WRITES: THEY KIDNAPPED ME.

ODD LETTERS LAWYER M'KOON IS SENDING FROM SOMEWHERE.

If $5,000 Is Not Raised Quickly He Fears He Will Be Murdered and He Incloses Checks Signed by a Dead Man and Suggests Raising the Money on Them.

The police were not inclined yesterday to take much stock in the story that Dennis Daniel McKoon, the seventy-six year old lawyer, practising at 42 Broadway and living at Richmond, Staten Island, had been kidnapped and was being held for a $5,000 ransom. When the case was reported to Inspector McClusky on Saturday, Detective Sergeant Arthur Carey was assigned to the case. Carey reported to Capt. Langan on Saturday evening that he had not been able to find a circumstance to support the story purporting to have been written by McKoon in letters to his son, D. Gilbert McKoon, and to his friend, T. A. Darby. On the other hand, Carey reported he had learned that McKoon had disappeared several times before and that his friends and family had not been alarmed about it on the other occasions. The old gentleman had not, however, so far as Carey could learn, ever before reported himself kidnapped.

Mr. McKoon's home at Richmond is one of the handsomest places in that section of Staten Island. According to his son he left the house for his office in Manhattan on Thursday morning. He has not been seen since. Until Saturday morning his son thought nothing of his absence, because Judge McKoon—he was many years ago Judge of Oswego county—frequently spent a night or two in Manhattan, being detained here by business.

When D. Gilbert McKoon, the son, got to the office on Saturday morning, however, he found there a letter in his father's handwriting which startled him. The letter was written on the Judge's office letterhead and contained the following story:

Three men made an appointment to meet him in Broadway within two blocks of the Astor House on Friday morning to go with him to look at some lots he owns at Richmond. The old gentleman kept the appointment, met the men and soon after the meeting was hustled into a cab, driven to a house the location of which was not given and is there held a prisoner pending the payment to his captors of $5,000.

The letter went on to state that the Judge, as he wrote in one room, could hear the kidnappers talking about him in the next, and that they expressed the opinion that their captain wouldn't be able to raise the money and that they'd better take him away somewhere in a boat and make away with him.

The letter enclosed some checks drawn to Mr. McKoon's order by a man who is dead. The Judge suggested that the son present the checks to the dead man's executor, get them cashed and use the proceeds to make up the $5,000 ransom.

No explanation was made as to how the captive happened to have with him some of his office stationery. The letter was postmarked from Station H, which is at Forty-fourth street and Lexington avenue. The writer said he had been able to attract the attention of a boy who was passing the house and had got him to post the letter. It closed with a request that the son try to raise the money before it was too late.

In the same mail that brought the letter to the son came one to T. A. Darby, who lives at the Hotel Wellington and shares the office with the McKoons. The letter to Mr. Darby was practically the same as that received by McKoon's son. Mr. Darby said last evening that there was no doubt as to the genuineness of the handwriting, and added this statement:

"Some three weeks ago Judge McKoon received the first of a series of anonymous communications demanding that he meet the writer or writers at the corner of Pearl and Whitehall streets and hand over $5,000. He paid no attention to any of the letters, but he was somewhat startled to find in the second an accurate account of his movements on the day the letter was written. The third and last of the letters demanded the money on the following day and the Judge was told he'd better have it on his person to deliver when he passed the point designated, but nothing was said to indicate how he was to know to whom it was to be delivered.

"Judge McKoon is a man who would be easily spotted. He always dresses in a black frock suit, always wears an unbrushed silk hat and carries a cane. He is six feet tall, slender and stoops. He has sandy hair and beard streaked with gray."

"Will his son be able to raise the $5,000?" Mr Darby was asked.

"That I don't know," was the answer. "I have inferred from what the Judge said that he was financially embarrassed. He was, I think, land poor. He owned considerable non-paying property in the West, as well as on Staten Island. Besides he had a judgment against him, I think he told me, for $15,000, all but $2,000 of which he had paid. He had a fair law practice, but I do not think he derived a very large income therefrom. You see he is a pretty old man and dates back four generations."

D. Gilbert McKoon was not inclined to be very communicative yesterday. He said that there would be a meeting of some of his father's friends at the office at 9:30 o'clock this morning and it would be decided then what would be done. He didn't care to say anything about what arrangements would be made to pay the money, if it were paid, because, if he paid it, he would do so in good faith and desired the kidnappers to get it.

He scouted the idea that any boy had posted the letters, expressing the belief that his father had been compelled to write them at the dictation of the kidnappers, who themselves posted them at a point far removed from where his father was held captive.

Five years ago the man now said to be kidnapped disappeared and was gone for days. He was reported missing and the affair attracted much attention, but the man showed up and said he had a reason for wanting to be away for a brief period.

TROLLEY STRIKE IN NEWBURG.

Lines in the City and to Orange Lake and Walden Tied Up.

NEWBURG, N. Y., July 17.—The threatened strike on the Orange County Traction Company's lines was begun to-day. The company not only operates the lines in this city, but those to Orange Lake and Walden. The outside lines have been tied all up day and to-night not a car is moving on any of the city routes.

The trouble is the outcome of the company's refusal to recognize the union in any way.

A few weeks ago Mr. Fitzgerald, a member of the executive committee of the Railway Union of America, came here and organized a local union which most of the conductors and motormen joined. The president of the road is Silas B. Dutcher and the manager is William H. Pouch, a son of the late Standard Oil man.

As soon as the local union was organized an effort was made to get Mr. Pouch to recognize it. Mr. Pouch wrote to some of the men that he would receive them as individuals, but would not treat with the union. He anticipated trouble and Friday night secured the services of deputy sheriffs to go on duty at the power house and also prepared quarters for men who might be employed to take the strikers' places.

The men held a meeting early this morning and voted to strike. When it came time to operate the lines to-day only the inspectors and a few of the older employees appeared. A few cars were started out on the city lines. Crowds gathered with the strikers along the different routes and but few passengers braved the jeering that was showered upon them. Each car had a deputy sheriff aboard. One by one the men who were operating the cars were induced by the strikers to quit and at 2 o'clock this afternoon not a wheel was turning.

Committeeman Fitzgerald attempted to get an interview with Mr. Pouch, but the latter would not see him as a representative of the union. He agreed, however, to meet a committee of citizens. The strikers are orderly.

CHASED FATHER WITH A PISTOL.

Young Martin, Parent Says, First Broke His Ribs With a Dumbbell.

There was a lively row at the home of Henrique T. Martin, 550 Second street, Brooklyn, late on Saturday night. Mr. Martin, who is a Spaniard, is a member of a New York importing firm. His son, Harry T. Martin, recently figured in a divorce case. The young man has been living with his father for some time.

Late on Saturday night, after the young man reached his father's home, the neighbors heard loud words in it. Presently the front door flew open with a bang and the senior Mr. Martin ran out clad in a night robe only. A man believed to be Harry came out a close second, firing a revolver. The police say he fired five times. None of the bullets hit Mr. Martin, Sr., however.

A neighbor telephoned to Police Headquarters. Ten minutes later a patrol wagon carrying several Bergen street station policemen arrived. The elder Martin had returned to his house and was nursing two broken ribs. He told the police that he had quarrelled with Harry. The young man, he said, threw a six-pound dumbbell at him. He had to take up a sword cane to defend himself. To avoid further trouble he ran out of the house, followed by bullets.

Mr. Martin was placed in the wagon and removed to the Seney Hospital. Young Martin could not be found.

Last evening Detective Neil Roddy of the Bergen street station called at the hospital to get definite details from Mr. Martin about the trouble. He met him coming out of the institution. He had got out of bed, saying he wished to return to his home.

Mr. Martin said his son was hot tempered, and he did not intend to prosecute him.

The quarrel is said to have been caused by a discussion of the young man's divorce case.

BLOW AT A CHURCH MEETING.

Superintendent of a Sunday School Punches a Deacon.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., July 17.—Immediately after the regular midweek prayer meeting on last Wednesday evening the Olivet Congregational Church society held a meeting to decide upon the question of closing the edifice during the month of August. The meeting broke up in a row, the climax of which was the act of the superintendent of the Sunday school in punching a deacon on the nose, producing a flow of what pugilists call claret.

Henry D. Booth, the superintendent of the Sunday school, is connected with the Frank Miller Lumber Company and is a well known business man. The same can be said of George E. Shumway, a deacon, who is attached to the Union Metallic Cartridge Company. Both are active in the church work.

When the business meeting opened Mr. Booth got the floor. He talked in favor of closing the church during August and in support of his argument he cited the physical condition of the pastor, for whose recovery the previous meeting had prayed. He said if Dr. Montgomery recovered he would need a rest and recuperation.

Mr. Shumway held that it was not wise to close churches in hot weather, which has been the custom in the Olivet Church for many years. He talked right out and the conservative members were shocked by his remark:

"I will hit at some of those who want the church closed, and hit hard."

Chairman William Tate, a paper manufacturer, rapped for order. Mr. Shumway was angry and he showed it by ignoring the chairman's effort to shut him off.

Mr. Booth glanced at Mr. Shumway and is quoted by members of the church as saying that no gentleman would continue to talk after being called to order.

"I am no coward," replied Mr. Shumway.

By this time the assemblage was in an uproar and Mr. Booth was talking and walking rapidly toward Mr. Shumway with fire in his eyes. They had some words and Mr. Booth hauled off and landed a stiff punch on Mr. Shumway's nose. Disorder followed. Before Mr. Shumway could retaliate friends interfered and the meeting broke up, each of the belligerents being escorted to his home by friends.

TRIBUTES TO DR. HERZL.

Carnegie Hall Filled With Jews of All Conditions and Classes.

The Zionist Council of Greater New York held a memorial mass meeting last night at Carnegie Hall in honor of Dr. Theodore Herzl, the dead leader of the Zionist movement. Orthodox and Reformed Jews, East Siders and West Siders, filled the auditorium, while a thousand more who tried to get in were turned away.

After the opening prayer the East Side Cantors' Association, forty men with their cylinder hats on, sang a hymn in Hebrew.

The first speaker introduced by Dr. David Blaustein, chairman of the meeting, was Dr. Harry Friedenwald, president of the Federation of American Zionists. He was followed by J. de Haas, secretary of the federation and a personal friend of Dr. Herzl. In his speech Mr. de Haas dwelt more on the personal side of the man. In part he said:

When it is said that he was the greatest Jew since the Diaspora, it is not exaggeration. No other Jew has lived so great a life, no other Jew was so filled with the passion of his people and his race. Few of us in the end are more conscious of the historic past. He sought no reward. He explained one day: "I am doing this so that my own children may have a future worthy of our history."

The sun did not always shine upon him. His greatest vow, taken before the Arch of Titus in Rome, was that of silence. He told, but never boasted of his victories; communicated defeats only in the secrecy of the council chamber, for he was serving the people who could only wring their hands at failure, while their condition only nerved him to new exertions. His clear brain prevented the wholesale exodus from Rumania, his message of hope upheld the Jew in Russia, for he always spoke of the people in terms of love.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Hertz of Johannesburg, South Africa, in his tribute to Dr. Herzl, told this incident:

"Six years ago our last leader spoke these ominous words: 'One thing is to me certain high above any doubt: the movement will continue. I know not when I may die, but Zionism will never die.'"

Others who spoke were the Rev. Dr. A. M. Radin, the Rev. Dr. Isidor Myers and the Rev. H. Masliansky.

The Weather.

The heat wave was continuing its journey eastward yesterday and was felt over all the country east of the Rocky mountains, especially in the Central States, the Ohio Valley and the Lake regions. It was beginning to be felt in the Middle Atlantic and New England States in the afternoon. The centre of low pressure was moving into the Lake regions, with a rather steep pressure gradient, which was the cause of brisk winds in the Lake sections and also along the Middle Atlantic and New England coasts.

The pressure remained moderately high on the South Atlantic coast.

Fair weather prevailed generally, save for scattered thunderstorms.

In this city the day was fair and warmer; brisk northeast, shifting to southwest winds; average humidity 63 per cent.; barometer, corrected to read to sea level, at 8 A. M. 30.03, 3 P. M. 30.00.

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

	1904.	1903.		1904.	1903.
9 A. M.	72°	70°	6 P. M.	83°	77°
12 M.	79°	76°	9 P. M.	80°	71°
3 P. M.	84°	79°	12 Mid.	80°	70°

Highest temperature 84, at 4 P. M.

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

For eastern New York, eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, District of Columbia, Maryland and Virginia, fair and warm to-day and to-morrow; light variable winds.

For New England, fair and continued warm to-day and to-morrow; light south to west winds.

For western New York, fair to-day and to-morrow, except showers to-morrow along the Lake; fresh west winds.

MOTHER EDDY SHOWS HERSELF

DRIVES PAST THE FAITHFUL IN CONCORD, N. H.

4,000 of Her Visiting Disciples Help to Dedicate Her Home Church—Takes Four Services to Do It—A Message From Her Read at Each of the Meetings

CONCORD, N. H., July 17.—The new First Church of Christ, Scientist, in this city, costing $200,000, and the gift of Mary Baker G. Eddy, was dedicated to-day. It was necessary to hold four services at each of which the dedicatory programme was repeated. This programme included hymns written by Mrs. Eddy, an address by the Rev. Irving C. Tomlinson, First Reader of the church, historical address by Miss Mary E. Tomlinson, Second Reader, and a dedicatory message by Mrs. Eddy.

About 4,000 visiting Christian Scientists participated in the services, coming by special trains from Boston, while Chicago and New York Scientists came in special Pullman cars. Mrs. Eddy's name was upon the printed programme as though she was expected to appear, but her message was read by Bicknell Young of Chicago.

Mrs. Eddy took her usual drive this afternoon and was seen by the throng of Scientists in the city. Her appearance was marked by no special manifestations.

Mrs. Eddy was seen plainly by every one. She was dressed in white and bowed to the right and left as her carriage passed through the street, which for a long distance was lined with her followers.

Participants in the various services of the day were permitted to pass through Mrs. Eddy's private room in the new church. This room is of white, with panels hung in green tapestries. Its furnishings are rich, including a painting which cost $1,200, and some rare bound works by Mrs. Eddy.

A feature of to-day's services was the organ music by Prof. John Herman Loud of Brookline, Mass. At the evening service a memorial was sent to Mrs. Eddy by members of the local church, thanking her for her gift of the church, which is the finest in New Hampshire and one of the best in New England. Many Scientists are to remain in the city during the week in the hope of gaining a personal meeting with their leader.

Mrs. Eddy had a message read at each service to the effect that, as she could not see all who had made requests, she would deny audiences with any one, so that all might know that they had been treated alike. The chief feature of the day's services was Mrs. Eddy's message, which is considered her finest public utterance. The text of this message, which is copyrighted, follows:

First Church of Christ, Scientist, Concord, N. H.

BELOVED BRETHREN: Never more sweet than to-day, seem to me, and must seem to thee, those words of our loved Lord, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end.' Thus may it ever be that Christ rejoiceth and comforteth us. Sitting at his feet, I send to you the throbbing of every pulse of my desire for the ripening and rich fruit of this branch of His vineyard. Thank God, who hath sent forth His word to heal and to save.

At this period, the greatest man or woman on earth stands at the vestibule of Christian Science, struggling to enter into the perfect love of God and man. The infinite will not be buried in the finite: the true thought escapes from the inward to the outward, and this is the only right activity, and that whereby we reach our higher nature. Material theorems tend to check spiritual attraction—a tendency toward God, the infinite and eternal—by an opposite attraction toward the temporary and finite.

Truth, life and love are the only legitimate and eternal demands upon man. They are spiritual laws, enforcing obedience thereto and punishing disobedience thereof. Even Epictetus, a heathen philosopher, who held that Zeus, the master of the gods, could not control human will, writes: "What is the essence of God? Mind."

The general thought most regards material things, and keeps mind much out of sight. The Christian, however, serves for the spiritual. He abides in a right purpose, as laws which it were impious to transgress, and follows fearlessly truth. The heart that beats mostly for self is seldom alight with love.

To love so as to keep human consciousness in constant relation with the Divine, the spiritual and eternal is to individualize infinite power, and this is Christian Science. It is of less importance that we receive from mankind justice than that we deserve it. Most of us willingly accept dead truisms that can be buried at will; but a live truth, even though it be a sapling within rich soil and with blossoms on its branches, scares folks.

I am asked, "Is there a hell?" Yes, there is a hell for all who persist in breaking the Golden Rule or in disobeying the commandments of God. Physical science shows that the internal fires of our earth will eventually consume this planet. Christian science shows that hidden, unpunished sin is this internal fire—even the fire of a guilty conscience wakening to a true sense of itself, and burning in torture until the sinner is consumed, his sins destroyed, which may take millions of cycles, but of the time no man knoweth.

Only the makers of hell burn in their fire. Concealed crimes, the wrongs done to others, are millstones hung around the necks of the wicked. Christ Jesus "paid our debt and set us free," by enabling us to pay it—for which we are still His debtors, washing the wayfarers' feet with tears of joy.

Mortals must drink of the cup of their Lord and Master sufficiently to unself mortality, and destroy its erroneous claims. Sickness is possible because one's thoughts and conduct do not afford a sufficient defence against it.

A small group of wise thinkers is better than a wilderness of dullards, and stronger than the might of empires. Unity is spiritual cooperation, heart to heart, the bond of blessedness, such as my beloved Christian Scientists all over the field, and the dear Sunday School children, have demonstrated in gifts to me of about $80,000 to be applied to building, establishing and furnishing our church edifice in Concord, N. H.

Our proper reason for church edifices is that Christians may therein worship God; not that Christians may worship church edifices.

THINKS NELLIE IS AN ACTRESS.

C. W. H. Carter, One of Them Says, Was Known at the Theatre as "The Count."

The funeral of Charles W. H. Carter, the wealthy varnish manufacturer, who died in a cab in Brooklyn on Thursday night, will take place at his home, 149 Lincoln road, Flatbush, this morning.

Police Captain Harkins of the Adams street station has not as yet discovered who the pretty girl was who was in the cab with Mr. Carter on Thursday night, but he thinks she is an actress with whom Mr. Carter became acquainted in the rathskeller attached to Watson's Theatre on Willoughby street.

Capt. Harkins had a conversation with an actress on Saturday who said she knew Mr. Carter, not by that name, but by the soubriquet "the Count." She said he never told what his name was but asked the actress to call him "the Count." She said he was a fine man, who always spoke of his magnificent home but who wanted a little relaxation from his business affairs. She said "the Count" frequently said he liked to be in the company of actresses to hear their witty and bright remarks.

Capt. Harkins said the actress to whom he had spoken said she would go among the other actresses, all of whom were without engagements this summer, and try to find the one who was with Mr. Carter in the cab on Thursday night.

CLAUS SPRECKELS ILL.

Leaves Carlsbad for Berlin to Undergo an Operation.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

CARLSBAD, July 17.—Claus Spreckels of San Francisco, the sugar refiner and capitalist, is seriously ill here. He will start in a few days for Berlin, where he will undergo an operation.

Spaniards Entertain American Governor of Porto Rico.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

SAN JUAN, July 17.—The Spanish colony here has entertained Gov. Winthrop, who assumed office a short time ago. The addresses made by Spaniards created a favorable impression, and the Governor's proposed policy was applauded.

RIGHT TO RAISE THE MAINE.

New Orleans Contractor Says He Has Already Paid Cuba for the Privilege.

NEW ORLEANS, July 17.—R. H. F. Sewall of this city, who has the contract for raising the wreck of the Maine in Havana harbor, says that he has already paid the Cuban Government for the privilege. Cuba has twice advertised for bids for the wreck's removal, covering a period of eight or ten months.

The first bids were opened on June 1, 1903, when all bids were rejected, due to informalities. The second batch of bids was opened on Oct. 14, 1903, when a Chicago contractor was the successful bidder. He allowed his bid to default on March 20, 1904.

During all of this time there was no question raised as to Cuba's right to remove the wreck. Mr. Sewall also said he had letters from the Navy Department of the United States on the subject, saying that the material was of no value to the Department, and conveying the impression that it rested with Cuba to clear Havana harbor.

The recent letter to the Navy Department, which had caused so much comment throughout the country, he said, was written at the suggestion of interested persons who raised that question. He did not think there would be any delay to an immediate reply to the effect that the United States had abandoned the vessel and Cuba could do what she desired with it. The contract guaranteed the contractor a clear title to the vessel and to everything found on board.

WHO OPENED COL. SMITH'S SAFE?

Prayer and Spirits Invoked When Experts Gave Up the Job—It's Open, Anyway.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—Mrs. Eldridge Smith, widow of Col. Eldridge Smith, the inventor, who died in Washington some weeks ago, and S. Clark Swett, a model maker, of this city, are at present engaged in a bitter controversy as to the relative merits of prayer and departed spirits for safe-breaking purposes.

Mrs. Smith believes in sincere prayer. Mr. Swett is a spiritualist and, according to his own admission, has a retinue of about thirty departed souls following him around most of the time. Consequently when a big steel safe which contained the will of Col. Smith and many other documents of value and importance resisted the efforts of two safe experts from the Treasury Department, Mrs. Smith and Mr. Swett decided to try prayer and spirit control instead of gunpowder or nitroglycerine.

Mrs. Smith retired to the seclusion of her room, believing that prayer would open the safe. Mr. Swett was also firm in this belief, but he kept his hand on the combination of the safe. Then, according to his own story, he put in an application to the thirty odd departed spirits in his immediate vicinity, and in a very brief time it had been favorably acted upon and he was spinning the knob of the safe combination back and forth at the instigation of his spirit control. This is the way he describes it:

"The muscles and nerves of my hand and wrist and arm tingled with the unknown manifestation, and I had an involuntary impulse to turn the knob of the lock. Appreciating that the spirits were working through me, I surrendered my will to their control. The disk stopped and I had an impulse to reverse it. This I did, and again my hand, impelled by the spirit guide, moved in the opposite direction and stopped. Then the door slowly opened."

Then Mr. Swett ran to Mrs. Smith with the glad news, but when he told her about the retinue of departed spirits and their merits as safe experts Mrs. Smith objected. She called his attention to the fact that at the time his arm was tingling she was praying that the safe might open. According to Mrs. Smith, Swett was nothing more than a human agency directed to open the safe in response to her supplications.

Mr. Swett had some difficulty in picking the safe expert that aided him out of the thirty odd departed spirits, but finally, after some trouble, learned that the spirit of an Indian girl, who had helped him out of tight places before, went to the departed spirit of Col. Smith, which was detained elsewhere, and secured the combination.

Mrs. Smith has in her possession the written statements of the Treasury experts that it would have been necessary to have drilled the safe in order to get the door open. She holds that her sincere supplications did the work and that Swett's spirit guides knew nothing of the matter. Mrs. Smith and Swett are not very friendly just now.

STEERAGE IN TURMOIL.

Weather So Pleasant That Normal Human Fighting Habits Resume Their Sway.

"In pleasant weather," said Capt. Krech of the Hamburg-American liner Graf Waldersee, in yesterday from Hamburg, "we almost invariably have little troubles in the steerage. In bad weather the passengers have other emotions that take up most of their time. This trip it started with one woman slapping another woman's child. The mother slapped the one who had begun the slapping. Other women took sides and soon most of the women in the compartment were at it. By the time their husbands got mixed up with it the ship's officers took a hand and restored quiet.

"A woman who objected to the steerage fare demanded a table d'hôte dinner. She wrote in French, spoke in German, and thought in Russian. We gave her a table d'hôte and she objected to that in all her languages at once. There are disadvantages in a quiet voyage such as we had this time."

ELEVATED MOTORMEN MEET.

To Call a Convention to Discuss the Increasing Use of Electricity.

A meeting of Division 105 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was held last night in Harlem, which was attended by delegates from fifteen other divisions in and around New York. Division 105 is composed of the motormen on the Manhattan elevated railroads who were engineers before the electric motors were introduced.

A spokesman for the union said that the increasing substitution of electricity for steam on railroads and its probable effect had been discussed, but he refused to go into details of the talk.

Plans were being made for a meeting of the delegates of all the locals within a radius of 500 miles of New York to discuss this and other matters. The date of the meeting has not been fixed.

OBITUARY.

David J. Fitzgerald, a leading physician of Warren county, N. Y., died at his home in Glens Falls Sunday afternoon, aged 46 years. He was born in Ireland. He came to this country early in life. He was graduated from Fort Edward Collegiate Institute in 1876, the Albany Medical College in 1884, and after a course in the New York Post Graduate College, began practice in Glens Falls in 1886. He leaves a widow and two young daughters, and also these brothers and sisters: Dr. John F. Fitzgerald of the Department of Charities of Brooklyn, Edmund F. Fitzgerald, Thomas E. Fitzgerald and William G. Fitzgerald of New York city, and Mrs. Helen Vosberg of Richmond Hill, L. I.

Benjamin Franklin Monroe, a Manhattan banker, died in his home at 207 Lincoln place, Brooklyn, of apoplexy yesterday morning. Mr. Monroe was a native of Massachusetts and had lived in Brooklyn for nearly half a century. He was a veteran of the civil war, a member of the Loyal Legion and a Mason. The funeral will take place from his home on Tuesday.

Mrs. Ellen Cooney, 54 years of age, the wife of Capt. Cooney of the Seventy-fifth precinct, died yesterday morning at her summer home at Far Rockaway. The remains were removed to her home, 307 West 112th street. Besides her husband she is survived by three sons and four daughters. The funeral will be on Wednesday.

RUSSIAN LINES REENFORCED.

ARMIES IN TOUCH BEYOND THE MOTIEN PASS.

Gen. Kuroki Waiting for the Fall of Port Arthur Before Resuming Advance—That Event Promised for August—Another Ship Passes Dardanelles.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, July 18.—A despatch to the *Morning Post*, dated near Motien Pass, July 15, says that the Russians between the Japanese front and the railway are being strongly reenforced. There are patrol skirmishes occasionally. The outposts are in close touch. There has been little rain during the last fortnight. The Japanese transport is not much impeded.

The *Chronicle's* correspondent at Motien Pass says that the rival outposts are only 1,100 yards apart. He describes the health and spirits of the Japanese as splendid, but says they are chafing at the delay, which is due to the fact that the army is waiting for news of the assault and downfall of Port Arthur.

The Tokio correspondent of the *Chronicle* says that the capture of Port Arthur is expected about Aug 15.

GERMAN FEELING AROUSED.

But no Official Protest Has Been Made Against Holding Up of German Liner.

Special Cable Despatches to THE SUN.

BERLIN, July 17.—There is great indignation in Germany over the holding up of the North German Lloyd steamer Prinz Heinrich by the Russian volunteer steamer Smolensk and the examination of her mails. It is doubtful whether a ship of the Smolensk class, she not being recognized as a vessel of war, has a right to stop a neutral flag.

German professors of international maritime law assert that the only vessels that can be stopped are those carrying despatches from or to an enemy which are recognized as such carriers and as such are paid by the enemy. Neutral mail carriers conveying such despatches in the usual mail bags are not liable to molestation.

The Government has not yet lodged a protest against the action of the Smolensk, but it is awaiting an explanation from the Russian Government.

LONDON, July 18.—The Tokio correspondent of the *Standard* says the Japanese are inquiring whether France will allow steamers of the Russian volunteer fleet to coal at her ports, now they have openly assumed the character of armed vessels.

The *Jiji Shimpo* says it hopes that France will preserve neutrality, and that Great Britain will see that Turkey does not aid Russia by allowing vessels of the volunteer fleet to pass the Dardenelles.

The *Standard* prints a Constantinople despatch saying that the Russian station boat Chernomoretz passed through the Bosphorus from the Black Sea at 9 o'clock this morning.

BALL GAME ENDS IN A FIGHT.

Ex-Mayor Dillon Rescues First Baseman From Mob.

NEW ROCHELLE, July 17.—A game of baseball held in Dillon Park, just outside the city limits this afternoon, between the Rough Riders, a home team, and the Tuckahoe nine for the championship of Westchester county, broke up in a riot in which nearly 1,000 spectators were mixed. Several persons were struck and badly hurt.

That scores of others were not clubbed and trampled to death was due to the action of ex-Mayor Michael J. Dillon, owner of the grounds, who stepped into the crowd with his cane and beat the Tuckahoe crowd and their crowd of rooters off the Rough Riders' first baseman, Philip Letbride, and Umpire Murray of White Plains.

By the vigorous use of his cane, the ex-Mayor put down the riot. He ordered the disturbers off the grounds. The umpire and baseman were hurried to the grandstand by the New Rochelle players, who surrounded them and protected them with their bats from the Tuckahoe mob until the excitement died down.

In the mix up Richard Goldsmith of New Rochelle, who had a bet on the Rough Riders and was foremost in insisting that they had won the game, was struck with a bottle and knocked unconscious. He has four cuts across his head. He was taken home in a carriage and doctors took seventeen stitches in his wounds. Three other men were knocked down and trampled so badly that they had to be sent home in carriages, and a half dozen others will bear marks of the fray for some time.

The disturbance started in the eighth inning, when the score stood 3 to 2 in favor of New Rochelle. Letbride, one of New Rochelle's crack players, was at the bat and two men were on base. Nearly $5,000 was up on the game and the most intense excitement prevailed. Hundreds were shouting to Letbride to make a home run.

Great was the joy of New Rochelle when Letbride found the ball and sent it like a shot far over the heads of the Tuckahoe fielders. As Letbride threw the bat it hit Kitchell of the Ontarios of The Bronx, who was catching for Tuckahoe, in the face, and knocked him down. The two New Rochelle men on bases came in. Immediately a howl went up from the 500 Tuckahoe rooters, who came rushing down from the grand stand, alleging that Letbride had struck their catcher purposely and knocked him out. To add to the excitement, the umpire decided that New Rochelle had won, 5 to 2.

A part of the Tuckahoe crowd made a rush for Letbride, who was on third base, and the New Rochelle players, seeing that they meant mischief, armed themselves with bats and ran out to protect him. Another crowd of Tuckahoe rooters made for the umpire, who, seeing that his life was in danger, broke and ran for the grand stand.

About 1,000 spectators were on the diamond by this time, shaking their fists and trampling each other in their efforts to get near the players. It was at this time that ex-Mayor Dillon made his descent from the grandstand and scattered the crowd with his cane. He pushed his way through the mob to third base and, taking Letbride under his protection, escorted him to the grand stand. The Tuckahoe rooters went away. Many of them declared that their team was entitled to the game and refused to pay the bets.

MRS. BATCHELLER'S BODY HOME.

Judge Batcheller Returns From Egypt on a Sad Journey.

Judge George Sherman Batcheller, Supreme Justice of the International Tribunal at Alexandria, Egypt, was a passenger on the Cunarder Etruria in yesterday morning. Judge Batcheller brought with him the body of his wife, Catherine Phillips Batcheller, who died in Alexandria on May 14, 1903.

In accordance with Egyptian law the body had to be interred in Egyptian soil for at least one year before it could be removed from the country. At the funeral in the American chapel at Alexandria a year ago last spring Lord Cromer, at the request of King Edward of England, placed on the coffin a wreath of flowers.

Judge Batcheller's home was in Saratoga, where lives Miss Kate Batcheller his only child. A mausoleum has been erected in Saratoga to receive the body of Mrs. Batcheller.

SARATOGA, N. Y., July 17.—The body of Mrs. Catherine Phillips Batcheller was brought this afternoon to the Batcheller home on Circular street. Funeral services will be held on Tuesday afternoon. Judge George S. Batcheller accompanied the body of his wife.

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Broadway and 9th St.

FIRE SCARE ON PICNIC BARGE

KELLY AND DELAP PREVENTED ACCIDENT BY QUICK ACTION.

Opportune Fireman and Boat's Crew Put Out Flame, Which Had Been Started by Carelessly Thrown Match—Barge Had Not Yet Started, So Many Stayed Home.

The Sullivans, Sheas, Murphys, McCarthys, Duffys, Kellys, Haggertys, Brannigans and Moriartys and 4,000 of the O's and Macs of the John J. Kelly Association of the Second Assembly district went picnicking yesterday afternoon on the steamer Tolchester with the barges Susquehanna, Columbia and Spear attached. Just before leaving the Bridge pier in Brooklyn for Sea Breeze about noon a young man on the upper deck of the Susquehanna lit a cigarette and threw the lighted match on a pile of paper, lunch baskets and picnic truck piled in a corner. The flame shot up in a red tongue and a cloud of smoke drifted over the barge.

There were about 1,000 on board the Susquehanna and most of these were women and children. Those closest the pile of burning paper lost their heads and plunged forward through the crowd in front of them, screaming "Fire!" "Help!" "Save us!" Mothers shrieked for their children and several women became hysterical.

John J. Kelly, who was shaking hands with excursionists who were still coming over the gangplank, saw the danger, ran over the plank, and burst through the frightened crowd on the Susquehanna.

"Cut this out," shouted Kelly. "There ain't no danger. It ain't nothing but paper."

His big voice and the power of his muscles had a calming effect, and the mad rush for the gangplank was checked.

Gus Delap, president of the association, and Daniel McGonigle, chairman of the committee bossing the excursion, both nervy, husky fellows, herded the nervous women on to the Columbia and the dock until the danger was over.

On board the Tolchester and the other barges the excitement was hardly less than on the Susquehanna. The Slocum horror rose in the mind of every one. Men as well as women were on the point of doing foolish things, but the quick, determined action of Kelly and Delap and the discipline of the boats' crews prevented accidents.

Fireman Andy Ruddy of Engine 8, on his way to dinner, heard the racket at the dock, ran there, saw what was happening and jumped on board the Susquehanna. He put the fire out in one minute with the help of a volunteer bucket brigade.

The rumor of a fire on board the excursion boats had reached the Second and Fifth wards, where the picnickers lived, growing bigger and more alarming the further it ran. In twenty minutes several hundred anxious relatives of folks on board had run to the dock.

The boats left for Sea Breeze at 1 o'clock, bands playing, flags fluttering and babies crowing. The fire panic kept none from the trip.

DEATH FOR ASSAULT.

Move Begun in Pennsylvania to Punish Rape by Hanging.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 17.—Lawyers in this city yesterday held an informal meeting and arranged to have a bill providing for capital punishment for rape drawn up and presented to the next Legislature. According to the plan proposed the crime will be graded in the same manner as murder.

The first degree will punishable by hanging, the second by not less than fifteen years imprisonment and the third degree at the discretion of the court. Several members of the Legislature have announced their willingness to foster the bill.

The action of the attorneys was the result of the assaults on women in this and neighboring States. The most recent of these was the assault upon Mrs. Charles Biddle of Burlington, N. J., by three negroes, Timbers, Austin and Sims. This was directly responsible for the movement.

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WENT BACK TO HUSBAND NO. 1.

Brooklyn Woman Who Married While Her Spouse Was Away Returns to Him.

BALTIMORE, July 17.—After having been his wife for more than a year, Mrs. Frank Sluzewski left her husband, a member of Holy Rosary Catholic Church, last night and returned to Brooklyn with her first husband, Jacob Trawczynski.

The agreement of separation, it is said, was made in the presence of the two husbands at Sluzewski's residence after all parties concerned had talked over the matter for several hours.

Mrs. Trawczynski came to Baltimore more than a year ago. It is said she represented herself as a widow. She left Brooklyn while her husband was in Poland attending to some business negotiations there. She soon became acquainted with Sluzewski and about a year ago they were married in Holy Rosary Church by the Rev. Michael Barabasz, nothing ruffling the serenity of their marriage until the arrival of husband No. 1.

On returning to his home, 237 Kent avenue, in Brooklyn, and not finding his wife to greet him, Mr. Trawczynski at once began a search for her. His efforts were unrewarded until a short time ago, when he learned she had come to Baltimore. He arrived in this city on Thursday and immediately began to canvass among the Polish colony for his missing spouse.

As Mrs. Sluzewski, as she was known then, was familiar to the people of her race on account of her good looks, her first husband had little difficulty in finding her. Father Barabasz was informed of the situation and the matter was settled peaceably through his influence.

THREE SWEDES IN A DORY

Making for Philadelphia for a Job—Their Boat Is C. R. R. of N. J. No. 15.

A fifteen foot dory put into the boat basin at the Battery yesterday afternoon, and three stalwart Swedes tied her up and landed. They steered an erratic course to the Ship News office. While two of them explained the object of their visit in English that was partly broken by Swedish and partly by the weather they were laboring under, the other stood in the background muttering at short and regular intervals: "Damn fools!"

The spokesman said that they had just rowed down from Boston by sea and Sound and that they were on their way to Philadelphia. They said that they had chartered the dory, on the bow of which was the legend C. R. R. of N. J. No. 15, which would imply that they had been negotiating with the Central Railroad of New Jersey. They said that they were sailors from the American schooner Campbell, that they had been paid off in Boston on Thursday, and had decided to command a craft of their own and make their way to Philadelphia to ship on another coal carrier to take them back to Boston.

Asked where they carried their provisions, they said: "Inside," and added that the provisions consisted chiefly of beer and spirits, which apparently was true. They boarded the dory at 5:30 o'clock and a crowd on the Battery wall saw them making for the bay. A Battery boatman yelled farewell to them, and remarked:

"There'll be three Swedes drowned off the Jersey coast to-night!"

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