

MYSTERIOUS JAP AT STEEL HEARING IS BEING WATCHED

Secret Service Agents on Trail of Strangely Imperturbable Asiatic.

MAY BE COMMERCIAL SPY

Attends All Sessions and Never Moves From Chair, Not Even When Togo Arrives.

United States Secret Service men and United States Steel Corporation detectives alike are worried over the mysterious Japanese who has edged his way into the very central seat of the Congressional investigation of the Steel Trust...

The Oriental stranger is of unusually dark skin. He has a narrow face with large features and an eye as inscrutable as a sculptured Buddha. Every day, half an hour before the hour set for the hearing...

The Yellow Stranger never leaves that seat once he has taken it. Until Chairman Stanley declares the committee adjourned or orders all outsiders out because of an executive session.

NOT AT ALL INTERESTED IN ADMIRAL TOGO'S ARRIVAL.

When Admiral Togo arrived at the City Hall yesterday to call on Mayor Daynor, and City Hall Park was thronged with a shouting, pushing mob, and police bullets were rooey-tooting all over the place, the steel Jap sat tight in the chair. A clerk of the committee was curious over his apparent indifference to the nearness of the great Japanese warrior.

"Did you know," asked the clerk, "that Admiral Togo is out there?" "Yes," said the little man shortly. "I know."

"You can see him from the window. Go look!" "No," said the mysterious one shortly. "If I leave this seat some one else will take the place. I must be where I can hear each word whenever it is spoken. I must see the look on the face. Some other time, when I am home I can see the Honorable Togo. I thank you very much."

So far as is known these are the only words, except murmured apologies, which the Yellow Stranger has uttered at the hearings.

MAKES NOTES WHEN ASKED IF HE WAS A NEWSPAPERMAN.

At first the members of the committee and the other spectators gathered at the hearings thought that the man was the valet of one of the millionaire witnesses, but the captains of industry name and went the Yellow Stranger stuck to his post. Somebody asked him if he was the reporter of a Japanese newspaper. He promptly took out a small and heavy book, apparently fearing that if he did not act like a newspaper reporter he would be thrown out of his hosen position.

After his third day some of the steel people became interested. There have been fairly well founded reports for several years that the ambitious nations of the Japanese do not stop with military projects. They have commercial spies without number. It seemed likely to the Steel Corporation's representatives at the hearing that the Yellow Stranger was a representative of the Mikado's commercial secret service.

Of course, there is nothing in the steel hearings which is not open to all the world. There is no fear that any secret of American success will be revealed by Lewis Cass Ledyard, Charles M. Schwab, John A. Topping, Leonard C. Hanna or the other captains of industry which will give the Asiatics any unfair insight over our success.

The interest of the Steel Corporation and also of the United States Government is to find out just what system of espionage the Yellow Stranger represents, and how far that system extends.

SECRET SERVICE AGENTS TRAIL MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

To that end a United States Secret Service investigation was begun yesterday. Up to the hour of adjournment the Yellow Stranger had not divulged his name. Closely as he follows the testimony at the hearing he uttered a sudden dash of his understanding of English when questions were put to him.

And when the session finally adjourned last night, two different groups of trailers slipped away in his shadow, and at the opening of the hearing today they slipped into the City Hall after him. If they had solved the mystery of his mission the steelists had nothing. But the Yellow Stranger seemed unobtrusively of his interest he had aroused. He picked out a chair, dragged it over beside the witness chair and composed himself into a yellow porcelain image to wait until the daily duel of wit should begin.

READERS OF THE WORLD Going out of town for the summer? Buy the World... Working World, 12c per week... Evening World, 6c per week... Sunday World, 5c per Sunday... Send your subscription to the NEW YORK WORLD

Bobbie and Bessie in Search of Fairyland



1. You remember, Bobbie and Bessie were whirling away over the ocean floor in a sea horse chariot in quest of Fairyland. As they sped on, they saw above them the bottom rungs of a rope ladder. "I wonder where the top of the ladder is!" said Bessie. "Maybe in Fairyland," answered Bobbie. "Let's find out," answered Bobbie. "It's find out," they caught hold of the ladder and began to climb. At the top they found themselves in a very wonder-

ful boat. 2. And the captain of the Wonder Ship was the Prince of the Sea Bubbles. "Where on earth do you come from?" he asked Bessie, as the two children flopped down on the deck in front of him. "From the bottom of the sea," answered Bobbie. (For sometimes boys speak first, even if it isn't very good manners.) "and we are looking for Fairyland," said Bobbie. "I'm afraid

not," replied the Sea Baby. "I'm bound for the North Pole to call on King Boreas. Perhaps he can tell you how to get to Fairyland." 3. And after while it grew colder and the little ship had to dodge in and out among icebergs, like a stray dog dodging automobiles. At last it halted at a frozen shore near a huge, glittering ice palace. "Here we are," said the Sea Baby, as they landed. "There is King Boreas's palace, where he keeps all the winds that blow. He'll be glad to see you, I'm sure." "I wish we'd brought along our mittens and earmuffs," chattered Bessie. "I'm awfully cold. Perhaps it's warmer inside the palace," said Bobbie. "Come on."

JAPANESE CAUGHT FOR MURDER AFTER FOUR-YEAR CHASE

Followed Over Country From Colorado He Is Arrested at Rockaway Beach.

After a pursuit which lasted over four years and extended from the beet-sugar camps of Colorado, across the Rocky Mountains, to Seattle, Wash., down to New Mexico, and thence across the continent to a little curio shop in Rockaway Beach, Harry Yoshimoto, who also answers to the name of Muraca, was held today without bail to await examination on a charge of murder. Calm and undisturbed by the seriousness of the accusation, the prisoner sneered at Giko Yuniyuki, descendant of the Samurai, who had followed him as relentlessly as a bloodhound, when the amateur sleuth confronted him before Magistrate Kemper in the Far Rockaway Police Court today.

In the courtroom was a swarm of Japanese, all members of the Kagoshi Ken Jen, or Young Japanese Society, whose members are all Japanese college men, and to which the prisoner, the murdered man and the amateur sleuth belonged. "Bismillah," they shouted when the American detective brought in a dress suit case on which were painted initials which proved that Yoshimoto was also Muraca, the name under which he was sought and which he had denied was his.

The story of the amateur detective's country-wide search reads like a romance of old Japan, and begins when Yoshimoto, Yuniyuki and K. Ibusuki were well-born students in the Tokio University and determined to come to this country to make some practical tests of a beet sugar process which they had worked out in the laboratory. They joined the beet sugar camp at Cleveland, and there on the night of July 19, 1906, Ibusuki was shot. When the other students rushed into the tent, so Yuniyuki told Magistrate Kemper today, they found Yoshimoto standing over Ibusuki. As they entered Yoshimoto caught up the dying man's wallet and fled.

The police failed to find the missing man, and when they gave up the chase members of the murdered man's secret society, the Young Japanese, decided to act. Word was sent to the lodge in Denver and a tax was imposed upon each of the 1,500 members for a fund to be used in tracking the murderer. Yuniyuki set out on the hunt with a fund of several thousands dollars.

He got word of his man in New Mexico and he hastened there, only to find that Yoshimoto had heard of his coming and had fled. He picked up the trail and followed it to St. Louis, to Chicago, to Pittsburgh, to Buffalo, but always the man he was looking for had left.

In Buffalo Yuniyuki heard that Yoshimoto had gone to New York and he followed him here. For more than a week he went to the various haunts of the Japanese and watched every curio shop and restaurant run by them. Then he began a canvass of the shuffle-board games, the tea rooms, the curio shops in nearby resorts.

Last night he was at Rockaway Beach, and there, at the corner of Ocean and Beaslie avenues, his long search ended. Detectives Ruddy, Walsh and Murray of the Rockaway Beach station, arrested Yoshimoto after Yuniyuki had told his story. The amateur sleuth showed Magistrate Kemper a letter from Sheriff S. J. McCaffrey of Weld County, Col., accusing Yoshimoto of being Ibusuki's murderer, and on this he was held.

WOMEN'S HATS TO BE VERY BIG OR VERY SMALL

Returned Paris Shoppers on French Liner Says Extremes Will Be Rule.

Next winter's millinery will run to big and little extremes, according to Mrs. G. F. Campbell-Wood, wife of the Secretary of the Aero Club of America, who returned from a shopping expedition in Paris aboard the French liner La Provence today.

Mrs. Campbell-Wood, who was one of the many first cabin passengers who refused to disembark when the steamship arrived at her pier at 12.30 o'clock this morning, wore one of the big extremes which she said would set the pace for fashion this winter.

"It does not seem that there will be any happy medium," said Mrs. Campbell-Wood. "Those who can wear tiny bonnets will do so, but there are many whose peculiar style of beauty will not show to advantage in such millinery. Their only alternative then will be to wear hats of the other extreme."

Mrs. Robert Bacon, wife of the American Ambassador to France, and her son Robert were passengers on the La Provence. They will remain here only a few weeks before returning to Paris.

Prince Ludowick Pignatelli d'Aragon, son of the one time ruler of Aragon before the great provinces of Castile and Aragon were united into the Spanish kingdom, also arrived on the La Provence.

He is young, good looking and rich, but alas, is fair millionaires who would wear robes of royal purple and coronets of undimmed lustre, he will not wed, and has sworn eternal vows of celibacy.

"I have loved once," said the Prince of Aragon with boyish frankness, "and I will never love again. I am done with romances. My one and only love was an American girl, Miss Helen Hilton, of this city, and I still hold her memory sacred as the loveliest of all the fair. We met in Paris and we became engaged. This was only a year ago. I am not revealing secrets, for it was all in the Continental papers. The engagement was broken because of irreconcilable religious differences. But it was my last romance. I can never love again."

"I have met and expect to meet here many charming American girls, but there will be no romance. I have no need for fortune hunting and would not stoop to such a thing. My life henceforth will be spent in travelling and hunting."

This love-proof noble Spaniard is thirty-five years old. He is slender and of medium height, well knit and muscular, and he is renowned abroad as a mighty hunter. While in America he expects to hunt some big game in the Canadian wilds before returning to Spain. An emissary from Youngs & Gossett met him at the pier and will escort him to the hotel villa at Newport. He will also be a guest of Mrs. Belle L. W. Willard aboard her husband's yacht.

Prince Who Will Never Wed; Shopper Who Brings News of Hats



PRINCE LUDOWICK PIGNATELLI D'ARAGON, SECRETARY OF THE AERO CLUB OF AMERICA, AND MRS. G. F. CAMPBELL-WOOD.

open and \$20 worth of postage stamps and small change were taken. Entrance was effected by sawing a three-quarter-inch iron bar on a back window.

FRENCH AVIATOR SOARS 11,330 FEET FOR RECORD. Capt. Felix Officially Credited With Highest Mark, Although Hoxey Went Higher.

ETAMPES, France, Aug. 5.—Capt. Felix, director of the Military Aviation School, ascended 11,330 feet today, thus breaking the record for height attained by aeroplanes. The ascent was made in sixty-three minutes and the aviator panned down in twelve and one-half minutes.

CROKER'S SECRETARY BURIED John B. McGoldrick Once a Well-Known Politician in New York.

The funeral of John B. McGoldrick, once secretary of Tammany Hall and at the same time the private secretary of Richard Croker, was held from St. Bernard's Church, on West Fourteenth street, at 10 o'clock today. Had "Johnny" McGoldrick died twelve years ago there is hardly a church in New York that would have been large enough to have held the people who would have crowded in to pay their last respects to his memory. At that time he was as well known as any politician of the present day, and was everybody's friend.

Do You Know Who This Is? Do you know who this is? It is a man who has entertained and amused you more than half the shows you ever went to. It is O. HENRY. America's greatest short story writer.

Every summer for the past few years, the Evening World has published a series of O. HENRY'S short stories. They were the sort that interested everyone; brilliant, amusing, dramatic, HUMAN. O. HENRY received from \$500 to \$1,000 a piece for them. The Evening World will print a series of the last and best of O. HENRY'S short stories, beginning Monday. Be on the lookout for them.

WALL STREET.

The entire price list was driven down to new low records this morning on a continuation of the furious liquidation that has been in progress all this week. Additional losses of from 1 to 3 points were sustained in all standard securities. To-day's losses come on the heels of average declines of 4 points that stocks have suffered this week. Very little support was visible, as Reading, Union and Northern Pacific, Steel and Copper went scurrying down. Steel was made the target for the front of the bear attack. Rumors of forthcoming starting developments to be brought out in the steel investigation caused considerable stock to be pressed for sale. Heavy sales of Steel drove the stock below 74, a price not reached since spring. The downward rush was checked toward the end of the first hour, but only a feeble recovery was established.

The Closing Prices. Today's highest, lowest and last prices of stocks and of gold and silver compared with previous final figures, are as follows: Net.

JAMES MCGREERY & CO.

23rd Street 34th Street Commencing Monday, August the 7th Showing of Silks, Velvets, Dress Goods, Trimmings and Laces,—new Autumn weaves and colors.

SILK DEPARTMENTS. In Both Stores.

"McCreery Silks" Famous over half a Century On Monday and Tuesday, August the 7th and 8th.

10,000 yards of Black Dress Satin. 35 inches wide. 75c per yard value 1.00

WHOLESALE DEPT. Fifth Floor, Twenty-third Street Visiting Merchants and Buyers are invited to inspect our Fall Collection.

23rd Street 34th Street

FEAR FOUL PLAY IN DISAPPEARANCE OF YOUNG BRAINE

Admiral's Grandson Vanishes Between Glen Ridge Home and This City.

FAMILY OFFERS REWARD.

Took Only Small Sum, Although He Had Thousands in Bank.

With only a few dollars in his pocket—though he might have drawn \$2,000 had he wished—David L. Braine of Glen Ridge, N. J., left his home on the morning of July 28 and has not been seen since by friends. The Braines are well to do and a liberal reward is advertised to-day for information as to David's whereabouts.

William H. McDonald, a private detective at No. 22 West Forty-second street, who is in charge of the search, says everything indicates Braine met foul play. He was single, twenty-five years old and had a good bank account. As he left home his straw hat was tilted on the back of his head and he was smoking a prized pipe. His relatives say he had no reason to leave home.

The missing man's father is Elgin Braine, secretary of an automobile company at No. 453 Fifth avenue. David's grandmother is the widow of Rear-Admiral Braine, U. S. N. A general alarm was sent out by the police last night.

David Braine is twenty-five years old, stands just over one inch and weighs 175 pounds. When last seen he wore a blue serge suit, a signet ring inscribed with the initials "D. L. B." and a straw hat, in the inner band of which were the initials "D. B." His beard was trimmed in the Vandeyke style.

He is a graduate of Harvard and was engaged in the insurance business. When he left his home he had an appointment with the manager of a radio company at No. 52 Broadway, but did not keep the appointment. "There is something most mysterious in this case," said McDonald. "Mr. Braine did not have a care in the world so far as any of his friends know. He just left Glen Ridge and disappeared. That is all that is known yet."

Aston Kill in Jersey. Figures compiled by Col. Edward A. Cornell of East Orange, N. J., Secretary of the National Highway Protective Association, show that eleven persons were killed and seventy-eight injured during July in New Jersey by automobiles.

TICKER TALKS 3-2-2-Z-XXX/1 Don't miss one of these!!!! Words & Music of BEST song in "The Hen Pecks"---;:;:; Xtra -((((Another Peter Ruff Detective Story - \$4.95 "The Adventure of the Queen of Counterfeiters" (((& SPCL.--- Terrible Toll of Aerial Death - (Pictures)!!!! RUSH!!! The Gayest Bandit Since Robin Hood!!!! How Science Found The Human Aura ETC.- SEE SUNDAY WORLD TO-MORROW.