ROFRANO WITNESS ASKS PROTECTION WHILE ON STAND

Sassi Couldn't Stand Glares of Gaimari Brothers as He Testified.

WIFE OFFERS AN ALIBI.

Says Rofrano Was Home at Time of the Murder—Mother Corroborates Her.

The smouldering hate which has kept uneasy all those concerned in the trial of Michael A. Rofrano, charged with hiring the murderer of Michael Gaimari, blazed up again this afternoon when Nicholas Sassi, a confessed under-the-bridge gambler and gunman, took the stand.

Sassi formerly lived in the home of Michael Gaimari. In the twisting currents of the life of the neighborhood Sassi became a bitter enemy of the Gaimari clan. He was put on the stand to prove the killing of Gaimari due to a gambler's blood feud and not at all to political animosities.

Down in the audience in the court room John ("Buster") Gaimari and Al Gaimari, brothers of the murdered man, glared at their former associate. He eyed them uneasily and with an apparent effort kept his eyes fixed on the ceiling.

The trouble began when Sassi, who once lived in the Gaimari household, told of the shooting affrays following quarrels of the employees in Michael Gaimari's gambling house back in 1911 at No. 39 Oliver Street.

Soon after Sassi took the stand he turned away from Mr. Littleton and began murmuring to Justice Weeks. An officer was called to the bench and after receiving orders from Justice Weeks, went back to a bench where Al Gaimari, pale, with lips working, was glaring at the witness. The officer tapped Gaimari on the shoulder, spoke to him and marched him out of court.

The witness continued to mutter and pointed toward a bench near the court room door.

"The stenographer," said Justice weeks, "will read what the witness has just said to the court."

"The witness says," announced the interpreter: "Your Honor, I am being threatened, even now, by John Gaimari right here in this court room."

"Is John Gaimari in court?" asked the Justice.

A slender youth, alternately pale and flushing, rose near the door.

"Are you John Gaimari?" asked the Court.

"I am!" the boy fairly yelled, and then clicked his jaw close tight.

"To avoid any trouble or question," the Court directed, "you will leave the room and remain out while this witness is on the stand."

The younger Gaimari walked out of the door. Almost immediately Al Gaimari walked in and occupied the seat from which his brother had been expelled. His father, sitting beside him, laid a coutioning hand on his arm.

TELLS OF THE FEUDS OF THE GAMBLERS.

Sassi, speaking in a rough, hoarse voice, told in a solemn matter-of-fact tone of the social and business activities of the district in 1912 and 1913 when the Gaimaris and Fennimore's clan quarreled. He told of the squabbles in which "Smitty," "Mike the Dog" and "The Protector Man" and other notables of the under-the-bridge social register were concerned. One sample item was:

"Smitty was to a flat foot dance I was giving with a $5 bill for a prize. Al Gaimari went in and wanted to dance. Smitty goes to him in a perfectly gentlemanly nice manner and says: 'Hey, you can't get into this because these guys have already been dancing for ten minutes on the floor. Beat it-' He didn't want to quit and Smitty pushed him off the place. That was all there was to it."

"Mike Gaimari told me," said the witness at another time, "he'd rather have a sick dog on the door of a gambling house than have Fennimore on the door."

ROFRANO'S WIFE IS DAY'S FIRST WITNESS.

Mary A. Rofrano, a sweet-faced woman, with a dimple, which despite the worry and sadness in her eyes, responded constantly to the particular courtesy of Martin W. Littleton's manner toward her, took the witness stand when court opened. She seemed almost childishly young. Certainly she looked more like a frightened Irish school girl than like the mother of seven children, of whom five, all daughters, are living.

Mrs. Rofrano said that her husband was out for twenty-four hours the day before Mike Gaimari was killed. There had been a heavy snowfall and, as Deputy Commissioner of Street Cleaning, he was driving the shovelers. He came home Sunday morning to change his clothes, and at 1 o'clock Monday morning returned and went to bed.

Q. When did you next see him? A. When I called him at 8 o'clock in the morning.

Q. Did your husband's nephew, young Peter Campbell, come in, and what did he say? A. He didn't say anything. He came upstairs with Mother Rofrano, and she told me in Italian Mike Gaimari had been killed. Mr. Rofrano came out into the hall in his bathrobe and I told him.

Q. In English? A. Yes. Then he dressed and had breakfast and went downstairs about 9.20 o'clock.

"How long ago," asked Mr. Brothers in cross-examination, "were you asked for the first time what you remembered about Mr. Rofrano's actions the morning of March 8?"

"I do not remember. It was when all the talk began."

Q. Where were you asked about it? A. In the family.

Mr. Brothers asked Mrs. Rofrano what she knew about her husband's eight months' hiding from the police.

"His brother James told me the next day after he was indicted," she said, "not to worry; Mike was all right."

ADMITS ROFRANO'S BROTHER KNEW WHERE HE FLED.

Q. So James apparently knew where your husband was all the time? A. Yes.

Q. From time to time, did he tell you what your husband was doing? A. He always told me the same thing.

Juror James K. Fraser, who has taken notes since the beginning of the trial and has asked many searching questions of witnesses, took Mrs. Rofrano in hand.

"Why did you wake your husband at 8 o'clock?"

"It was time for him to get up," she replied, "the children were all up and dressed and ready to have their breakfast and go to school."

"Was it usual for you to wake him at that hour?" asked Mr. Fraser.

"Always," replied Mrs. Rofrano.

Mrs. Angelina Rofrano, the defendant's mother, a wrinkled little woman of sixty-five, was the next witness. She told how her grandson Peter came in to get a pair of shoes which his Uncle James had promised him. Peter testified yesterday that he had hurt his foot at the metal shop where he worked and wanted a larger shoe.

"When he told me Mike Gaimari was shot," said the old lady through the interpreter, "I said I must let Mike know."

She corroborated the story of young Peter and her daughter-in-law of the way in which Rofrano received the news of the assassination of his political adversary.

Mr. Brothers was not as lenient with the old lady as he had been with her daughter-in-law.

Q. Do you know Mrs. Joe La Salle? Did you go to her house and try to get her to make her husband change his story about Mike's share in the murder of Gaimari? A. It is not true. I met her on the street. I said "It is a shame for your man to tell lies about my son Mike. He should tell the truth! You should tell him to tell the truth."

Q. You did not say Mike would do something for them if Joe changed his story? A. No, I said Joe should tell no more lies but should tell the truth.

Q. What did your son say when you told him Mike Gaimari had been shot? A. He said: "I am very sorry. That is too bad."

Q. Did he ask any questions? A. No.

Samuel S. Koenig, President of the Republican County Committee, was asked to verify Rofrano's statement regarding his movements the day before Election Day, 1913. Mr. Koenig recalled acting as mediator between Rofrano and Levinson, the Republican leader of the Second Assembly District, about the assignment of inspectors next day. He arranged for them to meet that evening to thresh out their differences at Levinson's club. The conference, Mr. Koenig said, took place at Republican County headquarters.

The afternoon hours fixed by Mr. Koenig covered the hours in which the assassin Montemagno said he was introduced to Rofrano and got $500 from him.

Not a Bite of Breakfast Until You Drink Water

Says a glass of hot water and phosphate prevents illness and keeps us fit.

Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of incombustible material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken day after day leaves in the alimentary canal a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not completely eliminated from the system each day, becomes food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels. From this mass of left-over waste, toxins and ptomaine-like poisons are formed and sucked into the blood.

Men and women who can't get feeling right must begin to take inside baths. Before eating breakfast each morning drink a glass of real hot water with a tablespoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash out of the thirty feet of bowels the previous day's accumulation of poisons and toxins and to keep the entire alimentary canal clean, pure and fresh.

Those who are subject to sick headache, colds, biliousness, constipation, others who wake up with bad taste, foul breath, backache, rheumatic stiffness, or have a sour, gassy stomach after meals, are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store, and begin practising internal sanitation. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make any one an enthusiast on the subject.

Remember, inside bathing is more important than outside bathing, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing poor health, while the bowel pores do. Just as soap and hot water cleanses, sweetens and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.—Advt.

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Annette Jumped Among the Crocodiles In One-Half Yard of Costume, Feet First

Miss Kellermann Explains She Didn't Want to Present a Juicy Morsel in Posing for Thrilling Picture.

She Also Had to Dive 103 Feet, Battle for Life in Whirling Torrent and Be Burned at the Stake.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

"There were the crocodiles with their mouths wide open for me. There was I in the midst of them, tied hand and foot. And the men that threw me to them made three swings of the job. How was I to know just when the crocodiles would get busy? One great, horrible monster seemed to have his little, wicked eye on me even before I went over. 'Throw my feet toward him!' I said to the men as they swung me out. You see, my feet are skinny, and I thought he wouldn't like them quite so much as if my shoulders and arms were toward him. He might have thought that part of me quite a juicy morsel you know."

I thought he might, that is if the particular crocodile Miss Annette Kellermann was describing to me was at all true to type.

Miss Kellermann sat on a sofa with her feet curled under her, an attitude which only a woman with a perfect figure dares to assume. She was telling me all about the perils of Annette—or Anitia, as she is called in the William Fox production of "A Daughter of The Gods," of which everybody knows, Miss Kellermann is the star.

NINE MONTHS OF PREPARATION FOR A CROCODILE MEAL.

Being fed to crocodiles was just one of many hairbreadth adventures which befell Miss Kellermann during the nine months she spent in Jamaica, W. I., where the picture was made. Besides fooling the crocodiles by coming out of their pool alive, the original Diving Venus had to dive from a tower 103 feet high into a swirling torrent, swim through waves 85 feet high to a reef, and while the waves dashed her upon the rocks, cut the ropes which bound her hands behind her on their sharp edges, go over a waterfall and through a whirlpool and finally just by way of changing the subject be burned at the stake—a real stake surrounded by real flames, upon which stage hands played discreet fire extinguishers. But this didn't prevent the star of "The Daughter of the Gods" from getting bad burns on the arm and leg of her right side which kept her in bed for a week.

"We spent nine months in Jamaica on that one picture," Miss Kellermann told me yesterday at the Hotel Netherland. "And of course I had to do the dangerous stunts with the crocodiles last of all, so that if anything happened to me—if by any chance one of those brutes took off a leg or an arm—the picture would be released on time just the same. That was good business, and I understand it and I approve of it. But how would you like to live through nine whole months, knowing that at the end of the time you were going to be thrown, bound hand and foot, to crocodiles, with the camera man saying to you 'double exposure, Miss Kellermann!'

"They had hard work keeping up the supply of crocodiles too. They WOULD die on our hands. Of course they fed them. And people told me that if they were kept well fed they MIGHT not pay any attention to me when I was thrown among them. I can tell you I saw that those crocodiles got their meals regularly, and toward the end, when the time drew near when I had to be fed to them, I used to go down to the crocodile pool myself and slip them something extra nice and filling.

"I lost my nerve the day it happened. When I swung over the pool with my hands and feet tied and next minute found myself down among those great slimy monsters with their yawning jaws and their devilish little eyes, I wanted to shriek. And the time seemed so long I thought the men had forgotten all about pulling me up again. And one of them moved toward me! Zowie! It was an awful moment!"

NOW SHE COUNTS HER FEET TO SEE IF ANY ARE MISSING.

As if withdrawing herself once more from the crocodile jaws, Miss Kellermann shrank into a corner of the sofa and pulled her feet even further under the skirt of her smart tailor made. She almost counted her feet before she withdrew them. I believe she counts them every night now before she goes to bed, she is so astonished that she didn't leave one at least with those crocodiles.

"The day of the crocodile picture I thought I had lost my nerve forever," she continued. "I sobbed all night. And between sobs I said to my husband, 'No more moving picture for me! I'm going back to New York.' Yet next morning my fear seemed absurd. And of course I had passed on all those stunts myself. And Mr. Fox had been so good and so patient and so lavish. Oh, I felt I couldn't wait another minute before diving off the 103-foot tower. It was built especially for the picture, and the men who had built it had made it very wide at the bottom, so I had to clear a perfectly awful space in making the dive.

"Then, of course," Miss Kellermann said, "I went over the waterfall and through the rapids. And I was burned at the stake—really burned, you know, so I had to stay in bed oiled and bandaged for days. After that when I swam with my hands and feet tied, across the reefs, my back and body were so bruised I was dyed brown with iodine. I had read that iodine was used in the war and put in open wounds, so I tried it. Don't try it, I advise you, no matter what happens to you. And the poor mermaids who appear with me in the mermaid scene were just as black and blue as I. Really, I think we must have spent hundreds of dollars for iodine and arnica."

BUT THOSE COSTUMES DIDN'T COST MR. FOX MUCH.

"And now much did you spend for costumes, Miss Kellermann?" I inquired, not altogether without malice, because in some of her appearances as "The Daughter of the Gods" Miss Kellermann is disclosed in her right mind and the wrong hair—that is, all she wears is the consciousness of rectitude and a long wig.

"Oh, quite a long one," Miss Kellermann assured me with wide blue eyes. "And it seems all right to do that sort of thing for a picture with fairies and witches in it, such as 'The Daughter of the Gods,' but I wouldn't do it in vaudeville or on the regular stage for worlds.

"But a picture is quite a different thing, don't you think so?"

I said I did and insisted upon an answer to that question about the costumes.

"Why," said Miss Kellermann finally, "the costume I wore when I was thrown to the crocodiles was just a little band around here and about half a yard around here." She illustrated, but I'll leave the illustration to the artist, if he dares. "And the goods cost 12 cents a yard. The crocodile costume must have cost all of 18 cents."

Now, I ask any impartial man who has read this account of the perils of Annette, who on earth wouldn't be a crocodile?

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27 HURT IN CRASH OF AUTO BUS AND JERSEY R. R. ENGINE

Victims, Mostly Girls, Are Hurled Into Creek and Scattered Along Road.

(Special to The Evening World.)

WASHINGTON, N. J., Nov. 2.—A heavy glass-covered auto bus, occupied by twenty-seven young silk workers of Oxford Furnace, N. J., was cut in two early to-day by a fast freight engine at Buttzville, and all the occupants, most of whom were girls, were more or less injured. Nine of the victims are expected to die.

The fatally injured are:

GENEVA FOSS.
ANNA AND SADIE ALLBRIGHT.
ESTHER LITTLE.
WILLIAM WOLFINGER.
HARRIS ZINK.
EMMA RORECK.
EVA COLE.
EMMA CRAMER.

At 6.30 A. M. the high-powered bus driven by Harris Zink left Oxford for the silk mills at Belvidere, six miles away. According to the statements of the injured, the bus was late, and was making up lost time when the accident happened.

The auto was going east on the Buttzville road to cross the single track of the Lehigh and Hudson Railroad. Rounding a curve, a giant engine hove in sight, and Zink put on more speed in an effort to escape being hit by the locomotive. It was too late and the engine hit the machine in the middle. The engine carried the auto along for more than a hundred yards before it was brought to a stop.

When the engine hit the machine, several persons were thrown out and others were strewn along the tracks as the wrecked auto was carried along by the locomotive. Some of the victims were thrown into a creek running along the edge of the road.

Owing to the location of the accident, it was some time before medical assistance arrived. Farmers in the neighborhood, hearing of the crash, hurried to the scene and farmers' wagons were soon transformed into ambulances.

The nearest hospital is more than ten miles away. Most of the injured were taken to the Buttzville Hotel, which was turned into a hospital.

According to the police of Oxford, Zink told them that he was not very careful in crossing the railroad, as he knew that no trains were scheduled for that hour. The engine that hit the bus was going light to pick up a train of freight cars six miles away.

The automobile was a specially constructed high-powered machine used to climb the hilly section.

Twenty School Children Hurt in Crash of Bus and Train.

MUNCIE, Ind., Nov. 3.—Three young schoolgirls were probably fatally hurt, Peter Kroth, driver of a school bus, badly injured, and seventeen other school children less seriously hurt when a car on the Portland division of the Indiana Union traction line crashed into the bus at Como, near Portland, Ind., to-day.

PASSPORT REFUSED TO FIGHTER IN EUROPE

Board of Citizenship Refers Application of Theodore Marburg Jr. to Higher Authorities.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—The application of Theodore Marburg jr., son of the former Minister to Belgium, for a passport to return to England to rejoin the British aviation corps, has been refused by the Bureau of Citizenship and referred to higher officials of the State Department. The passport was refused in conformity with the law of 1906.

Secretary Lansing, while refusing to discuss the incident, said that an American who enlists in a foreign army has forfeited his citizenship. Applicants for passports must reaffirm their allegiance to the United States and state the purpose of their trips abroad before a passport is granted.

Marburg lost a leg while flying with the British army in France, and planned to return to England as an instructor in the aviation corps.

BERLIN DOESN'T CARE WHO IS TO BE PRESIDENT

Charles E. Wilson or Woodrow Hughes, It's All the Same to Morgenpost.

BERLIN, Nov. 2.—The Morgenpost, in a lengthy editorial discussion of the American campaign, says there is fundamentally little difference between the candidates.

"They might be named Charles E. Wilson and Woodrow Hughes," says the German paper. "It is not material to us who is elected."

Two Gallons and a Pint of Whiskey With Two Captured Hunters.

RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 2.—Frank Strang and William Rhodes, both former barkeepers, were arrested to-day for drinking while on an auto trip in violation of the new Prohibition law. It was the first alleged violation of its kind in Richmond since State-wide prohibition went into effect midnight Monday. The men were in a jitney going hunting when arrested. Two gallons and a pint of whiskey were found in the machine.

KINGSBURY LOSES PLEA.

Also Hotchkiss in Effort to See Grand Jury Minutes in "Wire Tap" Case.

Judge Roy in the Kings County Court to-day denied a motion made on behalf of Commissioner of Charities John A. Kingsbury and William H. Hotchkiss for an inspection of the minutes of the Grand Jury which indicted them for tapping the wires of the late Dr. Potter and Father Farrell of Brooklyn.

Judge Roy said such permission was granted, as a rule, only when the defendants had not been heard in the Magistrate's Court or by the Grand Jury.

COUNTY OFFICIAL SAYS HE STRANGLED GIRL AT RIVER BANK

Made No Effort to Save Her as Her Body Sank After Terrible Struggle.

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., Nov. 2.—Thomas S. Williams, county official, to-day confessed he had strangled to death pretty Ida May Brown, whose body was found two weeks ago in the Susquehanna River.

Williams was suspected several days ago and placed under arrest. The police were unable to fasten the crime on him and gave him his freedom. They gathered more circumstantial evidence and last night began a several hours' examination until Williams, shaking like a leaf, cried out in agony that he was ready to confess.

"I met her down near the river on the morning she disappeared," detectives quoted him as saying. "She was out for a walk. I threw my arms about her and clutched her by the throat and mouth to keep her from screaming. We fell to the ground, the girl still struggling, and rolled over and over until she fell off the bank and into the river."

Williams said he made no effort to rescue his victim. "Her body sank and never came to the surface again," he said.

Williams is about forty-five years of age, married and has four children.

His story that his victim's death was caused by drowning is not borne out by the autopsy. There was no water in the lungs and the physicians are positive the girl was dead when she reached the water.

FOUND DEAD IN CELLAR; HEAD WRAPPED IN TOWEL

Wife Finds Body of Husband After He Had Gone to See About Commotion in Yard.

SAYVILLE, L. I., Nov. 2.—Frank Sobicek, a Bohemian, twenty-seven years of age, employed by a florist in Blue Point, was found dead by his wife on the floor of the cellar of his home this morning with his head and shoulders in a sugar barrel and his head wrapped in towels and other articles taken from a clothes line in the yard. Near his body was a bottle containing chloroform.

Mrs. Sobicek said that she was awakened about 3 o'clock this morning by a commotion in the yard. She aroused her husband who went into the yard. She fell asleep. It was hours later in the morning when she found him dead in the cellar.

ZAYAS LEADS IN CUBA.

Majority Over President Menocal May Reach 20,000.

HAVANA, Nov. 2.—At 11 o'clock this morning the official figures of the voting yesterday for President of Cuba gave Alfredo Zayas a majority of 900 for all provinces in the republic, with 839 missing.

Senor Zayas, who is the nominee of the Liberal party and opposing President Menocal, the Conservative candidate, said that his majority would reach 20,000.

BISHOP TUTTLE SPEAKS AT ST. PAUL'S SERVICE

Clergy and Theological Students Parade Through Graveyard to the Old Chapel.

The Right Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States, made the address in St. Paul's Chapel at noon to-day at the continuation of the week's celebration of the 150th anniversary of the chapel.

Services began with the celebration of holy communion at 7.30 o'clock. Prior to the noon service there was a procession of clergy and students of the General Theological Seminary from the parish house, back of the chapel, through the churchyard and into the edifice.

CURED HIMSELF OF THE LIQUOR HABIT

A Missouri Man After Drinking for Thirty-Five Years Banished His Craving for Liquor With a Simple Home Recipe.

Mr. Thos. J. D. O'Bannon, a well known resident of Missouri, living at R. F. D. No. 3, Frederickstown, Mo., banished his craving for liquor with a simple recipe which he mixed at home.

Mr. O'Bannon recently made the following statement: "I am 51 years old and had drank for thirty-five years. My craving was so great I could not quit liquor. More than a year ago I had the following simple recipe filled and began taking it and it entirely banished my craving for liquor. To 3 oz. of water add 20 grains of muriate of ammonia, a small box of Varlex Compound and 10 grains of pepsin. Take a teaspoonful three times a day. Any druggist can mix it for you or supply the ingredients at very little cost. This recipe can be taken of your own accord or given to any one secretly in coffee, tea, milk or in food as it has no taste, color or smell and is perfectly harmless. I believe any drunkard can cure himself with this simple recipe."—Advt.

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Women's & Misses' Coats
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Fur Trimmed Frock of Chiffon over Gold Lace $45.00