

Mrs. McCall Glad Husband Is Nominated for Mayor, But She'll Stay at Home

"I hope he will win if he wants to win, but whether or not I am the wife of the Mayor I shall always be Ed McCall's wife."

"A woman can best help her husband whether or not he is in politics by making his home a happy, comfortable place where he can rest and recuperate."

"I never have been specially interested in the agitation of votes for women. I do think that a woman belongs in her home if she has one."

"I don't like social affairs that are just stiff and expensive, but I am fond of society when it means a gathering of loyal and congenial friends."

Wife of the Tammany Candidate for Mayor And Two Beautiful Young Daughters



MISS CONSTANCE MCCALL

MRS EDWARD E. MCCALL PHOTO BY MARCAU

MISS ELLEN MCCALL

Marguerite Mooers Marshall

(Special to The Evening World.) EASTHAMPTON, N. Y., Aug. 23.—"I am glad that my husband has the nomination if he is glad. I hope he will win if he wants to win. But whether or not I am the wife of the Mayor, I shall always be Ed McCall's wife."

That is what Mrs. Edward E. McCall told me when I saw her at her charming summer home in this town just after the publication of the news that Edward E. McCall, Chairman of the Public Service Commission, had accepted the Tammany nomination for Mayor of the City of New York. Mrs. McCall was as much surprised at the acceptance as any one in the State and her first knowledge came from the newspapers. Her husband has been in Manhattan all the week, and though she went up to meet him at the train last night, he did not arrive. So she has had no chance to discuss with him the momentous decision, and she is prepared to rejoice only if he rejoices.

Mrs. McCall is quite simply and unaffectedly a home woman. She is not a woman of fads and fancies, of "causes" and extravagances. She devotes her life happily and sincerely to the promotion of the happiness and well-being of her family. Her time is divided between her well-kept city house at No. 21 West Eighty-third street, New York, and her pleasantly comfortable summer cottage on the sea end of Easthampton.

The ocean is on both sides of it, and there is a line of crashing surf below the big veranda. Inside are deep, comfortable armchairs of wicker, gaily colored, well filled bookcases and welcoming open fire for the cool nights and mornings. Also there are Mrs. McCall and two charming young daughters, Miss Constance and Miss Ellen.

Mrs. McCall is inclined to be tall, with a beautifully rounded figure and firm, well shaped arms and throat. She has wavy dark hair rolled back around her face, sea blue eyes and a radiant smile. She is a beautiful and gracious woman, perfectly adapted to filling the role of first lady of Manhattan. Her daughters are charmingly unaffected young people, who wear their pretty dark hair simply coiled and waved, and whose girlish white frocks, sensibly short and with wide, low collars, are most pleasingly different from the costumes that adorn or, rather, do not adorn, the average New York girl.

SURPRISED AT THE NEWS OF THE NOMINATION.

"I really was so surprised to read that the nomination had gone to Mr. McCall and that he had accepted it," Mrs. McCall confided to me. "You see I know that he is so much interested in the law. It is always been law, law, nothing but law with him, and I know he wanted to go on and take higher positions on the bench. And he wanted this Mayor's nomination to go to Judge Dowling. The Judge is a friend of my husband, and I know he had no thought of supplanting him."

"Do tell me if you are going to help your husband in his campaign," I said. "Are you going to make speeches and that sort of thing, as Mrs. Martin W. Littleton did?" Mrs. McCall quite visibly shivered and her daughters and two nephews who are visiting smiled broadly. The wife, mother and aunt had obviously no reputation as a militant. "No, no," she exclaimed. "I have no idea of doing anything of that sort in public. I never have done such a thing and I don't want to begin now."

"But you will talk over campaign plans with your husband?" I asked. "I hardly ever talk over such things with my husband," she admitted. "You may think that I am bringing politics into my home. He likes to keep that as a shelter, a resting place. We have always been the happiest of companions, but he never tells me about the political questions which he has to decide. When he steps over our threshold I think he leaves all his cares and worries behind him."

"As seems to me that a woman can best help her husband, whether or not he is in politics, by making his home a happy, comfortable place where he can rest and recuperate after his struggle with the world. In his office he has to fight battles, and sometimes he loses and sometimes he is victorious. But if

when he comes home he has to go all over the victories and defeats again, isn't he made twice as weary as he was before?"

"I remember the wife of former Gov. Dix told me almost the same thing just before the election of her husband," I told Mrs. McCall.

"It is the truth," she returned. "It is not that a wife ought not to sympathize with her husband. Rather she should sympathize with him so much that she should spare him all unnecessary brooding and worry. And when he is with her she should do her best to make him forget completely and entirely all his problems and troubles. Then he will go back with fresh seal and energy to the work he has to do."

"I take it you're not a suffragette," I observed.

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RUSH INSPECTORS FOR TAXI LICENSES UNDER NEW LAW

Most of the Companies Eager to Do Business at Cheaper Rates.

The Mayor's Bureau of Licenses was overwhelmed to-day by applications from taxicab owners and chauffeurs for licenses and badges under the new law. There were 100 men in line when the chauffeurs' license office at No. 50 Worth street opened for business this morning and the line did not diminish in size all day. West Forty-ninth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, was jammed with taxicabs ready for inspection at the branch office at No. 244.

Except for the Yellow Taxicab Company and some concerns influenced by its example, the taxicabs of the city are now operating under the new ordinance as far as the facilities of the Mayor's Bureau of Licenses will allow. For the first time since the operation of taxicabs on the streets of New York was begun the citizens and visitors to the city are getting a reasonable tariff and clean, reliable service.

Four special inspectors passed 150 cabs of the Mason-Seaman Company, one of the largest in the city, to-day. The New Auto and Taxi Company, one of the concerns that joined in the application for the injunction that was dismissed by Justice Seabury, asked for licenses for forty cabs. Scores of men who own and drive their own machines and are not in the Independent Owners' Association are getting their cars repaired, painted and upholstered in readiness for examination.

MRS. SULZER BETTER; WILL SOON BE TAKEN TO A HEALTH RESORT

Place Selected Will Be Near Enough for Frequent Visits by Governor.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 23.—"I am very happy to be able to say that Mrs. Sulzer is greatly improved and that we expect she will be able to sit up and be moved about next week," was the answer given to-day by Gov. Sulzer to all inquirers.

It is understood that as soon as Mrs. Sulzer will be taken to a nearby health resort—one near enough for the Governor to visit evenings and return from time to time to be at his official desk next day. Mrs. Sulzer is opposed to leaving the Executive mansion, but her friends feel certain they will be able to show her the importance of building herself up so as to be in readiness for the impeachment trial.

Many of the State Commissions today forwarded to Acting Gov. Glynn copies of the minutes of their last regular meeting, thus indicating their purpose to recognize his claim to his official position. The signature to the Executive Chamber payroll for the remainder of the month is awaited with some interest by those who are watching the dual Governorship situation.

As Acting Comptroller Walsh will not recognize Gov. Sulzer, it is expected that unless the employers of the chamber do something to recognize the Acting Governor they will get no money for their services.

Minister Stovall Presents Papers. BERNE, Switzerland, Aug. 23.—Pleasant A. Stovall of Savannah, Ga., today presented his credentials as United States Minister to Switzerland to the President of the Swiss Confederation, Edouard Muller. Mr. Stovall succeeds Henry Sherman Boutwell of Illinois.

COPS LOSE BADGES, HUBBIES WORRY AS WALDO TOURS TOWN

Police Commissioner Finds Gambling House Order Well Observed by Detectives.

Police Commissioner Waldo was his own rounseman last night. As a result, two detectives are scheduled for the carpet at Headquarters, stripped of their shields, revolvers, nippers and other police property, these having been taken away from them in the rain early this morning. In addition to this, a number of explanations had to be made to indignant wives by hubbies who had gone out to sit up with sick friends, and who were brought home by policemen in the early hours of the morning.

Mr. Waldo wasn't doing ordinary rounseman's duty. He just happened along in a swift-running automobile at different points of the lower and upper tenorities, and dropped in on some of the suspected poker haunts in Brooklyn. When the Commissioner returned from his trip abroad he found that Acting Commissioner McKay had stationed uniformed men at the entrances of suspected gambling clubs, with instructions to warn away intending visitors. Mr. Waldo changed this and had detectives of Deputy Commissioner Newberger's staff substituted. In company with Mr. Newberger, the Commissioner made the rounds last night to learn for himself how the law was being complied with.

In the Gramercy Park section of the city three houses have been under suspicion of harboring poker clubs. At each of these two plainclothes men are stationed. The Commissioner's auto mobile swung up in front of No. 108 East Seventeenth street. This is a rooming house, but the police suspect that "Heany" Rosenthal has been running a poker club there. Detectives John T. H. Rafter and Leo Lowenthal of Newberger's "gambling squad" were stationed there to serve all visitors with summons. A number of John Doe summons had been issued to the police after Commissioner Waldo and District Attorney Whitman had a conference on the gambling situation.

MERRY LAUGHTER GREETED WALDO—COPS EXPLAIN.

When Waldo's auto halted in front of No. 108 East Seventeenth street the sounds of merry laughter greeted the ears of the inmates. The two detectives who were occupying chairs inside the vestibule at the head of the stoop, holding converse with inmates of the house. The plainclothes men hopped to "attention" when Deputy Newberger sprang from the auto, and Commissioner Waldo shouted to them and asked them what they were doing.

They had gone inside the door, in said, to protect themselves from the rain. Waldo ordered Newberger to strip the detectives of their shields and then to report to the East Twenty-second street police station and surrender their revolvers, nippers, books of rules and the rest of their police property.

The auto then rounded the corner, No. 119 East Eighteenth street. The plain clothes men were on the job there. They told the head of the Police Department that from ten to twelve men were inside in the rooms of what is known as the Manufacturers' Club. Waldo sent to the East Twenty-second street station for a dozen uniformed men. He left them with instructions to serve every man who came out from the house with a summons. He also directed that a policeman was to accompany each visitor to his home, to learn his identity, even if it were necessary to get his real name from his wife.

As the visitors left, some in jovial spirits, some depressed—lovers, maybe—they were accosted by the police. They were handed summonses and told that they would be accompanied to their homes, hotels or rooms for the purpose of perfect identification. Some of the men demurred, some thought it a good joke. Later the latter failed to see the joke.

SH! SH! KA-CHOO! DROWN BIG WHISTLE ON GIANT OLYMPIC

Former Postmaster-General Leads Chorus of Hay Fever Victims on Ship.

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HELD ON BURGLARY CHARGE, Homeless Hungarian Had Key and Jimmy When Captured.

Joseph Saly, twenty-four, a Hungarian and homeless, was held in Morrisania police court this morning for examination Monday on a charge of burglary brought by Joseph Scheller, agent, No. 762 Trinity avenue.

Saly was introduced to Mr. Scheller, the latter said, yesterday and asked to leave his tools in the latter's house until he got a job. That night, Mr. Scheller says, Saly appeared, opened the street door with a key and covered his host with a revolver. Mr. Scheller took a chance, sprang at the man, pinned him to the floor and disarmed him, while Mrs. Scheller telephoned for the police.

SHIPPING NEWS.

ENCLOSING STEAMSHIPS' DEPARTURE TODAY. Erie, Hull, Saginaw, St. Louis, Southampton, Calcutta, Liverpool, London, Rotterdam, San Francisco, Seattle, Tacoma, Vancouver, Victoria, Yokohama.

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TRIED IN VAIN TO PREVENT GIRL'S SUICIDE.

The Atlantic City police felt pretty sure the dead girl with the costly hair and long, curling hair was not "Miss Burns of Philadelphia." Their surmise was proved correct when Frank L. Talbot of No. 131 East Fifty-first street, Manhattan, a friend of Miss Bishop, was shown the little diamond-studded watch she had made a chivalrous attempt to save the girl from self-destruction. It was his telephone message that led to her apprehension at Port Jefferson. Talbot took the tiny jeweled watch in his hand last night, looked at it an instant and said, haughtily: "She's done it at last! The dead girl who was the wife of the late Mr. Bishop, who was shot here on the beach. Both suicides were at that time myriesters. Miss Rea was identified by her mother."

By common consent of the strikers union Robert J. Wynne, Postmaster-General in President McKinley's Administration, was elevated to the honor of First Municipal court yesterday afternoon, after having been granted a judgment of \$2 against Frank Piccarillo, a cloak manufacturer of No. 123 Broome street for wages due him, he saw his former employer beckoning to him and walked toward him. As he neared Piccarillo, the latter jumped upon him and dishing his fingers into one of Hellenberg's cheeks, buried his teeth in the other. When lawyers who had followed the two men into the street separated them, it was found that a piece of bone had been torn from the centre of Hellenberg's cheek.

Detectives De Voti and Mangin placed Piccarillo under arrest and to-day he was arraigned in the Tompa Police Court charged with felonious assault. He asked that his hearing might be adjourned in order to get a lawyer. Magistrate Barlow held him in \$100 bail.

Two men were seriously injured this afternoon when two automobiles collided in front of No. 87 Amsterdam avenue. Henry McCulloch, of No. 62 West One Hundredth street, is at the Roosevelt Hospital, suffering from internal injuries, and August Klein, of No. 154 West Fifty-fifth street, probably has a fractured skull.

Mr. McCulloch was driving down Amsterdam avenue when his car collided with that driven by Klein, turning it over. Both men were pinned beneath the car until policemen from the West Sixty-third street station got them out.

Bank Reserve \$28,173,180. The statement of the actual condition of Clearing House banks and trust companies for the week shows that they held \$27,173,150 reserve in excess of legal requirements. This is a decrease of \$2,235,050 from last week.

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GIRL OF MYSTERY ENDED LIFE LIKE FIANCE LAROQUE

Secrecy Thrown About Identity at House Given as New York Address.

ATLANTIC CITY TRAGEDY Foiled in Attempt to Drown She Took Gas in Room of Hotel.

Investigation to-day into the history of the mysterious Veronica Bishop, a strikingly handsome young woman, who committed suicide two weeks after her wealthy sweetheart, Louis Laroque, killed himself, failed to lift the veil covering her identity. Her body is still in Undertaker Crowley's establishment at Atlantic City, where it was taken after she was found dead from asphyxiation, and late this afternoon Crowley said he did not know what disposition was to be made of it. He had heard that her father was on his way to claim the body, but until late this afternoon no member of the family had appeared.

At the New York address from which Miss Bishop was driven on a previous trip, the object of which was self-destruction, nothing of the girl could be learned. It was admitted early in the week at this house, the Anglo-Danish Institute, a massage parlor, at No. 45 West Forty-ninth street, that the girl was identified with the establishment, but to-day all knowledge of her was denied, and the utmost pains taken to throw mystery about her identity.

THE GIRL WAS FOND OF MOTORCYCLE TRIPS. In the neighborhood it was learned that the young woman had been noticed through her fondness for motorcycling. Knowledge of her ceased, however, with the statement that many who knew her as Miss Bishop noticed her starting off on long motorcycle trips.

The girl, who is believed to have been a Virginian, achieved her ambition to die only after a vain effort to kill herself at the same spot and in the same manner in which Laroque drowned himself in Long Island Sound.

At the Hotel Islesworth in the New Jersey resort, where she was registered as "Miss Burns of Philadelphia," she cunningly contrived a rubber mask, into which led a small tube extending from a gas jet. She turned on the jet and placed the mask over her face, the result of which had stirred those who seized her at Port Jefferson, N. J., as she was about to spring into the water.

She was dead when found Thursday and her body was placed in the morgue beside that of Miss Edith A. Rea of Brooklyn, who had shot herself on the beach. Both suicides were at that time myriesters. Miss Rea was identified by her mother.

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DOCTOR DROWNED CATCHING BIG FISH; HAIR KILLED CHUM.

Polyclinic Hospital Surgeons Meet Tragic Deaths and Will Be Buried Together.

WERE IN SAME CLINIC.

Dr. Von Reimpst Fell Overboard and Pike Pulled Him to the Bottom.

MENTAL AND scientific interest alike were aroused among hospital surgeons to-day by the report of the strange death of Dr. Theodore S. Van Reimpst and Dr. Cleveland Ferris, both well known surgeons and investigators on the staff of the Polyclinic Hospital, and for eight years the closest of friends both in the laboratory and the world beyond hospital walls.

A fishing pike pulled Dr. Van Reimpst to his death under the waters of Upper Saranac Lake. So small a thing as the pulling of a hair from his nose set in motion a swift process of blood infection, which killed Dr. Ferris.

PULLING OF A HAIR COST LIFE OF DR. FERRIS. Of the two unusual deaths visited upon the boon companions of the Polyclinic staff that of Dr. Ferris interested the medical profession most. A week ago to-day Dr. Ferris told Dr. Jeffrey, of the hospital staff, that he was suffering from a slight disturbance of the inner cutaneous surface of the nose, which followed his pulling of a hair from one nostril. Last Monday Dr. Ferris called Dr. Jeffrey on the telephone and asked him if he would prepare a certain curative vaccine for him; he was suffering from a bad case of blood poisoning.

Dr. Jeffrey immediately set about preparing his culture, but the complete manufacture of the vaccine takes time, and it was not ready until Wednesday. Then Dr. Jeffrey called Dr. Ferris on the telephone to tell his friend the vaccine was ready, only to be notified that the victim of the blood disorder was dead.

The course of the malady had been swift and sure. It spread through the channels of the nose to the brain, and nothing known to medical science could save the physician.

LINE TANGLED AROUND THE DOCTOR'S LEGS. A description of the manner in which Dr. Van Reimpst was drowned did not reach New York until this morning. The physician, who was a noted authority on genito-urinary surgery, was with his family on a vacation at Saranac Lake.

He was an enthusiastic and skillful angler, and with his brother-in-law, W. J. Heyward of Bronxville, N. Y., in a small boat, enjoying that sport. Suddenly the doctor's line began to whip through the water. It was evident he had a big fellow on the hook.

In expert fashion the doctor played his catch, now drawing him in, now letting him have a little line, striving all the time to exhaust him. By degrees the fish was brought so close to the boat it could be seen. The big pike was furious and darted under the boat, snoring the line.

The doctor got him back again from under the boat and Mr. Heyward was about to spear him, as the pike was too big and strong for a net. Just then the swell from a passing steamer upset the small boat of the fishermen, both of whom were leaning over one side.

The scurrying pike wrapped the line around Dr. Van Reimpst's feet in darting back and forth, and then plunged to the bottom, dragging the doctor with him. Mr. Heyward was rescued by a guide named Baldwin, who was waiting on shore for the fishermen.

Dr. Van Reimpst's body was recovered some time afterward. His feet and the lower part of his legs were tightly entangled in the line. The pike, however, had broken loose.

The mere fact that Dr. Van Reimpst had been drowned was telegraphed to the Polyclinic Hospital. The staff was not yet recovered from the shock caused by the strange death of Dr. Ferris, which occurred at the latter's home, No. 20 Lexington avenue.

The two men had not only been warm friends, but had been associated in experimental work of a scientific nature. Both were highly esteemed by professional associates and it was said at the hospital that the world's loss would be felt keenly.

CIGAR ASHES START FIRE. Painter's Oil Soaked Clothes Blazed Up, Fatally Burning Him. Ashes from a cigar that Jacob Sweger, a painter, was smoking while at work at No. 146 Middleton street, Williamsburg, to-day fell into a bucket of paint. The oil in the paint flared up and ignited Sweger's oil soaked trousers.

His two fellow workmen endeavored to beat out the flames and called for help. Policeman Bogart heard their cries and ran to the apartment, which was on the second floor. The policeman seized a blanket from a bed and wrapped it around Sweger, but when Dr. Feiner arrived from the Williamsburg Hospital he said the painter had been fatally burned. His whole body was scorched. Sweger, at his own request, was taken to his home, No. 178 Middleton street.