had raised their pistols and together had poured the lead into him.

Taken by surprise and fatally stricken, as he must have been in the very first instant of firing, the old man, as signs showed, made some show at a feeble struggle. Then a bullet split the great artery leading to the heart and, probably in the same second, a blade was plunged into the lower part of his body and he went over backwards upon the gaudy carpet, dead by the time he hit the floor.

NEIGHBORS ROUSED BY SOUND OF SHOTS.
While West sought for signs of life in the victim and tried to control the distracted widow, the vicinity was rousing. Men came from nearby truck patches and farmhouses, half clad and bearing weapons, some of them. Guided by West's half-conscious directions they scattered to search the vicinity.

One of the first arrivals was the neighborhood physician, Dr. C. O. Stump, who said Wigdel had died almost instantly. Another was City Marshal John C. Cole, a close friend of the hotelkeeper. Cole ran back home, got his automobile out

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