DIED AFTER AN OPERATION.

DIAGNOSIS, ALCOHOLISM; FACT, CONCUSSION OF THE BRAIN.

Mr. Schimpf's Father Will Try to Have His Son's Treatment by an Ambulance Surgeon and Police Investigated—He Says the Surgeon Was Inexperienced.

John Schimpf, Jr., 40 years old, of 910 President street, Brooklyn, died at St. Mary's Hospital last evening after an operation that had been performed to relieve a pressure on the brain. His father was greatly enraged last night and said that his son's death was due to the negligence of the police and to the inexperience of Ambulance Surgeon Reynolds of St. Mary's Hospital.

Mr. Schimpf accidentally fell from trolley car 2,783 of the Fulton street line, at Albany avenue, at 8.30 o'clock on Saturday evening. He was removed to the Atlantic avenue police station in an ambulance, and Ambulance Surgeon Reynolds said that he was suffering from a scalp wound and alcoholism. The surgeon dressed the wound and then Mr. Schimpf was locked up in a cell.

Early yesterday morning when the doorman began to arouse the prisoners to get ready to go to court it was found that Mr. Schimpf was unconscious and he was removed to St. Mary's Hospital, where it was ascertained that he was suffering from concussion of the brain. His father was notified and arrived at the hospital in the afternoon.

When he learned of his son's serious condition he asked that everything possible be done to relieve him. An operation was performed, but it was impossible to remove the blood clot and the patient died at 8 o'clock.

Mr. Schimpf was a member of the firm of John Schimpf & Sons, manufacturers of plated ware at 67 Prospect street, Brooklyn, with an office at 20 John street, Manhattan. Mr. Schimpf, who was a bachelor, lived with his father and his brother George at 910 President street.

Mr. Schimpf, Sr., said that his son was not intoxicated as Surgeon Reynolds had said. He said that he must have fallen accidentally from the car and that it was a shame that the surgeon did not remove him to the hospital at once, instead of taking him to the station house and having him locked up in a cell during the night.

Surgeon Reynolds in his own behalf said that when he attended Mr. Schimpf the patient was to all appearances suffering from only a scalp wound and that his breath smelt strongly of liquor. He said that he did not show any symptoms at the time of suffering from concussion of the brain.

Mr. Schimpf, Sr., intends to call the attention of Assistant Sanitary Superintendent Raymond to the matter and ask for an investigation. He will also ask Deputy Police Commissioner Ebstein to investigate the seeming negligence of the police in not discovering that his son was unconscious in the cell until so many hours after he had been received at the station house.

HUNT FOR LYNCH BOY ENDS.

Police Learn Who Took Him Away—Are Sure He'll Be Returned.

Three-year-old Joseph Lynch, who was taken away from his home at 190½ Chrystie street by a woman on Tuesday last, has not been found. The police, who have been looking for the child, do not now believe that he was kidnapped. They said last night that the circumstances attending the disappearance did not warrant keeping up the hunt.

When the mother reported the loss of the boy to the police of the Eldridge street station, she said that he had been enticed away by a strange woman who had promised to buy him candy. The police have learned, however, that the woman was a visitor to a tenant of the Chrystie street house. The tenant is known only as "Flossie" and refuses to tell the police or anybody else what her surname is. She did say, however, that the woman who carried off the child was Tillie O'Connor. The only further information she could give to the police was that the O'Connor woman lived somewhere in Tenth street.

On Saturday and yesterday Detective Currie of the Eldridge street station was piloted by "Flossie" around the saloons usually frequented by the other woman, but he was unable to find the supposed kidnapper or the boy.

Some time ago the O'Connor woman took away an infant daughter of one of her neighbors and after keeping her for a week returned the child. The police think that the little Joseph Lynch will come back in the same way.

WORKED WEEK WITH SMALLPOX.

Then Called on Half a Dozen Physicians to Find Out If He Had It.

Newark has only five smallpox patients in the isolation hospital at present. Three were discharged yesterday.

The health officers felt that they had the disease pretty well stamped out, but cause for alarm was given on Saturday by a man who had been wandering through the streets for several days after the disease had developed in him to the point of eruptions.

He is Charles Anderson, a laborer, 35 years old, living at 25 West street. On Saturday he went out to visit all the doctors he could find at their offices and in each case where he found a physician he was assured that he had smallpox well developed and was told go to home and wait for the ambulance.

On the advice of Dr. Woolman he finally went home and he found an ambulance waiting for him at his door.

He had visited the houses of six or seven doctors and had been talked to generally at long range. During his wanderings he came in contact with many people on the streets, and there is a fear that he has given the disease fresh impetus in Newark.

He said that he first noticed the eruptions a week ago yesterday, and that he worked through the early part of the week in various places.

BODY FOUND IN THE HUDSON.

Believed to Be That of a Man Who Jumped Overboard From a Boat Last Thursday.

Newburgh, Sept. 7.—On Thursday last residents of Washington Heights witnessed what they thought was a rowboat race from Denning's Point to this city, until they noticed that the three men in the forward boat had leaped overboard, starting to swim ashore, while the pursuers in the other craft took possession of the abandoned boat and rowed back to the eastern shore. Two of the men reached shore and hastened away. The third was seen to go down and did not again appear.

To-day the body of a man about 20 years of age, well dressed, was found floating in the river about a half mile south of the point where the incident occurred. There was nothing on the person of the drowned man that can lead to its identification, except possibly a laundry check. There is no question that the body recovered is that of the third man who leaped overboard. It is presumed the men had appropriated the boat on the opposite side of the river and were pursued by its owner.

Robbed His Mother's Guest.

Percival Allchian, 16 years old, of 231 Sackett street, Brooklyn, was arrested and locked up in the Butler street station yesterday, charged with grand larceny. Several weeks ago Mrs. C. Demicker of 391 Second avenue, Troy, was visiting Mrs. Allchian. During her visit she lost four diamond rings and a breastpin, in all valued at $400. About the same time Percival disappeared. The police found him yesterday as he was walking through Court street. He acknowledged stealing the jewelry and said he had pawned it in Philadelphia. The pawntickets were found on his person.

MAINE VOTES TO-DAY.

Manley Says the Republican Plurality Will Be From 18,000 to 25,000.

Augusta, Me., Sept. 7.—No Republican in the State is better informed regarding the political situation in Maine than the Hon. J. H. Manley, former chairman of the Republican State Committee. In an interview to-day, Mr. Manley said:

"The Democrats have made a more effective campaign than they have for several years in this State. The total vote in the State will not be over 100,000. The Democrats will make gains in the lower house and will have more members than they have had for many years.

"The Republicans will carry the State, having 18,000 to 25,000 plurality. They may lose the Sheriffs in four counties and they may elect them all but one. There will be so much cutting on these officials that it is impossible to predict the outcome in four counties.

"The Senate will stand nearly a unanimously Republican body. The Democrats will elect one Senator, possibly four, out of a body of thirty-one members.

"We shall elect all four of our Congressmen by good majorities."

Portland, Me., Sept. 7.—Maine will elect to-morrow a Governor, four Congressmen, county officers and members of the State Legislature. The reelection of Gov. John F. Hill of Augusta and the present Congressmen, Amos L. Allen of Alfred, Charles E. Littlefield of Rockland, Edwin C. Burleigh of Augusta and Llewellyn Powers of Houlton is assured, but it is anticipated that the majorities and the total vote will be considerably below the figures of two years ago.

In York, Cumberland, Androscoggin, Washington, Knox, Hancock, Somerset and Aroostook counties the question of prohibitory law enforcement is a chief local issue. Cumberland county, which two years ago swerved from its usual course and elected the late Rev. Samuel F. Pearson sheriff, is a hotbed of political strife. It looks to-night as if the prohibitionist candidate for sheriff, the Rev. Almon S. Bisbee, will beat out the other two candidates, though the Republican candidate is squarely pledged to enforcement of the Anti-Liquor law.

A lively contest is in progress in York county, a Republican stronghold, over the question of enforcement of the prohibitory law. The Republican Sheriff, Newell T. Fogg, a candidate for reelection, has allowed open barrooms to exist in the manufacturing centres and seashore resorts within his county. Edward H. Emery, the candidate of the Prohibitionists and Democrats, is pledged to strict enforcement. The issue is clearly defined and the outcome is awaited with great interest. The election of the fusion candidate for sheriff seems probable, but the Republicans will carry everything else on their ticket.

AFTER BIG BILL'S MONEY BAGS.

Visitors to Arverne to Tell Him How to Spend That Campaign Fund.

Hundreds of men and women went to Arverne yesterday to visit Big Bill Devery at his seaside cottage. Many who called said they just dropped in to wish Bill success in his fight for the Tammany leadership of the Ninth Assembly district, but the vast majority had heard that Devery intended to spend $100,000 more in the wind-up of the campaign. All sorts of plans and schemes were laid before Big Bill by persons anxious to show him how he might spend the money to advantage.

One man said he had been awake all night thinking how easy it would be for Big Bill to hire boats and take all of the people of the Ninth out of town on primary day, Sept. 16, so that neither Sheehan nor Goodwin would have any one to vote.

"Thank you for your tip," said Bill, "but there are no people that I know of who intend to vote for either of them ducks. Sheehan may vote for himself, and his little dog Fido may do some barking, but I doubt if they'll be in New York 'till primary day."

A committee engaged in collecting funds for the erection of a Protestant home for the aged and two Roman Catholic nuns were among Devery's callers. They did not go away empty-handed, neither did a rabbi who was collecting funds for a new synagogue.

A man with an invention for cremating garbage called to ask Devery to invest a few thousand dollars in the plant.

"There's a few old cabbage heads and a couple of over-ripe tomatoes in the Ninth that I would like to try your machine on," said Devery, "but I guess one of them is to cold to burn and another too ripe, so we'll pass that up for the present."

Big Bill said Sheehan was not a Democrat. "Well, what is he?" he asked. "That's what all good Democrats are asking. And all good Republicans are asking the same question about Mayor Low. None knows where either of them ducks stand. They're both hobbyhorse jockeys. When they get aboard the political carousal they turn so rapidly that no one can tell until the organ stops whether they are riding the tiger or the elephant."

GALLANT HUSBAND STABBED.

Hannihan May Die of Wounds Inflicted by Insulters of His Wife.

Thomas Hannihan was stabbed in the abdomen and back while resenting an insult to his wife in front of their home, 340 East Twenty-fourth street, yesterday morning by two young men. The Hannihans had been at an outing, and, in returning home, became separated. Mrs. Hannihan got home first, and, as her husband had the latch key, she waited for him at the street door. While she stood there two young men came along and one of them said to her:

"Ah, there, Birdie! Ain't ye lonesome?"

"Go about your business, you loafer," she replied.

"Give us a kiss," he said as he seized her by the waist.

She screamed for help, and her husband came up and struck his wife's assailant. The young men attacked Hannihan and in the scuffle he was stabbed. The young men ran off. Hannihan was taken to Bellevue Hospital.

On information given by the injured man's brother the police arrested James McGarrity, 19 years old of 332 East Twenty-fourth street, and took him to the hospital, but Hannihan was too weak to say whether or not the prisoner was one of his assailants. McGarrity was held in the Yorkville police court without bail for examination.

REFRESHMENT ON BOATS.

The Waiter Is "The Doctor," and He Looks Out for Sprained Ankles.

"Any one want the doctor? If any one is ill on board the doctor is ready to attend to him. Any one seasick or got a sprained ankle?

Men with aprons on ask this question on the Coney Island boats on Sundays. The man who propounded this question on the Taurus yesterday kept a straight face. For a minute he had the crowd guessing, and they were more mystified as he continued his little stump speech to this effect:

"Sprained ankles or broken hearts. They are all the same to the doctor. Soft soap sandwiches, suicide sandwiches, salt water treatment. Any honeymoon cases on board? We'll set up a stove and tack down a carpet while you wait. See the doctor for a gold medal prescription."

Then a corner of his apron showed and the crowd caught on to the Sunday substitute for "Waiter—who wants the waiter?"

Cases of sprained ankles were numerous.

To One Artesian Well: 26 Cases Typhoid.

Paterson, Sept. 7.—Twenty-six cases of typhoid fever were reported to the Board of Health in six days and all from the vicinity of 25 Jackson street, where there is an artesian well. Investigation showed that eighteen of the patients had been drinking water from the well. City Physician Van Noort closed up the well and took samples of the water for analysis.

All Intelligent Women

should read the Knickerbocker Girl, published Wednesdays and Fridays in The Evening Sun. Society and fashion are leading features.—Adv.

IN THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

CHARLES A. PERCY MAKES HIS PROMISED TRIP.

He Goes Through the Rapids in a Specially Constructed Boat From a Point Above the Old Maid of the Mist Landing—The Biggest Waves Dash Over the Craft.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Sept. 7.—Charles Alexander Percy made his promised trip through the Whirlpool Rapids this afternoon. Thousands of people looked on from the banks and bridges. Percy rowed out in the river from a point above the old Maid of the Mist landing at 3:58 o'clock, and two minutes later he was in midstream, heading full into the rapids. As he approached the bridges he stood up in the cockpit of his boat and with a flag in each hand waved to the crowd. Then he quickly retreated into the rear air compartment. He was thus concealed when he went under the bridges.

His boat entered the rapids bow on, but for the greater part of the trip rode sidewise. Previous to the start several bags of stone were taken aboard for ballast. Thus the boat was heavily weighted, and instead of riding over the billows of the rapids it plunged right through their crests and was frequently out of sight. The waves dashed against it and over it with frightful velocity.

The boat entered the pool at 4:08 P. M., and a minute later Percy appeared in the cockpit. Then came an intensely interesting scene as he battled with the waves and currents in an effort to reach shore. He was carried about the pool and sucked down in whirls, but all the time remained in the open cockpit. He effected a landing at 4:20 o'clock.

Percy's boat is a little smaller than his other boats have been. This latest craft has a length of 16 feet and a beam of 3 feet 11 inches. It stands 2 feet 8 inches high at the ends, and the timber used in the construction is principally seven-eighths inch white oak. There are thirty-eight ribs, nineteen on each side, and they are one and three-quarter inches square. They are set from five to seven inches apart. At each end there is an air compartment, and these are decked with half-inch Norway pine and then covered with canvass. One of the air compartments has a length of five feet, while the other is six feet six inches long. It was in this larger compartment that Percy concealed himself in making the voyage through the roughest part of the river. Between the air compartments there is an open cockpit four feet four inches long and fourteen inches deep.

When the boat was lowered into the water an oak plug was driven into one end of the keel pipe, and after the pipe had filled with water, the other end was similarly plugged, thus the boat had a water ballast, and is the only boat so made for rapids voyages.

CRANE ATTACKS A CAPTAIN.

Says Moynihan's Raid Was Foolish—The Latter Replies in Kind.

Magistrate Crane had a tilt yesterday in the Harlem police court with Capt. Moynihan of the East 104th street station over a raid made by Capt. Moynihan's detectives on a Raines law hotel at 2218 Second avenue, run by John Vigorito. The detectives went there and arrested ten men and fourteen women.

All hands were arraigned in the Harlem police court. When the Magistrate heard the facts of the case he discharged the entire outfit and told Capt. Moynihan he had no right to act in such a summary manner and that the arrest was improper.

"This is the most foolish arrest that has ever come under my notice," he added.

"What's the use of trying to do your duty," replied the captain, "when a Magistrate throws you down like that.

Moynihan also declared that Mr. Crane was influenced in his action by Nicholas J. Hayes, the Tammany leader of the Thirty-third Assembly district.

Moynihan says that one of his men found a card on the floor of the hallway leading to the Magistrate's private office, with Vigorito's name on. Written on the back of the card was:

Dear Mr Hayes: My hotel was arrested last night. Can you help me?

NEGRO SHOOTS TWO WHITE MEN.

One Dead, the Other Seriously Wounded in a Fight Near Dover, Del.

Dover, Del., Sept. 7.—John Benson, his brother Philemon and his son Evan led a riotous gang of negroes in an outbreak against a company of young white men who were in Felton, merrymaking, early this morning. As a result, two men were shot, one is dead and two of the Bensons, John and Evan, are under arrest, charged with murder in the first degree.

The Benson family has long been the terror of the neighborhood, and when Lemuel E. Wyatt had some difficulty last night with Philemon Benson trouble was feared for him. Philemon pointed out Wyatt to his brother John, who went home and got his revolver. As Wyatt and his friend, Anthony Seward, stepped out of Vespell's hotel this morning, accompanied by several young white men, two shots rang out and Seward and Wyatt fell. Both made statements of the shooting, accusing the Bensons. Seward died at 3 o'clock. Wyatt may recover.

John Benson, who did the shooting, and Evan Benson, his son, were caught before daylight this morning and brought to Dover prison by Sheriff Reedy and Chief of Police Hurd of Dover.

HIGHWAYMAN FOILED.

Man With a Knife Attacks a Woman—Handy Cop Captures Him.

Mrs. Maggie Dakins of 338 West Eleventh street was crossing Hudson street at Christopher street late last night when a man who had a knife in his hand jumped toward her and grabbed her by the throat. She screamed and the man ran. Policeman McKenzie of the Charles street station, after a run of two blocks, caught the fugitive. He was locked up, charged with highway robbery. The woman wore a handsome pin on her collar.

The man said he was Joseph Amati, 32 years old, of 248 Mott street. There have been several similar attempted hold-ups on Hudson street during the last few weeks. Electric lights replaced the gas lamps there a few days ago and it was thought that their brilliancy would discourage any more attempts.

ARREST ON AN OLD WARRANT.

Man Charged With Robbing His Brooklyn Landlady Caught in Manhattan.

John W. Scott, 26 years old, of 623 Vanderbilt avenue, was arrested by Detective Sergeant Roache of the Central Office, Brooklyn, yesterday, on a charge of grand larceny. He was found in Manhattan.

The warrant for his arrest was issued by Magistrate Jacob Brenner on Nov. 17, 1899, on complaint of Mrs. Mary L. Grant, who kept a furnished-room house at 77 Fort Greene place at that time. She now lives at 878 Broadway.

She charged Scott with stealing articles valued at $118 while he was occupying one of her rooms on Oct. 17, 1899.

He was locked up in the Adams street station. Former Magistrate Brenner, who issued the warrant is now Commissioner of Jurors in Brooklyn.

Blacksmiths Will Arbitrate This Time.

It was reported at yesterday's meeting of the Central Federated Union on behalf of the striking blacksmiths who will all return to work to-day pending arbitration, that the strikers indorsed this agreement at a meeting on Saturday night. The same agreement was reached a week ago, but was repudiated by the strikers.

BRITISH RAILWAYS' WEAKNESS.

English Expert Admits the Superiority of Our Management.

Special Cable Despatch to The Sun.

London, Sept. 8.—The *Daily Mail* prints an interview with Mr. William Acworth, a leading English expert, who confirms the statements cabled to The Sun regarding the bad financing of English railroads. He says that the management of American railroads is far sounder and more conservative.

The real difference is that a good American railroad, when it has ascertained precisely where the line between capital expenditure and revenue expenditure should be drawn, deliberately takes from its revenue a large sum and devotes it, not to dividends, but to expenditure for capital purposes.

On the other hand the directors of one great English company told him the Board of Directors considered themselves bound by a pledge made years ago that the shareholders should have a dividend on everything honestly earned as profit, not charging the rebuilding of tracks, bridges, locomotives, &c., to revenue.

The English railways, Mr. Acworth adds, have not put money by for a rainy day to any extent. Not one of them shows anything in the nature of undivided profits. There must be a thousand locomotives employed in England in suburban traffic which must be replaced within a very few years by electric engines, yet they all stand in the companies books at full cost. In America only a small part of the locomotives would ever have been bought out of the capital at all.

SIR FREDERICK ABEL DEAD.

Well-Known Chemist and Expert on Explosives.

Special Cable Despatch to The Sun.

London, Sept. 7.—Sir Frederick Augustus Abel, Honorary Secretary and Director of the Imperial Institute, and formerly President of the British Association, the Iron and Steel Institute, and other associations, is dead. He was born in 1827. He was a widower and leaves no heirs. He was known principally in connection with chemistry and explosives.

Actor Hawtrey Weds.

Special Cable Despatch to The Sun.

London, Sept. 7.—Charles Hawtrey, the well-known actor-manager was quietly married on Sept. 3 on the Island of Guernsey, to Helen May, daughter of the late Rev. Havilland Durand, vicar of Earley, Berkshire.

MILTON RATHBUN DEAD.

He Once Fasted 35 Days and Reduced His Weight 43 Pounds.

Milton Rathbun, who gained publicity two years ago by fasting for thirty-five days to reduce his weight, died at the Griffen House at Riverhead, L. I., yesterday. For several weeks he had been suffering from malaria and gallstones.

Mr. Rathbun was born in central New York 58 years ago, and when a young man came to this city and engaged in the hay and grain business. His establishment in Fourth avenue was one of the largest in the city. Six months ago he capitalized the business at $150,000 and turned it over to a stock company of which he became the president.

Mr. Rathbun was a very heavy man, and in January, 1900, he attempted to fast for forty days to reduce his proportions.

He abstained from food for thirty-five days, when he suddenly became so hungry that he decided that his fast had been long enough.

During the fast his weight dropped from 207 to 164 pounds. He did not lose a day from his business, and at the end he said that he was better for not having eaten, although he found himself very weak.

Mr. Rathbun lived in Mount Vernon. A widow and two sons survive him.

Obituary Notes.

Dr. Claudius B. Webster, who was the oldest living American graduate of Dartmouth College and ex-United States Consul to Sheffield, England, died in Concord, N. H., yesterday, aged 88 years. He was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1837. Among his classmates were the Rev. Samuel C. Bartlett, D.D., LL.D., late president of Dartmouth, Prof. Erastus Everett, LL.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., Ex-Gov. James W. Grimes of Iowa, Prof. Edmund R. Peaslee, LL.D., of New York, and the Hon. John Wentworth, LL.D., member of Congress from Illinois. Dr. Webster was graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York in 1844. He practised for a time and then took the principalship of the Norwich, Conn., Female Academy, where he remained for eighteen years. In 1862 he visited Washington, D. C., and as a result of that visit gave up his school work and became Assistant Surgeon in the United States Army. He remained at his post until after the close of the war. In 1870 he was appointed United States Consul to Sheffield, England, by President Grant. He filled this post until 1886.

Henry Day, formerly a well known stockbroker, died at his home 34 West Fifty-sixth street yesterday of heart disease. He had been ill since his seventieth birthday which occurred in July last. Mr. Day, who was a son of Benjamin H. Day, was born in this city in 1832 and attended school at Bridgeport, Conn. He entered the publishing business in this city and Baltimore, but gave up to become interested in stockbroking with John Thompson. In the early 50s he with John Gwynne and S. Fisher Johnson he founded the brokerage house of Gwynne, Johnson & Day. He was a member of the Reform club and several other organizations. In 1868 Mr. Day, foreseeing financial trouble for the country, withdrew from business and remained in retirement for ten years. In 1879 he became a member of the firm of Lummis & Day. In 1886 he retired permanently from business. He married Adelaide Scofield of this city, who died in 1896. Two sons and a daughter survive him. They are William S. Day, an instructor of physics at Columbia; Arthur M. Day, a civil engineer, and Mrs. John A. Bensel.

Frank Tousey, nephew of Sinclair Tousey, the founder and late president of the American News Company, and himself a publisher, died yesterday at his home in the Vancorlear apartment house, 201 West Fifty-fifth street, after suffering from pleurisy for three weeks. He was born in Brooklyn in 1853 and entered business while little more than a boy. For many years he was connected with the publishing enterprises of the late Norman L. Munro. Ten years ago he left the Munros to open a publishing business at 24 Union square with his brother Sinclair, who survives him. Mr. Tousey gave *Judge* its first start. At a later period he published a large number of children's periodicals and books. As owner of the pretty yacht Havana, he was an enthusiastic yachtsman and a member of the Columbia and the Larchmont Yacht clubs. He leaves a widow, but no children.

Gen. James A. Williamson of New York died at his summer residence in Jamestown, R. I., last night, aged 73. Gen. Williamson was born in Kentucky and served in the Civil War under Gen. Sherman, a medal for bravery being awarded him by Congress. He served as Commissioner of Public Lands under President Grant. He was for years president of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad and counsel for the road after it was merged with the Sante Fé road. He leaves a widow and four daughters. The remains will be brought to New York for burial.

William H. Weidner of this city, a veteran of the Mexican War and the father-in-law of Max Goebel of Brooklyn, president of the Mott Iron Works, was found dead yesterday in a little hut near Phoebus, Va. In the Mexican War Weidner served on the United States ship Scorpion. The authorities of the National Soldiers' Home, of which he was an inmate, are caring for his body.

Daniel Waggoner, the millionaire "Cattle King" of Texas, is dead at Colorado Springs. He was a native of Tennessee, was 76 years old and had lived in Texas since 1851 when he started as a farmhand.

East Side Jews to Complain of Partridge.

A committee from the East Side Vigilance League, headed by President Julius Halpen and Secretary Abraham H. Sarasohn, will call on Mayor Low this morning and present to him a memorial denouncing Police Commissioner Partridge and Deputy Commissioner Thurston for their failure to punish the policemen accused of clubbing the Jewish mourners in the riot at the funeral of Chief Rabbi Joseph.

"The Sun" Is the Only Newspaper

in the land that gathers the news of the world through its own agents. That's why "if you see it in The Sun it's so."—Adv.

TENDERLOIN GAMBLERS CLOSE

JEROME AND RECENT TRANSFERS HAVE SCARED SOMEBODY.

And the Tale Is That the Somebody Is in the Police Department—At Any Rate, the Tip Went Around and There Will Be Nothing Doing for a Day or Two.

Somebody winked in the Tenderloin on Saturday night and more than half the gambling houses in that precinct closed up. It was a common saying among the gamblers yesterday that when that wink came the eyelashes touched the cheek of a well-known police official.

At any rate, places which the police have not closed, and which they have maintained they were powerless to close, shut up without noise or show of force by the police. Attendants answered the doorbells as usual, but informed patrons that the places were closed "for a few days" and directed them to other houses where they might find something doing.

Patrons of a well-known poolroom and gambling house in West Thirty-eighth street, which has for some time enjoyed the largest and most miscellaneous patronage of the Tenderloin, were told to go to a place in West Twenty-eighth street. There was no policeman guarding the door there, and men who knew the patrons of the house farther uptown were at the door to identify them.

The poolroom business earlier in the afternoon had been transferred to the Twenty-eighth street house, as well as the other play, evidently in anticipation of the order that came at night.

The explanation offered for this closing was that the transfers of police captains and District Attorney Jerome's disclosures about gambling had frightened a police official in the district and he had asked the more conspicuous gambling houses to "lie still" for a few days. Saturday night is the time when gambling houses most expect a raid, this idea being based on experience, and the precautions on that night are generally greater than at other times.

A house in West Thirty-fourth street and one in West Forty-first street also turned away patrons, assuring them that everything would be all right on Monday or Tuesday.

It was given out that the closing of the big Thirty-eighth street house was due to the financial embarrassment of the man who is the nominal keeper of the place. As a matter of fact, well-informed gamblers said last night, that man has not had any interest in the house for some time. He drew out the larger part of his interest when the Eastern racing season opened, to make a book at the track. He was not successful, and one night when playing faro in his own house lost to the present proprietor the remainder of his interest.

There were houses enough open on Saturday night to accommodate those looking for speculation, but if the District Attorney had found a way to get into the ones most talked about he would have found them deserted.

POLICE WATCH LOU BETTS'S.

It's a Harmless Vigil and Other Gamblers Are Inclined to Be Jealous.

The antics of three plain-clothes policemen and one in uniform in front of the gambling house in Thirty-fourth street just west of Broadway from early Saturday night until daybreak yesterday furnished amusement to every one in the block, and no one enjoyed the fun more than Lou Betts, who runs the house. He stood in front of the Herald Square Hotel holding his sides from laughter.

The three plain-clothes men were Nugent, Costigan and Sackett of Inspector Harley's staff. The uniformed policeman was sent by Capt. Sheehan to watch the front of the house. Harley's three men appeared early in the night and they were soon joined by the inspector. He talked with them till, seeing that he was attracting a crowd, he and they retired to the areaway.

From this vantage point the four looked up at the front of the house. Strangely enough, they didn't see two men who came down the stoop at this time. Nor did they see a man go up the stoop and, having satisfied the lookout that he was all right enter.

Harley stood talking with his men for half an hour, Betts watching them from the hotel. When Harley went away his three men began to make themselves ridiculous and Betts began to chuckle. The sleuths glued their ears to the basement door, which is a real estate office, apparently expecting to hear the rattle of dice and chips. Then they tiptoed up the stoop and tried the front door. When they found it locked they looked surprised. Then they joined the uniformed policeman at the foot of the stoop and looked over the house again.

Three times within fifteen minutes a man went up the stoop, rang the bell and was promptly admitted, but the detectives were always far enough behind each man to have the door slammed in their faces.

This sort of thing went on till 2 o'clock, when the sleuths paused long enough to get something to eat. When they came back they resumed their antics and kept them up till daybreak. The gambling house stopped doing business soon after the watchers left.

Betts's house was the one place in the Tenderloin that was watched. The other gambling house keepers are inclined to be jealous of the attentions he receives from the police. They say that when the police cut up capers in front of Betts's place they advertise his game.

RAID BY A CLEVER RUSE.

Schmittberger's Men Succeed in Entering a Notorious Resort.

Four of Capt. Schmittberger's men had a hard time getting into a disorderly house on West Forty-sixth street early yesterday morning. They had been watching the place for some time and yesterday decided that it was time for a raid. Shortly before midnight, Detectives Walsh, Berbenich, Lohmeyer and Bennoil were stationed in front of the house, but all their efforts to get in were unsuccessful.

Finally Berbenich went into a dark corner of the basement, while Walsh sauntered toward Broadway. In a few moments a messenger boy wearing sergeant's chevrons rode up. He bore a large parcel done up in brown paper. A minute later Walsh was seen walking down the street.

The boy with the package succeeded in getting the basement gate opened on his plea that the package came from the Waldorf-Astoria.

As the gate was opened Berbenich hurled himself against it, and the man behind the gate, the messenger and the detective all went down in a heap on the floor. The other policemen got in after him.

Ellen Hankins, the supposed proprietor, and five other women were arrested. The house is one of the most notorious and most elaborately fitted up in the city.

In the West Side police court yesterday Magistrate Meade discharged the others, but held the Hankins woman in $500 bail for trial.

GAMBLING RAID.

Brooklyn Police Arrest Thirteen Young Men as Common Gamblers.

The police of the Sixth avenue station, Brooklyn, at 2 o'clock yesterday morning raided the house at 612 Bergen street, and arrested Reuben Cash, 22 years old, on a charge of keeping a gambling house.

Thirteen young men were arrested, charged with being common gamblers.

The police seized a crap table and $5.26 in cash.

All the prisoners were held for examination on Tuesday by Magistrate Naumer in the Myrtle avenue police court.

BISHOP POTTER AT CHURCH.

He Sits in the Clark Family Pew With His Fiancee and Joins in the Services.

Cooperstown, N. Y., Sept. 7.—Bishop Potter did not officiate in Christ Church here to-day. He sat in the Clark family pew with his fiancé, Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark. The Rev. Dr. Pelletrau of Ballston Springs and the Rev. Dr. James Olmsted of Burlington, N. J., conducted the services, the sermon being preached by Dr. Pelletrau. Dr. Olmsted is a brother of the Rt. Rev. Charles S. Olmsted, recently elected Bishop of Colorado. Bishop Potter joined heartily in the services and in the responses, and during the singing of the hymns his voice was plainly discerned. There are no indications that Bishop Patter will leave Fernleigh for some days at least. His vacation is being spent very quietly, and he is seldom seen outside the Clark grounds, except when driving with his fiancée or horseback riding.

Mrs. Clark's son, Frederick Ambrose, whose marriage to Miss Florence Lockwood Stokes, daughter of Henry B. Stokes, President of the Manhattan Life Insurance Company, is announced to take place this fall, is now in Cooperstown. He has returned after spending several weeks at Saratoga and at Sheepshead Bay, where he attended the races with his string of horses, some of which he himself rode in successful finishes. He is, perhaps, the most daring gentleman cross-country rider in the United States, and as the Bishop, his prospective step-father, enjoys keenly horseback riding, they may be expected to take frequent canters in the surrounding country during the remainder of the Bishop's stay here.

P. R. R. GETS DETROIT SOUTHERN.

The Same Interests Have Bought the Pere Marquette Railway, It's Said.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 7.—It is reported here to-night that the transactions of the past month in the shares of the Detroit Southern Railway have resulted in the purchase of the control of the road by Pennsylvania Railroad interests and that the same men have bought the Père Marquette Railway in the southern Michigan peninsula.

The control is indirect, the purchases of the stock having been made for the Norfolk and Western.

The Père Marquette operates by ownership and leases 1,000 miles of railroad, and the Detroit Southern 350 miles. By securing the Père Marquette the Pennsylvania acquires the port of Ludington on Lake Michigan and thus taps the ore territory in the northern peninsula.

The transaction places the Pennsylvania, it is said, beyond harm by other railroad combinations, and incidentally brings it to Detroit, into the territory of the Wabash Railroad, so that it looks as if the new purchase were one phase in the fight with the Gould interests.

The Detroit Southern strikes the Norfolk and Western at Glen Jean, near Portsmouth, Ohio. A big territory, valuable as a feeder for the Norfolk and Western, is opened up.

HIS LICENSE TO DRINK.

It Was Made Out for Ward, and Hennessey Didn't Profit by It.

A stout man with red whiskers and a bruised face when arraigned yesterday in the Essex Market police court charged with being drunk on Saturday night on the Bowery said: "Your Honor, I have got a license to drink whiskey and get drunk."

"What do you mean?" asked Magistrate Cornell.

"Here it is," said the prisoner, as he handed the Magistrate a dirty piece of paper. It was a physician's certificate that the bearer, John Ward, was subject to chronic malaria and that it was necessary for him to drink quinine and whiskey in inordinate quantities.

"It says here," said the Magistrate, "that John Ward is the sufferer, and you say your name is Michael E. Hennessey."

"Well, I tell you how that is," said the prisoner. "Hennessey is my court name and Ward my right name."

"Ten days," said the Magistrate.

THREE POLICEMEN ACCUSED.

Photographer Pantaneus Declares That One Challenged Him to a Duel.

Policemen Edward Larkins, Carl Becker and John Kern of the West 125th street station will be placed on trial next Thursday before Commissioner Partridge for being off post and for making trouble for Henry Pantaneus, a photographer of 130th street and Eighth avenue. Pantaneus says that Becker has unjustly accused him of having written to Becker's wife, declaring that Becker was showing attentions to a girl in the neighborhood.

He says also Becker challenged him to a duel with pistols, and that he was willing, but Larkins refused to let him have his (Larkins's) revolver.

Pantaneus avers that the three cops, whose posts are in front of his gallery, frequently spent hours at a time off post in his place, drinking and enjoying themselves, and he has photographs of Becker and Larkins taken in the gallery to prove his statement. He accuses Kern of being off post a number of times.

COPS ANGRY AT MILES O'REILLY.

They're Kept So Busy Seeing They're Not Caught That Vice Is Rampant!

Ever since Capt. Miles O'Reilly discovered four uniformed policemen in a James Slip saloon, and preferred charges against them, the captain has had his troubles in the Oak street precinct. His men have had theirs too, and they are not pleased with their commander. One policeman described the Oak street force yesterday as being "on the verge of revolt."

"We're kept so busy watching for Miles and his five imported Brooklyn detectives who are trying to catch us napping," said the cop, "that we haven't time to suppress vice and crime, an' the Old Man he's so busy fakin' charges against us that he's got to let the precinct run wide open."

The policeman pointed out saloons which seemed to be doing a lively Sunday trade as evidence of "wide openness." He said that the policemen were talking of going "higher up" about it.

DUTCH GARDEN IN A PARK.

To Be Laid Out in Van Cortlandt at a Cost of $25,000.

Plans for a Dutch Colonial Garden in Van Cortlandt Park are now being drawn. The garden will cover three acres and is to cost $25,000. It will be located between Van Cortlandt Lake and Tibbett's Brook. A drain will be made from the lake to supply a water front twelve feet wide and five feet deep around the garden.

The garden will be in front of the old manor house, which is used as a museum by the Society of Colonial Dames. It is said that it will be the first real copy of a Dutch garden in this country. The garden will be cut up into walks, arbors and flower beds in imitation of some of the most noted gardens in Holland.

DENIAL FROM BARON VON MUMM

That He Is About to Be Appointed German Ambassador Here.

Baron von Mumm von Schwartzstein, German Minister at Pekin and former German Minister and Chargé d'Affaires at Washington, took the trouble yesterday to deny that he is about to be appointed Ambassador to the United States. The Baron declared that he had no reason to believe that the German Government contemplated any change in its representation at Washington.

Baron von Mumm has been visiting friends at Newport and at Bar Harbor. He sails to-morrow for home on a six months' leave of absence and may possibly return to his post in China by way of this country.

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