

BLINDFOLDED, CONNED SHIP

A STRAIGHT THREE MILES TO THE LIGHTSHIP'S SUNKEN BELL

Test in the Sunlight Shows that the Submarine Signals Will Do in Fog Sound Substituted for Sight and You Steer Toward the Lander Side.

A man stood in the pilot house of the tug Eugene F. Moran yesterday afternoon with a towel bound across his eyes and held two rubber disks with wires attached to them against his ears. The tug was three miles out on the ocean beyond the Ambrose Channel lightship, headed harborward, and the blindfolded man was steering her for the lightship.

"Switch," he said, and one who stood near him moved a little lever across the face of a copper dial that was screwed against the wall of the pilot house. "Switch" came in order again, and the lever was moved back. The blindfolded man pushed a second and then he called to the skipper.

"Port about two points. The lightship lies just a shade to port."

For three miles the man who could not see gave orders to the skipper at the wheel, the wheel was not turned a fraction without his orders, and at the end the tug brought up so close under the stern of the lightship that those on the tug could see the lightship at washing her face on Capt. Berglund's cabin roof.

What the man with the disks at his ears heard was what guided the tug. Through the thin rubber diaphragms in each of the receivers there flowed a confused roaring sounded like the buzzing of telephone wires in a gale, but at regular intervals intervals this roaring was broken sharply by another sound.

"Ding-ding-ding-ding."

The sound of a bell, the submarine bell of the lightship, carrying three miles under the waves to be registered against the receiver tanks on the tug to be transmitted through the microphones floating in each of these tanks up over the telephone wires to the receiving disks that were held by H. W. J. Fay, the blindfolded man. Fay is assistant engineer of the Submarine Signal Company and was guiding the tugboat under simulated fog conditions.

The iterated taps of the bell that he heard spelled the code number of the lightship. He had the tug been lost in one of those heavy blankets of mist that settle down outside the Narrows instead of loafing about in the bright sunlight Mr. Fay could have taken her to the lightship and could have determined within a quarter of a mile just how close to the lightship his boat was.

Yesterday's test was made under the direction of several officers of the Submarine Signal Company. J. F. Perkins, vice-president; E. C. Wood, his chief engineer and the man who has perfected the device for submarine bell signaling; Frederick Parker, treasurer of the concern; several invited friends of these gentlemen, and the reporters went out to the lightship to see Mr. Fay do the stunt of steering blindfolded. Before the tug left her dock at Pier 2, North River, at 10 o'clock, her sister tug, the Joseph H. Moran, had steamed out ahead with a complete bell signaling apparatus aboard for use in case it should be too rough outside the Narrows for comfort.

Those who gathered on the Eugene F. Moran's upper deck before the start had a chance to take in the clumsy looking bulk that was swung on a davit at the bow of the sister tug near at hand and to look over the peculiar piece of clockwork that had been rigged up on the port side of the Joseph's deckhouse. That all composed the bell signaling apparatus; it was not too large to hang in the living room of a Harlem apartment.

The mass of green gray metal that hung from the davit forward was the bell and the air chamber above, like nothing so much as a soda water tank with an overgrown cowbell depending from its butt. The clockwork arrangement, which had been screwed upon a wooden standard and set upright, comprised a small compressor capable of keeping a pressure of thirty pounds in the air chamber above the bell as motive force to drive the clapper, a ratchet wheel and a compensating arm that picked up the dogs set in the rim of the ratchet, thereby releasing the extra source of air pressure that tapped the bell at governable intervals. The whole was coupled up with steam pipes from the boiler room of the tug.

The Eugene F. Moran had no such sending apparatus aboard; nothing but the two receiving tanks port and starboard down against the outside skin of the hold forward. Her sister tug was to play lightship if weather was nasty.

The tug with the sounding apparatus aboard ran over off Stapleton and hithead to the stern of a lumber schooner. The Eugene F. Moran followed and after getting in touch with the bell on the sister tug put out through the Narrows to the sea. The tug came up under the counter of the lightship and after a bundle of the morning's papers had been tossed aboard for the pleasure of Capt. Berglund and his sea dogs Mr. Perkins sent a hall across the water to the lightship.

"Please turn your bell loose!" cried he. "We want to make some experiments."

Capt. Berglund replied with a hearty "Sure" and he could be seen to send an order forward to the engine room of the tug No. 57. Within a second something sounded. It seemed to come from the air, from the funnel of the tug, from the mouths of the dispensers of cheer in the galley perhaps, but not from the water. It was the ding! ding! of the lightship's bell twenty-five feet under water over the port rail and fully fifty feet away from the tug's nose.

"Come in here and listen," suggested Mr. Wood, the signal company's engineer. He led the way to the pilot house and took the two receivers of their hooks. The sound of the bell jumped from them like the clang of Sunday morning's chimes. Then the Moran ran away, turned when she had left the lightship a fair three miles behind and took her soundings, in the very latest sense of the term. While she was headed away from the tolling bell of the lightship not a sound could be heard through the receivers in the pilot house, but the instant Skipper Cunningham and the bow about so as to bring the lightship abeam the strokes of the submarine bell sounded through the receivers.

Mr. Fay with a towel from the Moran's cabin tied about his eyes was doing the course back to the lightship Mr. Perkins explained the workings of the little dial in the pilot house. That was simply a switch, he said, which threw on the connection between the receivers and the port and starboard tanks. One in a fog reading from the dial navigated the tug approximately as he would if he had the red and green lights of an approaching vessel within his vision.

If he was approaching a lightship—and came out of the fifty-two lightships in American waters have been equipped

TAFT FINISHING UP CABINET

NEEDS ONLY A TREASURY HEAD TO COMPLETE IT.

Wants a Lawyer for the Job Who Knows Business Affairs Too, and MacVeagh Seems Most Likely Candidate—Gets Philadelphia Out of Bed Times.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 21.—Mr. Taft's first day in Philadelphia was taken up chiefly with Cabinet building conferences. He had a long talk with Frank B. Kellogg, the Minnesota trust buster, and later met National Chairman Frank H. Hitchcock. Mr. Taft consulted them on the selection of a Secretary of the Treasury.

That is the only place remaining open in the Taft Cabinet. It has been settled in Mr. Taft's mind two or three times, but circumstances compelled him to make changes.

At present three candidates are being considered by Mr. Taft—Franklin MacVeagh of Chicago, ex-Gov. Myron T. Herrick of Ohio and Judge Willis Van Devanter of Chayenne, Wyo. The name of Otto T. Bannard, head of the New York Trust Company, and John M. Reynolds, president of the Continental Bank of Chicago, have been before Mr. Taft, but they are no longer possibilities. Mr. MacVeagh is said to be the most likely choice at this time.

Mr. MacVeagh is a Democrat, like his brother, Wayne MacVeagh, and that is being urged against him by some of Mr. Taft's advisers. In Jacob M. Dickinson of Tennessee Mr. Taft already has one Cabinet member of Democratic complexion. Mr. MacVeagh's Democracy, however, is of the sort that permitted him to make speeches for President Roosevelt and probably will not stand in the way of his selection if Mr. Taft really wants him.

Mr. Taft prefers a lawyer who has had large business experience for the place. As a matter of fact Mr. Taft's Cabinet is going to have a decided leaning toward the bar. Five of the eight members already selected, including of course the Attorney-General, are lawyers and the probability is that the Secretary of the Treasury will make the sixth. The five lawyers already picked are: Senator P. C. Knox of Pennsylvania, for Secretary of State; Jacob M. Dickinson of Tennessee, for Secretary of War; Louis A. Ballington of Washington, for Secretary of the Interior; Charles Nagel of Missouri, for Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and George W. Wickersham of New York, for Attorney-General.

It was learned to-night that George W. Wickersham met Mr. Taft in Cincinnati a week ago and that the Attorney-Generalship was formally offered to him then.

The other selections, as already announced in THE SUN, are: Frank H. Hitchcock, for Postmaster-General; George von L. Meyer of Massachusetts, for Secretary of the Navy, and James Wilson of Iowa, for Secretary of Agriculture.

A good many Philadelphia friends called on the President-elect to-day. With some of them he went over his inaugural address. It is understood that the address contains nothing "startling" in the way of suggestions for legislation but that it consists largely of an elaboration of the plans which Mr. Taft has already outlined for the control and regulation of corporations doing an interstate business.

Mr. Taft is at the home of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the distinguished physician and writer. Mrs. Taft is with the President-elect.

Mr. Taft got into North Philadelphia a little before 7 o'clock this morning. Dr. Mitchell and two or three others were out to meet him. Mr. Taft told them he hadn't intended to get away out of North Philadelphia at that "unearthly hour," but Dr. Mitchell and the others protested that a 6 o'clock call was a mere pastime for them. In fact, however, it seemed to weigh upon the President-elect's mind; he referred to it in the evening when talking with the newspaper men. He was, in fact, unkind enough to say that he had wakened all of Philadelphia before 7 in the morning and had had a guilty conscience ever since. (Philadelphia reporters who are interested in the matter should note that the President-elect is a Quaker.)

Mrs. Taft arrived in the Quaker City at 1 o'clock in the afternoon from New York city, where she had been stopping for several days.

The President-elect attended service in the morning at the First Unitarian Church, where he listened to a sermon by the Rev. U. G. B. Pierce, pastor of All Souls' Unitarian Church in Washington. That is the church which the President-elect attends in Washington.

In the afternoon the President-elect and Mrs. Taft visited Bryn Mawr, where their daughter Helen is a first year student. Mr. and Mrs. Taft met most of the members of the faculty of the college. In the evening Miss Helen joined them at Dr. Mitchell's home at a dinner in their honor.

The triple holiday and the wonderful weather were the chief reasons for the presence of so many visitors, most of whom will remain over to-morrow. Hotels were filled up last night. Many visitors came from places to places and often were content with table d'hôte luncheons in avenue restaurants after they had sought seclusion in the big beach front dining rooms.

Visitors who had brought along fur coats from less favored localities rushed them back to hotels after a few blocks of promenading. The spring fever sent roller chair stock soaring. The crowd spread all over the city and to the country in automobiles and electric cars. Ocean City enjoyed a Sunday boom. More than 100 golfers played on the Northfield links until the last hours of daylight. Yachts went into commission and brought back well tanned passengers from long trips.

The crowd of the night was no record one for the time of year. Boardwalk theatres and cafes were packed and the revellers kept up their fun until long after the midnight hour. That is supposed to be the time for clamping down the lid. The departing throngs to-night were replaced by others who came in late to-day for to-morrow's holiday.

The Weather.

Mild weather continued yesterday over all parts of the country, except that it was slightly colder over New England and in the extreme Northwest. Freezing temperatures were confined to those districts.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA New York Boston Chicago

KILLS AND RUNS AWAY. Auto Escapes After Running a Man Down in Front of a Brooklyn Church.

A road racing automobile in which were two men and two women killed a well dressed young man about 25 years old at Bedford avenue and Clynar street, Brooklyn, last night. The automobilist escaped without even the number of their machine being caught.

The accident occurred about 7.30, when the street was well filled with church-goers. The First Reformed Church is on the corner at which the killing was done, and the Christ Episcopal Church is near by. The victim had started to cross Bedford avenue when the machine struck him, knocked him forward, hit him again and ran over him.

Bicycle Policeman Mills took after the flying machine, which ran on to the Fountain and there swerved off into Berry street, which is poorly lighted. Mills kept the machine in sight until at South Eighth street a trolley car crossed between him and his quarry and compelled him to slow down. He could not pick up the machine again.

The man who had been run over died in a hospital within an hour without having regained consciousness. His skull was crushed.

The only description obtainable of the machine was that it was a low car with a baby tonneau. The young man wore good clothes, but had no overcoat. In his pockets was \$3. There were no cards or letters by which his name could be learned.

NEW POLICEMAN HAD METTLE. Crowd of Roughs Had Him Down, but He Walked Off With a Prisoner.

A crowd of men and boys made so much noise yesterday afternoon in the vacant lot in the rear of 585 First avenue that neighbors telephoned to Police Headquarters. Acting Captain Nolan of the East Thirty-fifth street station sent around Policeman Bernard Goldstein. Goldstein is a new policeman who is young and husky. There was a general scramble when he appeared.

Goldstein landed two of the men, but companions rallied and soon they were tumbling Goldstein from all sides. He was knocked off his feet and after the crowd kicked him about they started to run. Goldstein got up in time to grab a man who afterward gave the name of Thomas Smith of 34 East Ninety-seventh street. There was a scuffle, but Goldstein missed his helmet, and looking pretty much the worse for the fight, landed his man in the station house. Smith was charged with felonious assault.

An hour or so later a man who said that he was an Alderman inquired at the station house for a Daniel Murphy and described Smith. Capt. Nolan told him of the prisoner, but said that he was charged with felonious assault and could not be bailed out.

Harriman Gaining Flesh. SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Feb. 21.—It was said at the camp of E. H. Harriman to-day that if the weather continues good Mr. Harriman will remain here until about April 1. He has already gained much strength and is putting on flesh. He attended a banquet of local business men last night, but was not among the speakers.

THE LAMBERT'S CREW ESCAPED. Burning of Steamship Off the Coast of Patagonia is Confirmed. SALINA CRUZ, Mexico, Feb. 21.—Arrivals from South America confirm the report of the burning of the new steamship Lambert off the coast of Patagonia. The vessel was chartered by the Roland Steamship Line and was of 5,000 tons. All the crew escaped in boats.

The prisoner said he was Paul Weston of 282 East 101st street, a college student. He told the detectives he fixed up—nearly with two marked one dollar bills on the outside. The Cohens drove away again and nobody else came near until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when a young man rode up on a bicycle. He got off, took a look around, went to the stone, put the roll on his pocket, mounted his bicycle and rode away. The detectives caught him and found the roll in his pocket.

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Saks & Company

Broadway at 34th Street Tailored Suits & Costumes for Women—New Spring Models

Particularly at this moment when one becomes so monotonously impressed with the announcements of "Spring arrivals," do we find gratification in drawing attention to the marked distinctiveness of our productions. Ours is an assemblage (already large and being daily augmented) in which each garment has its right to a place, either because of beauty of design, novelty of color effect or richness of material.

Tailored Suits 25.00, 29.50, 35.00, 39.50, 45.00 to 125.00 in the new semi-hipless or cutaway effects, with the new Princess round length skirts.

Fashioned of ten fabrics, including soleil, wide wale worsteds, French serges, storm serges or mannish worsted suiting cloths, in plain, striped or checked effects.

SPECIAL FOR TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY 3-piece French Serge Costumes New Models. Value 59.00, 35.00

Of fine French serge, beautifully braided, and designed with yoke of gold net. The coat is the new hipless, three-button cutaway model, duchess-lined and embroidered to match dress; in black, navy, old blue, smoke, reseda, rose or chamols; all sizes.

New Spring Gowns Suitable for Afternoon, Evening, Reception, Luncheon or Street Wear. 19.50 to 195.00

New Princess-Empire models in most exquisite designs, showing the new waist line adopted by the leading Parisian modistes for this Spring. Fashioned of silk poplin, crepe meteor, pongee, foulard, rajah, voile, serge or Henrietta cloth.

SPECIAL FOR TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY Hand-embroidered Messaline Gowns In all the newest Spring colorings. Value 40.00 at 25.00

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 23RD, AND CONTINUING THROUGHOUT THE WEEK. The End-of-season Clearance Sale of Furs & Fur Coats for Women

The year's greatest opportunity for the purchase of Furs of the Saks standard at about Half Value.

An Extraordinary Sale of Spring Waists for Women at 1/3 to 1/2 less than regular prices

Fashioned of fine laces, messalines, white or ecru fancy nets or linens, elaborated with hand-made laces and embroidery. In a large variety of the very newest Spring models and trimmings, and in all sizes; 300 waists in all—but there are only two or three of a style. Values 7.50 10.00 16.50 at 3.95 5.95 8.95

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 23RD, AND CONTINUING THROUGHOUT THE WEEK. Boots & Slippers for Women at final reductions

Boots formerly \$4 & \$5 at 2.50 Boots formerly \$5, \$6 & \$7 at 2.95

Evening Slippers Of kid, in black, white, blue or pink, also of patent colt or bronze kid; also of suede, in black or gray. The newest and most exclusive models. Value \$5.00 at 2.95 Value \$3.00 at 1.95

German-silver Mesh Bags at considerable reductions German-silver gilt purses, with fine mesh; engraved or plain frames in English or Roman finish. Values 3.50 to 6.50, at 1.50 German-silver bags with very fine mesh and shirred skirts; 6 1/2-inch pierced and etched frames. Value 16.50, at 12.50 Belt Pins & Belt Buckles 800 pieces in the newest designs, Values 2.00 to 3.50, at 95c

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR IT Advertisements for THE SUN and THE EVENING SUN may be left at any American District Messenger office in the city.

IN JUSTICE TO THE COOK Don't ask impossibilities. Give the cook every opportunity to make good bread. GOLD MEDAL FLOUR is the best opportunity. Give her WASHBURN-CROSBY'S GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

