

"BOB" CAN HAVE OLD JOB

Dutchess County Would Make Him Sheriff Again, if He Wished.

RED HOOK SENTIMENT HOT

Home Town Intensely Partisan to Chanler in Discussing His Matrimonial Troubles.

By Telegraph to The Tribune. Red Hook, N. Y., Sept. 11.—Even though Mrs. Lina Cavalieri does not allow her artist husband more than \$20 a month, "Sheriff Bob" Chanler need not want if the salary and fees attached to the office of sheriff of Dutchess County can help him. He served one term in that office some years ago, and has retained the title ever since. The news of his matrimonial troubles reached Red Hook the people at first refused to believe anything could have gone wrong with "Sheriff Bob."

Yesterday's stories from Paris and the failure of Robert Chanler or his family to offer any explanations, however, had their effect. "Was even if it is true, 'Bob' is too good for his anyhow," was the way one of the village wisecracks put it in front of the hotel.

B. Taver, the liverman, was so busy reading about the affair in the Sunday newspapers that he refused to drive a passenger on the six o'clock train for New York, on the plea that he was too busy. After he had digested all the news stories, he revealed his trend of thought by remarking: "Well, I don't suppose 'Sheriff Bob' wants to be sheriff again. Townsend has made good, and he probably will get the job again, but if 'Bob' Chanler wants it he can have it, and he can have any other thing he wants in Dutchess County."

Worth a Million, Friend Says.

"Sheriff Bob" has other things to fall back upon, however, even if his share in the estate which he started with the other members of his family is tied up as a result of his pre-nuptial contract with Mrs. Cavalieri. An old friend of the Chanler family, who has known "Bob" since he was a boy, explained yesterday that Robert Chanler owned the farm on which he lived at Red Hook. This farm is about three hundred acres in extent, and while its value is not unappreciated, it is a good property, with considerable possibilities. This piece of property, it is understood, was not included in the marriage settlement, and it was stated by the "Sheriff's" friend that it had positively not been transferred.

"Is 'Bob' Chanler worth a million?" was asked. "Yes, certainly," was the reply. "It is tied up, however, in reality in three large estates in New York City. He has a share in the Astor estate from his grandmother, in the Delano estate from his uncle and in the Ward estate from his mother. This property is in the hands of trustees, who administer it and pay the revenues to the various members of the family. Sheriff 'Bob,' of course, can do as he pleases with the money."

"I have known him intimately since he was a small boy, and I have always found him a shrewd business man. In some ways, however, he is very eccentric, and I have known him to do some queer things. I remember one occasion when he ran down here around Christmas. He drove up to my house to see me, but instead of coming in he turned his automobile, stopped a minute and before I had time to get to the door to welcome him he rode away. He has done other unexplainable things like that, but I believe he will come out of this affair all right."

All Reticent at Chanler Home.

Mrs. Warren House, who keeps house for Sheriff Bob, while her husband runs the farm, intimated yesterday that she knew fairly well where the ex-Sheriff was. She was not giving any information on the subject just then, however, and merely remarked: "If you will go back to New York you will see Mr. Chanler there whenever he wishes to see you."

At Rokeby, the ancestral home of the Chanlers, which is a couple of miles from Red Hook village, Mrs. Richard Aldrich declared that she had no information to give on her brother's matrimonial tangle. Lewis Sturvesant Chanler, who makes his home at Rokeby when he is in Dutchess County, has not yet returned from the conservation congress at Minneapolis.

Mrs. Aldrich said yesterday: "I have no information regarding Robert Chanler. He is not here; neither is Sidney Harris, the lawyer, and there is no family conference on here to-day."

The matronly housekeeper of Rokeby remarked when escorting newspaper visitors up: "Robert Chanler is the man you want to see. This is his affair, and Mrs. Aldrich knows nothing about it."

In the village and at Robert Chanler's farm it was said that he had not visited Red Hook since last October. He is expected to be here next Thursday, however. For on that day, at Chanler Park, near his home, is to take place what his posters announce as a "Mammoth Celebration and Inspection by the Griffing Fire Company and Band." Robert Chanler has made it a practice to attend this affair each year, and the people of Red Hook are satisfied that if he is in this country at all he will be with them for the big time on Thursday.

KILLED HIS PURSUER

Italian Says Black Hand Man Dogged Him from Europe.

Philadelphia, Sept. 11.—Claiming that his victim was a member of the Black Hand, who had been following him around this country for two years seeking revenge, Francesco Scaglia, aged twenty-one years, today shot and fatally wounded Giuseppe Cerullo.

The shooting occurred in the heart of the Italian section, and was witnessed by many persons. Scaglia was captured by the police after a chase of several squares. Cerullo was taken to a hospital and died shortly after being admitted. The police thought in his statement to the police that Cerullo and he had been members of the same secret society in Italy. He refused to obey a command of the order, and came to this country to escape punishment. He was followed by Cerullo, who, he says, dogged him through several towns in the mining regions of this state, and followed him to this city.

Despondent to find the suspense which he would be allowed under, Scaglia to-day shot Cerullo and saying, "I'll get you first," shot him.

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DR. LANGE NEEDS MONEY

Laboratory and Residence of Alchemist To Be Sold.

C. C. DICKINSON HIS FRIEND

Late Banker Was Said to Have Inhaled Poisonous Gases in Lange Laboratory.

By Telegraph to The Tribune. Scranton, Penn., Sept. 11.—Instead of becoming as wealthy as Cressus through his supposed discovery of a process to transmute base metals into silver Dr. Frederick W. Lange, of this city, faces a serious financial situation. Unable to pay the interest on heavy loans, the doctor's residence on 11th street, and his laboratory and office building on Adams avenue, have been seized by Sheriff Connor, and they are included in a list of properties to be offered at public sale on October 1.

On the heels of the doctor's reverses comes an announcement that his brother, Louis A. Lange, has left the city. Louis Lange is secretary of the New Schiller Building and Loan Association, one of the largest investment enterprises of its kind in the country. Thousands of working persons, a majority of whom are thrifty Germans living in South Scranton, are its shareholders. Officers of the association admit that the secretary is out of the city and that his private affairs are in bad shape. They deny, however, that the financialness of the association are involved. Since the death of Charles C. Dickinson, the New York banker, which was said to have resulted from inhaling poisonous fumes in Dr. Lange's laboratory, the alchemist has been in comparative retirement. Pressed for an explanation of Dickinson's visit to his laboratory, Dr. Lange told a sensational story of his alchemical discoveries. The New York man's resources would have been at his command in exploiting the transmutation discovery, he declared, and his death was a severe setback.

Ever since his graduation from college Dr. Lange has been engaged in business besides practicing medicine. With his brother Louis and others he planned to enter capital to float the transmutation scheme, and to that end preparations were made to issue stock. The doctor's practice suffered, it is said, and he was compelled to negotiate large loans to keep other enterprises in which he is interested going. Among the enterprises that have been promoted by the Lange brothers are a silk mill, a condensed milk and baby food factory and a women's hair dressing store. The last named was an ill-fated venture. Louis Lange enjoyed the confidence of local business men and he had no trouble in securing indorsers for his personal paper. During the last week several of his notes have gone to protest in local banks, and this, coupled with Lange's absence, has caused much uneasiness.

The goodness of the New Schiller Association has never been questioned. The savings of poor persons in its keeping amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Dr. Lange's laboratory is the one in which Charles C. Dickinson, former president of the Carnegie Trust Company, was said to have inhaled poisonous gases during a demonstration on May 15, resulting in his death in St. Luke's Hospital on May 23. Much mystery surrounded the fatal accident, the Casualty Company of America, in which he was insured for \$5,000, holding up the claim. An autopsy on Mr. Dickinson's body was performed at Mount Kisco Cemetery. The doctors reported that he had died from natural causes.

Dr. Lange's laboratory comprises nearly all the cellar of a frame building, which has been partitioned off to give the room strict privacy during his experiments. The workroom floor is of earth. In one corner Dr. Lange had a large electric blower. This fanned into intense heat the flames of three large gas burners adjusted in a furnace in the middle of the place. The furnace was imbedded in the earth floor. Gas was fed to the burners through a two-inch pipe. With his three jets Dr. Lange could get 4,000 degrees of heat at the end of an hour.

Around and over the furnace was a galvanized iron box about four feet square. A flue ran from the top of it and was set in a brick chimney built about three feet from the furnace. In order that the physician might breathe none of the fumes from the chemicals which he used in the furnace, two trapdoors were fixed on the box. When these were closed the gases ran through the flue into the chimney. Everywhere about the room were large bottles containing all sorts of acids and packages containing chemical salts. Hundreds of other boxes and vessels lined the walls of the room.

SAY SHE DESERTED CHILD

Woman Arrested Declares Parents Wouldn't Pay Baby's Board.

Mrs. Zoia Brundage, twenty-three years old, of 414 East 125th street, was locked up in the East 125th street station on the charge of abandoning four months old Marion Herzberg yesterday afternoon. The complaint was Mrs. Rose Harris, of No. 14 East 126th street, who said that Mrs. Brundage, accompanied by a dentist, left the girl there and failed to return for it. At the station house it was said that on May 5 the father and the mother of the girl took little Marion to Mrs. Brundage and asked her to board the child. Mrs. Brundage told Lieutenant Underhill that on several occasions she had made ineffectual attempts to find the persons who had left the child, in order to get the amount of board agreed on. She added that she also recently obtained a summons from Magistrate Harris in the Yorkville court, for the couple, to show cause why they should not pay the bill.

Mrs. Brundage charges that the woman who first brought the child to her is a daughter of Mrs. Harris, which is the reason Mrs. Brundage gave for leaving the girl at Mrs. Harris's home.

NEGRO RETURNS TO ATTACK

Though Pursued by a Posse, He Again Visits White Girl.

Wiltshire, Ala., Sept. 11.—Notwithstanding his life has been sought by citizens for three days, the unknown negro who on Wednesday night, attempted to assault Miss Frances Williams, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a farmer living near here, made a second attack on the girl yesterday, and the two exchanged shots at close range. Miss Williams went to the barn to investigate a noise, carrying a shotgun along, and when she opened a door a negro, in whom she recognized the visitor of Wednesday night, threw a handful of bran into her face. She screamed, and as the negro ran he fired at her with a shotgun, but his aim was poor. She quickly returned the fire, without effect.

Poses scoured the neighborhood last night, but found no trace of the negro.

TO RESUBMIT PROHIBITION

Oklahoma Electors Will Also Pass on Woman Suffrage at November Election.

Oklahoma City, Okla., Sept. 11.—Governor Haskell announced yesterday that he will call for an election to be held November 8, for the resubmission to the people of next prohibition ordinance of the constitution, and to submit the initiated woman suffrage amendment.

COUNTESS EULALIA CONTENT

Will Not Seek Divorce on Account of Suit Against Husband.

Philadelphia, Sept. 11.—Countess Santa Eulalia, who was the widow of John B. Stetson, a wealthy manufacturer of this city, is not going to seek a divorce from the count, despite the suit of the Chicago person for \$10,000 for alleged services to the count in picking his wife out for him. The suit brought by Mrs. Josephine Ernest makes no difference to the countess. She said so this afternoon at her luxurious home, San Idro, near Elkins Park. The count was present when she spoke. She declined to be interviewed, but one close to her declared that she has given her legal adviser authority to fight the suit.

WANTS MONEY FOR BLOOD

Woman Sues Estate for \$2,000 for Transfusion of Life Fluid.

St. Paul, Sept. 11.—The monetary value of blood given to save the life of another

Of Interest to Women

NEW BLUES AND BROWNS

They Blend Charmingly with Each Other and with Fur.

Two colors are appearing now in shades so dark that in a light not in the brights they may be mistaken for black, and their advent probably means that the reign of this sombre hue is nearing its end. For some time there has been in evidence a blue generally called for convenience navy blue, although it was really much darker than that familiar and serviceable color, and now a brown has appeared which may with about the same degree of accuracy be called seal brown. This shade will commend itself to the woman with an appreciation of color by the charming way in which it blends with nearly all the fur tones. Like its rival, black, this dark brown is a color often chosen for hats, and the most effective trimming it can have is fur. One



There are nettles everywhere. But smooth green grasses are more common still. The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud. —Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Money Received. Mrs. George Coan, treasurer of the Elm City branch, of New Haven, has forwarded \$10 for the Tribune Sunshine Society, Reet House expenses and \$1 for dues; Miss K. R. Shuy has given another butterfly party at Saratoga and made \$3, which she sends for sunshine. Bertha M. Thalheimer, treasurer of the Queen Esther branch, of New Haven, \$10 for Reet House.

No. 10 Branch. The members of Manhattan branch, No. 10, never take a vacation, for the needs of their neighbors in the East Side tenements never cease. Illness and lack of employment are constant sources of distress, and each Sunshine member does what she can. It may be only a loaf of bread, a bottle of milk, a pair of coal or necessary articles of clothing, but some urgent want is met. An occasional sale is held from the proceeds money is given to buy medicine or help pay funeral expenses when death has entered a destitute home.

A Day's Outing. The latest request for outing funds came from a Bronx member who desired, with the help of the Tribune Sunshine Society,

to give a day of sunshine to three working women and their children. They went to Glen Island, and well filled lunch baskets were provided to help make the day enjoyable.

Helping Hands.

Elizabeth Coats, president of the Ladies' Hospital Auxiliary, at St. Petersburg, Fla., reports that L. C. Heffner, of that city, donated 10 per cent of his cash sales on September 6 and 7 to the Emergency Hospital. All the friends interested in the success of the hospital were personally requested to make their sales as large as possible on those days. It is expected that other firms will adopt this method of aiding the hospital.

Mrs. M. B. Reynolds, who organized the Danville, N. Y., branch, says: "I still retain my membership in the branch, although I have moved to Binghamton, where most of my Sunshine work is now done—a work that will always be near to my heart. I am going to Danville and I am sure the branch members will want to aid the Kansas family again this year, as, owing to the drought, their crops were practically ruined, and distress confronts the family for the coming winter. The invalid widow whose sad condition was mentioned in last week's column is still without proper and nourishing food."

A Manhattan branch president has been especially helpful to three people during the last week. A mother and daughter were placed as house servants in a family in Schenectady with good wages, and a man who found it difficult to secure adequate employment to support his family after a long illness that had exhausted his money now has a position in one of the largest department stores in the city. The branch president who did all these good deeds says sunshine works both ways. She has been cheered by it at unexpected times, and is glad of the opportunity to pass along help to others.

Let us live in as small a circle as we will, we are debtors or creditors before we have time to turn around.—Goethe.

Thanks. Mrs. Halstead, of Almsworth, Neb., writes that her little girl had the surprise of her

life when birthday gifts from Eastern friends began to arrive. There were beautiful postals, books, dolls, toys and kind letters, all of which greatly delighted her. One little boy, five years old, sent a postcard album filled, and the large scrap cards showed kindly thought on the part of some one. The real name and address of "Aunt Mary" is especially desired by Mrs. Halstead, who says: "I feel as if I owe the Tribune Sunshine Society members a great debt for all their kindness to me and mine. I cannot tell how much I appreciate the good reading they have sent me."

A New London, Conn., invalid had her sad birthday cheered by a substantial gift from the emergency fund, and an invalid in Pennsylvania, whose life is particularly hard, was able to provide some comforts for herself from the money sent. The money for milk for the baby in East 10th street goes regularly, and the mother is grateful, for she feels the child's life was saved by this timely help.

Need Assistance.

The invalid member in Illinois, who is nearly blind, writes that the year has come round again in which the interest \$1 on the mortgage of \$100 on her little home is due. If this small sum is not paid by October 1 she is likely to be turned out of doors. Her troubles seem to accumulate with the years, for her husband, who was able to earn a little, has now lost his mind and a son who could have helped died. A reduced gentleman in an urgent need of a clerical position for self-support. She is familiar with four languages and has done technical translations for professional people. Their absence from the city during the summer has left her almost penniless. She would take a position as nursery governess, if such can be obtained.

Contributions.

A trunkful of clothing for boys has come from Mrs. H. W. Bennett, of West End avenue; a box of women's clothing from "L." of Philadelphia; hats, magazines and cards, without a name; silks from Miss Anna Tuckerman, of Greenfield, Mass.; a large box of books from Kingston, N. Y.; hat and silk ruff from Towanda, Penn.; novels from Jackson, N. H.; reading from Miss Harry and monograms, etc., from Miss C. Mount, of Hoboken.



COSTUME IN BROWN, BLUE AND GOLD. BROWN VELVET HAT TRIMMED WITH FUR AND A SHADY BLUE AND BROWN AIGRETTE.

was the problem before Judge of Probate George R. Smith yesterday. The transfusion was given by Evelyn Whitney, twenty-six years old, to Mrs. Mattie Mulligan on her deathbed in St. Mary's Hospital, on September 15 last.

The operation did not save the older woman's life. She died, leaving an estate of \$45,000. Evelyn Whitney has made a claim of \$2,000 against the estate for her sacrifice of blood. A part of the claim will be allowed.

Mrs. Mulligan was dying of anemia. Dr. D. C. Cowles told in court to-day how the operation was performed. Friends had gone to many persons, he said, before Miss Whitney offered to undergo the operation. An artery was severed in her wrist and joined to the artery in the other woman's arm. They were connected for two hours.

INSPECT CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

Members of the St. Vincent de Paul societies of various Manhattan parishes inspected the Catholic institutions at Pleasant Plains, Staten Island, yesterday, where they were welcomed by Father Fitzpatrick, who is in charge of the institutions. The visitors were entertained at dinner, and then marched to the chapel, where benediction of the blessed sacrament was given by Father McNamara, of St. Rose of Lima Church. There was an entertainment by the girls and later a drill by the boys.

VASELINE STAINS.

Vaseline stains on linen are very difficult to remove, as many know to their sorrow. It is said that if the article is washed in turpentine when the stain is fresh it will come out. Care, however, should be taken that the article is not sent to the laundry and boiled before attempting to remove the stain.

Some Ways of the World

A young woman living far in the wilds, who has to come to town occasionally on business affairs, says she finds her married friends lifesavers on such occasions. She can always go to some one of them for the night, and as she lets them know ahead of time that she is coming she has a little dinner given for her, and these ready-made things to look forward to and remember for long hospitality is of a most practical nature, for to each of her hostesses she sends in the autumn a barrel of potatoes or apples, according to their wish. She calls this donation her yearly gift. In addition, she arranges to let her friends have "days out." If she is a guest longer than a day or so, she takes charge of the house during their absence, and as all the children adore her, they, too, are left in her care. If more girl guests were capable of doing this kind of thing, visits from "girls" might not be so much dreaded as they are, for the average young woman has to be entertained every moment that she is under a roof not her own, and her idea of entertainment commonly is that all the eligible men her hostess knows shall be trotted out for her inspection.

It is an odd thing that in all the years the world has endured no one has discovered an easy and agreeable method of making fat people thin. It isn't for want of trying. If the gray matter spent on the question of reducing flesh had been used in fighting cancer, tuberculosis, poverty and like scourges this earth would surely be a paradise.

Almost everybody has a recipe for removing fat, but none of them is pleasant. The victim is to run ten miles before breakfast, or wear rubber underwear, or live on dry bread, or get up and lift fifteen-pound dumbbells. The other day a new prophet appeared and announced a cure for fat, and all the three-hundred-pound men and the women who sighed when the hipless gowns came in sat up and took notice. The new cure sounds as if it would be efficacious. It is easy, too, to put it into effect. Foods, a few lemons, a corn, cracked, for breakfast, a raw carrot or something of the

kind for luncheon, a little raw fruit and some nuts for dinner—this regimen is guaranteed to bring the stoutest woman down to a point where she will look distinguished in a hobble skirt. There is no doubt that it would thin her. Incidentally, it would, if persisted in, have her looking pathetic in a coffin, but, anyhow, her friends' last memory of her would be of a slender person; there wouldn't be so much danger in after days of her being alluded to as "that stout Mrs. Blank."

Raw grains, by the way, are said by the author of this panacea to be delicious when one gets used to them. He doesn't state whether or not one could get used to them before he died of starvation.

"When my sewing machine gets cranky," says a woman who makes many of her clothes, "I humer it almost as I would a cross child. In the first place, I make up my mind to turn my attention to hand sewing, for a cranky machine stays cranky for sometimes a day or so. After folding up and putting away all I have ready for stitching, I give the machine a thorough cleaning, both inside and out; then I oil it, loosen the tension, take off the belt and shut it up to get over the sulks. When you think it over, it is only a matter of justice and gratitude that a machine should be humored occasionally and given a rest and an oil bath and left to enjoy the peace of disuse for a day or so. When oiling a machine I run it quite fast between the doses, so that the oil will be worked into the joints, so to speak, and the last dose I make a very generous one, spreading newspapers on the floor all around the stand to catch the drip. With machine oil I always mix a little kerosene. That keeps the other oil from clogging."

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