

OVER ENGINE TO SAVE DRIVER

FIREMAN CORLEY OF 36 RISKS LIFE FOR A COMRADE.

Bump With a Truck Sent Scanlon From His Strapped-on Seat. Corley, From the Rear, Crawled Over the Steam Hot Machinery and Stopped the Horses.

Bill Corley, the engineer of fire engine 36, saved the life of the driver of the engine, Tom Scanlon, yesterday. Firemen have a way of saving one another's lives, and like Corley and Scanlon, they have a way of saying nothing about it. But if any man in this town had a way of presenting to folks as fiction the things that happened to the men at engine 36 early yesterday morning a great deal would be said about it.

It just happened in this instance that some outside folk saw the thing that really did happen, and so it all came out. Engine 36 was called to a fire at the second alarm from the tenement fire at 151 Brook avenue, where two score or more of families were driven out of their homes just at daylight. The engine house is in Park avenue, under the railroad tracks, between 126th and 127th streets. The distance to be covered was not great, as fire engine "runs" go, and Scanlon let the horses go at their widest pace except on the corner of corner.

At the third alarm, the bridge over the Ebbens River, Scanlon found the right side of the way blocked by a procession of heavy trucks moving stupidly over the bridge ahead of him on the right hand side. He took to the car tracks in the middle. The horses got over the crest of the draw and stretched themselves out as they felt the engine growing lighter behind them when they struck the down grade. Scanlon knew he had plenty of room in the open lanes beyond the bridge to turn them east through 133d street toward Brook avenue. He braced himself under the strap that held him down to his seat, reached out to give their heads and necks full play and yelled like an Apache on a drunken raid.

"Go on! Go on, you fools!" he screamed over their heads joyously. "Wow! Why—wo—wo!"

The three horses, the gray on the near side, the man in the middle and the black on the off, jumped forward into their steel collars and the engine bounded and swung behind them down the cobbled slope from the bridge.

Capt. Joe O'Connor on the step back of the firebox, beside Bill Corley, the engineer, clung to the machine with one hand. With the other he grasped the whistle rope. There was no need to work on it. The bounding and the saving of the engine kept him swinging so that the crazy scream of the whistle tooting out over the frozen river and the half light streets was almost continuous.

Everybody knows how fire horses run, once in their stride, on a level, asphalted street. The three of engine 36 were going downhill, with a free rein and with rough cobbles under their hooved shoes. They were running like wild horses.

Out in front of them flashed a fool red trolley car in between the double line of slow trucks. It had no business there. No trolley car has any business moving at all while a fire engine whistle is sounding until after the engine and its tender have passed. But engines do not often cross the bridge and the motorman was thinking about something else.

Scanlon made up his mind in a flash that he couldn't pull up his horses in time to dodge the trolley car. His only hope was that he could dodge into the truck line and dodge out behind the car again. So he gripped his lines a bit and swerved the three to the left and grinded his teeth. There was a lot of an open space in the truck line and a great yellow van loaded with yellow log carcases seemed to dodge into that while the car went by and then dodged out again, everything would be all right. He did what every fire engine driver always does, let his horses run and took his chance.

The big machine careened over to the right with the sudden turn, and then careened over to the left on the reverse straining car and the slow truck. The horses didn't care. They had been trained to believe that anything the driver sets out for them to do is their job and that they can't get hurt if they obey orders. They kept on in their straining gallop.

The motorman decided at this inopportune moment that he had made a mistake and that he ought to stop—of course, at the second, there was nothing worse that he could have done. He put on the brakes of his car. Scanlon saw the team a little closer to the pork loaded truck. The horses got by; the front wheels got by; but the rear wheels of the engine brought smash against the end of the truck.

The strap which bound Scanlon to his seat parted with a crack like a pistol shot. Scanlon whirled forward in a helpless result between the roan and the black. He struck the off pole, slid over it, but managed to grasp it with his hands. There he hung, dragged among the flying wheels.

The right wheels of the great steam engine were right behind him; if he lost his grip they must surely crush him to death. So he hung on and prayed. The horses, the three, had not slowed in the least. If Scanlon chose to bump them into a load of stick naked pork it was none of their business. It was doubtless part of the game.

Meaning Capt. O'Connor and Bill Corley were bumping into among the coils in the fireman's shoes, and the shock had buried them. Both of them were bruised and stunned, and the coils shaken from the firebox were burning through their clothes. Corley, perhaps because he was burned the worst and the pain brought him down quickly back to his senses, came to before anything unusual occurs, there is only one thing to do—stop the engine.

Corley leaped up to the right, over Capt. O'Connor, who was just beginning to pull himself out of the ashpans, and began climbing around the engine, over the big back-suction pipe, which is always slung on the side of the engine, up above the wheels and other machinery. The engine was whirling and jerking. To keep himself from being bounced off, Corley had to grab hold of the first things that his hands met.

The works of an engine, and the boiler and its pipes especially, are steam hot two minutes after the engine leaves its quarters. Corley's hands were blistered in a few spots every time he let go and took a fresh grip in his scramble. Pushing here, grabbing there, jumping and wriggling, he got around to the seat and swung himself up in it by the upright support of the

standpipe connection, which is right by the seat. The standpipe support, steel bar though it is, was bent three inches to the right, they found afterward, by the weight of Corley's swing when he threw himself up into the seat.

The reins were still looped over the foot-board, where they had dropped when Scanlon was thrown forward. Corley, who hadn't stopped to find that the inside of two of his fingers were burned to the bone, caught up the lines and braced himself back and yelled "Whoa!"

The horses threw up their heads and spread their big forefeet and braced themselves. Spang flew from the cobbles. Corley swung them to right and to left and they slackened and stopped.

Then he jumped from the seat, ran around in front and caught hold of Scanlon, who was still hugging the right pole and dragged him out. Scanlon's clothes were almost torn from the lower half of his body. His trousers were in ribbons and he was almost unconscious from the strain of holding on to the reins. The captain let himself down from the back platform and tottered around to the horses' heads and watched Scanlon come to.

They all breathed hard for a moment, including the gray, the roan and the black, who really didn't understand exactly what had gone wrong. Scanlon opened his eyes.

"Why the hell didn't you strap yourself on?" asked O'Connor.

"The damn old strap broke," explained Scanlon.

"Oh!" said O'Connor. Then he rubbed his head and thought a bit, and went on. "But that ain't any reason why we shouldn't get to that fire, is it?"

So Scanlon crawled back to his seat. Corley and the captain took their posts and, and engine 36 trundled back to 133d street, where the horses had run three blocks out of the way and at slightly reduced speed went its way to the Brook avenue fire, where it did all the duty there was left to do.

The chief heard about the accident after the fire was over and ordered O'Connor, Corley and Scanlon to go home and rest for at least twenty-four hours. He suggested that they had better go to a hospital first. All three, who'd guessed how good was good enough for them.

CROWD AT CROKER FUNERAL.

City Officials and Tammany Leaders Fill St. Ignatius Church.

Frank Croker was buried from St. Ignatius Church, yesterday morning, at 10 o'clock. The funeral services consisted of a low requiem mass, said by the Rev. Neil McKinnon, and a benediction by Archbishop Farley. The Rev. William O'Brien, Pardon preached a short sermon. Long before the appointed hour the church was filled.

The left side of the centre aisle was entirely reserved for the Democratic Club, and it was filled to overflowing. The Psi Upsilon fraternity, of which Frank Croker was a member, was represented by undergraduates from Brown University and a number of the graduates residing here. The New York Athletic Club and the Automobile Club of America had representatives present. Ferdinand Carlo, Frank O. Briggs, Ferdinand and Washington Roebing, representing the Roebing Construction Company, and a delegation of ten employees were present.

A little after 10:30 o'clock the organ began the dead march in "Saul" and the casket appeared covered only with a wreath of smilax at the main doors of the church. By this time the crowd was so great that the police had to make a passageway. Immediately following the casket were the four Sisters of Bon Secours, who have been the night watchers of the body since it was removed from the mortuary chapel of St. Leo's Church, in East Twenty-ninth street. Then came Gertrude, Florence, Herbert and Howard Croker, sisters and brothers; Mrs. W. L. Jenkins, a sister of Mr. Croker; Mr. and Mrs. P. F. McCann, Charles McCann, John Fox, president of the Democratic Club, and Andrew Freedman, Richard Croker, his wife and son, Richard Croker, Jr., came through the sacristy and out at the head of the centre aisle after the coffin was in place.

Nearly every city official and prominent politician in the city was present. Mayor McClellan arrived fifteen minutes before the funeral. Others who were seated before the funeral procession passed up the centre aisle were Charles F. Murphy, Corporation Counsel Delany, Commissioners Hayes and Oakley, ex-United States Senator Murphy, Miles O'Brien, ex-Fire Commissioner Scannell, ex-Mayor Van Wyck, Thomas L. Felner, President Forbes of the Aldermanic Board, President Abraham E. C. Sheehy, Justices Dugro, Truax, Van Brunt, O'Grady and O'Brien, Sheriff Brannan and City Chamberlain Keenan. P. H. McCarren, James Sheelin and John L. Shea represented Brooklyn. In the sacristy, besides Archbishop Farley, were Mgr. LaVelle, Mgr. Mooney and twenty-three priests from various churches of the city.

The interment was in the family plot in Calvary. Father McKinnon went to the cemetery. Mr. Croker, through his old secretary, Thomas F. Smith, gave out the following statement:

Through the courtesy of the press I wish to give grateful acknowledgment to the numerous letters of condolence received by me and my family, both here and abroad, during the illness of my dear Mr. Smith said he did not know Mr. Croker's immediate plans, nor for that matter did any one else. Three truckloads of earth were dumped at the various city hospitals just before the coffin was removed from the house at 3 East Seventy-fourth street.

The weather. The cold wave from the northwest continued to lower temperature in the Atlantic and Gulf States yesterday from 2 to 18 degrees. In most other sections it was becoming warmer. Zero weather continued as far south as northern Texas and New Mexico. Hence the line extended northward to the lower Allegheny and parts of the northern New England States.

Freezing weather covered all the country except the south Atlantic and Gulf States and the western Rocky Mountain slope. The center of the cold wave was still over the Northwest. The lowest temperature registered was 36 degrees below zero at Havre, Mont.

Snow flurries, caused by the advance of the cold weather, were reported in the Central valleys and Lake regions. Hail fell in Florida and the South-west.

In this city the day was fair and colder; wind brisk westerly; average humidity, 69 per cent; barometer, corrected to read to sea level, at 8 A.M., 30.30; 5 P.M., 30.20.

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

Table with 4 columns: 8 A.M., 10 A.M., 1 P.M., 3 P.M., 5 P.M., 8 P.M., 11 P.M., and a row for WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.



JAPS HOLD THE HUN RIVER.

VICTORY AT HEIKOUTAI WON AFTER FIERCE FIGHTING.

Oyama Reports That Russians Outnumbered His Forces, but a Vigorous Night Attack Drove Them Back—Battle Went On During a Severe Snowstorm.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. TOKIO, Feb. 3.—Field Marshal Oyama reports that he holds the line of the Hun River, with his extreme left established on the right bank. The main body of the Russians, after their defeat at Heikoutai (Heikoutai), retired across the Hun River. The battle was fought during a driving snowstorm.

After describing successive Russian attacks on Jan. 25 and 27, Oyama says that on Jan. 27, on the Japanese front, desperate hand to hand encounters followed. The Japanese succeeded in repulsing all the Russian attacks, including one made in their rear by Russians who ambushed them while they were advancing in pursuit. In this case the Russians were practically annihilated, only 200 of them surrendering.

The fighting continued throughout the day and night of Jan. 28. The Japanese were everywhere outnumbered, and it was decided to make a general night attack. Marshal Oyama concludes:

"All the columns expected annihilation. They suffered heavily from the Russian artillery and machine guns, but continued to attack with all their might. Unable to withstand our vigorous attack, the enemy began to retreat at 5:30 A.M. We occupied Heikoutai at 9:30."

The strength of the Russians was estimated at seven divisions, with one division of cavalry. Other details of the battle of Heikoutai indicate that it was one of the bloodiest and most determined struggles of the war. Evident signs of Russian activity west of the Sha River were detected by the Japanese as early as Jan. 20. They were apparently moving down, not rapidly, but steadily, a large force. A Japanese army, specially organized, was placed at Taitai, three miles east of Heikoutai. At noon on Jan. 25, Wednesday, a division of Russians surrounded the detachment that was holding Heikoutai, compelling it, after stubborn resistance, to retire under cover of night.

Thursday opened intensely cold and with a blinding snow, which delayed the Japanese operations until noon, when the approach of another Russian division, from the direction of Changhau, west of the Hun, was reported. The Russian main position extended parallel with the Hun River, two miles from Heikoutai and Taupao to the south. The latter was almost a fortress, strongly armed with machine guns, and was the key to the position. There were also thirty guns skillfully disposed about Heikoutai which covered the approach across the flats.

For two days and nights the Japanese fought severely, without success. On Thursday afternoon the Japanese right attempt to drive the enemy who were protecting Heikoutai to the northward. But the Russian batteries poured in an oblique fire upon the attacking force, inflicting heavy loss and checking its advance.

On Friday the right flank succeeded in driving the Russians, thus enabling the centre to advance to the attack of the town. This it did gallantly. But owing to the fact that the Russians were constantly reinforced, especially with artillery the Japanese advance was made only by inches. The extreme left wing was driven in and its rear was turned by Russian infantry and horse artillery at night, during which the Russians attacked everywhere. Fierce fighting ensued and the Russians were repulsed.

At dawn on Saturday the Japanese left gallantly drove a superior force of Russians and obtained a position from which to assault the Taupao fortress, but the Russians sharply flanked them with cavalry and twelve field and three machine guns, thus engaging the Japanese reinforcements who were designed to participate in the assault on the fortress. The flanking movement, however, was repulsed at night.

Heikoutai had not been taken and it was decided that a general night attack should be made by all the forces. The troops were exhorted to do their utmost. When the assault began the different columns expected that they would be annihilated. Attempt after attempt to take the position was made, only resulting in the Japanese suffering severe losses from the enemy's artillery and machine guns. The attack was vigorously continued, however, and at 5 o'clock on Sunday morning the Japanese made a furious onslaught. The Russians wavered before the force of the blow and the Japanese rushed in and occupied Heikoutai at 9:30 o'clock. The Russians were driven across the Hun River. The Japanese have secured positions west of the river.

Despatches from the Japanese headquarters in Manchuria report further fighting on Feb. 1 and 2, including a fierce Russian bombardment of Sandepu, to which the Japanese artillery replied. The Japanese repulsed an attack by a Russian brigade at Changtan. The Russians are accused of mutilating Japanese who were wounded in the fighting on Jan. 28.

LONDON, Feb. 4.—A despatch to the British will receive Dominion sugar.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. LONDON, Feb. 3.—The Government has notified importers that owing to the changes in the Santo Dominican sugar laws the British prohibition of the importation of Dominican sugar, issued in June, 1904, will be revoked. Dominican sugar can then be imported subject only to the conditions governing the importation of the staple from countries not participating in the Brussels convention.

King Gives Jeanne an Annuity. Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. LONDON, Feb. 3.—The King has granted Sir Francis Henry Jeanne, the retiring Judge of the Divorce Court, an annuity of £4,500.

A Good Habit To Acquire. Whenever you are attacked with a cough or cold have a bottle of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar handy and use it at once. It is safe, sure and effectual. All druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops. Cure in One Minute.

MORE STRIKERS SHOT DOWN.

WORKMEN BATTLE WITH TROOPS AT LODZ, RUSSIAN POLAND.

Six Killed at One Factory—Clashes Continue in Warsaw—Strikers Declare That Workmen Who Visit Czar Are Not Representative—Nobles Petition Czar.

Special Cable Despatches to THE SUN. LODZ, Feb. 3.—Serious disturbances broke out in the city this morning. There are 250,000 men on strike. A military patrol made an attack upon some of the strikers and fired upon them. The strikers replied with revolvers.

One clash between troops and strikers occurred at the Kounitzer factory. Six men were killed and forty-eight wounded. The military also fired on a crowd of strikers who were trying to interfere with men who had resumed work at Keller's factory.

CLASHES IN WARSAW. WARSAW, Feb. 3 (Evening).—The troops still maintain outward order here, but isolated clashes continue. Strikers to-day prevented the resumption of work in the Blenkowsky knife factory. They rushed into the building, drove out the men who were willing to work and destroyed the machinery.

An exalted Russian officer was murdered last night outside the Russian Club on Novi Swat street, which is the main thoroughfare of the city. It is reported that the workmen have already killed 300 persons in the thieves' quarter.

Outrages by the troops continue to be reported. Hussars blackmailed and beat Prince Radziwill while he was walking on the street with his sister. A mob has lynched a police sergeant who had hit a boy on the head with his sabre.

The Chief of Police has issued a proclamation stating that, thanks to special measures, disturbances have ceased and advising the people to return to their usual occupations. He says: "It is impossible to doubt that the workmen, influenced by the Emperor's gracious words, will resume work."

The police report fifty-seven killed, including six women and three children, during the disturbances. The official report adds that the British Vice-Consul was slightly injured while the troops were dispersing the crowds.

The coal mines in the Dombrovo district have been organized for a strike. Strikes and other disorders seem to be growing elsewhere in Poland. Many troops have been sent to Siedlce and Zenshochau. The ironworkers at Sosnowice have quit work, and all the sugar refineries in Poland have closed owing to the withdrawal of their employees.

CZAR RECEIVES MORE WORKMEN.

Talks to State Printers—Strikers Tear Down His Manifesto.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 3.—It is announced that the czar to-day received a deputation of five workmen, who were elected by their fellow workmen in the State Funds Printing Office. The delegates were driven from that station to the palace at Tsarskoe Selo in imperial carriages. The czar was accompanied by M. Kokovtsov, Minister of Finance, and Prince Solzitsin, the manager of the office.

After questioning each man as to the nature of his work, and asking how long he had served, His Majesty expressed satisfaction with the conduct of the delegates and complimented them upon honestly and conscientiously doing their duty. He charged them to thank their comrades in his name. He also notified the delegates that it was his intention to visit the works.

The delegates were shown about the palace, and entertained at dinner. Generally the labor situation is becoming worse. The workmen resent the declaration that the delegates who were received by the czar early in the week represented them. They insist that they were Government workmen.

The workmen in Lessner's factory, employed in making launching tubes for torpedoes, to-day tore down the Emperor's speech that had been posted up, and cried that it was false that any workmen had come to see him. Then they resumed the strike.

Governor General Treppoff summoned Lessner and told him that these 900 men must not be allowed to return to work. Lessner explained that they were specialists, that it would be impossible to replace them and they were doing urgent work for the navy. Treppoff still insisted. The Emperor is indignant at the tearing down of the speech.

The Government is pressing the independent manufacturers to grant a 10 per cent. reduction in the hours of their workmen and a 10 per cent. increase in their wages.

The Ministry of Finance announces to-day an increase in the excise duties on matches and also a tax of from 2 to 4 per cent. on the salaries of Government servants.

This measure will strengthen the Treasury. Maxim Gorki and his co-prisoners, except Prof. Gossen, of the St. Petersburg University, are still confined in the fortress. They have been allowed to see their wives and other relatives.

Long and Short. The Only Scotch Whisky Sold in the United States Which is Supplied by Special Warrant of Appointment to the House of Lords. At Clubs, Cafes, Hotels and of Dealers. The Cook & Bernheimer Co., Sole Distributors.

ROYAL Baking Powder. Is easy to use and makes good things quickly. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

KAUFFMAN SALE, \$176,695. EIGHTY-EIGHT PAINTINGS GO AT NEARLY \$2,000 EACH.

Senator W. A. Clark Buys a Noted Troyon for \$8,000, "The Watering Place" — A Van Marcke Brings the Top Figure, at \$9,000—Details of the Auction.

In Mendelssohn Hall last evening there was a full attendance of buyers and several hundred more admirers of pictures, ready to take up the paintings in the collection of the late J. W. Kauffman of St. Louis at liberal prices. Eighty-eight pictures sold for \$173,690, or an average price of nearly \$2,000 each. A dozen pieces of sculpture and two bronzes brought up the total of the evening's sale to \$176,695. Mr. Kirby was the auctioneer.

A canvas by Van Marcke, "Return From the Pasture," brought the highest figure, \$9,000. An unusual Troyon, in which cattle were subordinate elements in the general composition, entitled "The Watering Place," was bought by Senator W. A. Clark for \$8,000. Senator Clark also bought Bonnat's "A Little Roman Girl" for \$4,100, Mauve's "Returning From Pasture—Evening," for \$7,300, and Corot's "Italian Maiden" for \$4,400. K. G. Billings paid \$4,100 for Dupre's "Village Road," and the same figure for the same painter's "Windy Day."

For Schreyer's "Travelling in Russia" George A. Dowden of Newark paid \$9,900. Cattle canvases by William Hart, N. A., and William H. Howe, N. A., sold respectively at \$600 and \$675.

It may be mentioned that the Troyon was one of the canvases exhibited among the "one hundred masterpieces" in the Galerie Georges Petit in Paris in 1883. The pictures in the order of sale, with the names of the artists, those of the buyers as announced and the prices are given in the following table:

Table listing 88 paintings and their prices, including titles like 'The Roundelay', 'The Morning of the Hunt', 'The Watering Place', etc.

TO AID MAXIM GORKI. Authors' Club Would Help to Bring About His Release.

At a meeting of the executive council of the Authors' Club, held on Thursday evening, for the purpose of taking action regarding the imprisonment of Maxim Gorki, it was resolved that, in the event of his not being released in the meantime, a special meeting of the club be held for the purpose of taking such action as may seem best in order to aid in bringing about his release. A special meeting of the club has been called for Feb. 9. Oscar S. Straus presided at the meeting of the council.

Gen. Teherkoff Loses a Leg. Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. LONDON, Feb. 4.—The Warsaw correspondent of the Telegraph says that Gen. Teherkoff, Governor General of Warsaw, has had a leg amputated and his recovery is hopeless. Gen. Foulon will succeed him.

The New Derby. Three Dollars. It has a high crown, narrow brim and much dignity with which to sue for your favor. Is it correct and authoritative? In a fortnight most of the pseudo-exclusive hatmen will present it as their own design. There are two styles—the "Herald Square" and the "Prince of Wales." The felt, leathers and bindings are of the highest grade. The price is modest—three dollars.

Saks & Company. Broadway, 33d to 34th Street.

BROKAW BROTHERS. ESTABLISHED NEARLY HALF A CENTURY. GENTEEL Attire of the latest fashionable cut ready to deliver at once. Sack Suits, single and double breasted made up in every appropriate material in which we have confidence. Walking Suits of especially smart models. Also Dress Wear, Clerical Attire, and Boys' Clothes. To indicate prices, our Overcoats for instance range from \$15 to \$75—each garment reliable. Subway Station just at our door. ASTOR PLACE AND FOURTH AVENUE.

PERRIN GLOVES. 26 West 23rd Street. Telephone 453 Gramercy. Annual and Every Day Sale OF LADIES' GLOVES. No Job Lots and only one make. PERRIN'S \$1.15 all colors. Every pair fitted and guaranteed.

A Residence Telephone. Is used by every member of the family and pays for itself in time and carfare saved. Manhattan Residence Service at \$48 per Year. NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO. 15 Dey Street.

LADRONE LEADER BEHEADED. Papa Isio Captured by the Constabulary Under Lieut. Mohler. Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. MANILA, Feb. 3.—A force of constabulary commanded by Lieut. Mohler has killed five sub-leaders of the ladrones in the Island of Negros and beheaded Papa Isio, their leader.

Sheraton Book or Magazine Stand. Made of mahogany and exquisitely inlaid. Even a small reproduction like this shows the character that Sheraton put into all his work. The important fact of to-day is that whatever is best worth buying in Furniture is most easily and most surely obtainable here in this store. Schmitt Brothers, 40 East 23d St.