NOTES OF THE CONVENTION.

INCIDENTS THAT FILL IN THE CHINKS AT ST. LOUIS.

World's Fair Visitors Assemble at the Hotel Jefferson to See Celebrities—Delegates Partial to Snap Shots—"Broiled Owl" in St. Louis Restaurants.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 4.—The Hon. Willis Holly, one of the chiefest ornaments of the New York city delegation, brought to this convention the most artistic whiskers that have been seen in St. Louis. He cared for and protected them as well as the circumstances would permit on the train, but the insidious soft coal smoke of the rail locomotive worked its way into their most intimate recesses and when Mr. Holly arrived he felt that in justice to himself he ought to have an expert attend to his beard.

Into the first inviting barber shop Mr. Holly hurried and there seated himself in a chair. "Trim my beard," he said to the whitecoated attendant. Then he gave specific directions as to the manner in which it should be trimmed and resigned himself to await the conclusion of the operation. The barber was deft and skilful. After a not too long interval he released Mr. Holly from the chair.

Mr. Holly looked at the result of the operation with approval, and then, drawing from his pocket a roll of paper money as big as his head he peeled off a five dollar note and handed, it to the barber. The barber took it to the cashier, and after a moment returned to Mr. Holly. He handed to the late customer three silver dollars. Mr. Holly looked at them.

"What is this?" he asked.

"Your change, sir," said the barber with great politeness.

"My change?" asked Mr. Holly, still looking at the cart wheels.

"Yes, sir," responded the beard trimmer.

"Oh, take them," said Mr. Holly, handing them back to him. "I always pay $5 for having my beard trimmed in New York."

"I see that the Miles boom has stuck its head above water here," said an old-timer this evening. "Miles has been a candidate for the nomination for President ever since 1884. While the Prohibitionists were in session in Indianapolis they wanted to make him their candidate for the Presidency. I happened to be in the town, and I said to one of the leaders of the party: 'Why, Miles would never do for you. He's no temperance man. He likes to take a drink when he wants it. He's no Prohibitionist.' My friend looked at me reproachfully and said: 'My dear sir, Gen. Miles has been a lifelong Prohibitionist ever since his doctor looked him over in 1902.'

The crowd that collects in front of the Jefferson, where the national committee has its headquarters, is one of the sights of the convention. It is made up in part of residents of St. Louis who have no better occupation than to watch the edge of the fringe of the political whirlpool. But the major part of the throng which blocks the sidewalk and obstructs the passageways is recruited from the thousands of strangers who are in the city to attend the world's fair.

Many of these persons are from Canada, and some of them are from European countries. A great many of them are shy about thrusting themselves into the centre of the crush in the hotel corridor, and therefore they stay on the outside. As the great men of the party pass to and fro they are pointed out to every one, and frequently they have no little difficulty in making their way through the crowds.

Some of the members of the gallery are residents of country districts who have not the nerve to rub shoulders with the unknowns in the corridors. When one of these sees a politician from his home district he pounces on him at once, and with the first breath demands that tickets be provided for him and his friends which will enable him to attend every session of the convention.

The delegates who have met with constituents in the crowd may be distinguished because of their habit of using the side door to enter and leave the hotel. In the crowd are always photographers, who spend their day in snapping the celebrities when they appear. Col. Bryan seems to enjoy being snapped. In fact, most of the Democrats are not averse to having their pictures taken for publication, and there is always the usual number of butters-in anxious to be included in every picture that is made.

In one of St. Louis' popular restaurants the most expensive item on the bill of fare is labelled "broiled owl." None of the New Yorkers who are here have ever heard of broiled owl. They know what a broiled owl is by reputation, but owl as an article of food was a new one on them. On examining the bill of fare carefully, however, they found that the price asked for broiled owl was exactly the same as that that would be asked for a fine game bird that is now out of season.

Since this discovery was made it has been the generally accepted theory that the man who ordered owl would get a fine partridge. But no one has had the sand to order the item and find out what it is.

"Suppose," said the Hon. John J. Delany, "suppose that I should order owl and get owl. I am not prepared to take the risk. I prefer to get my wisdom in another way."

The Tammany leaders are all congratulating themselves that they reached St. Louis at all. Soon after a train on which some of them came to town left Altoona the engineer opened the throttle to make up a little lost time. The speed of the train increased rapidly, and just as the Tammany men were getting used to it it took a sharp curve at a rate that threatened to throw their special car off the track. Leader Murphy, Representative Cockran and half a dozen others were thrown out of their seats and went careening to the other side of the car.

"The trucks on the left side of the car left the track and went ten feet in the air," said Secretary Smith of Tammany Hall in describing the incident. "We all fell over to the other side and for several minutes we felt as though nothing could keep the car on the track and us in the car. The floor of the car was at right angles to the roadbed. Mr. Murphy was the first to recover his presence of mind. He got up on his feet and looked sternly at the side of the car that had risen in the air. Then he said: 'Down, Rover, down!' The car obeyed and returned gradually and gently to the track. If Mr. Murphy had not been there to give orders I am sure some of us would not have lived to tell the story."

Col. Bill Sterrett of Dallas, the great cosmopolitan from the Lone Star State, appeared in town to-day. He had no sooner taken his place in the ranks of the statesmen in the Jefferson lobby than a young man approached him and said:

"Col. Sterrett, stand still right here for a moment and I will run and get a cartoonist to make a picture of you."

"Now, ain't we a damn queer nation?" remarked the Colonel. "When we want to compliment a man, instead of saying to him, 'Let us have a drink on me,' or 'You're looking remarkably well this morning,' or telling him how much he reminds us of the greatest man that ever lived, we say: 'Here, you, stand still and I'll run off and get a man to make you look a damned sight worse than you do, and then print it in the paper where all of the people that don't like you will see it.' It's a great country, and the more of it I see, the greater I think it is." The cartoonist arrived at this moment and Col. Sterrett submitted to the pencil without turning an eyelash.

The Hon. John Wesley Gaines of Tennessee, held forth this morning in the hotel lobbies on the subject of the Philippines. Mr. Gaines went to the Philippines once and spent enough time there to become the greatest living authority on the islands and their people. He knows almost as much about the Philippines as the Hon. Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana knows about Russia, Siberia, Manchuria and Asia.

Mr. Gaines is for the independence of the islands right away, and he wants to have the question settled in the Democratic convention without bothering Congress or the rest of the country about it at all. Wherever he went to-day there could be heard "oppression," "slavery," "despotism," "broken pledges." About one group, to which Mr. Gaines was discoursing, there hovered a man with gray whiskers and inquisitive eyes.

"Who is he?" he asked of an Oklahoma delegate.

"Gaines of Tennessee," said the Boomer.

"What is he talking about?" asked the stranger.

"Human liberty," said the man from the Territory.

"Oh, to hell with him," muttered the stranger, and moved toward the bar.

The Hon. William Randolph Hearst selected his reception room in the Empire suite of the Jefferson. His followers took fright. "It will suggest imperialism!" they cried. "Let the common people in," wired Mr. Hearst, "they will take the shine off the imperialism in short order." To-day the common people who were looking out of the Empire suite windows saw a balloon drifting rapidly towards the east, almost out of sight among the clouds. "Look! Look!" cried the crowd. "What is it?" said those who crowded to the windows. "It is the Hearst boom and it's way up in the air," was the answer.

One of the chief occupations of the Hearst workers is to wander about the streets and the hotels and count the buttons on the coats of the persons that they meet. This morning the Hearst buttons outnumbered all others six to one, and the managers of the boom announced that Mr. Hearst would be nominated on the first ballot and before the roll call was completed.

"Bryan is the sainted regenerator of the human race," declared a man from Pennsylvania as the Peerless wandered through the hotel to-day. "Isn't he gentle looking?" said a young woman who had stood outside the national committee room for two hours to get a glimpse of him. "There is the wrecker," said a New York delegate. "Here comes the man who knocked John P. Hopkins out in the national committee meeting," piped an Illinois man as Mr. Bryan drew near.

Col. Bryan always commands an audience. When he stops to shake hands with a friend a crowd gathers around them and necks are craned to hear what the silver voiced has to say. A good many persons shake Col. Bryan by the hand whom he has no recollection of ever having seen before.

"Don't you remember meeting me in Marshalltown in 1896?" an enthusiast will say.

Col. Bryan tries to be truthful and usually succeeds in dodging the straight question. To-day one of his acquaintances recalled to him an incident that marked one of his visits to Milwaukee. Whenever Col. Bryan spoke the local committee would make a point of having on the platform some old Democratic voter to show that the rank and file of the unterrified would not bolt his nomination as the Republicans asserted they would. At Milwaukee the oldest Democrat that could be found was a deaf man named Jones, who voted for Andrew Jackson and knew Jackson and had voted the straight ticket at every election afterward. He had a seat on the platform, but in the hurry of opening the meeting he was overlooked and was not introduced to Bryan.

After the prayer had been offered at the opening of the meeting the chairman bethought him of the old voter, and at once trotted him out to the front. The hall was quiet. Bryan stood in the middle stage ready to go on with his speech and the oldest voter was led into the limelight.

"Mr. Bryan, I want to present to you the oldest Democrat in Wisconsin," said the chairman of the meeting. "He voted for Jackson. He has kept the faith and he is going to vote for you. He is a living refutation of the charge that the old line Democrats will not support you."

"I am very glad to meet you, sir," said Mr. Bryan, clasping the hand of the old voter, who tottered on his cane. "I am proud to know that the old line Democrats are with me in this fight. With the aid of the men like you our cause cannot fail of success."

The hall was still and the old line Democrat screwed up his ear in his hand. Then he piped out in a penetrating voice that reached every corner of the building:

"What name, please?"

Col. Bryan smiled grimly when he heard this incident recalled.

The Hon. Thomas J. Conway of Plattsburg brought with him to the convention a double outfit of golf sticks and balls. The clubs required two large golf bags for transportation and when they were sent to the room which Mr. Conway shares with another distinguished Democrat he was asked why he had brought them along. "All these shouters tell me that this convention is going to last for two or three months," said Mr. Conway. "I've come prepared. Now they can go as far as they like. I'll find a links and I'll be ready for anything that they want to spring on me."

The Hon. Edward C. Wall of Wisconsin has refused the nomination for the Vice-Presidency. Every one is a little bit hazy as to who offered it to him, but he has commissioned his friends to announce that under no circumstances will he allow himself to be drafted for that post. "The Presidency or nothing," cry the Wall brothers, and all the men from Wisconsin echo the cry from the housetops.

The only surviving member of the Cabinet of President Jefferson Davis of the Confederate States of America is here to attend the convention. He is Judge Reagan of Texas who filled the office of Postmaster-General in the Southern Cabinet. Judge Reagan was one of the authors of the Interstate commerce law.

"The expression 'I'm from Missouri—show me,' originated with Joe Bowers," said a student of Missouri folklore to-day. Bowers travelled around the world, and wherever he went he would announce himself, 'Joe Bowers, from Pike,' and Bowers wanted to know what was going on, too. People learned that he was from Missouri and the result was, that the expression which is so popular to-day was applied generally to the State. It has travelled all over the world. In all the capitals of Europe you will hear it, and it is on the lips of every man in this country who has been at the World's Fair. It is painted, embroidered, written, stamped, embossed, stencilled, printed and engraved on all sorts of materials and it is going to keep the Missourian desire for positive information before the world for the rest of time.

It takes a band to stir up the convention crowds. Only one band has appeared here so far. It was imported by the Kings county delegation yesterday afternoon. When the dignified leaders of Tammany arrived the sound of music was heard outside the hotels. "Tammany has brought a band!" exclaimed every one, and all rushed to the street. But the band was a part of the Salvation Army corps stationed here and the delegates returned to their seats much disgusted.

"There are some things that don't go in the West," said the Hon. Joseph Simons of Los Angeles. "Look at this picture showing Farmer Parker at work. He is ploughing with a pair of oxen. Think of that! Why, out in my country they plough with a steam engine. But Parker ploughs with oxen. Here is a picture of his barns. Look at 'em! Look at those ten lean cows! Now, what do you think of that for an argument to put before the people of the West in favor of this man Parker? They're flooding the country with 'em! We'd be ashamed to have such an outfit in my State. This Parker boom is a ghost dance!"

The Hon. Charles Edwards, secretary of the Democratic Congress campaign committee, is a great Hearst boomer.

"Is your candidate really running?" asked a stranger to-day.

"You bet your life he is," said Mr. Edwards, "and he ain't running just to hear his heels crack together, either."

The Weather.

In the last twenty-four hours the centre of the storm area has shifted slowly from the upper Mississippi valley to the northern section of the Great Lake region. Showers and thunderstorms have been general throughout the Mississippi and lower Missouri valleys, lake region and over sections of Texas and Georgia. Heavy rains are reported from Texas, Minnesota and Wisconsin. East and west of the Mississippi valley fair weather is reported.

In New York city yesterday it was clear and slightly warmer; wind fresh southerly; average humidity, 78 per cent.; barometer, corrected to read to sea level, at 8 A. M., 30.25; 3 P. M., 30.14 inches.

The temperature yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

	1904.	1903.		1904.	1903.
9 A. M.	70°	61°	6 P. M.	77°	80°
12 M.	78°	75°	9 P. M.	74°	71°
3 P. M.	79°	76°	12 Mid.	72°	68°

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

For eastern New York and New Jersey, showers to-day, cooler in the interior; showers to-morrow; fresh to brisk south winds.

For western New York and western Pennsylvania, showers to-day and to-morrow; fresh west winds.

For eastern Pennsylvania, showers and thunder storms to-day; showers to-morrow; fresh to brisk south winds.

For New England, showers and thunderstorms to-day; cooler in northwest portion; showers to-morrow; fresh to brisk south winds.

ANGLO-AMERICAN TIES.

Ambassador Choate Speaks at Independence Day Banquet in London.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, July 4.—The American Society celebrated Independence Day at the Hotel Cecil, where the members entertained the constructive brains of Great Britain, including Lord Kelvin, Chief Naval Constructor Sir William White, Sir John Barry and a number of other engineers, and also Prof. Sir James Dewar and Capt. Mahan.

The principal speech was delivered by Ambassador Choate, who dwelt upon the links great engineers had forged in binding Great Britain and the United States, especially mentioning Lord Kelvin, who, he said, was almost the only survivor of the enterprising skilful companionship which laid the first transatlantic cable in 1857.

Capt. Mahan followed Mr. Choate. He said that the Fourth of July was no longer a point of separation, but a point of union between the two countries. The day stood for events which covered all the subsequent policy of Great Britain in the treatment of her colonies, and was the key to the problem of imperial federation.

READ LETTER FROM FRANKLIN.

M. Jusserand Makes a Hit at Independence Day Banquet in Paris.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

PARIS, July 4.—A large number of Americans and Frenchmen attended the Independence Day banquet given by the American Chamber of Commerce here. Among the guests were M. Trouillot, Minister of Commerce; M. Jusserand, French Ambassador to the United States; Mr. Henry Vignaud, Secretary of the American Embassy here, and M. Bunau-Varilla, formerly Minister to Panama at Washington.

A number of cordial speeches were made, that of M. Jusserand being the most successful. He spoke in English. He concluded his remarks with a reference to the relations between the two republics. He took from his pocket a letter, which he said had been written by an American diplomatist, in which much that Mr. Cowdy, the American Consul-General, had said in a previous speech in reference to the Franco-American relations were strikingly repeated. M. Jusserand informed his hearers that the letter was written in 1798, and was signed "Ben Franklin."

Amid laughter and cheers the company rose and toasted M. Jusserand, after which they sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

PORTO RICO CELEBRATES.

Loving Cup for the Retiring Governor of the Island.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

SAN JUAN, July 4.—The insular chiefs of the judiciary and other friends to-day presented to W. H. Hunt, the retiring Governor, a loving cup.

The Union Club gave him and Beekman Winthrop, the new Governor, a banquet, at which Secretary Hartzell, Bishop Blenk, Col. Crane and Capt. Dunlop and others made eloquent addresses.

Gov. Beekman Winthrop was inaugurated to-day with much ceremony. He made an address that was much appreciated by his hearers. The occasion was a brilliant one. Following the inauguration ceremonies there was a parade in which the army, navy and insular organizations took part.

SIR WILLIAM RATTIGAN KILLED.

Member of Parliament in a Fatal Automobile Accident.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, July 4.—Wile Sir William Henry Rattigan, M. P. for the northeast division of Lanarkshire, was automobiling to-day with his wfe, near Biggleswade, a tire burst and the machine was overturned. Sir William was killed and his wife was severaly injured.

Sir William was four times Judge of the Chief Court of the Punjab. He was an additional member of the Supreme Legislative Council of India in 1892-93 and was a member of the Punjab Legislative Council in 1892-93. He was the author of a number of legal works.

MRS. UNDERHILL TO REMARRY.

Divorced New York Woman Will Wed Luis Onativia.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, July 4.—Luis Onativia will marry to-morrow Mrs. Grace K. Underhill, who a few days ago obtained a divorce in New York. The marriage will take place at a West End registry office.

The final decree divorcing Mrs. Grace K. Underhill from John G. Underhill was signed by Justice Gildersleeve on July 1. It was reported that she intended to marry Tomasito Onativia, a Florentine merchant. It was John G. Underhill's second divorce.

CUBA'S GREETINGS.

President Palma Calls Roosevelt the "Noblest Friend of Cuba."

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

HAVANA, July 4.—President Palma cabled to President Roosevelt to-day expressing the good wishes of the Cubans for the Americans on the Fourth of July. The message concludes:

"They once more express sentiments of sincere gratitude to your Excellency, whom they consider the noblest friend of Cuba."

MASSACRE BY CANNIBALS.

Swiss Troops Killed and Eaten in the Congo Free State.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, July 4.—News has reached Antwerp that a Swiss non-commissioned officer and fourteen privates in the Mongada district of the Congo have been massacred and eaten. Only one man of the expedition, which had been sent against the cannibals, escaped.

Locomotive Explosion Injures Many.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

PARIS, July 4.—A locomotive exploded in the St. Lazare freight station to-day and wrecked the station and injured many persons.

RESCUED IN THE ALTOGETHER

A MAN AND A WOMAN BORNE FROM FOURTH OF JULY FIRES.

Record of Mishaps Short of the Average—Little Girl Burned to Death and Woman Shot on Street—Blaze in Lodging House—Flat Tenants Homeless.

Fourth of July celebrations were productive of 114 fires up to midnight last night. Thirty accidents of a more or less serious nature were reported at Police Headquarters during the day. Many slight and ordinary accidents were not recorded by the police. Many children received injuries and were attended at drug stores without the police learning of the cases. Every fireman was on duty all day. Chief Croker had an automobile on hand instead of his horse, but he was not obliged to respond to a single alarm.

Dr. P. R. Bennett of Urbana, Ohio, and Daytona, Fla., followed the custom yesterday that he started ten years ago of going to the Bellevue Hospital accident room to assist in dressing the wounds of those injured by firecrackers and pistols Dr. Bennett graduated from Bellevue in 1879

Mrs. Anna Traub, who lives on the second floor of an apartment house at 1539 Brook avenue, The Bronx, was taking a bath about half-past 6 o'clock last night when a skyrocket went screaming through her bathroom window and on into another room, where it set fire to some curtains. The blaze spread in a jiffy until her whole flat was afire, cutting off her escape from the bathroom.

Mrs. Traub went to a window and yelled for help. Bike Cop Kupfraim wrenched loose part of a fire escape ladder and used it to get into Mrs. Traub's bathroom. When he got there he turned a beautiful shade of carmine. There was no chance for Mrs. Traub to get any of her clothes, so Kupfraim threw his coat over her shoulders and started to carry her down the ladder.

Six feet from the ground the ladder ended, and the cop had to jump with his scantily clad burden. He landed all right, but Mrs. Traub did not. She had a couple of ribs broken and was badly bruised.

By that time the fire was roaring through all that part of the building, and the windows were full of frightened women and children screaming for help. A red faced, stockily built man rushed out of a house two doors away, took in the situation, threw off his coat, sent his hat flying and dashed into the burning flat building. It was Coroner O'Gorman, who was working on a case when the fire started. He was back again in a few seconds, herding a dozen scared women and children. Then he made another trip, driving a dozen more out ahead of him and carrying two babies in his arms.

By the time the police reserves and the Fire Department had got there the Coroner had averted danger of loss of life and had taken out fully thirty women and children. Some of the little ones he took from the blazing second floor were the children of Charles Schinkle, Albert Glickman, Henry Turnbull and Bernard Zatlaye. O'Gorman also carried out Zatlaye's aged mother, who was helpless to save herself. These families were completely burned out.

While the department was at work trying to get the fire under control a blast of flame caused Fireman Albert Hyde, attached to Truck 27, to lose his balance while he was trying to get a hose into position. He fell thirty feet, landing on his head and shoulders. He suffered several broken ribs, possibly a fracture of the skull and ugly burns. He was taken to the Fordham Hospital.

When the fire was finally put out it had burned its way completely through the second floor. The damage was about $10,000.

The most serious blaze during the afternoon occurred a little before 2 o'clock in a four story brick building at 18 St. Mark's place. There is a grocery store on the ground floor kept by H. Levin, and the four other floors are used as a lodging house for men by Emil Moller, who lives at 14 St. Mark's place. The fire started near the kerosene tank in the rear of the grocery, and going up an airshaft spread rapidly, doing damage estimated at $2,500. The cause is not known. Levin is cut of town and Mrs. Levin and her four children had just left the building, being half a block away when the fire was discovered. Four clerks were eating in the rear of the grocery.

There were about thirty men living in the house, half of whom were in their rooms. Several were asleep. Most of the lodgers scattered quickly, but two were heavy sleepers. One, in particular, didn't awaken even when he was vigorously rescued. Jules Bier, a waiter in a nearby restaurant, found the man sound asleep on the second floor and, failing to arouse him, picked him up bodily. The sleeping man fought desperately to regain his bed, but Bier bore him kicking to the outer air. The women in the crowd scattered with precipitate modesty. The man was hurriedly borne into a nearby store, whence he soon emerged clothed and in his right mind. Another lodger caused a slighter commotion when he descended the fire escape. He was more conventionally arrayed, though his toilet was only in the primary or first layer stage.

VICTIMS OF THE DAY.

While Lilly Crosby, 4 years old, was watching some boys setting off firecrackers in front of her home, 817 Tenth avenue, Sunday night, a spark ignited her dress and she was so badly burned that she died at Roosevelt Hospital early yesterday morning. The mother, Mrs. Kate Crosby, was badly burned in attempting to extinguish the fire in the child's dress.

Mrs. Bridget Walsh, 39 years old, janitress of the tenement house at 238 East Forty-second street, was standing in her doorway at 6 o'clock yesterday morning when a stray .32-calibre bullet struck her in the breast. She got into her rooms without assistance, and then became unconscious. Her daughter notified Policeman Kochersperger of the East Thirty-fifth street station, who had the woman sent to Bellevue. She will probably recover. Detective Sergeants Brady and Farley searched the tenements opposite, which are all occupied by Italians, but could not learn who fired the shot.

Max Cohen, 16 years old, of 301 East Eighty-eighth street, went out to celebrate the Fourth yesterday afternoon armed with firecrackers. On the corner of First avenue he met a youth, who exhibited a .22-calibre revolver. The youth had hit upon a scheme of placing nails in the muzzle of the gun. The trigger was pulled and now Max is in the Presbyterian Hospital with a badly lacerated nose.

Policeman Van Voort of the Union Market station was on post in front of 21 Avenue A when Louis Levy of 310 East Tenth street got reckless with a revolver. The gun was loaded with blank cartridges, but one of the slugs caught the cop in the neck, inflicting a flesh wound. Levy was arrested.

SHOT DEAD BY HIS AUNT.

Paterson Boy Who Wasn't Allowed to Celebrate Killed by Accident.

PATERSON, N. J., July 4.—Aaron Vanderbrink, 8 years old, was accidentally shot and killed by his aunt at 10 o'clock to-night. The boy, who had been kept in his home all day by his mother for fear of fireworks, went to visit his cousin John Demarest, at 12 Northwest street. Both boys were watching several men shooting off fireworks.

Young Vanderbrink stooped to pick up an unexploded firecracker. As he did so a bullet fired from a window at 78 Ryle avenue, fifty feet away, struck him in the left temple, above the eye, entered his brain and passed out the right side. The boy was dead when picked up. The shot was fired by Mrs. Lizzie Demarest, an aunt of the boy. She didn't know she had killed her nephew until told by the police. She was locked up pending an investigation.

Ambassador Choate's Reception.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, July 4.—Ambassador Choate gave a reception this afternoon in honor of Independence Day. Fifteen hundred guests attended, including the Duchess of Marlborough, Lord Chief Justice Baron Alverstone and many other prominent persons.

BEGINNING THIS MORNING

Panama Hats for Men

Heretofore $12, $18 and $20

Special at $7.50

The three vital reasons which earn for this offer the right to be termed "extraordinary" are these: The exceptionally high character of the hats, the great number involved and the extremely reduced price. Do they appeal to you? Dignified and negligee models, with high or low crown, narrow or wide brim.

Straw Hats for Men.

Regularly $2.00 and $2.50. At $1.00

Fine Split and Sennit Braids, with straight brims; Milan and Mackinaw Braids, with soft brims—elect whichever you will, the Saks label insures the high character of the hat.

Broadway, **Saks & Company** 33d to 34th St.

TROLLEY MEN BEAT A WOMAN

SHE REFUSED TO PAY THE SECOND FARE TO CONEY ISLAND.

Police Reserves Called When Relatives Fought B. R. T. Bouncers—Decline to Arrest Inspector on Passenger's Charge—About 500 Were Put Off Cars.

Employees of the Brooklyn and Coney Island Railroad and of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit systems continued yesterday to eject persons from cars going to Coney Island when they refused to pay a second fare. About 500 were put off cars during the day. Probably 60,000 went to the island by trolley cars.

Early last evening inspectors and special policemen employed by the Brooklyn Rapid Transit put the finishing touches on their work by brutally assaulting a woman and tearing her gown into shreds, after they pretty thoroughly pummelled the men who were with her.

The fracas occurred at Gravesend avenue and Neck road, where Brooklyn Rapid Transit passengers who refused to pay the second fare on the way to Coney Island are put off. The company had stationed at that point yesterday four or five men in the uniforms of regular policemen, with badges bearing the legend "Special." These men were armed with nightsticks. They were there to assist the inspectors of the company should those officials need help in the work of bouncing.

A few minutes after 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon car 1099 of the Lorimer street and Tompkins avenue line came along bound for Coney Island. It stopped at the junction and the conductor reported to the company's chief inspector that he had five passengers aboard who refused to pay a second fare.

"Where are they?" asked the inspector, jumping on the running board, followed by four of the special policemen, the numbers on whose badges were: 11371, 1142, 1159 and 11860. The conductor pointed out Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Potruch of 44 Humboldt street, Brooklyn; Mr. Potruch's sister-in-law, Mrs. Aaron Potruch of 258A, Vernon avenue; Abraham Anenberg, William Birg and Miss Ray Granitzer, also of Brooklyn.

The inspector leared at Potruch and shouted:

"Are youse goin' to pay yer fare?"

Potruch said he didn't think he would, whereupon the inspector and the special cops in uniform grabbed him and were pulling him off the car when his friends, Bing and Anenberg, sailed in and began to punch the railroad men. Women screamed and men shouted as they saw the special policemen draw their clubs and use them on the heads and bodies of the three passengers.

The company's men finally got Bing off the car. He landed in a heap by the roadside, but was up in a minute and on the car again to lend a hand to his friends. Meantime two of the special cops were having troubles of their own with Potruch. He was fighting like a madman, and in the scrimmage a woman with a baby in her arms got in between the two policemen. As one of them raised his club the woman screamed:

"For God's sake, don't kill my baby!"

At this, cries of "Shame! Shame!" were raised by the 200 or 300 men and women who had gathered around the car from others in the rear, but not a man of them saw fit to get mixed up in the fight.

Potruch, Anenberg and Birg were finally dragged from the car and held by the railroad employees against the fence near the car tracks.

Mrs. Aaron Potruch and Miss Granitzer were next yanked off, and then the cops went for Mrs. Alexander Potruch, who was still aboard. The cops tackled her, and Birg, breaking away from those who held him, attacked the policemen from the rear.

The renewed activity of Birg seemed to further exasperate the policemen, and they took it out of Mrs. Alexander Potruch. One special policeman grabbed her about the neck, while another grabbed her by the heels. Her arms were free, however, and she punched the policeman who held her around the neck for all she was worth.

At this the man seemed utterly to forget that he was handling a woman, for he deliberately struck Mrs. Potruch in the face and it seemed as if he also tried to choke her. When the woman was finally yanked off the car her black silk gown was in shreds, her hair was down and her hat had been trampled upon and ruined. In the scrimmage she lost her watch and a diamond and ruby brooch. These were found later in the road.

Mrs. Potruch fainted after she had been taken from the car and her sister-in-law went into hysterics. Birg was pretty badly used up, but Potruch and Anenberg were able to look for a regular policeman. None was in sight, but some one telephoned to the Coney Island police station that a riot was on at Gravesend avenue and Neck Road, and asked that the reserves be sent up in a hurry.

Capt. Dooley, with six policemen, responded in a patrol wagon, but he gave his official opinion that the trouble was all over and there was nothing for him to do. Nevertheless, Mrs. Alexander Potruch, who had regained her senses by this time, pointed out to one of the real policeman a man who, she said, was one of those who assaulted her. The man said he was John Johnson of 252 De Kalb avenue.

Potruch identified one of his assailants, who said he was Chauncey M. Depew and lived in Brooklyn. For some reason neither man was arrested.

Some reporters and others in the crowd were watching a man who seemed to be the boss of the others and whose cap badge said he was a B. R. T. inspector. The man saw that he was being watched and made off toward the fire house on the opposite corner. Some of the bystanders asked the fireman to arrest the inspector. One of them said:

"We'd be only too glad to do it, but we've got no authority to do anything like that."

Just then a car came along, bound for New York. The inspector jumped on the front end and shouted to the motorman:

"Send her along like hell!"

A reporter got on the car almost as soon as the inspector and the latter saw that he was followed. He rode on to the next stopping place, boarded a Coney Island car and got away.

Somebody told Alexander Potruch to go on down to Coney Island and make a formal complaint of assault at the police station, so he and his wife and the rest of the party, without paying an extra fare, after all, went to the island. They had hardly stepped from the car when Potruch saw the inspector. He pointed out the man to Policeman Undermark, whom he asked to arrest the inspector on his charge of assault.

Undermark refused on the ground that he had seen no assault. Potruch tried to show the policeman that he was not doing his duty. This seemed to annoy Undermark, who arrested Potruch on the charge of disorderly conduct.

Potruch's relatives and friends followed him, and his wife offered her diamonds as bail. These were declined by the desk sergeant, who politely inquired:

"What d'ye think this is—a pawnshop?"

If diamonds don't go at Coney Island, real estate does, and Potruch was released after his sister-in-law had given her house at 258A Vernon avenue as security.

The Potruch party took an inventory of itself, with the following result: Alexander Potruch, a finely blackened and badly swollen eye, contusions almost every old place and a torn and rumpled suit of clothes. Mrs. Potruch, a tattered silk gown and contusions on face, neck and arms. William Birg and Abraham Anenberg, general appearance spoiled. Mrs. Aaron Potruch and Miss Granitzer, contusions and frocks spoiled.

When Capt Dooley was asked last night why he hadn't done something—why he hadn't taken official notice of the conduct of Patrolman Undermark, he said:

"I saw no violence this day at or near Gravesend avenue and Neck road. Therefore there was nothing for which to interfere. As for Undermark, nobody has made any complaint against him. Why should I do anything?"

President Winter of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit said:

"There is no obligation, legal or moral, compelling us to take any one to Coney Island for a single fare. We carry a person for ten or twelve miles for an amount about half as great as that which the law would allow us to charge.

"Our price is 10 cents, and there is no reason for our lessening it. The Supreme Court merely requires the distribution of passengers from one line to another and does not affect the charging of additional fare after the accomplishment of certain distance.

"Some thought that they were merely claiming their legal rights in demanding transportation beyond the one fare limit, and then there is always an element anxious to step in and make trouble. It is our right to require a certain price for the transportation of a passenger to Coney Island and to eject the passenger if he refuses to pay the price required."

Police Inspector McLaughlin expressed his surprise over the reports that some policemen had not only assisted the railroad people on Sunday, but had assaulted passengers.

"No orders," he said, "were given the men to interfere in the company's behalf, and charges will be brought against every man who may be proved to have done so."

On the Brooklyn and Coney Island line the acts of ejectment were performed at King's Highway and Avenue U by four or five husky inspectors. The police from the Sheepshead Bay station took no part in the proceedings, except to keep order on the sidewalk.

There was, however, a solitary mounted cop, No. 6093, who was the real thing in the way of officiousness. He rode up and down where the curb line would be, if there were a curb, and he wanted it understood that he didn't give a toot for "nobody nor nothin'." Mrs. Charles H. Flynn of 264 Franklin avenue, Brooklyn, didn't move out of the gay hussar's way as quickly as he thought she ought.

"Get back there, you," he shouted, "or I'll ride over you."

Mrs. Flynn got back, but there happened to be a Mr. Flynn, who moved forward. He said nothing, but quietly took The One's number. Then he and his wife started for Police Headquarters in Brooklyn, where, Mr. Flynn said, he would lodge a complaint against No. 6039.

For the most part the Brooklyn and Coney Island inspectors used only such force as was really needed to eject the no-second-fare passengers. Few of them required any more force than to be taken by the arm. It seemed as if most of them wanted only to go through the mere form of ejectment.

About 3 o'clock a car stopped at the junction and the conductor pointed out two women, one white of hair and matronly looking. The other was much younger. Both were handsomely dressed.

"Are you going to pay your fare?" asked one of the inspectors.

"I fail to see that that's any of your business," replied the older of the two. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm an inspector, and you pay your fare or get off, and do one or the other now," replied the Chesterfield.

The woman sat quite still and calmly looked at the man. He stepped toward her and placed his hand on her wrist.

"Take your filthy hands off my gloves and take them off now!" fairly hissed the matron, and her black eyes seemed to start from their sockets. The inspector did as he was told and stood not on the order of his doing. From a safe distance he contemplated the matron.

"Now," she said, "stand right where you are. Don't come a step nearer. Do I understand that, unless I pay an extra fare, I'll be put off this car?"

Standing squarely in his tracks, the inspector meekly answered:

"Yes, ma'am."

The woman carefully wrapped a handkerchief around the white glove on her left hand.

"Now, put your hand on that handkerchief. It can be washed or thrown away. I need my gloves until I get home."

The inspector followed directions.

"Now, pull," commanded the matron.

The inspector gently drew the woman toward him and off the car.

"You did that fairly well," she said, "and I've been assaulted. Thank you."

Calling her companion to follow, the matron walked away, while the onlookers cheered her like they would a Fourth of July orator. Several others were put off in a similar manner, and old Patrick J. Walsh, who started for the island in the morning with his small grandson, liked it so well that he had himself ejected twice.

"Sure," said he, "it remoinds me av the good ould days in Oireland."

Supt. Sullivan, of the Brooklyn and Coney Island road said yesterday that he hoped a test case of ejectment would be taken to the courts early next week, that the question might be settled once and for all.

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TRIBUTE TO AMERICA.

British Ambassador at Paris Makes Independence Day Address.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

PARIS, July 4.—A deputation of British artisans who are visiting Paris were received by President Loubet to-day at the Palace of the Elysée. Afterward they were entertained at the British Embassy, where Sir Edmund Monson, the Ambassador, made a long address, which was probably his last public utterance before he retires from the diplomatic service. He dwelt warmly upon the cordial relations existing between France and Great Britain, and added:

"We should remember our friends of our own blood of the great Western Republic are to-day celebrating their independence. The British, despite their loyalty to their King and country, could and do associate themselves cordially with the Americans in the pride with which the latter contemplated the height at which they have arrived as a nation."

He recalled his early career in the United States and his subsequent association with American colleagues in many capitals. He said:

"Wherever in my wanderings I have met Americans I have met real friends. They have always been most cordial and very fraternal. I am glad on this day to be able to remind you that the two great republics, France and the United States, are happily united with our constitutional monarchy, the ties of pacific friendship, fraternity and freedom drawing the three together in a bond which goes far to advance the civilization of the world."

English M. P.'s Coming.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, July 4.—Eighty members of the House of Commons have so far signified their intention to join in the proposed Parliamentary visit to the United States in the fall.

POSTUM CEREAL.

TWO STEPS

The Last One Helps the First.

A sick coffee drinker must take two steps to be rid of his troubles and get strong and well again.

The first is to cut off coffee absolutely.

That removes the destroying element. The next step is to take liquid food (and that is Postum Food Coffee) that has in it the elements nature requires to change the blood corpuscles from pale pink or white to rich red, and good red blood builds good strong and healthy cells in place of the broken down cells destroyed by coffee. With well boiled Postum Food Coffee to shift to, both these steps are easy and pleasant. The experience of a Georgian proves how important both are.

"From 1873 to the year 1900 my wife and I had both been afflicted with sick or nervous headache, and at times we suffered untold agony. We were coffee drinkers and did not know how to get away from it for the habit is hard to quit.

"But in 1900 I read of a case similar to ours where Postum Coffee was used in place of the old coffee and a complete cure resulted, so I concluded to get some and try it.

"The result was, after three days use of Postum in place of the coffee, I never had a symptom of the old trouble, and in five months I had gained from 145 pounds to 163 pounds.

"My friends asked me almost daily what wrought the change. My answer always is, leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place.

"We have many friends who have been benefitted by Postum.

"As to whether or not I have stated the facts truthfully I refer you to the Bank of Carrollton or any business firm in that city, where I have lived for many years and am well known." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."