

SCARED BY JOHNSON  
G.O.P. LEADERS NOW  
TURNING TO HOOVER

Success of the Californian  
Frightens the Republican  
Moneyed Interests.

MUST BE HEADED OFF

Old Guard Hopes Mysterious  
Penrose Will Come Out  
in the Open.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)

WASHINGTON, April 23.—It appears that the "post mortem" which have recently been held over Herbert Hoover are somewhat premature. Information reaching Washington is to the effect that big business interests have become thoroughly alarmed over the muddled situation in the Republican organization, as made apparent by the inability of the professional politicians to concentrate on a candidate in advance of the Chicago convention.

The report further says that what practically amounts to an ultimatum has been served or will soon be served on the Republican machine leaders that steps must be taken at once to insure the party becoming the beneficiary of the Hoover sentiment which has been "sensed" in all sections of the country by those who make it their business to keep their ears to the ground. The representatives of "big business," according to the same report, have been waiting with more or less impatience for the Republican "whippers-in" to make some signs that they had an intelligent idea where the droves of delegates they are rounding up are to be driven.

Their impatience has become genuine irritation following the spectacle of Senator Hiram Johnson, like the proverbial bull in the china shop, rinning at large and smashing the old guard organization right and left in a series of whirlwind attacks. Johnson's latest victory in Nebraska is said to have brought matters to a focus among the big business groups which is expected to provide the sinews of war for the Republican campaign.

The report to-day, which is backed by circumstantial proof, is that the representative of those industries which have a paramount interest in Republican success have definitely determined that Herbert Hoover is the only man on the political horizon whose nomination by the Republicans would be equivalent to victory.

The business group, it is said, have been watching all developments with a microscope and are convinced that neither Senator Harding, Gov. Lowden nor even Gen. Wood can turn the trick. Either Harding or Lowden would have suited this element admirably, but neither has shown the running qualities required of a winner. On the other hand, Gen. Wood, who has been favored by an influential business group, headed by Col. William Procter, the Cincinnati millionaire, has shown himself incapable of the task of heading off Johnson. His advocacy of compulsory military training has made him entirely unavailable, owing to existing conditions.

Reports from New Jersey, Maryland and other Eastern States which indicate that Johnson is about to repeat his Western successes in the preferential primaries have brought matters to a head, it was learned to-day.

A certain element of Republican leaders who have felt that ultimately a dark horse would have to be brought forward by the Presidential sweepstakes were disappointed by the showing of Gen. Pershing in Nebraska. Had the former commander of the A. E. F. carried Nebraska, where a strong effort was made by personal friends to "put him over," he might have been in the strategic position to become the beneficiary of the inability of the organization to agree on a conservative candidate. Pershing talk seems to be at an end. Hoover is now viewed by the moneyed group as the only outstanding national figure on whom the Chicago Convention might agree with a reasonable expectation of success in November.

As a result of all these developments, it is expected that there will be a number of conferences of Republican leaders very shortly which will be of nation-wide significance.

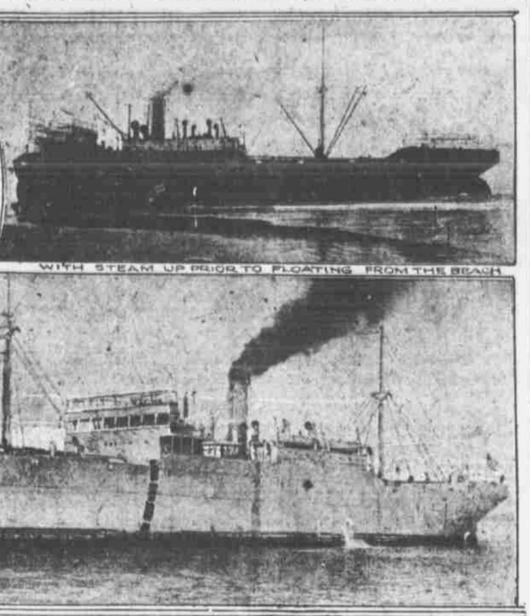
The success of Johnson has had the effect of encouraging the so-called Progressives in Congress to believe after all they can control the Chicago Convention. As a result, men like Kenyon, Borah, Norris and others have packed their suitcases and gone on the hustings for Johnson. Their attitude is rapidly approaching that of the Bull Mooseers of 1912 as to Roosevelt. "You must take Johnson or be defeated." Until recently some of the leaders in Washington have counseled patience, intimating that Senator Penrose would have a definite message for the smaller chieftains when he returned from Florida. He has been back nearly two weeks and the magic word is not yet forthcoming.

Anyone interested in the answer to the question, "Will the Republican organization take Hoover against its will at the dictation of the moneyed group" may receive a reliable answer to the query by watching the ripples of the water in Senator Penrose's vicinity during the next few weeks.

Thrilling Story of the Liberty Glo  
And Heroism of Her Daring Skipper  
Shed Lustre on U. S. Merchant Marine



CAPT. JOHN I. STOUSLAND



THE SHIP BEFORE THE WRECK—DOTTED LINE AT POINT WHERE SHE BROKE IN TWO

No Romance of the Sea Ever Contained More Thrills Than This Accurate Account of the Wreck of the Stout Ship That Was a Hog Island Product and Blown Up by a Hidden German Mine and Saved Single-Handed by Capt. Stousland.

Blown in two by the explosion of a German mine, beached on a lee shore, battered by four successive storms and swept by fire as she lay on the beach, the U. S. S. Liberty Glo, United States merchant vessel, will soon be ready to put to sea again. Scidom has any vessel been put to so severe a test, and the salvaging of the Liberty Glo is regarded by experts as one of the most remarkable feats in the history of modern shipping.

The thrilling romance of the sea was told for the first time yesterday when Matthew C. Brush, President of the American International Shipbuilding Corporation, placed the case before Admiral W. S. Benson of the Shipping Board, and commended Capt. J. I. Stousland, Master of the Liberty Glo, for courage, perseverance, loyalty and ability, in the salvaging of his wrecked vessel.

Capt. Stousland lives at No. 275 Orient Way, Rutherford. It was on Dec. 5 that the Liberty Glo was blown in two by the explosion of a submerged mine. Twenty miles from shore on a lee beach, his shattered vessel sinking under him and a mutinous crew fighting to reach the boats, Capt. Stousland determined to save his vessel by navigating her to a shoal water. The Liberty Glo was sinking fast. When still far from shore she broke in two completely, the entire 130 feet of the forecastle dropping into the sea. It was midnight, and the gale was increasing. The crew deserted the ship, and four men died in the attempt to reach the shore in open boats. But Capt. Stousland, the only man on the half of the vessel that still floated, stayed at his post while she went in through the mountainous breakers and crashed on the storm-tossed beach.

NO BRAVER PAGE IN MERCHANT MARINE'S HISTORY. The story of the Liberty Glo is one that shows the stuff of the men and ships of the United States Merchant Marine. The Liberty Glo was the thirty-sixth ship to be built at Hog Island. She was a freighter, a 7,000-ton vessel with 300-foot overboard. On completion she was placed on the transatlantic run between New York and Bordeaux, Pallice, Marveilles and La Havre. Lieut. Commander J. I. Stousland, U. S. N. R. F., was her first master. Captain Stousland was a merchant marine officer. Born in Norway, he had come to this country as a boy, and had sailed in American merchant ships for years. But the swift-seaworthy Liberty Glo was one of his finest commands, and he loved the ship as a living thing. It was on Nov. 20 that she sailed from New York for Hamburg, Germany, with a crew of 30 and a cargo of oil and cotton. Fifteen days later, on Dec. 5, she was feeling her way down the coast of Holland, ten hours from her destination. It was dirty weather. The sky was overcast and a short, choppy sea was running. There has been no check for an observation of the sun in the past few hours, and the Captain was proceeding carefully, for he knew that there were still many uncharted mine fields in this vicinity, and that a week before a ship had been blown up and sunk near this spot.

THE BLOW THAT RIPPED UP THE LIBERTY GLO. It was at 2:15 P. M. that without warning the explosion came. The big freighter had hit on the mine well off below No. 2 hatch. There was a sudden crash, a concussion that shook the vessel and a roar as the mine exploded, ripping open

the forward well deck and hurling a volcano of oil, baled cotton and torn and twisted wreckage high above the masthead. Water rushed in through the twisted plates and instantly the ship began to sink, settling by the head. Her stern rose in the air, but by closing the water-tight compartments she was kept afloat. An SOS call was sent broadcast, and soon word came from the Coast Guard stations, "Coming." That rescue never came. The wind had risen to a gale, the racing combers tossed and twisted the helpless ship whirling before the hurricane. It was raining now, and the crew, fearing that the vessel would sink at any minute, wished to abandon ship. But Capt. Stousland, remembering his duty to the owners, determined to reach the land.

Down in the engine room George H. W. Weston, chief engineer officer, who later died of exposure in the boats, toiled above his driving turbine and encouraged the "black gang" force as the wallowing derelict plunged on slowly toward the coast. Only the North Sea waters from the dim lit engine pit where they toiled, yet the men stood by their posts and brought the Liberty Glo in.

CUT FROM WATERLINE TO WATERLINE, DECK PLATES STICK. Although cut from waterline to waterline just forward of the bridge, the deck plates held the ship together till they reached shoal water. At 8 P. M. they anchored in seven fathoms outside the white line of the breakers. It was still raining and the wind had increased. From this point the story can be told in the words of Capt. Stousland's report to the Shipping Board.

"At 10 P. M. she commenced to break up—bulwarks gradually opened up—I knew she was doomed. I sent out a call for assistance; but no result. "Did you ever as a boy, sea-saw? Well, that was just what the motion reminded me of. "I never know what held her together so long. You could see the bow go down—and the stern the same way. She was wriggling like a snake, but still she held. "The crew without exception were panic-stricken and it was only by using strong language that I got them away from the boats. After anchoring they would run to the boat every time they heard her crackling. "It was a hellish night, the roar of the breakers, the grinding of the deck plates, beams and girders, and the noise of escaping steam as the pipes broke. At 4 P. M. the moon lowered the boats, in all kinds of confusion, bent upon the one thing, getting away from the ship, and I will admit she was not a very desirable place to be in. "I told them to remain under the stern and if the ship was remaining all night to come back, but they cut the painter and disappeared in the darkness. ALONE ON A SINKING SHIP ON A NIGHT OF HELL. "It flashed in my mind, as the men left in the boats, that if she did clear the breakers and drifted out to sea and was boarded by fishermen, I would want to be there, and as I had only a few seconds to make up my mind I decided to stay so that the boat could not be claimed as salvage. "I was alone, standing on the forward part of the lower bridge watching her death struggle, and it was a wonderfully impressive sight. The iron girders, beams and deck plates, struggling for supremacy against the elements—she twisted and bent one way and then the other, and finally at 4:30 A. M. she broke in two. With a tremendous roar of protest the forward part split from the bow and gradually drifted down toward a gloaming white outline in the darkness, looking like the white teeth of a wolf waiting to devour her—the breakers. "I was half dazed and could not quite connect things in my mind. It happened so fast. The night was dark—no lights—the noise of escaping steam—and when I would that part of her that I was on do? "At just about 6:30 A. M. she struck in the breakers, sea washing clear over—every time she hit one would expect her to split in two. Finally she settled broadside in the surf."

WITH A NEW BOW THE LIBERTY GLO WILL SAIL AGAIN. As the slow daylight came Capt. Stousland could make out the beach beyond the raging line of surf, and the towers of Ameland Island lighthouse ahead. At 10 A. M. the coast guard on the beach launched a life boat, and after a hard battle with the breakers got alongside, and Capt.

Capt. Stousland leaped into a life net held for him. The gale was driving the hulk of the Liberty Glo higher on the sand, and when it abated she lay at the tide line. Of the fore part of the vessel only the tip of the mast still showed above the water. During the day Capt. Stousland learned that of the four boats that had got away in the night: two had got in through the surf at Ameland, one—with Chief Engineer Weston and three of the crew dead from exposure—had made the Isle of Juist, and another was still missing. This last boat had been picked up by a German tramp steamer, and was later landed at Bremen. To-day the Liberty Glo is at Rotterdam, a new bow is being grafted on to her strong girders, and soon she will again be ready to sail the sea under Capt. Stousland. Since the day of the wreck she has been battered by four storms on the beach, threatened once when fire swept her cargo, but was finally relaunched and towed into dry dock, where she was repaired. This is the story of the Liberty Glo. To date the Hog Island shipyards have launched 102 other such ships—ships that will be manned by American crews and officers of Capt. Stousland's courage.

VETERAN OF 76 WINS BRIDE. Wires Relatives From Atlantic City Asking Their Blessing. (Special to The Evening World.) WINSTED, Conn., April 23.—John A. Dubon, seventy-six, civil war veteran tobacco grower and former State legislator, went to New York Wednesday and met Miss Gertrude Kennedy, thirty-six, to whom he was married at Pater-son, N. J. Relatives of Mr. Dubon received a telegram from him yesterday from Atlantic City asking their blessing and forgiveness. The couple will spend their honeymoon in Atlantic City and Washington. Mr. Dubon was introduced to Miss Kennedy when visiting in Pocomoke last February. JAIL, FINE FOR LANDLORD. Brooklyn Owner Didn't Provide Heat for Tenants. Ten days in jail with a fine of \$250 was the sentence imposed to-day on Jacob Glickman, a landlord, of 1495 Carroll Street, Brooklyn, in the Court of Special Sessions in Brooklyn, for failure to provide heat. Glickman, who had been convicted on a similar charge last February and fined \$100, said the Mayor's Committee told him that if he limited his rent increase to 15, he could limit his heat supply to hot water. Justice Salmon said that this was no defense. Killed as His Auto Hits Tree. PUGHKEEPSIE, April 23.—George R. Manning of No. 359 Broadway, Albany, was instantly killed late yesterday when an automobile which he was driving struck a tree on the Roosevelt Curve in this city. Manning's skull was fractured. It is believed that he became confused on the curve, which has been the scene of similar accidents.

DOCTOR DEFENDS  
MISS PHIPPS IN  
HER \$50,000 SUIT

Girl's Action Against Tenafly Grocer Goes to Jury To-Day.

Both sides in the \$50,000 love suit brought by Miss Lillian Phipps against William Russell Smith, Tenafly grocer, rested to-day after several additional witnesses had been called by the attorney for Miss Phipps and her uncle and aunt, Irving S. Van Loan and Mrs. Van Loan, had testified. The case is expected to go to the jury late this afternoon.

Despite the character of the evidence given yesterday, fully half of the court that packed the court room in the Bergen County Circuit Court when the trial was resumed this morning consisted of girls and women. The first witness was Robert A. Jefferson of Englewood, N. J., who testified that he had been employed by the Van Loans first as a painter for their automobile and later as "butler." He described visits of Smith to the Van Loans, but brought out nothing new.

Dr. S. J. Nelson of New York testified that he had known the Van Loans for several years, that he had never been intimate with Mrs. Van Loan, as had been charged by other witnesses, and that he had examined Miss Phipps as late as last August and found no signs that she was about to become a mother, although on August 10 she is alleged to have asserted this to various persons, according to testimony at the trial.

The doctor's testimony went into great detail, but the girls and women in the courtroom sat through it. Miss Phipps' face remained impassive. Donald McRae and Ruth Coleman testified that their friendship with the Van Loans had been of long standing. Miss Coleman is Van Loan's secretary in his New York office. She testified she had never heard Miss Phipps swear.

"Who ever said she did?" asked one of the attorneys for Smith. Why Smith testified that Miss Phipps language disgusted him," replied Frank McDermott, attorney for the Van Loans and their niece. "Have you never heard of improper language outside of swearing?" asked the opposing counsel. McDermott made no answer.

Fred H. Harrington testified he had known the Van Loans eighteen years. When asked what general reputation they bore among their friends and neighbors said he did not know. He was withdrawn. Attorney McDermott summed up for Miss Phipps, and William B. Gurley, associated with A. C. Hart, counsel for Smith, made the closing address for the defendant.

Dick Donovan, the New Rochelle college youth, whose alleged relations with Miss Phipps were said to have caused Smith to break the engagement, took the stand late yesterday afternoon in defense of the girl. He denied having had improper relations with her.

CHURCH SLAYER IN TOMBS Murder in First Degree Charged Against Dr. Markoe Slayer. Thomas W. Simpkin, the former inmate of several insane hospitals, who last Sunday shot and killed Dr. James Wright Markoe in St. George's Episcopal Church, Stuyvesant Square, was removed to-day from Yorkville Jail to Tombs Prison under indictment for murder in the first degree.

Wearing collar and tie for the first time since Monday, but showing that no razor had touched him since his arrest, Simpkin was brought before Magistrate Koegler in Yorkville Court on the short affidavit upon which he was held originally. On motion of Assistant District Attorney O'Shaughnessy, the little printer was discharged of this complaint and immediately re-arrested on the indictment.

MAN AT 86 NOT IN  
ANYBODY'S WAY—  
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW



C. M. DEPEW

Everybody Glad He Got So Far And Wants to Congratulate Him, Says Octogenarian.

Surrounded by roses, quite unable to give much attention to business, Chauncey M. DePew sat in his office to-day receiving the congratulations of his army of friends upon reaching his eighty-sixth birthday. The door of his room in the executive offices of the New York Central never remained closed for more than a minute at a time; it was either a messenger coming in with another box of flowers or another visitor.

Mr. DePew was called on the telephone by The Evening World and congratulated on his anniversary, to which he replied: "Thanks very much. I want to thank The Evening World also for the excellent picture it printed of me in overalls. That was fine!" "Am I going to see the overall parade?" Indeed I am. I shan't be in it, but I'll be there to applaud.

"I'll tell you one thing, when a man gets to be as old as I am to-day a birthday is a great thing. When a man gets to be eighty-six he's not in anybody's way, not in the way of any one's ambitions and that sort of thing. Therefore everybody's glad he's got on so far and glad to congratulate him. "The scientist said yesterday that they had arranged to communicate with Mars. This morning The World said that they had failed. That wasn't true at all. The scientist didn't fail. Did you hear that terrific thunderstorm early this morning? Well, that was Mars congratulating me on my birthday!"

Youngster Killed By Motor Truck. A motor truck ran down and killed Rocco Mackia, eight, this afternoon in front of No. 749 Third Avenue, as the boy was on his way to the public school in East 46th Street. John Felton, the driver of the truck, who belonged to the Chesbro & Whitman Company of 44th Street and First Avenue, was arraigned in Yorkville Court charged with homicide. The dead boy lived at No. 211 East 46th Street.

Waterson  
Pities Dry  
New York

Hints Things Are Not So Bad in Kentucky in Declining Press Club Invitation.

Col. Henry Waterson, dean of American Journalists, likes New York, likes the Press Club, likes the old newspaper gang, but by the great hognapper at the age of eighty he isn't strong for a long journey to a "dry carouse" and so respectfully declines an invitation to the Press Club annual dinner on May 1 at the Hotel Astor. There is just a hint in the Colonel's letter that life is not so hard in old Kaintuck as it be on Broadway. Marne Henry's letter, addressed to Secretary E. P. Howard, reads as follows: "THE Courier-Journal. "Jeffersontown, Jefferson County, Ky., April 12, 1920. "My dear Mr. Howard: "I wish it were possible. But I am just writing the Kentucky Society of New York, who had arranged what they called a "banquet" in my honor—which in an unguarded moment of gratitude and vanity I had accepted—to recall to mind and to say that when a man has reached four score he is immune. You don't want me more than I want you. "I have some right to claim a part paternity in the New York Press Club—at least I stood by its cradle. I made my living—not at Delmonico's—sixty years ago as an all around reporter in New York—not a space writer, dodging "em—yet, sorter a space writer!—and it would do me good to rub my old bones agin your young bones. "But, dear boys, to quote Scripture, "I ain't ekkle to it." The "gain in the back" and the "stitch in the side" and the bone in the leg" with which I sometimes evade the children at

home, may be a trifle exaggerated; but the eighty years are "enough," as our little friend Hamlet observed of was it Macbeth maybe Othello's matter who, the fact being that the thought of a long journey to a dry carouse is little short of appalling. I do pity you boys! Not even light beer and wines! Why don't you get up an insurance?

"I am a Prohibitionist—with modifications—a female suffragist—with limitations—but not when a dam's fool! Forgive the garrulity of age, I might have put it in a word or two of familiar affection, like "Go to — BIL," but I wanted to show you that my "handwriting" is better than Horace Greeley's! I am still, let me say, 'one of the boys'—a bit battered and out of the ring—but I can 'em sit up and take notice, and I like to see it going on! Good-by boys, good luck, and God bless you! Faithfully, HENRY WATTERSON."

YOUNG "HOLD-UPS" CAUGHT

Ran Away from Home to Make Easy Living by Robbery in Bridgeport. Tony Sander, twelve, and his pal Joseph Garcia, fourteen, are to-day completely cured of their desire to go to Bridgeport, Conn., and make an easy living by holding up men and women with lots of money.

"THE Courier-Journal. 435 Claremont Avenue, Jersey City, yesterday, taking with him \$100 which he found under his mother's pillow. He met Joseph, who lives at No. 423 on the same street, and they decided to embark on a life of adventure. Last night they entered the house of Basilio Pednegro, No. 178 Culver Avenue, Jersey City, taking a heavy revolver, a silver watch and some handkerchiefs with which to make masks. The police of New York early to-day arrested the pair at the foot of Catherine Street, where they were about to embark for Bridgeport.

AUTO PLUNGES INTO SEWER

Two Men Working in Bronx Excavation Are Injured. An automobile driven by Otto Graf, of No. 249 East 148th Street, plunged into a sewer excavation in which several men were at work at 147th Street and Bergen Avenue, the Bronx, this afternoon. Francis Quinn and Patrick McFarley, were removed to Lincoln Hospital, Quinn with a dislocated right shoulder and McFarley with a dislocation of the right arm.

Graf and Paul Herbst, of 534 East 141st Street, owner of the car, who, the police say, was teaching his friend to drive, were placed under arrest.

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