

MR. ROOSEVELT TOLD "YOU'RE LOOKING FINE"

Doesn't Find That Lives of Coal Miners Are All Hardship and Gloom.

NO RACE SUICIDE, EITHER

Many Incidents Mark Trip of 150 Miles in the Neighborhood of Wilkes-Barre—At Oyster Bay Again.

(By Telegraph to The Tribune.) Wilkes-Barre, Penn., Aug. 3.—Theodore Roosevelt, on his trip of investigation of living conditions in the anthracite coal region, to-day swung up and down the Wyoming Valley on both sides of the Susquehanna River. From 10:30 this morning until late this evening he whirled from town to village and mining camp, visiting miners, their wives and families, clergymen of the neighborhood, talking with everybody with whom he came in contact. His day's travels covered roughly 150 miles.

With Mr. Roosevelt to-day was John Mitchell, and the visit of the two men to the mining district was the signal for great enthusiasm. Everywhere they were cheered, pictures of them were hung out and flags floated over stores, houses and schools. One woman kissed John Mitchell's hands. The people of the anthracite regions have not forgotten the work of these two in the settlement of the great coal strike of 1902.

A Typical Incident.

An incident which was typical of the day's happenings occurred at Wyoming, a mining hamlet a few miles above Wilkes-Barre. An old Irish woman stepped up to Mr. Roosevelt and, thrusting out her hand, exclaimed: "Hello, Teddy. You're looking fine." The former President grinned with delight and said he was glad to see her.

"You're looking fine, too," he said. "Yes, indeed," said she. "I'm strong as you are, and you're a fine lump." Mr. Roosevelt drove away, still smiling. What he saw during the day pleased Mr. Roosevelt greatly. He said several times that it was one of the finest and most enjoyable trips of his life.

"I did not come here to investigate industrial conditions," he said. "I wanted solely to investigate the phases of the social life of the workers around here, and to see what kind of amusements they had." He denied that he intended to write a magazine article as a result of the trip.

It was impressed on the ex-President forcibly to-day that there is no race suicide in the district. He heard of big families everywhere, and saw some of them. At Avondale, for instance, which John Mitchell says is the most typical mining town of the Wyoming Valley, Mr. Roosevelt met four generations of one family. He met women who boasted of eight and ten and twelve children. He met one who was the mother of seventeen, nine of which were with her at the time. She announced proudly that, with God's help, she'd have three more, to make a round twenty.

Mr. Roosevelt praised her ambition. He heard, likewise, of a saloonkeeper who had eighteen children, but didn't verify the information.

Finds Shoes Missing. Mr. Roosevelt expected to leave the house of Father J. J. Curran, where he spent the night, early. He knew he had a long day's work ahead of him, and he wanted to get at it betimes. But Father Curran had his own notions on the subject. When Mr. Roosevelt arose at dawn he couldn't find his shoes. He heard a most disconcerting chuckle from Father Curran, though.

"Ha! ha! Mr. Roosevelt, you want your shoes, don't you? Well, I have them, and you can't have them until you get a proper sleep; now go back to bed and stay there until I call you."

"The joke's on me," admitted Mr. Roosevelt. He went back to bed and slept until 9 a. m. Then he got his shoes.

In the party which left Father Curran's home at about 10:30 o'clock were the ex-President, John Mitchell, Lawrence Abbott, Father Curran and Father O'Connell. In other automobiles came newspaper men by the dozen. The first stop was made at a little store in Brookside, where a throng of miners, women and children were waiting to see "Teddy." There were cheers and there was a general handshaking. Mrs. E. J. Gibbons and several small branches of the Gibbons tree greeted Mr. Roosevelt, and Mrs. Gibbons told him she hoped he'd be the next President. His Mary Lewis told "Teddy" she was the mother of six children.

Wife the Better Citizen. "Madame," said he, "my opinion always has been that the average American was a pretty good citizen, but many times his wife is a better one."

GREAT HAMBURG STRIKE

Eight Thousand Mechanics to Quit Shipyards To-day.

Hamburg, Aug. 3.—Eight thousand shipyard mechanics have decided to go on strike to-morrow in consequence of the rejection of their demands by the shipbuilding companies. Thirty-five thousand shipyard workers united on July 14 in a demand for a 10 per cent increase in wages and other concessions. The companies, about two weeks later, proposed that a conference be held to discuss the controversy, at the same time refusing to meet the demands of the men.

NEW COTTON INDICMENTS

Investigation of Bull Pool Reveals Additional Evidence.

Cotton men interested in the government investigation of the cotton bull pool, which resulted in the first instance in the indictment of James A. Fatten, Eugene B. Scales, Sydney J. Harmon, Colonel Robert M. Thompson, Charles A. Kittle, Morris H. Lothschild, Frank B. Hayne and William P. Brown, learned yesterday that the new inquiry had been completed and that indictments would be handed down to-day.

HIS DIPLOMA WITHHELD

Say Midshipman Refereed a Pie Eating Contest.

(By Telegraph to The Tribune.) Annapolis, Aug. 3.—Midshipman Herbert O. Roesch, of Oregon, champion individual rifle shot of the country, as shown by his victories at the national matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, last year, is in trouble, and his diploma of graduation is being withheld from him. It is alleged that Roesch umpired a pie-eating contest between members of the new fourth class. The alleged hazing took place at the table over which Roesch presided, and the recommendations of Superintendent Bowyer in the matter are still being considered at the Navy Department.

MAYOR IN THE NIGHT COURT

Special Interest Shown in a Police Clubbing Charge.

"Tell it to Gaynor" and police clubbing had a first hand hearing last night in the night court, where his honor the Mayor sat on the bench with his honor Magistrate Murphy. Deputy Police Commissioner Bugher, who is acting Police Commissioner in the absence of Commissioner Baker, and two friends of Mayor Gaynor also sat on the bench with Magistrate Murphy.

Mayor Gaynor followed the workings of the night court closely. His interest was especially heightened by seventeen-year-old "Mattie" Navarra, of No. 121 Navy street, Brooklyn, who was arraigned for intoxication. The lad pointed to a big black and blue mark on his forehead and said that the policeman hit him with his club.

Turning to Magistrate Murphy the Mayor asked him to question the boy and the policeman on the matter. The latter, Patrolman Joseph Leonard, of the Mercer street station, said that he did not club the boy, but that his small "billy," which was inside his coat, might have struck the boy's head when they rolled over together on the pavement following an attempt of the boy's friends to rescue him.

Mayor Gaynor then asked for the policeman's number, which was 5354, and wrote it down on a slip of paper, remarking, "I want that."

The Mayor expressed surprise when a plainclothes man arraigned a young woman who was arrested in the street and in answer to the Mayor's question said that he was dressed in plain clothes at the time of the arrest.

LOSE 400,000 ACRES OF LAND

Rights of Wyoming Development Company, a Morton Project, Cancelled.

(By Telegraph to The Tribune.) Cheyenne, Wyo., Aug. 3.—The Wyoming Development Company, of which Jay Morton, the Chicago banker, is head, and Paul Morton, of New York, is said to be a heavy stockholder, lost its right yesterday to 400,000 acres of land in the Riverton district by cancellation for failure to carry out its contract. The company had expended \$300,000 on the project and this amount will probably be a total loss to it.

MRS. BULL TELLS STORY OF THAT \$35,000 DEAL

On Stand in Jefferson Market Court Testifies in Qualey-Harvey Hearing.

IN CONFLICT WITH M'INTYRE

Denounces as Outrage That Lawyer for Defence Should Drag Her from Sickbed—She Didn't Know Corbett.

Mrs. William T. Bull went on the stand yesterday before Magistrate Krotel, in the Jefferson Market court, at the hearing of John A. Qualey and Harvey W. Corbett on the charge that they had obtained \$35,000 from Mrs. Bull by misrepresentations concerning the Magnesia-Ashbestos Company, of which Qualey is president and Corbett secretary and treasurer.

Mrs. Bull came into the magistrate's chambers for the afternoon hearing armed with a fan, a glass, a small piece of ice and a bottle of mineral water. In the morning she had had a telephone conversation with John F. McIntyre, counsel for the prisoners, from which Mr. McIntyre had retired purple and perspiring, and she had begun the morning session by denouncing it as an outrage that Mr. McIntyre should drag her out of a sickbed to come to court and testify.

She began the afternoon session by smiling graciously on Mr. McIntyre and seeking a place for her chair where he could best hear her. But the day wound up with the battle flags flying. Mrs. Bull sat with her elbows planted on the table, transfixed with her eye the answers to his questions. But Mrs. Bull replied in curt, hard sentences.

Cross-Examination Starts Trouble.

It was the cross-examination that started the trouble. "Madam," Mr. McIntyre began, "may I ask your age?" There was an instant objection by Charles L. Craig, attorney for Mrs. Bull. Then Mr. McIntyre explained: "I want to show that you are not an unsophisticated woman, not an ingenue, but that you are a woman of considerable experience, and what might impress a youthful person would not impress you."

Mrs. Bull pushed aside her glass and mineral water, forgot her fan, and pierced Mr. McIntyre with a scornful eye. She waived aside his questions and flung her hand contemptuously at him, while he demanded courtesy.

"Madam," he said, "I will treat you as a gentleman should a lady if you will be so good as to remember that I am a gentleman."

Mr. McIntyre Persistent.

"There are certain statements made in the complaint sworn to in Rhode Island," said Mr. McIntyre, "and I want to find out—"

"I telephoned to my attorneys, who are United States District Attorney Charles A. Wilson, of Providence, who is guardian of my son, and Judge John C. Burke, of Newport. I telephoned to General Wilson and he came right over," said Mrs. Bull.

"Did you send for both of them?" Mr. McIntyre asked. "Both of them," Mrs. Bull replied with a wave of her hand.

"Don't lift your hand at me," Mr. McIntyre warned. "Did you tell Sheriff Anthony?"

"I never saw him," Mrs. Bull interrupted. "There's no use asking me. I never saw him."

"Did you tell Sheriff Anthony," Mr. McIntyre repeated, "that Qualey and Corbett were not members of this company?"

"I never said that to anybody in Rhode Island," Mrs. Bull said. "It was not until I got here. I decline to answer."

Mr. McIntyre returned to the charge, and after listening to the beginning of his question, Mrs. Bull interrupted again. "If you will put your question more lucidly," she said, "I may be able to answer it."

C. C. WILSON INDICTED AND MARRIED SAME DAY

His Bride, Miss Lewis, Was Formerly Stenographer to United Wireless.

BUSY DAY FOR THE COLONEL

But Business Had Nothing to Do with What Family Called "Love at First Sight."

Despite his sixty-four years, affairs shaped themselves swiftly and eventually for Colonel Christopher Columbus Wilson yesterday. In the early part of the afternoon the president of the United Wireless Company was smothered under two indictments handed down by the federal grand jury. One indictment was found on three counts, alleging conspiracy to use the mails to defraud, and the other on one count, alleging the use of the mails in a scheme to defraud.

After appearing in court and getting a week's delay to get a \$25,000 bond for his bail, Colonel Wilson was entrained for The Bronx, where he disappeared into the doorway of No. 984 Simpson street. In a few minutes he issued forth, bearing on his arm Miss Stella Lewis.

Burrowing into the subway, Colonel Wilson and his companion were lost to view for half an hour, only to reappear in City Hall Park, where they made a rush for the marriage license bureau. Standing outside the cage of Chief Clerk Scully's sanctum, the colonel and the girl answered the necessary questions. Then they disappeared in the subway once more, to reappear later at No. 984 Simpson street, Miss Lewis's home.

Married at Bride's Home.

With the same expedition which had characterized all his movements, Colonel Wilson then announced himself as ready for the minister who was to marry them. The family ranged about the drawing room and Colonel Wilson and Miss Lewis were married by the Rev. S. T. Tyer, chaplain of Mount Sinai Hospital. After a brief series of congratulations and handshakings the colonel escorted his bride from the family roof.

As she tripped down the steps the bride wore a simple cut suit of light tan cloth, a black turban hat and a black lace veil. She wore tan shoes. The bridegroom's black attire was enlivened by a broad-brimmed, pearl-colored hat of the traditional Texas variety, evidently new.

Colonel and Mrs. Wilson went from the Lewis home to the colonel's apartment at the Waldorf-Astoria, but they will go to Long Beach for a visit of a few days to-morrow.

Bride Was Reticent.

Previous to her wedding last night a reporter from The Tribune went to Miss Lewis's home and asked her about her plans and her approaching marriage.

"I am only doing what my conscience dictates in marrying Colonel Wilson," said Miss Lewis, and her six sisters, her one brother and her mother nodded their heads in approval at this sentiment. "I have been engaged to him for three months, and he has often urged me to hurry the wedding day," added the young woman.

Miss Lewis said she was nineteen years old and that she was a stenographer in the publicity and treasury department of the United Wireless Company. Previous to her work in that office, she said, she had graduated from the East 138th street public school, and later attended the Morris High School for two years.

After leaving school Miss Lewis entered a brokerage office as a stenographer, and from there entered the service of the United Wireless Company in the same capacity. She said she had been working there for two years and had met Colonel Wilson some months ago.

The thought of marrying a man with great wealth was a minor consideration, according to Miss Lewis, for she had never desired more than her salary as a stenographer brought her. She said she and Colonel Wilson would not take a wedding trip at the present time, but would wait until the conclusion of the trial. She said she did not know whether she and her husband would live at the Waldorf, where Colonel Wilson has apartments, or at the home of her parents.

Miss Lewis has lived in The Bronx for seventeen years and is the daughter of Julius Lewis and his wife, who was Ida Hamburger. She is the first of the sisters to marry, and said the colonel was the first man who ever gained more than passing interest from her.

Colonel Wilson was born in Mississippi sixty-four years ago and was educated in Texas.

WASHINGTON, AUG. 3.—Officials who pay tips to waiters on ship may charge the expense to the government, under a ruling made by the Controller of the Treasury to-day.



COLONEL C. C. WILSON (ON LEFT), PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY, WHO WAS INDICTED YESTERDAY AFTERNOON AND MARRIED HIS STENOGRAPHER IN THE EVENING.

FOUR LIVES LOST IN FIRE

Entire Italian Family Killed in Blaze at West Hoboken.

Four lives were lost last night in a fire that partly destroyed a three story frame house at Spring and Hill streets, West Hoboken. The victims were Louis Blassetti, his wife, and their two children. They were Italians. The Blassetti family lived on the second floor of the house. The fire started on the first floor, which was unoccupied.

It was thought that the members of the Blassetti family had escaped as they did not appear at the windows, but after the flames had been extinguished their bodies were found. They had apparently been overcome by smoke and had made no effort to escape. The origin of the fire is not known.

FATAL DIVE FOR TORPEDO

Gunner's Mate Lost Life Trying to Recover Sunken Missile.

Provincetown, Mass., Aug. 3.—Thirty fathoms deep in the waters of Cape Cod Bay, in search of a sunken torpedo, George William Fairley, a gunner's mate on the flagship Connecticut, of the Atlantic fleet, and a resident of Orangeburg, S. C., lost his life yesterday. The Connecticut was engaged in target practice with torpedoes when one of the missiles sank to the bottom of the bay. Fairley was sent out with a boat's crew and diving apparatus to recover it.

On his way to the bottom of the bay he signalled "O. K." There was a pause for a moment, when he reached bottom, and then came a faint signal of danger. His comrades pulled the diver as quickly as possible to the surface. Hastily upon the armor they found Fairley unconscious but still breathing. All efforts to resuscitate him failed.

The cause of the accident is not known, but it is presumed that there must have been trouble in the transmitting of air. The body was shipped to-day to Fairley's sister, Mrs. E. R. Pauling, of Orangeburg, S. C.

NICHOLAS KINET KILLED

Squall Wrecks Biplane at Height of 650 Feet at Brussels.

Brussels, Aug. 3.—Falling from a great height, Nicholas Kinet, the Belgian aeronaut, was instantly killed this afternoon. Only three weeks ago his cousin Daniel, one of the best known of the foreign aeronauts, was killed in a similar manner at Ghent. Nicholas Kinet was flying at a height of about 650 feet when he was caught in a squall. A rear wire of his biplane snapped, and, becoming entangled in the motor, stopped the engine so suddenly that the aeroplane crashed to the ground and Kinet was crushed under it.

His wife and a brother were among the witnesses of the accident and rushed to the field. The wife fell unconscious beside the body, while the brother in a fit of grief threw himself head foremost on the wrecked machine.

Kinet was twenty-six years old. He had made notable flights at Budapest and Rheims, one of his trips with a passenger lasting nearly three hours.

J. H. WOOD FINALLY WEDS.

He and Miss Clarke Are Married at Fifth Avenue Church.

After a week of constant affirmations and denials, J. Harvey Wood and Miss Modjeska Clarke were married late yesterday afternoon in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, by the assistant rector, the Rev. J. Monroe Steck. Originally the wedding was to have taken place last Thursday, but it was postponed, and the last announcement was that the couple would be wedded to-day at the "Little Church Around the Corner."

Mr. Wood and his fiancée, however, changed their plans and arranged for the wedding to be held at the Fifth Avenue church. After the wedding a supper was served at the Hotel Plaza, where Mr. and Mrs. Wood spent the night. They will go to Atlantic City to-day, and upon their return to this city will live at the Hotel Lacerne.

Poughkeepsie Special. Trains leave one hour after three boats. See Day Line Advt.

RESCUE TWO IN HELL GATE

Patrolmen in Motor Boat Save Men When Boat Capsizes.

Patrolman Hobert Hanson and Joseph F. Flynn, of the Hunters Point station, saved two men from drowning in the waters of Hell Gate yesterday. The patrolmen, in their own motor boat, were on a trip down the Sound. They had just started through Hell Gate when they saw two men in a rowboat approaching the steamboat Sea Gull, which had in tow the barge Summer, bound for Orchard Grove, with an excursion party.

Suddenly the rowboat was overturned and the men thrown into the swift current. They held on to their upturned boat. The patrolmen started after the two men, and those aboard the excursion boats forgot their merrymaking to watch the rescue. Hanson and Flynn got alongside the struggling men and hauled them aboard, despite the fact that a rope became entangled in the propeller of the motor boat and the craft was in danger of capsizing.

WOMEN SEIZE BALLOTS

Throopville Suffragettes Insist Upon Electing a School Trustee.

(By Telegraph to The Tribune.) Auburn, N. Y., Aug. 3.—The liveliest school election in the history of Cayuga county took place to-day, thanks to the appearance of the suffrage enthusiasts, and old line politicians are willing to admit to-night that Tammany Hall will have to go some to duplicate the technique displayed by the women in carrying an election.

There were two candidates for trustee in Throopville, where the women voters had been displaying great activity. Their candidate was Mrs. "Fred" McCarty, and the men meekly put up John Taverner. The men made a pretense of having no interest in the contest until the closing hour of the polls. Then they dropped their chores and flocked to the schoolhouse, and ballot followed ballot for Taverner. The women, apprehensive of victory for their opponent, regarded the male method of voting in bunches as impolite and illegal, and before the amazed officials could learn their purpose they swooped upon the ballot box, and dipping their hands into it seized some of the ballots, supposedly of the Taverner variety.

Chairman George Cooper endeavored to preserve order, but he was swept aside. He sent for a constable and ordered a new election. This was held, and the women declared Mrs. McCarty elected, with 26 votes to 12 for Taverner. They were celebrating their victory, when ballots alleged to have been taken from the box were found in the stove, and the Taverner forces at once placed them in a safe, and will appeal to Commissioner Murphy, of the 1st Cayuga District, for a recount.

CLERMONT RESTS ON MUD FLATS

Model of Fulton's Vessel, Built for Hudson-Fulton Celebration, Neglected.

Unless money is appropriated to care for the steamer Clermont, which took a prominent part in the Hudson-Fulton celebration, she will be allowed to rot away on the mud flats at Mariner's Harbor, Staten Island. A month or so after the celebration the Clermont, which was built by the Staten Island Shipbuilding Company, was turned back to the company.

The company had her towed to its plant in Mariner's Harbor, placed her alongside one of its piers and put a watchman aboard. According to the superintendent of the company's yard, the company has not received any money for caring for the boat. He said last evening that the watchman had been taken off and the craft had been hauled out on the mud flats. The seams of the Clermont are said to be wide open, so that she has considerable water in her hold.

FREEZES WITH MERCURY AT 105

Mexican Crawls Under Tarpaulin Covering Shipment of Ice.

El Paso, Tex., Aug. 3.—Frozen to death with the thermometer at 105 in the shade was the fate of a Mexican at Maricopa, three hundred miles west of here, on the Arizona desert. A carload of ice had been unloaded on the station platform and covered with a heavy tarpaulin. The man, seeking sleep and escape from the terrific heat, crawled beneath the tarpaulin, where he was found the next morning frozen stiff.

INSURGENTS RULE IOWA CONVENTION

Taft Administration Mildly Indorsed, but New Tariff Called Failure.

BIG PROGRESSIVE MAJORITY

Course of Cummins and Dooliver Approved—Railroad Valuation and Income Tax Favored.

Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 3.—Republican Iowa wrote herself vigorously Progressive to-day at a convention which was in an uproar most of the time.

Senators Cummins and Dooliver and the insurgent delegation at Washington were enthusiastically indorsed. The new tariff law was branded as a failure in the light of the party pledge of 1908.

President Taft received only a lukewarm indorsement. The platform, among other things, calls for physical valuation of railroads, an income tax, a tariff commission and direct election of Senators.

A sop to harmony was flung out in the indorsement of the administration of Governor Carroll. An attempt to use the "steam roller" and make the State Central Committee overwhelmingly Progressive was called off, presumably at the hint of Senator Cummins.

Senator Cummins was temporary and Senator Dooliver was permanent chairman. The Progressive majority ranged close to three hundred on every question. The resolutions committee was Progressive, 6 to 5.

The foregoing is a synopsis of the day's events. To it may be added cheers and jeers, applause and hisses, music and howls of discord. Progressives Give Object Lesson.

The appearance and disappearance of the "steam roller" was one of the diverting incidents of the day. It came about through the insistence of the "stand-pat" members of the platform committee on an unqualified indorsement of the Taft administration, the legislative acts of the "regulars" and hostility to Cummins and Dooliver. The Progressives determined to exert a little pressure just to show the minority who is running Republican politics in Iowa.

The primary law, which provides that members of the state central committee shall be chosen by the convention, was selected as the means to this end. It was proposed to disregard the caucus selections of the 1st and 9th districts, which are "stand-pat," and to have the convention substitute Progressives in their places.

Attorney General Byers, as the chauffeur of the Progressive "steam roller," brought that engine into view with a motion that the convention proceed to the selection of the state central committee. He was opposed by F. T. Price, of Elkader, who demanded that the convention proceed in the good old-fashioned way. A motion to postpone action until after the report of the resolutions committee had been received, however, was adopted on rollcall. It was growing dark when this item was being disposed of. Then, to the surprise of every one, Chairman Dooliver ordered Chauffeur Byers back to the garage, and the caucus nominees were confirmed. This, like the indorsement of Governor Carroll, was a concession to harmony.

Taft and Roosevelt Pictures.

What may have been an attempt to stampede the delegates in favor of the stalwart Republicans was made when ex-Congressman Elsworth Bominger hoisted a portrait of President Taft and stalwart cheers. But the other side answered with silence or with jeers. Later another delegate among the Progressives exposed a picture of Mr. Roosevelt, causing a demonstration.

The Taft portrait was hoisted again, and the two likenesses held so as to confront each other. The demonstration interrupted a rollcall for several minutes. Stalwarts Make Hard Fight.

The stalwart delegates went down to defeat with their colors nailed to the mast. They fought in every committee where a fight was possible, insisted on rollcalls, and battled every inch for their principles.

Their resolutions, incorporated in the minority report of the platform committee and voted down by the convention, read, in part, as follows: The record of achievement of President Taft's administration and the 61st Congress is unequalled in our history, and guarantees faithful adherence to all pledges of the last Republican national platform. We also indorse the Taft policies in fulfillment of the work so conspicuously inaugurated by his distinguished predecessor, and congratulate the party and the country upon the achievements of the administration in constructive legislation, touching railroad regulation, the work of conservation and all matters disclosed in the record. His administration is entitled to the unequivocal support of every Republican.

They also indorse the "action of President Taft in approving the tariff bill, passed by the Republican Congress in pursuance of the pledges of the Republican party," and commend "his prudent, businesslike and economical administration of all the affairs of the nation."

In conclusion, they indorse the Iowa delegation in Congress "for all efforts in support of the administration of President Taft, and for such aid and assistance as they have given him in carrying forward his administrative and legislative policies."