The Sun.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1902.
Local thunderstorms and cooler to-day.

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MEAT WAGON RIOT IN CHICAGO

MOBS ALSO BLOCK DEPARTMENT STORE DELIVERIES.

Attempt to Deliver Meat From Stock Yards Causes Great Disorder—More Than 100 Persons Arrested—Scores Clubbed by the Police—Store Wagons Mobbed and Several Persons Injured—Store Drivers Go on Strike.

CHICAGO, June 3.—About 200 policemen, surrounded by a crowd of hundreds of excited men, struggled to protect twenty-five meat wagons from the stock yards at Polk and State streets shortly after 11 o'clock this morning. Guarded by a heavy detail of police the wagons left the packing district for downtown. All along the line of march men and boys followed the police and non-union drivers, shouting words of warning and throwing mud and stones.

As the stock yards wagons reached the downtown district they were attacked in a body by 500 men. In less than ten minutes 1,000 men had joined in the work of blocking the wagons. Heavy coal wagons were pulled across the street, four and five deep, blocking the State street cable cars and suspending all traffic.

The police fought their way to Clark and Harrison streets, where the wagons were stopped again. Men were struck over the heads and in the faces with clubs and stones. The mob finally fell back and the wagons were unloaded at Magner, Winslow & Co.'s shop.

From here the wagons proceeded to the alley behind the Fair store. All along the route and into the alley they were followed by a howling and jeering mob. Several wagons were unloaded at the Fair. When the procession reached State street it was blocked by a crowd of men, women and children that packed the street. Wagons were filled rapidly by the teamsters and driven in the way of the wagons.

Many arrests were made, and riotous members of the throng were clubbed as the caravan drove with much confusion back toward State street. All traffic was blocked and the car lines tied up temporarily. The street witnessed a scene of disorder that has not been equalled in that thoroughfare for many years.

A mob, howling and cursing the police, followed three loads of meat to Armour, Lipton and Swift's wagons and the two omnibuses filled with policemen. Bottles and sticks were thrown at the drivers and at the policemen, and the policemen on foot had a running fight of it all the way down to the butcher shop of F. W. Bipper, 375 State street, where the meat was delivered. More than 100 arrests were made. Scores of persons were hurt.

DEPARTMENT STORE DRIVERS RIOT.

An attempt by the Fair store management to deliver goods this afternoon led to two pitched battles, during which several persons were injured. After advancing only a few blocks the wagons gave up the attempt and headed back to the store again.

This was the first disorder resulting from a strike which became general among the State street department stores to-day. Escorted by fifty policemen, two wagons belonging to the Fair started to deliver parcels on the West Side. The small procession had gone scarcely a block when trouble began. Crossing Clark street in Adams street a heavy express wagon drove full tilt into the leading wagon of the Fair. The Fair wagon was badly smashed by the collision and the procession thrown into confusion.

A crowd gathered in a twinkling, eager to watch the excitement. The police charged upon the crowd with drawn clubs and struck freely at those who were nearest them. After a short but fierce tussle the crowd was pressed back, the wagons separated and the procession continued westward. Similar trouble was experienced at Eleventh avenue and Jackson boulevard. This discouraged further progress of the wagons and they were returned.

Thirteen hundred drivers and conductors of delivery wagons for the downtown department stores went on strike to-day. Following are the stores now affected: Marshall Field & Co., Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Charles A. Stevens & Bros., Mandel Bros., Schlesinger & Mayer, The Boston Store, the Fair, A. N. Rothschild & Co. and Siegel, Cooper & Co.

The reason given by the strikers for leaving their posts was an alleged attempt on the part of the department stores to relieve the Fair by the assignment of two wagons from each store for delivery of its goods.

The refusal of the managers of the Fair to sign the agreement submitted by the drivers demanding a wage scale, fewer hours and the recognition of their union, precipitated the strike.

MANY SILK MILLS ROBBED.

Arrests in Paterson Follow Thefts Amounting to Thousands of Dollars.

Jacob L. Simon, a Justice of the Peace, and Frederick Krever, a silk commission merchant, were arrested in Paterson yesterday and other arrests are to follow in connection with silk thefts which have been going on in that city for a long time and which amount to thousands of dollars.

The silk thieves have lately carried on their operations in such a wholesale manner that the manufacturers hired private detectives to run them down. It is said that the plan of the gang was to give the silk to Krever, who passed it over to Simon, who sent it to Lyndhurst, and from there it was sent to Stanhope, where there is a silk mill. The silk was sent here as the output of the Stanhope mill.

French Count Gets a Detroit Bride.

DETROIT, Mich., June 3.—Count Laurent Michel Dechampeaux of Paris was married here this evening to Miss Marie Martha Palms, daughter of the late Francis Palms, by Bishop Foley in his private chapel. The bride was attended by two sisters and Count Louis Dechampeaux was best man.

20-Hour Train New York to Chicago Via Pennsylvania Railroad.

In order to meet the popular demand for a faster train between the great commercial and financial centres of the East and the West the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will, on June 15th, inaugurate a twenty-hour train service between New York and Chicago. The new train will be known as the Pennsylvania Special. It will be composed of a Pullman combination smoking and baggage car, a dining car, a Pullman drawing room sleeping car and a compartment car. The Pennsylvania Special will run every day and will leave New York, West 23d St. Station, at 1.55 P. M., Philadelphia 4 P. M., Harrisburg 6.55 P. M., Altoona 9.40 P. M., arriving in Pittsburg 11.20 P. M. and Chicago 8.35 A. M. next morning. The Eastbound train will leave Chicago 12.00 noon, Pittsburg 11.20 P. M., Altoona 2.00 A. M., Harrisburg 4.45 A. M., Philadelphia 7 A. M. and New York 9 A. M. This will be the fastest long distance train regularly scheduled on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The average rate for 917 miles being about 41 miles an hour, the maximum rate of speed will be 57 miles per hour, the minimum 44.6. In order to comply with the usual rule covering fast time an extra fare of $5.00 will be charged between New York and Chicago and $4.00 between Philadelphia and Chicago and $4.00 between New York and Pittsburg.

MONEY ENOUGH TO BUY A HOTEL.

Picked Up at the Bridge Entrance—Police Take Charge of It.

James O'Brien of 12 Vine street, Brooklyn, picked up last night at the foot of the main stairs at this end of the Brooklyn Bridge a wad of money big enough to buy a hotel with. At least so said Edgar Reinhardt of Sheepshead Bay, who jumped on O'Brien and cried:

"That's my money! I dropped it. I am going to buy a hotel at Sheepshead Bay with it."

He showed a hole in his pocket. He couldn't remember how much there was in the roll, and it was sent to Police Headquarters.

ASSAULTED AND MURDERED.

Woman Killed in a Lot in the City of Scranton—Suspender Buckle Clue.

SCRANTON, Pa., June 3.—A suspender buckle is all the clue that the police of this city possess to one of the most brutal murders ever committed in this region. Mary Quinn, a comely spinster of thirty was the victim and she met her death last night in one of the lonely pasture lots of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western company, within the limits of the city.

Miss Quinn lived with her brother and sister on Twenty-first street in the Keyser Valley part of the city. At 9 P. M. she left for a place on Washburn street for yeast. On her way she was compelled to pass the Lackawanna pasture lot. She was not seen again until after the tragedy.

At 11.30 P. M. two Poles crossing the pasture lot on their way home heard some one moaning, and making a search found a woman lying on the ground with her bruised and battered face upturned. They ran for help, and the first to be attracted was John Quinn, the brother of the murdered girl. He came on a run. The woman died at 6 o'clock this morning.

Some one had waylaid the girl when she reached the pasture lot, had assaulted her and had then beaten in her skull with a club known about the mines as a "hand spike." The club was found this morning a few yards from the scene of the murder. The tracks about the place indicate that there had been at least two concerned in the assault. A suspender buckle was picked up near the body and it is all the police have to work upon.

The woman's comb, which bore her initials, was picked up by the police in the road at the edge of the field, evidently indicating where the girl had been set upon.

CAUGHT WITH STOLEN JEWELRY.

Schlessinger Believed to Be Guilty of a Number of Bronx Robberies.

Detectives Kelly, Kass and Mallon of the Alexander avenue police station arrested yesterday a man who they think committed the robberies which have been numerous in The Bronx during the last two months.

For the last ten days they have been watching a man who left the flat opposite the police station at Alexander avenue and 138th street every noon carrying a dress suit case. Yesterday they went to the man's room and found a large assortment of jewelry worth, according to the police, about $2,000.

At the station the following articles were found in his pockets: Two silver watches, two gold watches, a gold chain and locket, two diamond pins, a pair of diamond-studded cuff buttons, a ruby brooch, two diamond brooches, two stick pins and two ladies gold chains, and a bunch of eight skeleton keys.

The man said he was Abraham Schlessinger, 19 years old, of 1224 Tinton avenue. He broke down and confessed that he had stolen the stuff. The police say that his picture is not in the Rogues' Gallery and that they think he is a new hand at the game.

Last night Carl A. Nilson of 133 St. Ann's avenue identified $600 worth of jewelry, which he said was stolen from his home on April 18. Capt. Flood expects that most of the property will be called for by its owners to-day.

STOLE A TRUCKLOAD OF BUTTER.

Took the Truck and Horses, Too—Four Arrests Made in the Case.

Louis Cavania drove a big red truck up to the front of a butter and egg store at 63 Bedford street, Monday afternoon, and asked the proprietors, Thomas P. Foley and George Latham, to buy the sixty-five tubs of butter he had on the truck.

He only wanted $5 per tub when All butter is worth at least $12. So Foley & Latham bought fifty tubs. Foley also sent Cavania to the establishment of his brother Patrick at 116 Greenwich avenue, and the latter purchased the remaining fifteen at the same figure.

Meanwhile a driver for Gude Bros., commission merchants, at 78 Warren street, was in the Leonard street police station. He said that while delivering a tub of butter on Pier 28 North River, some one ran off with his truck and 65 other tubs. Three detectives located the butter in the Bedford street store and learned also that Cavania was coming around for the rest of the money. When Cavania appeared he was taken to the police station with the two Foleys and Latham. Cavania was held for grand larceny and the others for receiving stolen goods. Cavania confessed and told where the truck and horses could be found.

THE OREGON ELECTION.

Republican Victory on All But the Governorship.

PORTLAND, Ore., June 3.—Partial returns indicate general Republican success in the State election yesterday by about 12,000 plurality, but owing to a Republican factional fight George L. Chamberlain, Democrat, is elected Governor. His plurality may run up to 5,000. Returns are yet meagre, however, and in many of the precincts the count will not be complete before Thursday morning.

Tongue in the First district and Williamson in the second, both Republicans, are elected to Congress by large majorities. The Legislature is securely Republican.

The initiative and referendum amendment to the State Constitution has been adopted.

In Portland, George H. Williams, Republican, is elected Mayor by about 1,000 plurality. The new city charter is adopted.

Dived Into Mud and Was Drowned.

William Agate, 13 years old of 1030 East 176th street, dived from a bridge over the Bronx River at Westchester avenue last night and was drowned. For more than an hour thirty boys who had been in swimming with him dived for the body. Finally one of the boys brought it up. The boy's head had stuck in the mud.

Longest Railroad Run on Record.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has had a run made from Pittsburg to New York, 438 miles, without a stop. This is the longest run of a passenger train on record. In order to accomplish this feat it was necessary for the locomotive to carry an extra supply of coal, and this was done by enlarging the locomotive tender.

Beautiful West Point, Highlands, Newburgh or Poughkeepsie can be visited on a day line one way. Excursion steamer leaving W. 129th st. 9.15 A. M. Music. Ads.

DEVERY CASTS OFF CROKER.

HE CAN'T RUN TAMMANY HALL BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPH.

McMahon a Two-Spot, Haffen a Joke—Nothing Into Murphy as Leader—Ha Ha for Freedman—Old Crowd and Rich Contractors Should Get Out.

William S. Devery, ex-Chief and ex-Deputy Commissioner of Police, was interviewed at his summer home in Rockaway Beach, by a reporter of an afternoon newspaper on the political and municipal conditions of New York city. No one has given closer study to the affairs of the community than Mr. Devery. Mr. Devery was a great friend of the Hon. Richard Croker, and Mr. Croker put him up at the Democratic Club last fall, but when the conversation turned to Mr. Croker and the affairs of Tammany Hall, Mr. Devery showed that he had not any confidence in the manner in which Mr. Croker is trying to run the organization now. The reporter said that Mr. Croker had a scrap book. Then the Big Chief spoke:

"Sure he has," said the Big Chief, "but he didn't make his himself. Four men made his scrapbook. I made mine myself."

"Croker," he continued, "is playing both ends against the middle. He is trying to run Tammany Hall by the wireless telegraph system. He can't. Tammany Hall is like that guy from Missouri. You've got to show Tammany Hall.

"Why, Tim Sullivan came along and looked over the ground and was so disgusted he went back to Hot Springs. I'm a loyal member of the organization, but I can't stand for the new way they are running things.

"Now, Charley Murphy is a nice sport. He is a smart man and keeps his mouth shut, but it would take a bigger man than what Charley is to keep Tammany moving. This talk about Charley Murphy being leader—there's nothing into it."

"How about McMahon and Haffen?" was asked.

"They ought to be over skimming milk for Croker," came the answer. "Dan McMahon is a two-spot. He is the most ungrateful man in politics. Dan gets into the contracting business, cleans up a pile, and forgets his old friends. Haffen is a joke.

"These contractors are trying to run New York. McMahon is getting like all the rest of 'em. Look at John D. Crimmins with his rabbit tail whiskers. To hear Crimmins talk you'd want to open his coat and see if he didn't have wings. But you bet that when the contracts are passed out John D. has got his fists where the contracts land, and it don't cut any ice with him whether Tammany hands 'em out or not.

"There's a contractors' trust in New York. The small contractor is against the wall with his tongue hanging out. He is losing his horses and his carts and the men that worked for him are out of jobs. And the hottest hollerers for reform are the big contractors.

"That reminds me of this Fire Department down here in Rockaway Beach. When I was in the Police Department Chief Croker was always knocking me and my men, but when there was an emergency the police force was 'Johnny on the spot.' It's different with the Fire Department. When this fire broke out to-day, we had no water pressure. There ain't a foot of city hose in Rockaway Beach. We get $600 a year for the fire department here and have to pay $400 of that to the engineer. What do they expect the horses to eat—chestnuts?

"I claim that Croker and the other men at the head of the Fire Department are shirking their duty. This is as much a part of New York city as the whole dry goods district is, and it is entitled to just as good protection. I'm an old inhabitant down here—been coming here every summer for twenty-five years—and I say that nobody in the Fire Department with any authority has tried to do anything for Rockaway Beach and the outlying districts since Greater New York was made."

"What do you think of the Police Department?" the reporter asked.

"Now here, Sport," responded Devery earnestly he calls everybody "Sport"—"Devery was never a knocker. They 'knocked' me good and plenty, but when I was Chief of Police I attended to business, and when a policeman didn't do his duty he heard from me and heard for fair.

"All I've got to say is that Col. Partridge is a real nice old man. But he don't know the New York police force. No man knows it that hasn't pounded a beat, sat behind a desk and learned everything in it. A man may learn the clerical end of it, but no man can learn the men. That's all I've got to say. No man can learn the men. He's got to be one of the men."

"And Freedman?" asked the reporter, as the interview closed. The Big Chief looked at him a moment, blew his cheeks out and then laughed, long, loud and with evident enjoyment. Just as the reporter was bidding the Big Chief farewell at the railway station, he said:

"Chief, is there any gambling in Rockaway Beach?"

"Touchin' on an' appertainin' to that there question," came the slow reply, "there ain't no gamblin' in Rockaway Beach—not to my knowledge."

Mr. Devery said last night to a SUN reporter: "I said it all right. I am anti-Croker. I am an American citizen, and I believe in American principles. Croker has bought property in England, and he intends to make that place his home.

"They ought to break up the gang of contractors in Tammany Hall who gobble up everything. A poor man who has a horse and cart on the East Side, or on the west side of Eighth avenue, cannot get work.

"The rich contractors gobble up everything. Since John C. Sheehan has been running this new administration he has not got a single man a job in the Ninth district with a horse and cart. These fellows have no use for a poor man. Then there is Tom Dunn. He always went around with a yard of flannel in his mouth. He had no need for a red flag for auction sales when he was Sheriff.

"Then there is McMahon. He was always willing to grind down the working-man and employ cheap labor. By the way, Tom Dunn has the pipe lines down here, and maybe he can tell why he didn't get the water on for the fire on Sunday. Maybe he can tell how the rich contractors divide the spoils.

"We want young blood. There should be no one-man power in Tammany Hall. No man can rule New York from England. As for Nixon, no man can expect to hop to the head of Tammany Hall in one night. The Executive Committee should run Tammany Hall. We don't want a leader. Croker is too old for leader.

"What chance has a young man if the old crew hold on?"

"They all ought to get out. I hope the reform administration will have success. I will help them. I have been calling my friends down for not helping them. As for Mike Murphy, what business has he to be a leader, with one foot in the grave. Then there is Plunkitt. He's got a million and a half. And then there is Hopper, a bank President. What more do they want?"

Burnett's Extract of Vanilla

is the leader all the world over. Use no other. Ads.

One Central "Center."

around which hotels, theatres, club houses and residences cluster, is the Grand Central Station of the New York Central and New York Central lines. Fifty trains depart for the North and West every day. Ads.

DIDN'T INSULT ROOSEVELT.

Story That the President Was Hanged in Effigy in Virginia Is Denied.

NORFOLK, Va., June 3.—A story was printed this afternoon by the Norfolk *Dispatch* in which there was circumstantially told that twenty-five men had hanged President Roosevelt in effigy near Princess Anne Court House because of his speech at Arlington on Memorial Day, in which he was said to have spoken harshly of the South.

At the office of Clerk of the Princess Anne County Court this evening the story was said to be without foundation. It was said by others from Princess Anne that great indignation is felt by the people of the county at the publication and the newspaper has been asked to deny the story absolutely by men who have been, they say, all over the district to-day and know that no such thing has taken place.

STABS BY HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Ryan Make Use of the Newspapers.

Mrs. Lillie M. Ryan, the wife of Edward M. Ryan, a building contractor of 470 Pulaski street, Brooklyn, is at loggerheads with her husband because of his alleged jealous disposition. She is at present living at 280 Hamburg avenue. Yesterday she caused the following "personal" to be inserted in a Brooklyn paper:

RYAN—My husband, Edward M. Ryan, has put me out of my home through jealousy and temper. I did not leave him. He said he was going to look for another woman. Mrs. LILLIE M. RYAN, 280 Hamburg av.

Mrs. Ryan's "ad" was prompted by this one which Ryan had in the same paper the day before:

RYAN—My wife, Mrs. Lillie M. Ryan, has left my bed and board and I will not be responsible for any debts which she may contract. EDW. M. RYAN, 554 Central av., Brooklyn.

The Ryans were married seven years ago, and they have three children. Both are Catholic. When Mrs. Ryan awoke yesterday morning her husband had left the house, but a note had been left behind for her. The closing words read thus:

Hoping you will not inflict another stab wound, I remain the only man living who could always idolize you but who has been grievously hurt by your latest act.

After Ryan had signed his name he added this: "The name you hate." Mrs. Ryan said last night there would be no divorce proceedings.

WILL OF MRS. A. L. SELIGMAN.

Left Income of Practically Her Entire Estate to Her Husband.

Mrs. Florine Arnold Seligman, wife of Alfred L. Seligman, whose will was filed for probate yesterday, left $125,000, all in personalty. The will, executed on April 25, of last year, appoints her husband and her brother-in-law, De Witt J. Seligman, executors and trustees. A clause reads:

I direct my executor or executors hereinafter named to distribute such amounts among such charitable, benevolent, educational institutions, associations and incorporations in the city of New York as my beloved husband, Alfred L. Seligman, may, in his discretion, determine.

Bequests of $1,000 are made to each of the following persons: Jeanne Donze Laufenbeger, wife of Charles Laufenberger of California; Martha Harron of 218 West Thirty-first street; Mary O'Brien of 113 East Seventy-sixth street, and Carrie and Irene Hays of 1270 Madison avenue, cousins of testatrix. If the estate warrants it a fund of $125,000 or so much as it does warrant is to be set aside in trust so that her husband shall have the income for life and on his death the principal will go to her cousin, Florence Leopold, wife of James M. Leopold. Any residuary estate beyond enough for the fund is to go absolutely to the husband. She requests, but does not direct, that her husband by will leave $25,000 to her sister-in-law Isabella Lilienthal, and $4,000 each to Carrie and Irene Hays.

$6,000 AUTOMOBILE GONE.

Vanishes From West Side Salesrooms—Police Put on Its Trail.

W. P. Rainey, President of the Oldsmobile Company at 138 West Thirty-eighth street, reported to the Tenderloin police last night that a Panhard automobile, valued at $6,000, which he had bought six months ago, had been stolen from the company's salesrooms in West Thirty-eighth street. Mr. Rainey said that he left the salesrooms at 6 o'clock to go to dinner with the secretary of the company.

The door of the automobile was locked, and the automobile was on the floor. When he returned at 8 o'clock the door was still locked, but the automobile was gone. He suggested that somebody who had access to the rooms stole the machine.

The automobile had the initials W. C. D. on it. Its body was green and wheels painted red. Mr. Rainey asked the police to send out an alarm. He said he thought that whoever had taken the machine would start for Boston with it to try to dispose of it there.

The police also sent out an alarm notifying the other precincts to look out for "Harry Hill," a chauffeur.

TWO GIRLS MISSING.

May Be Trying to Earn Their Living as Concert Hall Singers.

A general alarm has been sent out by the Brooklyn police for Kaspara Anderson, 16 years old, of 74 Pineapple street, and her cousin, Gertrude Petersen, 15 years old, of 278 Columbia street. The two girls have been missing since Friday. As Kaspara had a good voice, it is thought that, as the girls were anxious to earn their own living, they may have gone to some seaside resort and tried to get places in concert halls.

Kaspara is tall and slender with light complexion and hair. She wore a whitewaist, blue skirt and white straw hat trimmed with pink roses. Gertrude, who is also tall and slender, with light complexion and hair, wore a blue and white-striped waist, black skirt and white straw hat trimmed with red roses.

Earthquakes Continue in Guatemala.

NEW ORLEANS, June 3.—Messrs. F. C. Willard, and Charles Zhender who arrived here to-day from Guatemala on the steamer Anselm report that the earthquake disturbance still continues there. Mr. Willard, who left Guatemala City on May 28, says that from one to three earthquake shocks have been felt there every day, but none has done very much damage, since the big earthquake of April 18, that destroyed Quezaltenango.

Boy Killed by Trolley Car.

Herman Young, the twelve-year-old son of a saloonkeeper at 533 Hamburg avenue, Brooklyn, was killed last evening near his home by a trolley car of the Hamburg avenue line in charge of Motorman Henry Alexander. Alexander was arrested.

Died From the Effects of Heat.

William Noble, 45 years old of 302 First avenue, a watchman at 249 Tenth avenue, died yesterday from the effects of the heat. Several persons were overcome by the heat during the day.

"The 20th Century Train."

The new 20-hour train between New York and Chicago via New York Central and Lake Shore. Write C. E. Daniels for particulars. Ads.

A LADY WHO PLAYED BRIDGE

BY SEA ARRESTED AT THE PANAMA STEAMSHIP PIER HERE.

Man Who Had Played With Her Complained to Police That He Had Been Robbed of $270—Captain Stopped the Rapid Game Out in the Pacific.

When the Panama Railroad steamship Advance, from Colon, got to her pier at the foot of West Twenty-seventh street yesterday afternoon, a well-dressed male passenger told Policeman Jackson, who is stationed at the pier, that he wanted a woman on the boat arrested. The man said he was Otto C. Kersgood, a banker of San Francisco. He pointed to an expensively dressed woman who stood on the deck. When she left the boat Jackson arrested her.

She said that she was Mrs. Catherine Hartridge of San Francisco, and that she was on her way to England to visit relatives, and at the same time see the coronation. Kersgood said he, too, was bound for England.

According to the story told to the police, Kersgood and Mrs. Hartridge left San Francisco about a month ago on a steamer for Panama. On the same boat were two sisters, Mrs. McGinley and Mrs. Ross, who were travelling from Vancouver to their home in Valparaiso. The police say that the three women and Kersgood had become acquainted in the Tivoli, a restaurant in San Francisco.

No sooner had the boat got outside the Golden Gate, Mrs. Hartridge says, than Kersgood and she and the other two women began playing bridge whist. It appears that the stakes were high and the game a fast one. Not only money was put up, but also jewelry, Mrs. Hartridge says.

For two days this went on and the game was so warm that the captain of the steamship objected. He told the players that they would have to quit. They did.

It was then that Kersgood, according to Mrs. Hartridge, said that he had been robbed. It is not just clear how he was robbed, but at all events he accused Mrs. Hartridge of having taken $270 from him.

"I didn't take your money," Mrs. Hartridge says she replied, "but I am looking at some one on board who did."

This caused some unpleasantness with Mrs. McGinley and Mrs. Ross. Then, according to Mrs. Hartridge, Kersgood offered her one-half of the money he had lost if she would get it back for him. She didn't pay any attention to this proposition and then, apparently, the matter was dropped.

Mrs. McGinley and Mrs. Ross parted from the others at Panama. Kersgood and Mrs. Hartridge crossed to Colon and took the Advance for this port.

A SUN reporter saw Kersgood at the pier, but Kersgood was very reticent about the robbery. He said:

"I know that Mrs. Hartridge took the money from me, and that is enough. I will appear in court against her."

Mrs. Hartridge was taken to the West Twentieth street station, and from there to the Charles street station where there is a matron. She said that in San Francisco she had been employed as private secretary by a lawyer named Frank M. Stone.

She said that Stone was now in this city and she thought he was stopping at the Waldorf-Astoria or Holland House. She was trying to find him, she said, so that he would appear as her counsel in court this morning. At the Waldorf-Astoria and Holland House Stone is not known.

GWYNNE DOESN'T PAY FOR GEMS.

Files Petition in Bankruptcy to Get Rid of $50,000 in Judgments.

Edward E. Gwynne of Yonkers, a nephew of the elder Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, filed a petition in bankruptcy yesterday with liabilities $56,403 and assets $57 due from Perry Tiffany for loans.

The petition was filed chiefly to get rid of a judgment obtained against Gwynne in Nassau county last September by Leopold Grinberg for $47,911 on four drafts made by A. Reinach a Paris jeweller in November and December, 1897, which were accepted by the petitioner and guaranteed by his wife Helen when the Gwynnes were in Paris. Mr. Grinberg also obtained another judgment against Mr. Gwynne for $1,182 on a similar draft.

Mr. Gwynne, it is said, purchased diamonds, pearls and other jewelry from Mr. Reinach and the drafts were given in payment. Mr. Reinach was unable to collect the money in France, and the claim was assigned to Mr. Grinberg who brought suit in Nassau county and obtained judgments. All this was related when the judgments were filed.

Mr. Gwynne owes the Baron St. Aubanat of Paris $4,000 balance on a note made in Paris in May, 1899. He owes $384 to four doctors for medical services, for shoes $248, board $141, food and drink $100, wines $28, harness $296, clothing $750, haberdashery $60, riding habits $80, trunks $30, coal, wood and hay $317, plumbing $34. Mr. Gwynne has an expectant beneficial life interest under the will of his father, David E. Gwynne, on farms at Bellefontaine, Ohio, and Linneus, Mo., and some land in Cincinnati, the value of his interest being unknown.

NARROW ESCAPES AT A FIRE.

Two Women and Two Children Overcome by Smoke. Two Hurt Trying to Escape.

An explosion yesterday in the workshop of the Powell Dental Parlors on the second floor of a large four-story building at 954 Broadway, Williamsburg, set the premises on fire. Joseph Holdsworth, a fireman belonging to Engine 127, with his wife Sarah, and their nine children, and his mother, Mrs. Annie Holdsworth, who is 74 years old, occupied the third floor; and Mrs. Catharine Allen and her husband and Mrs. Emma Gastberger the fourth. Only two of Holdsworth's children were at home when the fire occurred. They were Jennie and Arthur, 18 and 7 years old.

Mrs. Holdsworth took her two children, and followed by her mother-in-law she tried to go down to the street. The smoke drove them back. Mrs. Holdsworth and her mother-in-law ran to front windows, while the boy and girl made another effort to leave the house. They succumbed in the lower hall, as did also Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Gastberger, who had made their way down the stairs. Firemen found them all insensible, but they recovered.

In the meantime Mrs. Holdsworth and her mother-in-law were at open front windows screaming for help. Firemen shouted to the women not to jump. The smoke, however, was so stifling that the younger Mrs. Holdsworth was unable to endure it any longer and she leaped from the window, landing in some clothing which a young woman cashier in a nearby clothing store had laid on the sidewalk. She received internal injuries.

Her mother-in-law waited until ladders were raised. While a fireman was carrying her down he lost his hold on her and she fell about fifteen feet to the sidewalk and received internal injuries.

Excursion Rates to Western Points.

Low excursion rates to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Denver, Salt Lake City, Portland, Tacoma, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. Address Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry., 381 Broadway, N. Y. Ads.

TO FIGHT THE SHIP COMBINE.

Cunard Company Credited With That Intention—Cabinet Members Interested.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, June 4.—The papers give prominence to the intention of the Cunard Steamship Company to initiate a British combination which may have the approval of the Government. It is stated that several members of the Cabinet are interested in the scheme, and that the project is likely to be of a bold and gigantic character.

BIG BETTING ON DERBY.

Owner of Pekin Backs His Horse to Win $750,000—King Favors Sceptre.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, June 3.—The King and Queen, several of the royal family, and an unusually large number of society people and politicians will go to Epsom to-morrow to see the race for the Derby stakes. There is an unprecedented amount of betting, which now stands at 7 to 4 against Sceptre, and 6 to 1 against Ard Patrick and Pekin.

William C. Whitney's Intruder, at odds of 100 to 7 against, stands fifth in the betting. The owner of Pekin has backed his horse to win to the amount of $750,000. The King is a strong supporter of Sceptre, whose sire won the Derby for him when he was the Prince of Wales.

NEW YORKERS IN A COLLISION.

Party on the Way to Lincoln University Shaken Up—Several Hurt.

OXFORD, Pa., June 3.—The special train of two Pullman cars which left New York this morning, carrying about fifty citizens to the commencement exercises at Lincoln University, near Oxford, collided with a freight engine at Elkview station, just north of Lincoln, about 1 P. M. The New York train was running rapidly and the engines crashed together with great force.

Fireman John Henderson of the special stuck to the engine and was killed in the wreck. The force of the shock was so great that the chairs occupied by the passengers in the rear car were wrenched from the floor. Among the injured are: The Rev. R. F. Sample, D. D., bruised; the Rev. George Alexander, D. D., scalp wound; the Rev. C. W. Stewart, D. D., bruised; Killian Van Rensselaer, hand cut; Miss Velasco, Miss Newcome, Mrs. Emily Moir, bruised.

A train was made up which conveyed the injured to Lincoln University, where they were attended by physicians at the residences of professors. Dr. Sample remained over night at the home of Prof. Kerswell.

GIRL THIEF FOLLOWS SOLDIERS.

Arrested at the State Camp—She Had Friends in the Twelfth Regiment.

Annie Frohmiller, 16 years old, of 607 East Twelfth street was arrested at Peekskill yesterday on a warrant issued by Magistrate Deuel charging her with stealing $200 from her parents on May 23. According to the police they learned after the girl had disappeared that she had two friends in the Twelfth Regiment, which is in camp at Peekskill.

Detective Sergeants Eber and Scheeffler went to the camp and found the girl in a boarding house there.

The detectives say that the soldiers had nothing to do with the girl stealing the money. She had $57 left. With the rest she had bought three pairs of shoes, five hats, a silk dress, a light silk coat and a gold watch and chain.

She was brought back to this city and locked up in the Fifth street station. She said she was sorry and would never steal or run away again.

FOUR MORE RESCUES FOR GRACE.

Hauls Out Four Amateur Sailormen—Said to Have Saved 89 Lives.

Edward Collins, William McCoy, William Cunningham and Charles McHugh, boys whose ages range between 15 and 18 years and who live near the foot of East 125th street, went sailing around Hell Gate and Randall's Island yesterday morning. When they were a little north of Ward's Island they upset.

Capt. Irving Grace of the tug Refuge saw the boat upset and went to the rescue. He found three of the boys swimming toward shore pretty well tired out and the fourth hanging on to the capsized sailboat. He pulled them aboard the tug and took them to Randall's Island, where he turned the boys over to Supt. Sage. The superintendent dried them out, gave them a long lecture on recklessness and foolishness and sent them back to the city on the Refuge.

Capt. Grace, who fished the boys out, is credited with having rescued eighty-nine persons in the last twenty-five years.

POLICEMAN SHOT FLEEING BOY.

Found a Gang of Hoodlums Abused a Hebrew—Boy Not Badly Hurt.

A number of negro boys who constitute the "Theatre Alley Gang" knocked down a Jewish clothier named Moses Doktor of 594 Seventh avenue, at Seventh avenue and Forty-first street, last night, and were kicking him when his cries were heard by Detectives Trojan and Beadle of the West Thirty-seventh street station. Trojan ran to the prostrate man, while Beadle chased one of the boys and yelled for him to stop.

The boy continued running and Beadle drew his revolver and fired. The bullet struck James Owens, 15 years old, of 615 Eighth avenue in the leg, and he was taken to Roosevelt Hospital a prisoner. The clothier wasn't much hurt.

HE FORGOT HIS BANK DEPOSIT.

It Was $200—Now, 60 Years After, Bank Will Pay His Daughters $8,000.

Martin Anderson of Hoboken deposited $200 in the Bank of Savings at Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street, Manhattan, in 1840. He lost or mislaid the bank book, and when he died didn't mention anything about it to his family. Recently his daughters saw a newspaper advertisement requesting Anderson or his heirs to call at the bank. There they learned that the deposit made by their father now amounts with interest to more than $8,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Suydam Thrown From a Carriage.

Walter Lispenard Suydam of 43 East Twenty-second street and his wife were driving in Central Park yesterday afternoon behind a team of spirited bays when the horses were startled by an automobile. They bounded forward and the light wagon in which Mr. and Mrs. Suydam were riding, swerved, throwing both of them to the ground. The accident happened in the West Drive near 100th street. Beyond being severely shaken neither Mr. Suydam nor his wife sustained any injury.

The doctor's best prescription for Colds is JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—Adv.

Mothers in New York and Brooklyn

intending to go into the country for the Summer should read "The Prophet's Chariots," No. 15 of the "Four-Track Series." Sent free on receipt of 2 cents in stamps by O. W. Ditmis, Grand Central Station, New York.—Adv.

IN ST. PIERRE'S RUINS.

First Full Description of the Buried City.

HOW PELEE LOOKS IN ERUPTION.

Day of Varied Sensations in the Shadow of an Active Volcano.

"The Sun's" Correspondent With the Dixie's Party Tells of the Awful Destruction Wrought in the Martinique City, Where 30,000 Persons Perished—A Volcanic Tornado, a Cloud of Burning Gas—A Scientist's View of the Disaster—Its Similarity to the Destruction of Pompeii—How Some of the Victims Died.

FORT DE FRANCE, Martinique, May 21.—To-day we saw St. Pierre, the ghastliest ghost of the modern centuries. But yesterday the fairest of the fair of the wondrous cities of the storied Antilles, bright, beautiful, glorious, glistening and shimmering in her prism of tropical radiance, an opalescent city in a setting of towering forest and mountain; now a waste of ashen gray without life, form, color, shape, a drear monotone, a dim blur on the landscape—it seems even more than the contrast between life and death. The dead may live. St. Pierre is not alive, and never will be. Out of shape has come a void. It is the apotheosis of Annihilation. To one who sits amid the ruins and gazes the long miles upward over the seamed sides of La Pelée, still thundering her terrible wrath, may come some conception of the future ruin of the worlds.

It has been a day of sharp impressions, one cutting into the other until the memory pad of the mind is crossed and criss-crossed like the fissured flanks of La Pelée herself, but most deeply graven of all, paradoxically, is the memory of a dimness, a nothingness, an emptiness, a lack of everything—the gray bareness unrelieved of what was the rainbow St. Pierre. Mont Pelée, the most awful evidence of natural force to be seen in the world to-day, La Pelée, majestic, terrible, overpowering, has been in evidence from starlight to starlight, but it is the ashen blank that once was the city of the Saint of the Rock that stands out most clearly in the kaleidoscopic maze slipping backward and forward before our eyes.

THE FIRST GLIMPSE.

Mont Pelée's most far out-reaching feeler touched us by the light of the stars of the early morning—years ago it seems. Lulled by the gentle swishing of the waters and the rhythmic thud of the propeller shafts as the cruiser steadily forged her way, with her bow rising and falling continually under the Southern Cross, as if making obeisance, sleep had come to those of us who had stayed on deck to make sure of the first glimpse of the dread volcano.

There was a slight feeling of suffocation, a hasty awakening of alarm with an indistinct feeling that the ship was on fire. A well-defined odor of sulphur smote the nostrils. The oar of a ship's long boat struck the stern of the cruiser, and, glancing off, swirled down the side. Two tw