

GUFFEY SUSPECTED MEYERS

NO CASH PRODUCED, SO OIL LAND DEAL COLLAPSED.

David Belasco, seemingly fascinated by "Rothschild Agent," started his Pittsburg Boom—Two More Arrests—Fine Dinner Before Trip to New York.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 22.—Two alleged accomplices of J. Montefiore Meyers, the self-deputed "agent of the Rothschilds," were arrested here this evening. Meyers himself was taken to New York to-night.

John Fitzpatrick of New York city, who has a residence somewhere in New Jersey, was arrested by request of the New York police as he stepped from a New York train here this evening.

W. A. Fitzpatrick, a brother of John, with offices in the Farmers Bank Building here, was also placed under arrest to-night.

Col. J. M. Guffey, the wealthy oil man of Pittsburg, came to light to-day. Alleging that he had the money of the Rothschilds back of him, Meyers succeeded in getting an option on the great oil holdings of Mr. Guffey, but he was unable to swing the deal.

Col. Guffey, it appears, became very suspicious of him and dropped a hint to a police official which resulted in an investigation being set on foot.

The theory is that it was Meyers's plan to collect a heavy advance on commissions from Col. Guffey, but at Col. Guffey's office to-night this idea was discredited.

From the office the following statement was issued to-night: "Meyers some time ago obtained from Col. Guffey's office an option on the oil properties but failed within the time limit to pay the purchase money and all negotiations came to an end.

Aside from this not a word can be obtained from the Guffey people. It is alleged, however, that Col. Guffey and Meyers went as far as Wilkesbarre together on one occasion.

About September David Belasco, the playwright and manager, came to Pittsburg to conduct the rehearsal for Blanche Bates's new play, "The Fighting Hope." The company opened at the Duquesne on September 7 and continued through the week.

At the dinner Mr. Belasco announced the wonderful theatre that was to be erected in Pittsburg. Meyers was seated at his right side. Waving his arms, Mr. Belasco said:

"Gentlemen, look well at this man. Probably never will you have the opportunity of seeing such a man again. This man has back of him approximately \$200,000,000, a fortune which can scarcely be realized in figures."

Mr. Belasco further declared that Mr. Meyers was the man who would be the financial backer of the new theatre project, saying that he would in fact render him all the financial aid that he needed.

During this speech Meyers blushed, lowered his head and muttered under his breath, "You fool, Mr. Belasco."

The dinner gave Meyers a big send-off in this city and he soon was admitted everywhere. Mr. Belasco, it is believed, did not know Meyers when he arrived in Pittsburg.

Meyers arose this morning after a sleepless night. He refused the prison fare and sent out to the nearest café for rolls and coffee. After a bath and a rubdown he seemed to be in a pleasant frame of mind.

Detective Sergeant Nelson appeared about 9 o'clock and had a long conference with Meyers.

Nelson refused to tell the local detectives anything about Meyers, except who they already knew through the newspapers. Meyers objected to being nudged, but finally consented when he saw that he could not get out of it.

CROKER LOOKS AROUND.

Inspects Fifth Avenue Changes—Dines With Edward Murphy, Jr.

Old time New Yorkers rubbed their eyes a little yesterday at the sight of Richard Croker strolling along Fifth avenue. He hadn't changed much in looks, but the avenue had, and that's what the boss of other days was out to see.

Mr. Croker got up a little before 7 o'clock in the morning and when he started up the street alone he did not meet many persons. He wore a frock coat and high hat.

The Plaza entrance to Central Park was all but lifeless and he had the place pretty much to himself as he looked over the new Plaza Hotel, which wasn't thought of when he was last in New York.

He had passed the St. Regis and the Gotham and he finally went as far as the Sixth street.

In the afternoon Mr. Croker was out for another walk. He got around to the Waldorf shortly after 6 o'clock, in time to have dinner with Edward Murphy, Jr., of Troy.

After dinner Mr. Murphy and Mr. Croker sat in the corridors of the Waldorf. They were recognized by two or three friends and soon there was a little knot of men gathered.

After an hour or so Mr. Croker said good night to his host and walked up to the Democratic Club, where he was greeted by a dozen friends in the public room.

He told them that he had spent most of the day "seeing the city." There was a little chuckle about the group when somebody remarked that it was a pretty sophisticated spectator. Mr. Croker joined in the laugh.

Two men killed by auto. Mikman Finds Bodies of Arthur Purdy and Wm. Kremer Near Tarrytown.

OSISING, N. Y., Nov. 22.—Daniel See, a driver for the Eden Milk Company, while coming from the company's dairy town depot to make his deliveries in his village this morning got out of his wagon opposite Rockefeller Hall, the estate of William Rockefeller at Scarborough, to see why his horses had refused to go on.

The road was dark there. See took his lantern and stepping in front of the horses found the bodies of two men. One was dead and the other unconscious but still breathing.

See came on to Ossining as fast as he could and notified Coroner Squire, who lives here. Squire hurried in his auto to where the men lay. The living man died a few moments after his arrival.

The coroner found that each of the men had several ribs broken on the left side and they were scratched and bruised about the head and face.

A heavy frost covered the ground and after an investigation the coroner believed that the men had been struck by an auto and that the accident occurred shortly before See drove along, as the track of an auto was the only one visible on the road besides those of the milk wagon.

The bodies were brought to Ossining and were identified later as those of William Kremer and Arthur Purdy of Tarrytown. Kremer's mother and sister live at Ardenville, about a mile from where he was killed, and Purdy was a son of a former president of the village of Tarrytown and a brother of T. Milton Purdy, a White Plains architect.

The Purdys are one of the oldest and best known families in this section.

Purdy and Kremer went to White Plains on Saturday to see the village's 25th anniversary celebration. It is thought that they walked back in the dark and were headed for Kremer's home, which is only a short distance from Rockefeller Hall.

Edward Brewerton of Ossining told the police that while on his way home from the Harvard-Yale football game last night he felt when about opposite Mr. Rockefeller's place that his automobile had his something, but he didn't know what it was.

Mr. Brewerton further declared that Mr. Meyers was the man who would be the financial backer of the new theatre project, saying that he would in fact render him all the financial aid that he needed.

MRS. FLEISCHMANN'S BODY

LOST WOMAN'S CORPSE RECOVERED FROM EAST RIVER.

Doctors Say That It Had Been Less Than a Week in the Water, Which Would Leave 10 Days Between Disappearance and Death—The Search.

The body of Mrs. Julius Fleischmann, who disappeared from her home at 18 West Eighty-sixth street on November 5, was found yesterday afternoon in the East River opposite 108th street by Capt. William Burries of the Charity Department steamboat Wanderer.

About 350 passengers aboard the Wanderer saw the recovery of the body.

Capt. Burries had been on the lookout for the body since the publication of Mrs. Fleischmann's disappearance in The Sun on November 9.

As the Wanderer was off the breakwater of the island about 250 feet off shore, Capt. Burries, who was in the pilot house, saw an object floating down stream.

"I couldn't tell whether it was a body or not at the time, but decided to investigate," the captain said last night.

The boat was stopped and Capt. Burries and three of the crew put off in a rowboat to the place where the captain had seen the object. They found it after some search. It was the body of a woman and was floating feet upward.

After getting it into the rowboat it was seen that the clothing corresponded with the descriptions of Mrs. Fleischmann's. The boat was rowed in to the island and the body put ashore, while the passengers on the Wanderer were kept from the place of landing until the police of the harbor squad station, at the foot of East 122d street, had come over in a launch and taken the body to the Manhattan shore.

Emanuel Rosenberg, a son-in-law of Mrs. Fleischmann, who lives at 137 West 116th street, and the Fleischmanns had meanwhile been notified. Gustav Fleischmann and Mr. Rosenberg arrived at the foot of East 122d street just as the police launch landed.

One look at the body convinced Mr. Rosenberg that it was Mrs. Fleischmann. Gustav was a little longer in making up his mind, but after his brother Leon had also arrived and said that he was certain that it was his mother Gustav became convinced.

One thing was immediately noticeable about the body. From its appearance it is certain that it had not been in the water for many days, and a week, the police and the physicians said. This leads to the belief that Mrs. Fleischmann had been wandering about for some time before she finally took her life.

According to Leon Fleischmann the one piece of seemingly reliable information that the family has had led them to believe that Mrs. Fleischmann had crossed the East River to Astoria some ten days ago, but though the clue was followed with every effort to trace her nothing came of it.

Coroner Shady gave permission to have the body removed to the Fleischmann home at once, where funeral services will be held on Tuesday morning. The Rev. F. Harris of Temple Israel will officiate and the interment will be at new Union Fields, Cypress Hills.

The search for Mrs. Fleischmann has been one of the most thorough that has been carried on in this city and surrounding localities. In bad health and having often said that she wished she was dead, the woman walked out of her home on November 5 without any one having seen her go.

The Fleischmanns hired detectives and began a systematic search of all waterfronts, as they feared her drowning herself.

Leon Fleischmann was asked last night how much the search had cost, and he said he would not say exactly he said that it had cost considerably more than \$10,000.

Over 600 pounds of dynamite has been exploded in the East and North rivers in the hope of bringing the body to the surface. Divers have been employed to go down where the body was thought to have been seen by two fishermen.

There have been men employed night and day to patrol both riverfronts, Coney Island, Staten Island and up the North River as far as Yonkers.

Automobiles have been used throughout all neighboring territory to aid the search and the entire police force has been on the lookout.

MARRIES ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

G. F. D. Paine of Boston Weds After Having the Adoption Announced.

BOSTON, Nov. 22.—It became known today that George F. D. Paine, the head of the Paine Furniture Company of this city, was married on November 9 to Miss Margaret E. Johns, formerly a teacher at the Young Women's Christian Association.

The bride was the adopted daughter of Mr. Paine up to within a week of the marriage, when he had the adoption proceedings annulled.

Mr. Paine's first wife died early in September at an asylum in Waverly, where she had been an inmate for seven years. The marriage took place at the Hotel Buckminster, and the Rev. Francis H. Rowley, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of which Mr. Paine is a deacon, performed the ceremony.

The couple are now on the way to Ceylon.

Fifteen years ago when returning from Europe Mr. and Mrs. Paine met Miss Johns on shipboard. The latter was an English girl, 24 years old, and Mrs. Paine liked her. At Mrs. Paine's request Miss Johns gave up her work as a teacher and went to the Paine home to live.

In 1900 Mrs. Paine was sent to the asylum and soon after Miss Johns was adopted and took the name of Margaret E. Paine.

A week before the wedding the Probate Court annulled the adoption, Mr. Paine saying in his petition that he desired such a decree because there was a question about the legality of the proceedings on account of the mental condition of Mrs. Paine at the time.

POWDERLY AT OUR BREADLINE. But He Says He Did Not Join It Disguised as a Hobo or in Any Other Disguise.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—T. V. Powderly, chief of the division of information of the Immigration Bureau, said to-night in regard to the report that he had disguised himself as a hobo and joined the bread line in New York.

"It is not true that I ever disguised myself as a hobo or put on any other disguise, and I would denounce that statement as false because I do not approve of such spectacular methods. It is true that I have been making a personal study of the bread lines in New York for years, long before I entered official life.

I have been interested always in anything that concerned the hobo man. I desired to learn by observation just how many deserving workmen were forced to enter the bread line.

"When I have happened to be in New York in winter or when the weather was inclement I have observed the people in the bread line and conversed with them to learn actual conditions. My last experience of this kind was in March. As a rule the men in the bread line are not workmen in the ordinary sense. I found one really deserving case of a man who appeared to be honest who was in need and who was seeking food to carry to the relief of his family.

There may have been other cases of deserving, self-respecting workmen, but I believe the percentage of this kind was very small."

Mr. Powderly said that he was sorry that the fact of his investigations had become known.

TWO BLOCKS FOR A VANDERBILT. A Dark Automobile Finds an Outing Policeman in Fifth Avenue.

Traffic Policeman Jack Coan saw an electric brougham coming down Fifth avenue without lights last night. He stopped the brougham at Forty-sixth street and told Thomas Walsh, the chauffeur, that he was under arrest.

A woman leaned out of the window and called to the policeman.

"Oh, please," said she, "I'm in a hurry to get to Sherry's. I am Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt. Won't you please let me go quickly?"

"Certainly, madam," answered the polite policeman, and he rode down the two blocks to the restaurant with the chauffeur and there arrested him. He was taken to the East Fifty-first street station and later to the night court. The machine belonged to the New York Transportation Company.

BENT ON TARIFF REVISION

CRUMPACKER ASSURES TAFT OF COMMITTEE'S SINCERITY.

He Also Says Cannon Is With the President-Elect in Letter and Spirit—Cuba Keener for a Visit—Cotton Men Want More Time to Talk Schedules.

HOT SPRINGS, Va., Nov. 22.—Representative Edgar D. Crumpacker of Indiana, a member of the Ways and Means Committee now engaged in giving hearings on the tariff in Washington, came to Hot Springs to-day to assure the President-elect that his committee intends to be sincere and thorough in its revision of the tariff schedules.

He said Mr. Taft in the Taft cottage this afternoon and declared that Chairman Payne of the committee has been misrepresented in the published reports that he was not going into the revision work in a spirit of genuine desire to revise.

Judge Crumpacker said there was every indication of the chairman's and the committee's purpose to give all interests the fullest sort of a hearing and to leave no stone unturned in the efforts to readjust the schedules in a just and proper manner.

He refused to discuss the Speakership problem for publication, but he told Mr. Taft that Mr. Cannon would be in the closest harmony with the Taft policies and would cooperate with all his power in carrying out the letter and the spirit of the party platform.

He also expressed a doubt of Mr. Taft's power to defeat Cannon.

Some of the politicians now here this visit of Crumpacker is considered as a sign that Cannon is anxious to do all in his power to make peace with Taft, but when it is remembered that Crumpacker is not an ardent Cannon man and is in favor of thorough tariff revision this view does not seem conclusive.

Mr. Taft has received several letters from the Western States commending his reported decision to make a fight on Cannon and prevent his reelection as Speaker or to insure his loyalty to the Taft cabinet.

Foreign visitors were at the Taft cottage to-day. From Cuba Gen. Demetrio Castillo, Judge Diaz Alum and Dr. Arthur Fould came to ask the President-elect to visit Cuba in February upon the establishment of the Cuban Government.

Philippine matters, including the proposed removal of the duty on Philippine sugar, were presented to him by B. Lagardero, Fernando Calderon, J. E. Valdez and A. S. Escamilla, all prominent in the political and business world of the islands.

Mr. Taft said he had not decided whether he would go to Cuba nor was anything definite fixed on regarding the Philippine matters.

Cuban affairs and Philippine interests were also the subjects of discussion in a conference between Mr. Taft, Secretary of War Wright and Gen. Clarence E. Edwards. Gen. Wright brought a request for confidential information and advice from Mr. Taft to be taken to President Roosevelt concerning proposed changes in the personnel of the army.

Representative W. C. Lovering of Massachusetts called to ask if something could not be done on behalf of the cotton manufacturers of his State, who wanted more time than had been allowed them by the Ways and Means Committee to prepare their statements for the tariff hearings.

He was told that Representative Crumpacker had said there would be hearings after December 4 and that enough time would be given to everybody who desired to be heard.

John Barrett, director of the Bureau of American Republics, had a talk with Mr. Taft and after it said:

"I am taking back to Washington Mr. Taft's assurance that he approves of everything that has been done in the last administration to create a closer bond between this country and the countries of South America and that he will do everything in his power to continue such work in his administration."

HER JEWELS SOON FOUND. Miss Stevens's Unfortunate Charge Against Frederick Kooskock.

FREDERICK KOOSKOCK, an Englishman, 35 years old, of 135 West Forty-third street, was arraigned in the Jefferson Market police court yesterday charged with the theft of jewels worth \$15,000. The complainant against him is Miss Mary Stevens of 148 West Forty-ninth street. She didn't appear in court.

Kooskock, it is said by the police, has been staying at Miss Stevens's house for some time. During the last week Miss Stevens's jewels disappeared and she lodged a complaint at a Police Headquarters. Detective O'Donnell picked up Kooskock on suspicion, but found no evidence of theft. He asked for an adjournment to allow him to search Kooskock's apartments. This request was granted by Magistrate Bodge and Kooskock was held in \$5,000 bail for an examination on Tuesday. He was remanded to Headquarters.

SHAH WIPES OUT PARLIAMENT.

Peristan Constitution Abolished as Contrary to the Doctrines of Islam.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. LONDON, Nov. 22.—A despatch from Tehran states that a proclamation will be posted in all the mosques to-morrow declaring that the Shah, having learned from the assembled representatives of the people that they do not want a Constitution and having been supplicated by the whole people not to convolve Parliament, has decided to respect their wishes.

A section of the proclamation is addressed specifically to the clergy. It says: "As you have recognized that the establishment of a Parliament would be contrary to the laws of Islam we desist from such a plan and in the future under no pretext shall such a Parliament be established."

The Shah directs ecclesiastics everywhere to communicate to the people his determination to maintain justice, protect the rights his subjects and frustrate the wicked designs of evildoers.

HIS HOUSE WAS AFIRE. But the Police Locked Him Up Just the Same for Being Inside the Fire Lines.

John Cauffal learned that there was a fire in his house, at 346 East Seventy-fourth street, on Saturday night and tried to reach there, but Policeman Martin of the East Sixth-seventh street station stopped him and finally arrested him, and he arraigned Cauffal before Magistrate Cornell in the Yorkville police court yesterday on a charge of breaking through the fire lines and refusing to go back when ordered.

"I did not know but that my wife and child were burning to death and that was why I insisted upon being allowed to go to the house. I didn't know at the time that my family had got out safely," the prisoner explained to the Court.

"That was quite human under the circumstances," remarked the Magistrate. "I told the policeman, but he wouldn't listen to me," went on Cauffal.

"Another policeman told him to arrest me and if I didn't go quietly to stand on my head."

"You are discharged," the Court said.

WIDOW KILLS AN INTRUDER. Man Who Attacked Her in Disguise Was Townsman of Repute.

DUBLIN, Ga., Nov. 22.—Mrs. Rosie B. Davis, a young widow, shot W. L. Tillery, a leading business man of this section, at her home last night, inflicting wounds from which he died in a few hours.

According to Mrs. Davis she was alone when she heard some one knock, about 9 o'clock. She peered out and saw a man whom she did not recognize. He demanded admittance, which was refused. He then said he would break in.

Mrs. Davis retreated to her room and seized a pistol. The man broke through the screen door and rushed at Mrs. Davis. She fired the bullet striking him near the heart. The man fell, and neighbors who came in found that he was Tillery, disguised.

Tillery refused to make a statement. Some of his friends say he was insane. Mrs. Davis's husband has been dead about eight months. Tillery has a family.

AUTO KNOCKS WOMAN DOWN. Two of Mrs. Lillard's Ribs Broken at Broadway and Sixty-Sixth Street.

Mrs. Benjamin Lillard of the Hotel Endicott was struck by an automobile at Broadway and Sixty-sixth street last night and so badly injured that the doctors at Roosevelt Hospital were of opinion that if I didn't get a long time before she could recover.

Two of her ribs were broken and her head was badly gashed. Mrs. Lillard had just come down from the elevated station and was on her way across Broadway to visit friends in Sixty-fifth street. She did not see the big touring car that was approaching her as it went down the street and she knew nothing until some time after she was hit and had been revived in a drug store.

The chauffeur gave his name as Oscar Pearson of 25 West Sixty-third street. He was arrested and locked up in the West Sixty-eighth street station. In the car were three passengers, Edwin Lillard and his wife and a young girl, two of whom did not give their names. They were allowed to go.

Mrs. Lillard is the wife of Benjamin Lillard, publisher of 108 Fulton street. She is chairman of the entertainment committee of the Little Mothers Aid Association.

LINER HIT FISHING STEAMER

450 EXCURSIONISTS IN PANIC IN THE FOG DOWN THE BAY.

284 Jump, Tumble and Climb From the Mount Desert to the Admiral Dewey and Pile Up 10 Feet Deep on Her Forward Deck—A Few of Them Hurt.

The United Fruit Company's swift steel 2,000 ton steamship Admiral Dewey, bound from Kingston, Jamaica, for this port, with thirty post office employees of this State and fifteen women of their families, sank her meat axe bow into the old wooden sidewheeler Mount Desert, a Fishing Bank cruiser, in a dense fog of Coney Island at 8:15 o'clock yesterday morning, and about six hours later the fog enshrouded world ashore heard about the trouble.

There were 450 men and women on the fishing boat and some of them were hurt in the rush to jump aboard the Dewey, but a couple of broken bones was the worst injury. There was an impression aboard the Dewey that several of the anglers deserved worse than this for tramping women and children in their efforts to save their own skins.

The Dewey, Capt. A. F. Davison, arrived off the Scotland lighthouse at 7 o'clock and took aboard Sandy Hook Pilot Warner. There was a heavy mist; which a few minutes later turned into a dense fog, and the Dewey dropped to half speed.

She was coming up through the main ship channel. Pilot Warner got out of the course that he would have taken in clear weather. Most of the passengers of the Dewey were at breakfast in the saloon, but those on deck said that she was blowing her fog whistle properly, that is, at less than two minute intervals and that the Mount Desert was doing likewise.

Capt. Nat Beebe had charge of the Mount Desert and his brother George, an old Sandy Hook pilot, who owns the fishing ship, was aboard in an advisory capacity. The Mount Desert had left the Battery at 6 o'clock and hugged the Brooklyn shore on the way out because of the obscurity. Among her 450 passengers were half a dozen women and a dozen or more children. The Beebes say they knew exactly where they were when the Dewey came along, but the pilot of the Dewey apparently was not so wise. When each vessel materialized from the mist to the pilot of the other they were less than one hundred yards apart.

Following the fog whistles came suddenly, but too late to be effective, the signal of the Dewey, one blast, that she would pass to the right of the Mount Desert. The pilot of the fishing craft blew two whistles, indicating that he would go to the left. The vapor of the signal had hardly mingled with the fog when the ships came together. The Dewey's engines had been sent full speed astern and she had only gentle way on when her sharp prow crashed through the forward end of the starboard wheelhouse of the Mount Desert.

The impact threw a large part of the sidewheeler's passengers off their feet, but the effect on the Dewey was as if she had slid on a sand bank. There was no shock and the large part of the passengers at breakfast probably would not have stirred if they had not heard the commotion on deck and the shouts and screams of the excursionists, who began jumping to the forward main deck of the big frigate.

It was a genuine panic that took possession of the fishing party. The Mount Desert reeled to port under the pressure of the larger ship's bow until her hurricane deck on her wounded side was several feet above the main deck of the Dewey. Fourteen men jumped from the hurricane deck to the forecastle head of the Dewey, piling up on top of one another like so many meat sacks.

The men who jumped first were half smothered and somewhat bruised by those that followed. Capt. Davison had his wife under command. Before the frigate had gathered sternway he signalled to the engineer for one-quarter speed ahead, fearing that he had smashed through the hull of the Mount Desert and deciding to cling to the gap until the last gallon was saved. The fishermen began to overflow from the hurricane deck of the Mount Desert like a human catkin and there was a pile of struggling men and a few women ten feet tall that the well disciplined crew of the Dewey, assisted by Police Captain C. J. Hayes of the West Chester station and Lieut. Bolton of Inspector Walsh's station, who had taken in the post office men's excursion, had a hard time disintegrating.

Meanwhile the crew of the Mount Desert under urging of her owner were trying to prevent the dangerous flight over her side. Some seventy passengers were restrained by physical force from attempting it. After the first shock of the collision the Mount Desert came back almost on a level and her hurricane deck was then below the forward deck of the Dewey. Men began boosting one another up to the Dewey until sanity returned to them.

For twenty minutes the young and cool headed skipper of the Dewey kept her bow in the fishing boat's side while her owner and his crew found out that she was not damaged below the water line. But it was a narrow shave, for the Dewey's stem came within six inches of letting the sea into the old boat. Capt. Davison finally asked if he could have the pleasure of withdrawing his bow from the Mount Desert and Capt. Beebe said he could, as everything was shipshape below the danger belt. And the gallant frigate withdrew with 384 passengers of the stricken ship.

The post office men had been helping the Dewey's crew to disentangle the fugitives from the Mount Desert, and most of them say they did not get any thanks for their trouble. The reason the Dewey's skipper was anxious to know when he might break away from the Mount Desert was that he was constantly getting into shoaler water. His soundings indicated that he would soon be aground. He was drawing fifteen feet and the fishing boat only eleven. He touched bottom as he had expected to, and as the tide was falling he knew pretty well that he would have to stick until nearly high water.

At that the Mount Desert anchored and all hands were put to work clearing away the wreckage in the starboard wheelhouse. The Beebes were surprised to

NEVER DEWEY'S WINES

A SACRED CONCERT PROFANED.

MARRIED IN RAILWAY STATION.

PHYSICIAN'S SKULL FRACTURED.

BUM RAIDS IN ST. LOUIS.

151 SUNDAY VIOLATORS.

CASTRO'S TRIP TO EUROPE.