

PAID THREE INSPECTORS, GAMBLER SWEARS

FRIEDMANN TELLS HOW HE FOUND "CURE"

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FINAL EDITION.

“Circulation Books Open to All.”

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PRICE ONE CENT.

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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1913.

20 PAGES

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HORDE OF OFFICE SEEKERS CLAMORING FOR JOBS FIND NEW ADMINISTRATION COLD

Hungrier Than Any Fighting Line of Applicants Since McKinley Days, but Republicans Are Not Being Thrown Out.

BY MARTIN GREEN.

(Special Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.) WASHINGTON, March 12.—To get the proper atmosphere or frame of mind for consideration of what is to follow it is necessary for one to imagine one's self a patriot. A patriot is one who has worked for the success of the Democratic party for sixteen long, lean years and has now entered upon the period when the Democracy is supposed to be fat and patriots are supposed to regale themselves upon the fat thereof.

Having got into the proper atmosphere of mind, we proceed to the fat and find a fence around it. Get away from the fat and we approach the offices and find them bulwarked by something that we, as patriots, cannot understand. Said bulwark looks to us like a long line of lowering foreheads. Wandering farther away from metaphor, we encounter a Democratic administration a week old with about all the important offices still unfilled. Such a condition is almost enough to prompt a patriot to turn from politics and become a dishonest.

Jobs are coming out of the Wilson administration with the hurry and clamor of a subway local at 2 o'clock in the morning. This is anything but a proper state of affairs for a patriot.

Said he today: "If the President is slow about getting action on the introduction of the Government as he is in getting action on his cabinet, the Christian will and the bulk of the offices still in the hands of the Republicans. The only places that have been filled are those which dragged the opponents into the payroll like a suction pump."

As George Cleveland said, the patriots are confounded by a condition, not a policy. The jobs are there. The Republicans are holding them. The patriots are yearning their heads off, and looking as though they had many years more to live before the situation could be straightened out to the satisfaction of a patriot.

However, much patriotism may be shown upon the proposition that when a man holds a public office he ought to hold it as long as he fills the obligations attached to the job, the patriot remains that patriot inasmuch as he is a business man and that the victors are more or less justified in considering that they ought to accumulate some of the spoils before the spoilsman of a patriot.

William Jennings Bryan is in the Department of State, and various others are retained because the machinery of Government has been so designated that settlements such as they occupy must proceed automatically with a change of administration. But the army of patriots is on the march.

Speaking of engineers, office seekers are beginning to talk about Woodrow Wilson as the Casey Jones of the new line called Democracy and Success. William Jennings Bryan is referred to as the fireman who hasn't as yet succeeded in getting out of the roundhouse as composed these lines:

"When Casey Jones climbed in the cab a great big red flag he did grab. 'Oh, said the fireman, why is that?' 'Said Casey, 'I'm flagging off a Democracy.'"

So the facts stand thusly: The Democracy (continued on Fourth Page.)

Big Army Cut Down!

The great army of unemployed in New York City was cut down materially.

16,231

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FRIEDMANN GIVES EXPLANATION OF HIS SERUM "CURE"

Before Notables at Ottawa He Tells How He Came to Use Turtle Bacilli.

TRIED IT ON HIMSELF.

First Statement He Has Made Since Crossing the Atlantic—Duke of Connaught Present.

OTTAWA, Ontario, March 12.—Dr. Friedrich F. Friedmann of Berlin discussed today before the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis his treatment for tuberculosis, the manner of its discovery and the precautions he took to insure its harmlessness. He said he had spent twenty-three years in research work to find a tubercle that was not toxic and virulent, and, having found it, tried it first of all on himself.

He discarded human tubercle bacilli, he said, after many experiments, because he feared the results were too dangerous. The end of his research came, he asserted, when he found a bacillus which originated in a cold-blooded animal—the turtle—which bacillus became a virulent and a toxic after frequent transplantation.

TRIED THE SERUM ON HEALTHY CHILDREN.

"When that condition was reached," he said, "I injected it into myself, then into patients infected with tuberculosis, then into healthy children in tubercular surroundings. I have found the remedy invariably harmless."

Dr. Friedmann stated that this was the first explanation he had made of his "cure" since he left Germany. The Duke of Connaught was foremost among many notables who heard the serum discoverer's talk.

Dr. Friedmann was the guest of honor at today's session here of the Canadian Anti-Tuberculosis Association now in session. The visiting physician was met at the depot by a reception committee and taken to his hotel. Subsequently he was presented to the Duke of Connaught, who is honorary president of the association.

Following luncheon with the members of the organization, Dr. Friedmann was taken to the Water Street Hospital, where a representative number of patients had been prepared for treatment. Only members of the Association and invited medical guests were admitted to the clinic. Among those present, however, were most of the doctors who witnessed yesterday's demonstration in the Royal Edward Institute in Montreal.

TREATS A DOZEN PATIENTS IN OTTAWA.

Thirty-seven patients awaited the arrival of Dr. Friedmann at the Water Street Hospital this afternoon, but he declined to treat the most advanced cases. Taking the more incipient ones, he administered his vaccine to about a dozen.

It was stated that Dr. Friedmann will come back here again in the near future. He will go to New York on Friday.

UPPER SANDUSKY, O., March 12.

Five drops of the Friedmann culture of turtle bacilli, claimed by its discoverer to be a cure for tuberculosis, were injected into the thigh of Mrs. William Orth, a tubercular sufferer. Today Mrs. Orth declared she felt as though she was free from her disease. While attending physicians say this is the natural psychological result of the treatment, they do not expect real physical results for a week.

The culture used on Mrs. Orth is part of that obtained from Prof. Plekowsky of Berlin. Mrs. Orth has suffered from tuberculosis for about four months. Her disease is in that stage said by Dr. Friedmann to be most easily cured by his treatment.

Level P. Morton Holds Strength.

The following bulletin was given out at the home of Level P. Morton at 11 A. M. today:

"Gov. Morton's condition has remained unchanged for several days past. He is taking nourishment well and he has maintained his strength. No new symptoms have appeared." The bulletin was signed by Drs. Riggs and Lindsay.

POISON MYSTERY IN THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL EATON

Massachusetts Authorities Hear of Suspicious Circumstances, Start Secret Inquiry.

STATEMENT BY WIDOW.

Died From Natural Causes, She Says, and Calls Investigation "Outrageous."

BOSTON, March 12.—Society and naval circles were astounded today when an investigation was begun into the death of Rear-Admiral Joseph G. Eaton of Norfolk, Mass. Admiral Eaton was reported to have died from inflammation of the stomach, but District-Attorney Barker of Bristol County believes he was poisoned. The stomach of the Admiral has been sent to Harvard College for examination and an analysis is due today.

Mystery surrounds the entire proceedings, no official connected with the investigation being willing to hazard a definite statement regarding the old sea fighter's death. Even while funeral services were being held the examination was under way, officials attending and noting the circumstances.

The medical report submitted at the time of Rear-Admiral Eaton's sudden death—he had been sick only a day—declared inflammation of the stomach was the cause of death. There have been recent troubles in the Admiral's family and a peculiar state of affairs surrounded him for the last year.

Mrs. Eaton, the widow, who is Jennie Harrison of Alexandria, Va., was questioned by the authorities, and also Miss Dorothy Ainsworth, a stepdaughter, but they could throw no light on the mystery.

NO MYSTERY IN DEATH, DECLARES THE WIDOW.

Mrs. Eaton denied today that there was any mystery in her husband's death, which she declared was due to natural causes.

When told about the investigation by the State police she said:

"For two years I have been afraid that if anything happened to Joe they would blame me for it, and now they probably will. The Admiral has been in poor health for two years. The idea of their insinuating anything is wrong. There is absolutely nothing out of this. It is an outrage."

The widow and her mother, Mrs. George Harrison, both discussed the case freely. Mrs. Harrison explained that the Admiral had been subject to frequent attacks of indigestion. On Wednesday before his death, she said, he ate rather heartily of roast pork, and later suffered some distress. Friday a physician who had been called to attend him found the Admiral indisposed and prescribed also for him.

That night, she continued, Admiral Eaton experienced a chill, but was relieved, and before he fell asleep chattered for several minutes with his wife. Early following morning Mrs. Eaton awoke to find her husband dead beside her in the bed.

Mrs. Eaton ceased a sensation in 1899 when she charged that a baby the couple had adopted had been poisoned. Charges and counter-charges made at the time caused an estrangement between the Admiral and his wife, who is twenty-four years younger than he. At the time the baby's stomach was examined in Harvard and a report made that no poison had been found. Then there came a reconciliation, which lasted to the time of the Admiral's death.

WAKEFIELD REPLACES INSPECTOR.

Old Detective Replaces Murtha and Goes to Bronx District.

The vacancy made by the demotion of Inspector Murtha, following former Police Commissioner Wren's revelations, was filled this afternoon by Commissioner Walsh. Capt. George R. Wakefield of the West Seventeenth street station was raised to an inspectorship and put in charge of the Seventh Precinct, which covers the land of freedom and independence.

Then came the shuffling bridegroom, accompanied by his best man. They drove up in a taxi and an oath as they disappeared within the house. The parol villagers rushed the machine and decorated it with white satin ribbons and pleated announcing to every one that Parson Peck had gone forever from the land of freedom and independence.

Then, with a snap at the window, the villagers prepared a nuptial symphony. A serenade that would greet the newlyweds as they left the house. Ash dirt were used as harps, devil-may-care youths blowing at the strings of spin and posting at roadside bonnets. Tin pans were banged up softly with hammers.

Parson and Athletic Bride Dodge a Charivari by Hurdle Race Through Dark Cellar



MRS. AND MR. PECK

While Friends Batter Pans and Blare on Horns, Awaiting Their Appearance, Bridal Pair Make Underground Escape to Waiting Auto.

There are certain qualifications about a bride who holds the records for the running high and broad jump that might appeal to the average domestic on the verge of matrimony, as the Rev. Jesse Lee Peck, Methodist pastor at New Providence, N. J., may truthfully testify today.

Parson Peck, now twenty-eight years old, mild and gentle of disposition, slipped into Summit, N. J., last night to take Miss May Belle Brower to wife, thinking he might become a benefactor without any of the many friends of Miss Brower knowing it. Miss Brower is the champion high and broad jumper of Montclair Normal School. Before she got away with her husband on the honeymoon she needed all the athletic gifts and attainments that are hers.

The Brower family wanted the wedding to be a very quiet affair and Miss May Belle told no one about it save Miss Anna Elizabeth Peck, the bridegroom's sister, who is by the way, a dentist and pretty able in a muscular way herself. Parson Peck kept matters secret on his part, but in some way the news of the marriage leaked out. Miss May Belle, who is just twenty, a blonde and as pretty as an anemone in the first days of spring, is the most popular girl in Summit. She has friends by the hundreds, and when these friends heard she was to be married and that the marriage was to be in secret they gathered silently about the spacious Brower home last night and hid in the shrubbery and behind walls and outhouses.

COMPLETION OF CEREMONY IS SIGNAL FOR UPROAR.

The Rev. Jesse Harbart arrived at the home, snatched a chair and carrying the best book in his hand.

There was a rattle of excitement in the shrubbery.

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Notably in this case in the case of Mrs. Isabella Goodwin, who did such great work in the capture of the taxicab robbers, and whom he rewarded by making her a detective-sergeant.

(Continued on Second Page.)

"MONEY MAD" POLICE FORCED HIM TO CLOSE, SAYS "HANDBOOK KING"

Gambler Michaels Tells Grand Jury Protection Rate in Harlem Soared Enormously After Murder of Rosenthal.

"PAID GRAFT TO BIG MEN; WON'T GO TO JAIL FOR THEM"

Collections Made for Hussey, Thompson and Sweeney, Who All Visited Him, He Swears.

In Herman Michaels, white haired and debonaire, District-Attorney Whitman said today that he had brought before the Grand Jury the most important witness of any so far developed in the inquiry into police gambling graft.

Michaels, for years a professional gambler, keeper of handbooks and maintainer of poolrooms, before the Grand Jury put up to former inspectors Hussey, Thompson and Sweeney the collection of gambling graft from him ranging from \$50 to \$250 a month during all the past years not excluded by the statute of limitations.

The testimony given by Michaels since a new case against Sweeney, Mr. Whitman said, and strengthens the indictments that he expects will be found against Sweeney's two predecessors in the rich field of Harlem.

Michaels was brought before the District-Attorney by subpoena served upon him who had successfully dodged for several days. When he reached Mr. Whitman's office the gambler made a little declaration of faith.

"I do not want to testify against the police," he said. "I have come only because I knew you would get me eventually, and I will not volunteer anything. But if you ask me questions I will swear truthfully and lay myself out to no charge of perjury. These big men in the department got my money and I won't go to jail to protect any of them."

After saying this, Michaels went before the Grand Jury and was there two hours.

Michaels's story, as told to the District-Attorney, was that since 1908 he had paid protection money for his poolrooms at One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street and Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Forty-fifth street and Eighth avenue, and that he only went out of business because "the price of protection was running so high nobody could make a profit if he paid it."

In both of his places, Michaels said, he not only had the appliances of a poolroom business but he maintained cars, traps and Klondike games openly, and occasionally ran a roulette wheel. He admitted that he had conducted handbooks on the races in many saloons of the district and that he had practically made a monopoly of the handbook business along Eighth avenue, fourth street to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street through the assiduous distribution of protection money to the police.

DECLARES INSPECTORS VISITED HIS GAMES.

Hussey, Thompson and Sweeney, in turn, while each was inspector of the Sixth District, had been in his poolrooms when they were running full blast, as well as in the gambling game installed therein, and had not molested him so long as he regularly paid up his protection fund, Michaels declared.

When he started business as a handbook operator in 1908 he had to pay only \$10 a month, the "Handbook King" said. Once or twice when he "held out on the inspector" he was arrested, but he always squared himself before the case reached a conviction in court, and he took his arrests as the proper warning not to attempt to evade paying protection if he wished to continue business in the Sixth Inspection District.

In the years 1909-10 he paid \$200 a

MORGAN AND SHONTS CALL TO SEE M'ANENY ON SUBWAY DEALS.

Third-Tracking of "L" Lines Said to Have Been Discussed at Secret Conference.

Coinciding with a hurried meeting of the Board of Directors of the Manhattan Railway Company in the office of George Gould at No. 86 Broadway there was a mysterious and hurried meeting in the office of Borough President McAneny this afternoon, in which the participants were J. P. Morgan Jr., Theodore P. Shonks, President of the Interborough, Francis Lynde Stetson, Comptroller Prendergast and Leroy P. Harrison, the attorney who drew all the certificates and subway contracts.

BOARD EXPECTED TO DENY APPLICATION OF TEACHER FOR LEAVE TO BEAR CHILD.

SUNDAY WORLD WANTS WORK MONDAY WONDERS