

O. HENRY, WEAVER OF TALES, IS DEAD

Famous Humorist Succumbs to Cirrhosis of Liver in Poly-clinic Hospital.

ONLY DOCTOR AT BEDSIDE

Few Knew Real Name of Popular Writer of Short Stories Was William Sidney Porter.

At Mark Twain's funeral, six weeks ago O. Henry, another of America's popular humorists, remarked: "Well, the old fellows are going fast. I suppose my turn will come soon." And yesterday he died.

Shortly before the end he turned to the doctor who was alone by his bedside in the Poly-clinic Hospital and said:

"Doctor, I don't want to go home in the dark." His last wish was gratified; he died at 6:07 o'clock in the morning, in broad daylight.

But O. Henry wasn't one of "the old fellows"; he was only forty-three years old. Cirrhosis of the liver destroyed him as the custom brings down a young maple which has just spread its limbs to the light above a forest of its fellows.

For the fame of his short stories dates back a brief eight years, and in the opinion of his admirers he had by no means reached the height which his genius was capable of scaling.

William Sidney Porter was his real name. Until within a year or so only his most intimate friends knew that Sidney Porter, as he called him, was the humorist whom the entire country loved as O. Henry.

He pulled the covers of shyness with almost passionate modesty over his head, and as Sidney Porter, the New York flat dweller, he could sit on the park benches with the hoboes, as he used to do often from 2 o'clock in the morning until breakfast time, or stroll into the Broadway cafes, without so much as a "there he goes" from the lips of one of "the four million" whom he immortalized.

That was his object in selecting a nom de plume.

Chose "Alias" with a Friend.

"How did you come to choose your pen name?" one of his intimates once asked him.

"When I was in New Orleans one day," he replied, "I said to a friend, 'I'm going to send out some stories. I don't know whether they are any good or not so I want an alias. Help me pick one.' He suggested we get a newspaper and pick out a name from the list of notables we found. In the description of the Mardi Gras ball my eye lighted on the name Henry."

"That'll do for a last name," said I. Now for a first name. I want something short. "Why not a plain initial?" asked my friend. "Good," I replied, "and the easiest of all to make is O."

That was only ten years ago, and Walter H. Page, of Doubleday, Page & Co., his publishers, said yesterday that in the exception of Kipling's, O. Henry's short stories sold better in book form than those of any other English writer.

"And they keep on selling," said Mr. Page. "The demand for them doesn't die out as it does with others. They appeal to old, middle aged and young. Why, an old friend of mine in Chicago, a man in the seventies, who you would suppose had got beyond the stage at which one devours short stories, asked me a while ago if I wouldn't bring O. Henry to Chicago with me some day, that he wanted to know personally the writer of those charming tales."

Lived Very Much Alone.

"Did you ever see him? No? Well, not one man in ten thousand has, to know him. And anybody would remember less about him personally than any other man. He lived very much alone, few knew where. At one time he would have a room or an apartment in the heart of the town, here somewhere. I have tried to find him at such an address, only to discover that he had suddenly buried himself on Long Island. And when I went after him over there I would find that he had moved back to Manhattan. It was the longest time before we could get him to come to the office at all, and after the ice was once broken he came very infrequently."

"A rather distinguished scholar, who was born in the same town in which O. Henry was born—Greensboro, N. C.—and grew up with him, came to New York to deliver an address some time ago. He wanted Porter to hear him—they were old school friends. Porter went over to his hotel and spent the afternoon with him, but nothing would induce him to attend the lecture, because he would have to meet so many people."

"But when you did run him down there never was a cheery companion. He was a very lovable fellow. If he had been willing to belong to clubs and to go about there would have been no more popular man in the community. His real life began after he came to this city, some ten years ago. And here he is dead! Even now we're getting out a new volume of short stories by him. He had been changing the title of it, but here's what he hit upon at last, rather pathetic, I think: 'Let Me Feel Your Pulse.' It's a collection of amusing stories about doctors."

Friends Full of Anecdotes.

The nearest thing to a club in O. Henry's life was a little coterie of intimates with whom he used to bowl at an alley near the Hotel Brevoort. Gilman Hall, managing editor of "Everybody's Magazine," and William Griffith, editor of "The Traveler," two of his closest friends, said that only a short while ago, after he had got through bowling with them, he began skipping quarters and half dollars along the alley for the benefit of the attendants.

These friends could multiply such anecdotes time out of mind, but they confessed their inability to give anything but the briefest summary of his life.

For instance, Mr. Hall said that O. Henry always wrote his stories in pen-



WILLIAM SIDNEY PORTER (O. HENRY) Who died yesterday.

EXTENSIVE MURDER AGENCY

Physician Confesses to Innoculating with Cholera Bacilli.

St. Petersburg, June 5.—The mysterious death of a young and wealthy army officer, Count Bouturlin, has led to the discovery of an extensive murder agency. Bouturlin's brother-in-law, Count Delassy, and his physician, Dr. Patchenko, who attended Bouturlin at Delassy's suggestion, are both under arrest. Dr. Patchenko has confessed to the police that he inoculated Bouturlin with cholera bacilli. He further admitted that he poisoned other wealthy persons in a similar manner during the recent cholera epidemic under pretense of inoculating them against the disease.

For this work he was paid huge sums by relatives of the victims.

By a strange coincidence the murder of a wealthy Polish land owner named Krjanowsky at Warsaw has led to the arrest of his brother-in-law, Count Roniker, who, it turns out, is connected with Delassy.

DRIVING OUT THE JEWS

Over 200 Families Expelled from Kieff—Little Harshness.

St. Petersburg, June 5.—The Jewish relief committee of Kieff, through its attorney, M. Glikman, telegraphs to St. Petersburg regarding the situation in that city in connection with the expulsion of the Jews. The dispatch, which corroborates previous reports as to the number of families expelled and indicates that the process is being carried on in a very moderate way, reads as follows:

"About two hundred families have already been expelled from Kieff, but the number is increasing daily. Those who are amenable to the edict of expulsion either have a short time set in which to prepare for their departure without restriction, or temporary passports are issued in their names, good only to the specified destination. Jewish persons having no families are the first to be expelled."

Another dispatch from Kieff says that large numbers of Hebrews are preparing to cross the river, where it is expected all will be permitted to reside.

JILTED, OUT FOR BLOOD

Sailor Breaks Into Sweetheart's Home, but She Outkicks Him.

Seeking love with the aid of a loaded revolver, Thomas Hansen, twenty-one years old, a sailor, climbed over a high board fence, tore off a woven iron screen from a basement window at the rear of No. 30 Second Place, Brooklyn, and came upon his former sweetheart in her room, early yesterday morning. The girl, Hulda Johansen, awoke to look down the barrel of the weapon, and to listen to some startling talk from Hansen.

The sailor declared that his life was hardly worth living, she having jilted him, and he thought that he would kill her and commit suicide. She persuaded him to think the matter over, and he gave her a respite until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, after she had promised to meet him at Second Place and Henry street. Then he departed the way he had come.

The girl told the story to her employer, Mrs. George Husted, and Acting Captain Savage of the Butler street police station, was called into consultation.

He attended the tryst with a couple of policemen, and the sailor was captured. He was found to be a walking arsenal. He is charged with burglary and attempted felonious assault.

SALOON IN FRONTIER STYLE

Opens Near Brooklyn Church, Expecting to Remain, Despite Opposition.

Anticipating that Governor Hughes will sign the bill of Assemblyman Robert Conklin, which provides that a saloon cannot be opened within three hundred feet of a church without permission, and having, it is said, complied with the provisions of the Conklin bill and the present law, Ernest Bertram and Otto Volly have secured a license and are running a roofless place at Franklin and DeKalb avenues, Brooklyn, 216 feet from the DeKalb Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church.

The bar is only a board, and the liquor is drawn directly from the keg, according to the signs, while the front of the place is protected with boards. The rough condition of the interior, it is said, has not interfered with business. The Rev. W. W. Wilson, pastor of the church, has waged a fight against the saloon men, but they have complied with the law as it is to-day and cannot be ousted.

STRICKEN PLAYING BASEBALL.

Plumington, N. J., June 5.—John H. Swearer, a Revville, business man, was stricken directly from the team of the Revville baseball team at Three Bridges yesterday afternoon. Swearer was playing at first base, and during the game he suddenly fell unconscious to the ground. He was removed to his home and a physician summoned. His condition is critical.

Hendrick Hudson 1829—Robert Fulton 1835—Clean Curtis 1910. The Day Line every week day.—Advt.

MADRIZ DEFEATS BLUEFIELDS AROUND BLUEFIELDS

His Forces Are Falling Back for "Purely Military Reasons."

A CALL FOR MORE TROOPS

Intimates Americans Caused Failure—Estrada Renews Offer of Peace—Pittman's Case.

Managua, Nicaragua, June 5.—Reports of alleged insurgent victories at Bluefields and Rama have been filtering into Managua, and these, coupled with the movements of the Nicaraguan forces under Generals Lara, Godoy and Chavarria, have occasioned some temporary alarm among the adherents of the government.

President Madriz to-day deemed it advisable to issue an official denial of these reports, and at the same time he intimated that if the government had only the insurgents to deal with it would have crushed the revolution long ago. In his statement the President says:

The report of General Chavarria's defeat is absolutely false. For purely military reasons his column, which was operating against Rama, was ordered to fall back on Muelle de los Bueyes, where it arrived to-day in perfect order, with all military stores intact.

Owing to the difficulty of transporting provisions to the troops operating at Bluefields, because of the heavy rains, the columns of Generals Lara and Godoy were ordered to retire on El Almendro. Our military position is entirely advantageous, as results will very shortly show. If Bluefields were only defended by the revolutionists we would have captured it long ago.

In accordance with a determination recently expressed to put down the revolutionary movement, President Madriz has issued orders looking to the recruitment of soldiers in all the western provinces, and this work is being pushed forward with the utmost energy with the intention of sending reinforcements to the troops at the front.

Bluefields, Nicaragua, June 5.—General Estrada, the leader of the provisional government, is well satisfied with the success which attended his engagement against the Madriz forces under Generals Lara and Godoy, and he has repeated the offer which he made last March to Madriz looking to the establishment of peace.

The conditions of General Estrada's proposals provide for the friendly mediation of the United States, that country to designate the Nicaraguan whom it considers most fit to occupy the Presidency provisionally, neither Dr. Madriz nor General Estrada being eligible; the Nicaraguan government to recognize the revolutionary debt, the validity of its acts and to arrange for pensioning its disabled soldiers; certain monopolies and concessions to be abolished.

These conditions Madriz has already refused to accept, on the occasion when they were first offered, while expressing the fullest confidence in the government of the United States, but in view of his latest reverses, the difficult conditions under which his military forces have been compelled to assume the aggressive, the lack of supplies and the debilitated condition of his soldiers through lack of food, severe marches and bad sanitary conditions, it is expected by the provisional leaders that he will now give the proposals more serious consideration.

The conditions at Bluefields are giving the diplomatic representatives considerable concern, as all business has been interrupted and there are many wounded and helpless persons to be taken care of.

PITTMAN WELL TREATED

Captured American Not To Be Tried by Court Martial.

Washington, June 5.—Dr. Luis Corea, representative in Washington of the Madriz government of Nicaragua, made public to-day the text of a dispatch which he had received from President Madriz, to the effect that the government forces at both Bluefields and Rama retired on orders from Madriz and reconcentrated elsewhere. Dr. Corea expressed doubts of the reports that the retreat of the government troops from those places was in fact a flight from the insurgents. The text of the message follows:

Managua, June 4. Commanding the government troops which were before Bluefields I recommended to the President to order to retire. In accordance with your cable advice early this week that they should not fight in the city of Bluefields, I ordered General Chavarria commanding the government troops before Rama also to reconcentrate at Muelle de los Bueyes, and he has done so without having an engagement. MADRIZ.

Dr. Corea said he had received no word regarding the capture of William F. Pittman, the young Bostonian, who yesterday was reported to have been taken by General Irias's troops while he was mining the outposts of Bluefields for the Estrada forces. For this reason, the Madriz representative said, he doubted the truth of Pittman's capture. If he had been taken, however, Dr. Corea said, he felt sure that no fate would befall him that would cause the United States government any apprehension.

Dr. Corea points out that General Irias, into whose hands Pittman apparently has fallen, had a dispute with the deposed President, Zelaya, because, it was said, he did not approve of the execution by Zelaya's order of Groce and Cannon. With General Irias is Francisco Altschul, who was Nicaraguan Consul at New Orleans, and who, according to Dr. Corea, well knows the attitude of the American government in such matters.

Assurances have been given to the State Department by the Madriz faction that Pittman will be treated fairly and considerately. These came to Secretary Knox to-day in a dispatch from the American Consul, Mr. Oliver, at Managua, to whom the Secretary had sent the newspaper report of the fate which had befallen Pittman, and pointed out that this government would carefully scrutinize the treatment accorded him. The dispatch also contained the statement that a court martial to try the prisoner had been ordered. The State Department to-day sent a paraphrase.

Continued on second page.



JOHN DALZELL, Representative from the 30th Pennsylvania District, whose nomination at Saturday's primaries may be contested by his opponent.

DALZELL'S CLOSE RACE

Tariff Leader Renominated, but by a Narrow Margin.

OPPONENT CHARGES FRAUD

Says His Votes in McKeesport and Pittsburg Were Counted for Dalzell.

[By Telegram to The Tribune.]

Pittsburg, June 5.—After a bitter battle that almost ended in defeat, Congressman John Dalzell has been renominated by the Republicans of the 13th District by about 400 votes, with two districts not yet heard from, according to a statement made at 10 o'clock to-night by his campaign manager, W. H. Colman, who had been touring the district in an automobile all day.

At Republican county headquarters earlier in the day Dalzell's majority over R. J. Black, of McKeesport, was given as 652 but it was admitted that at least one error had been made in the count. It was stated that the vote of the East McKeesport district, counted as 66 votes for Black and 187 for Dalzell, should have been counted the other way; but with the nomination apparently won, Dalzell is up against the hardest fight of his life. Dr. Black to-night announced that frauds had been perpetrated against him and that he would fight. Dr. Black said:

"I do not concede the nomination of Dalzell. His managers claim he is successful by a narrow margin. I have him decisively beaten, but they are trying to keep me out."

In McKeesport and Pittsburg gross election frauds were practised. Election boards deliberately counted my votes for Dalzell, thus giving him the slight majority which he claims. To-morrow I will lay an information against at least one judge of elections who counted many of my votes on the Dalzell tally sheets. My brother-in-law made a protest. He was told to mind his own business. I will decide to demand a recount. I will prosecute every fraudulent election officer and will fight Dalzell to the finish."

Should Dr. Black's contest fail, Congressman Dalzell will be up against a combination of Independent Republicans, Democrats and Socialists in November.

Mr. Dalzell left for Washington this morning without making a statement.

A surprise at yesterday's primaries was the crushing defeat of Congressman W. H. Graham for renomination in the 29th District by S. G. Porter, a young attorney and anti-corporation man. Porter defeated Graham by more than 2,000 votes in a district which has been for a generation a rock-ribbed Republican stronghold.

Graham was attacked for being a "stand-patter." His defeat resembles that of George Delamater for Governor, when Delamater was as Quay's candidate in 1890, after Delamater's bank had failed.

Graham's bank, the Mercantile Trust Company, failed in Pittsburg two years ago, one cause being the fact that it was surety for state funds for the Enterprise National Bank of Allegheny, a "political" bank which blew up and whose cashier, Lee Clarke, committed suicide to keep out of the penitentiary.

United States Senator G. T. Oliver nominated his entire state ticket for the Legislature and the Republican State Convention yesterday, with the exception of one candidate for the state Senate and a single delegate to the convention. Oliver's triumph is generally considered a sure sign that the Republican state organization will nominate him to succeed himself.

Congressman James F. Burke, Republican, renominated yesterday in the 31st District, also secured the Democratic nomination, achieving this feat, it is said, for the first time in the history of Pennsylvania. Congressional nominations. He was opposed for the Democratic nomination by J. J. Thorpe, business agent for the Street Car Employees' Union.

WOMAN RUNS DOWN ANOTHER

Skull of Victim Fractured and She Dies in Few Minutes.

Tampa, Fla., June 5.—Mrs. J. H. Thompson, of this city, was run down this morning by an automobile driven by Mrs. Oscar Windhorst. The skull of the woman was fractured and she died in a few minutes. She was struck just after alighting from a car. Mrs. Windhorst was not arrested.

"HANGS UP" JUDGE FOR FINE.

"I regret very much that I took a drop too much, sir," said John Reiss, a jolly looking sailor, when arraigned before Recorder Mara of Bayonne yesterday for being drunk. The Recorder told the sailor he would give him a chance. "I will fine you \$5 and will take your word that you will pay it when your ship comes into port again," Reiss promised and was let go.

FIREMEN DROP IN FIERY BACK DRAFT

One Dies and Many Taken to Hospitals from Early Morning Fire.

EXPLOSIVES IN BUILDING

Flames Spread to Adjoining Structure in Washington Street—Daring Work of Rescue.

A fire which started early this morning at No. 110-116 Washington street, a five story brick building, completely enveloped the building and burned it to the ground. One fireman is dead, another will probably die and more than a score were overcome by the heat and smoke.

More than a dozen firemen who had climbed to the top floor were caught by a back draft and severely injured. They were rescued from their perilous position by Chief Croker, who sent a dozen men to their assistance. Many of the men were severely burned and cut by flying glass and timbers.

The fire was first discovered by Patrolman McAuliffe, of the Church street station, who was walking past the building when he saw flames issuing from a window.

When the firemen arrived, under Battalion Chief O'Keefe, upon McAuliffe's alarm, they swarmed up the ladders to the roof. Just as they had broken to a window on the top floor they were met by a sheet of flame and a fierce blast which almost blew some of them from the window sills. About a dozen of the men managed to get in the building at this point, but they were all rendered unconscious by the choking smoke.

Chief Croker, who had arrived on the second alarm from his headquarters, in Great Jones street, quickly saw that the men were in danger of being suffocated or burned alive, and issued a call for volunteers to go to the assistance of the injured men.

Nearly a hundred men lined up before the chief, and out of this number he selected a dozen. These firemen scaled the ladders to the top floor and fought their way into the furnace that blazed before them.

It was a desperate fight that they made before they succeeded in getting to where their comrades lay senseless on the floor.

One by one the men were dragged to the window and sent down the ladders to the street, where they were attended by half a dozen ambulance surgeons from the Hudson Street Hospital.

O'Keefe was among those who were caught in the back draft, and although he was unconscious for five minutes from the effects of the smoke and flame he insisted upon returning to the attack on the flames as soon as he was able to get on his feet again.

More Engines Called.

The flames by this time had gained such headway that two more alarms were turned in, bringing more than a dozen extra engines to the scene. So fierce was the heat from the blazing pile of burning material that the firemen found it difficult to stand the intense heat. Buildings across the street from the burning structure were so badly blistered that Chief Croker found it necessary to play constant streams of water on their walls for fear they would catch fire.

While attempting to break open the windows, so as to play streams of water from a dozen hose lines on the flames at the fourth floor, Lieutenant Tighe, of Engine Company 29, with four men was overcome by the dense clouds of smoke.

They were all stretched unconscious on the fourth floor of the building, and would have perished in the furnace of flame were it not for the bravery of the men of Engine Company No. 8, who risked their lives repeatedly in dragging them to the scaling ladders. Tighe was seriously injured, but went back to his post. The other men who were overcome by the flames at the time Tighe was making his effort to fight back the bursts of fire were all taken to St. Gergory's Hospital, in Gold street.

Saving Adjoining Buildings.

As the flames continued to gain headway, Chief Croker saw that the building was doomed, and turned the efforts of his firefighters toward saving other property in the vicinity.

The building in Washington street runs back for 150 feet to West street, where there is the three story building of the Union Distillery Company, at No. 71 West street.

This building, stored with many thousand cases of liquors, was in imminent danger from the flames that were now leaping across the street, and the firemen worked in desperation in their efforts to prevent the fire from reaching it.

Fireman Taken Out Dead.

When the fire in the building owned by John Hobbie & Son had been so controlled that it was possible for the men to gain an entrance to the fourth floor they found Fireman Gotter, of Engine Company 6, who had been caught in the back draft with Chief O'Keefe and others.

Gotter was lying on the floor, face downward, and when the men lifted him they found that he was dead.

As the fire grew in volume, firemen began to drop back, beaten and made weak by their hopeless fight with the raging flames. At times more than a dozen men collapsed at a time, and as fast as they were knocked out others took their places and kept up the fight. A high wind kept the flames roaring and made the work doubly difficult.

Soon after a crash in the building in Washington street announced the falling of one of the walls, it was found that one man who had been in that vicinity was missing, and after a frantic search among the ruins his comrades discovered him lying face downward on the floor and half covered with bricks and pieces of wreckage.

It was at once seen that his condition was serious, and Father Curran, of St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, was

summoned to the man's side. While the other men bared their heads in a little group about the injured man, Father Curran administered the last rites of the Church. He was then taken to Gouverneur Hospital, where it is said that he cannot live.

It was later learned that this man was the same Lieutenant Tighe who had been injured before, but had insisted on returning to fight the fire.

In the immediate neighborhood of the burning area are numerous tenements, and Chief Croker sent some of his men and the police into these buildings to order the tenants out. This was done, and the street was soon filled with men, women and children, who were forced to descend to the street without hardly enough clothing to cover their bodies. They were all taken care of by other people who live in the vicinity.

Next door to the burned building, namely at No. 108, is a two story building, occupied by R. J. Donovan, a contractor, in which there were about fifty horses. These animals began to stampede when the thick smoke began to sweep through their stalls, and it was at first feared that all would be destroyed, but the police reserves from the Fulton, John and Church street stations, who were forming a fire line about the burning area, went to the rescue, and after breaking down the doors ran through the stalls and cut the halts which held the animals. They were then led out of the stable and sheltered in nearby buildings.

SNAPS PISTOL; KILLS WIFE

"Accident," Says Winchester, Who Is Charged with Homicide.

William Winchester, foreman of drivers for the Great Bear Lithia Water Company, shot and killed his wife yesterday afternoon at his home, No. 407 West 33d street. Winchester explains the tragedy as an accident.

He told the police that his wife was sitting at the kitchen table reading aloud an article from one of the Sunday newspapers on the high cost of living and that he was listening to her intently. He claims that he held the revolver in his hand and began to snap it, without thinking what he was doing. The hammer struck on a forgotten bullet, which rushed through his wife's skull just back of the ear. He had just taken the weapon from his little son, who had taken it down from a shelf and was playing with it.

After the shooting Winchester says he ran to the house of a neighbor, John Widower, who advised him to give himself up immediately, and, acting on this advice, he surrendered to Patrolman Finnan, of the West 47th street station. The policeman in turn called Dr. Brannard, of Flower Hospital, who said the woman had died instantly. Winchester was locked up, charged with homicide.

AGROUND IN BRONX MUD

Strange Mishap to Steamer Osprey, with 150 Aboard.

"Never again!" has become the motto of 150 members of the Tenderloin Bowling Club, their wives and their children, after a thrilling experience last night in the wilds and morasses of the swampland about Hunt's Point.

The merry party of Tenderloin bowlers had started early in the day for an outing to Weitzell's Point View Grove, on Long Island Sound, and when they started homeward on the good ship Osprey, seventy-five feet on the waterline and built throughout of good old English oak, they were so buffeted about by waves that ran mountain high and by cross winds and tortuous currents that they finally fetched up in a mud bank in West Farms Creek.

Here they were held prisoners of fate until an early hour this morning, when they were carried, one by one, across a corduroy bridge to safety.

The outing of the bowlers to the White Light district has been an event looked forward to for months, and everybody who could get away for the excursion was at the pier at the Battery, and when the little vessel blew a farewell salute there were many on the pier who had not been able to worm themselves aboard.

Osprey a Speedy Boat.

The Osprey is known to fame as the craft which makes the trip to Bedlow's Island on week days. She boasts twin screws and has a reputation as a speedy, rakish boat, and one which shows her heels to most everything that floats in the waters about New York Bay and the two rivers.

Up to yesterday, however, her qualifications as a heavy sea boat had remained untested; those who made the trip to the grove last night, and landed deep in the Bronx mud will bear testimony as to her ability, or lack of it, in such a sea.

The Osprey is fitted with a small cabin with a capacity of not more than fifty persons, and when the fifty are sheltered therein no room remains for anything else whatever.

Going out to the grove everything was fine and nobody had cause for grumbling, for were they not on an outing bent? Besides, good mariners never make weak protest against conditions as they are met on the high seas.

Captain Denken, the skipper of the Osprey, and his trusty first mate, Andrew Jackson Johnson, seasoned salts, were prime favorites with all the young and impressionable maidens on the boat before the Osprey was out of sight of the Battery. The brass work, the spars, the nice, shiny funnel and the pretty spray which leaped from the keel prow of the racer as she churned the waters of the East River were all given an enthusiastic word of praise by the young women.

Experience Worth While.

Besides, how skillfully did the gallant skipper handle the spick and span little wheel of the Osprey and how curiously and sternly were his orders to the alert crew shouted between set lips! Yes, it was an experience worth while to sail the bounding bilbois with such a master at the wheel.

Filled with sentiments such as these, the young folk and their elders did full justice to the excursion to Weitzell's Point View Grove, and there the whistle of the Osprey squeaked a friendly warning to the merry-makers that it was time to return to New York.

Laughing, jostling and exchanging playful quips, the Tenderloin Bowling Club, 150 strong, tumbled into the panting Osprey and settled into their seats prepared for the fast run home. Some

of the men bared their heads in a little group about the injured man, Father Curran administered the last rites of the Church. He was then taken to Gouverneur Hospital, where it is said that he cannot live.

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