

CORRESPONDENT ONLY A SOUL

WIFE'S AFFINITY, IN ANOTHER WORLD, CAUSES SEPARATION.

Post Seeks Divorce From Woman Who Says He Drags Her Down From the Heights She Aspires To—She's Absorbed a Bad Lot of Isms, He Says.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 25.—Because his wife, Valerie, joined the "Order of the Fifteen," that esoteric college body which had its inception in the University of Pennsylvania and has spread among the faculties and students of some big colleges of the East and middle West, William E. Mountain, a poet, is suing her for divorce.

Desertion is the charge brought by Mr. Mountain, who declares that after she had absorbed the mixture of isms handed out by the society she would have no more to do with him.

She has discovered a soul mate on a higher plane. The poet says she told him about it and confessed to having frequently visited this lover. The poet is not physically jealous, he says, because his wife told him that this being dwelt in an entirely different plane from the earth plane, in another world in fact, but it made him very jealous spiritually. She told him also that his very touch interfered with her progress and that she was ethereal and spiritual, while he was just animal. This, Mr. Mountain thought, was rather hard upon him, considered as a poet; but in his other capacity of railroad man—he is a confidential employee at Broad Street Station—it might be true.

Testifying before the court master, Mountain said that his wife is a native of Vienna and is 30 years old. They have two children. He left last September for a trip to Denver. When he got home he found his wife moving out. She said she wanted to live without him. He was amazed, he says, and went home to his mother. He was permitted to see his children at intervals. He then went abroad with a friend to get away from his unhappiness.

"Last January I went on a trip abroad," he testified, "thinking to get away from my woes. When I reached Genoa there was a letter from my wife in which she said she was glad to see me and that she hoped I would stay abroad for she could not develop her spiritual nature with me anywhere around."

"She has a delusion that I am an undeveloped sort of person spiritually; that I am carnal. She said she communed with the other world, and said repeatedly to me that her soul mate was on another plane."

"How long has she been going through that mental process?"

"She has been going to these meetings about four years. It is the 'Order of Fifteen,' to which she belongs, that inculcates these doctrines."

"It was brought out that Mrs. Mountain is consistent in her views and would not accept any money from her husband. She made him help support the children, but supported herself by teaching in a German kindergarten."

"I have tried to wean her away from the 'Fifteen,'" said Mr. Mountain, "but I could not. When the exposé of that order came out in the papers last month she called me by telephone and asked me if I had seen it. I said yes and asked would she resign. She said no, that she had set her face and foot to the path and would never return; that she had arisen to spheres where I could not fly and was happy with her soul mate, a spiritual being who dwelt in another world. She said that my least touch coarsened her."

"The 'Order of Fifteen' are not believers in free love. It's best to say so. How can a man be jealous of this hazy denizen of another sphere, communication or alleged communication with which is taught by the great white lodge, the inner circle of 'The Fifteen,' but in this age the corporeal results are desertion at least."

Mrs. Mountain to-night denied that the teachings of "The Fifteen" had anything to do with the divorce. She laughed over many of the allegations of her husband. She admitted that she had charged him with carnality. She said:

"We have disputed a certain matter for several years and were never able to reach a settlement, so I thought we had better separate."

Mrs. Mountain says her husband sends her all his new poems and that she enjoys them. She thinks they're right good. She owes it to herself and children, she says, though, not to keep on with Mountain, who she says is a carnality spoken of by Mrs. Mountain as the "Storm Kiss" and "Rain."

"The 'Order of Fifteen' came into existence a month ago when Dr. Charlotte Wiley, 201 West Washington Square, who was in its correspondence list sent some of its literature to Dr. Edgar F. Smith, vice-provost of the University of Pennsylvania. She had previously tendered her resignation to the order, but was not met with her approval. It is now under investigation by the faculty."

A Tax Day in Manhattan.
Mayor McCallen yesterday issued a permit for a "tag day" in Manhattan next Saturday. It was obtained by the relief committee of Italian and American women who are raising funds for the earthquake sufferers.

Defeat Farm Manager.
The tender most of dairy-fed young makers, definitely seasoned with selected spices. Try a 2-pound package. Beware of imitations.

THUMPED BY JUDGE PRYOR.

The Stalwart Man of 81 Has a Train Held While He Does the Job.

Roger A. Pryor, former Judge of the Supreme Court of this State and at one time a Brigadier-General in the Confederate army, is 81 years of age. His gray hair is worn somewhat long and he has keen gray eyes, high cheekbones and he is 6 feet or more in height, with an erect military carriage.

As Judge Pryor was quitting a downtown Sixth avenue train at Fifth street yesterday morning to change for a Rector street train a young man attempted to push by him. Now Judge Pryor prides himself on his forbearance. When the opportunity to fire the first shot at Fort Sumter was offered to him he refrained because his native State, Virginia, had not yet seceded and he would not fire upon his country's flag. He did not insist yesterday upon his rights as an alighting passenger, but stood to one side to let the young man in a hurry get on. But when the young man forcibly and, as the Judge believed, intentionally rammed him with his shoulder in passing the Judge grasped his umbrella firmly in his right hand and followed the offender back into the car.

In forceful language Judge Pryor told the young man his opinion of men who trampled upon the rights of others and sought to take advantage of differences of age. Then with his umbrella he attacked the young man about the head and shoulders. "I flailed him and flailed him and flailed him," said the Judge. The passenger had not a word to say and he merely tried to shield his head against the blows until a guard interfered.

"Go back to your place on the platform and hold this train two minutes for me," the Judge commanded. The language must have sounded impressive, for the guard did as directed.

Evidently considering that sufficient punishment had been administered Judge Pryor examined his injured wrist and finding it practically untrussed, tucked it under his arm, glanced at his watch to make sure he would not be late for his appointment at the office and stalked from the car. The guard slammed the gate and rang the bell and the train was off.

"From what I could see of their faces the passengers seemed to derive considerable amusement from that young man," said the Judge in speaking of the incident last night.

ALIVE IN RUINS 27 DAYS.
Aired Man Rescued at Messina Weeps Only for Destruction of City.

ROME, Jan. 25.—A man 80 years old was discovered in the ruins at Messina yesterday. His cries were casually heard by a soldier who together with a number of his comrades worked for hours to extricate him.

When ultimately he was rescued and saw the ruined city the old man wept, unmindful of his almost miraculous escape. He had to be forced to take nourishment. He had lived on rotten vegetables and herbs he found in the cellar where he was entombed. He suffered greatly from thirst.

The inhabitants of Delianova, Calabria, have made a violent protest against the delay in building huts for them. The meeting assumed a threatening character and troops were summoned to disperse it. A fight ensued in which seven soldiers and civilians were injured.

HUGHES GOING TO WASHINGTON.
Governor and Wife Invited to Dine at the White House.

ALBANY, Jan. 25.—Governor and Mrs. Hughes will go to Washington late on Wednesday night after the Governor's annual reception to members of the Legislature, which will be held in the Executive Mansion from 9 to 12 o'clock.

The Governor, while declining to discuss his trip with representatives of the press, has made it known to inquirers that he goes with Mrs. Hughes to Washington at this time in answer to an invitation from President Roosevelt, extended some time ago, inviting the Governor and his wife to dine with the President at the White House on January 28.

It was denied at the Executive chamber that any intimation was conveyed to the Governor that the visit was intended to be of more than social character. In fact, it is stated here that all the Governor knows of any proposed conference at the White House at this time for the discussion of public questions he gleaned from the newspapers.

Senator Raines expressed surprise at Gov. Hughes' invitation to dine with the President on Thursday night and intimated that he had anticipated that something was to happen here on Thursday and that the Legislature would have liked to have the Governor here. He declined to intimate what he had in mind.

The Governor will not return to the Capitol from Washington until next Sunday. He will journey to New York on Friday morning and remain in that city to keep an engagement to speak at a dinner there Saturday evening. The Governor will not announce at this time under whose auspices the dinner is to be given.

FEET OF THE FOGBOUND.
The Chemnitz Tires of Seven Days of the Worst January Weather.

The sun and a westerly breeze having dissipated the fog barrier yesterday, one of the biggest belated fleets of ocean crossing, West Indian and coastwise liners that has ever strained at cables outside the bar kept the Health Officer's staff and the customs men busy from sunrise until after dark. Among the transatlantic craft were the Furnessia of the Anchor Line and the North German Lloyd liner Chemnitz, both of which had unusually stormy trips and took sixteen days each to reach port. The Chemnitz was in seven days of the worst weather ever encountered by her in January, the wind blowing frequently eighty miles or more and the tossing of the ship making most of her thousand-stowage passengers seasick and smashing much of her crockery. Both ships were iced up several days because of the hurricane hail and snowsqualls that smote them at brief intervals in the worst days of the tumult.

Samuel Lossos, a cabin passenger by the Chemnitz, jumped overboard from the promenade deck on Friday afternoon. The ship was stopped and life buoys thrown after him. The lifeboat cruised around thirty minutes but found no trace of Lossos, and the Chemnitz proceeded in seven days to New York, where she leaves a wife and three children in Russia.

Firemen Saved by the Driver's Quick Action—Passengers Shaken Up.
As Engine 116 was going east along Scholes street, Williamsburg, to answer a fire alarm turned in from the tenement at 172 Manjor street, Williamsburg, last night it was struck by a northbound Lorimer street trolley car at the junction of the thoroughfares. The motorman, Michael Cosgrove of 1514 Bergen street, Brooklyn, said afterward that he had lost his head.

The car struck the engine full force, throwing the seventy-odd passengers in a heap at one end, but hurting nobody. The driver of the engine, Frank Keating, having seen that a collision was imminent had turned his vehicle into a course parallel to the car and thereby saved the lives of the engine crew. He himself was pitched onto the sidewalk, however, along with the engineer, John Striffler. Neither was badly hurt.

The engine was wrecked and one of the horses so badly hurt that it may die.

DID WALLIS GIVE REBATES?

GRADY GUNNING FOR HUGHES' INSURANCE MAN.

Senate Adopts His Resolution Calling on Insurance Department for Information—Raines Is Perfectly Willing—Grady Hints That He Has the Goods.

ALBANY, Jan. 25.—A bombshell was exploded in the State Senate to-night when Senator Thomas Grady intimated that Gov. Hughes' new Superintendent of Insurance, Frederick A. Wallis of the Home Life Insurance Company, had violated the reform insurance laws drafted by Gov. Hughes in regard to rebating on life insurance premiums. The question came as a complete surprise to the Senate in the shape of the following resolution offered by Senator Grady:

Resolved, That the acting Superintendent of Insurance be, and he hereby is, respectfully requested to forward to the Senate with all convenient speed authenticated copies of such correspondence as may be found on file in his department since the first day of January, 1907, bringing to the attention of the department or dealing with any complaints as to the rebating of insurance premiums or any other violations of the insurance law in which the Home Life Insurance Company or any of its agents or officers (and more particularly Frederick A. Wallis) was involved.

Unusual quiet reigned in the Senate while the report was being read and when its purport was realized by the Senators a smile passed around the Senatorial circle.

Senator Grady asked that the resolution be adopted at once.

Senator Raines, the majority leader, said that any Senator had a right to such information if it existed, and that so far as he knew there were no records in the Insurance Department which would reflect on Mr. Wallis.

Senator Harvey J. Hinman seemed anxious to pose as the champion of reform in the Senate, and he hastened to say that the Senate should not adopt such a resolution before it was made apparent that such documents were in existence.

Senator Grady remarked that when Senator Hinman was here a little longer he would realize that no Senator would trifle with the dignity and good faith of the Senate by offering such a resolution unless it was based upon substantial grounds.

Senator Hinman then subsided and the resolution was adopted without dissent.

According to information furnished Senator Grady complaint was made to Gov. Hughes that the Home Life was violating the law in rebating. The complaint was referred to Superintendent of Insurance Kelsey and in the course of his investigation a communication was received from the Home Life deprecating such violations and announcing that the person responsible had been advised of the position of the company. According to Senator Grady's information the person so advised by the Home office was Mr. Wallis.

All of the sixty-three general laws prepared by the Statutory Consolidation Commission have passed the Assembly and will pass the Senate to-morrow, except that in the Senate the laws affecting education, the Penal Code and charities were referred to the Judiciary Committee for corrections and will be passed by the Senate later in the week.

RUMANIANS FIGHT A DUEL.
Incident in Paris Theatre Ends With a Bullet Wound—Prince Injured.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—A duel was fought to-day on the Le Grande Jatte, near Paris, between Prince Stourdza and M. Catargi, son of the Rumanian Minister at London, in which the latter was wounded in the left thigh. He was taken to a private hospital.

Pistols were the weapons used. The trouble arose in consequence of an incident at the Theatre des Nouveautés. Prince Stourdza was in a box and at a little distance, in another box, was a party of Rumanians, one of whom was Catargi. Between the acts Catargi addressed the Prince in the Rumanian language, using a phrase that was insulting to the Prince's family. Later the two men met in the corridor, where they became involved in an altercation, which resulted in a challenge and its acceptance despite the efforts of friends to prevent a meeting.

FOUR GUARD BRITISH FLAG.
Tragicomic Situation on Pacific Island Where the Natives Are in Revolt.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 25.—The Oceanic steamship Mariposa brought in to-day the story of how four Englishmen are standing off several hundred excited natives on Rakahaugan Island, in the Cook group.

The natives recently hauled down the British flag because of grievances. Col. Godgeon raised the flag again, and with three heavily armed companions he is guarding it until a British gunboat can reach the island from New Zealand.

When the gunboat arrives the ring-leaders of the turbulent natives will be shipped to another island.

CAR WRECKS FIRE ENGINE.
Firemen Saved by the Driver's Quick Action—Passengers Shaken Up.

As Engine 116 was going east along Scholes street, Williamsburg, to answer a fire alarm turned in from the tenement at 172 Manjor street, Williamsburg, last night it was struck by a northbound Lorimer street trolley car at the junction of the thoroughfares. The motorman, Michael Cosgrove of 1514 Bergen street, Brooklyn, said afterward that he had lost his head.

The car struck the engine full force, throwing the seventy-odd passengers in a heap at one end, but hurting nobody. The driver of the engine, Frank Keating, having seen that a collision was imminent had turned his vehicle into a course parallel to the car and thereby saved the lives of the engine crew. He himself was pitched onto the sidewalk, however, along with the engineer, John Striffler. Neither was badly hurt.

The engine was wrecked and one of the horses so badly hurt that it may die.

FLEET OFFICERS ARRESTED.

Painful Occurrence at Marseilles—Wainwright Complains of Poiler.

LONDON, Jan. 26.—The Paris correspondent of the Daily Graphic says that a regrettable incident has occurred at Marseilles.

A group of young officers belonging to the American squadron were met by a number of policemen, whose request that they make [noise] resulted in a collision in the Place de la Bourse. One officer was arrested and taken to the police station, where, it is stated, he was roughly handled.

He was released upon the intervention of Rear Admiral Wainwright, on whose complaint the Procurator of the Republic has opened an inquiry into the whole matter.

SUICIDE IN TELEPHONE BOOTH.

Peter Wambold's Sister, on the Wire, Heard the Fatal Shot.

Peter Wambold of 1083 De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn, shot and killed himself in a telephone booth in the drug store of Otto Stout at 593 Bushwick avenue, Williamsburg, last night while his sister, Mrs. Emma Wendell of 35 Central avenue, listened to the shot on the other end of the wire.

Wambold was despondent over a letter he had received from a brother in Germany. Last night he told his wife he was going for a walk. He went to the drug store and called up Mrs. Wendell.

"I am going to kill myself, as I cannot stand things any longer," he said to her. "What her reply was is not known, but he said to her 'Listen, and you will hear.'"

The shot was then fired and Wambold rolled from the booth dead with a bullet through the right temple.

Mrs. Wambold said last night that she did not know what was in the letter from Germany and knew no reason for his taking his life. These letters were found on the person addressed to members of his family abroad and to an insurance company. They were not opened.

EGGS FOR CARRIE NATION.

For External Use Only—Wild Music Hall Scenes—London Appalls Her.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—Whack, whack, whack went several eggs, one of which hit Carrie Nation on the cheek. Down came the curtain, and in a few seconds Mrs. Nation's first appearance at the Canterbury Music Hall was over.

Before that she had appeared at the Paragon Music Hall, where an East End audience gave her more time, apparently in order to listen to their own, not to her, remarks.

"Is it time now?" she asked, leaning over the footlights to make herself heard above the din.

"Yes," cried two camera holders, whereupon Mrs. Nation opened a Bible and lifted up one of her arms.

Flash went the magnesium. "Get off!" yelled the audience, and down came the curtain.

Within two days Carrie Nation was made the discovery that London is the wickedest city in Great Britain that she has yet visited. She is afraid she will have to bring her hatchet into play for the purpose of cleansing the Augean stable. She says: "Before the views of London I stand appalled. Strong and immediate action is necessary."

TO RUN C. P. R. BY WATERFALLS.

Electrification of the Road Through the Rockies Determined On.

WINNIPEG, Jan. 25.—The Canadian Pacific Railway has determined to electrify its systems through the mountains of the West. Plans were begun a year ago in secret and experts were sent to examine the mountain streams and the available water supply between the eastern Rockies and the Pacific coast range. They reported that there were enough waterfalls immediately adjacent to the Canadian Pacific's main line to "develop energy sufficient to run all the railways in the world."

Many water sites have been purchased and throughout British Columbia options on others have been obtained.

The advances made by the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk lines in the West are said to have been responsible for this action by the Canadian Pacific.

\$30,000 MONUMENT TO COURAGE.

Mexico Appropriates Money to Honor Engineer Who Died to Save a Town.

MEXICO CITY, Jan. 25.—The National Government has contributed \$30,000 for a monument to Jesus Garcia, a locomotive engineer employed in the railroad yards at Nacozari, Sonora, who on November 7, 1907, hooched his locomotive to a burning car of dynamite and pulled it out of town. He was blown to death, but his action saved the town and many lives. This is the first instance in Mexico of a monument being erected for service of this character.

Steps to obtain a suitable design for the monument will be undertaken at once. It is probable that the work will be done in the United States.

DIVORCE FOR MRS. GOEBEL.

Court Frees Girl Who Eloped With Her Chauffeur in London.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 25.—A decree of absolute divorce was granted to-day in the Common Pleas Court to Mrs. Richard A. Goebel, formerly Marion Wilcox Dougherty, daughter of Daniel Webster Dougherty, from her chauffeur husband, with whom she eloped in London in 1907. Goebel is in Prague with his mother, who is said to be of noble birth. His father is reported to be a rich manufacturer and newspaper publisher.

When an affidavit was read by the clerk that a letter had been sent to Goebel summoning him to court to defend the suit and that he had made no reply the Court ordered that the divorce be granted.

Children and Film Shows.

The amended resolution of Alderman Beet including moving picture places with the theatres to which children under 16 years must not be admitted unless accompanied by a guardian was adopted yesterday by the Aldermanic committee on laws and legislation and will be reported favorably at the meeting of the Board of Aldermen to-day.

RESCUING SHIPS

SAFE IN PORT

All Concerned in Republic Disaster In, With Folk Eager to Talk.

WELCOME FOR THE BALTIC

Harbor Salutes Her as She Brings in 1,500 Persons Rescued From the Deep.

Then Comes the Florida With Two Dead Men in Her Shattered Bow, Showing How Timely Was the Baltic's Aid—The Seneca, In Late, Bears Capt. Sealby, Who Left His Ship 38 Fathoms Deep, With Two Dead Voyagers Confined Aboard—Passengers Tell of Fine Discipline in the Republic, of Women Smiling in the Face of Danger, of Comedies When Death Was Near—A Dramatic Story of the Sea All Told at Last Without the Help of Wireless.

The Most Dramatic Story that has Come from the Sea in Many a Day has All Told Yesterday When Three Vessels that Played a Leading Part Came Safely into Port.

The Florida of the Italian Line, Which Rammed the White Star Steamship Republic in the Fog Early on Saturday Morning Southeast of Nantucket and Took over the Republic's Passengers until the Big Baltic Could Race to the Rescue, Arrived Here Yesterday Afternoon.

The Derelict Destroyer Seneca, Carrying Capt. William I. Sealby of the Sunken Republic and the Men who Volunteered to Stick to the Ship with Him when the Baltic Turned about for New York, Came in Last Night.

The Baltic herself, crowded with happy people and saluted as a deep sea heroine all the way up the bay and the North River to the White Star pier, arrived very early yesterday morning, although she couldn't come up to town until the early afternoon because of the heavy fog in the lower bay.

The Republic lies in thirty fathoms of water off No Man's Land, a bit of rock and sand in the Atlantic not far from the western end of Martha's Vineyard. It is not likely that she can be raised. In her hold are the bodies of the only persons that were killed when the Florida crashed into her. W. J. Mooney, the banker of Langdon, N. D., and Mrs. Eugene Lynch of Boston. They were placed in sealed coffins soon after the accident. The bodies of the three sailors that were killed on the Florida were brought here on that ship yesterday.

All of the persons injured seriously—Mrs. Michael F. Murphy of Grand Forks, N. D.; Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs, wife of the president of the Bank of New York; Assistant Steward Woodward of the Republic and Eugene Lynch, husband of the woman who was killed—are being cared for in hospitals here. Several on both ships were slightly cut or bruised.

The passengers of the Republic, many of whom had friends here, went to hotels, bought new clothes, attended the theatre and celebrated their rescue after telling their stories over and over again. The points they most emphasized were the perfect discipline that prevailed among the officers and men of the Republic at the time of the accident, the splendid work done by the Baltic's people in taking them over from the Florida and the almost entire absence of panic or hysteria among themselves at the times of greatest peril.

THE BALTIC MAKES PORT GAUTY.

No gayer ship ever floated than the Baltic of the White Star Line when she came out of the fogs of the Atlantic into the sunshine of New York harbor yesterday and made a dignified progress to her pier, bringing the passengers of the lost Republic and the crippled Florida.

Aboard of her were more than 1,500 men and women, who were more than a little afraid only a few hours earlier that they would never come alive out of the collision of the Republic and the Florida, who nearly gave themselves up for drowned on Saturday afternoon. They hadn't saved a stitch or button of their belongings except the queerly assorted garments hastily gathered up and thrown on when the sea began to pour into the Republic, but they didn't care.

Many of them had lost jewelry worth more than they may care to think about later; it was all one. Dozens of men and women who could cash checks for thousands of dollars didn't have the price of a table d'hôte dinner in their pockets; it didn't make the least difference. They looked like scarecrows, but they laughed when they exchanged glances. Such trifles as trunks and trinkets were airier than nothing to these people when they saw the skyline of Manhattan rearing up against the clear sky.

HARBOR GIVES NOISY GREETING.

Their delight radiated over the bay and river and was reflected in the reception the harbor gave them. All the way up from Sandy Hook, a little before noon, the Baltic got the kind of greeting that goes to a man or ship that has done something greatly worth while and done it in the handsomest style. Other ships, slipped from the mist and waiting to come up to town, saluted the tall White Star

liner with joyful squeals, little friendly toots of welcome, shrieks of excitement.

Lorraine courted like a ballet dancer, the polite lady of her nation. The New York, of the American Line, gave a bow and a hoarse hurrah; the Lucania, reserved Britisher that she is, put up her monocle, stared a trifle at first, but saluted with fine appreciation. All the tramp steamers and battered liners that crowded the bay cheered after the manner of their kind.

As the Baltic moved slowly up greetings spurted from the factories over on Staten Island, from the coast of Jersey and from the Battery. Blasts from steam whistles ripped the air wherever one leaned an ear. Too far away to be more than mannikins, folk on the waterside waved handkerchiefs and hats, calling aloud, no doubt. It was the sort of reception that went straight to the hearts of the people of the Republic and the Baltic, moved as they were by the gratitude they felt for a wonderful escape.

A CHEERING CROWD ON SHORE.

At the White Star Pier 49, at the foot of Bank street, there was a cheering reception committee of several thousands which crowded the double decked dock and even occupied the roof. Not a tenth of those were personally interested in the people snatched from the sea and fog by the Baltic, but they had caught the infection of the hour. There were dozens of women, and men for that matter, who might have passed the rescued folk in the street a week ago without a glance that found handkerchiefs useful. Their eyes were affected by the sharp breeze, maybe.

While the Baltic was away out in the river, lazily turning for her berth, the people on the dock shouted excitedly. The people on the Baltic called back more excitedly, and when the ship finally swung in close there was a rush to get aboard. There hasn't been so much handshaking and embracing and such a jolly to do at a New York pier for many a day.

Out of the crowd ashore a cheer sprang up when the liner touched the pier that rang true. It was a scene good for the eye and ear, the grandest medicine-going for the grouch. Why, there were counts and organ grinders and bankers and longshoremen and goodness knows how many shapes and sorts of people that were stepping on each other's toes and poking each other in the ribs and yelling into each other's ears that hadn't been introduced at all.

THE RESCUED EAGER TO TALK.

The Republic's people, on their way up the bay, felt so good that they talked to the minute. Every man and woman who had undergone the perils of the collision off Nantucket, the dangers of transshipping in fog and bad weather and the anxiety that gripped them when they feared the Florida would sink under them before the Baltic could complete the dash to their assistance, was eager to tell the story over and over again—how they were startled out of sleep by the shock of the ramming Florida, how the lights went out and everybody grabbed what he could and made for the corridors, how cool headed and capable the ship's officers proved themselves to be, how nobody made a spectacle of himself by hysterical wailings—in short, the whole story of the drama played in the fog, each one telling the tale as he saw it.

Out of these short, quick stories told by the rescued, all of them ringing with the excitement that was felt at the moment of their happening, the careful, particularized statement of Capt. Ransom, the unadorned, unemotional narratives of the ship's officers, the wireless records and the sadder comments of two men who have been very busy for forty-eight hours, Surgeon Fleming of the Baltic and Surgeon Marsh of the Republic, was an apt chapter by chapter record of the work of the Republic and what followed in the dismal hours before the Baltic came up out of the fog a big black angel of steel.

NERVOUS GOING FROM THE START.

The Republic, leaving New York on Friday with 331 first cabin passengers for the Mediterranean cruise and 211 Italians in the steerage, felt her way carefully up the coast, a little nervous about the mist that blanketed the ocean. The ordinary precautions were taken against the greatest of marine terrors. Jack R. Binns, the wireless operator, had his ear in the air for news sparks. The submarine signals, little iron tanks on each side of the bow, were depended on to catch the underwater vibrations thrown off by the submarine bells of the lightships. The watertight compartments of the hold had been locked automatically by the pressure of a finger, converting the big ship into so many little ships each independent of the other. From time to time the Republic's siren squawked into the fog. She kept the fogbells sounding.

Her passengers were little affected by the precaution of the officers, not knowing the many dangers of the fog. The first cabin passengers, merry over the months to be spent on the warm waters of the Mediterranean and in the ports of southern Europe, passed the evening gaily. Capt. William I. Sealby received about half past 8 o'clock on Saturday morning the Republic had steamed to lat. 40:17, long. 70, about 135 miles southeast of Nantucket. She was already swinging on the great circle which would take her to the Azores, to Ponta Delgada, her first port of call. The passengers, both first cabin and steerage, were in their quarters, all but a few sound asleep, cooey and contented.

A BELL TOLLS IN THE MURK.

Suddenly Capt. Sealby, on the bridge, became aware of the presence of another vessel in his immediate neighborhood. The tolling of a fog bell was the first intimation he had, but the sound, muffled and disguised by the intense fog, left him in doubt as to the exact location of the other ship.

He ordered his quartermaster to sound the whistle one long, continuous blast, which said as plainly as the ship could talk: "Look out, you fellow over there! Don't crowd!" A shriek came swiftly through the fog after the Republic ceased whistling, the whistle of the ship that was stumbling about, feeling her way like the Republic. Then all at once, before there was time for more precautions, Sealby's eye fell upon a blur to port that was darker and deeper than the fog, a ghostly, shadowy something

Continued on Second Page.

For Throat Irritation and Coughs, use Brown's Bronchial Troches. Sold only in boxes.

CAPT. SEALBY LAST MAN IN

###