AN ELEPHANT KIND WAS SHE

BUT A MOST INQUISITIVE CUSS, CHOCK FULL OF HILARITY.

She Got in an Awful Muss, Did She, a Terrible Stir and a Fuss; No Wonder the Folk of Jersey Cit-tee Got Peevish and Lammed Her and in a Car Jammed Her.

Take note that once again it was proved yesterday morning that you really can't chuck a surprise into Johnny McCaskey, Jersey City's fascinating cornetist and cogwheel player. Johnny has played on a cogwheeled windlass, tying Pennsylvania ferryboats to their slips all day long for so many years, and has doubled in brass so constantly at night dances in the small but efficient orchestra of his gifted brother, young Prof. Sylvester McCaskey, that nothing surprises him now. He has seen so many things coming off ferryboats by daylight and so many other things waltzing by him at night that the oddest thing is the obvious to Johnny. When Jersey City wants to drive the wonderfulness of anything home the town always says, "Why, it would make Johnny McCaskey sit up!!!"

Mounted Cop Tommy Lynch, who traffic squads Exchange place in Jersey City—the street that hurries west from the Pennsylvania station—told yesterday of Johnny McCaskey's imperviousness to surprise. Policeman Lynch ought to know, because Johnny had stopped to talk to him yesterday morning for a moment on his way to the cogwheel when the thing happened.

"Now I'm sure both the Flynn girls were at the dance last night," so the policeman says Johnny was arguing with him, "because I talked with Maria myself in the intermission, and I saw the younger sister, the little one, dancing past me later with a man who was the biggest thing I've seen in some time except that elephant coming down the sidewalk across the street. He was a foot taller than the man who is beating the elephant with the cotton hook on the trunk, and if you'll turn around and look, Tommy, you'll see that the man with the hook reaches up to the elepha—— No, it's too late now; the elephant has just rushed into Jacobowitz's cigar store. But he sure was the tallest dancer I ever did——"

But if Johnny wasn't surprised when he saw the elephant Officer Tommy Lynch and Patrolman Fred Ritchy and Cabby Snapper Garrison and Cabby Joe McDonald and every one else that graces the vicinity of the ferry house was. Elias Jacobowitz, one of the proprietors of the cigar store that the elephant entered at 7 Montgomery street—the narrower continuation of Exchange place—was more than surprised. As for Officer Tommy Lynch, he didn't wait even to say "s'long" to Johnny McCaskey, who hurried on to his work at the cogwheel, for Tommy is expected, according to the traffic squad rules of the Jersey City police force, to put all elephants off the sidewalk forthwith, especially when the elephant is unaccompanied by a guardian or friend.

In fact it's a State law of New Jersey and Paterson that no elephant be permitted to enter any wholesale or retail liquor, cigar, dry goods, hardware, butter and egg, feed, drug or grocery store; and if even the owner of the elephant takes his pet into a china and crockery store the owner may be fined. It's the law there. You may take lions, tigers and leopards into certain kinds of stores if muzzled, but elephants must be tied outside.

But to drop these dry legal details and get at the excitement that accompanied the elephant through short Exchange place and its continuation, Montgomery street, before, behind and on port and starboard sides, but particularly behind the elephant.

In the first place the elephant was en route from the elephant department of a New York animal dealer's Long Island branch shop to the zoo at Atlanta, and was in charge of the floorwalker of the department, a keeper named Jack Murphy. Jack Murphy delivered the goods to the Adams express people in Jersey City under cover of dawn and turned the package over to Herbert Temple, who looks after the animal traffic for the express company. Boss Temple saw that Catherine, the elephant—yes, everybody knows that the Jersey City *Observer* maintains editorially that the elephant's name is Charley, but there are some mistakes in that statement—Boss Temple got the elephant into a car at the Adams dock and everything was going smoothly until Boss Temple remarked that he thought he ought to "paste a few baggage checks on the elephant's trunk."

Boss Temple meant it really as a jest and nothing more, and Catherine quite understood the remark that way, so she started out of the car with head drooping as if brooding. Down the dock yard she started and made her first call at the express office. Tom Miskell, the Adams Express animal trainer, hadn't arrived at his desk as yet, but seated near the window was a waybill clerk named John O'Hara and not far from him was another way bill clerk, named John Foster.

Catherine got a satisfying look at Clerk John O'Hara without even coming up to the window, but in order to get a glimpse of Clerk John Foster the brooding elephant had to get a little bit closer and in doing so accidently ran her head with some force against the window where O'Hara was sitting, and it so happened that the glass broke practically as soon as the skull of the elephant hit it. O'Hara had seen the elephant coming and immediately stepped aside to prermit Catherine to get the look at the other clerk that she seemed so to desire. In fact, there was absolutely nothing to obstruct the elephant's view of Foster by the time the side of the office sank in, but Catherine had already started toward the window. You know how set a lady elephant is about carrying to a finish her views. At any rate Catherine wouldn't—perhaps couldn't, to be perfectly just to her—stop in time to save the side wall of the office and much of the interior woodwork.

After John O'Hara had stepped aside on first impulse to let Catherine see John Foster, too, he started toward the far side of the office for a drink of water or something, but found to his chagrin that the door of the wire cagelike affair that encloses his desk could not be opened owing to the fact that the door opens inward. Catherine was now principally inside the wire cage, just she and O'Hara, and with both of them present there was no room left to move the door.

"Oh, how annoying," said John O'Hara as he leaned backward slightly and rested his head against Catherine's face to try to think of some way of opening the door. And as he thought of different plans he began to stroke Catherine's sad face.

You remember that elephant of Bagdad that stopped at a tailor's window one day and stuck its trunk in the window as a sign of good feeling toward the tailor, and the tailor stuck a .40 sharps needle into the elephant's trunk with a hearty laugh, and the elephant stuck its trunk into a nearby stream a moment later, and came back to the window and squirted the water all over the tailor and ruined several suits of red and green silk that had been left to be dry cleaned and pressed by various Bagdad gentlemen; and kindness to poor dumb animals is always the best policy.

Well, sir, the minute John O'Hara began to stroke the elephant's face Catherine sighed gratefully and straightway backed out through the opening in the side of the little office and went straight over to the cigar store kept by Elias and Max Jacobowitz at 7 Montgomery street, with a number of citizens of Jersey City following behind. Many men with bale hooks asked the elephant not to go into the cigar store, but she did.

Young Elias Jacobowitz personally saw to it that the elephant was coming into the store and he hurried back to the pay station telephone booth at the rear of the store to telephone his little brother Freddy to hurry down and see an elephant right in the cigar store. He remained in the booth a long time, so long that Catherine would wait no longer for that box of cigars she had set out to get for John O'Hara as a mark of her appreciation of the way he had stroked her cheeks. She just reached out toward a pile of boxed cigars on the counter near the door at last and put a couple of boxes in her trunk and started back toward the express office.

John O'Hara was not in the express office when Catherine returned to the first entrance she had made in the building owing to the fact, as John recalled later when the incident was brought up to him, that Catherine had scarcely left when he opened the wire screen door and wandered off to some other spot. At this other spot he stumbled upon duties that detained him for some time, and as the poor grateful elephant with the trunk of cigars couldn't reason out that he would not return for some time she waited and waited. Her rear limbs were not quite coated with bale hooks. Many citizens were advising Catherine from the rear in so lusty a manner that Johnny McCaskey, warping the ferryboats to their slip a block away, heard the noise and almost wondered what was happening.

Really the only thing that happened after Catherine grew too discouraged to wait longer for John O'Hara to come back was that she finally returned to the car from which she first had exuded. When she had gone some distance into the car a great many men fastened the door and locked it two or three times, and then were for throwing the key away. They were dissuaded, however, by a number of truck drivers who wished the key kept until Keeper Jack Murphy returned so that he might go into the car and extract the bale hooks from Catherine. Besides Elias and Max Jacobowitz wanted their cigars.

But when Keeper Jack did return the key could not be found. It had been turned over to John O'Hara, but for the life of him he couldn't remember where he had placed it. And so the elephant, the cigars and the bale hooks left for Atlanta together—at least the hooks and Catherine were together—at 11 o'clock A. M.

Do not believe the Jersey City papers when they state, as one of them did last evening, that the elephant squatted on the trolley car tracks for some time and blocked traffic. THE SUN is naming no paper, but THE SUN does insist that any paper with the slightest regard for the bare facts of a news story should print the facts and nothing else. As has been said, one paper insists that Catherine's name is Charles, which is worse than absurd, and another says that the cars were stopped when they were not. If such statements, so evidently untrue, are permitted in Jersey City newspapers they have only themselves to blame if their circulation is not as large as the papers of this city. Honesty is as easy as falsehood.

John O'Hara found the key to the freight car in which Catherine was locked shortly after 11:30 o'clock yesterday forenoon. Soon after he had found it some truckmen learned that the car had not gone further than the lower end of the yard as yet and they persuaded O'Hara to accompany them to the car so that they could get their bale hooks. Unfortunately O'Hara lost the key again on the way down through the yard and it had not been recovered again up to a late hour.

LONG BEARDS IN MISSOURI.

Champ Clark Has Two Friends Who Put the Prophet Aaron to Shame.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—Congressman Champ Clark of Missouri has sent this letter to the Washington *Post*:

In your issue of Sunday, October 20, you have a picture of Mr. S. G. Brinkley of Magnetic City, N. C., whose beard reaches to the floor when he stands erect. The article is headed, "Longest beard in the world."

I merely desire to state that the article is erroneous and misleading. As compared with some of my constituents this man has merely a goatee. I have two valued friends, both living in the same township in Pike county, Mo., whose beards put Mr. Brinkley and the prophet Aaron to shame.

Aaron's beard, "which went down to the skirts of his garment," was as the down on a young lover's chin compared to the magnificent beard of Mr. Valentine Tapley of Spencerburg, Mo., who can measure out 11 feet 6 inches of hirsute growth. Judge Elijah Gates of the nearby village of Curryville has a beard of nine and a half feet. These facts and figures are easily verified. Missouri in beards as in all other good things leads the world.

CHAMP CLARK.

141ST MERIDIAN RELOCATED.

That Is Why a Strip a Furlong Wide and 500 Miles Long Is Added to Alaska.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—The report from Ottawa that the resurvey of the boundary between Alaska and the British possessions along the 141st meridian will add a narrow strip of territory to Alaska which heretofore has been supposed to belong to England is no news to Government officials here who have had knowledge of the progress of the work. When the London tribunal finally settled the Alaska boundary dispute four or five years ago it was provided in the treaty that visible marks in the form of stone shafts or other conspicuous objects should be placed along the whole line of the boundary. There was no dispute as to that part of the boundary north of Mount St. Elias, it having been agreed many years ago that the imaginary lines should follow the 141st meridian from that mountain northward to the Arctic Ocean.

It remained, however, to actually mark this line, and the desirability of such marking has recently been increased by reason of the fact that extensive mining developments have taken place in the White River country and prospectors have been sometimes in doubt as to whether they were staking claims in American or Canadian territory. This work has been going on for the last two years.

Strangely enough, the Government had never been absolutely sure of the precise location of the 141st meridian, the reason being that the observation made years ago to determine this question was made by the lunar method. Within the last few years the War Department has extended a telegraph and cable system to Alaska, and the telegraph was utilized for the purpose of relocating the meridian. This is the most accurate method known, and the result has been that the 141st meridian is located about 600 feet further east than had heretofore been supposed. Accordingly the international boundary is moved eastward by the same distance and a strip nearly a furlong in width and 500 miles in length is added to American territory.

Capt. Wilson to Command Scout Ship Chester.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—Capt. Henry B. Wilson, for the last three years on duty at the bureau of navigation, Navy Department, has been assigned to command the new scout cruiser Chester, which is nearing completion at the Bath Iron Works. The Chester is equipped with Parsons turbines, and her two sister ships, the Salem and the Birmingham, are to have the Curtis turbines and reciprocating engines respectively. It is calculated that these ships will afford a fair test of the three different types of engines.

Mid-Week Special

During the season there are always lines that sell so rapidly that the size-range is depleted. To effect a speedy sale of those that remain the price is radically revised. This applies to

Men's & Young Men's Paddock Overcoats
Formerly $30 Now $18

The material has undergone the Rainproof treatment.

Also

About 150 Men's Winter Overcoats at $15
Were $20 and $25

Hackett, Carhart & Co

Three Broadway Stores:

At 13th St. At Canal St. Near Chambers St.

SNAKE HUNTING IN TAXICABS

AND RUSTLING FOR SWORDFISH ON BROADWAY.

War Correspondents Union Entertains Visitors From Bridgeport and Great Is the Slaughter—Final Obsequies in the Bright Little Place That Jack Built.

The Schaghticoke Rattlesnake Rustlers of Bridgeport and Kent, Conn., combined with the Amalgamated Association of Swordfish Assassins of Block Island and Bridgeport, have just brought to a close the very first taxicab snake hunt and swordfish slaughter ever held on Broadway. Both hunts began on Sunday morning—rather it was just high noon when the pack caught the scent up in Tom Healy's "Jungle Room" at Sixty-sixth and Broadway and gave cry down the Alley.

Scarce another minute passed before Editor Dick Howell of the Bridgeport *Herald* unleashed his pack of Alice blue snake hounds and started them to the s'uth'ard after a flock of wrigglers that were beautifully marked with the large pink and light green polka dots that differentiate the wild rattlesnake from the common or barnyard variety of tame rattler such as one sees in the snake oil sections of Bayonne and other big Standard Oil centres. You don't know, if you're not a regular snake hunter, how fine a thing it is to sight a polka dotted rattlesnake. The dots show the principal difference between the wild snake and the tame snake—in fact it's the dots that make them wild.

Skipper Smiler Rowland, the heap big swordfish stabber from twenty miles E. S. E. ½ E. of Block Island, had hardly taken the wheel from the landlubber taxicab pilot in front of Tom Healy's—where the hunt had been inaugurated with a long and neat breakfast—when the glad yell of "Thar she fins!" bellowed forth from the taxicab crosstrees. That first fin that foolishly had begun to show above the surface of the asphalt of Broadway just off Sixty-fourth street straightway began a race with death, and lost. And at the same time Dick Howell's pack of blue snake hounds started full cry after a dotted wriggler that steadily got chased until it was crushed to death away down in Sixth avenue near Forty-third street in the revolving doors that swing around in the vestibule of the restaurant that works while you sleep in the bright little place that marks the spot of the lobster house that Jack built.

Not only that, but when three of—— But here, let's explain first who's who and how all this happened.

You know all about this Skchgtikoke [page one of manuscript has gone upstairs now with the first spelling of the name, so one must rely upon sheer memory]—this Skchgtikoke Rattlesnake Rustlers club, don't you? You ought to, because they're the men of Bridgeport—editors, cartoonists, plumbers, physicians, blacksmiths, lawyers and Undertaker Sammy Scozer, the honorary member from Quasepaug, who finances the club but always gets a misery in his legs on the annual hunt for snakes that prevents him from climbing to the snake den above the roaring Housatonic—who invite the war correspondents of New York up to the Sghktigoke Indian reservation every May to see the rattlers caught alive.

Almost the same identical crowd make up the Amalgamated Association of Swordfish Assassins which in August sails out of Bridgeport in the good sloop M. T. Racket for the swordfishing twenty miles E. S. E. ½ E. of Block Island. The M. T. Racket, by the way, is called after the swell Miss Minnie T. Racket of Greenpoint, which is merely an item of sentimental interest. The Sgztzikogh Rattlesnake Rustlers have a queen, too, for a mascot, the beautiful Princess Alice Pan of the reservation, whose visiting cards give her name in full as Princess Alice-Sit-By-The-Housatonic. She wanted to come on the Broadway snake hunt that was pulled off Sunday and Monday, but her father, chief Jim Pan, the last of the Skattycokes, made her stay home to mind the house.

Now, it occurred to some of the New York war correspondents who have been entertained at the snake hunts at Kent, or who have been taken in August for a week or so of swordfishing to this twenty miles S. E. S. ½ E. o' Block Island spot, that it wouldn't be such a foolish little idea to invite the snake hunters and swordfish stabbers down here to New York on a pleasant Sabbath afternoon to hunt snakes and things along Broadway. Wherefore when they came to the Grand Central Station on the train that gets in hurriedly from Bridgeport at 10:50 A. M. sometimes on Sunday they were met by two walking delegates of the War Correspondents Union, one known up around twenty miles E. S. E. ½ E. of Block Island as "Bill of New York" and another who is just a war correspondent, and escorted to Tom Healy's as a starter in the following imposing order:

1st Division—Snake Hunters—Richard Howell, Editor Bridgeport *Herald* and official photographer of club; Chief Jim Pan, last of the Zsckgtozooks, in black store clothes; chief George Coggswell, also last of the Zko—of that same tribe, and the only other full blooded Indian left on the reservation Old Doo Monroe of Kent, thirty years on the same crossroads corner and keeper of the sagwah, or snakebite cure; Druggist Bill Tuttle, official mixer of the snake cure and a first cousin of Undertaker Sammy Scozer the honorary member from Quasepaug; Dad Barber, cartoonist of the Bridgeport *Herald* and altogether a great little guy.

2nd Division—War Correspondents Union of Greater New York, Locals 1 and 2, carrying ballast and transparencies with legends such as "We Want Eight Columns an Hour" and things like that.

3d Division—Swordfish Stabbers—Skipper Smiler Rowland of the good sloop M. T. Racket, who, when a swordfish "got" him on August 20 last by ramming its unsheathed weepon through the skipper's dory and then into the skipper's side, almost died by falling heavily on the floor of Tom McCusker's skating rink at Block Island that night and busting open the bandages again; his brother, also skipper, Chaw Rowland, who alternates with Skipper Smiler at the wheel of the M. T. Racket; Wick Vanderlett, five feet four in height or across the shoulders, also skipper of the M. T. Racket, known back home as Kid-Lavigne-And-Then-Some, who watches for fins from aloft and is known technically as the mastheader, or gannet. [Gannet—A suloid bird related to the Pelican family; belongs to the Sula bassana crowd, which has the chin, throat and lower jawr densely feathered and is of a prevailing white with dusky wing quills and blackfish feet; feeds on fish, chasing them from crag to crag and pouncing upon them unannounced; Sula sula is the brown gannet or booby.

Where like snow the gannet's feathers
On Brader's rocks are shed.
—*Whittier*, The Fisherman, st. 8.

see page 1928 for gull.]

4th Division—Undertaker Sammy Scozer and apprentice.

The only drawback right at the start was the absence of two of the big stars, Shang Wheeler, curator of the Rattlesnake Rustlers in the spring months at the snake den and striker (harpoon puncher) of the M. T. Racket in August; and Cap'n Bill Quinn, also skipper of the M. T. Racket, who has blue eyes and a pink complexion and has most of the swordfish in the Atlantic avoiding all that part of the Seven Seas roundabout twenty miles S. E. S. ½ E. o' Block Island.

Shang sure said he would come because only the other day he composed and sent a letter that ran:

Dear Bill of New York, care *Harper's Weekly*

The arm is well, my ankle better, and now, bshel, as to your letter—next week, you say, will come the day when snakes will skid along Broadway. We'll sure be there to join the fun. We'll leave Bridgeport at nine-two-one. By boat I'll come to 'scape the dust, and meet you all or up and bust.

It so happened, however, that this Shang person had a relapse as to his arm, which he first had injured by falling off the roof of the Stratford Oyster Company's opening plant, of which he is manager, two weeks ago. The relapse came on Saturday when he fell off the other end of the building and broke a cellar door. It was a coincidence, too, that Cap'n Bill Quinn was kept back by another fall. Cap'n Bill is an ironworker when he isn't swordfishing. Last Tuesday Bill fell off the new Wheeler building at Bridgeport and immediately was arrested for breaking $30 worth of I beams and a new keg of nails that got in his way just when it looked as if he had entirely finished his fall. Bill got a grouch at the injustice of the thing and remained in Bridgeport Sunday solely to watch his chance to fall on the tool house from the third story when no one but the watchman was around to see him do it.

And after that somebody asked Pat Koyne, captain of waiters at Tom Healy's, to clear a lane through the tables. Cap'n Pat Koyne and Night Manager Johnny Murray, who had reported for duty at the restaurant just as the preliminary breakfast was coming to its hysteric close, got permission from Tom Healy and Factotum Mike Casey of the restaurant to open a channel and everybody got under way to go some place further away.

Smoke was coming from the funnels of the little fleet of taxicabs at anchor out in Broadway. Already a big sea was running and the taxicabs rocked and swayed in the waves of heaving asphalt. Then up spoke Cap'n Smiler:

"How's she head, skippers?" he inquired, reaching for the wheel of the flagtaxicab and getting it at the first try.

"E. S. E. ½ soused, sir," cried the skippers in chorus.

"Steady as you are," then cried Skipper Smiler, which in landlubber's lingo means "On your way." And personally he took his place in the swordfishing "pulpit" out on the bowsprit of the taxicab that the striker always occupies, and kept a keen cautious eye dead ahead for the first fin to show above the wabbly asphalt waves.

The little fleet had hardly got under way when the gannet gave the good alarm: "Thar she fins! Starb'd!" "I got 'er over to starb'd's far she'll go, you chump," came from the wheel. "Then put 'er over twice as far!" yelled the gannet with some indignation. And it was done.

Down through Broadway they chased the swordfish wildly, but slowed down at Pabst's and called out to the swordfish to wait for an hour or two. Not so with Dick Howell's snake hunters. His blue snake hounds were nosing down the curb all this time with beady eyes fastened upon the footprints of one of the biggest wrigglers that ever shed a dotted skin along Broadway. So great was the momentum of the snake at Columbus Circle that when it gave an extra jump to avoid a trolley car there it raced right out of its beautiful scaly covering the instant its rattles got buttoned into the trolley slot in passing. But the frightened serpent went right on, quite unclothed now, and headed over Sixth avenue and into the revolving doors of the house, the lobster house, that Jack built.

Bill of New York took up this trail now because the fog was settling down and Bill was the only man present that could make a noise like the South East Light siren—pronounced, however, syreen. "Oooooommnnneeeeeeeeooooummmm!" he syreened as a warning, quite forgetting in the excitement that the business of syreening belongs to swordfishing and not to mountain snake hunting. And he syreened right into the house that Jack built just as the snake stretched out to wait for the sunset gun before dying. He syreened and syreened from table to table, calling to his mates, and no one noticed in the house that Jack built because everybody already had begun to eat dinner as soon as they found that it was only a rattler cashing in near the revolving doors.

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10 CENTS

"The Mote and the Beam"

"The Mote and the Beam" Lincoln Steffens' fascinating fact-novel begins in the November number of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Every man who labors or buys labor, every man who votes or is voted for, should read this work of Steffens with a wide eye—read it for the sheer stuff that is in it and take it home to himself the best he can.

Another He Knew Lincoln Story—by Ida M. Tarbell In the same issue is Miss Tarbell's vernacular story about Lincoln—"Back There in '58." It is full of fire. That Lincoln was a handsome man, an all-night thinker and a good loser; why he bested Douglas and won out even in defeat—all this it tells and tells well.

"The Powers of Men" If you are seeking ways to get the best and highest work out of your life, Prof. William James' article "The Powers of Men" will give you some priceless suggestions.

Of course there are many Stories and Pictures In the final pages of this issue the Responsible Editor, the Observer, the Reporter, and the Poet indulge in a spirited pen-bout with "Religion Inside the Church and Out" as the bone of contention and each reader can settle for himself whose side he is on.

Every person knows when he gets his fingers on THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for November that he is touching the real thing in magazine production.

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WALDORF GUEST TOOK POISON

SUPPOSED MURDER A SUICIDE—FIRST SPREE IN 5 YEARS.

Autopsy Shows Wounds on H. B. Potter's Body Did Not Kill Him—Coroner Harburger Still Sceptical and Columbia Chemist Will Make an Analysis.

Herman Bradley Potter, the insurance broker from Doylestown, Pa., who was found dead in a room in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on Tuesday night, committed suicide by taking cyanide of potassium. Coroner's Physician O'Hanlon, who made an autopsy on the body at the Morgue yesterday, said that death was due to asphyxiation caused by the action of the drug on that portion of the brain which governs the respiratory organs.

There were a score of contusions on Potter's body, but most of them were old injuries, and the fresh wounds on his head which at first led Coroner Harburger and the police to believe that there was a fracture of the skull were slight and could not have caused death. Neither the police nor the Coroner doubt, however, that Potter was beaten by thugs last Saturday night, as he declared in the letter addressed to his wife.

After acting Capt. Bernard Keheler of the West Thirtieth street station and his detectives had made a thorough investigation and clearly established the fact of suicide, and after Dr. O'Hanlon reported that poison was found in the stomach, Coroner Harburger still held that murder was committed. He declared that he believed Potter was given a dose of "knock-out drops" and died as a result, but the substance found in the stomach was cyanide of potassium, Dr. O'Hanlon says, and not chloral. To make sure, however, the stomach and the poison were sent to Prof. John H. Larkin of Columbia University for analysis.

Potter, who was 40 years old and of athletic build, had been drinking heavily since he came to New York a week ago. Dr. F. B. Swartzlander of 87 State street, Doylestown, Pa., who knew him for many years, was present at the autopsy. He said he knew of no reason why Potter should kill himself unless it was from remorse after a spree. Five years ago Potter got into serious trouble because of his drinking habits, Dr Swartzlander said, and didn't take a drink until he came to New York.

On Saturday night Potter was found sitting on a stoop at 16 East Seventy-fourth street by Policeman Finneson, of the East Sixty-seventh street station, who arraigned him in the night court on a charge of intoxication. He bore no bruises at that time and as he was able to take care of himself the Magistrate discharged him. He returned to the Waldorf and ordered so many drinks during the night that the hotel clerk finally ordered that no more liquor be sent to his room.

When Potter was found dead, Detective Rooney of the West Thirtieth street station examined the room and found in a closet a small jar containing two crystals of cyanide of potassium. In addition to the letters to his wife two letters were found which, the police believe, may tend to show that he had contemplated suicide. They were from a New York department store and explained that the shells Potter had ordered had been shipped to him at Byram, N. J. The police believe he had a revolver and at first thought of shooting himself.

When Potter left home over a week ago he told his wife he was going to Atlantic City. Mrs. Potter got no word of him until yesterday, when she was informed of his death.

Dr. Swartzlander and Oscar O. Beon, a lawyer of Doylestown, took charge of the body yesterday and had it removed to Doylestown.

Movements of Naval Vessels.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—The collier Nero has arrived at Portsmouth, N. H.; the tug Uncas at Guantanamo, the cruiser Chattanooga at Cavite and the gunboat Wasp at New Haven.

The gunboat Marietta has sailed from Key West for Puerto Cortez, Honduras.

"Not since its beginning as a magazine has *The Smart Set* printed a prettier, daintier romance than Eleanor Hoyt Brainard's 'Knee Deep in June,' which is the novelette in the November number."
N. Y. World

50c.—Maupassant's Short Stories, Reynolds' Old London, Tom Jones, De Kock. PRATT, 161 6th av.

SAILORS MAY PLAY BALL SUNDAY.

Navy Department Will Not Prohibit It if Objection Is on Religious Grounds Only

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—Sunday baseball among the sailors is not obnoxious so long as it is not carried on at places and in such a boisterous manner as to disturb the peace and quiet of a residence neighborhood, according to a decision of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Newberry. The test case came up on the representations of religious societies of Philadelphia, which complained that the ball playing of the sailors from the League Island Navy Yard on Sunday disturbed them some, but shocked them more.

Mr. Newberry wrote to the Quaker City to learn whether the complaint was because of the noise and disturbance or simply on account of the affront to those who held to strict Sabbath observance. If the objection was on religious grounds solely, Mr. Newberry, according to what he said to-day, will not grant the request for a discontinuance of the Sunday sport.

The President Going to Oyster Bay to Vote.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—The situation in New York county will have no effect on the President going home to vote, for he has already made his plans to go to Oyster Bay on election day. He will leave here next Monday night, arriving at Oyster Bay two or three hours after the polls open on Tuesday morning. According to present plans he will remain only long enough to cast his vote in the polling place over Lee Sing's Chinese laundry, and will not go to Sagamore Hill. The President is expected to return to Washington early Tuesday evening.

THE MONEY BUBBLE

"Reckless speculation in the stocks of overgrown monopolies, and the resultant money panics, will have no place in our national economy when we learn once more to foster the development of small individual industries, and so return to saner and more honest ideas of work, life and good citizenship." (From "Social Unrest" by GUSTAV STICKLEY in THE CRAFTSMAN for November.)

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LOOK for the BROWN COVER

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President Not a Candidate, Says Heyburn.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—Senator Heyburn of Idaho was one of the President's callers this morning. After leaving the White House he had this to say about the third term movement:

"In Idaho we have taken the President at his word and do not consider him a candidate for another term. It is no compliment to the President to consider him a candidate, for he has said that he is not, and I have always found him to be a man of his word."