New-York Tribune.

VOL. LXVIII....NO. 22,541. To-day, fair and warmer. To-morrow, fair; variable winds. NEW-YORK, MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1908.—TEN PAGES. Copyright, 1908, by The Tribune Association. PRICE THREE CENTS.

McCLEARY SEES TAFT

CALLS NORTHWEST SAFE.

Second Assistant Postmaster General at Hot Springs.

(By Telegraph to The Tribune.)

Hot Springs, Va., Aug. 2.—With the arrival of James T. McCleary, Second Assistant Postmaster General, to consult with Mr. Taft to-day, a political flavor was given to the gossip about the resort. Mr. McCleary, who was until he took his present office a member of Congress from Minnesota, assured the candidate that "everything was all right" up that way and that a large Republican majority could be expected for the state and national tickets.

"The only hope of the Democrats is to persuade Johnson to run again, and Johnson is too wise to do it," said Mr. McCleary. "He knows that if he does run we'll lick him good and hard. If he runs and is beaten, he also knows that it will kill him off as a Presidential possibility in 1912, and as that is what he is looking forward to now I don't believe that they'll get him into the race. I understand that Johnson has already made a contract with some lecture bureau, and as soon as his term expires will start out on the road. He expects, of course, to popularize himself with a large number of people in this way, and if he goes travelling will probably make quite a number of friends, for he is a most engaging fellow. But neither on the lecture platform nor anywhere else will Johnson ever be caught expressing an idea. He will never say a thing that will in any possible way make an enemy. No one has ever yet gained from any speech of his what he believes on any subject under the sun. That trait of his character will make him lots of friends at first, but if he ever comes up as a Presidential candidate it will make him a mighty easy man for the Republicans to beat.

"The Democrats are building great hopes of a Bryan victory in Wisconsin. They believe that because Bryan is a good deal like La Follette the La Follette Republicans will vote for him. In this they are going to be mistaken, I believe, but at the same time I expect to see a good hard battle fought there. Wisconsin will be the bitterest and most hotly contested field in the Northwest."

In Wisconsin, Mr. McCleary added, he could see the good effect of the speech of acceptance already. The handling by Mr. Taft of the railroad question had pleased the La Follette wing of the party in that state.

Mr. Taft is in daily receipt of letters of advice from all over the country. All of them are evidently prompted by the kindliest sentiments, and it is safe to say that each one of the volunteer political guides is convinced that unless his suggestions are followed the Republican cause will go down to defeat in November. Once in a while, however, the candidate gets a letter that he regards as not only ill advised but impudent. The writers of such missives usually get an "eye opener" by return mail. One of the latest of such letters was from a writer in New England who "deplored the fact" that Mr. Taft's daughter, Miss Helen, was visiting in Savannah. By allowing her to sojourn in the South, the writer asserted, the Republicans will "surely lose the negro vote."

Mr. Taft wrote a sharp little note in reply, saying that if the visit of his daughter to Savannah or any other place was going to alienate the negro vote, he did not want the vote.

Mr. Taft attended morning services with Mrs. Taft at St. Luke's Episcopal Church, and listened to a sermon by the Rev. John G. Scott, the rector. "Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee," was the text, from I Kings, from which Mr. Scott drew the lesson that frequent spiritual food was as necessary for the present day Christian life as was the literal command to Elijah which he had quoted.

In the afternoon the Tafts went for a drive with General and Mrs. Corbin and Senator Bourne.

"Just call me Mr. Taft, and if you drop into colloquialism call me 'Bill.'" This was Mr. Taft's laughing reply to-day when granting an audience to a number of newspaper men, who had severally addressed him as "Mr. Secretary," "Governor," "Judge" and "Mr. Taft."

"I first got the name 'Bill' at Yale," continued Mr. Taft, replying to a question. "Before I went there I had been 'Willie' in my home and among my Cincinnati boyhood friends. But when I got through school I was called 'Will' at home. My younger brother Harry, however, never called me 'Willie' after a happening one day at college. We roomed together on the top floor of Farnam Hall. Our room was just over the middle entrance. Harry was a freshman, I a junior. He had gone out and forgotten to take with him a book he wanted. He came back to the entrance and, looking up on the outside, yelled, 'Oh, Willie!' Well, in a second there was a head out of every one of the four hundred windows, and it seemed as though every one yelled at once. At any rate, there was one long chorus of 'Oh, Willie!' That cured Harry. He has called me 'Bill' ever since."

"How about the four hundred students?"

"Oh, they called me 'Bill' just the same. You see, I weighed two hundred then."

This cable dispatch from Governor Magoon of Cuba was received by Mr. Taft to-day:

Many thanks for your exceedingly gratifying message. The thanks of the Cuban people are due for laying out the course. The suggestion which came from you that electoral administration be placed in the hands of electoral boards, non-partisan in their majority, but with partisan representation thereon, finds expression in the new electoral law, and has contributed largely to its successful operation.

NEW CURE FOR TETANUS?

Pittsburg Hospital Successfully Uses a Novel Treatment.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Pittsburg, Aug. 2.—Physicians of the Mercy Hospital, of Pittsburg, assert they have discovered a new cure for tetanus, one much better than the time honored antitoxin. The new cure is magnesium sulphate injected into the spinal column of the injured during the spasm or contraction of the muscles.

Harry Gilbert, a fourteen-year-old boy, was discharged from the hospital to-night after three weeks of fearful suffering from lockjaw. He was hurt on July 4 with a toy pistol, and was brought to the hospital, almost rigid, on July 12. For twelve days he was in convulsions, which gradually yielded to the magnesium sulphate treatment. The Mercy authorities say Bellevue Hospital has had a physician here studying the case of Gilbert.

ARRESTS AT NEWPORT BALL GAME.

Newport, R. I., Aug. 2.—While a baseball game between the Brockton team, of the New England League, and the Newport team was in progress here to-day, before two thousand people, including many well known Newporters, the police stepped in and arrested Coffey, the pitcher, and Dillon, the catcher, of the Newport team, and Pender, of the Brockton team, who was at bat at the time. The men were charged with "playing ball on Sunday." The clerk of the local municipal court was on the grounds, and the men were immediately arraigned and pleaded not guilty. They were held in $100 each for their appearance at a hearing on Friday. The game then proceeded and Newport won, 4 to 0.

TRAIN SMASHES AUTO

PATERSON LAWYER SLAIN.

May Have Had a Premonition—Five Injured.

(By Telegraph to The Tribune.)

Hackensack, N. J., Aug. 2.—A shocking automobile accident occurred on the Susquehanna & Western Railroad crossing at Bogota about 8 o'clock to-night, when a big touring car, hired by Dr. James Curts, of Church street, Paterson, was struck by a local train, westbound.

Donald Holmes, a lawyer, of Paterson, was killed, the top of his head being crushed in.

Dr. Curts had his leg broken between the hip and the knee, suffered internal injuries and his head was cut and bruised. Wallace Paul, of Ellison street, Paterson, had his head and body cut and bruised. James Shaw, the chauffeur, suffered a fractured skull and was injured internally. He is likely to die. W. H. Turner, of No. 394 Fifteenth avenue, Paterson, had his shoulder wrenched and head severely cut. He is also suffering from shock. Harry Fernback was slightly cut and bruised.

The party was heading for New York when the accident occurred. The car was bounding down a slight grade toward the railroad crossing and was almost on top of the track, before some one shouted, "My God, there's a train!" The auto was squarely on the westbound track when the locomotive, which was going slowly, crashed into and crushed it to pieces. Mr. Fernback hurried to Paterson shortly after the accident.

Mr. Turner was the only one left at the Hackensack Hospital who could tell of the accident, and he was so dazed that he at first said it was the chauffeur who had been killed. This caused much confusion. When an undertaker returned to the hospital at 10 o'clock and described the clothes worn by the dead man, Turner wiped tears from his eyes and exclaimed: "My God! Then it must be Donald Holmes!"

Turner was kept busy at the hospital telephone telling relatives of the accident, and he had told some that Holmes was in a bad way and that the chauffeur was dead. The young man almost collapsed when he realized the error he had made. Because of the bandages around the chauffeur's head in the operating room he had been unable to identify him.

"I simply can't tell how this thing happened," said Turner. "It was all so sudden. We were chatting merrily together when the awful crash came."

It was dark at the time, and there was no warning signal at the crossing. There were houses near the railroad track, and the chauffeur did not see the approaching train.

Dr. Swayzee, Dr. White and Dr. MacDonald hurried to the hospital as soon as they found out about the accident, and gave prompt medical attendance to the injured men.

Grave doubts were entertained as to the recovery of Shaw, the chauffeur. Dr. Curts is in a precarious conditions. He is one of Paterson's leading physicians and is a brother of Dr. R. M. Curts, of that city. The party left the North Jersey Country Club just before 8 o'clock. It could not be determined where their destination was. Mr. Holmes did not want to go in the automobile, but finally yielded to coaxing.

The crossing at Bogota, where the fatal accident occurred, has long been known as one of the most dangerous in this section.

The wrecked automobile had been hired by Dr. Curts from the garage of Shaw & Hughes. The injured chauffeur is a part owner in the garage.

There was great excitement among the passengers on the train when they learned the cause of the delay. Many went to the head of the train and several women fainted.

The party had been playing golf at the North Jersey Country Club during the afternoon. They then had supper, after which an automobile ride was suggested. Mr. Holmes didn't want to go. He said he had no money with him, but when a friend offered him money, he said: "I have money, old man, but somehow or other I don't feel just right about going for a ride." When news of his death reached the Country Club his friends recalled his words, and wondered if it was a premonition he was laboring under.

AUTO HITS WALL; 2 HURT.

Washington Man and Woman Badly Injured Near Salem, Mass.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Boston, Aug. 2.—Miss Emily Smith, who says she is the social secretary of the Brazilian Embassy in Washington, and Loring T. Tilton, a Washington business man, were seriously injured in an automobile accident between Ipswich and Salem early this morning. The two, in Mr. Tilton's big touring car, were driving at forty miles an hour toward Ipswich when the car skidded and smashed into a stone wall.

Miss Smith and Mr. Tilton were thrown about thirty feet and badly injured. The gasolene tank exploded and the machine was burned up. The injured persons were taken to the Ipswich Hospital. Their condition is said to be critical. Tilton was later removed to the Myopia Hunt Club, where he has been staying.

AUTO HITS TROLLEY CAR.

Tire Bursts, Causing Machine to Swerve from Roadway.

An automobile owned by J. G. Sykes, of No. 131 East 66th street, while running down South Broadway, in Yonkers, last evening crashed into a trolley car, when one of the rear tires burst, causing the machine to swerve.

In the automobile were Mr. and Mrs. Sykes, another man and woman and Frank Hiscock, of No. 76 West 101st street, the chauffeur. Mrs. Sykes was on the front seat with Hiscock, who was hurled across the street into the gutter. Mrs. Sykes was thrown in the other direction, across the car track. Her right knee was broken. Hiscock suffered a compound fracture of the l t leg, the kneecap of his right leg was shattered and he was cut and bruised in many places. The others were not injured. The automobile was badly damaged.

AUTO CRASH KILLS TWO.

Wife of San Francisco Editor and a Man the Victims.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

San Francisco, Aug. 2.—Mrs. Fred Marriott, wife of the editor of "The San Francisco News Letter," and Jesse Gilbert were killed in an automobile accident fourteen miles above Los Gatos last evening, when the machine overturned and ran down a fourteen-foot embankment. Mrs. Desirée Marriott, wife of Fred Marriott, jr., was injured, and Miss Dorothy Partridge, daughter of John Partridge, of Menlo Park, was badly burned by gasolene. Fred Mar-

Continued on second page.

THERE WITH BOTH FEET

BOTH FISTS LIKEWISE.

Little Jersey Giant Tuned Up the Bloomfield Drum Corps.

Woe it was yesterday for the new frocks from Harrison, and woe it was for store built clothes that came from Singac, when the ladies and gentlemen who attended the annual blow-out of the Bloomfield Fife and Drum Corps started home from Hudson Grove, one of those beer party outing resorts about opposite Hastings, 'way up the Hudson. All was harmony when the party started out, but when it returned it took the vigorously wielded batons of the harbor police to bring the party back into tune, and to dispel the discords which had crept into the tune. It was a sad affair, the wind-up of that musical picnic, but Lieutenant John F. Dwyer brought order into that discordant band like another Campanini.

It was a joyous occasion. Even the three prisoners who were dragged off the barge Empire to Pier A admitted that. For weeks the girls have been planning to wear a dress that simply would put out the eyes of the other girls, and have sat up nights planning wondrous creations in the bonnet line. But when they got down to Pier A, where some of the party got off before the end of the trip in Newark, the creations looked like the answer to the question of the poet, "Where are the bonnets of yesteryear?" What happened from 130th street down to 23d street on the way home was "sumpin' orful," according to one of the fair witnesses—and participants.

Every emergency creates its commander, and all the laurel wreaths that are being distributed to-day were fairly earned by "Charlie" Shotter, the special deputy sheriff of Essex County, who carried his shield into the fray and returned with it intact. Three men fell captive to his bow and spear—or, rather, his fist and foot—and were turned over to the harbor police at 23d street; and "Charlie" did not even have a dent in his robin's egg blue helmet after it was all over.

It was a great day at Hudson Grove. The fife and drum corps blew itself red in the face and grew calluses on its hands out of sheer exuberance. Then the beer flowed, and then everybody started for Newark and home on the barge Empire, towed by the tug Virginia Jackson. More beer flowed, until 130th street was reached, and then the spirits of the passengers flowed over. Some one laid a beer bottle alongside the ear of some one else—and there was retaliation in kind. It was too good a fight for a man with red blood and dark beer in his veins and stomach to kep out of, and no one did. In as many seconds twenty-seven picnickers were in a heap on the deck, with all their "lady friends" trying to pull them apart. They did not succeed in doing it, but some of them got caressed quite violently in the first few seconds.

The upper deck took a hand immediately. It was too good an opportunity to lose, and in a second the smaller members of the party were being lifted over the rail and dropped, kerplunk, into the middle of the fray. This added to the fun for all on board, and everybody was happy but the captain and the crew. The captain was safe in the pilot house, so he pulled the whistle cord and made it fast, while the crew did its best to look happy, individually, under the weight of the two or three passengers on the chest of each member.

The whistle was drowned out by the shrieks of the women, but these reached shore all right, and came to the ears of Patrolman Ryan, of the 152d street station. He telephoned at once to Acting Captain McNaught, down at Pier A, and McNaught sent Lieutenant Dwyer in the police boat Patrol and launches C and D, in charge of Sergeants Morris and Mulhall, up the river. It was the first real test that the harbor squad has had for some time, and it made good, for fifty minutes after the telephone call came in the men had got back to the pier with three prisoners, and the barge had got away for Jersey again under police escort.

But while the police were on their way up the river to 23d street, where they picked up the party, the merry doings on the Empire kept on amain. Shotter is a little bit of a fellow, who wears a bee-ootiful blue helmet, a blouse of even bluer hue, and trousers of still another shade. On the helmet is a wreath big enough to encircle the brow of an Olympic victor, and on his blouse he wears a shield the size of a New England pie plate. He looks like Joe Weber giving an imitation of a jay policeman, and he has all the sand of a stage cowboy. He waded right into the bunch that were trying to emulate the Kilkenny cats, of glorious memory. For a few minutes he looked like a Bryan man at a Hearst convention, but presently he came through on the other side with a wide swath of bunged eyes and aching jaws behind him.

Then he went through the gang from the other side. He was there to preserve order, and he intended doing it if he had to fight, by heck! The biggest man of the lot was William S. Truchi, a weaver, who hails from Bloomfield. "Charlie" got hold of him and hung on. The crowd tried to make him let go, but he just wouldn't. Frank Daly, of Orange, and "Jack" Brennan, who lives a few doors further down Burnside avenue, in Orange, then made up their minds that "Charlie" must be made to change his mind. They were still trying to persuade him when Sergeant Morris and his men from Launch C clambered aboard. They gave up right then, for the nightstick, as Inspector Schmittberger once remarked, is mightier than the constitution or the resolve of a Jerseyman. The men from the other launch and the Patrol were on board a few seconds later and pulled Shotter out from under a few score of the passengers. As they gave a long pull and a strong pull altogether on his legs they also brought out Truchi, whom he still had by one ear and the collar.

"By heck!" said Shotter, "I stopped twenty-one fights on the way down, but this here one came nigh to gittin' away frum me. Gee, once they tried to throw me overboard, but th' hull five of them wasn't big enough."

Shotter was still belligerent, but he did not object in the least to having his prisoners put on board the police launch. When he made his complaint against them to Acting Captain McNaught, he was cheered through the windows of the little police office there by every child south of Rector street, and there are a few thousand of them. Then he went on board the Empire with the other thousand passengers and started for the Electric Light Pier at River street, Newark, once more.

Shotter's three prisoners were later arraigned before Magistrate Harris in the night court. Frank Daly was fined $2. The other two men were discharged.

SOUTHERN LIMITED HAS ACCIDENT.

Atlanta, Aug. 2.—Train No. 38 on the Southern Railway, the New Orleans-New York Limited, northbound, which left here at noon to-day, met with an accident some thirty miles from Charlotte, N. C., to-night. The tender, mail car and club car left the rails and five mail clerks were injured. The train proceeded after a delay of some five hours.

MAP OF THE KOOTENAY VALLEY, SHOWING THE TOWNS DESTROYED BY BUSH FIRES.

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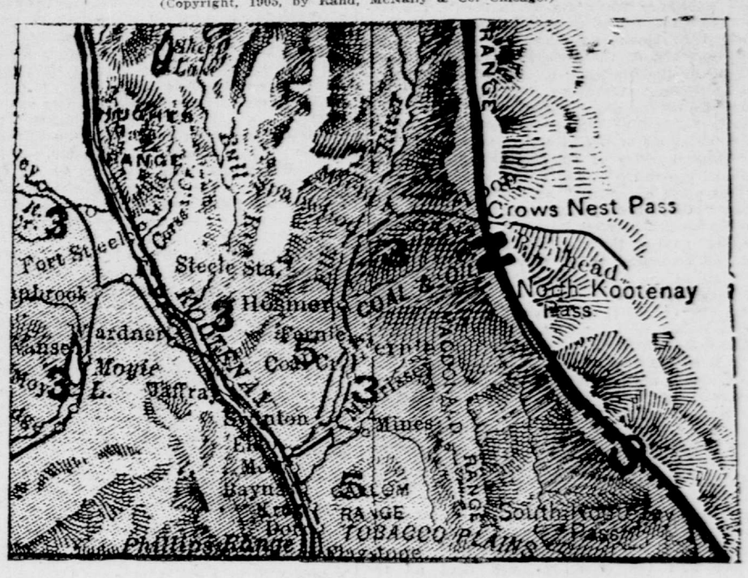

FLEET PASSES SAMOA

Battleships in Single Column Steam Close to Coast.

Suva, Fiji Islands, Aug. 2.—The United States Atlantic fleet at 8 p. m. on Saturday was in latitude 15 degrees 43 minutes south, longitude 172 degrees 4 minutes west, being 1,500 miles from Auckland, New Zealand.

At 6:30 o'clock in the morning the fleet changed its formation from line of squadron to single column, and at 7 o'clock passed the eastern end of Tutuila Island, Samoa, steaming close to the coast and giving the people of the island an excellent view of the ships. The station ship Annapolis, under way, with its officers and their families aboard, passed close to the fleet off Pago-Pago. The usual honors were exchanged.

At 9 o'clock the fleet resumed its course for Auckland in line of squadron formation. It had reduced its speed to nine and a half knots.

The hospital ship Relief stopped at Pago-Pago for coal and will follow the fleet to Auckland. The weather is fine, though hot.

The collier Ajax arrived at Suva to-day.

EXPLOSION IN PEKING.

Three German and French Soldiers Killed—Seventeen Hurt.

Peking, Aug. 2.—Fire which broke out in the German guard section of the legation quarter of the city at 10:30 o'clock to-night burned the stables and messroom and exploded a quantity of ammunition. Two German soldiers and one Frenchman were killed, and eight German and five French soldiers were severely hurt. Four soldiers and civilians were slightly wounded.

FATALLY SHOT IN RIOT.

Man Killed, Twenty-five Others Injured, Some Mortally.

Uniontown, Penn., Aug. 2.—One man is dead and twenty-five others are severely injured, some of them fatally, as the result of a riot early to-day between Italians and Slavs at Gates, one of the H. C. Frick Coke Company's plants, near Masontown.

There have been factional differences between the two races for a long time. Saturday was payday at the large plant, and until after midnight this morning much liquor was drunk. Jacob Furance, leader of the Italian faction, went to the gate of a Slav boarding house and howled defiance at its twenty-five inmates. Immediately Furance and Alexa Molanski, leader of the Slavs, became engaged in a fight.

Antillo Ronco, another Italian, went to the assistance of Furance, and this was the signal for a general fight. Revolvers began to crack, and Ronco fell dead, struck, it is said, by a misdirected bullet fired by Furance. The injuries of the twenty-five men consist of bullet wounds through the body, arms and legs. The most serious wounds were received by the Italians.

A squad of the Pennsylvania state constabulary was quickly at the scene, and nineteen of the rioters were arrested and taken to Masontown. Members of both factions then surrounded the jail, demanding that their companions be liberated. During the night the jail was guarded, and to-day the men were brought to Uniontown on a special streetcar. As the injured men recover they will also be arrested.

BATTLESHIP'S HARD TRIP.

Captain Winslow on New Hampshire's Bridge Four Days.

Newport, R. I., Aug. 2.—The new battleship New Hampshire returned here to-day from the tercentenary celebration at Quebec, in which she took part, representing the United States navy. The battleship was in charge of Captain Cameron McRae Winslow, and on board was Rear Admiral W. S. Cowles.

The New Hampshire had a rough passage from Quebec, which city she left on Wednesday morning. Fog enveloped her from the time she started until the Nantucket Shoals were reached, and only twelve knots could be averaged. Captain Winslow was on the bridge nearly all the way, and had only two hours' sleep during the trip of 1,200 miles.

When the shoals lightship was reached the battleship struck a severe storm. The rain came down in torrents and a heavy gale was blowing, which drove away the fog, but kicked up a heavy sea. The ship's wireless apparatus was blown away, but otherwise she stood the storm well.

Rear Admiral Cowles will leave the New Hampshire to-morrow or early on Tuesday and return to Washington to take up his duties as chief of the bureau of equipment. The battleship will proceed to Portsmouth on Wednesday to receive the silver service to be presented by the State of New Hampshire.

BEVERLY B. TILDEN DEAD.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

San José, Cal., Aug. 2.—Beverly B. Tilden, well known twenty years ago as one of the leaders of society, art and opera in London, is dead at his country home, in the shadow of Mount Hamilton. Tilden was a son of Colonel William Tilden, of New York, the wealthy varnish manufacturer, but went to London when young and became an associate of Prince George. He was presented to the Queen by Ambassador Phelps during the jubilee ceremonies. He knew many leading singers and was once engaged to Sybil Sanderson. He also brought out Mme. Nordica in concerts.

OIL FIELD BLOWS UP.

A Crater Formed After Explosion in Well Near Tampico.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Tampico, Mexico, Aug. 2.—The furious oil fire in the San Geronimo oil field, seventy-five miles southwest of Tampico, has assumed an unexpected and startling aspect. The work on the tunnel, which was to be dug with the view of diverting the flow of the oil, had begun when a terrific blowout of the burning well occurred. Earth and rocks were shot into the air hundreds of feet, and a volcano was formed in a few minutes.

The crater of this volcano is about fifteen hundred feet across. The newly created miniature mountain is about one hundred feet high and of conical shape. The burning oil is now running down the sides of the volcano, filling adjacent low places, increasing the danger of spread of the flames to the tropical forests.

VILLAGE FIGHTS FIRE.

Eastport Threatened by Bush Blaze Which Burns Over Five Miles.

Eastport, Long Island, Aug. 2.—This village and the Long Island Country Club had several anxious hours to-day from a forest fire, which, fanned by a stiff northwest wind, drove straight toward the clubhouse and threatened it with destruction. Sparks rained down on roofs in Eastport for almost six hours. The home of H. S. Penney, on the outskirts of the village, was set on fire several times, but it was saved. The danger in town was great and only about a hundred men went to fight the flames in the woods.

The fire started early in the day and soon brands of a dangerous size came hurtling through the air, menacing the village. Several small haystacks were destroyed and many families packed up, prepared to escape with what they could most easily carry. Teams were harnessed and some of the men took women and children out of the line of the fire if it should reach the town.

Meanwhile, out in the woods, at first five miles away and eventually only a quarter of a mile from the village limits, the men were fighting the fire. Farmers, servants from the Country Club and several members labored hard. They backfired, cut brush and ploughed furrows, but the flames steadily advanced, until the thinning out of the wood as it approached the settled section, gave the fighters the advantage. After a six hour fight the fire was stopped, but much game perished in the tract burned over.

RECORD FREIGHT WRECK.

Nineteen Steel Cars Demolished Through Broken Flange.

Philadelphia, Aug. 2.—What is declared to be the greatest freight wreck, involving the destruction of steel cars, that ever occurred took place on the New York division of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway, near Meadow Brook, a suburb, to-day, when out of a coal train of twenty-eight cars, nineteen were demolished, entailing a loss estimated at $100,000.

The train which was running at the rate of fifty miles an hour, was thrown from the tracks by the breaking of the flange on the one wooden car in the entire train. This car left the rails, dragging the others after it. All were piled up and bent and twisted out of shape and the tracks were torn up for a distance of four hundred feet. So extensive was the damage wrought that the service was tied up for ten hours, and a temporary telegraph station was established by the railroad company at the scene, together with a commissary tent, from which a small army of men who were put at work on the tracks were provided with food.

MRS. LONGWORTH STOPS A STRIKE.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Denver, Aug. 2.—"Servants all on strike? Oh, that's all right. Just tell the girls I'll give them $5 a day each if they'll work while we are here. And ask them if they won't do it as a personal favor to me."

This is the way Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth solved the striking servant girl problem in the Yellowstone Park.

The party went to the Yellowstone from the Denver convention. They found the park crowded with tourists and the hotel servants so overworked that they struck when the Longworth party arrived. Mrs. Longworth's offer solved the problem, and the servants resumed work.

AMERICANS WIN AGAIN IN PARIS.

Paris, Aug. 2.—The last day of the special athletic games brought great success to the visiting Americans, who captured a majority of the events.

William F. Hamilton, Chicago Athletic Association, won the 100-metres dash from scratch. His time was 11 seconds. H. I. Trube, New York Athletic Club, took the 1,500-metre run in 4 minutes 12 seconds, and E. T. Cook, Cornell, won the pole vault. The 400-metre flat race went to J. C. Carpenter, Cornell, who covered the distance in 50 seconds flat. H. A. Gidney, Boston Athletic Association, captured the high jump. The attendance at the games was large.

OXYGEN AS AID TO RUNNERS.

London, Aug. 2.—Athletic circles are much interested in a published record of experiments in the inhalation of oxygen by runners and sprinters, which show that they were enabled to hold their breath for much longer periods and to make faster time without the symptoms of distress usually present after racing.

SEVENTY LIVES LOST IN KOOTENAY FIRE

FLAMES SWEEP VALLEY; 5,000 HOMELESS.

Fernie, Hosmer, Crow's Nest and Other Towns Destroyed—Aid Asked.

Ottawa, Aug. 2.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier received the following telegram this evening from Cranbrooke, B. C.:

Disastrous fire Kootenay Valley. Fernie, Hosmer, Crow's Nest and other places almost completely burned. Not fewer than 5,000 people homeless. Canadian Pacific Railway carrying them to Elko and Cranbrooke. Every effort is being made locally, but these people are utterly without food or shelter. Fire covers seventy miles. Seventy lives lost. Immediate relief required. Telegraph instructions at once.

THOMAS ROBERTS,
Liberal Association.
J. H. KING, M. P.

Sir Wilfrid also received a brief message from Robert Jaffray, of Toronto, who is now in the West, saying that a terrible fire was raging in the Kootenay Valley, but giving no details. The Premier will consult his colleagues early to-morrow morning to see what action can be taken by the federal government.

Spokane, Aug. 2.—Reports from British Columbia say that the loss in the Kootenay Valley fire will run over $10,000,000.

SIX TOWNS DESTROYED.

Heavy Loss of Life in Fernie—Fire May Cross Border.

(By Telegraph to The Tribune.)

Winnipeg, Aug. 2.—One hundred lives lost, one hundred square miles burned over and six towns destroyed or partly destroyed, is the story in brief of the ravages of a bush fire which is sweeping through the Crow's Nest Pass country.

The town of Fernie, B. C., is destroyed. Michel, fourteen miles away, is in flames. Hosmer, Olson and Sparwood, intervening towns, are cut off from all communication, and their fate is in doubt. Seventy-four lives were lost in Fernie alone.

The whole country is a seething mass of flames. Through it are scattered hundreds of lumbermen and prospectors, so that the actual loss of life will not be known for days. The properties of the Canadian Pacific and Great Northern railways in the section are destroyed, their bridges and rolling stock being burned, so that it is impossible to enter or leave the burning area. The inhabitants of the towns have fled to the open districts.

The flames are driven by strong winds, making it impossible to fight their advance. The conflagration is the greatest which has ever visited Canada. A heavy wind sprang up on Saturday morning from the west, and early in the afternoon the flames appeared over the crest of the mountains to the west of Fernie. They ran down the mountainside, and before a fire guard could be organized had entered the town. Within an hour the town was doomed, and the inhabitants sought safety in flight, leaving all property behind them. All night and this morning the exodus continued, the destination being a small prairie in the valley, three miles south of the town. Three thousand persons are now camped there in the open, their only protection being shelters built of brush and blankets.

For a time communication with towns to the east was kept open, but with the burning of the bridges across the Elk River this was closed. Scattered throughout the valley are many small prairies, and all of these have their groups of refugees. The hills in all directions are a seething mass of flames, cutting off every avenue of escape. The fire spread with unprecedented rapidity, and it is feared that several parties who tried to get through the pass have been cut off. Families have been separated, and there is at present no means of estimating the fatalities.

In Fernie the only buildings which remain are six small shacks on the bank of the Elk River, the offices of the Crow's Nest Coal Company and the Fikes & Wood warehouse.

The offices of the C. P. R and G. N. W. are destroyed, together with all the rolling stock in the yards, the sleeping car Osceola being the only car left.

At present the fire is following the crest of the mountain chain above Sparwood, eating down into the valleys on either side. It is travelling at a tremendous rate, and unless there is a change of wind will cross the boundary into Montana within the next twelve hours.

There are dozens of mines and prospectors' claims in the track of the fire, all of which are in peril. A slight change of wind has occurred, and Michel has been taken out of the more direct path, though many buildings on the outskirts have been destroyed. Fire fighting apparatus is of no avail, for the air is filled with fragments of burning wood and bark, and sheets of flame seem to leap ahead of the conflagration.

RAILWAY LINES BURNED.

Four Men Die Trying to Save Great Northern Bridge.

[By The Associated Press.]

Winnipeg, Aug. 2.—Bush fires which invaded the city of Fernie, B. C., yesterday, almost destroyed the place. Only seventeen houses were left and three thousand persons are homeless.

The whole country is a seething fire on the Crow's Nest Line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

Hosmer, a Canadian Pacific smelter town, was wiped out.

Thousands are fleeing from Michel to the open country.

Telegrams have been sent to Cranbrook to for-

Continued on second page.