

PLEA FOR IRISH HEARD BY 48-ERS AND THIRD PARTY

Recognition of the "Republic" Chief Matter of Dispute at Chicago Meeting.

CHICAGO, July 12.—Work on Combining the various elements assembled here for the formation of a new party...

Everything appeared to be proceeding on schedule with the single note of excitement provided by a platform fight over the Irish question.

The negro question was brought before the convention by the Rev. W. R. Dagnall, a colored minister of Detroit. He was introduced as a speaker by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

O. W. Thomson, a lecturer for the National Non-Partisan League, told the "48" convention delegates of State enterprises initiated by the League Administration in North Dakota.

During the long wait for conference reports, Swinburne Hale of New York, telling of deportation proceedings of the Federal Government, attacked Attorney General Palmer and won applause. Hale told his audience that Parley P. Christensen of Utah, Permanent Chairman of the Convention, was one of the first defenders of the I. W. W.

The delegates cheered at this until Chairman Christensen was forced to acknowledge by bowing.

"The Department of Labor has since become emancipated," Hale said, dealing with Palmer, "by the courage of Louis Post."

Here the delegates, a number of them rising, gave three cheers for the Assistant Secretary of Labor, whose impeachment has been urged by Attorney General Palmer.

Emmon de Valera, who got a rousing reception as he entered the hall, cut short Hale's talk and was presented as "President of the Irish Republic."

De Valera pleaded for adoption by the convention of a plank recognizing the "Irish Republic," which was presented also but rejected by both the Republican and Democratic national conventions.

"The Irish people has never recognized the 'Irish Republic,' which was presented also but rejected by both the Republican and Democratic national conventions."

The refusal to recognize the de facto government of Ireland is equivalent to telling the Irish to go ahead and reconquer Ireland."

De Valera was listened to attentively throughout and frequently applauded.

THIRD PARTY A REAL MENACE FOR HARDING'S FIGHT

(Continued From First Page.)

Table with 2 columns: State and Number of Votes. Includes Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming.

ASKS \$100,000 FOR WIFE. Frederick Lustig, a Post Office clerk of No. 223 East Seventh Street, began suit in Supreme Court to-day, through his attorney, Harry H. Oshrin of No. 227 Broadway, to recover \$100,000 damages for the alleged loss of his wife's affections from Herman Kestenbaum of Kestenbaum Brothers, No. 289 Bowers, proprietors of a large railroad lunch exchange.

Lustig recites in his complaint that Kestenbaum, his life-long friend, gave him a railroad pass in September, 1917, to attend the Post Office Clerk's Convention at Philadelphia. While the plaintiff was absent, Kestenbaum, he says, took his wife to Atlantic City.

In October, 1919, Lustig charges, Kestenbaum took Mrs. Lustig to Atlantic City and registered with her as "Mr. and Mrs. Kestenbaum." Lustig names Messrs. Milligan, Bright and Northrup among railroad men present at various parties to which Kestenbaum took his wife.

Boy Author Shivers in the Tombs After Marvelling at Sight of City From Woolworth Building Tower



I surely do envy those lucky birds who live in New York! Gosh, I'd swap places with some of them if I could. Just think of passing through those adventures day by day. Gee, Christopher, I found my second day in New York more fun than the first day. And during these two days I had a great time—bully would be a better name.

And 'yampin' yimpy, just think of travelling from the Bowery to the Waldorf-Astoria, from the top of the Woolworth Tower to the bottom of the Tombs Prison on Inky black subway, on high elevated trains, speeding taxis and stuffy trolley cars. Such was the tale of my second day in New York, and golly, I count myself a true New Yorker already. Rah, for New York, the metropolis of the world!

Say, many apologies, Mr. Horatio Alger, I found those boy bootlickers you have in your tales so often. Gosh all fish hooks, there was a real scamp of 'em. Some of the little chaps weren't knee high to a grasshopper, one looking to be only six or seven. I certainly admire their pluck, even though I wouldn't take their job for \$100 a day. I had my boots shined twice just to see their faces shine as they took the money due them and a tip.

The second one I met was a boy of eleven called Tony. He said he averaged \$2 a day, after taking away all expenses. And he proudly asserted that he gave his earnings to his mother.

HE SITS ON HIS OWN BAG OF CHERRIES. Just at that minute a cherry man came along and I bought some cherries of him. Then, slowly munching my prize, I retired to The Evening World office, where I laid my bag, half full of cherries, on a chair. Then I got so interested in a funny story I forgot all about them and sat down on the chair. Crunch-h-h! I quickly sprang to my feet and—hang them—all my cherries were squashed.

I'll never eat another one until somebody's invented a machine that'll make cherries that won't crush when you take it into your mind to sit on them.

Then I decided, for my next stunt, to try the Woolworth tower. I reasoned that that wouldn't be like the Statue of Liberty because they had an elevator there. I descended into the crowd and showed my way through the crowd. Some of the men were scowling, and I felt like telling them to get up and run home yelling mommy, but they were a little too big for me. If they'd been nearer, my size I'd have said it, but I don't want to start anything with a New York man.

At last, with relief, I got into the open. I started across the street, miraculously escaping death four times. It was a happy moment that I at length wended my way into the elevator on the first floor of the building. The highest express I had ever been on before was up to the twelfth floor, but this broke all records, being up to the twenty-seventh.

One man said in an offhand way "n'trieth, please." Holy smoke, if fifth doesn't seem high enough to me, how do you think I'd feel going up to 25th? Or, maybe that would only be a little shock.

A PEACH OF A TOWN FROM A SKYSCRAPER. At length we reached the top and here was stopped by an Irish cop, another Irishman, mind you, and then were allowed to reach the top. Here he took another elevator and went to the extreme top. Here on the roof I nearly fell over trying to see the scenery. So decided I'd watch the scenery.

Say, New York is some peach, I couldn't even see the end of it. Way below the people like ants walked around. The city in whole resembled a big bathtub, the bridges stretching out seeming like the arms and legs of a man, while the buildings supplied the body and face.

The boats on the river looked like floating sticks on a stream. I had a swell viewpoint of New York. The green grass of the square was like a gigantic carpet covering the earth. Way off in the distance the Statue

of Liberty, as silent as a great oak, stood sentinel. The "L" with its cars looked like the baby railroads you can buy. Off in the distance I saw a boat speeding to Europe. After I had seen all I cared to of the scenery I bade farewell to the roof and sped down the elevator without a stop.

THE TOMBS A DREARY PLACE, WARDEN A PRINCE. Then, with a feeling of mystery, I made my way to the Tombs Prison. As I came near it I saw that it was a gray, dreary place, double barred. I entered and here was introduced to Warden John J. Hanley and all his officers. I say he's a brick, a prince of princes. He even goes out of his way to help others.

I would hate to live in that dreary place, deprived of liberty. I pity the poor creatures in it who have bent to crime. Warden Hanley is 5 ft. 7 inches in height, he has black hair, on which a few gray hairs are beginning to show. He wears a bow tie, is clean shaven, rather fat, good-natured (you can tell this by the regular twinkle in his sparkling brown eyes), and seems to be a real American, the kind America needs.

Altogether there are 258 prisoners; to be more correct, 244 men, 88 women, 69 boys and 29 United States Government prisoners. Each prisoner gets one big, substantial meals a day and they don't get bread and water as I once thought they did.

Warden Hanley sent a man to show us around the cells and we took an elevator. There are eight tiers, one above the other, and all the prisoners are kept here. One unoccupied cell I noticed. In it are two beds built against the wall, a table, a chair and all the things you'd expect to find in a cell.

The cells resemble a big monkey cage. I walked through and saw the men questioned. Gee, they looked queerly at me when I went around, and I was almost afraid. Some of them were villainous looking, while others were only about seventeen, and looked as innocent as babies, and I wondered how they got into crime.

Some of the cells were opened and the inmates were allowed to walk about for a moment. From here we watched the courtyard where the prisoners worked almost from here, and into the office. Here we found a letter and Mr. Hanley showed us some that had been put under the stamps. This was an old letter, he explained.

Another letter had a tiny package of dope in it, and I was told not to touch anything there for fear of getting my hands poisoned.

One lady then came in to see her husband, but the time she had to be there was past and she had to leave. We soon followed her and I was glad indeed to leave the place. Oh, boy, you'll never catch me there again.

HE DINES AT THE WALDORF AMONG "NIGHT" PEOPLE. From the Tombs I walked over to what they told me was the Five Points, once the toughest part of New York. Boys romped and played ball on the streets. I remembered on a subway, eager to arrive at the Waldorf. This I soon did and sat down at an elegant table. The Waldorf restaurant had a deep brown wall and a mellow ceiling with pictures on a few blocks from me.

I turned my attention to the outside. Many people gazed in on us, making us feel like bears in a cage at the Zoo. Just then my chicken soup was brought to me and I turned my attention to it. I was careful not to spill it all over the tablecloth, as I did at a restaurant a few days ago.

I only got a small dinner to-day, including pickles and ice cream. At last I got up and left.

ARRESTED 21 TIMES, CLAIM. Alleged Pickpocket's Alias No Disguise, Say Police. John Maloney, No. 72 Washington Street, Hoboken, N. J., was arraigned in Tombs Court to-day charged with attempting to pick the pocket of a passenger on the South Ferry "L" station platform yesterday. Detectives Muggs and Ruffalo told the court Maloney had been arrested twenty-one times. His name is down as Johnny Tigus, who served three terms of five years in Sing Sing and two terms of six years in New Jersey.

When nabbed, the detectives say Tigus claimed to be a broker of Philadelphia. When his identity was revealed, the officers say he cried, "Damn it, I just had to come to New York," and stepped on a banana peel and fell.

HEALTH OFFICIAL BEGINS AN INQUIRY INTO LAUTE BURIAL

Dr. Monaghan Summons Dargeon in Effort to Fix Blame for Neglect of Regulations.

Dr. Frank J. Monaghan, Acting Health Commissioner, announced to-day he has started an investigation to fix official responsibility for circumstances surrounding the burial of Mrs. Julia Laute, apparently in defiance of the regulations, instituted as a result of The Evening World's efforts to put an end to body snatching at the city morgue.

Dr. Monaghan said he had summoned William J. Dargeon, undertaker, of No. 954 Amsterdam Avenue, and will call in any officials or other persons he deems should be wanted to throw light on the Laute case. Charges for services not rendered, made by Dargeon in the Laute case, are under scrutiny.

"Dargeon was warned to live up to regulations, when on July 1 he obtained his permit, according to the recommendation of Dr. William H. Guilfof, Health Department Registrar of Records," Dr. Monaghan said; "Dr. Guilfof's protest was because of the case of James Duffy, in which Dargeon tried to collect \$800, which was cut by Surrogate Cochran to \$300. The Laute case occurred before Dargeon's permit was issued, but there may be ground for some action."

Dr. Guilfof to-day wrote to Dr. Monaghan, asking that the committee that framed the present regulations be called upon for a conference to make any needed changes. The committee represents the police, District Attorney, Health Department, Public Administrator, Charities and other departments concerned with burial of "unclaimed" bodies at the Morgue and responsibility for notifying their families.

Other investigations arising from the Laute case are to be made by the Public Administrator and Capt. John Ayers of the Police Bureau of Missing Persons.

Capt. Ayers will try to learn why nothing more than a perfunctory report from his bureau is on record in the Public Administrator's office.

Another investigation will try to determine why Mr. Dargeon charged for silver casket handles when none was supplied and for embalming when he did not perform that service.

ALL DEPARTMENTS JOINED TO BREAK UP PRACTICE. The regulations affecting undertakers and the Morgue, it will be recalled, were announced Jan. 1, following a vigorous campaign by The Evening World after disclosures in the case of Mrs. Anna Calless, killed by a taxicab and hastily buried by an undertaker who made a false record. When her daughter, Miss Charlotte Calless, who had a studio near her mother's lodging place at No. 208 West 83d Street, finally managed to find the burial place at Kensico Cemetery and, with the aid of this newspaper, took steps to have her mother more suitably buried, she was shocked to find, when the grave was opened, the evidence of hasty and careless interment in a rough wooden box.

All departments concerned in such cases, including the Police, Charities, Health and Public Administrator, entered into an arrangement to cooperate in enforcing the new regulations to break up a system of which it was declared the Calless case was only one of many.

Yet within two months the Laute case occurred and was only brought to light on Saturday, when the facts were published.

Mrs. Laute was accidentally asphyxiated Feb. 18 in a furnished room at No. 244 East 53d Street. Her body was taken to the City Morgue. Detective Donohue of the Bureau of Missing Persons was assigned to identify her and find members of her family.

Mrs. M. Langer, at whose house Mrs. Laute roomed, is positive in her statement of what she told the detective. She informed him, she says, that Mrs. Laute's father was an inmate of the City Home on Blackwell's Island and that she had a sister in the city, as well as other relatives, although Mrs. Langer could not give their addresses. She pointed out to the detective a basket of fruit Mrs. Laute had bought to take to her father, as she intended visiting him in a day or two.

INSURANCE RECEIPTS GIVEN TO PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR. In Mrs. Laute's room was a book of receipts, showing she had paid premiums on an insurance policy for \$390. This, apparently without further inquiry, was turned over to the Public Administrator, with a police report on the case, stating Mrs. Laute was "believed to have a father in the City Home."

After remaining in the Morgue for ten days, Mrs. Laute's body was turned over, on order by John Connell, Chief Clerk in the Public Administrator's office, to William J. Dargeon, undertaker, No. 954 Amsterdam Avenue. Dargeon submitted a bill for \$225 to the Public Administrator.

According to Mr. Connell, he wrote

WIDOW OF THIRD NAPOLEON WHO IS DEAD AT 94



EMPERESS EUGENIE INTERNATIONAL

APRIL 13 to the insurance company, giving Mrs. Laute's name and a "group number" 14273. He received no reply. A month later he wrote again, giving the number of the policy as 4117334. The company replied there was no record of that number for a person named Laute.

Then, three months after Mrs. Laute had been buried, it was discovered that the number supplied by the Public Administrator's office was erroneous—the correct number on the receipts was 41173314, instead of 4117334.

The insurance company took steps to locate the beneficiary, Mrs. Laute's father, Richard Roderick, who is in the City Home.

Mrs. Laute's sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Lyons, No. 704 11th Avenue, went to visit her and learned of her death and burial. She communicated with the Public Administrator and learned where her sister was buried. She was informed that Dargeon had a bill for \$225 against the estate. Mrs. Lyons demanded that the body be transferred to the family plot at Calvary and says she was told at the Public Administrator's office: "Why don't you let Dargeon do it for you?"

The records of the City Morgue show that since Jan. 1 Dargeon has taken 22 bodies, including the following, which he obtained on orders from Administrator's office:

Jan. 2, William Burns, no address given, died at Broad Street Hospital; Feb. 5, Hugh Donovan, No. 214 East 72d Street, died City Hospital; Feb. 12, Patrick White, No. 88 Horatio Street, died Bellevue Hospital; Feb. 13, Mary McNeal, No. 1099 First Avenue, died Metropolitan Hospital; Feb. 26, Pietro Corallo, No. 20 North William Street, died in street; March 11, Joseph Leonard, No. 44 Webster Avenue, Newark, N. J., died Manhattan State Hospital; April 6, Emily C. Kershaw, No. 162 Madison Avenue; April 15, John Heller, No. 173 Park Row, died City Hospital; June 7, Trons Arskov, no address given, died in street.

In addition to these, is the case of Mrs. Laute, making ten in all handled by Dargeon on orders from the Public Administrator's office.

Dargeon positively refused to discuss the affair.

"I notice that Mrs. Lyons says she intends bringing a civil suit against me," he said, "and in view of that fact I believe that I had better say nothing. I shall put my case in the hands of my attorney. That is all I have to say now."

Misfortune came speedily. The fall of the empire was followed by the death of the exiled Emperor Napoleon III, in England three years later, and the killing of his only son, the Prince Imperial, while in battle with the English against the Zulus.

EMPERESS EUGENIE IS DEAD IN SPAIN; NAPOLEON'S WIDOW

Sorrow Was Constant Companion of Former French Consort Who Died at 94.

MADRID, July 12.—The former Empress Eugenie of France died here yesterday. She was the widow of Napoleon III.

The former Empress was ill only a few hours before her death. She was exceptionally well Saturday morning. At midday she lunched heartily, eating chicken and some ham.

A short time later she became ill, experiencing severe abdominal pain. Dr. Grenda, physician to King Alfonso, was called and, finding her condition serious, summoned Dr. Moreno Zancudo, a specialist, and also two other physicians. They were, however, unable to relieve the patient.

Empress Eugenie seemed conscious that death was approaching, and those who stood by the bedside say she appeared glad to die in Spain, her native country.

Saturday afternoon when the condition of Eugenie became worse, all her relatives still in Spain were notified. The Duchess Saitona with her husband arrived, and then the Duke of Penedero, Dowager Duchess Tanames and the Count and Countess Mora.

During the night the Empress lost consciousness, but before doing so received the last sacraments of the church from a clergyman. Eugenie died shortly before 8 o'clock Sunday morning, never having regained consciousness.

The body will be embalmed Monday in preparation for its transportation to England, where Eugenie will be buried at Farnborough. The funeral party will probably depart for Spain Wednesday.

American Dentist Saved Empress From Nob. Eugenie was ninety-four years and two months old when she died.

Sorrow and calamity had been the constant companions of the Empress ever since the fateful Sept. 4, 1870, when she and all Paris had heard of the defeat and capture of Napoleon at Sedan. The Empress was popularly accused of bringing on that disastrous war with Prussia.

Historians have since declared that there is little evidence to support such charges, but the riotous mobs of Paris, shouting for the new Republic which the Deputies had proclaimed, stormed the palace of the Tuilleries and howled imprecations upon Eugenie's head until the Empress became convinced that her life was in real peril.

Flight was blocked by the mobs surrounding the palace. Finally an exit was found by way of the Louvre. The Empress, in disguise, accompanied only by one of her ladies in waiting, was taken in a cab to the residence of the American dentist, Dr. Thomas J. Evans.

"They have all forsaken me; you can save me; you must save me," she cried to Dr. Evans.

And with his friend and compatriot, Dr. Crane, this American saved her; drove her to Deauville, on the sea-coast, and persuaded Sir John Burgoyne to take her on his yacht to England.

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CANDY PENNY A POUND PROFIT Candy Special Extraordinary! For Two Days Only. Mon. & Tues. July 12th-13th. One of those Once-in-a-while Opportunities to secure Fresh Wholesale Candy at an unusual price reduction. On these two days we have a special price on our famous MOTT'S GINGER, DANISHES, those delicious Mochaes, our regular 5c. roots, the other special MOTT'S GINGER, DANISHES, Mochaes, and a collection of dainties, all finished, beautifully tinted and packed in our special 5c. boxes. Cream or luscious chocolate fruit. Our regular price 49c. MONDAY OR TUESDAY, AT POUND BOX. Our Two Big Daily Specials For Monday, July 12th CHOCOLATE COVERED GENESSEE CREAMS—These are big blocks of cream, melt-in-your-mouth delicacies, in the popular Chocolate flavor, enclosed in every-day wrapper. 34c. For Tuesday, July 13th SUGAR PEPPERMINTS AND WINTERGREENS—Almost every left candy lover knows these dainty pink and white, button shape delicacies, made of Forest Confectioner's Sugar and flavored with the finest Oil of Peppermint and Wintergreen. SPECIAL 34c. Other Monday Attractions HIGH GRADE SMOOTH ALMONDS—The most popular of our fine nut candy in its finest state of perfection, packed away in beautiful shells of Forest Confectioner's Sugar, presented in seven pleasing varieties. 54c. MANHATTAN ABSORBED CHOCOLATE—If you have the idea that quality confections and a fancy price always go together, try these sweet, creamy, yourself-difficult-to-make, Forest Confectioner's Absorbed Chocolate with rich Chocolate coverings. 34c. For exact location see telephone directory. The specified weight includes the container.