

CROCHET AND "LIMONATI"

TWIN PASSIONS EXHIBITED IN LITTLE ITALY.

Lace Makers, Big and Little, on the Streets and in Doorways—Women and Girls. Alike Take Pleasure in Their Work—A Phase of the Italian Quarter.

In this season of hot days and humid nights there has been a renaissance of crochet work among the small girls and married women of Little Italy.

Yards and yards of lace anywhere from four inches to eight inches wide are made by children of 7 who laugh and chatter as they work and seem as happy as if playing with dolls.

This in the morning. In the afternoon you see almost as many women doing finer qualities of lace with equal rapidity.

The reserve and dignity and politeness of the youngsters are astonishing.

"Where did you learn to do that?" a stranger in Little Italy asked stopping by the side of one of a group of four little girls seated on the pavement near an open door.

"Every one of the four gave her a glance—no more—of polite scrutiny and remained silent. They took her for a slummer, perhaps.

"Do they teach crocheting in the public schools?" the visitor persisted in her most desultory manner.

After another glance the largest of the girls said briefly, with a smile:

"No. They teach it in an Italian school near here, but I did not learn there."

Again there was silence.

"How, then, did you girls learn to crochet so beautifully?" the visitor ventured, encouraged by what seemed to be a more friendly atmosphere.

"The four looked at one another and giggled. Then answered the biggest girl formally and without a smile:

"We learned at home."

TOO HONEST TO BE AT LARGE.

Man Who Gave Jury a Pledge Will Ask Supreme Court to Look Him Up.

CHICAGO, July 14.—Louis A. Gourdain, president of the Imperial Bank, who was recently convicted jointly with John H. Dalton of violating the anti-lottery laws and sentenced to four years and six months in the penitentiary, is having a hard time trying to break into the Joliet Penitentiary.

Gourdain's case is one of the most remarkable in the criminal history of the United States. Accused in Judge Landis's court of operating a lottery, Gourdain pleaded not guilty and began to conduct his own defense.

In his final plea to the jury he swore on his honor as a gentleman that he was not guilty, and said that so sure was he that they would bring in a verdict to the effect that they would not appeal from their finding.

The jury brought in a verdict against Gourdain and he was sentenced to four years and six months in the penitentiary.

Now he is sorry and declares that he will leave for Washington Monday to appeal to the United States Supreme Court, asking a writ of mandamus against the State of Illinois and forcing the penitentiary to hold him a prisoner.

Falling in this, he will erect a miniature prison under the shadows of the Joliet Penitentiary and hold himself a prisoner for four and a half years.

Gourdain to-day gave up his apartment at 411 West Madison street and will go to Joliet with his wife and son.

"I leave Chicago on an Algon train at 11:25 Monday morning," Gourdain announced to-day.

"My family will be established in a house I have got there. Then I start for Washington to appeal to the Federal Supreme Court. I will be locked up."

"Only one thing can keep me out of prison. If the twelve jurors who convicted me get friendly enough to hold me to take freedom I shall do so. Otherwise I will have myself locked up. I promised those men that I would take my punishment, and I shall."

Geo. C. Tompkins Found.

Missing Hoboken Man for Whom Elks Were Searching Apparently Demented.

George C. Tompkins, an ex-member of the Hoboken Commission of Public Instruction, who mysteriously disappeared from his home, 1101 Washington street, Hoboken, last Tuesday, was picked up in Newark yesterday.

On Tuesday morning Tompkins's coat was found on a Hamilton Ferry boat. In a pocket was a card of the Hoboken Lodge of Elks, on which was written "Good-by, all," and a note reading "I tried hard not to do it, but I had to."

CHANLER ATTACKED BY BOARS.

The Former Assemblyman in Part Until His Men Come to the Rescue.

POUGHKEEPSIE, July 14.—Former Assemblyman Robert W. Chanler of Red Hook found himself in peril on his own estate yesterday under unexpected circumstances.

He was saved from serious and perhaps fatal injury after a desperate battle through the timely aid of J. Lewis Daley, manager of his baseball team, and the arrival of workmen from Rokeby, the ancestral Chanler estate.

Mr. Chanler is a stock farmer and owns among other animals a number of high-bred white Cheshires. On his return from the ball field yesterday, where the Chanler College team had been practicing, Mr. Chanler found several boars had escaped with their litters into the large stock yard.

Armed only with a small switch he drove them back, when one of them, a big boar with long tusks, turned on him with the ferocity of a lion.

Mr. Chanler avoided the rush of the boar, but the noise aroused the other boars, which joined the herd leader, and Mr. Chanler found himself faced by a row of the animals which constantly charged him and attempted to out him with their sharp tusks.

The tumult attracted the attention of Mr. Daley, who fortunately happened to be on the main road, and realizing what the noise meant he grasped a pitchfork and hurried to the scene.

Farmhands from the regiment of men employed at Rokeby flocked from all directions and the boars were clubbed into submission after an exciting battle.

Stray Bullets Hit 3 Girls.

Sisters Visiting a Dying Father the Incontinent Victims of a Street Brav.

Two sisters, Annie Comisky, aged 30, and Lizzie Comisky, 8 years old, of 240 West Sixty-seventh street, were shot at last night as they were passing in front of a saloon at 228 West Sixty-sixth street.

The woman had a hatbox. Just as Mrs. Comisky and her daughters were passing one of the men pulled a revolver and began firing toward the group.

One bullet struck Annie, the other the older girl, in the right arm, from which it was deflected and fell to the ground. Another bullet struck Lizzie in the right leg.

The woman who was the target was not hit.

People on the street saw the girls fall and collected around the shooter threateningly. A hurry call was sent to the West Sixty-eighth street station house and the police were alerted.

HOBO TELLS HIS OWN STORY.

FUNERAL JIM ON THE JOYS OF THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Son of a Minister, but Work Had no Attraction for Him—Lives in Freedom and Without Trade with Any One—Some Tramps Are Indebted to Him.

Funeral Jim, with three of his "buddies," was hanging around the freight yard waiting for the psychological moment for climbing into an outgoing freight.

Just then along came a reporter for the Washington Times, and being of an evidently beguiling temperament, he got hold of Funeral Jim handing out the story of his life, interesting as being a specimen page in the history of the hobos.

"My dad was a Methodist minister," began Funeral Jim, "and he had figured out that I was to walk in his footsteps."

"The minister proposition didn't sound very good to me until the old gent began to talk missionary stuff—well tales about converting the Chinese, Africans, etc. I didn't want a whole lot about the converting part, but they talk of the foreign lands going up in the air, and I agreed. When I was 16 I was bundled off to a boarding school to prepare for a theological course, dad getting a reduction on the price on account of being a minister, and me waiting on table and doing other little stunts which kept down the expenses. I never did like work, and it didn't take me very long to find out that a trip to China, in my mind, was not worth the work I was doing to get it."

"I wrote home to the old gent asking him to let me quit. Nothing doing. Then I made up my mind to beat it as soon as I could. I found another kid that felt the same way I did, and we determined to hike together. New York was to be our get off place, but we couldn't get the money and had to wait."

"Vacation time finally came, and when we got some money for our railroad fare home we bought tickets for the big train instead. I've never seen my dad since. I wrote to him once, and he answered me telling me to go to—only, of course, he did it in minister's language, without any profanity."

"After we struck out we were in the world about 3 o'clock in the evening, and inside of three hours we were broke. We were down in the Bowery about 10 o'clock when up comes a bum who was looking for a job, and I told him I'd do it for three days straight. He comes up to us and brasses us for a couple of pennies to help toward getting a bed for the night. We told him that we were hunting the same thing, and we got talking."

"We push wind at each other a few minutes, and he finally tells us to come with him. We go, and he leads us a few blocks, half way through a party, and we get to a room crowded with men that we find out later is the cream of hobo society. There was one man, a great big buck with red reserves around his left hand, who seemed to be the leader, and our guide goes up to him and they talk us over for some ten minutes."

"Then the big boy, who was Frisco Slim (now doing a little turn in the penitentiary), comes up to us, and after questioning us, he says to us, 'You fellows are good. You can make plenty of money without doing any work if we just followed his instructions. That sounded good to us, so we joins the gang. Besides, some of 'em like a little lookin' fix, gets nicknamed Funeral Jim, which has stuck ever since.'

"The next morning Frisco takes Fatsy Bear to get help toward getting a bed, fixes his right arm in a sling, and wraps his head up in some old bloody bandages. Then comes my turn, and we go over to a good proper. He started to work on my feet, and after having me take off one of my shoes, he padded the sole with strips of leather until they were as thick as a brick. At that time that's crippled for life. Then he gets some chemical dope and starts to work on my face and hair."

"Say, if Frisco had ever had a chance to study art in Paris he'd 'a' made good, all sky, for the way he painted noses and burns and things, and he was a good one. He had us fixed up to his satisfaction, and then he sends us out to beg. We go and when we comes back Frisco took the money, put it with that which the rest had collected, and after taking out his share and a big share for himself, he divided the rest among us and got the members out of trouble, divided the rest up between the men. My share was something over \$2."

"We watch Frisco until the bulls get wise and copped the bunch. Frisco got juggled, and those that got off all scattered excepting Frisco, myself and the other two with my money. We decided to cut out the grafting and confine our work to legitimate begging. It ain't so dangerous."

"I tried to influence my grandfather, willing to let him go with me, but he was the old man out of the window. Another time I struck him with a looking glass. The window and the looking glass broke, but he didn't get any worse. Three other times I did a moralist. Since that time I regard all discourses on morality as a useless waste of time. Besides, I know the difference between a professional sinner and a honest writer, what can I say about morality?"

WHEAT IN CHICAGO GRAIN MARKET.

Wheat Showed Upward Tendency and Corn Was Fairly Firm.

CHICAGO, July 14.—Wheat has shown an upward tendency most of the time during the past week, although there were spells of temporary weakness. The pressure was due principally to hedging sales made against cash when purchases—the latter being very large—most of it from Illinois and Indiana, and although there was some hard winter wheat bought in Nebraska and scattered sales from the Southwest.

Advices from the Northwest reporting damage to wheat in the Red River Valley followed an Australian cargo to France. The sale of an Australian cargo to France and a further heavy decrease in supplies on ocean passage were factors in shaping the market's course, but when the strength was beginning to be a matter of general comment, Berobom, who for years has been considered a reliable authority, called on a consignment of 700,000 bushels of wheat for Russia, as against 84,000 bushels last year and 818,000 bushels in 1914.

These advices were taken as bearish but did more to steady values than to bring about a decided move in either direction. There has been more export business, but generally considered to keep their transactions under cover.

The Government report was generally considered favorable, both as to the size of the crop and as to reducing continued business prosperity.

The losses in spring wheat were two points in Minnesota and North Dakota, a four in South Dakota and one in Iowa, with Washington improved eight points. Conditions in the three Northwestern States are better than last year and lower than in 1914, the black rot year.

Corn has been fairly firm at times and has resisted attempts to force it to break prices. The general feeling is that the situation is bullish, regardless of the figures given in the Government report. There are good stocks on hand, but offers at shipping stations are light and will be until harvest of small grains is over. Stocks though smaller are increasing and are larger than last year, the available supply being 12,017,000 bushels, or 2,448,000 bushels over last year. There is no pressure of actual crop, but the crop has made good progress the past two weeks, but had little rain the past week.

Frying of oats was of a good sort, but has not been so good as the wheat. Harvesting has commenced, and the early sown oats show light yields, while favorable weather has benefited the late crop. The early wheat has excellent promise, but in all the crop will be largely short of last year.

ARMY SURGEON'S ROOMS ROBBED.

Headlong Street Chase After Thief Armed With Col. Harvey's Weapons.

The apartments of Assistant Surgeon-General Philip F. Harvey, U. S. A., in the St. Albans hotel, East Thirty-first street, were robbed early last evening. The thief was caught after a chase of several blocks. He was armed with the Colonel's revolver and sabre. He gave his name as Henry Cohen and said he was 20 years old, a salesman, living in a furnished room house at Grand street and the Bowery.

Assistant Surgeon-General Harvey has the rank of Colonel and is attached to the staff of the Department of the East. His apartment is on the second floor of the St. Albans. Early in the evening Nelson Fowler, a colored boy, was carrying a trunk up the apartment when he saw a man leaving it laden down with clothing, some of which Fowler recognized as belonging to the Colonel. He followed the thief, but the burden comprised six pairs of trousers, two coats, one spring overcoat, one sabre, one revolver and one fountain pen.

The man made a hurried break for the stairs, and Fowler jumped after him. The man reached the street and ran at top speed east on Thirty-first street. At Madison avenue he turned north a block, with Fowler close behind and a swelling crowd to the rear of Fowler.

The chase turned east on Thirty-second street, circled around the corner at Lexington avenue, hurried south to Thirty-first street and then west, the west drooping the clothes at Fourth avenue and jumping on a car. Fowler caught the car, took the thief, jumped off and dashed down Third street, with Fowler close behind. Suddenly the thief turned at a bay, flourishing the Colonel's revolver.

"I'll shoot the first man that follows me," a young man jumped for the gun, and the thief lost nerve and started running again. The young man overtook him at Lexington avenue and took the pistol from him.

B. Altman & Co.

CLOSING HOURS: 5 P. M.; SATURDAYS, 12 NOON.

WOMEN'S SUMMER DRESSES.

CONSIDERABLE REDUCTIONS HAVE BEEN MADE IN THE PRICES OF WOMEN'S DRESSES FOR SUMMER AFTERNOON OR EVENING WEAR.

ALSO LINEN AND CRASH SUITS FOR TRAVELING, TENNIS, ETC.

ON MONDAY, JULY 14th, THE FOLLOWING WILL BE ESPECIALLY OFFERED:

COAT SUITS OF WHITE AND COLORED LINEN \$14.50

PRINCESSE DRESSES OF WHITE AND COLORED BATISTE, LACE TRIMMED \$12.00

WHITE POPLIN CORD WALKING SKIRTS 4.25

WHITE LINEN WALKING SKIRTS 3.50

ARTICLES FOR AUTOMOBILE SERVICE AND MEN'S SUMMER WEAR.

HAMPERS, FITTED WITH TEA OR COLD LUNCHEON SERVICE, MOTOR ROBES OF SUMMER FABRICS, INCLUDING RECENTLY IMPORTED NOVELTIES IN LIGHT-WEIGHT PLUSH, AUTOMOBILE CLOCKS, PICNIC SETS, AND OTHER LEATHER REQUISITES, MOTOR CAPS, GLOVES AND GAUNTLETS.

MEN'S AUTOMOBILE COATS AND DUSTERS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

MEN'S ACCESSORIES OF DRESS FOR TRAVELING OR RECREATION WEAR, INCLUDING NEGLIGE SHIRTS, LEATHER BELTS, BATHING SUITS, SUMMER NECKWEAR, UNDERGARMENTS, PAJAMAS AND BATH ROBES; SILK, LISLE THREAD AND COTTON HOSIERY.

LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS for Men and Women.

AN ASSORTMENT OF WOMEN'S FRENCH EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS, IN COLORINGS TO HARMONIZE WITH SUMMER COSTUMES, AT ATTRACTIVE PRICES.

ALSO MEN'S AND WOMEN'S WHITE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS IN THE FOLLOWING VARIETIES AT PARTICULARLY LOW PRICES:

MEN'S LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, IN BOXES OF SIX, HEMSTITCHED \$1.45 INITIALED \$1.10

WOMEN'S LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, HEMSTITCHED, \$1.10 AND 75c. PER BOX OF SIX EMBROIDERED 25c. AND 15c. EACH

(REAR OF ROTUNDA, FIRST FLOOR.)

Nineteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, New York.

MRS. CARTER AT SHELTER ISLAND.

Denies That She Married in New London, Conn., and Contradicts Report in Boston. New London, Conn., July 14.—Mrs. Leslie Carter arrived here shortly after 10 o'clock to-night from Boston in her automobile, accompanied by her maid, chauffeur and footman, and went to Capt. P. A. Scott's residence. Capt. Scott owns several big boats.

One of these, in command of Capt. Hunt, was chartered by Mrs. Carter to take her to Shelter Island. The last packet for the Island sailed at 4 o'clock this afternoon and it was a question whether Mrs. Carter would remain here or continue on her journey.

After the Harriet was not ready to sail to Shelter Island until midnight, and while Mrs. Carter was waiting at Capt. Scott's residence she talked freely upon the report of her marriage to William Payne, and strenuously denied the truth of the story.

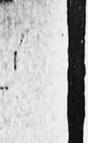
The tug will not reach Shelter Island until 2 o'clock Sunday morning.

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With a nod of her head and a smile she said: "Well, you may say I do."

Postmaster, N. H., July 14.—That there came near being a hitch in the wedding of Mrs. Leslie Carter and William L. Payne yesterday was learned to-day.

Wednesday, when Mr. Payne called on City Clerk Moran for the license, he gave all the facts necessary and took the paper to the hotel, where Mrs. Carter and her family band of guests were making merry.



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