"IF GOD SEE IT IN The Sun IT'S SO."

The Sun.

THE WEATHER PREDICTION
For New York and Its Vicinity:
Fair, followed by threatening weather; warmer.

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BOMB EXPLODES IN A CAB.

STRIKERS SUSPECTED OF HAVING PLACED IT THERE.

The Coupe's Windows Shattered, and the Driver Nearly Blown from His Box—Jacob Schnitzer, the Occupant, Not Hurt—The Nature of the Explosive Not Yet Known.

An attempt was made early yesterday morning to blow up a cab with a bomb loaded with some explosive whose nature is still unknown. The cab belonged to H. Willis, keeper of the Union League Stables, at 2 and 4 East Thirty-ninth street. In the cab at the time was Jacob Schnitzer of 112 East Seventy-third street, who was on his way home from the Lotos Club, where he had been attending one of the Saturday night entertainments.

The force of the explosion was so great that the heavy plateglass windows of the cab were shattered into fragments, the lamps were smashed, and the driver was lifted from his seat and almost thrown over the dashboard. Mr. Schnitzer escaped injury, how no one can explain. The upholstery of the cab was burned and discolored by the explosive, and Mr. Schnitzer's clothes were ruined by the fumes of the acid which the bomb contained. Mr. Schnitzer was taken from the cab dazed and stunned by the shock, but he soon revived.

All sorts of theories were advanced yesterday to account for the explosion. The police finally concluded that it could not have been due to an accident, and that the bomb must have been placed in the cab by some one who wished to do harm to Mr. Willis or to Mr. Schnitzer. Inspector Brooks and Capt. Steinkamp of the East Fifty-first street station have taken the matter in charge and are going to catch the guilty man if possible.

Mr. Schnitzer, who is the head of the firm of Schnitzer & Co., shipping merchants, at 4 Cedar street, ordered the cab shortly before 12:30 A. M. The cab was a two-horse coupé, driven by Patrick Hagen of 227 East Forty-fifth street, who has worked for Mr. Willis for several years and is considered to be thoroughly trustworthy. When Mr. Schnitzer reached the sidewalk and started to enter the coupé, a few minutes later, an undersized man ran forward, opened the door for him, and closed it after him.

The coupé was a deep-bodied vehicle with a heavy plate-glass front, and windows with glass a quarter of an inch thick. Mr. Schnitzer noticed as he entered the cab that both of the windows were closed tight.

Hagen began to drive at a brisk pace, but hardly had he reached Forty-sixth street, a hundred feet distant, when he heard a dull explosion under him, followed by the clatter of broken glass. At the same time he was lifted bodily from his seat and thrown forward with such force that only by grasping the dashboard did he keep himself from falling between his frightened horses. He quickly recovered his balance, and, although very badly scared, reined in his horses, stopped them, and jumped to the ground.

There were at the time about thirty cabs and carriages in front of the Lotos Club and a few in front of the Windsor Hotel. The noise of the explosion, which could be heard for blocks, followed as it was by a dense cloud of yellow smoke that gave forth a sickening odor of sulphur, attracted a crowd immediately. Some one tore open the door of the carriage, expecting to find Mr. Schnitzer dead or mortally injured. Mr. Schnitzer lay on the back seat, white and nearly unconscious. He was pulled out and stood on his feet. A moment in the fresh air brought him to his senses.

"What's the matter? What has happened?" he asked at first, but, as he fully recovered himself, he said:

"There was a bomb in that cab. It lay on the floor."

Policeman James Breen of the East Fifty-first street station was standing in front of the club when the explosion occurred, and was one of the first on the spot. Mr. Willis, too, was at Forty-fifth street at the time of the explosion, and hastened to his wrecked cab. Mr. Schnitzer wanted to go at once to the East Fifty-first street station, but before they started a careful examination of the cab was made. It was found that the windows and the front glass had been blown out, and also the glass in the lamps.

The pieces of glass were scattered over the street for two yards on each side of the cab. They were covered with a thick film of yellowish deposit from the fumes of the acid, or whatever was used as an explosive. The whole interior of the cab, save that part of the seat occupied by Mr. Schnitzer, was covered with the same dirty yellow deposit, and in the upper right-hand corner of the mat which covered the floor a hole had been burned half way through. Smaller holes were found in other parts of the mat and on the seat.

But it was on Mr. Schnitzer's clothing that the stains were the greatest. He was in evening dress and wore a dark overcoat. The soles of his patent-leather shoes were covered with a light red deposit. On the tops and uppers of his shoes was a greenish yellow deposit, and his trousers, as far as the knees, were covered with the same yellow deposit, which was also found on the front of his overcoat. When the explosion occurred Mr. Schnitzer involuntarily put up his arms to shield his face, and the sleeves of his coat were also stained, but in a less degree. His trousers and his coat were also covered with tiny holes, where the acid had burned into the nap of the cloth.

The deposit left by the fumes was very thick on his shoes and on the lower part of his trousers, and had so eaten into the cloth that only very little of it could be rubbed off. It gave forth a sickly smell like that of phosphorus rather than sulphur, so strong that it could be perceived several yards away.

Only one thing was found to indicate the cause of the explosion, but that was sufficient. Mr. Willis found in a corner of the cab a bit of paper, tied with a string. In the paper was a cork, one that would fit a six-ounce bottle, and a lot of fragments of very thin glass, such as is used in test tubes. There was enough of it to show that the vessel which had contained the explosive was not a bottle, but in all probability a test tube.

The police are trying to discover what the explosive was and how it came to be in the cab. Mr. Schnitzer clearly showed by his story, told yesterday afternoon, that he knew nothing about it.

"I had no more than got settled in the cab when the explosion took place," he said. "I don't suppose I had been in it half a minute when there was a terrible jar under my feet, a dense cloud of stifling smoke, and the crash of glass. I involuntarily put up my arms to shield my eyes, and the next thing I knew I was in the street, surrounded by men. The only distinct impression I have is that there was no flame, only that horrible sulphurous smoke.

"I was stunned and dazed by the concussion; my nerves were completely unstrung, and I shook all over like a leaf, but except that I was unable to get any sleep last night, I was none the worse for my experience. I went over to the police station as soon as possible, and put the matter into the hands of Capt. Steinkamp.

"I cannot understand it at all. There is certainly no one in the world who would want to do me an injury, and the only explanation I can arrive at is that it is a part of the cabmen troubles that we have been having lately. If the police can't find out anything about it, I shall start an investigation myself. It was an outrage, and I intend to get to the bottom of it."

Little information could be got from Hagen, the driver. All he knew was that as he reached Forty-sixth street, there was a concussion that lifted him from his seat and hurled into his back with great force a lot of glass. He managed to pull up his horses and jumped to the ground in time to help get his passenger out of the cab.

Capt. Steinkamp at once detailed his detectives, Quinlan and Kearn, to work on the case. The police were at first inclined to think the explosion was the result of an accident; that some one who had been in the cab earlier in the evening had left behind by mistake a bottle of some kind of acid. It was on this theory that they worked until they were forced to come to the conclusion that the explosion was the work of some malicious person.

They first looked for the man who opened the cab door for Mr. Schnitzer, thinking perhaps it might have been some striking cabman or some sightseer. They learned, however, that he was Edward Crowley, a "bucker" or solicitor of trade for John Sullivan, a cabman, who keeps his cab at Connor's stables, at Thirty-seventh street and Seventh avenue. Sullivan, it seems, picks up a good many fares at the Lotos in spite of the contract the club has with Willis, and Crowley had his cab around at the club Saturday night, and was standing on the sidewalk when Mr. Schnitzer came out. Hyman Lowitz, another of Willis's drivers, who, with his cab, was immediately behind the one that Schnitzer took, saw Crowley open and shut the cab door. Crowley is well known as a reputable man, and no suspicion was attached to him.

The detectives then started to find out what other passengers Hagen had carried in the evening. They learned that the cab had first gone out at 6 o'clock. It had called for former Park Commissioner George G. Haven at his home, at 24 East Thirty-ninth street, and had taken him out to a dinner. About 8:30 it took him back home again, and then went back to the stable, where it was thoroughly swept out. There was no phial or tube in it then. Shortly after 9 Hagen drove down to the stage entrance of Keith's Theatre, in Fourth avenue, just below Fourteenth street, to get R. O. Duncan, a ventriloquist, who was to go to the Lotos Club, where he was engaged as one of the entertainers of the evening.

Here is the only place the stories do not hitch. Hagen says that he did not leave his cab while he was waiting for Duncan. Duncan says that Hagen arrived at the theatre about half-past 9, and that he, Duncan, did not leave it until nearly 10 o'clock. Duncan says that Hagen spent a good part of the time he waited in the theatre and helped to carry out some of Duncan's traps to a truck that was waiting to take them up to the club. According, then, to Mr. Duncan's statement, the cab was left alone for some time, and the bomb may have been placed in it while it was at the stage door.

After Hagen had driven Mr. Duncan up to the club he went back to the stable and stayed there until nearly midnight. Then Harry Willis, the son of the stable owner, took the cab and went over to the Century Club, in West Forty-third street, and to the Criterion Club, at 516 Fifth avenue, to see if there were enough cabs at those places. From there he went to the Lotos Club, and then drove back to the stable, sending the cab back to the Lotos to wait in line. It had been there but a few minutes when Mr. Schnitzer took it. Hagen, Lowitz, and Crowley say that no one entered it, or opened the door, until Mr. Schnitzer came out.

Following out their theory of accident, the detectives sought for Mr. Duncan, thinking that he might have had a bottle of acid, and left it in the carriage by mistake. Mr. Duncan quickly assured them that dolls were his only stage property, and that his dolls had gone up to the Lotos Club on a truck.

The police were then forced to believe that some one had placed the bomb in the carriage with malicious intent. But how it got there was still a puzzle. It was not thrown into the cab, for the windows were kept closed; apparently the only time that it could have been put into the cab was while the cab was waiting at Keith's Theatre.

"The only explanation I can find for the presence of the bomb!" Mr. Willis said yesterday, "is that some of the strikers of the New York Cab Company or some of their sympathizers, put it into my cab, thinking it belonged to the cab company. You see, up to the time of the strike the cab company had the work of the Lotos Club, but when it was compelled to stop operations the contract for the club's work was given to me. Possibly some of the men thought the cab company was still serving the Lotos Club. I have employed none but union men, and have had no trouble whatever. The cab company employs 'scabs,' as they are called, and the strikers are still very bitter against it, and likely to do anything."

"Do you think it likely that the bomb could have been put in the cab while it was in the stable?"

"No, I do not think so. I can't imagine that any of my men could do any such thing. There would be no object for them to do so, as we have had no trouble of any kind."

Mr. Schnitzer's clothes and the mat of the coupé will be submitted to a chemist to-day, in order to find out what explosive was used. The general impression now is that it was some liquid, a part of which was sulphuric acid. It may be that the test tube was half filled with potash and sugar, over which was a wadding of cotton, and the remainder filled with sulphuric acid. When the acid had soaked through the cotton and reached the potash an explosion would take place. But to offset this theory are two things. Sulphuric acid stains wool red, and wherever Mr. Schnitzer's clothes or the mat were burned they were black. Moreover, an explosion from such an amount of this mixture as could have been got into a test tube would hardly be powerful enough to smash things as the bomb did. The fumes of fulminate of mercury leaves a yellow deposit, but that explodes with a sharp report, and this explosion took the boom of a dull, heavy concussion that was felt rather than heard on the fifth and sixth floors of the Windsor Hotel. What exploded the bomb, whether a fuse, or a jar, is not known. It lay on the mat in the upper right hand corner, and when Mr. Schnitzer stretched himself out in the cab he may have kicked it with his boot, and thus caused it to explode. The chemical analysis to-day will doubtless show what the explosive was.

THE PRESIDENT AT CHURCH.

McKinley and His Mother Attend the Metropolitan and Listen to Bishop Newman.

WASHINGTON, March 7.—President McKinley's first Sunday in the White House was a quiet one. No callers were received, and the President had an opportunity of resting from the fatigues of the week. He arose later than usual, much refreshed from a hard day's work on Saturday. Breakfast was served at 9 o'clock. At 10 o'clock he prepared for church, and, accompanied by his mother, attended services at the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, where President Grant was accustomed to attend. As the President's intention had been announced, the crowd was very large, and the President and his venerable mother had much trouble in reaching the church vestibule.

The President was shown to what is called the Presidential pew. The other occupants were his mother, Mr. Abner McKinley, and Private Secretary and Mrs. Porter. The Rev. Dr. Johnston, the pastor, formerly of Canada, opened the service by prayer, and the Right Rev. Bishop Newman, the pastor of this church when Grant was President, preached the sermon. The sacred edifice was crowded, the aisles were all filled, and many could not gain admittance.

Bishop Newman took for his text, "I have not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Good laws, good government, knowledge and philanthropy, the pastor said, were all good, but would not be sufficient. "Seek first the kingdom of Heaven" is the first and last principle of political economy.

When the distinguished party left the church by the C street entrance the crowd was so great that the police had to clear the way. As President McKinley passed with his mother on his arm the crowd cheered and the President doffed his hat several times. Entering the carriage the party drove to the White House. Mrs. McKinley, the President's wife, was so fatigued that she could not attend church with her husband.

After returning to the Executive Mansion the President remained within doors until afternoon, when he took a short walk with a friend, returning from which he spent the remainder of the day with the members of his family.

Vice-President Hobart and wife attended service at the Church of the Covenant, the Rev. Dr. Hamlin preaching the sermon; Secretary of War Alger, wife, and daughter at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. Radcliffe delivering the discourse; Secretary Long and daughter at All Souls' Church, the Rev. Dr. Leavitt preaching the sermon, and Secretary McKenna attended St. Matthew's Catholic Church, at which the Rev. Father Lee preached.

MISS TIEMANN ROBBED.

The Ex-Mayor's Granddaughter Held Up in West 155th Street.

Miss Adelina Tiemann, a granddaughter of ex-Mayor Daniel N. Tiemann, was robbed of a pocketbook containing about $3 on West 155th street, near the Hudson River, shortly before 8 o'clock last Wednesday morning. The story was not made public, and the young woman's grandparents were not informed of the affair because it was feared they would be made nervous by learning of it. Miss Tiemann, who is a kindergarten teacher, and lives in West 127th street near the Boulevard, is in the habit of visiting her grandparents in Audubon Park one night in every week.

Last week she spent Tuesday night with them, and left the house about 7:30 in the morning. While she was walking up the hill on West 155th street a young man stepped up to her, and, pointing a revolver at her head, said: "Give me your pocketbook, or I will shoot you."

Miss Tiemann made no outcry, but struck at the man with an umbrella she carried. He repeated his threat, and, throwing his arms around her, grabbed the pocketbook and started down the hill. A moment later Miss Tiemann met Policeman Thomas Murray, who ran after the fugitive. The latter crossed the railroad tracks at the foot of the hill and disappeared among some bath houses.

At the West 152d street police station Miss Tiemann described the thief as a good-looking, well-dressed man about 20 years old, tall and slight, with a smooth, clean-shaven face, and dark-brown eyes; he wore an overcoat and a soft felt hat. On this description Michael Short was arrested later in the day, but was not identified by Miss Tiemann.

113 Bridges and Trestles Washed Away.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 7.—The floods have begun to down. It is learned that 113 railroad bridges and trestles over rivers, creeks, and gulleys are either down or so badly misplaced that many days will be required to make the roads safely passable.

THE SCRAMBLE FOR OFFICE

WASHINGTON HOTELS FILLING UP WITH THE PLACE HUNTERS.

Private Secretary Porter, at the Ebbitt House, is Besieged by Applicants—A Former Ohio Man from Arizona Comes with a "Slate"—Office Seekers from Ohio and Illinois.

WASHINGTON, March 7.—The hotel corridors are still crowded with office seekers, who seem to be on the increase. Willard's Hotel, which for many years has been headquarters for people looking for office, presents an animated scene tonight, while the Ebbitt House, across the street, where Private Secretary Porter is staying, is crowded with spoilsmen. Mr. Porter is literally besieged with applicants for office. Persons crowd around him, and even in the privacy of his room he finds no peace. Courteous and affable as he is, it is necessary to cut each interview short in order to get through with the crowd of people. Washington hotels have all the way from 10 to 110 candidates for office on their books. Persistency is a striking characteristic of the average office seeker. When he first makes his appearance in town he puts on a "good front." His clothes are usually of the latest cut, his shoes are polished, and his face is usually clean-shaven, or, if he wears a beard, it is trimmed up tastefully. Nothing is too good for him during the first few weeks, but as the days roll by and the weeks and the months pass into history things change. Instead of putting up at a first-class hotel he hies himself off to a cheap boarding house, and there awaits the pleasure of the head spoilsman.

Charles Lynn, quite a prominent politician in southern Illinois and pretty generally known over the State, sat in the corridor of the Willard this evening carefully perusing a book just issued and which sells for half a dollar, entitled "Places Not in the Civil Service." Mr. Lynn was careful that his friends, in passing by, would not see the title of his little book, so he tore off the red covering and proceeded to read away, and at various intervals he was seen to take out a pencil and jot down the offices which appealed to his fancy. Ex-Congressman Murphy of East St. Louis came by and, noticing the book, said:

"Hello, Charley, I see you are after a Government job, too. Well, I hope you get it."

Mr. Lynn was much surprised to know that he had been caught looking for "places not in the civil service." He has strong political backing, and may get a foreign mission. Col. Isaac N. Pearson, former Secretary of State of Illinois, walked aimlessly about the corridors of the Ebbitt this evening, chatting with a friend here and there. Mr. Pearson is one of the most prominent Republicans in the State, and is a candidate for a foreign mission also.

Harrison Gray Otis, editor of the Los Angeles *Times*, sat in one of the easy chairs of the Shoreham this evening and told a few friends who sat with him that "he would probably be Assistant Secretary of War." Mr. Otis is prominent in Republican councils of southern California, and did much toward swinging California for McKinley at the recent election. He is a personal friend of the President, having served with him in the Twenty-third Ohio Regiment during the war.

It is understood to-night that Capt. Joe Dickey of Newburgh, N. Y., who at one time had aspirations to fill the office of Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, has practically abandoned efforts in this direction. He had the indorsement of several prominent New York Republicans, but a little hitch with a United States Senator is said to have spoiled his chances.

H. J. Cleveland, formerly of Noble county, O., and a member of the last Legislature which returned John Sherman to the Senate, came to Washington the other day from Arizona with a "slate" which he fixed up before leaving, and which he believes he can put through. At one time Mr. Cleveland thought he stood ace high with President McKinley. When Mr. Cleveland went to Arizona three years ago he carried with him an autograph letter from Mr. McKinley. In this letter Mr. McKinley commended Mr. Cleveland very highly. Mr. Cleveland had been in the Territory a short time only when he found the soil propitious to the growth of a political machine, and he immediately set about to "get the boys together." He now comes on here with the following list of names, which he would like to have sent in by the President for confirmation: H. M. McCord, Governor; Charles H. Acres, Secretary; Allen T. Bird, Collector of Customs at Nogales; W. M. Griffith, United States Marshal. Mr. Cleveland also has the names of four men whom he would like to have appointed District Territorial Judges.

Gen. Horace Clark of Mattoon, Ill., one of the prominent and influential Republicans in central Illinois, is in town to-night, and is an applicant for a foreign mission. Mr. Clark has not picked out his place, but one of his friends to-night said something good has been promised him. Former Gov. John M. Hamilton is another gentleman Illinois contributes to the list of applicants. Mr. Hamilton is after a foreign berth. Among the Illinois office seekers the desire for foreign missions seems to be epidemic.

F. F. Foster of Chicago has been indorsed by the two Illinois Senators for the office of Public Printer. Meanwhile Mr. Palmer, who was Public Printer under the Harrison régime, is holding his ground and feels sure of the place.

Speaking of the Fosters, there is another one after a Government job. Yesterday Mrs. J. Ellen Foster came up to the White House in the drenching rain and saw Private Secretary Porter. She asked him to use his efforts to have her husband appointed Governor of New Mexico.

"I have heard of Mrs. Foster, but never of Mr. Foster," said a venerable politician who was at the White House at the time Mrs. J. Ellen called.

Word comes to Washington to-night that ex-Representative Conger of Iowa, at one time Minister to Brazil, is anxious that his old place should be given him. Mr. Conger will not have smooth sailing for this place, however, as Col. A. L. Buck of Georgia is also a candidate for the Brazil mission.

H. Clay Evans, the worst disappointed man perhaps in the United States over the failure of the President to place him in the Cabinet, now says that he will have nothing within the gift of the President. The opinion is, however, that Col. Evans will change his mind and take his old place as First Assistant Postmaster-General.

Up to within a year or so ago it was generally believed in Washington that ex-Representative Aldrich of Chicago, Speaker Reed's official figurer in the recent contest for the St. Louis nomination, would have it all his own way in the race for the Austrian mission. Speaker Reed visited the White House on Friday, and it was thought that he put in a good word for his friend Aldrich.

Another candidate for the Belgium mission appears in the field to-night in the person of the Rev. Dr. Hill of Rochester. He has many friends in the State who will urge his appointment.

During all the scramble for office the President has given it out that unless applications for office are indorsed by a Representative or Senator they will not be considered, and as a consequence the indorsement of Congressmen is now sought.

ST. LOUIS'S ROUGHEST TRIP.

She Never Met Such Seas Before or Took so Long to Beat Them.

The American liner St. Louis completed yesterday the longest voyage recorded in her log. Her time was 8 days 5 hours and 3 minutes, and her average hourly speed was 15.82 knots. The old-fashioned single screws have made better time than this in placid seas. There was nothing placid about the seas that the St. Louis encountered. They were altitudinous, and the blasts that created them were fiercer than anything the American liners, which are exceptionally fine rough-weather craft, have ever run against in the steamship lane.

From the moment she left Southampton until she reached Sandy Hook the St. Louis had little else except rough weather. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday she covered, respectively, 379, 336, 258, and 387 knots. She had the worst weather on Wednesday. In the early part of the day the gale was from the northwest. It shifted to southwest, and came occasionally in squalls of hurricane force that made the good ship roll and pitch as she had never done before. Only the sturdiest veterans were not seasick.

Early on Wednesday morning, while nearly all hands were either asleep or too ill to care much what happened, the ship shipped the crest of a comber. A part of the sea flooded the smoking room and dining room of the second cabin. The dining room was bailed out with buckets. Only the carpets were damaged, and no passenger was hurt.

10,000 MEN MAY STRIKE.

Danger of a Tie-up on All New Office Buildings—Dispute About Elevators.

New York is threatened with a general sympathetic strike on all the large office buildings now in course of construction. The storm centres in the International Machinists' Union, and, according to its delegate, George Warner, who notified the Central Labor Union yesterday of the impending strike, 10,000 men are likely to be involved in it. James O'Connell, Grand Master of the International Association of Machinists, is on his way to this city from Chicago to take charge of matters, and he is expected to arrive to-day.

The trouble is due to a dispute between the Elevator Constructors and the Machinists as to whose province certain work is in. This work includes dynamos where electric elevators are used, and the engines, pumps, and hoisting apparatus for all elevators. Formerly the Elevator Constructors' Union was affiliated with the Board of Walking Delegates. Now it is not affiliated with either the Board of Walking Delegates or the Central Labor Union, and is looked upon by these bodies as a non-union organization.

Warner, in notifying the C. L. U. of the impending strike, said that at one time his organization, which had controlled this work for years, paid dues to the Elevator Constructors' Union, but ceased doing so when it left the two central bodies. Then the machinists were crowded out of the work.

"We have talked with representatives of the Sprague Company and the Otis Company," he said, "and they ignored the claims of the machinists. If they do not employ the men who are entitled to this work strikes will be ordered in the shops of the Sprague and Otis companies here, in the shops of the Otis Company at Watsessing, N. J., and in all the large buildings where they have contracts. This will be followed by general strikes of all the trades represented in the Board of Walking Delegates."

The C. L. U. indorsed the report. Warner said afterward that there was no hope of the companies conceding the demands and that the strikes would begin either to-day or on Wednesday. The trades involved will include carpenters, steamfitters, masons, cement layers, tile layers and helpers, tin and sheet-iron workers, housesmiths, machinists, hoisting engineers, and eight or ten others. Among the big buildings likely to be involved are William Waldorf Astor's new hotel, the Bank of Commerce, the New York Life building, the Central National Bank building, and the Bowling Green building.

DIED IN HER PEW.

Mrs. Dietering's Apparently Painless Death in a Hoboken Church.

Mrs. Susan Dietering, a widow, 74 years old, died yesterday morning in her pew in the German Evangelical Lutheran Church in Sixth and Garden streets, Hoboken. She lived with one servant in the handsome residence at 715 Bloomfield street. Her husband, William Dietering, who was at one time a member of the Hoboken Common Council, died twenty-five years ago. For the past forty years Mrs. Dietering has been a constant attendant of the church. It is even alleged that in that time she never failed to attend morning service but once. That was about three months ago. She was a stout woman, weighing nearly 240 pounds.

Yesterday morning she was in her accustomed pew, about half way down the centre aisle, a few minutes before the services began. She appeared to be in the best of health, and those who spoke to her when she entered the church said she was in good spirits. In the pew adjoining hers was Mrs. Frederick Dietering, her daughter-in-law, and two seats ahead of her sat Mrs. John Rudolph, the wife of the pastor.

After the singing by the choir, Pastor Rudolph began reading from the Ten Commandments. It was then about ten minutes of 11 o'clock, and the little church was well filled. Mrs. Rudolph turned around in her seat to see who were present, and as she glanced over the faces behind her her eyes fell on that of Mrs. Dietering. She noticed that it was ghastly pale. While she continued to watch her, Mrs. Dietering's head fell forward on her breast. Then Mrs. Rudolph slipped quietly but quickly out of her seat and went back to Mrs. Dietering's pew. She raised the fallen head and discovered that the woman was unconscious. She did not appear to be breathing. Mrs. Frederick Dietering procured a glass of water, but her mother-in-law could not be revived. Frank Cordts, one of the members who sat near by, went for a doctor. As he reached the sidewalk Dr. Frank Nichols happened to be passing and Mr. Cordts called to him. The doctor entered the church and, on feeling Mrs. Dietering's pulse, he pronounced her dead.

All this while there was very little stir in the congregation, because Mrs. Dietering remained sitting upright and Pastor Rudolph continued reading the Scriptures. When Dr. Nichols had pronounced Mrs. Dietering dead Elder John Straub went up to the pulpit and informed the pastor of what had occurred. The latter then stopped the services. Then in a low voice he said:

"One of our oldest parishioners has gone to heaven from our very presence."

The congregation was dismissed and the members passed quietly from the church. Undertaker A. J. Volk was called and he took Mrs. Dietering's body to her home. Death was due to heart disease.

DIED IN A CATHEDRAL.

Major Chambliss, Well Known in the South, Passes Away Suddenly in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, March 7.—Major Nathaniel R. Chambliss of Selma, Ala., died suddenly of heart failure in the cathedral to-day, a few minutes before the 11 o'clock mass. He was an Episcopalian, but had gone with Mrs. Chambliss to listen to the sermon of Cardinal Gibbons.

Major Chambliss was born in Virginia sixty-two years ago. He was graduated from West Point in the class of '61 and immediately entered the Confederate army as a Lieutenant. He served continuously throughout the war and at its close had risen to the rank of Major. After the conflict he settled in Selma. The family came to Baltimore six months ago to be with a son who is a student at Johns Hopkins University. Another son is at West Point.

M'LUCKIE TURNED DOWN.

The C. L. U. Goes Back on the Ex-Burgess of Homestead for Good.

Ex-Burgess John McLuckie, formerly of Homestead, Pa., but now of nowhere in particular, was turned down for good at yesterday's meeting of the Central Labor Union. Some time ago the C. L. U. gave him credentials to visit labor unions and ask assistance in conducting an investigation into alleged armor plate frauds in the navy, but subsequently received letters discrediting him. A committee was appointed to investigate the charges, and yesterday it reported adversely to McLuckie, and the report was adopted.

Five Hundred More Shirtmakers Strike.

Five hundred more shirtmakers struck yesterday in the shops of the contractors for Selent, Horowitz & Selent, 10 Walker street; Feingold & Co., 74 Monroe street; Zemmel & Gurtner, 20 Walker street; Newport Shirt Company, 22 Walker street, and for Steiglantz & Co., at 20 White street. They demand an increase of 20 per cent. in wages. The strikers rushed to Walhalla Hall, where they held the customary meeting. More strikes of shirtmakers are to be ordered to-day.

To Have a Labor Day Parade.

The Labor Day Committee of the Central Labor Union announced yesterday that it had decided in favor of a Labor Day parade this year. John F. Maher, delegate of the Liberty Dawn Association of Coach Drivers, who made the report, said that a parade would benefit trades unionism, and his report was indorsed.

NEWS FROM PLATT'S CAMP.

BILL TO BE DRAFTED REMOVING THE POLICE BOARD.

Bill Will Name Four New Commissioners—Superintendent Payn Comes Out for Amending the Raines Law—Depew Calls—Schedule of Candidates for Big Federal Offices Here.

Senator Platt will return to Washington tomorrow. He had a big congregation of Republicans yesterday at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, some of whom were President Lauterbach of the County Committee, Superintendent Payn, Representative Quigg, National Committeeman Frederick S. Gibbs, Assemblyman Austin, Chairman of the Cities Committee; Senator Page, and ex-Postmaster Van Cott. Later in the day Chauncey M. Depew called. Mr. Depew has known for some time that Col. John Hay is to be Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Senator Platt has the same information.

The talk between Mr. Platt and the other Republicans had to do with proposed legislation at Albany. The Greater New York charter came up first, but, inasmuch as there has been all along a unanimous understanding that the charter shall be pushed, the talk was only as to incidental details. It was thought probable that the charter will be started on its way through the two houses at Albany this week or next.

The conference had to do specially with the proposed amendments of Senator John Raines to the liquor law bearing his name, doing away with the "fake" clubs and "fake" hotels. Senator Raines was not present at the conference, but he sent a long communication explaining his views and urging that the proposed amendments should be speedily passed at Albany.

Quite a number at the conference disagreed with the views advanced by Senator Raines. Among them were President Lauterbach and Representative Quigg, who declared it to be their opinion that the proposed amendments should go over until next winter. It was their positive advice that the battle for the Mayoralty of Greater New York this fall should not be complicated. Better wait, they said, until the result of the battle for a Mayor of Greater New York is known. Others at the conference supported the stand taken by Lauterbach and Quigg, while others, notable among them being Superintendent Payn, advised just a contrary course. It was the opinion of Mr. Payn and others that the Republican party of the State is committed to the best liquor law that can be obtained, and that if the Raines law is defective in any of its machinery it should be amended and made as near right as possible. Mr. Payn believed that that was the only sensible and wise course, and he did not believe that the approaching campaign for a Mayor of Greater New York should have any weight in the argument.

Senator Platt listened to all the arguments for and against the proposed amendments, and it was decided to take them under further consideration. Meanwhile, it was said, they will be held in abeyance. A report got abroad in the corridors of the hotel that they are to be effectually squelched. The real facts, it was learned, are that no final decision was reached concerning the policy to be pursued, although the majority sentiment at the conference favored shunting them over upon next winter's Legislature.

One of the most interesting episodes of yesterday's conference was the proposition of Mr. Lauterbach to prepare a bill for immediate passage at Albany to remove the present Board of Police Commissioners, comprising Roosevelt, Parker, Grant, and Andrews. Such a bill would necessitate amendments to the Greater New York charter, but those, it was insisted, could be made after the present Commissioners are legislated out of office.

The idea, it was learned, is to get four new Police Commissioners as quickly as possible. They could serve, it was added, until Jan. 1 next, when the Greater New York charter is to go into operation, and meantime the four new Commissioners could be named in the bill to be introduced at Albany. Mr. Lauterbach was instructed to go ahead and prepare such a bill.

Naturally the Republicans who visited Senator Platt wanted to know the attitude of the McKinley Administration toward the Republican organization of the State. Senator Platt, it was learned, informed his visitors of the natural interest he had had with President McKinley in Washington, wherein, as already printed in THE SUN, the President assured Senator Platt that nothing would be done in the distribution of New York's patronage without previous consultation with him, and that it was the purpose of the McKinley Administration to recognize the organization in all matters concerning Federal patronage. In other words the McKinley Administration is to appoint no Republicans to office in New York State to whom the organized Republicans object. It was then brought out that the organization advanced George R. Bidwell, ex-Secretary of the County Committee, to be Collector of the Port of New York, Cornelius Van Cott to be Postmaster again (Van Cott had the place under Harrison) and Ferdinand Eidman to be Immigration Commissioner. There was a difference of opinion as to the Republican to be recommended for Surveyor of the Port. John H. Gunner and his friends believed that Silas C. Croft, at present one of Mayor Strong's Charities' Commissioners, should be formally indorsed for the place.

National Committeeman Gibbs and others objected and declared that such an indorsement would not be good policy. Mr. Gibbs, however, was not strenuous in his objections, and it may turn out that Mr. Croft will be formally indorsed for the place. No decision was reached concerning the matter last night.

THEY GO TO THE WHITE HOUSE NOW.

Senator Gorman Fell Out With Cleveland and Senator Quay Quarreled With Harrison.

WASHINGTON, March 7.—Senator Gorman visited the White House yesterday for the first time since the midsummer session of Congress in 1894, when he went to consult with President Cleveland about the then pending Tariff bill. The President told Mr. Gorman that he thought the plan which he and Brice and Smith and others advocated was the wisest that could be adopted, and Mr. Gorman came away with the impression that the President approved it. A few days later Mr. Cleveland wrote a letter in which he denounced the revised bill as an example of treachery and political dishonor. Mr. Gorman did not call at the White House again.

Another stranger at the White House is Senator Quay. He entered the mansion yesterday for the first time in seven years. His quarrel was with President Harrison over patronage. The President refused to recognize promises that were made by the National Committee during the campaign of 1888. Mr. Quay starts out on even terms with President McKinley and he seems to be interested in having Pennsylvania "recognized."

Another distinguished man who has not been seen at the Executive Mansion for four years until yesterday is Justice Stephen T. Field of the United States Supreme Court, who fell out with President Cleveland during his first term, and has criticized him as savagely as ex-Senator Ingalls. Justice Field has been eligible for retirement for ten years. He is now over 80, but he would not give Mr. Cleveland a chance to appoint his successor.

A PARK RIDGE FUNERAL STOPPED.

The Death of a Sister of the "Rawson Twins" to Be Investigated.

PARK RIDGE, N. J., March 7.—Mrs. David H. Jaccard, daughter of A. L. Rawson and sister of the Rawson Twins, gave birth to a daughter on Feb. 26 and died on March 5. Dr. Theo. T. Townsend, who attended her, certified that Mrs. Jaccard died of blood poisoning and pneumonia, and Undertaker Andrew H. Smith of Westwood was engaged to direct the funeral. This morning Justice William B. Smith of Park Ridge sent a constable to the Jaccard house and stopped the funeral.

Justice Smith said that Mrs. Jaccard's death was attributed to two causes in the death certificate, that she had recently sued her stepmother to gain possession of property bequeathed by her mother, the articles including dresses once the property of Laura Keene, Mrs. Jaccard's grandmother; that as soon as Mrs. Jaccard's death was announced Mrs. Rawson, the stepmother, abandoned her home and went to the Lords' farm; that Mrs. Jaccard had been shot at a short time ago; that Mrs. Jaccard would have been 21 years old next May when her father would have to account for her share of her mother's estate.

These and other points were cited by Justice Smith as a basis for demanding an inquiry. "I am confident that there is a crime in it, and now the question is to work out the facts," said the Justice, who declares that the funeral of the dead woman shall not take place until the Coroner has made an investigation.

HE STOPPED THE CAR.

A Soldier Lies Across the Track Until His Regiment Crosses the Street.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 7.—Samuel Morris, first sergeant in Company E of the Fourth Regiment, will receive a medal from the officers of the regiment for stopping a car by lying on the track while the regiment passed on inauguration day in Washington.

The boys were marching down Seventh street, when their progress was interrupted by the approach of a cable car. Morris stepped from the line and politely asked the gripman to stop the car so that the regiment could pass along. This the gripman refused to do, and he had no sooner started the car than the soldier lay down across the track and dared him to go on. The car moved forward, the fender touched the body of the man and pushed him along a little, but he did not arise, and, in order to avoid a murder, the gripman brought the car to a standstill. The regiment crossed the street, and as the last man crossed the tracks the soldier arose from the track and thanked the gripman with mock courtesy and went off on a double quick, while the hundreds of spectators cheered him enthusiastically.

BOTH HANDS BLOWN TO PIECES.

Stock Raiser B. S. Tollman's Seven-Mile Race Against Death.

SOMERVILLE, N. J., March 7.—B. S. Tollman, the owner of a large stock farm near Flagtown, and at one time an inspector on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, had both of his hands blown to pieces this morning by the accidental discharge of a double-barrel shotgun which he was handling at his residence. Tollman, who is a powerfully built man and noted for his nerve, showed remarkable endurance after the accident. He coolly walked to the bathroom and placed his arms in a bowl of water, and when James Painter, the manager of his farm, came to his assistance, he held out his shattered hands and quietly remarked:

"Jimmy, please cut off these fingers for me."

Painter removed four of the fingers. They then bound up the arteries as well as they could. Tollman then requested him to harness the fastest horse in the stable and drive him seven miles to this place for medical assistance. Tollman was in danger of bleeding to death on the way. The trip was over rough country roads. The foaming horse and the men in the wagon, so covered with mud as to be hardly recognizable, created a sensation as they dashed up Main street this morning while the townspeople were on their way to church. They pulled up in front of Surgeon W. J. Swinton's office. Great difficulty was experienced in stopping the flow of blood. It is believed Tollman will recover.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S DESIRE.

He Wants Our Ambassadors to Italy and France to Be More Favorable to Romanism.

ROME, March 7.