JERSEY TO LOSE BAY FRONT?

UNITED STATES MAKES A CLAIM THAT STIRS STATE OFFICIALS.

Government Says Under-Water Land Between and Around Bedlow's and Ellis Islands Is Hers—Action Attacks All of State's Rights on the Bay—Big Fight Likely.

The United States Government has created a hub-bub among New Jersey officials by laying claim to the valuable riparian rights in New York Bay that the State has never doubted she owns. The claim is based on the assumption that the State has no title to under-water lands on her New York Bay front, part of which she has already sold to the railroad companies for millions of dollars, and from the rest of which she expects to realize a good many more millions.

Forty years ago the New Jersey State authorities surprised the upland owners by claiming everything under the adjacent waters by virtue of a royal proprietary grant. The courts upheld the somewhat startling claim, and the State by special act devoted the proceeds of the sales of riparian lands forever and irrevocably to a school fund that is designed eventually to pay the costs of maintaining all the schools in the Commonwealth. The fund has been added to from year to year till now it approaches $4,000,000. Most of this amount has been acquired from sales of riparian lands on the New York Bay front to the railroad companies. The State is holding its unsold rights on the bay as worth from $10,000,000 to $12,000,000 more.

For years New Jersey has gazed with ambitious eye upon the reefs, just beyond the "Jersey mud flats," extending from Ellis Island to the Staten Island light house. It is from the ultimate commercial use to which these rocks may be put that she has been hoping to derive the largest income. Years ago Robert C. Bacot, the first engineer of the State Riparian Board, and for nearly forty years its Secretary, had his office wall adorned with a picture of the long line of warehouses with which the reefs were in time to be surmounted. These pretentious buildings were to be made accessible from both sides by the extension of shipping piers to the deep-water channel in front, and the dredging of a ship canal in the rear. When the late Leon Abbett was Governor he found a syndicate ready to carry the enterprise into effect and boasted that if the State had permitted the sale, he could have got $5,000,000 for the State riparian title at that time.

It is to these reefs and the adjacent "flats," that the United States Government has just practically said that New Jersey has no title. Ellis and Bedlow's Islands, which rest on them, were ceded by the State to the Federal Government many years ago. Lately a contractor named Cragin made an application to the New Jersey Riparian Board for a grant of the State's rights in the rest of its submerged land. He had in contemplation just such an enterprise as that which Gov. Abbett had endeavored to promote. The State board was disposed to make him the concessions he asked, but as Cragin desired to carry his operations beyond Jersey's jurisdiction, it became necessary for him to consult the New York Harbor Line Board about it.

For months the Harbor Line Board held the proposition under advisement and a day or two ago announced its conclusions to the New Jersey Riparian Board in a letter that fell upon it like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. The communication sarcastically advised the State Board not to cast its Bay grants around with too prodigal a hand for the reason that they might not be hers to make.

"The United States owns Bedlow's and Ellis Islands, using them for national purposes and is therefore entitled to whatever privileges belong to the riparian owners in the lands under water around and between those islands. It is not only possible, but probable, that in the near future the United States may wish to use these lands for public purposes, or may wish to dredge these areas in order to extend anchorage grounds in the upper harbor; and for this reason alone there should not be granted proprietary rights in these lands to private parties."

The same mail that brought to Riparian Board Secretary Payne this announcement that "in the near future might wish to use these lands for public purposes," brought to him also a letter from Secretary of War Root announcing that the Government proposes to build a Marine Hospital adjoining Ellis Island, and of the War Secretary's approval of "the recommendation of the New York Harbor Line Board for the modification of existing harbor lines around Ellis Island, of extending the pier and bulkhead lines on the northwesterly side 410 feet in a southwesterly direction, thence 1125 feet in a line at right angles to the last line, thence 410 feet in a line at right angles to the last line, until it unites with the present pier and bulkhead line on the southeasterly side of the island."

The area within the lines thus described is a part of the flats which New Jersey has always considered to be all her own and the seizure of the property without a word other than that it is to be made is an attack on all her valuable riparian rights in the bay that has startled her.

"The United States Government has always recognized the ownership of New Jersey in these lands under water whenever it has applied to her for their use for lighthouse and other purposes," says Riparian Commissioner Cloke. "If the National Government has a right to extend the boundaries of Ellis Island 400 feet over these lands under water without saying 'by your leave' to the State of New Jersey, there is nothing to hinder it from extending them indefinitely and of appropriating to the uses of the Government all the riparian property belonging to New Jersey in New York Bay."

The assertion of this claim by the Federal authorities has stirred the New Jersey Central Railroad Company, whose property abuts on the lands the Government proposes to seize, into protest. Last Saturday Secretary Payne received from Robert W. DeForest, the railroad company's counsel, a letter announcing the company's determination to protect its rights and those of the American Dock Improvement Company, which it controls, in the lands. He asserts that the company has a right to all the riparian lands in front of its properties and within the boundary of New Jersey.

The feeling of unrest resulting from the attack upon the most valuable of her landed possessions, has been intensified by assaults made, in other directions, upon the State's title in them. The King family, which owns the Heights where Hamilton fell in the smoke of Burr's pistol in the early days of last century, and a dredging company that owns a stretch of upland near Bayonne, have both made denial of the State's title in the under-water lands on the river and bay front. Before the State Tax Board they are resisting the attempt of the local authorities to take the lands under water which adjoin their solid ground, with the plea that they belong to the State of New York. Their insistment is that New York jurisdiction extends up to high water mark on the Jersey shore. The State Riparian Commission admits the police jurisdiction to be New York's, but declares the property for all other purposes to be part of New Jersey. The question has been adjudicated in State courts, but the combatants, who have just raised the point anew, declare that they will not rest till their claims have been considered by the United States Supreme Court.

Quiet Sunday for the McKinleys.

CANTON, Ohio, July 14.—This was an uneventful day for President and Mrs. McKinley. They were practically undisturbed by visitors and spent a considerable part of the day on the front porch. The weather was very hot and they found it necessary to look up the coolest corners of the home. During the early morning they took a drive to the cemetery and on their return the President went to the First Methodist Episcopal Church, his usual place of worship for morning services. So far as known the ensuing week will be a duplicate of the one just passed in most respects at the McKinley home. No plans of any kind have been made and at this time no visitors are known to have arranged to come here.

Police Launch for Jamaica Bay.

A police launch has been added to the subprecinct at Rockaway Beach. The launch arrived in Jamaica Bay Saturday night and tied up at the dock at the foot of Henry street, which will be its permanent station. The boat has a crew of six policemen and will patrol Jamaica Bay from the inlet to Far Rockaway.

Plumbers Overcome Repairing a Gaspipe.

Two plumbers, Jacob Lansberg of 616 Fifth street and Richard Lichenberg of 610 Sixth street, were overcome by escaping gas yesterday while they were repairing a gas pipe at 636 East Ninth street. Lichenberg was taken to Bellevue Hospital. Lansberg was able to go home.

ACCUSED OF BOND SWINDLING.

Walter McBride of Chicago Under Arrest for Selling Worthless Securities.

CHICAGO, July 14.—Walter McBride, whom the police accuse of extensive swindling operations, which it is said, have netted him at least $50,000, was arrested yesterday and later released on bail. McBride is charged with operating in all the large cities of the United States, in what the police term the "railroad game."

L. M. Mass, a retired dentist, was the first to complain to the police of McBride. He told the detectives that he had been attracted to McBride's office at 140 Dearborn street by an advertisement and that the alleged promoter had induced him to invest $3,000 in the stock of the "United States Railroad Traffic Company" and the "United Express Company." On investigation, Mr. Mass said he found the stock was worthless.

W. C. Coplin reported to the police the loss of $1,000, which he said he had paid to McBride for stocks. The method adopted to secure this money, according to the police was the same as in the case of Mr. Mass. McBride is 40 years old and has the appearance of a well-to-do business man.

THE ANCIENTS TO VISIT ALBANY.

After a Two Days' Stay They Will Return to Boston by Way of This City.

BOSTON, July 14.—The Ancient and Honorable Artillery will visit Albany on its annual field day in October. A committee of six Ancients, representing the organization, went to Albany on Friday and made the preliminary arrangements for the visit. The company will probably arrive in Albany on Tuesday, Oct. 8. There will be 275 members and a brass band consisting of twenty-five pieces, making 300 in all. In the afternoon there will be an extended parade and in the evening a grand banquet in the Ten Eyck banquet hall will be given, at which Gov. Odell and other State officials, Mayor Blessing and many military men of national reputation will be the guests.

The visit will cover two entire days. Thursday morning they will take the day boat for New York, where they will spend the night and whence they will leave on their return to Boston over the New York, New Haven and Hartford road on Friday afternoon.

While in Albany they will spend the second day of their visit in inspecting the Capitol and the various departments, in paying their respects to Mayor Blessing and the city officials and in driving about the city.

CROWDS AT THE EXPOSITION.

The 25-Cent Admission Brought Thousands of Workmen and Their Families.

BUFFALO, July 14.—Reducing the admission to 25 cents brought to the Exposition to-day many thousands of workmen and their families, while the great heat reduced the attendance in other ways. Those at the Exposition wanted to see the Midway and the concessionaires wanted to show it to them, so another conflict of forces took place. The first attempt to open was made by the manager of the Aerio Cycle. He was arrested, but no charge was made against him at the station, so he returned at once and began to sell tickets, announcing that all the proceeds would be given to the fresh air mission. He operated for about an hour, although beset by the police, and was finally closed by a squad of officers, who were hissed and jeered by the people. The infant incubators and other shows were closed by the police. The concessionaires intend to take legal action to force the Exposition to let them open to the extent that they do not interfere with the State law. The Aerio Cycle man claims the same right to run that the Exposition has to operate the elevators in the electric tower.

Company K of the Seventy-first Regiment, New York city, went home to-day. The Seventieth Regiment of Virginia Volunteers arrived in camp. The Armour Cadets of Chicago, under Capt. W. B. McCreary, arrived this morning to stay until Friday.

LOST MAKING CALLS.

Small Annie, Katie and Andy Walked to Harlem—And Aren't They Glad They're Found?

Two little girls leading a smaller boy in Third avenue, near Ninety-seventh street, at 1:30 o'clock yesterday morning attracted the attention of Policeman Rush A. Webster. The girls wore calico dresses and the boy a little blue jumper. They wore neither shoes nor stockings. They were all very very tired and evidently lost, so the policeman took them to a neighboring restaurant where he let them revel in cakes and milk. Then he got their story.

Their papa, they said, was James Monaghan of 540 West Fifty-fourth street, who was a motorman on the Thirty-fourth street crosstown car line. They were Annie, Katie and Andy, aged 8, 6 and 4 years, respectively.

"I'll tell you how it is," said Annie, the oldest and the spokesman for the rest. "Mamma let us go down on the sidewalk to play. We used to live somewhere around here, so I took the children to make some calls on our old friends. We walked up and I didn't just know the way. Guess we must have walked 100 miles. Andy got pretty tired and I'm awfully glad we're found."

The children were taken to the East 104th street police station and Police Headquarters was notified. An hour later the worried mother appeared and took them home. They were all sound asleep when she got to them.

KILLED IN GETTING OFF A CAR.

Miss Ellen Donoghue's Skull Crushed—Midland Trolley Employes Arrested.

Miss Ellen Donoghue of Grant City, Staten Island, died at the Smith Infirmary at 2 o'clock yesterday morning from a fractured skull sustained earlier in the night in a fall from a Midland trolley car. She was 29 years old and had been in this country only eleven weeks. She lived with her sister, Mrs. James Carayon, in Lincoln avenue, Grant City.

They were on their way home from Stapleton about 9 o'clock, and when the car reached their stopping place they were unable to attract the attention of the conductor. Mrs. Carayon rang the bell to stop the car and got off, but before Miss Donoghue could hand out the bundles and get off the conductor gave the starting signal, and the car went on. Miss Donoghue became excited and either fell or attempted to jump off, landing on her head upon the macadam roadway.

Jesse J. Bott, conductor, and Andrew J. Housman, motorman, were arrested yesterday on the charge of homicide and were admitted to bail by Magistrate Marsh. Coroner Seaver will hold an inquest.

QUEER CLOUDS AT ROCKAWAY.

Pleasure Seekers Thought They Saw Miniature Cities in the Mist.

Early yesterday afternoon a mist swept in from the ocean and spread over the shore resorts. At Rockaway Beach for a time everything was enveloped in a fog, the sun showing through in patches. Oceanward there was a novel sight, the mist outlining what looked to the pleasure seekers like the towers, buildings and streets of miniature cities. Some thought they saw the reproduction of the shore front of Rockaway Beach.

There was a heavy surf and thousands of bathers enjoyed it. Between fifty and sixty thousand were on the beach.

Yale Student Rescued From Drowning.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., July 14.—P. S. Revere, Yale '04, of Worcester, Mass., started on last Wednesday in a dory with racing sails and very little ballast to make the trip from this city to Newport. On Thursday night he reached Westbrook, Conn., on the Connecticut shore, and on Friday morning he left there in a stiff northeast wind. He managed to get outside of Westbrook harbor all right. Then a vigorous blow capsized his craft. He grabbed his dress suit case and tried to swim ashore. He was rescued in an exhausted state by Westbrook men.

Retired Diamond Broker a Suicide.

Charles F. Voelker, a retired diamond broker, committed suicide by shooting himself yesterday at his home, 460 Fifth street, Brooklyn. Mr. Voelker was 53 years old and about two years ago he had some trouble with his left foot, which developed into a running sore. He had consulted physicians, who told him that it was incurable.

ROBBED UNINTERRUPTED:

GANG OF SMALL BURGLARS WRECKED THE O'DONOHUE STABLES.

Police Station and Fire Headquarters in the Rear and a Synagogue Next Door, but a Gang Was Able to Despoil the Place at Will—Arrests After a Week of Looting.

The Twenty-fifth precinct police station, now in charge of Capt. Stephen E. Brown, is at 153 East Sixty-seventh street. Adjoining it on the east side is Fire Headquarters, next to which stands the synagogue of the Zichron Ephraim congregation. In the rear of the synagogue, fronting on Sixty-eighth street and within 100 feet of the station, are the private stables belonging to the family of the late Joseph J. O'Donohue. It was discovered by a mere chance on Saturday that for more than a week a gang of youthful burglars had been at work in these stables and in the rooms of Coachman Robert Holmes above them, carrying away everything that could be disposed of as junk and turning everything else upside down until the place looked as if it had been swept by a tidal wave.

The O'Donohue family is spending the summer at Auburn, N. Y. Their coachman had been with them until he was summoned back to town by the police to survey the wreck of his home. No one has been looking after the stables, because it was thought impossible for any one to force an entrance into them without being observed from the engine house and the police station. On Saturday afternoon Policeman Devlin, walking leisurely along East Sixty-seventh street, saw three small boys, each carrying a well-filled bag over his shoulder, come out of the alley separating the synagogue from Fire Headquarters.

"Nuthin'," was the reply he got when he asked what the bags contained. The falsity of that statement as well as the boys' eagerness to get away was so apparent that Devlin took them into custody and escorted them to the station, bags and all. The boys described themselves as Frederick and Francis Lemaire, 11 and 8 years old, respectively, of 1153 Third avenue, and Edward Reilly, 14 years old, of 1156 Third avenue. The bags were found to contain a strange assortment of metal ware, apparently from a stable and household. After a while the Lemaire brothers broke down and confessed.

The gang, consisting in all of seven boys from 8 to 14 years old, had made a way into the stables by hauling a heavy plank up to the lowest platform of the fire escape in the rear of the synagogue and pushing it as a landing across the narrow areaway to the roof of the extension in the rear of the stables. From the roof they dropped through a skylight into the extension and forced their way into the stables by knocking out the lowermost panel in the door leading to the extension. The task of getting in that way would have been difficult to grown-up burglars, but the boys conquered it without seeming to have any fear of being disturbed. Every day last week they were busy dragging out booty by way of the extension roof and the synagogue alley. They ransacked the place from roof to cellar and smashed without mercy everything that could be sold as junk. There was not a drawer or a closet in the home of the coachman that was not emptied of its contents. Even the clocks were opened and the works taken out so that the wheels might be sold as old brass. In the stables the harness was cut to pieces.

The livery boxes, containing furs and liveries worth many thousand dollars, were left untouched. What the boys actually took away might be duplicated at a cost of $100, perhaps, but it would take many times that sum to cover the damage they did.

When the police finally gained access to the place by summoning Coachman Holmes from Auburn they found almost everything portable done up in packages ready to be carried away at the first opportunity. Judging by the preparations it was the intention of the gang to sweep the place perfectly clean if only they had had sufficient time.

The three boys arrested were arraigned in the Yorkville police court yesterday and remanded into the custody of the Children's Society pending further investigation. The rest of the gang are known to the police and will be gathered in as soon as possible.

CONEY ISLAND.

An Unsolicited Tribute to the Realism of Scenic Railroad's Inferno.

Coney Island was enjoyed by the usual throng of Sunday visitors yesterday in the usual ways. One of the scenic railways, which advertises that it runs through Dante's Inferno, had a most earnest tribute paid to the realism of its scenery, which was entirely unsolicited on the part of the management. It came from a patron as he was helping his "lady friend" out of the car.

"Gee! Liz," he said, "wasn't that Inferno hell, though?"

The many palmists seemed to be doing a slacker business than usual yesterday in spite of their placarded assurances that "Your fortune is in your hand." Most people kept both fortunes and hands in their pockets and seemed too much taken up with the present to care a rap for the future.

The man who offers "three shots for five" with a baseball at a row of marionettes also lost at one stage of the game, and thought seriously of suspending his offer of cigars and canes for successful shots.

A little man with glasses stepped up to the counter and asked for five cents' worth of shots. The proprietor winked at his assistant as he handed over the baseballs. The little man handed his hat to a friend and drew back his arm. Bang! A blue figure toppled over.

"Please put up the blue figure again, I'd rather keep right on throwing at that one if you don't mind."

Bang! It went over again. The third shot was a miss, but the little man purchased another supply of ammunition, and started anew. At the end of the game he had spent 25 cents in return for which he was the possessor of one wooden cane, four red, white and blue paper-covered canes, and nine cigars, which were apparently made in a brickyard.

"Come on, Willie," said his friend. "You've had enough."

It was Willie McGibbon who played short stop for Princeton against Yale in 1899.

PRISONERS THREATEN TO STRIKE.

Weary of Listening to War Arguments Between Deputy Warden and "Col." Berry.

PATERSON, July 14.—The prisoners at the county jail here are talking of going on strike because Warden Buckley has refused to meet a committee of their number who were appointed to negotiate with him regarding certain grievances. During the recent hot spell the prisoners came to the conclusion that the county should supply them with ice water. A petition was framed in the most diplomatic language, consisting of a preamble and resolutions, decorated with seals and the signatures of the prisoners or their marks, asking that "ice-coolers be placed inside the jail for the comfort and convenience of the inmates."

The prisoners received no answer to this memorial and they hit upon another pretext for a second petition. It appears that "Col." Charles Berry and Deputy Warden Vreeland have been in the habit of fighting over the battles of the Civil War every evening and the prisoners grew weary of the verbal fray. Their petition reads:

"Honored Warden: We, the undersigned, do most respectfully protest against the loud augument waged in evening discussions in the jail. Sleep is disturbed and the argument over the late war is neither instructive nor interesting. Our complaints have been ignored and we respectfully petition that our rest and peaceful quiet be restored. It seems necessary that this appeal be placed in your hands so that there may be an amendment of existing conditions and an opportunity to sleep in peace."

WARN SPITTERS BEFORE ARREST.

The Law's Too Strenuous, Says Magistrate Zeller—Releases Two Prisoners.

Magistrate Zeller, in the Harlem police court yesterday had Patrick McCarthy of 416 West Forty-eighth street and Tony Bruno of Yonkers before him charged with spitting in an elevated car at 125th street and Third avenue. Policeman Gillian of the sanitary squad, who made the charge, said that it took three of the train guards to get McCarthy off the train.

"Did you warn them that they were violating the law before you made the arrest?" asked the Magistrate.

"No," replied Gillian. "If one did that there would have been no arrests."

"So much the better," said the Magistrate. "I don't believe in arresting men this way without a warning. It is an outrage. The law is too strenuous. A person may forget and expectorate. A simple warning would remedy the evil. I believe that I sometimes forget and spit. The prisoners are discharged."

SOLDIERS KEEP SOUTH BEACH QUIET.

Barroom Mobbed and Two Heads Cracked—Squad of Thirty to Keep Peace.

The stationing of soldiers under arms at South Beach, Staten Island, on Saturday night to protect the keepers of resorts at the beach from the depredations of the unruly element among the soldiers stationed at Fort Wadsworth brought to light the fact that a desperate fight occurred at Albert Hergenhan's hotel about midnight Friday, between the hotel staff and soldiers, in which two of the soldiers, Privates Henry Smith and Carbol, were severely injured.

There are about six hundred and fifty soldiers in the several batteries now stationed at Fort Wadsworth and many of them are new recruits. The reservation adjoins South Beach, which is a favorite resort for the men when off duty. On Friday a portion of the soldiers were paid off and as soon as relieved from duty they flocked to South Beach for a good time. Hergenhan's place, which is one of the largest at the beach, was closing up about midnight and not more than a score of soldiers and civilians were in the barroom, when two of the soldiers, under the influence of liquor, began fighting. Several waiters started to eject them and the soldiers stopped fighting among themselves and turned upon the waiters. In a moment a general fight was going on between the soldiers and the employees of the hotel, in which some civilians joined.

Mr. Hergenhan caught up a policeman's nightstick and was set upon by several of the soldiers. Mrs. Hergenhan came to his aid, but was stopped by a soldier who caught her by the throat. Her creams brought her husband to her aid and the club descended upon the soldier's head, sending him to the floor with a great scalp wound, while Mrs. Hergenhan fell in a faint and was carried away by several of the women employees. Chairs, fists and clubs were used in the fight, and finally a revolver was drawn by a civilian in the place and one shot was fired.

The soldiers were finally driven from the barroom and the doors were locked. Then the artillerymen began a bombardment of the windows of the barroom with the chairs on the piazzas. The police reserves were summoned by telephone, but before their arrival from Stapleton, over three miles away, the soldiers had scattered.

No one knew the names of the soldiers, but Smith and Carbol were found in the fort hospital the next day, with their heads swathed in bandages, and warrants will be secured for their arrest when they are discharged from the hospital.

Lieut.-Col. Tiernon, commandant at the fort, fearing further trouble on Saturday sent a squad of thirty men to the beach. A dozen of the men under a Lieutenant were stationed at Hergenhan's place, another squad was stationed at Nunley's Theatre, and the others patrolled the beach and picked up all soldiers found intoxicated. This action served to clear the beach of soldiers and there was no further trouble.

Several of the men and some of the officers who were seen at Fort Wadsworth declared that this outbreak on the part of the soldiers could be directly charged to the abolishment of the canteen at the reservation.

SURGEON BROUGHT THE FAKIR ROUND.

But It Took a Needle, Ammonia and Another Trick to Do It.

Ambulance Surgeon Carswell of St. Catherine's Hospital, Williamsburg, was called to the corner of McKibben and Leonard streets at 8 o'clock yesterday morning. He found a man lying on the sidewalk surrounded by a crowd. Two or three men were working over him, endeavoring to bring him back to consciousness. Dr. Carswell felt the man's pulse, which to his astonishment, he found normal. The surgeon picked the man up and stood him on his feet. The man toppled over and would have struck the sidewalk if the doctor hadn't caught him.

Dr. Carswell concluded that the man was faking and taking out a long needle pushed it into his leg. This seldom fails to bring a fakir to time, but it had no effect this time. Dr. Carswell a little bewildered again felt the pulse and again found it normal.

In the meantime the crowd had grown larger and it was whispered about that the doctor was having fun with a dead man. Finally Dr. Carswell procured a bottle of ammonia and held it under the man's nose. The latter held his breath for a time but he was at last compelled to inhale breath and the next moment tears flowed down his cheeks.

"Heavens!" exclaimed a man who was looking on. "Even the dead weep when worked over by a young doctor."

Dr. Carswell was getting tired. There was but one more thing for him to do, and he proceeded to do it. Putting both his thumbs under the man's eyes, he pressed heavily on an artery which communicated with the brain. Suddenly the man let out a yell, jumped to his feet and grabbed the doctor by the throat. Dr. Carswell was not in good humor, and the next moment the fakir was sprawling on the ground. The ambulance driver hastened to Dr. Carswell's assistance, but he was not needed.

At this point a policeman appeared and Dr. Carswell ordered the man's arrest. At the station the man described himself as Charles Schmidt. He said he was 37 years old, but refused to tell where he lived. He was recognized as the "boss fakir." The police say that he has feigned sickness half a dozen times during the past month in order to get into the hospitals. He was locked up on a charge of being a disorderly person.

Divorce for Robert Anton Heindi.

PATCHOGUE, L. I., July 14.—Justice Wilmot M. Smith in special term of the Supreme Court yesterday granted Robert Anton Heindi an absolute divorce from his wife, Mary Hampton Heindi. The couple were married in New York in 1897. Mr. Heindi is a musical director and his wife is a member of the Maid of Manila Company. Both are well known in the theatrical profession. The divorce was asked for on statutory grounds, John Mather of Staten Island being named in the complaint as the corespondent.

Honest now, weren't you a bit out of it not having a dinner coat—a Tuxedo?

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6,000 HORSES FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Heaviest Shipments Going on From New Orleans Since the Boer War Began.

NEW ORLEANS, La., July 14.—Within the next few days about 6,000 horses will leave this port for service in the English army in South Africa. It will require nearly 550 men to handle these horses during the voyage across the ocean. The Monarch sailed on Monday with 1,100 horses on board and 80 men to handle them. The Michigan will sail on Wednesday with 1,100 more horses and 80 attendants. The Kelvingrove, another transport, will take on board 900 horses and 60 men, the American about 1,000 horses and the Mount Royal 2,000 horses and 80 or 90 men. This is the heaviest shipment of mules and horses since the Boer war began.

The other shipments of mules and horses during the next two weeks will be 10,000. Most of the muleteers employed are from Chicago, St. Louis and Mobile.

KNOCKED OUT BY THE MOTORMAN.

Passenger Who Insisted on His Transfer Being Accepted Received a Long Wound.

Francis X. O'Brien, a salesman, of 154 West Twenty-first street, boarded a Fourth avenue car by mistake last Saturday night after getting a transfer from a Grand street cross-town car at the Bowery. He was carried a block before the mistake was discovered. Then he left the Fourth avenue car and boarded the first Third avenue surface car that came along. The conductor on that car refused to accept the ticket because O'Brien had not changed cars at the transfer point. O'Brien explained how it had happened and insisted that his transfer ticket was good. That ended in the forcible ejection of O'Brien from the car at Fourteenth street by the conductor and Motorman Joseph Heckmann.

In the struggle and while O'Brien still stubbornly was holding on to the car, although his feet were on the ground, the motorman struck him on the forehead with his lever, which he had brought along when coming to the assistance of the conductor. The blow produced a six-inch-long wound and almost knocked O'Brien unconscious. Policeman Ringelman, who arrived just in time to see the blow struck, placed Heckmann under arrest and called an ambulance from the New York Hospital for O'Brien's benefit.

One of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company's inspectors appeared before Magistrate Cornell when Heckmann was arraigned in the Yorkville police court yesterday and tried to explain that it was merely a case of refusal to pay the fare.

"I want hear anything at all about the case now," rebuked the Magistrate. "I shall adjourn it till to-morrow so that I may go thoroughly into it. I think the case demands it."

The prisoner was paroled in the custody of the inspector till to-day.

MR. GWYNNE'S BAND STAND TORN DOWN.

He Had Built It to Help Make Rye Beach Popular—Says Neighbors Did It.

RYE, N. Y., July 14.—The plan of John A. Gwynne, a retired New York banker who lives at Rye, to have public band concerts for the people of Westchester county, has been frustrated by the action, it is said, of some of Mr. Gwynne's wealthy neighbors, who tore down the band stand which he recently built at a point overlooking the Sound.

Mr. Gwynne's object in giving the concerts was to make Rye Beach popular and influence the people to vote to buy it for a county park. He has already put up big tents on the beach and offered the use of them free to Sunday schools, lodges or organizations of the county which may desire to use them for picnic purposes.

The band stand was built last week, and Mr. Gwynne had arranged with a band to give concerts afternoon and evening. When he arrived at the beach yesterday morning, he found that some one had torn down the band stand and piled up the lumber beside the road. Mr. Gwynne blames two members of one of the prominent families in Rye, for the destruction.

Mr. Gwynne is arranging to call a public meeting to see whether the people want the band stand and concerts at the beach.

13TH BACK FROM FISHER'S ISLAND.

Col. Austen Compliments Men on Excellent Showing They Made.

The Thirteenth Regiment, Heavy Artillery, which has been in camp at Fisher's Island since July 6, returned to Brooklyn yesterday morning. The regiment, numbering nearly nine hundred officers and men, left Fisher's Island on the steamboat C. H. Northam at 9 o'clock on Saturday night and arrived at the foot of South Fifth street, Brooklyn, at 5 o'clock yesterday morning.

The men were soon ready to leave the vessel, and shortly before 7 o'clock the order to march was given. The regiment, with Col. David E. Austen at the head, marched through Bedford avenue to Greene avenue, to Throop avenue, to Putnam avenue and thence to the armory on Sumner avenue. The band of enlisted men played sacred music on the march, much to the pleasure of the residents. The armory was reached about 8 o'clock.

After the men had formed in a hollow square Col. Austen complimented them for the excellent showing they had made during the week. They were then dismissed. The men looked bronzed and in good condition.

KILLED BY THE DUMBWAITER.

Young Butcher Was Looking Into the Shaft and the Rope Broke.

Frederick Rothschild, who was employed in his brother's butcher shop at 2165 Fifth avenue, was killed yesterday morning by the dumbwaiter at 1 East 131st street, which fell on his head. Rothschild was delivering two chickens to a family on the fourth floor of the house, and sent them up on the dumbwaiter. It is believed that he looked into the shaft to see how far up the dumbwaiter was. The rope broke.

The janitor, who was sweeping the pavement, heard the crash. He found the young butcher unconscious. Rothschild was taken to the Harlem Hospital, where he died three hours later. His skull was fractured.

COMMANDER HUNKER'S DUTY.

Although Retired, He Will Continue as Detail Officer of the Bureau of Navigation.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Commander Jacob J. Hunker, who was placed on the retired list of the navy on June 30 on his own application, has been continued on duty as detail officer of the Bureau of Navigation, and will not be detached until an officer qualified and willing to undertake the responsibilities of that assignment has been found. The position of detail officer is one calculated to try the patience and distress the mind of the man who fills it, and Commander Hunker has had his share of trials and tribulations. But he has rendered satisfaction to his superiors, and his continuance after retirement in the office is a high compliment to the ability with which he has exercised its functions.

The detail officer has charge of the assignments of all naval officers except those who have attained flag rank, and in the present condition of affairs, with many ships and a limited commissioned personnel, Commander Hunker has had a difficult time of it to meet the demands of the service. At best the place is a thankless one, as officers assigned to undesirable duty are apt to blame the man who arranges the details. Some of them have not hesitated to bring the influence of Congressmen to bear on the Department and the detail officer must stand the brunt of influential importunity and criticism. Commander Hunker has had nearly three years of this work, and has displayed marked ability in providing ships with officers. He entered the Naval Academy from Ohio in 1866, filling the vacancy caused by the graduation of his brother, John J. Hunker, now a Captain and in charge of the Newport training station.

THE HANDLING OF TORPEDO BOATS.

Naval Apprentices at Newport Station to Be Instructed in This Duty.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—The course of practical instruction in several branches of the naval service, which has been adopted by the Navy Department for the benefit of naval apprentices, has been extended in another direction, the handling of torpedo boats.

The first step toward training apprentices to handle those little ships of war has been taken in the issue of orders to Lieut. Lloyd H. Chandler, an experienced young officer attached to the Bureau of Ordnance, to take command of the torpedo boat Bailey. The Bailey will be used as a practice vessel for the apprentices at the Newport training station, and it will be the duty of Lieut Chandler to instruct these apprentices in the proper handling of his delicate craft, with particular application to the duties of a torpedo boat in operation against a hostile ship or division of ships.

CAPE NOME FLEET ICEBOUND.

One Steamer Breaks Through, Taking Ten Days for the Trip to Seattle.

SEATTLE, Wash., July 14.—The steamer Kimball arrived from Teller City, Alaska this evening, being the first vessel to break through the ice barrier. It took ten days to accomplish the task. She sailed from Teller City on July 4 and reports the entire fleet safe with the exception of the Ruth, which is on Golivin Beach in a damaged condition, but not hopelessly wrecked.

Immense ice floes in Behring Sea cause the detention of the Nome fleet, so long overdue here. There are but few returning passengers and little treasure. The health of the country is splendid; everybody is busy and prosperous.

BEDIAMONDED WOMAN IN HOSPITAL.

Picked Up Helpless and Hysterical on an Elevated Station in Harlem.

A woman wearing many diamonds was picked up at 2 o'clock yesterday morning by Policeman Cooper on the elevated station at 125th street and Eighth avenue. She was acting hysterically, so the policeman took her over to the police station, where she was examined by Dr. Gale of the Harlem Hospital. He said she was suffering from alcoholism. The woman was taken to the hospital. She said at first that she was Mrs. Nellie Cuer Donnell, of 2414 Fifth avenue. No one answering that name or description is known at that address. Later the woman said she was Madie Cornell. A cab took her to a house on West Thirty-fourth street.

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UNBIDDEN GUEST ON HAND.

GOT AT THE SUPPER FIRST AT MISS HARIN'S SURPRISE PARTY.

Hostess Fainted When She Led Her Friends Downstairs and Saw What Was Left of the Feast—Chase of a Hungry Hawkins, but No Capture to Reward It.

An unbidden and unwelcome guest at a surprise party in West Twenty-first street nearly broke up the party early on Sunday morning just as it was getting into full swing and gave several a hot and fruitless chase. The party was at the home of Mrs. Leapers, 245 West Twenty-first street. The occasion was the birthday of Mrs. Leaper's niece, Miss Evelyn Harin who comes from the West.

The party would probably have gone off without a hitch but for the unfortunate loss of a scrap of paper on which was written a memorandum of the good things which had been hastily purchased at the corner delicatessen store after the company arrived.

The telltale scrap was either dropped by the hostess as she hurried home or lost by the careless grocer's boy on his way to deliver the purchases. At any rate it was found by the interloper. He was a lanky specimen of the Hungry Hawkins type. His clothes were hardly fit to grace a social gathering and he was evidently a stranger to the barber's chair.

He had haunted Eighth avenue all evening apparently waiting for something to happen. When the grocer's boy left with his basket the eyes of the wanderer followed him and soon the wanderer followed his eyes. It was then that he discovered the scrap of paper. Carefully he unfolded it and read with brimming eyes and watering mouth this: "Potato salad, 50 cents; two bottles catsup, 20 cents; two bottles mustard, 20 cents; two bottles dressing, 20 cents; two bottles olives, 50 cents; one pound corned beef, 32 cents; six new pickles, 15 cents; six dill pickles, 5 cents; two bottles mussels, 20 cents; one pound bologna, 15 cents; one pound crackers, 20 cents. Total, $2.67." And underneath was scrawled the name and address. Hungry Hawkins grasped the lamppost for support.

When the hostess came down in state to do the supper honors at the surprise party, her admiring friends in the rear, there sat Hungry Hawkins amid what was left of the good things, calmly finishing the last of the bologna sausage. As they arrived he simultaneously departed by the nearest exit, which happened to be the basement door. The hostess fainted and one other young woman went into hysterics. The young men hesitating between their duty in calming the excitement and their inclination to catch the intruder, let him get half a block toward Eighth avenue before they knew it.

Then a cry of "Police!" echoed through the quiet street and aroused to action Detectives Kehoe and Hughes, who like good precinct detectives were waiting at Seventh avenue and Twentieth street for just such a summons. They quickly got under way and sped toward the scene of action. Their quarry doubled the corner and being evidently a stranger in a strange land fled back toward Seventh avenue through Twentieth street, right past the police station. As he ran he left a faint trail behind him on the muggy air like the aromatic perfume of a delicatessen store, and was the excitement of the chase, but it spread too slowly to head off the pursued. Heads appeared at windows and many voices joined the cry "Police!" But when the mob reached the towering sand piles and cobble pyramids of Seventh avenue the quarry had vanished, and even the aromatic trail was lost in the stronger odor of leaking gas mains and damp earth. Only the telltale scrap of paper was found where he had dropped it near the door of the police station. So the perspiring sleuths could only sit down and figure it out how they didn't get him. The surprise party went back to the del