The Sun.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1904.
Clearing and colder to-day; fair to-morrow.

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HAY'S $40,000 PICTURE SAVED

TRANSFERRED FROM A CRACKING PANEL TO CANVAS.

The Face of the Secretary of State's Botticelli Madonna Imbedded in Tissue Paper and the Inch Thick Wooden Back Sandpapered Off—The Layer of Paint Then Transferred Uninjured to Canvas—Operation Lasted a Year.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—A Botticelli "Madonna," said to be worth $40,000, but not for sale at any price, has been saved to Mr. Hay, the Secretary of State, by a resort to a delicate operation that required persistent work and the most scrupulous care and watchfulness for a year. Another painting belonging to Mr. Hay, less valuable, perhaps, only in that some doubt has been expressed by experts as to whether it was the work of Botticelli or his famous master, Fra Lippo Lippi, the Carmelite, has been saved also through similar efforts. If the cost of this work were added to the worth of the two paintings their value would be increased greatly.

Sandro Botticelli, the Florentine painter, died very early in the sixteenth century, so that the $40,000 work which Mr. Hay possesses is at least 400 years old. Lippo Lippi died in 1468. Both works are panels, and it was through the cracking of the wood, due partly to age and partly to the effects of the extremely variable climate of this part of the country, that the destruction of these magnificent products of art, each worth a prince's ransom, was threatened.

The panel known to be a Botticelli original is a Madonna in profile, the figure full length, surrounded by a host of cherubim. This was a favorite study of Botticelli, and Mr. Hay's gem has all the color which made the Florentine master stand alone among his competitors. The panel hung for years upon the wall of the main stairway in Mr. Hay's Washington residence, facing the spacious entrance hall.

The other panel, a smaller Madonna, developed cracks from the reverse side that threatened to increase and in time break through the painting itself, thus destroying its beauty and making it, from the standpoint of art, at least, a total loss. Slight cracks were observed, also, in the larger painting, and Mr. Hay, after careful inquiry, resolved, in the hope of saving both masterpieces, to resort to the delicate operation necessary to insure preservation, which he had been informed could be done by a man in New York.

Mr. Hay made arrangements with the New Yorker to undertake the work, but before it was begun the artist died, and Mr. Hay was obliged to look elsewhere for a person acquainted with the process, which had been originated in Europe and successfully applied to the preservation of panel paintings of some of the old masters. He ultimately found the right man, whose studio was also in New York, and to him was intrusted the work.

As the smaller panel was in a greater state of deterioration, one of the cracks having in fact extended all the way through from back to front, until the painting itself was affected, the workman began his delicate commission on it first and, meeting with success, started upon the larger and more valuable subject. The object of the operator was completely to separate the painting proper, that is the paint itself, from the wood upon which it had been placed 400 years ago, without in any way injuring or permitting it to be scratched, rubbed, cracked or bent.

To shave off the paint without injuring the picture was manifestly impossible, for the thin sheet of pigment would have broken of its own weight, if once lifted from the backing. It was, therefore, necessary to attack the backing itself, working from the reverse side downward through the wood until the undercoating of the paint was reached. How this was done is an interesting story.

Over the painted surface were placed hundreds of tiny slips of the thinnest tissue paper, these being held to the paint by a watery paste with just enough adhesive power to make the tissue stick. The slips of the first layer of tissue were pressed down and worked so as to conform correctly to what may be called the paint wrinkles, for Botticelli knew the art of making his pigment stand out in relief ridges to accentuate certain lines. More slips of paper, hundreds more, were pasted over the first layer, and the fingers and thumbs of the operator moulded them into and over the reliefs and the depressions which the foundation slips had followed. Then more slips, then larger sheets of the tissue, a great thickness of them, each carefully placed, pasted and worked over. This done, the panel was lifted, reversed and the matrix of tissue placed upon a prepared foundation of more sheets of the same thin material.

The really important and delicate work was now begun. This was the removal of the wood from the sheet of paint. The operation was performed almost entirely by the use of sand paper, and to make one understand how tedious was the undertaking it is only necessary to say that the panel was nearly an inch thick.

Months of effort brought the operator near to the paint and the most scrupulous care had then to be exercised. As the wood was reduced the polishing away process became slower. Finally only the thinnest possible sheet of wood, thinner even than the paint adhering to its under side, remained.

Here came the crucial test. A too vigorous rub, a slip of the hand, a failure to perceive instantly the first appearance of the paint and coating, might have proved fatal to the valuable masterpiece which it was desired to preserve. But care, patience, keen eyesight and steady nerve won the day, and the last vestige of wood was resolved into powder, leaving only a thin layer of paint lying in a bed of tissue paper.

To have attempted to lift the tissue matrix would probably have been fatal to the painting. It was therefore necessary to secure it to a firm surface before it could be moved. After smearing it carefully with some adhesive substance, the operator laid on a backing of heavy stiff linen canvas, and the picture, matrix and all, was placed away to dry in a room kept at an even temperature. This drying process took a long time.

When it was regarded as safe to move the painting, it was again turned over, the canvas backing being underneath. The removal of the tissue paper was then begun, an easy task until the small slips adhering to the surface of the painting were reached. The parts of these slips not pasted to the paint were removed without difficulty, but it was a long and tedious operation, requiring patience and a gentle touch, to take away the rest.

The painting was found to be unharmed by the operation to which it had been subjected. The colors had been preserved and there was no rubbing away or searing of the paint. A coat of varnish was then applied, and when this was thoroughly dried the Botticelli masterpiece was shipped to Mr. Hay in Washington.

In the dining room of the Secretary of States' residence is a great open fireplace. The larger Madonna has been imbedded in the wall over this, protected by heavy plate glass and with a frame of dull gold that seems to be part of the wall's moulding. It is there to stay. The smaller painting, now also saved from destruction, has been placed elsewhere in the house.

TORNADO KILLS 30 IN ALABAMA.

The Village of Moundville Partly Destroyed—Most of the Victims Negroes.

TUSCALOOSA, Ala., Jan. 22.—Thirty persons were killed outright and a number fatally injured by a tornado that struck Moundville, Ala., a small town twenty miles south of this city, between 12 and 1 o'clock this morning. Of the number of bodies recovered five are those of white persons and twenty-one negroes.

The white persons killed were Frank Warren, salesman, of Birmingham; Robert Powers, 17 years old, of Tuscaloosa; Miss Nettie Farley, Moundville; J. H. Readmont, superintendent pumping station; E. P. Seymour, night operator. The two latter are from Nashville, Tenn.

The night was a bad one, rain starting early in the evening. At midnight a loud roaring sound was heard. Then the buildings succumbed as if they were straws. It was all over in a few moments. People who escaped with their lives became panic stricken and a heavy rain, which beat down for some little time thereafter, hindered the work of rescue.

The southbound fast train got by the place just before the storm, but the northbound train could not pass. The conductor sent a hurry message to headquarters in Birmingham that the entire place had been destroyed by storm and everybody living there had been killed.

Twelve doctors from Tuscaloosa and the wrecking outfit of the Alabama Great Southern Railroad went to the place.

The water tank and the depot of the Alabama Great Southern, with six of the seven stores, ten or twelve modest homes of white people and numbers of cabins occupied by negroes were completely destroyed.

The Moundville Hotel was wrecked. Men and children were carried bodily away three or four hundred yards and some of them killed by the fall. In the hotel three men were killed and two seriously injured.

The night operator, Seymour, went to work at Moundville at 7 o'clock last night for the first time. His body was picked up across the railroad track, fifty feet away from where the depot once stood, horribly mangled.

The following white people are injured, two or three of whom will die: Mrs. Keziah Farley, I. T. Farley, Walter Geddie, Annie Geddie, Mrs. W. A. Grubbs, Sidney Davis, A. B. Taylor, Mrs. Mary McKamey, Mrs. R. L. Griffin, Lee Griffin, A. B. Griffin, K. J. Griffin and William McKamey.

Girls from a college in Tuskaloosa, who went to Moundville this afternoon, cooked and served hot coffee to injured people, both white and colored.

The damage to property foots up $75,000.

NEW WHITE HOUSE PRECEDENT.

The President's Aide Overrules the Justices of the Supreme Court.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—A question of precedence at the State reception given by the President last night was decided adversely to the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the United States Supreme Court, and they are much displeased over the incident. The reception was given in honor of the Supreme Court, and according to custom the Chief Justice and his associates should have been received first. The members of the court assembled in the Red room, and the President and his wife took their places in the receiving line in the Blue room.

Chief Justice Fuller and Mr. Justice Harlan started toward the door of the Blue room, when Major Charles L. McCawley, the marine officer detailed to assist in the White House functions, interposed by saying that "according to custom the members of the Diplomatic Corps should be received first."

Both the Chief Justice and Justice Harlan showed signs of irritation, and the latter said: "Why is that? It is the custom of the court to be received first."

Major McCawley thought differently and said so. Justice Harlan began to argue the point, but meanwhile the line of diplomats had started, and the members of the court fell in behind them.

GORMAN CALLS A CAUCUS.

It Is to Decide What Position Democrats Shall Take on the Canal Treaty.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—Senator Gorman, chairman of the Democratic caucus of the Senate, issued a call to-day for a caucus to-morrow morning to decide what position shall be taken by the minority toward the Panama Canal treaty. The Democrats who favor the ratification of the treaty are confident that they will be able to defeat Mr. Gorman's plan for binding the caucus to vote against it. They claim thirteen or fourteen votes as assured for the treaty, while only twelve are necessary to prevent the operation of the two-thirds rule.

The Democratic leaders in the House are all in favor of ratification, and think Mr. Gorman is making a mistake in endeavoring to line up the party against it, especially as it is a foregone conclusion that the treaty will be ratified.

The Republican leaders in the Senate scout the idea that the treaty stands any chance of defeat. They have 57 votes on that side of the chamber, and but four additional are needed. These, they say, have already been pledged. They do not expect more than sixteen Democratic votes to be cast against the treaty.

SKIN GAME IN WALL STREET.

Financial District Flooded With Bogus Theatre Passes.

Free passes, all forged, to see the play, "By Right of Sword" at the American Theatre were distributed wholesale yesterday among Wall Street clerks and the curb brokers in Broad street.

Thirty or forty of the recipients, some with alleged box passes, showed up at the theatre last night and demanded admission.

All the bogus paper was repudiated at the box office, but some of those who had received the passes, rather than have their trip to Eighth avenue for nothing, bought real tickets with real money and saw the show.

Treasurer Gaines of the theatre declared that he didn't know who had fooled the Wall street clerks. He said also that he was going to ask the police to investigate, but he hasn't done so yet.

Touraine, Out in the Fog, Due This Morning.

The French line steamship La Touraine, from Havre, was reported off Nantucket at 5:35 P. M., yesterday. She should reach her pier this morning if she is not held up by fog.

FAMOUS TRAINS TO FLORIDA.

"N. Y. & Fla. Special," 2:10 P. M. "Fla. & West Indian Ltd.," 9:25 A. M. Unexcelled service via Penn. & Atlantic Coast Line, 1161 B'way.—Adv.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF 'MID LINERS

NEVER WAS SUCH GROPING FOR 'EM DOWN THE BAY.

Revenue Cutter Found the Cedric's Side, but Her Deck Was Invisible in the Fog Aloft—She's Been Here a Day and Isn't Docked Yet—Two More in Company.

A southerly wind that assumed almost gale velocity last night blew on the cold surface of land and sea hereabouts yesterday and created one of the thickest fogs that has ever paralyzed the navigation of this port.

The cottonlike quilt of mist was not by any means local. It extended from an indefinite distance off the coast far inland, and longitudinally from Norfolk to Massachusetts. Three liners, the White Star giantess Cedric from Liverpool, the Graf Waldersee from Hamburg and the Neckar from Bremen were forced to anchor in the gloom down the bay, after ineffectual efforts to grope their way to their piers.

The Cedric arrived off Sandy Hook at 9:14 o'clock on Thursday night and anchored. Nobody saw her, but we have Capt. Haddock's word for it. She was first seen looming off Quarantine station in an evanescent period of translucence at 10:45 o'clock yesterday morning. Then she went into eclipse. The Neckar, which dimly appeared with her, was also swallowed.

Deputy Surveyor Williams, Boarding Officer Howard Steinert and a staff of sixteen customs inspectors who were waiting at the Barge Office for word of the arrival of the ships started down to Quarantine aboard the revenue cutter Hudson, Lieut. C. H. Foote commanding and Pilot James Bradley at the wheel. In the vernacular of pilots, the fog was so thick then that you could cut it with a knife, almost as thick, Bradley said, as the ice the cutter crunched through steaming down the channel with the tide, her whistle screeching warning.

The first ship she almost bumped into was the Ward liner Seneca, from Mexico and Havana. Inspectors were put aboard to take declarations of passengers, and the cutter proceeded by compass, ice massed below and mist clouds driving above, until Bradley thought she ought to be near Quarantine. She was, and there suddenly her company of wet officials found themselves looking up the lofty black wall of a great liner.

They couldn't see her decks, as they were lost in the vapor aloft, and her stem and stern were also invisible. She looked like a section of a big blackboard adrift on end. But there were bells aboard her and it was decided that she was the Cedric. One, the regular ship's bell, was making muffled efforts to ring, and another, which Bradley says sounded much like the ship's dinner gong and made the inspectors feel hungry, was doing noble work.

The first impression aboard the cutter was that the gong and the bell belonged to separate ships. A careful circuit of the great craft by the Hudson showed that she was only one, although big enough for several. Half a dozen inspectors clambered up the cutter's long ladder and stepped off into the mist. It was surmised that they got aboard, and the Hudson went blind-man's-buffing it for other ships.

She discovered the Grangense, but as the doctor hadn't been aboard, she went on until she heard another bell. This was aboard the Neckar. The liner was invisible, but so near to the Hudson that those aboard her could hear the Neckar's men talking. Pilot Bradley hailed the voices, and got answer that the ship was the Neckar.

The tide was turning ebb and it was guessed on the Hudson that the Neckar was swinging to anchor.

"Keep your bell going," Bradley shouted up to the viewless bridge. He didn't want to lose the liner in the phenomenal opacity. Luckily, there was a moment of comparative brightness that enabled a squad of inspectors to board.

The Hudson drifted off again and nearly ran afoul of the little steamship Donald, from Miragoane, with a cargo of logwood and one of the heaviest lists to port ever seen hereabout in a ship afloat. Boarding Officer Steinert found that the Donald hadn't a pound of coal aboard, having used the last lump to make Quarantine. Her skipper said he would tow to his destination, Flushing.

Finally the Hudson discovered the Munson Line steamship Ulriken, from Mexican ports. Then it was late in the afternoon and still so thick that the consensus of nautical opinion on the Hudson was that none of the big ships would venture to dock through the ice clogged waters and the fog. Therefore it was decided to rescue the inspectors, and the Hudson gallantly attempted it. She did much dodging, and just after sunset had picked up all hands.

The colossal Cedric's 297 cabin passengers, having spent one night practically in port, were mighty anxious to land. Capt. Haddock and the Sandy Hook pilot declared that they'd bring the ship in if the trick could be done. She left Quarantine, preceded by the tug Nichols, and barely crept up the channel. Off Robbin's Reef the obscuration was impenetrable ten yards or less from the bridge, and Capt. Haddock let go anchor again. He had sent word to Staten Island by the Nichols that he would try to make dock, and the pier superintendent hoped he would, as did about two hundred friends of the belated voyagers, until 8 o'clock last night.

Hope was abandoned then and the weary waiters went home. Among the Cedric's passengers are the Duchess of Sutherland, John T. Lewis, the St. Louis exposition's commissioner to Portugal and Brazil; Miss Leiter, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Keir, Mr. and Mrs. H. Maitland, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hobart, Walter Boden, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Brewster, Erastus S. Day and Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Leggett. Diedrich Castens, a steward aboard the Neckar, while demented jumped overboard in midocean and was lost.

The Neckar left Quarantine half an hour after the Cedric essayed to get up, but returned and dropped anchor for the night. The Graf Waldersee, after staggering around inside the Narrows, got into Gravesend Bay, out of the course of traffic, and anchored. During a clear spell late at night the coasters City of Augusta from Savannah and the Monroe from Norfolk reached dock.

The fog was not so dense in the rivers as in the bay, but ferryboats were all belated. The Richard Peck of the New Haven Line, which left her pier at the foot of Clarkson street, North River, at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, was seen at anchor off the foot of East Twenty-sixth street, two hours later.

Two tugs were standing by and the impression got around among folks ashore that she had been disabled and was about to be taken in tow. She was seen to get under way later, preceded by the tugs, and resume her course.

The Ellis Island ferryboat John G. Carlisle left the Barge Office at 5 o'clock, and, after discovering all the other islands in the upper bay except Ellis, returned to the Barge Office. Demands for her came over the telephone from a lot of marooned inspectors and other immigration employees on the island, and she went out again, and, after bumping into Liberty Island, found that Ellis Island was still in the water where last charted and took off the anxious ones. They were two hours overdue at the Barge Office.

A peculiarity of the fog was that it was densest where the ice in the rivers was heaviest. Travellers by the North River ferries found themselves held up in Jersey City last night by a lofty barrier of vapor built on a foundation of ice jammed along the Jersey slips. Beyond the barrier, toward this city, the air was clear, and the shift of wind had driven the ice over to the Jersey shore.

ODELL TOLD TO BE CHAIRMAN.

It's His Only Chance to Stay State Boss His Friends Say.

Gov. Odell came down from Albany yesterday morning and was in the downtown district until the afternoon, when he dropped in at the Fifth Avenue Hotel for a few moments, before starting out to visit friends in the Republican Club. At the hotel later the Governor met Timothy L. Woodruff, William Halpin, Lemuel E. Quigg and several others. Gov Odell said that he would remain in town until to-night.

Gov. Odell's friends, it was declared, have advised him very strongly to become chairman of the Republican State committee at the State convention, which is to assemble, probably in New York city, in April. At this convention the four delegates-at-large to the national convention are to be selected.

Gov. Odell's friends, it was added, have urged that he become State chairman, and they have candidly told him that that was the way for him to retain his hold on the Republican party of the State, which at the moment is very precarious and which threatens to become weaker, until the early summer.

Gov. Odell told some of his friends yesterday that he did not desire to press legislation at Albany this winter. It was argued that after all the session would be a short one and might adjourn either on March 15 or the last week in March.

Of course Gov. Odell is paying a good deal of attention to electing Congress district delegates to the national convention. Some of his talk yesterday concerned the men who were to be sent from the Congress districts in Manhattan.

Gov. Odell had nothing to say about the action of the State Bar Association in taking up the charges against Supreme Court Justice Hooker. Information last night was to the effect that impeachment proceedings against Justice Hooker will be begun in the legislature at Albany before it adjourns.

WILL PAY $775,000 POLICY.

New York Life Company Will Not Contest the James L. Blair Claim.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 22.—The New York Life Insurance Company will make no contest on the payment of the $775,000 insurance carried through its company by the late James L. Blair, who was accused of many frauds just before his death. Checks for the full amount have already been prepared and will be delivered to Mr. Blair's beneficiaries as soon as they present the formal proofs of his death.

"The money is waiting for the Blair beneficiaries in our New York offices," said Thomas A. Buckner, vice-president of the company, who came to St. Louis to-day to attend a convention of the company's agents in the central district. Mr. Buckner said that Mr. Blair had violated no rules of the company and that no contest would be considered.

Robert G. Hogan, general agent of the company in St. Louis, says that the total insurance in all companies on Mr. Blair's life was $1,125,000. He has reason to believe that not more than $450,000 of this has been assigned to creditors, leaving $675,000 for Mrs. Blair.

FORAKER SEES THE PRESIDENT.

Afterward He Said It Would Be a "Fight to a Finish" in Ohio.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—Senator Foraker called on the President this morning, but he afterward declined to discuss the subject of the interview, or even to acknowledge that it related to the impending fight between the two Ohio Senators for instructed delegates from that State to the national convention. He did say, however, that there was to be a contest in the Buckeye State over the instructing of delegates at large to vote for Roosevelt, and he added that it would be a fight to a finish. The opposition, he said, had begun the fight, and they would have all they wanted of it before it was over.

Asked whether the President would take any part in the fight, Mr Foraker replied:

"I entered the fight for instructed delegates of my own volition, because I felt it was my duty to stand by the President; and I propose to stand for delegates that are from the heart as well as from the lips for Roosevelt."

CLEVELAND BANK FAILS.

The Produce Exchange—Its Cashier a Defaulter for $170,000.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Jan. 22.—The Produce Exchange Banking Company made an assignment to-day to the Cleveland Trust Company. Immediately upon the filing of the deed the trust company put a man in charge of the bank and ordered the doors closed. The assets and liabilities of the bank were not stated in the deed.

The deed of assignment was signed by W. H. Gabriel, president, and Charles O. Evarts, secretary. They transferred all real, personal and mixed property to the trust company.

Andrew Squire of Squire, Sanders & Dempsey, attorneys for the bank, made this statement: "George A. Rose, cashier of the bank, is a defaulter to the extent of $170,000. He was a trusted employee of the bank. The defalcation is more than the paid-in capital and surplus combined." Rose speculated in grain.

President A. Gilbert, of the Market and Fulton National Bank, which is the local correspondent of failed Cleveland concern, said yesterday:

"We had no intimation of the failure. The Produce Exchange Banking Company has not been drawing upon its balance with us, which is about the usual amount at the present time."

FAKIR POSED AS MISSING MAN.

He Said He Was Charles Rue, the Missing Hoboken Lawyer, but He Isn't.

Word was received in Hoboken on Thursday night that Charles Rue, the lawyer who disappeared from that city on Dec. 22, had applied to the lodge of Elks at Williamsport, Pa., for assistance, representing himself as an Elk in distress. Rue's mother rejoiced over the news, and William Rue, his brother, and Detective James Kerrigan started for Williamsport to bring the young man home.

Chief of Police Hayes received a telegram from Detective Kerrigan last night saying the man who represented himself as Rue is an impostor. He is in custody.

A few days later the young lawyer was reported missing, and the local lodge of Elks sent a circular bearing a picture and description of Rue to every lodge of Elks in the country.

It is believed that the Williamsport fakir learned through the newspapers that the Elks were interested in the case of the missing lawyer and imagined that he could raise some cash by attempting to impersonate him.

FIREMAN KILLED IN BIG BLAZE.

LIEUT. GIBSON FALLS 60 FEET FROM A LADDER.

He Strikes a Fire Truck, and a Hook Penetrates His Heart—Bliss Company's Brooklyn Plant Much Damaged—Four Alarms Sounded for $250,000 Fire.

A fireman lost his life yesterday in a fire in the E. W. Bliss Company factory, at Adams and Plymouth streets, Brooklyn. The firemen estimate the property damage at $250,000. The man killed was Lieut. George Gibson of Truck 68, which is housed in the Brooklyn Fire Headquarters, on Jay street.

Gibson was leading his men up a ladder when he was either overcome by smoke or lost his footing. He fell sixty feet, passing several other men on the ladder, and was impaled on a hook on the fire truck. The hook went through his body, penetrating his heart, and he died in a few minutes.

The Bliss factory occupies the block bounded by Adams, John, Pearl and Plymouth streets. The Adams street portion of the building is the newer and is six stories high. The office is on the sixth floor of the newer building, and it was there that the fire started, supposedly from defective insulation, shortly after 4 o'clock. There were 1,500 employees in the factory at the time.

The fire spread with amazing rapidity. As soon as it was discovered Supt. Flynn and the office force tried to fight it. The factory whistle was blown three times to warn the employees that there was a fire in the building, and they got out quickly, many of the workmen carrying their tools with them. When the first engine arrived the Plymouth and Adams streets sides of the building were ablaze on the top floor. A second alarm was turned in, which brought Deputy Chief Lally, who sent in a third and fourth alarm.

Before the second relay of fire fighters arrived Lieut Gibson met his death. The fire looked so bad at this time that ambulances were called from the Cumberland street, Seney, Eastern District and Brooklyn hospitals. Dr. Ingalls of the Cumberland street hospital arrived first, but he was too late to help Lieut. Gibson. Chaplain Handel got to the fire before Gibson expired and prayed for him while his fellow workers carried his body into the office of a nearby coal yard.

The flames spread all over the top floor of the new factory, and from the Brooklyn Bridge it looked as if the entire building was ablaze. Acting Fire Chief Kruger went over to Brooklyn when the fourth alarm was sounded, and when he arrived the blaze was well under control. It was Chief Lally who estimated the loss at $250,000. The officers of the Bliss company refused to guess at the loss, but said no matter how much it was it would be fully covered by insurance. H. T. Seaman, the secretary of the Bliss company, said that none of the employees was hurt.

Capt. Conroy and Joseph Radigan of Hook and Ladder Company 108 both had their hands slightly burned by friction in sliding five feet down a ladder. They lost their footing on the rungs, but managed to hang on to the uprights of the ladder until their comrades stopped their descent.

The Bliss company manufactures the Bliss-Leavitt torpedoes, but does not load them. They recently received a large order for torpedoes from the Government and began work on the order a few days ago. The fire will not interfere with the Government contract, as the work can be continued at the other Bliss factory at the foot of Fifty-third street, Brooklyn. The principal work done in the main factory, where the fire occurred was the manufacture of machinery for making sheet metal work. The damage by water to the factory machinery will be great.

Deputy Fire Commissioner Doyle was at the fire, but he had a lot of trouble before he could break through the fire lines. He had no fire badge. Neither had Chaplain Handel, who accompanied him. They elbowed their way through the crowd at Adams and Plymouth streets, but before they could get on the inner edge of it a policeman grabbed them both by the collar and shoved them back into the crowd roughly.

"You guys can't butt in here," said the cop.

"But I am the Fire Commissioner," said Mr. Doyle.

"Stop your kiddin'," said the cop.

Dr. Hurd, a veterinary surgeon of the Fire Department, came up in time to prevent the Fire Commissioner's feelings from being further ruffled. Dr. Hurd explained matters to the policeman and the bluecoat was profuse in his apologies. Other officials who attended the fire were Deputy Police Commissioner Haggerty and Borough President Cassidy of Queens.

Back of the Bliss factory and facing on the water front is the Arbuckle sugar refinery. John Arbuckle was busy during the fire seeing that sparks from the burning building did not set fire to his refinery. Mr. Arbuckle hunted up Fire Chief Lally and offered the aid of his employees. Chief Lally thanked him and said he had men enough on hand to put out the fire. The fire was under control at 6 o'clock, but the firemen remained on duty there two hours longer, working in mud and slush ankle deep.

Lieut. Gibson was 38 years old and he had been in the department over ten years. He stood 6 feet 3 inches high and was one of the most popular men in the department. He was stationed at Fire Headquarters and knew all the department officials. In the trial room yesterday he interceded for a fellow fireman who had been absent without leave. He leaves a widow and family.

BIG STATUE READY TO CAST.

Alabama's Colossal Vulcan Could Be Set Up Only in a Church.

PASSAIC, N. J., Jan. 22.—A colossal statue of Vulcan was finished to-day in the uncompleted St. Stephen's Church in this city and will be shipped to Birmingham, Ala., to-morrow to be cast in iron for the Alabama State exhibit at the St. Louis exposition. It is the work of Giuseppe Moretti, who, after completing a clay model in his New York studio, hit upon the uncompleted church in this city while in search of a place high enough to contain the colossal statue.

The giant clay figure which was erected by the sculptor has been covered with a heavy coating of plaster of Paris. It will be cut in sections for shipment to Birmingham.

The fund for the statue was raised by the citizens of Birmingham, and at the close of the exposition the figure will be returned to that city and set up in the Capitol park. At St. Louis it will be the centre of the State exhibit of iron and steel products. It is the second largest statue in the world, the largest, it is said, being the Statue of Liberty.

Snowhouse Buries a Boy.

A four foot high snowhouse which eleven-year-old Louis Franque of 46 East Thirty-fifth street, Bayonne, built fell in on him yesterday. For two hours the boy was a prisoner. When it was time for supper Mrs. Franque made a search for him. She saw the tumbled down snowhouse, but never thought Louis was under it until she heard a faint groan. She dug him out and found that he wasn't badly hurt.

THE HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS.

Owned by U. S. Government. Ideal winter resort. Indorsed by Government for rheumatism and many other ills. Golf. 100 hotels of all grades. For complete information address Bureau of Information, Hot Springs, Ark.—Adv.

EXPLORER STARVED TO DEATH.

Leonidas Hubbard, Long Lost, Found in the Interior of Labrador.

News reached this city last night that Leonidas Hubbard the assistant editor of *Outing*, who set out last July to explore Labrador, had been found starved to death in the interior by an exploring party in search of him. His body is being brought by slege to Montreal, but it will be weeks before it reaches New York.

TEACHER MURDERED.

Miss Schafer Said to Have Been One of the Best Educators in Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 22.—Miss Sarah Schafer, a teacher in the Bedford High School in Lawrence county and one of the best educators of the State, was murdered last night. The body was found this morning in a shed owned by William Cook, a cabman.

The discovery was made by Mr. Cook and his son-in-law, John Hendricks. The clothing was dirty and torn and covered with blood and the features were unrecognizable. It is thought she was waylaid while on her return home.

The murder was either preceded or followed by brutal assault. Her murderer will probably be lynched if caught.

CHECKED A FIRE WITH SOAP.

Quick Witted Cop Plugs Up a Broken and Blazing Gas Pipe.

A quickwitted cop named Schafer of the Elizabeth street station prevented a fire in a six story tenement house at 24 Mott street last night by plugging up a leaking gas pipe with soap.

Wing Mow Sin, a merchant on the ground floor of the building, went looking for a leak in his gas meter with a lighted candle. There was a sharp explosion and Wing ran shrieking to the street. Schafer hustled in and found the place ablaze.

The pipe feeding the meter had melted off and the escaping gas was filling the whole store with flames. He grabbed a bar of soap and plugged the pipe. The fire was all out before the engines arrived.

CRUSHED BY ELEVATOR CAR.

Boy Ran It Up While Painter Sat on Its Roof—Latter Instantly Killed.

David Wilkins, a painter, of 124 West Twenty-fourth street, was crushed to death between the elevator and the roof of the shaft in the building at 41 East Eleventh street yesterday afternoon. Wilkins was painting the shaft and sat on the roof of the elevator car while a boy ran the machine up and down. A tenant on the sixth floor rang the bell, and the boy, forgetting about the painter, ran the elevator straight to the roof.

Some one in the building telephoned for the firemen and an ambulance from St. Vincent's Hospital. The firemen weren't needed, nor was the ambulance, for Wilkins had been killed instantly.

FLOODS IN THE RIVERS.

Much Ice Running and Mills Compelled to Shut Down.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 22.—The local rivers will reach a stage of thirty feet by 10 o'clock to-morrow morning. The streams are rising four inches an hour.

A canal barge containing 25,000 bushels of coal was torn from its mooring near the Point Bridge to-night and sunk. The Monongahela and Allegheny rivers are running bank to bank full of ice, most of it being from 18 to 20 inches thick. Many of the large manufacturing plants along both rivers had to shut down owing to the high water.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Jan. 22.—The threatening ice gorges moved to-day without the loss expected owing to the breaking of the gorges below the city in advance and the rising of the river, thus opening a channel for the rush of ice.

KILLED BY BRIDGE CAR.

Yardmaster Charles Yeaton Crushed and Also Burned by Third Rail.

Charles Yeaton, 26 years old, of 360 Nostrand avenue, Brooklyn, a yardmaster in the employ of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company in the yards over High street, was instantly killed about 7:50 o'clock last evening by being crushed under a Bridge car and severely burned by the third rail. He was coupling two cars when the accident occurred, the air brakes having failed to work properly.

The body was wedged under the car, which had to be jacked up before it could be extricated. Motorman Edward J. Keenan was arrested on the charge of homicide. The accident blocked the Bridge trains for forty minutes.

CHEERED ON BY THE PRESIDENT.

Gen. Horatio C. King Achieves His Fourteenth Grandchild.

On one of his trips to Washington a few months ago Gen. Horatio C. King called on President Roosevelt, and in the course of a pleasant chat proudly informed him that he had thirteen grandchildren. On Monday the fourteenth grandchild arrived and Gen. King notified President Roosevelt of his good luck. He received this prompt response:

MY DEAR GEN. KING: Three cheers for you and especially for the mother of the youngest grandchild. Sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

57 ARRESTS THIS MORNING.

A Prizefight in First Avenue Raided by Capt. Hogan.

Capt. Hogan of the East Sixty-seventh street station with a half dozen detectives raided a prize fight in the back room of the saloon kept by J. D. Adler at 1210 First avenue early this morning.

Fifty-seven prisoners, including the two prizefighters, Bobby Flynn and Willie Fitzgerald, bantam weights, were taken.

A. C. TWINING CONVICTED.

Former President of Asbury Park Bank May Get Ten Year Term.

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 22.—Albert C. Twining, formerly president of the First Bank of Asbury Park, was convicted in the United States District Court to-day of making false entries in the books of the bank and certifying to false reports to the Comptroller of the Treasury.

The maximum penalty is ten years and the minimum five.

Deerfoot Farm Sausages.

There is nothing more appetizing and delightful for a winter's breakfast. Try a 2-pound package. —Adv.

12:55 P. M.

Hour of departure Seaboard Florida Limited. The quick train to St. Augustine. Office, 1183 Broadway.—Adv.

HERE'S MRS. STETSON'S FOE.

DR. CHARLES G. PEASE, A DENTAL INSTRUMENT OF THE LORD.

It Was He Who Made Anonymous Attacks on the Head Lady of the X-Science Temple—His Defence of His Methods—Views on the Error of Toothache.

The person who began, two months ago, a series of anonymous attacks on Mrs. Augusta E Stetson, the real leader of the First Church of Christ (Scientist), is Charles G. Pease, M. D., D. D. S., a dentist and manufacturer of tooth powder at Seventy-second street and Columbus avenue. He painlessly extracted himself yesterday from the fog of mystery in which he had been trying to create public interest and declared that he was only an instrument of the Lord, a sort of metaphysical forceps, to pull Mrs. Stetson from her throne of power in the million-dollar Christian Science temple at Ninety-sixth street and Central Park West.

Dr. Pease is a member of the First Church himself, but he has not become sufficiently imbued with the notions of Mother Eddy to believe that toothache is an error that requires prayer or absent treatment rather than pulling and that a bad tooth should be filled with thought rather than gold.

When he made his confession, yesterday, Dr. Pease was asked if there was anything inconsistent between his dental profession and his profession of belief in Christian Science. He said that he didn't think so, and then made a fourth or fifth attempt to finish a statement to the effect that he was an instrument of the Lord.

It was on Nov. 27 that Dr. Pease first attracted attention to himself and his dental parlors. On that day he sent to all the newspapers the following mysterious note:

Representatives of the press are requested to meet a gentleman who will make important statements about spiritual wickedness in high places.

The name and address of the dentist were enclosed with the note.

Newspaper men went there in droves expecting to hear startling revelations about the Czar or King Edward or some Exalted Person. They were disappointed.

The dentist tiptoed across his office, closed all the doors and then said in a hoarse whisper to the expectant reporters that Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson was too arbitrary in her methods of running the First Church and that she was trying to usurp the place of Mother Eddy. That was all.

That was all. The startling revelation didn't rouse even a ripple of excitement in the First Church. Two days later the million-dollar temple was dedicated. Mrs. Stetson was high priestess of the occasion.

Dr. Pease repeated his attacks as often as he could get anybody patient enough to listen to his mysterious whisper. He never speaks above a whisper. He declares that he is watched by detectives, which is a mistake.

In one interview he accused Mrs. Stetson of stabbing people in the back.

"Isn't that exactly what you are doing, Dr. Pease, by making these anonymous attacks on Mrs. Stetson?" he was asked.

"No," he whispered as softly as a milk tooth leaving a baby's gum, "the Lord is directing me. I must work in the dark for the good of all. If my identity was revealed now I would be put out of the church and then I would not be in a position to carry on my opposition to the arbitrary power of Mrs. Stetson. I must remain on the inside to do the Lord's work.

"I have a large following already and our motto is truth without personality. That will be the slogan of the forces of truth forming to overthrow Mrs. Stetson."

Dr. Pease evidently overestimated the strength of his following, for on Tuesday night of this week at the annual meeting of the church, with practically all the members there, resolutions indorsing Mrs. Stetson were passed without a dissenting vote.

The dentist was there. When asked the next day about it, he said that he didn't vote at all, because he didn't want to disturb the harmony of the meeting.

Whatever the dentist may have hoped to do at the outset, he has accomplished nothing in his efforts to stir up a row among the Scientists; but no obscure person ever took himself more seriously than this dentist of Seventy-second street.

Mrs. Stetson declined to say anything about Dr. Pease yesterday. On the day of the dedication of the new temple, two days after the dentist made his first attack upon her, she said:

"If we knew the name of this member who has made this attack, he would be expelled from the church forthwith, unless we found that he was insane. Then he would be a subject for healing."

Dr. Pease said yesterday that he had no intention of resigning from the church and that he could not tell what his next move would be till he had received another divine message.

BISHOP DUDLEY DEAD HERE.

Heart Disease Kills the Kentucky Prelate at Relative's Home.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas Underwood Dudley, Episcopal Bishop of Kentucky died of heart disease yesterday afternoon at the home of his mother-in-law, the late Mrs. Elizabeth W. Aldrich, of 200 Madison avenue.

Mrs. Aldrich died on Tuesday. It was because of her illness that Bishop Dudley came to this city from Louisville a week ago.

He was staying after the funeral of Mrs. Aldrich to attend the services of consecration of the Rev. Dr. Greer as Bishop Coadjutor. While, apparently in his usual health, talking with members of his family, he was stricken and died almost instantly.

Dr. Dudley was both a churchman and a soldier. He was regarded as one of the most eloquent preachers among the Episcopal clergy. He was born on Sept. 26, 1837, at Richmond, Va., and was graduated from the University of Virginia in 1858.

He was a professor of Latin at that university when the civil war began. The professor enlisted in the Confederate service and fought throughout the war, attaining the rank of Major.

It was not until after the war that he began studying for the church. He was graduated from the Virginia Theological Seminary at Alexandria. His first charge was Christ Church in Baltimore.

After that he was rector of several other big churches in the South, and in 1875 he was elected Assistant Bishop of Kentucky. In the same year, upon the death of the Rt. Rev. B. B. Smith, he became Bishop of Kentucky.

Bishop Dudley was made chairman of the House of Bishops at the last Episcopal General Convention. He was an author as well as a preacher. Much of his time and thought was devoted to the improvement of the condition of the negro.

The Bishop's body will be taken to Louisville to-day and the funeral services will be held there on Jan. 27, the twenty-ninth anniversary of his consecration. He leaves a widow and six daughters and three sons.