ARMOR RESISTS ISHAM SHELL

AERIAL TORPEDO ONLY DINTS KRUPP PLATE.

Officers at Sandy Hook Proving Ground Think Armor Piercing Shell Is Not Yet Obsolete—Ticklish Job Handling Huge Cylinder of High Explosives.

Uncle Sam's recently constructed $16,000 target, representing a broadside section of one of the strongest battleships of the navy, is practically intact a few blocks distant from the foamy edge of the Atlantic bounding a large part of the proving grounds at Sandy Hook. The artillerymen of the post took a shot at the target yesterday with one of Willard S. Isham's shells, described sometimes as aerial torpedoes. The shell hit almost in the middle of the target, but its effect was not what the enthusiastic inventor expected. The target was set back several inches, and the shell at the point of impact caused an indentation about a foot in diameter and one inch and a half deep in the center, suggestive of a large saucer to appear in the 11½ inch armor plate. But the target, which is unusually strong, was otherwise merely scratched.

Mr. Isham does not believe in the armor piercing shell. He has the impression that a projectile filled with a powerful explosive shot from a service coast defense 12 inch gun and exploded against or within ten or fifteen feet of a battleship will kill all hands by mere concussion, even if it does not blow the ship to pieces. Naturally, after the men behind the guns are destroyed nobody will care about the power of the ship. Most of the army officers who saw the shell tested yesterday were unwilling to believe that the armor piercing shell would be immediately superseded by the other kind.

The test was under the supervision of Col. Charles S. Smith. Capt. Edwin D. Bricker attended to the loading and firing of the shell and the gathering of data thereafter. The test was of immense interest to officers of the artillery, and many were on hand, including Col. John E. Greer, Col. George G. Greenough, Major Beverly W. Dunn, Major Erasmus M. Weaver, Capt. T. L. Ames, Capt. C. B. Wheeler and Capt. Edward P. O'Hern.

The face of the target, a Krupp plate made by the Bethlehem steel works, is 16 feet long and 7½ feet high. Back of it, in an undisturbed condition, were five inches of tough oak bulkhead, and beyond this was a steel representation of the cellular part of a battleship next to the armor plate. Reenforcing this were piles and timbers imbedded in tons of sand stretching back twenty-five feet.

The crew of the big gun rolled the Isham shell up an incline to the breech. It was a heavy shell, and as there was some uncertainty about its sensitiveness it was handled with care. It contained 178¼ pounds of explosives made up of 90 per cent. nitroglycerin, 8 per cent. guncotton and 2 per cent. camphor, the last named acting as a deterrent. It was 59 inches long and was divided into ten compartments separated by circular diaphragms. Capt. Bricker had the shell rammed nine feet into the gun from the breech and put behind it a charge of 82 pounds and 10 ounces of smokeless powder and seven pounds of igniting charge.

The target on the edge of the surf was 500 feet southeast of the big gun. There was a fear expressed that the shell of unknown power might affect a fleet of coastwise vessels about three miles off shore, barely moving in the light breeze. The shooting was postponed an hour to let the ships get out of the danger zone. Then the wires by which the gun was fired were connected and all the officers and newspaper men went back on a car a mile or so, mounted the bridge observatory and waited for the heavens to tremble. The gun crew sought shelter in a bombproof a quarter of a mile from the target.

Then the great mushroom flash of the gun and roll of smoke were seen, followed by the thunder of the report. Apparently less than a second later came the roar of the bursting shell. All eyes were fixed on the target, a dark oblong in the misty air. For a fragment of a second it was invisible in a cloud of smoke and sand. When the cloud cleared away the target stood bravely forth. Whatever had happened to it was invisible to the naked eye and only dimly appreciable through the strongest glasses.

The proving ground locomotive took the observers out to the target and they found that the damage had been small. Mr. Isham said he believed that much of the force of the powerful gases released by the explosion had drifted over the low top of the target. He also said he would like to have another test of his shell with a target resembling the side of a battleship. He declared that if the target that showed so little effects of his shell had been a ship the bottom would have been driven in by the force exerted in the sand in front of and below the strongly reenforced Krupp plate.

Mr. Isham was asked if he wanted another shell fired at the target and he said he did not. Another test, he said, would not demonstrate anything additional, as no vessel was ever hit twice on the same piece of armor plate. Col. Smith offered several times to fire another shell to satisfy Mr. Isham if he felt unsatisfied, but Mr. Isham declared he did not see that anything would be proved by it. He will go to Washington and see if he cannot persuade the War Department to give him another chance to try the shell on a target more closely resembling a warship.

Gages stuck in the sand in front of the target and dug up after the shell exploded recorded pressures varying from 1,800 to 16,120 pounds. Sand was blown from under the base of the target; it is sunk about eight inches.

GARNSEY'S FATHER SEES HIM.

He Is Recovering Rapidly—His Mother Talked With Lulu Toole.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Aug. 10.—Squire Garnsey of 234 Central Park West, New York, came to New Haven to-day to see his son, Owen A. Garnsey, who is rapidly recovering in Grace Hospital from his second attempt at suicide. What passed between them neither would disclose. Mr. Garnsey went back to New York early in the afternoon.

Miss Lulu Toole, the nineteen-year-old corset model, who was Garnsey's companion on both occasions when he took the poison, denied to-day that she was married to Garnsey or that she intended marrying him. When Mrs. Garnsey was here yesterday she had a brief conference with Miss Toole. The Yale officials said tonight that Garnsey did not get his diploma with the class of '04 Sheffield on account of conditions which he subsequently worked off. Then he got his diploma.

KLOSS MARRIES HIS NIECE.

Had Been Warned That It Wasn't Lawful—Relied on the Bible.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 10.—Although he had been warned that such a marriage would not be legal in this State, August Kloss married his niece, Amalie Kloss, last evening, the Rev. Otto von Zeck, pastor of the Christian Church, Seventy-fifth street and Buist avenue, West Philadelphia, performing the ceremony. Now that he has gone through the marriage form with the young woman Kloss is fearful lest the authorities will take some action against him. Kloss and the clergyman based the responsibility for the ceremony on the Bible, which does not forbid such union, they say.

Kloss is 60 years old and his niece is in her thirty-second year. She is the daughter of his brother Julius.

"If it is decided that our marriage is not legal," said Kloss this morning, "we will go to some State where such a law does not exist and be married again."

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

It was just as the clerks were trooping out for the noon hour and the tiny elevator was inadequate to the demands. Two floors down it seemed that no more could be accommodated, but the conductor's sharp eyes discovered a space behind a woman at the rear of the car.

"Madam," he shouted, "won't you please move back and let this gentleman get on?"

"Indeed I won't," was the response. "I've got a stiff brimmed hat on and if I move back another step it will break. If the gentleman is in a hurry let him walk down. This hat cost $20."

"Yes," sighed the barber, "nearly everybody shaves himself nowadays. It's mighty little besides hair cutting we get compared with what we used to do. I can remember when nearly every man in the City Hall was shaved once a day, and that's the explanation of so many shops in this neighborhood. Now nearly all of them shave at home before the morning bath. We used to keep their razors in order, but most of them do that for themselves of late. First, the men who have valets set the fashion of staying out of barber shops. Then it got to be the custom with everybody who thought he was anybody. Now we shave those who get cleaned up once a week. Bad barbers and the talk of unsanitary tools have helped to kill the business, too."

"I don't understand why the subway, the elevated roads and the ferries do not sell tickets put up in books of 20, 40 and 100 each," said the man from Chicago, where the transportation companies do what he suggests. "It's a nuisance having to stop and buy a ticket each time you want to ride, but it is less of a nuisance than carrying single tickets. The books ought to be put up to sell for $1, $2 and $5, so there need be no making of change. They ought to be flat and carry five tickets to a leaf, and they need not be very substantial. They would cost the companies a little more than tickets in ribbons, but the number of books lost and destroyed and the interest on the cash the public would invest would far more than pay the difference."

Time was when the foreman of a building gang kept his plans in a tool box and hunted up a drug store when he wished to communicate with his employers. Nowadays the first step toward building is the erection of a sectional hut in the street in front of the lot. As soon as the hut is in place the telephone linemen come along and stretch a wire to connect with a telephone and in this temporary office the foreman enjoys all of the comforts of the home office, some of the huts even being provided with small safes.

The telephones are provided with an auxiliary in the shape of a huge gong fastened to the outside of the structure so that no matter what the noise made by the drills or blasts the foreman can hear the telephone ring.

In the matter of telephoning alone the time gained more than pays the extra cost, while it enables the main office to call up a foreman without delay.

"There's a new faker in the subway, and his special victims are Southerners of the old school. He is a versatile negro with the stamp of the old time darky upon him," said a commuter as the express pulled out of the Grand Central station yesterday. "I've seen him work his game several times, and it's the easiest work any man of his color does north of Mason and Dixon's line. He hangs around the Grand Central station until he spies some Southern tourist coming in from some northern trip. He can spot them every time. More than this, nearly every Southerner carries a satchel, always tagged with his name and that of his town and State.

"That subway grafter keeps his eyes peeled for the tag. About a week ago a big slouch hatted man and a quaint little old fashioned woman boarded the downtown train. The man carried a bag marked 'Petersburg, Va.' The darky, who always manages somehow to get a seat, eyed the tag, got to his feet seemingly with great pain.

"'Hab dis here seat fo' de missus, squire,' said the colored man, doffing his hat.

"'Where did you come from?' asked the big man, 'You're the first polite darky I've run across.'

"'Ah'm frum Virginia, squire, an' ah wish to de good Lawd ah wuz back dere again.' That was worth just a half dollar to that old darky, and a sympathetic prosperous looking man hanging on to a strap added a quarter.

"The last time I saw that grafter he was telling a man with 'Lexington, Ky.,' on his grip, 'Ah'm frum Kaintuck myself, an' fo Gawd ef I ever gits back dere ah won't leave fur nothin' but Heaben.' I started in to disillusion the blue grass colonel and found that Kentucky happened to be the old faker's genuine native State."

"Here," cried the customer, "you've given me a penny instead of a dime."

The cashier picked up the blackened coin. "That's all right," he declared after a scrutiny. "There was a chap in here from Mount Clemens just now."

"I don't see how that applies," growled the customer. The cashier made change for a couple of waiting men and turned to the kicker again.

"Here's a brand new dime," he said, as he made the exchange, "but I wasn't trying to do you out of nine cents. If you will look closely you will find that this is a dime. I thought you were wise to Mount Clemens.

"There are mineral springs there that are so full of sulfur that they almost have to shovel the water. You have to leave every scrap of jewelry in the office safe before you go to take a bath, because the sulfur blackens gold or silver. That coin was one the man who gave it to me had kept in his pocket, and even the fumes from the water are strong enough to act on the silver.

"Just about this time of year we have to be careful to watch for those coins, for a lot of our regular customers go there every season, and for a while it is hard to tell the difference between a penny and a ten cent piece."

New Yorkers who happened to be passing through Park row during the storm on Sunday last saw a queer sight. Out of the southernmost of the tubes used for ventilating the subway a shower of water was shooting heavenward like a great fountain or a burst water main. The explanation was simple enough. These tubes furnish the outlet for the foul air of the subway, which is pumped and shot through the tubes. The falling raindrops met this uprushing current and were shot back skyward. The harder it rained the more water went heavenward.

He was the manager of a summer park, showing a friend about the place. The star feature was an electric fountain with a dancing girl in the center and as they paused before that the manager pointed to the young woman.

"That's my servant girl," he announced proudly. "I suppose we will lose her in the fall when the park closes because she will want to be going on the stage, but we have had her all winter and the neighbors envy us.

"You see my wife was on the stage before I married her and she was a mighty clever dancer. The second year we were married we had a little German girl to help with the housework. She was so willing and obliging that when she announced that she wanted to go to New York and learn a trade we were sorry to lose her.

"Then an idea came to my wife. She found that the girl had a cousin who worked in the chorus and wanted to go on the stage herself. She made a dicker with the girl to teach her stage dancing if she would stay with us until fall. That was in the early winter and for six months we had better service than we ever had before. Instead of being afraid all of the time that the girl would leave she was afraid to give offense lest she be discharged. She is making $50 or $75 a week now, and every fall since then we have engaged a likely girl at $15 a month and dancing lessons. It's a great scheme."

FIALA, THE POLE HUNTER, SAFE

TERRA NOVA RESCUES ZIEGLER'S AMERICA EXPEDITION.

One Sailor Died—The Rest All in Good Health—Reached 82 Degrees 13 Minutes North—Their Vessel Lost in the Ice—Ziegler's Command Carried Out

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—A despatch to the *Evening News* from Christiania says that the steamship Terra Nova passed Honningsvaag, near Hammerfest, the most northerly town in Norway, this morning with the shipwrecked crew of the Ziegler expedition, coming from Franz Josef Land.

The Ziegler expedition reached 82 degrees 13 minutes north latitude. One Norwegian of the crew died. The rest of the crew are well. The ship America, on which the expedition was made, was lost.

Mr. Fiala, in a brief statement, said:

"The rescue was most timely. By my order the America wintered in Neplitz Bay, where early in the winter of 1903-04 the ship was crushed in the ice and became a total loss, together with large quantities of coal and provisions.

"Supplies of stores left at Franz Josef Land by various relief parties saved us very serious privations.

"Three attempts to reach high latitude failed. The scientific work, however, as planned was successfully carried out by William J. Peters of the United States Geological Survey.

"Our rescue was due to the splendid efforts of William S. Champ, commanding the relief expedition, who failed to reach us last year, and to the untiring zeal of Capt. Kjeldsen and his Norwegian officers and crew, who for six weeks persistently forced their way through solid floes of ice and finally reached us.

"An abundance of stores had been left in the Franz Josef archipelago by the expedition commanded by the Duke of the Abruzzi and the André relief expedition, so that we did not suffer serious difficulties on that score."

The finding of Anthony Fiala was insisted upon by the late William Ziegler, who equipped the relief expedition. When Mr. Ziegler died he left a special provision in his will providing for the relief of Fiala and his companions.

"Anthony Fiala and his party must be found and brought back," was the way his will read, and the responsibility for its fulfilment was placed upon the executors of the will, Mrs. Ziegler, the widow, and Judge William J. Gaynor.

Anthony Fiala was chosen to lead the expedition after the return of the Evelyn Baldwin expedition in 1901, in which he won great praise for his fearlessness and executive ability. Fiala is of Italian extraction. He was born in Jersey City, is 30 years old and the youngest man ever at the head of Arctic expeditions.

When he was three years old the family moved to Brooklyn, where he has since made his home with his widowed mother at 385 Cumberland street. In Brooklyn he received a public school education and then became an artist. When he was 21 years old he joined Troop C., Brooklyn's crack regiment.

He enlisted at the beginning of the Spanish War and upon his return was elected a lieutenant in the Fourteenth Regiment, National Guard, from which he resigned to go with the polar expedition.

Fiala left Tromsoe, Norway, on June 20, 1903, intending to berth somewhere in the Franz Josef Land archipelago. He had with him Capt. Edwin Coffin, a whaler, of Edgartown, Mass., and a crew of Cape Cod whalers.

The scientific members of Fiala's company were: R. H. Tafel of Philadelphia, Charles L. Seitz of Evansville, Ind.; William J. Peters of the National Geographical Society, second in command to Fiala; Dr. George W. Shorkley of Camden, Me.; J. Colin Vaugn of Forest Hill, N. J.; Charles E. Rilliet of St. Louis; Francis Long of the Weather Bureau, John Vedoe, Boston; Spencer W. Stewart, Brooklyn, and Henry H. Newcomb, Massachusetts.

The America, the same boat used by the Baldwin expedition, was chosen by Fiala.

The last heard of the party was in September, 1903, in a letter received by Mr. Ziegler, telling him that the expedition was well under way and everything aboard was harmonious and going smoothly. That was the last heard from the party until yesterday's despatches announced its rescue by Mr. Champ's relief expedition.

William S. Champ, who led the rescuing expedition, was born at Hamilton, Ont., and is 38 years old. He started as a salesman for the Price Baking Powder Company and eight years later became Mr. Ziegler's private secretary.

Mr. Champ went to London in May, 1904, and secured the Terra Nova to carry the relief party. The party left Tromsoe, Norway, on May 27. This was the third attempt to reach the America party. The year after the America sailed the Frithjof, with Mr. Champ in command, tried to reach the party, but failed and was forced to return shortly after for coal. Mr. Champ sailed again immediately upon recoaling, but again had to return on account of supplies running short.

With the news of Fiala's rescue comes word of his engagement, made public by his friends. The girl is Miss Clare Puryear of Nashville, Tenn. It is said that Fiala met Miss Puryear at a ball eight years ago and proposed the night before he sailed on his Arctic expedition.

FOOT COMFORT

Obtained from Cuticura

Soak the feet on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry, and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure and purest of emollients. Bandage lightly in old, soft cotton or linen. For itching, burning, and scaly eczema, rashes, inflammation, and chafing, for redness, roughness, cracks, and fissures, with brittle, shapeless nails, for tired, aching muscles and joints, this treatment is simply wonderful.

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"Mailed Free, "How to Cure Every Humor."

PUBLICATIONS. | PUBLICATIONS.

An Alleged Libel

The American News Company notify us that they have been threatened with suit by Colonel Mann if they circulate the issue of Collier's for August 12th, which is now ready.

A paragraph on the editorial page is alleged to be libelous of the proprietor of "Town Topics."

Orders for copies, from any one unable to secure this issue, will be promptly filled from this office.

Yearly subscribers will receive their copies as usual.

P. F. Collier & Son, 416 West 13th St., N.Y.

GRAND DUKE MARRIED 'EM.

East Side of Essex Street Has the West Side Skinned.

The office of Rosey the Lawyer is on the shady side of Essex street in summer time whatever the hour of day. As the street runs N. 23° 30' W. or thereabouts, the west side begins to be the shady side nowadays after 1:36 P. M., standard time—there or thereabouts.

Now Joe Levy, the Duke of Essex street, has always contended that "more suckers" come down the east side of the street seeking legal advice and he sticks to the east side at all hours and has picked up a regular fishing grounds tan in the early afternoons.

The sun, which had let up on him pretty much all day yesterday, had just come out about 75° past meridian and was shining into the upper windows of the buildings on his side when a well dressed couple turned into his sidewalk from Grand street. His scout on the sunny side corner spotted them first.

The young man, after he had disentangled himself from the first hold on his collar and was held by the coattails only managed to explain that he wanted to heirathen and that his girl, who was from Russia, was set on being married by a Duke, having heard that such things could be achieved in this country.

"That's right, there's a real live Duke here. Come this way," said the scout, escorting the couple down the eastern sidewalk. The Duke grabbed them and got them into his office opposite the Essex Market police court just as the luxurious Rosey rushed across from his west side office. On him Levy locked the door.

The bridegroom said he was Nathan Regoul of 42 Essex street and the bride described herself as Sophie Sief, 18 years old, of 435 East Ninth street.

"Vass you a regular Duke?" asked the bridegroom of Levy.

"Sure I am," he replied. "I am the Grand Duke of Essex street and nobody disputes my title.

"Ach, how nice," said the girl, who was all in white.

"Do you want him?" the Grand Duke asked her.

"Sure," she said.

"Take him, he is yours," said the Duke. "Sign the papers and don't forget to see your uncle. Only twenty plunks, and cheap at that."

Levy got his fee and was allowed to kiss the bride besides. The bridegroom gave his bride a diamond brooch before the party left the office and she got away with it.

NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Katie Barry to Try Vaudeville—New Opera for Eames.

Katie Barry, who will leave "Fantana" and the Shuberts on Saturday, has decided to try a tour in vaudeville. She made bookings for this tour yesterday. Miss Barry will be seen here first at Proctor's Twenty-third street house on Aug. 21. Later she will play at Hammerstein's Victoria, opening there on Sept. 4.

Clyde Fitch's play "The Toast of the Town," which Viola Allen will present next season, is to be made into an opera for Emma Eames's use. Mr. Fitch has engaged to write the libretto, and the music is to be composed by Puccini.

Joseph Cawthorne and the company which will support him in John J. McNally's new musical comedy "In Tammany Hall" will begin rehearsals at the New Amsterdam Theater next Monday morning. The principals of Mr. Cawthorne's support are Stella Mayhew, Charles MacDonald, Frank W. Shea, Julius M. Tanner, George Austin Moore, Hughey Dougherty, Robert O'Connor, Melville Ellis, Twin City Quartet, Ada Lewis, Neva Aymar, Susanne Halpern and Elizabeth LeRoy Emmet. Mr. Cawthorne will open in Rochester, Sept. 21.

Carpenters were set to work yesterday making alterations in the stage of the Broadway Theater for the production of Klaw & Erlanger's new spectacle "The Pearl and the Pumpkin" on Monday evening, Aug. 21. In this piece the largest practical "prop" that has ever been used on the stage, with the exception of the glass palace in "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," is used, in the shape of a mammoth whale, the head of which is fitted up as a sleeping apartment.

A twenty minute sketch built around a ticker, called "A Wall Street Battle," was produced at Keith's Theater yesterday and it met with a rousing reception. There are four character parts, including one woman. Edward E. Rose, the creator of more ambitious plays, is the author of the sketch. The players in it are Lydia Knott, Mate Jalenko, David Newing and Frank Angus.

Charles Frohman has acquired his fourth theater in London. This is the Aldwich. When that opens in November work will have begun on his fifth London theater, for which he hasn't yet found a name.

"'WAY DOWN EAST."

Academy of Music Opens With the Popular Rural Play.

The Academy of Music opened last night with Lottie Blair Parker's "'Way Down East," which is now in its eighth year. It has been revised and rewritten by Joseph R. Grismer. With two exceptions the cast was the same as that which appeared at the first production at the Manhattan Theater in 1898.

Phœbe Davies repeated her old successes as *Anna Moore*. Others in the list are John E. Brennan, Kate Bonetau, Charles C. Blanchard and Ella Underwood. "'Way Down East" is to stay nine weeks at the Academy.

No More Cash for Reynolds' Company.

The Livingston street widening commission in Brooklyn has rejected the application of former Senator William H. Reynolds, president of the Second Construction Company, for an increase of 15 per cent. on the $108,000 award to the company on its property in Livington street on account of plottage. The commission resolved to adhere to its rule to allow only 10 per cent. for plottage.

A "DEAD BEAT" SQUAD.

Commissioner McAdoo Threatens Cops Who Don't Pay Their Debts.

"I think I will suggest a dead beat squad, Commissioner McAdoo," said First Deputy Police Commissioner McAvoy yesterday at the police trials. "It would be a good scheme to get up such a squad and then put all its members off the force."

James F. Morrison of the West 100th street station was the first debtor called up. He owes $65.92 for clothing.

"You're one of those dead beats," said Mr. McAvoy. "You've been one ever since I've known you. I'll take a fall out of you if the Lord spares me.

"I think I'll organize a dead beat squad for you fellows—rather, I'll recommend it to the Commissioner. We'll drum you all out of the police force. You'll be the right guard of the squad. You've got no standing with me at all."

"I'm sorry; I used to have," said Morrison meekly.

Patrick White of the City Hall squad owed $50 borrowed money, John Mayer of the Oak street station owed $61.11 for groceries, Thomas J. Curran of the Macdougal street station owed $19.14 for groceries, Nicholas Dunn of the West 100th street station owed $40.91 for rent and Michael Donnelly of the East 126th street station owed $31.14.

Mr. McAvoy had something severe to say to each of them. He reserved decision in each case to give the debtors a chance to pay up.

FEARED BURIAL ALIVE.

Richard D. Fonda's Strange Will—Precautions Against Dissection, Too.

MORRISTOWN, Aug. 10.—Fearing his body might be stolen for the purpose of dissection, Richard D. Fonda, who died in New York two weeks ago, provides in his will, which was probated in the Morris county Surrogate's office to-day, that the greatest care and precaution be taken by his wife to prevent any one from robbing his grave. He also requests that his body be subjected to such tests as science and medical knowledge have proved most effectual in determining when life is extinct.

"No such tests as would extinguish any spark of life that might still remain in my body shall be used," the testator says, "and I am not to be buried until it is absolutely certain that no life exists. Under no circumstances nor for any pretext whatever, even though it be in the interests of science, shall an autopsy be performed on my body, nor shall it be placed on ice or embalmed."

His rifles, pistols and ammunition, the will provides, shall be sold to a dealer, and not repurchased by any relative, for fear harm might befall him. Mr. Fonda lived in New York, but had a residence in this city on Farragut place. This property is left to his wife, Susan Bayard Fonda.

TO AVOID TYPHOID.

Some Things Recommended by Darlington to Head Off the Disease.

Commissioner Darlington of the Health Department has put into a pamphlet certain information for the benefit of persons who wish to avoid typhoid fever.

"Don't eat oysters in the months when typhoid is prevalent," says the pamphlet. "Neither is it good to bathe at beaches near where sewers empty. The primary rules of hygiene should be observed and carbolic acid used as a disinfectant around bathrooms."

It is advisable to have all well water in Brooklyn boiled. It is safer to boil all drinking water, the pamphlet says, and if you get typhid go to a hospital, where you will be better off than at your home.

T. Ellett Hodgskin an Appraisal Commissioner.

T. Ellett Hodgskin, a lawyer, has been appointed by Supreme Court Justice Sewell commissioner of appraisal in Brooklyn for the Rapid Transit Commission, in place of the late John Lefferts. Alexander E. Orr, ex-Mayor Low and Comptroller Edward M. Grout joined in the application for Mr. Hodgskin's appointment.

Father Keough Ill With Typhoid.

The Rev. James F. Keough, first assistant at St. Mary's Star of the Sea Catholic Church, Brooklyn, is at St. Vincent's Hospital, suffering from typhoid fever. He was taken sick a few days ago, when about to start on his vacation.

LAWYER WOOTEN TO SING SING

THIS MEANS THE TRIAL OF MATHEWS IN SEPTEMBER.

Justice Fitzgerald Refuses a Certificate of Reasonable Doubt, Which Would Have Acted as a Stay—Lawyer's Sentence for Larceny Is 9 Years and 10 Months.

To John W. Wooten, the lawyer who was convicted of grand larceny for stealing a $1,000 check from David Rothschild, wrecker of the Federal Bank, Justice Fitzgerald in the Supreme Court yesterday denied a certificate of reasonable doubt, which would have acted as a stay of execution pending appeal. Wooten will now have to begin to serve his sentence of nine years and ten months in Sing Sing, although he will undoubtedly appeal to the Appellate Division. Gen. B. F. Tracy represented Wooten and Howard S. Gans the District Attorney's office. In his decision Justice Fitzgerald said:

"The principal ground urged upon behalf of the defendant is the bad character of one of the people's witnesses, but under the circumstances of this remarkable case, and in the light of all the testimony, the conclusion reached by the jury was abundantly justified. Circumstantial as distinguished from positive corroboration is a rule of criminal evidence, and its well settled principles were, in my opinion, correctly declared by the learned and experienced Justice who presided at the trial and properly understood and applied by the jury.

"I have carefully examined the other points raised by counsel, but do not regard them as sufficient to warrant the allowance of a certificate of reasonable doubt. Application denied—settle order on notice."

The District Attorney's office is pleased with the decision, which means that the trial of Armitage Mathews, who was indicted with Wooten for complicity in the looting of the Weisell estate while Rothschild was temporary administrator, will be pressed early next month. Mathews, who is secretary of the Republican county committee, is now in Europe. There has been talk that Samuel I. Ferguson, indicted with Wooten and Mathews, may be a witness against Mathews, but Acting District Attorney Gans refused yesterday to say anything about that possibility.

David Rothschild was a witness against Wooten, and it is to him that Justice Fitzgerald refers when he speaks of the bad character of one of the people's witnesses. Rothschild will also be a witness against Mathews and, if Ferguson is tried, will be a witness against him. Rothschild is still in the Tombs and he will stay there until Mathews's trial is over.

KEPT SECRET 14 MONTHS.

Bridegroom Waited for His Majority to Take Home His Bride.

PORT CHESTER, Aug. 10.—After fourteen months of secrecy announcement was made to-day of the marriage of Miss Florence Church, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Commander Edward Church of the G. A. R. Post in Port Chester, and Louis Kugel, son of a wealthy baker of Port Chester. The couple were married at the Little Church Around the Corner on June 4, 1904, by the Rev. George W. Houghton.

The young couple have lived opposite each other since their childhood. Although they went to school together neither family suspected until the announcement to-day that anything more than friendship existed between them. After their marriage the couple returned to Port Chester and went to their respective homes. They saw each other only occasionally, and in this manner they averted suspicion that they were bride and bridegroom.

Friends of the contracting parties say that the reason the marriage was kept a secret was that the bridegroom was desirous of reaching his majority before announcing it. To-day was Kugel's birthday and he celebrated it by bringing home his bride. The parents of Mr. and Mrs. Kugel have forgiven them, and for the present they will make their home with the bridegroom's parents.

NO BRAKE FOR THE EMERGENCY.

Auto Was on the Way to Have It Mended When It Hit Wagon—Man May Die.

LONG BRANCH, Aug. 10.—An automobile owned by Adolph Rusch of New York, who is summering at Monmouth Beach, smashed into an express wagon owned by Mace & Levy at Seabright to-day, seriously if not fatally injuring James Lamberston, the driver. The horse was maimed and the wagon wrecked.

The machine, of fifty horse-power, was on the way to the Seabright garage to have a broken emergency brake repaired. Adolph Rusch, Jr., Austin O'Hara and Charles Jeffrey, the driver, were in it. It is alleged that the machine was going at a rapid rate when Jeffrey lost control of it after crossing the New Jersey Central railroad at Surf street.

The machine skidded in the muddy road and struck the express wagon with full force. Lamberston was thrown violently to the ground. A crowd gathered and threats were made against Jeffrey. He and O'Hara were arrested and locked up. They were afterward liberated on bail, and will be given a hearing to-morrow afternoon.

Young Rusch made his way home in the excitement. The men claim that the accident was due to the broken emergency brake.

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