# GRAVE DANGER IN COREA

## *Russo-Japanese Rivalry Makes Situation Ominous.*

London, Aug. 17.—The Peking correspondent of "The Times," telegraphing from Seoul, capital of Corea, on August 13, describes the situation resulting from Russo-Japanese rivalry as very serious, and the extension of Russian activity into Corea as most ominous.

Corea, he says, is inevitably destined to be the field where the great problem of Russian or Japanese supremacy in the Far East will be solved. At present Corea is exceedingly anxious, fearing that her future as an independent empire is gravely menaced, and reasons only too well founded lead to the belief that Japan, in order to restore the balance of power disturbed by Russian aggressian in Manchnria, may quietly occupy Corea.

The correspondent adds that the domestic concerns of Corea are fairly prosperous. The reports of a great influx of Japanese are incorrect, but Japan retains and is increasing her commercial predominance.

# *MORE VESUVIAN LAVA.*

## *Mountain Again Active—No Immediate Danger for Towns.*

Naples, Aug. 16.—The eruption of Vesuvius somewhat increased to-day. The stream of lava flowing from the crater is divided into two branches. The longer reaches a distance of 2,600 feet in the direction of the village of Ottajano; the other now runs 2,300 feet toward Pompeii. There is no immediate danger.

# *SAYS HE HAS SEEN WOODS.*

## *Colonel Best's Son Tells Police—"Doctor" Has Lawyer in Newark.*

Detective Sergeants Tuite and Wriggins, with a detective from San Rafael, Cal., are scouring the summer resorts along the Jersey coast for "Dr." John D. Woods and his wife, who are suspected in connection with the death of Colonel William J. Best at their home in California last April. Colonel Best's son informed the Newark police a few days ago that he had seen "Dr." Woods on a train passing through Asbury Park, but that he did not know where Woods was going.

Frank N. McDermit, of Newark, admits that he has been retained as counsel by "Dr." Woods "in case he should be subjected to any unpleasantness," but will not tell where he is.

# *WON'T BURY SON'S BODY.*

## *Young Man Cast Off by Father Commits Suicide.*

Cast off by his father, August Weisnach, and because admission to his home was denied him, according to the police, "Fred" Weisnach, twenty-two years old, swallowed the contents of a vial of carbolic acid in the hallway of his former home, at No. 141 Ten Eyck-st., Brooklyn, yesterday, and died before the arrival of an ambulance surgeon.

After the doctor had pronounced the young man dead the father, the police of the Stagg-st. station say, refused to care for the body, and it was taken to the station. It was later removed to an undertaker's establishment, and will be buried by relatives.

Young Weisnach's mother is dead, and for a year or two he had been rather wild. Last week the boy disappeared, and at the same time Mr. Weisnach missed a small sum of money that had been in a desk. Friends told him that they had seen the son having a good time at Coney Island, and the father declared that he would have nothing more to do with the young man. On Saturday night the boy returned, and his father would not let him into the house. Yesterday he returned to make another plea to be taken back. His stepmother let him into the hall, and the father then came out and told him that he could never live at home gain. The young man then pulled the bottle of cid from his pocket and drank it.

# ASKS INJUNCTION TO HOLD WIFE.

## Ranchman Is Afraid Former Husband Will Again Win Her.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

Sioux Falls, S. D., Aug. 16.—A unique case has been started in the Circuit Court here. Colonel Mahlon Bapp, a wealthy ranchman, of Minnehaha County, has petitioned the court to issue an injunction to restrain William Sheperd, the former husband of Mrs. Bapp, from alienating her affections. Sheperd is a wealthy farmer near Trinidad, Col. His wife secured a divorce from him and Colonel Bapp married her. Recently Sheperd and a brother of Mrs. Bapp tried to persuade her to take her child and go back to live with Sheperd.

Bapp had the men arrested on the charge of trying to steal his wife and child. Subsequently the charge was withdrawn and the injunction proceedings instituted.

# SUBSTITUTE FOR RADIUM.

## Philadelphia Doctor Experimenting with a Chemical Product Which Is Much Cheaper.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

Philadelphia, Aug. 16.—Dr. W. F. Manges, of Jefferson College Hospital, has discovered a chemical substitute for radium. When asked about it today, he said:

I am experimenting with a chemical, which, while possessing radial activity so great that it may be used in place of radium, will be so cheap that it will be within reach of any physician for experimenting on the treatment of diseases in which radium is suggested as a remedy. I cannot give you the name of the chemical, or say just what it is, for I am still in the experimental stage with it. I will say that it is fluorescent to a remarkable degree, and has a radial activity greater than the X-ray. I cannot yet say whether it will equal radium in that respect, but it can be produced very cheaply, and I believe that it will prove a good substitute for the more costly product.

# GOODBY TO "DICK DEADEYE."

## And All His Ilk Must "Vamoose" from Chicago.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

Chicago, Aug. 16.—An almost forgotten law, passed in 1897, may lead to the undoing of that class of bookstores which sells cheap "blood and thunder" novels to children. The movement has been started by W. Z. Tyler, attorney for the Citizens' Mutual Protective Association, and already twelve of the dispensers of trash have been arrested and fined $1 to $3 each. Warrants are out for fifty more.

The law prohibits the sale of such books to children, and also their exposure in windows for sale.

# YOUNG LABORER MURDERED.

Atobia Rubenell, a young Italian laborer, of Maple-st., near Kingston-ave., Brooklyn, was found in Malbone-st., near New-York-ave., late last night, suffering from a gunshot wound in the stomach. He died before the arrival of an ambulance. Just before he became unconscious he declared that the man who shot him was Frank Ferro, of No. 431 Malbone-st.

Do Your Feet Smart and Burn?

Bathe them every night with warm water and Glenn's Sulphur Soap. It soothes and heals the tender skin as nothing else will. It's the only fine toilet soap that contains enough pure sulphur to have a medicinal effect. Druggists.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50 cents.

# *GIRL GAVE DEATH PARTY.*

## *Said To Be Dying, She Entertained Friends.*

A young woman who is thought to be dying from consumption gave a novel party in Mount Vernon last week. She called it a death party. At the affair, which was attended by a dozen young women, the hostess wore a white silk dress in which she expects to be buried. She made the dress herself only a few weeks ago.

The girl, who is about nineteen years old, has been in failing health for a year. Her doctor knew that she had consumption, but kept the news from her, fearing that if she learned that she could not live she would become melancholy. It finally became necessary to tell her that she was going to die, but instead of becoming melancholy, as her family had anticipated, she bore up cheerfully and began arranging her farewell party. She invited all of the young women of her acquaintance, and when they came she informed them that she had sent for them to bid them farewell. The guests felt a little hesitation at first about being too jovial, but the hostess took the lead by playing some popular airs for them on her piano and treating them all to ice cream and cake.

The party turned out to be an enjoyable affair. As the guests were departing they surrounded the big armchair in which their hostess sat propped up and each kissed her goodby probably forever. The scene was so affecting that nearly all the girls were in tears, and the sick girl herself finally broke down and wept with the others.

# *MOB STREET PREACHER.*

## *Crowd Helps Escorts of Women Who Resent His Remarks.*

An unfortunate habit of pointing the moral of his sermons from people in the audience and of using personal repartee resulted in trouble for Maxwell Johnstone, a street preacher, and very nearly brought about a small riot at Twenty-third-st. and Fifth-ave. last night.

Johnstone was preaching in a loud tone, and was waving his arms in an excited fashion, when two women, who were passing with their escorts, saw him and smiled. Johnstone resented the smile. He stopped his sermon and called out at the top of his voice: "Oh, you women of the streets! You are going straight to ——."

Then the trouble began. The women's escorts attacked the preacher. They seemed to have the sympathy of the crowd, and several men turned in to help them finish him. Things were looking bad for the preacher when Policeman Gessner came along, and pulled him out from under the crowd of irate men.

Three lawyers who were in the crowd—the Cohen Brothers, of No. 346 Broadway, and William Harrison, of Seventeenth-st., near Sixth-ave.—said that they were going to see Mayor Low to-day to ask to have Johnstone's license revoked. They say that he is most extravagant in his remarks, frequently picking out some man in the crowd and prophesying all sorts of dire things about his future state, and that he does far more harm than good. He has made many complaints at the police stations lately, and the policemen say that an investigation has almost always proved that he was the aggressor in the trouble.

# *EXPECT FURTHER RISE.*

## *Great Damage from Flood Not Feared at Kansas City, However.*

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 16.—Notwithstanding that the Kansas River at this point had risen a foot in twenty-four hours, up to 2 o'clock this afternoon, when it became stationary, and that a further rise is expected to-morrow, no great damage is likely to result. West of here, at Lawrence and Topeka, the Kansas River has risen slightly since last night, and at Salina and Junction City, its tributaries, the Smoky Hill and the Publican rivers are rising at a steady gait and sending the water this way. Most of this water will reach here within another twenty-four hours, but while a further two foot rise here is predicted a fall from that time on is looked for.

Traffic between the two Kansas cities is still suspended, as the temporary pile bridges are unsafe. A sand scow broke away to-day, striking the James-st. bridge, the principal bridge between the two cities, knocking several piles loose and rendering that structure unsafe for streetcars or vehicles. At the belt line bridge the current was so swift that it became necessary to remove a section of the bridge to let the great mass of driftwood through.

Fearing a temporary abandonment of some of the railroad yards in the lower part of the bottoms, the Swift Packing Company moved several tons of provisions to this side of the river to-day. The water must rise fifteen feet before it can reach the business houses, however, and this is not at all likely.

# DID NOT SWIM THE RAPIDS.

## Police at Niagara Would Not Let Glenister Make the Plunge.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Aug. 16.—For the first time the police of this city have cut short an attempt to swim the whirlpool rapids. The man they stopped was "Jack" Glenister, who as an introduction to the swim wanted to plunge into the river from the cantilever bridge, about 240 feet high.

Glenister was informed by an officer that he must leave the city or submit to arrest. He preferred to go, and the officer went with him to the city line. Glenister went to Buffalo. He says he will swim through the gorge within sixty hours. His friends are opposed to his entering the waters that killed Captain Webb.

# NEWFOUNDLAND SLATE LEADS.

## One Quarryman Talks of Bringing Over from Wales an Entire Town.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

St. John's, N. F., Aug. 16.—Several of the larger slate quarry firms at Trinity Bay are planning to move to this province their business at the Welsh quarries, which have become almost exhausted except for deep mining. One quarryman has under consideration plans for the removal of an entire town near his Welsh quarry to Newfoundland, where he can give three thousand men employment.

The Welsh slate has been known as the best in the world, but experts who are prospecting and working the Newfoundland beds on Trinity Bay and the Bay of Islands say the Newfoundland slate is superior to the Welsh, besides being easier to quarry and almost inexhaustible.

# EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND FISHING.

## Joseph Jefferson Also at Meddybemps—Interviewers and Cameras Barred.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

Calais, Me., Aug. 16.—Ex-President Grover Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson, the actor are having some excellent sport fishing at Meddybemps Lake, which comes near being the tip-end of the United States on its eastern boundary. Mr. Cleveland says he likes Meddybemps, but is dodging cameras and political interviewers. Reporters who desire to talk with him on political subjects find a frosty welcome.

"Ben" Lombard, of Meddybemps, is guiding the party, which is in a camp owned by Charles Jefferson and fitted up in comfortable style.

The lake is teeming with fish, which rise readily to the fly, but the season is too far advanced for this kind of lure, and the largest fish are caught by deep water fishing. Mr. Cleveland has been very successful, having landed several good strings.

# ON STREET CAR PLATFORM

## *Experiences of a Conductor Detailed by Himself.*

Working on the back platform of a streetcar is generally the last resort of a man who has lost everything but industry, writes a New-York man in "The Independent" for this week. I do not say this to belittle conductors or motormen. I consider it high praise. What I mean is that I know of no form of labor, however difficult, that is harder than working on a streetcar. Many men who fail in business, cannot make ends meet in their profession, or lose clerical positions, say, "No, thank you," when they are offered positions on the cars. They would sooner beg, steal or live off their friends. You may rest assured that the conductor or motorman, whatever his faults, is not afraid of hard work. It must not be assumed that it is easy to secure employment on the cars. In the last few years there has been a slight improvement in the hours and a slight increase in the pay, and there are hundreds waiting for men to die or resign. Some of them do one or the other, after a while; and now and then—but rarely though—some man is discharged. In my time, and since the introduction of the trolley in Chicago, where I first went on the cars, there has been a distinct improvement in the class of men who seek the work. And yet the business is not made up wholly of Chesterfields and college professors. It could not be.

Sarcasm? Not at all. Let me illustrate. When I had been railroading a week I had, one night, a very crowded car. A crowd of men and women blocked up the back platform. I called:

"Move up front; there's plenty of room up front."

But they stood there and never moved an inch. I had actually to push them up front. I had been working over ten hours and was not feeling any too well, and I did not use very choice language. When the crowd thinned out and we were near the depot a man with a high silk hat and a fur lined overcoat came out and lectured me. He said I was rude and he had a notion to report me. He told me I should treat each passenger as if he were my guest and as if I were anxious he should go away pleased. I was angry and retorted:

"Do you suppose if I could talk and act like that I would be working for $2.10 a day during a blizzard?"

That was enough. He did not say any more; but he reported me, and I did not have a chance to resign.

I could not secure the transfer to another line. Finally I left Chicago, with permission to use the company as reference.

I went to Pittsburg, where I obtained work easily. It paid 24 cents an hour for a day of ten hours, the best wages paid streetcar men in the United States. I remained in Pittsburg for a year, and liked the place. While I was there the papers had a violent discussion over the question of public ownership of street railways. It never amounted to anything. My own opinion is that municipal ownership would not be a good thing. The service generally becomes run down at the heel; the class of men employed is decidedly inferior, and it costs the public just as much in the end. Private ownership means that a few men get very rich, but the service is put on a business basis, the morale of the force is elevated, and the people come pretty nearly receiving the worth of their money.

I do not want you to suppose that I had a sinecure merely because I was satisfied with my position. I have a philosophical nature, and that has always helped me on my journey through life. My little troubles and grievances would fill a good sized book.

A conductor on a trolley car can scarcely call his soul his own. This may sound strange to the casual observer, who regards the conductor as a petty tyrant, lording it over his poor passengers. As a matter of fact he is subject to the whims of the most insignificant person who enters his car. Any one can report him for incivility or—worse—lie about him, and he has a black mark put down against his name at the office. Then there is that awful book of rules and regulations. Every man employed by the company has to have one, and every man has to learn the regulations by heart. He soon discovers that there is a fine and a threat of dismissal for nearly everything under the sun—except breathing. He finds minute directions telling how he is to act and talk in every possible emergency.

He has to be most careful in case of accidents, whether they are serious or trivial. If John Smith sprains his foot in alighting from the car the conductor must interview John Smith, and, if possible, examine his ankle; and he must secure the names and addresses of five or six persons who saw John Smith sprain his ankle. Of course, that is reasonable enough; but the same thing cannot be said of some of the other rules. For instance, if a reckless driver comes along and runs the pole of his wagon into my car, breaking a window, I am compelled to pay for that window. Then, again, if Brown's wagon scratches some of the paint off the side of the car I am compelled to make that good or lose my position.

A conductor's lot is never entirely a happy one. During the summer he risks his life every time he goes to collect fares along the edge of the footboard on either side of the car. He is liable to collide with a brick pile or a lime kiln at any time; and, when it occurs, he is either killed or laid up for repairs. In the winter time he is on the back platform, half frozen. It is only fair to say that the inclosures around the platform of the cars of to-day are a great protection during inclement weather. I do not believe the companies deserve any particular credit; it took a special act of legislature to make them do it. Then a man never knows when he is going to get a meal. He jumps up before daylight in the morning, gulps down a hurried breakfast and hurries to the depot to take out his car. He cannot afford to be a minute late. That would be a mortal sin not to be forgiven. Patti could disappoint an audience, but a car conductor must never fail to be on time for the public. When the dinner hour arrives, a small boy who lives in the neighborhood of the conductor's home, or some member of his family, hails the car and passes up the dinner pail. He cannot eat the dinner until he reaches the depot, and by the time he reaches the depot the food is cold. When he is through for the day he hurries home for supper. He is no sooner through than he has to go to bed so that he will not oversleep himself the next morning. It is not a bed of roses.

Being a single man, I was not affected by the loss of home life. I boarded with a conductor's family, and the sacrifices he had to make were really disheartening. He hardly knew his own children, and certainly did not have a chance to enjoy the society of his wife. She was a tidy, good natured woman, who knew how to cook and take care of a house. Her husband earned, on an average, $45 a month, and $12 was paid out in rent for a comfortable two story house that had a neat bathroom and some other modern conveniences. He kept $5 a month for his tobacco, shaving and other personal expenses. To my way of thinking, it was quite moderate. With the remainder, amounting to $31, she kept the table, clothed the children and provided for her own wants. The $4 a week board I paid her should be added to the total income. I cannot see for the life of me how she ever made any money on me; the table she set was enough to eat up the whole $4. She was a natural manager, and with habits of economy was able to do these wonders. That family lived happily and was able to keep out of debt. I do not pretend to say that the family of every railroad man can live so well on the same amount of money. So much depends on the wife. If a man is fortunate enough to marry an industrious and economical woman she can make ends meet, no matter how much he makes, providing, of course, he works regularly and turns the money over to her at the end of each week.

Just when I thought Pittsburg was going to be my home I lost my position. One day two drunken men boarded my car. They began to sing, and soon became profane and abusive. I went inside and quietly asked them to stop. They did stop for a minute, and then became worse than before. Several of the male passengers began to offer hints for my benefit.

"If the conductor knew his business," one remarked, "he would throw these fellows off the car."

"Yes," said another. "But did you ever meet a conductor that had the courage to do his duty?"

This decided me. I went up to the nearest drunken tough—for that is what the man was, inside the clothes—and said:

"If you don't quit your abusive talk you'll have to get off this car."

"I dare you to put me off," he retorted with a leer and a fresh flow of profanity.

I pulled the bell rope, stopped the car, took my man by the back of the neck and threw him into the street. The woman passengers shrieked; the men, sitting as still as Chinese idols, never offered to help me. Tough No. 2 came at me. In self-defence I had to fight. When I got through with him he was a sorry vision. I tore his clothes, blacked one of his eyes and blooded his nose. He hammered me pretty hard, too. They had plenty of money, for they hailed a cab and drove off.

When we reached the depot the superintendent was standing there, evidently waiting for me. By his side was the man I had thrown from the car. He looked at me with a one eyed haughtiness and, turning to the superintendent, pointed his finger, saying:

"That's the man."

The superintendent regarded me quizzically, saying, in angry tones, but with a half smile lifting the corners of his mouth.

"You are discharged. Take your badge into the office."

"But," I cried, "can't I tell my side of the story?"

"There's only one side to this story," he replied, grimly.

"Why?" I asked, with open mouthed wonder. "Because I licked that dirty blackguard?"

"No," he said, lowering his voice; "because the man you licked is the son of one of our directors."

That night I met a man who had two passes East, and we resolved to try our chances in Philadelphia. We got positions at once, only to find out that a strike was going on. I did not like the idea of working as a "scab," but I could not afford to throw up my place. The strike lasted seven days. For two days I did not do a thing, and the other five days I made one trip a day, surrounded by four big policemen and dodging now and then a rotten potato, decayed eggs and an occasional brick heaved into the back platform by the sympathetic friends of the strikers. I received $2 a day and the assurance of being retained, no matter how the strike ended. The papers said those seven days were a reign of terror; I could not see it in that light. It took nerve to work—that was all. No one was killed; possibly three or four men received scalp wounds from missiles thrown by boys.

The men went back with the assurance that their condition would be bettered. It was not bettered immediately, but it has been since. The pay and the hours are now better than were asked for when that strike was ordered, six years ago. The pay is 20 cents an hour for a day of from ten to eleven hours. Incidentally, the municipality has exacted good terms from the corporation. The streetcar companies were given the right to use the trolley system on condition that they would pave and keep forever in repair the streets on which their cars are run. This, I venture to say, has made Philadelphia the best paved city in the Union.

Every conductor there is subject to petty annoyances, both from the passengers and the subordinate officials of the company. A rule prohibits us from entering into disputes with passengers, and yet there are times when the observance of the rule is out of the question. A man comes to you five minutes after he has paid his fare and says the change is 10 or 15 cents short. On two occasions, when I felt morally certain that I was right, I gave up the additional money rather than provoke a quarrel and be reported for incivility. A count of my money on those nights proved that I was in the right.

Perhaps the hardest feature of a conductor's life is the "swing" system. By this arrangement, although a man may only actually work ten or eleven hours, he really has to be on duty for fourteen or fifteen hours. For instance, I take my car out at 6 o'clock in the morning. I make two trips, which consume four hours, and then I am relieved for four hours. I return at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and work until 10 o'clock that night. But I receive pay only for the time I am actually on my car. I consider this hard usage, and yet I do not suppose it is possible to avoid it.

At one time drunkenness was not uncommon among the drivers and conductors on the streetcars, but the introduction of the trolley has changed their habits for the better. A street railway is run now like any other large and progressive corporation. As a result the character of the men is a grade higher than it used to be. Drunkenness is a fault that is never forgiven in a man. If you lost your place through drunkenness to-day and should apply for it ten years hence you would find that black mark still against you. The habits of the average conductor and motorman are good now, and few are dismissed for drinking.

What is worse than riding in a Philadelphia streetcar, especially during holiday times? The people are crowded in like sardines; they trample on toes, and the jerking and sudden stopping and starting often throw them into one another's laps. A conductor sees it all more vividly than the passengers, because he is a spectator, while the others are the actors. One thing is certain, and that is Americans have a sense of humor—a saving sense of humor. It enables them to bear with all kinds of discomfort and imposition and still feel reasonably happy. They may make a protest—a good, vigorous, verbal protest—but it usually ends there. An American will laugh at a thing that would cause an Italian or a Spaniard to shed blood. This may be platform philosophy, but it comes from years of observation on the back of a streetcar.

After being in Philadelphia for a little over a year I was taken with rheumatism, the Nemesis of railroaders. I was laid up for two months. When I went back the superintendent said, in view of the fact that I worked during the strike, he would take me on again if I would wait for two weeks.

I concluded not to wait, and went to Brooklyn, the heaven of the dishonest railroader, where the conductors steal everything but the tracks. I had never been dishonest, so I did not begin there. I stayed in Brooklyn long enough to see that the companies had a network of protection throughout the country against dishonest and careless railroad men, and Brooklyn seemed to be the mouth of the scoop.

My last move was to New-York, on the Broadway surface line. I like New-York. It's a pretty good town. I think I'll spend the remainder of my days here.

A conductor sees the worst side of human nature. What is there in the atmosphere of a streetcar that makes men and women, even on Broadway, act with such vulgarity? Why will men spit on the floor? Why do they send their feet sprawling all over at the risk of tripping up every newcomer? Why do they spread their newspapers out so as to obstruct the view of their neighbors on each side? Why do they quarrel with the conductor? And why do they remain seated while women are standing? And the women—why are they so cross and irritable? Why do they accept a seat from a gentleman without thanking him for it? And why do they try to palm off nine and ten year old children as being "under four"?

But in spite of all these things, and a good many more, I like my job and I am willing to keep it. To get 20 cents an hour and have the glorious privilege of living in New-York is no small thing to me. My health is rugged. I feel that I could almost digest cobblestones. It may seem queer to some persons, but I am sincere when I say that I would sooner be a streetcar conductor in New-York than a leading citizen in a country town.

# TO INVESTIGATE CRIMINALITY.

## Increase Among Philadelphia Negroes Arouses Their Pastors.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

Philadelphia, Aug. 16.—A movement has been started by the negro ministers here to investigate the increase of criminality among negroes in this city and the vicinity. The Rev. Solomon P. Hood, pastor of Campbell African Methodist Episcopal Church, is chairman of the association which has been formed for this purpose. The first move will be to ascertain the number of negroes engaged in business here, the nature of their employment, the number of churches, schools, benevolent and beneficial societies operated by them, and everything pertaining to the colored man's moral, intellectual and industrial development. The city is to be divided into districts, and the work will be done under the auspices of the Philadelphia Colored Preachers' Association.

The alarming increase of alleged criminals among the negroes in this city in the last few years is responsible for the movement. The association will also endeavor to open up new avenues of employment for the negro.

# TOOTHACHE SAVES TWO LIVES.

## Woman, Walking the Floor, Rescues Boarders Overcome by Gas.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

Philadelphia, Aug. 16.—Mrs. Marie Di Lucca had a raging toothache all last night. She could not sleep, but walked the floor, and thereby saved two lives. The Di Luccas live at No. 731 Federal-st. Mr. and Mrs. Pasquella Alphonse board with them. Just before retiring last night Mrs. Alphonse accidentally turned on the gas, and husband and wife went to sleep without noticing it. Early this morning, while nursing her toothache, Mrs. Di Lucca detected escaping gas and traced it to the room of the Alphonses, where the couple were found, unconscious.

The police were informed and removed them to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where the physicians soon revived them. In the excitement Mrs. Di Lucca forgot her toothache.

# J. D. ROCKEFELLER BUYS MORE LAND.

## Purchases Six Farms Near Pocantico Hills—Now Has Five Thousand Acres There.

John D. Rockefeller is now the largest landowner in Westchester County. He has recently purchased six farms at Eastview and Hawthorne, adjoining his country home at Pocantico Hills. This gives him about five thousand acres in all, which is considerably more land than was owned by the late Joseph Park, of Rye, or by Adrian Iselin.

It is reported that Mr. Rockefeller will acquire more property in the same neighborhood. He is inclosing the land with fences, planting trees and laying out artificial lakes, and it is the impression of the people in the neighborhood that he contemplates creating a vast park of the entire tract. Mr. Rockefeller has not yet rebuilt his house which burned down a year ago, but is living in the cottage with his son. It was reported at the time of the fire that young Mr. Rockefeller would build a large house at Pocantico Hills which would overlook the Hudson and the Sound.

# TWO SUFFOCATED BY GAS.

## Man and Woman, Unidentified, Found Dead in a New-Haven Hotel.

New-Haven, Conn., Aug. 16.—The odor of gas led to the discovery of the dead bodies of a man and a woman in a room of the Adams House, in George-st., to-day. The gas was turned on, and it was evident that the deaths were due to asphyxiation. There has been no identification late to-night. A card found in the man's pocket bore the address, "Stephen Kunba, No. 109 Orange-st., New-Britain."

The couple are said to have registered as "R. Smith and wife." A pay envelope found in the woman's purse bore the name "Annie Gumerer." Both were well dressed.

# WILLIAM HENRY WOOD DEAD.

Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 16 (Special).—William Henry Wood, of No. 224 Eighth-st., Jersey City, who for several weeks was a guest of the Howland House, died there this afternoon. He was a retired merchant and had been a regular visitor for several years. He was sixty-five years old.

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KNOX HATS

A new demonstration of the fitness of the Knox Hat to rank as the hat *par excellence* will be afforded at the opening exhibit of New Fall Styles on

Wednesday, August 19th

Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street
Fifth Avenue at the Fifth Ave. Hotel
Broadway at Fulton Street
Brooklyn, 340 Fulton Street
Chicago, 187-189 State Street

*Agents in every city*

*There are no Knox Hats without the trade-mark.*

# *LION'S TOOTH PULLED.*

## *Lively Time in Administering Chloroform at Glen Island.*

"Jack," the big lion at Glen Island, had a tooth extracted yesterday, and it required the united efforts of four strong men to accomplish the task. Ten days ago he became irritable and a close watch was put on him to determine the cause of the trouble. At times, especially after eating, he would fly into a paroxysm of rage and dash about his cage in an unaccountable manner. Finally the headkeeper, Frank Healey, discovered that the lion had a jumping toothache. The poor brute suffered so that he had to be removed to the animal hospital under the aquarium. At times, frequently in the stillness of the night, he would roar so loud in pain that he could be heard in New-Rochelle.

On two occasions Healey tried to administer relief, but was unsuccessful, and then it was decided to adopt heroic measures. Early yesterday "Jack's" cage was wheeled into the centre of the space under the aquarium, and after a great deal of manœuvring a noose was slipped over his head. Ropes had been attached to two sides of the noose, and while these were tightened and held to the floor Mr. Healey slipped in the door. In an instant he had put over the lion's head a large peach basket containing sponges saturated with chloroform. Before Mr. Healey was safely out of the cage the lion had demolished the basket with one of his forefeet, and the attempt to give the anæsthetic had to be abandoned.

A second attempt was made half an hour later. This time a rope was run under the lion's belly and over his haunches, and with these and the rope about his neck he was hoisted to the top of the cage, when it took but a moment to twist a few coils of rope about his legs. When he was lowered to the floor he was helpless as far as freedom of his limbs was concerned. Then another peach basket was brought into use. There was nearly a quart of chloroform sprinkled on the large sponges in the basket. The lion made a strong resistance when the basket was placed over his nose, but his struggles grew gradually less as the effects of the anesthetic began to be felt. In less than five minutes the big lion was unconscious.

Then A. L. Princehorn and Healey pried open the jaws and placed a block of wood in to prevent them from closing. When the aching molar was found the gums had to be lanced to allow the forceps a good hold. As they were about to be adjusted the lion moved his head, and there was a sudden scattering of the attendants. More chloroform was administered and then a good hold was taken with the forceps. It took a hard pull to extract the molar, but it was finally accomplished.

Then an antiseptic was placed on the wound, and when all was completed the ropes were released and the cage wheeled out in the open air. Within fifteen minutes the lion had revived and was sniffing about the cage. The tooth is now in the Glen Island museum. Two hours after Jack had been separated from his aching molar he seemed to have fully recovered from the effects of the operation.

# *NO JUNK FOR TENEMENTS.*

## *Mr. Merriman Refuses Applications from Dealers in Such Houses.*

Among the many important reforms introduced into the Bureau of Licenses by James D. Merriman, deputy chief, is one of particular importance to the tenement population. For many years the city ordinance which prohibits the storage of rags, old paper and junk in a tenement house and the conducting of a junk business in tenement houses has been ignored, and the accumulated filth in junk shops, in the basements and first floors of crowded tenements has long been a source of disease.

To remedy this state of affairs, Mr. Merriman has obtained the co-operation of the Tenement House Department, and whenever an application for a license or a renewal is made by a junkman the Tenement House Department is informed where the premises are, and sends inspectors to look at them. If the place proves to be a tenement house the license is refused. Particularly on the lower East Side the results of this new enforcement of the law have been beneficial to the health of the tenement dwellers, who are no longer forced to breathe the disease laden air that rises through the airshafts from the filthy accumulations of junk dealers.

# C. ENDICOTT ALLEN'S CONDITION GOOD.

## Still in Somewhat of a Stupor—To Go to Sanatorium at Once.

C. Endicott Allen, the man who slept for forty days in the hospital at Long Branch, N. J., was doing well at Bellevue Hospital last night. It was said that he still seemed to be in a sort of stupor, but that there was no evidence he needed any except general treatment, and that he would probably be taken to some sanatorium to-day or to-morrow. The house physician said that he was not sleeping, but seemed somewhat dazed.

# STOPS BRIDLELESS HORSE.

## Mounted Policeman, Leaning from Saddle, Puts Arms Round Runaway's Neck.

James Gabarine, of No. 12 School-st., Yonkers, was riding a saddle horse in Central Park yesterday when, just after he entered the bridle path at the Fifty-ninth-st. and Fifth-ave. gate an automobile pased him, frightening his mount into bolting. The animal threw Gabarine to the path, but he was only bruised. The horse then stepped on the reins, pulling off the bridle, and ran away.

The animal caused a good deal of excitement in a wild run to Sixty-third-st., where he was stopped by Mounted Policeman Markey. Markey had to lean over and throw his arms about the horse's neck to stop him. It was so thrilling a stop that many people applauded.

# SAYS COWART SEEMS ALONE IN THEFT.

Red Bank, N. J., Aug. 16.—Bank Examiner Mason, with his assistants, spent all of to-day on the books of the Navesink National Bank working on the statement which he hopes to forward to Washington in a few days. Mr. Mason, when asked if there was any one implicated in the defalcation except Enoch L. Cowart, the cashier, replied there was nothing to indicate any irregularity on the part of any one except the man who had confessed, and as yet there had been nothing to show that any one save him profited by his actions.

Cowart's defalcations came as a shock to every one here. The general belief expressed is that he speculated and was caught in the recent slump in Wall Street. Another theory is that the embezzlement began many years ago. The bank examiner and Cowart and his counsel refuse to throw any light on the subject, however.

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## *Surrogates' Notices.*

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF HON. Frank T. Fitzgerald, a Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all person having claims against Harriet S. Biddle, late of the County of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber at his place of transacting business, at the offices of Putney, Twombly & Putney, his attorneys, at No. 170 Broadway, Borough of Manhattan, in The City of New York, on or before the first day of December next.
Dated New York, the 21st day of May, 1903.
JOHN BIDDLE,
Executor of Harriet S. Biddle, deceased.
PUTNEY, TWOMBLY & PUTNEY, Attys. for Executor, 170 Broadway, New York City.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF HON. Frank T. Fitzgerald, a Surrogate of the County of New York, Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Susan Bevier, late of the County of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers at their place of transacting business at the office of James S. Greves, No. 32 Park Place, in the City of New York, Borough of Manhattan, on or before the 10th day of October next.
Dated New York, the 6th day of April, 1903.
JOEL ELLIS FISHER, ENOCH V. STODDARD, } Executors.
JAMES S. GREVES, Attorney for Executors, 32 Park Place, N. Y. City.

KNIGHT, WILLIAM H.—IN PURSUANCE of an order of Hon. Abner C. Thomas, a Surrogate of the County of New-York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against William H. Knight, late of the County of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscribers at their place of transacting business, at the office of Rufus L. Weaver, their attorney, Number 229 Broadway, Manhattan, New York City, on or before the 10th day of November, 1903.
Dated, New York City, May the 4th, 1903.
JOHN W. KNIGHT, FLORENCE A. COLLIVET, Executors.
RUFUS L. WEAVER, Attorney for Executors, 229 Broadway, New York.

KENNEDY, JOHN.—IN PURSUANCE OF an order of Hon. Frank T. Fitzgerald, a Surrogate of the County of New York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against John Kennedy, late of the County of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at her place of transacting business, at the office of Geo. M. Boynton, No. 132 Nassau Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City, on or before the 1st day of March next.
Dated, New York, the 10th day of August, 1903.
CATHERINE KENNEDY, Administratrix.
GEO. M. BOYNTON, Attorney for Administratrix, 132 Nassau Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City.

TAYLOR, ELIZABETH REED.—IN PURSUANCE of an order of Hon. Frank T. Fitzgerald, a Surrogate of the County of New York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Elizabeth Reed Taylor, late of the County of New York, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her place of transacting business at the office of Guthrie, Cravath & Henderson, No. 40 Wall Street, in the Borough of Manhattan, in the City of New York, on or before the twentieth day of September next.
Dated New York, the twelfth day of March, 1903.
JULIA REED TAYLOR, Executrix.
GUTHRIE, CRAVATH & HENDERSON, Attorneys for Executrix, No. 40 Wall Street, Borough of Manhattan, City of New York.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF HON. Abner C. Thomas, a Surrogate of the County of New York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Elizabeth Vogel, late of the County of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at his place of transacting business, at the office of Forster & Speir, No. 52 Wall Street, Borough of Manhattan, in The City of New York, on or before the 25th day of December, 1903, next.
Dated New York, the 12th day of June, 1903.
JOHN F. HEMMECKE, Executor.
FORSTER & SPEIR, Attorneys for Executor, 52 Wall Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City.

The Tribune Uptown Office is now located at:

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