

NEW AMERICANS, 12,000 OF 'EM

ELLIS ISLAND HAS TO HANDLE A FLOOD FROM EUROPE.

Light Ships, but There's Only Time to Pass a List of These Human Carcasses... Ellis Island has to handle a flood from Europe...

With all the crowd—enough to make a city of themselves—it was only an extra busy day at Ellis Island. There was hardly any confusion, only an orderly and systematic bustle.

Following were the steamers and their average consignments: Maine, 1,950; Neckar, 2,601; Deutschland, 292; Gallia, 1,112; Christiana, 681; Imbarca, 1,141; Fenice, 2,578; Balice, 1,437. Of these the Maine, Pennsylvania and Balice were not cleared out yesterday.

At Ellis Island they drive their herd of emigrants down a big hall divided by lines of iron railings. As they pass along this line they are thumped and pounded and inspected as to eyes and scalps by physicians, asked questions about labor contracts and previous condition of servitude by special agents, and forced to show their money and to explain about their relatives in their own country.

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These always blossomed like the rose yesterday with the most singular effects in high colored clothes. There were worn in black and red and especially the black and red of 18th women in bright yellow head cloths, women in red kerchiefs that swore at purple and lavender waists.

The clothing of the men, although less gaudy, was as singular. Almost to a man they were shirts of that singular plaid which seems to be woven nowhere out of Italy, and gaudy neckties of magenta, pink and blue. Now and then there was a costume so brilliant and unusual as to flash out even from that crowd.

For example, one man wore a suit of a singular, gaudy blue which has no counterpart in American weaves. It looked as if it had been cut by some aged tailor relative. The sleeves were set in leg-of-mutton fashion, like those of a woman's shirt waist, and the seam of the trousers had a tendency to curve.

The material of his soft shirt had a pattern of red and yellow roses, as though it had been cut out of a parlor tidy. His tie was a yellow and black handkerchief, and he wore a red sash. He was evidently a peasant dude, this one; his complexion was perfect and his mustaches were delicately waxed.

When he flashed from the crowd also a woman whose purple waist was cut straight from bust to hip like the bodices of Queen Elizabeth's time, and whose hair was curled by the flare of her red skirt at the hips. She was lighter than most Italians, this one, and her face under her blue and white handkerchief was a study.

Then there was a woman in peasant dress, all but her head, which was decorated with a polo bat of the latest spring style. To an inspector of the customs she explained that she wanted to dress like a lady in America, so she bought it before she left Naples. In her purse was \$10 to show that she would not be a public charge.

Momentous were the decisions of those doctors and inspectors who sat along the iron railings. It needed only a motion from one of these, and an emigrant must step aside into the detention pen to linger for a final decision of his case.

Quickest of all these decisions was that of the surgeon who examines eyes. The aisles converge upon his post. As they passed him he raised their eyelids. If he motioned with his left hand the emigrant was one step nearer America; if with his right, the emigrant went to the detention pen to stay until his case is cured or he is sent home again as incurable.

In the main the emigrants took these decisions stoically. They showed their real feelings. There are two of these rooms, one for men and one for women. Old cases are there, cases which have hung on for months. Those whose relatives have failed to send for them the old, infirm, the beggars, the immoral—all who are held up except the sick—hang together in these white-washed rooms.

The women's ward holds the children as well. This department could not be gloomy, with twenty babies rolling on the floor and a dozen small boys of many tongues and soot clothing playing tag over the chairs. In the men's ward, however, the air was thick with gloom.

It was Good Friday yesterday, and Passover as well. In one corner of the men's ward three Italians were having over the table an elaborate Passover. The Hebrew patriarch, wearing a red handkerchief and rocking as he dined, while three younger men joined in the responses. Between them was a Lithuanian boy, crying an oblong area over the country from Arkansas to northern New York yesterday, attended by rain and thunder storms in the Central Mississippi, Ohio and Tennessee valleys, the southern section of the lower Lake region, New York and New England, and rain and snow over the northern section of the Lakes and Canada. There were high local winds at places along the storm's track. The entire disturbance was moving northeastward.

A second disturbance was beginning to show itself on the west Gulf coast and another over the western Rocky Mountains. Fair weather occupied the country all west of the Mississippi River, where it was from 6 to 30 degrees cooler and from 6 to 15 degrees warmer in the Atlantic States. It was below freezing point in the morning in Minnesota, the Dakotas and Montana, thence south to Kansas.

In the air the day was partly cloudy, with a heavy rain and high wind from a thunderstorm passing from west to east in the afternoon; warmer winds, generally from southerly; average humidity, 88 per cent; barometer, corrected, read to-day, 30.2; A. S. M., 29.7; S. P. M., 29.62.

The temperature register, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table: 8 A. M., 50°; 9 A. M., 50°; 10 A. M., 50°; 11 A. M., 50°; 12 M., 50°; 1 P. M., 50°; 2 P. M., 50°; 3 P. M., 50°; 4 P. M., 50°; 5 P. M., 50°; 6 P. M., 50°; 7 P. M., 50°; 8 P. M., 50°; 9 P. M., 50°; 10 P. M., 50°; 11 P. M., 50°; 12 M., 50°.

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW: For eastern New York, fair to-day and to-morrow; fresh to brisk northwesterly wind; fair to-morrow; fresh to brisk northwesterly wind.

For eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and the District of Columbia, fair and cooler to-day; fair to-morrow; fresh to brisk northwesterly wind.

For New England, fair to-day and cooler in south portion; fair to-morrow; brisk northwesterly wind; fresh to brisk northwesterly wind.

For the North Atlantic, fair to-day and cooler in south portion; fair to-morrow; brisk northwesterly wind; fresh to brisk northwesterly wind.

through the grate, and a little black man would drop 200 pounds of assorted bundles and indulge in kisses with a wire grating in his nose. Fathers and daughters and mothers reached through the grating and held hands for ten minutes at a time before they realized that there was an open door at the end of the passage.

One woman came down a line with six assorted children hanging to her skirts. Her husband and their father spied her and called her name. She stopped in her tracks and began to cry and the children hung to her skirts and joined in. Even papa caught the contagion, and all the Italians standing about got out their handkerchiefs. This went on until someone saw the joke and laughed. Then everyone laughed and it was all right.

By way of contrast, a German girl—one of the few Germans in the bunch—spied her mother through the grating. "Wie geht's denn, Mutter?" she said. And that was all.

And so they tumbled into the barge, holding hands and helping with bundles and crying a little at intervals and the next morning they were in the States.

According to the immigration officers, they ought to have been thrilled when their feet touched the land of opportunity. As a matter of fact, they were all as sick as a dog. At the most, there was only an excited curiosity on the faces of a few. Mostly they took it as part of the day's overhauling and didn't seem to be hearing. Only one—straight, young Hungarian in a suit faced with green—threw back his shoulders as he stepped ashore. Then there was the girl in the Elizabeth bonnet who had the ever waiting in the pen—a prosperous looking young East Side in black store clothes. They two had held hands at the grating and were the last to be let through. As they stepped ashore he threw an arm around her, drew her close and kissed her. No one laughed, except the cop on the landing.

They rolled through the gate into another crowd of waiting friends whom the police were holding in with difficulty. They scattered under the archway and there were some 5,000 new Americans.

On the Pennsylvania, where there are 2,878 immigrants, mostly Russian and Polish, the immigration officers are in a bit of a predicament. The Atlantic steamers do not furnish kosher meat, so that at any time immigrants of strict Hebrew tenets must bring their own food or stick to bread and potatoes. Now is Passover time, and all leavened bread is unclean. The supply of matzoh gave out on the way across.

When word was received yesterday that the Pennsylvania's people could not be landed until to-day, the immigrants saw famine or heresy before them. A few from among the passengers brought with them of this ashore, and yesterday the Hebrew charitable organizations sent aboard several hundred pounds of matzoh.

Had the consignment of 12,036 arrived on the same day it would have been recorded. As a matter of fact, they will be distributed over two days on the records, although they all arrived within eighteen hours.

DOC OWEN SLIPS ABOARD.

Killed the Ship Steer and Sails for Europe on the Cedric.

Doc Owen, the card sharp who spent most of his time on the ocean ferryboats until the flood of the various ships began to notify their passengers of his presence, slipped aboard the White Star liner Cedric at the last moment yesterday and sailed away.

He arrived at the pier just three minutes before the gangplank was removed and got aboard so quickly that Detective Mallon, the marine sleuth, missed him. Mallon recognized Owen's face at the rail as the liner pulled out.

"Good-by, Mr. Mallon, good-by," yelled Owen, raising his hat.

Mallon quickly told Supt. Pennell of the line, who managed to get the consular officer's presence on board to the effect steward on the ship. Owen will probably find it hard to indulge in a quiet game on the way across. His name did not appear on the passenger list.

FRANK BAKER COVERING.

Railroad Commissioner Writes That He Will Soon Be About.

Railroad Commissioner Frank M. Baker, who lost his left leg after an accident on the Erie road at Port Jervis several weeks ago, is rapidly on the mend. He is sitting up at his home in Owego and cheerfully says in a letter "my leg is healed and I hope in a few weeks to be up and 'stumping' it."

Gov. Morton first appointed Mr. Baker to be a Railroad Commissioner in December, 1898. He succeeded the late Michael Rickard.

Mr. Baker before his appointment was a practical railroad man and had spent thirty-two years of his life in actual railway service in various administrative departments. He has always been a Platt stalwart of the stalwarts.

BUILDING TRADES CONVENTION.

Big Meeting To-day to Sign the Arbitration Agreement.

Arrangements were completed at the Building Trades Club last night for a general convention to-day to sign a new arbitration agreement for the building trades. Representatives of over 1,000 building trades employers and 85,000 building workmen will sign the agreement. The employers are confident that the agreement will be guaranteed by the State and prosperity for the building trades this year.

Arbitration agreement conferences are also to be held in the Bronx and in Brooklyn. The Building Trades Association, the rival of the Building Trades Employers' Association, and the Associated Building Trades, the new central building trades organization, will be invited to draft a new arbitration agreement.

Arbitration for Jersey Tunnel Men.

Committees appointed by the Central Federated Union and the Associated Building Trades will hold a conference on Tuesday with President W. G. McAdoo of the New Jersey Tunnel Company in order to effect an arbitration agreement designed to do away with strikes while the tunnel is being built. A union scale of wages and union conditions will be insisted upon.

The Weather.

The storm from the Southwest stretched in an oblong area over the country from Arkansas to northern New York yesterday, attended by rain and thunder storms in the Central Mississippi, Ohio and Tennessee valleys, the southern section of the lower Lake region, New York and New England, and rain and snow over the northern section of the Lakes and Canada. There were high local winds at places along the storm's track. The entire disturbance was moving northeastward.

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The Old Reliable ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE There is no substitute

BIG FIRE FOR BROWNSVILLE.

SIX FIREMEN NEED THE ATTENTION OF A PHYSICIAN.

Two Physicians Do Rescue Work Also—Many Buildings Caught Fire and the Damages Are Estimated at \$150,000—Board of Trade Will Aid the Victims.

A fire doing damage estimated at \$150,000 occurred yesterday afternoon in the Brownsville section of East New York. The flames started in the furniture store of Benjamin Glass on the northeast corner of Belmont and Thattford avenues at 29, 31 and 33 Belmont. They spread to the brick and frame three and four story tenements adjoining, on Belmont and Thattford avenues, and then leaped across the street to the buildings on the northwest, southwest and southeast corners. The row of brick flat houses extending from 128 to 118 Thattford avenue, was burned out on the inside, as were the tenements at 115 to 113 Thattford avenue, and the tenements from 35 to 39 Belmont avenue. Glass's building was destroyed. Many firemen did good work in making rescues. Six firemen required the attention of an ambulance doctor but after being treated were able to return to duty.

Two doctors, Dr. William T. Saybolt and Ambulance Dr. Linder of the Bradford Street Hospital, assisted in the rescue of Fireman Danascher, Danaascher and Vollhardt, the other fireman overcome, were in the upper floor of the tenement at 35 Belmont avenue, where a fire of a volume of poisonous smoke was too much for them. They staggered to a front window for air and then made for the stairway. Their way was barred in the street and some comrades and the two doctors hustled up into the building.

It is said to have been the largest fire in the history of Brownsville. It was learned last night that the Brownsville Board of Trade will lend the fire victims assistance and see that they have homes until they are able to care for themselves.

Mrs. Mary McGroove, 50 years old, of 131 East New York avenue, died as a direct result of the fire. She lived about three weeks from where the fire broke out. She heard rumors that all Brownsville was burning up. She sat near an open window on the second floor of the house in which she lived, watching a burning fire. A cabinet dropped on top of the grocery awning on the ground floor. The awning blazed up into her face and she fell back in her chair dead. She had suffered from heart trouble.

GOOD TIME, THEN SUICIDE. Son of a Warsaw Merchant Aphysiatist Himself—Suspected of Theft.

Stanislaus Anders, 26 years old, the son of a wealthy merchant of Warsaw, Poland, committed suicide by inhaling illuminating gas in a room in the Hotel Hastings, 197 Fulton street, Brooklyn, yesterday morning. He was discovered by the night clerk. He was clad only in his underwear. He had been drinking all day Thursday and was driven to the hotel in aansom, arriving there about 6 o'clock in the evening. When his clothing was searched yesterday he had just 17 cents in cash and several pennies, showing that within the last two days he had received \$54 from various pawnbrokers, on a diamond ring, a diamond pin, a gold watch and gold jewelry. Anders had been in the employ of Mark & Co., 194 West street, for several years, but had left two months ago.

He had been occupying the furnished room at 221 Carlton street, Brooklyn, for two months. On Thursday, Walter Cavana and William Belleaven, who have rooms in the house, complained that they had been robbed and they gave the police a description of the stolen property, which is valued at about \$250. They told the captain that they suspected Anders, who had not been working for some time. Anders and his wife were unable to find Anders. While they were looking for him he was having a good time drinking in the Hotel Hastings. The pawnbrokers found in Anders's pockets yesterday, the police say, confirm their suspicions. Mark & Co. will take charge of Anders's body and send it back to Warsaw.

FAKE MESSAGES OF SICKNESS.

Message Boy Accused of Getting Money From Two Anxious Wives.

Morton Cole, 19 years old, of 333 East Fourteenth street, a messenger boy employed at the Postal Telegraph office, Thirty-first street and Broadway, was arrested by Detective Rooney of the Madison street station last night on two charges of sending false messages of sickness to the wives of two men. The police found in his pockets yesterday, the police say, confirm their suspicions. Mark & Co. will take charge of Anders's body and send it back to Warsaw.

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VORTEX OF BLUE STAMP WOMEN

COPS AND SLAVE YOUNG MAN TRY VAINLY TO SOOTHE THEM.

Maybe They'll Get Something After Another Payment of Big Creditors—Tragedy of Bargain Hunting—Speculators Busy—Executions Issued.

Vendors of Easter flowers and hawkers of fragile toys, huddled in West Twenty-third street yesterday afternoon, gave the sidewalk in front of 156 a wide berth. All day, there, at the door of the Benedict & McFarlane Blue Trading Stamp Company, something like 200 agitated women shoved and pushed, fought with one another and carried on what hairy, the cop, said was a scandalous do-do. One pedler, a bearded patriarch of Rivington street, had been knocked down during the morning and his store was scattered and trampled under foot. His revivings and lamentations drove away other pedler folk.

The crowd was almost as large as that of Thursday, when the action of Judge Holt of the United States District Court in appointing Frederick A. Burlingame receiver for the company got the suits of three creditors against the New York Debtors and Dining Room Furniture Company, the Hermann Furniture and Plumbery Cabinet Works and Large & West, closed the doors of the store at 4 o'clock. The trading stamp fiasco, nineteen out of twenty women, gathered in force and besieged the door of the shop. An amiable young man with red hair and a bronzed voice, who represented the receiver, tried to soothe angry women, but he was unable to do so. He still the cries of abuse and diffuse a superior quality of warm air.

He arrived at the store at 6 o'clock in the morning, and when he got there he found the sidewalk packed and jammed with women. Only a few men were about, and these had a sort of sheepish air as if the whole matter was a silly sort of business and they had to be there just because their wives ordered them. The red-haired young man was swallowed up promptly in a vortex of clamoring females. They pushed trading stamp books in his face, poked them in his stomach, grabbed him by the coat, hustled him and rustled him until the young fellow had to call on a policeman for assistance.

"Really, ladies," said the suavely, "I am here only as the representative of Receiver Burlingame. I can't let you do this. It is against the law. The matter must now pass through the courts."

"Dern the courts," said Mrs. McCann of Fifth street, possessor of 13,000 blue stamps. Mrs. McCann had pinned a clock of black walnut with brass hands and her cup was overflowing with wo. To make her feelings worse the clock stood in a row of windows, ticking away a grand clock of imposing aspect.

"Young man," she went on, "I am old enough to be your mother. I am spent with waiting for you. You have not come home for a long time. You have pinched and scraped, and then pinched and scraped again to get hold of those pesky blue things. I have gone without sleep every night. I look like a nice young man. Now aren't you going to let me in?"

"Really, madam," said the fussed young man, "I am sorry. You must await the action of the receiver."

"All right," said Mrs. McCann. "When my man Mike gets home at 6 o'clock he'll be right around here and if you don't let me in I'll get Mike to punch your nose, receiver or no receiver."

It is worthy mention that the Auburn bank representative of the receiver retired into the shop at precisely 4:57 o'clock. But Mike did not appear.

The girls and the angry women caught the pretty things in a kept them boiling with wrath, and they told their troubles hotly one to the other. Many of the blue stamps had been taken from the shop or by a crowd of women. The stamps for some much desired piece of furniture or by a crowd of women. The stamps for some much desired piece of furniture or by a crowd of women.

"I'm going to stick, I am. They're not going to cart off that sideboard I've been waiting for these many months past. Mary Ann McCarty knows herself. If I get my Irish up I'm liable to butt in that place anyway."

Perhaps a dozen speculators were about in a crowd, offering 25 cents apiece for the books of stamps. During the afternoon there were only three transactions recorded. The policeman had to use a baton, and two women, one with two babies that were crying, accepted the price offered. The others wouldn't sell. They thought the policeman was taking a liking to buy in the books there must be something behind the offer.

The jam of angry women furnished an interesting sight for fashionable shoppers. Many women garbed in Easter raiment stopped to say a word or two of sympathy. The representative of the receiver said he thought there would be an auction sale shortly for the benefit of the creditors. He thought maybe the holders of stamps would come in for whatever was left after the main creditors were satisfied. His opinion was given privately.

Deputy Sheriff Murray received yesterday an execution for \$22 against the 35 West Twenty-third street in favor of the H. B. Clark Company for goods sold between Oct. 28, 1904, and Feb. 11, 1905. The receiver, Frederick A. Burlingame, and treasurer of this association, was the vice-president of the Benedict & McFarlane Furniture Company, trading stamp company, which went down in the company's incorporation on Sept. 10, 1903, with a capital stock of \$100,000.

LEAD REACHED TOO FAR FROM ROOF FOR A PIGEON—CLOTHESLINE HIS SALVATION.

While trying to catch a pigeon on the roof of 540 East Seventy-eighth street Frederick Warman, 19 years old, of 500 East Seventy-seventh street, lost his footing yesterday and fell five stories to the street. His fall was broken by a clothesline stretched across the court and Warman escaped with a dislocated shoulder, a bruised leg and the remarks of the neighbors.

Warman was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital, where it was said that there was no doubt of his recovery.

THE DATE FOR THE LAYING OF THE CORNERSTONE OF THE MONUMENT TO THE MARTYRS IN FORT GREENE PARK, BROOKLYN, HAS BEEN FIXED FOR JUNE 17. This will be the thirty-second anniversary of the placing of the bones of the martyrs in the tomb in Fort Greene.

SPECIAL NOTICES. PLEASE FURNISH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN, 100 NASSAU ST., N. Y. CITY.

FOR THE LAYING OF THE CORNERSTONE OF THE MONUMENT TO THE MARTYRS IN FORT GREENE PARK, BROOKLYN,