

## "SLAVE SALE" IS CALLED OFF

### WHEN DR. LONG SEES POLICEMEN IN HIS CHURCH.

Law Says Masked Men Mustn't Appear in Public Houses Without a Permit and Caps Were Primed to Enforce It—Preacher Haps Commissioner Hebbard

Four policemen from the Snyder avenue station in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn honored by their presence last night's services in the Parkside Presbyterian Church, on Lenox road near Flatbush avenue, at which, according to previous announcement, more of the masked slaves such as were "sold" on the night of Lincoln's Birthday were to be disposed of by the pastor, the Rev. John D. Long. Dr. Long, noting from the pulpit the presence of the policemen and being under some resultant anxiety because of his ignorance of the reason for their presence, omitted the selling of the slaves from the evening's service.

It happened that late yesterday afternoon Lieut. McMahon, who was sitting at the desk of the Snyder avenue station in the absence of Capt. Dufford of the precinct, discovered section 453 in the Penal Code. This section reads that "an assemblage in public houses or other places of three or more persons disguised by having their faces painted, discolored, colored or concealed is unlawful." The section continues to say that if it is purposed that such persons are to appear with their faces concealed permission must first be obtained from the police authorities. A succeeding paragraph holds the manager of any place where persons appear so concealed without a permit guilty of a misdemeanor and liable to a fine or imprisonment.

Having studied these clauses in the Penal Code Lieut. McMahon decided that when on the evening of Lincoln's Birthday the "sale" of the masked slaves had been managed by Dr. Long in the Parkside church and that there were more than three of the slaves on that occasion who appeared masked, a law had been violated unless Dr. Long had first obtained permission of the police department. The lieutenant came to the conclusion that there would not be another violation of Section 453 last night. He did not know certainly whether Dr. Long could be considered the manager of the Parkside church, but he thought it best to be on the safe side.

Accordingly he dispatched a policeman in uniform to the church at 8 o'clock last night and subsequently he detailed two plain clothes men to go around there also. His instructions were that if more than three persons appeared in the church with their faces masked during the services inquiry should immediately be made of Dr. Long as to whether or not he possessed the requisite police permission for such a display. If he did not the officers were to enforce the law.

Before the first policeman arrived at the church Dr. Long had announced that after he had finished with his address on "Prosperity for the Prosperous," and after E. T. O'Loughlin, head of the recently organized Parkside League for the Disemployed, had read some letters showing the progress of the work, some twenty of these "disemployed," who would be masked to save their feelings, would be sold from the pulpit. After that Dr. Long devoted himself to a consideration of the unpleasant things Commissioner (Charities Hebbard) was reported to have said of the "slave sale" on Lincoln's Birthday.

He said that the sale of slaves was not a sacrifice, as the Commissioner was noted as having intimated, but a holy thing, worthy of any church. The pastor, who is active in the Christian Socialist Fellowship, then continued to read Commissioner Hebbard a lecture for his lack of sympathy with the thousands of men out of employment. He went so far as to intimate that one reason why the Commissioner was opposed to the spectacle of white slaves being sold from a church pulpit was that the fact that any man was willing to sell himself even in a sentimental and fictitious bondage did not reflect credit upon the labors of the Department of Charities.

"If the Commissioner at any time should be out of employment for eighteen months at a stretch," said Dr. Long, "it is possible that he would be somewhat of a bum himself."

Dr. Long had just finished his arraignment of Mr. Hebbard when the door in the back of the church opened and a uniformed policeman, who did not remove his cap, stepped in. A minute later a mounted policeman, who had hitched his horse to the post outside, joined the first. He did not remove his cap either. Mr. O'Loughlin, who had just taken the pulpit, spotted the uniforms first and he cast an inquiring glance at the pastor. Dr. Long looked his surprise, but he said nothing. He seemed to be anxious to have a talk with the policeman, but they remained standing behind the last row of pews and appeared to have no message to convey to Dr. Long.

Mr. O'Loughlin hesitated for a minute and seemed to be weighing something in his mind, then he launched into an address, in which his remarks concerning Commissioner Hebbard were considerably less pointed than those of Dr. Long. Mr. O'Loughlin, who said that he was a politician, seemed to have scented a coincidence between the pastor's remarks about the Commissioner and the appearance of uniformed officers.

When he arrived at the point of reading some of the letters he said that he had received from men out of employment the suggestion of sending the letters down to the congregation in order that his readers might be verified. Although the church members seemed to show every confidence in the correct reporting of Mr. O'Loughlin and no one was eager to read the letters the speaker was quietly insistent. He looked from time to time at the policeman still standing stiffly at the back of the church.

In the middle of the letter reading the church doors swung again and two plain clothes men came in. They said a word to the mounted policeman and he departed. Then they sat down in the next few minutes making any manifest effort to communicate with Dr. Long or Mr. O'Loughlin.

The latter dignified on the pulpit and

then with a letter in his hand he walked down the aisle of the church, exhibiting it here and there. He paused in front of the plain clothes men and pushed the letter at them.

"Do you wish to see if I have read this correctly?" inquired O'Loughlin. One of the officers said that he did not care what was in the letter.

"Well, what do you want here, then?" O'Loughlin asked. "I don't know what you want and Dr. Long doesn't, either."

"Oh, that's all right," came the assurance.

Mr. O'Loughlin went back to his letter reading and his speaking. He talked for an hour and still the men from the police station waited in the rear of the church. All this time the twenty-odd "slaves" who were waiting to be sold under masks sat in the two front rows of pews expectantly.

When he had finished Mr. O'Loughlin had a short conference in low tones with Dr. Long and the latter announced that because of the lateness of the hour if there was no other business the services would be concluded.

Then the two plain clothes men and the uniformed policeman went back to the station.

### INSURGENTS STANDING PAT.

#### They Are Determined to Fight the House Rules to the End.

WASHINGTON, March 7.—Republican leaders of the House are beginning to admit that the insurgent movement against the rules governing the conduct of business in the lower branch of Congress is more serious than they believed. In fact, it is known that Speaker Cannon and the other leaders are very much concerned over the state of disorganization that exists in the Republican membership. The insurgents against the rules are standing pat, determined to fight to the end, and it is apparent that they are to have the cooperation of the Democrats.

The Republicans received a rude shock on the day of adjournment. Champ Clark, the minority leader, refused to offer the customary resolution thanking the speaker for his uniform courtesy in administering the rules. This indicated in the mind of the insurgents that they can depend on the Democrats to stand with them when the question comes later in the month of adopting rules for the new House.

As to the Speakership, no doubt is expressed in any quarter that Mr. Cannon will be reelected. But there is a suggestion that Mr. Cannon might refuse to remain in the chair if substantial changes in the rules were proposed on the House in the face of his opposition. James E. Watson of Indiana, whose term as Member of Congress expired on March 4, will remain in the Senate for the present. He has many friends in the House, and it is understood that he stays here for the purpose of laboring with the insurgents who are bent on changing the rules. A good deal of missionary work along this line will be done in the next few weeks.

### POLICE DOGS FELL FUGITIVES.

#### Max and Nogi Succeeded Where the Biped Cops and Their Guns Failed.

Four bakers were standing at the railway station at New Utrecht avenue and Forty-ninth street, in the Borough Park district of Brooklyn, early yesterday morning discussing union labor. Three of them, Jacob Gutland of 4018 Third avenue, Brooklyn; Samuel Kamban of 108 Clinton street, Manhattan, and Nathan Shapiro of 184 Orchard street, Manhattan, were holding up the union side against Samuel Stern of 159 East Second street, Manhattan. They all work in the Borough Park Bakery.

Presently the discussion warmed them to fighting heat and the three union men set upon Stern. Stern roared for the police.

Policeman James O'Dea of the Parkville station, with the police dog Max, was standing a block away. He heard the yell and set out at full speed for the scene of the fracas. He says that he saw the three bakers beating Stern.

When they saw him coming they took to their heels. O'Dea blew his whistle and shot his gun into the air. Max barked. Both took after the three bakers. At the corner of Eleventh avenue and Forty-seventh street Policeman Michael Nicholson, with the police dog Nogi, joined in the chase.

The two policemen had trouble making speed because their rubber coats and boots clogged their legs. But the dogs dodged in and out between the legs of the three runners of Stern. That slowed them up, and then the dogs got in front of them and let the fugitives fall over them. When the men tried to get up the dogs pounced upon their chests and keeled them over again.

In a minute or two the policemen came up and arrested the bakers. They took them to the Parkville police station and there Stern charged them with assault. In the Flatbush court yesterday morning they pleaded not guilty and Magistrate Dwyer held them for trial for assault and examination. The case comes up again next Wednesday.

### KILLED THE WRONG MAN.

#### Bullet Was Meant for Victim's Brother—Shooting in Brooklyn.

John Schweitzer of 510 Robbins avenue, The Bronx, was locked up in the Raymond street jail, in Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon charged with the murder of Andrew Kaupper on Friday night at the home of Kaupper's mother at Stanley and Vienna avenues, East New York.

## TAFT RIDES HIS NEW HORSE

### CROWD TO GREET HIM ON THE POTOMAC FLATS.

New President's First Day of Real Rest in a Long Time—He Walks to His Church With His Brother and Mrs. and Miss Taft Go to Another Church.

WASHINGTON, March 7.—President Taft this afternoon rode for more than two hours on his big new Virginia hunter Tate Sterrett, named for the man from whom Mr. Taft purchased the animal at Hot Springs, Va. It was the first time the President had ridden Tate Sterrett and he was well pleased with the animal's action. The horse went quietly and steadily all the way and showed no nervousness over many automobiles and carriages which hovered near. In some unknown manner it was learned that the President intended riding on the Potomac flats back of the White House and a great many people turned out to look on. Mr. Taft replied to all salutations with a wave of the hand.

President Taft was accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Capt. Archibald W. Butt, U. S. A., who used to accompany President Roosevelt and who was one of the Roosevelt party that made the ninety-eight mile ride to Warrenton, Va., and back. There was no fast riding this afternoon, however, and not more than ten miles was covered.

President Taft and Capt. Butt left the south entrance of the White House grounds promptly at 3:30 o'clock. Following behind the pair was Sergt. McDermott of the Regular army, who was President Roosevelt's orderly and who is one of the best pistol shots in the army. He was in uniform. Shortly after reaching the speedway President Taft and Capt. Butt were joined by Brig.-Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, chief of the insular bureau of the War Department and a very close friend of Mr. Taft. The pair rode around the speedway three times and then returned to the White House, entering the south gate. The air was crisp and clear and President Taft enjoyed the ride immensely.

The President had most of to-day to himself, and for the first time in a long period he did as he pleased and was unhampered by receptions, business or official functions of any sort. He did not visit his office at all, although Mr. Carpenter, his secretary, was there for a while.

In the morning President Taft walked to All Souls' Church, at the corner of Fourteenth and L streets northwest, a distance from the White House of more than six blocks. After that he strolled over to the Archibald Hopkins residence on Dupont Circle, which is now occupied by Charles P. Taft. He remained there for an hour and then walked down Convention avenue to Lafayette Square, then through Jackson place and into the White House.

Charles P. Taft accompanied the President to church. The President's eldest brother goes nearly everywhere with the President these days. Quite a crowd was waiting around the church for the arrival of the Presidential party. The police stationed there had an idea that the President would come in a motor car and they and the waiting people were surprised when he walked through the crowd. Two secret service men clad in long coats and high hats followed President Taft. He and his brother attentively listened to the sermon delivered by the Rev. W. S. G. Pierce, the pastor. But the time the service had been begun the church was packed with the regular attendants and sightseers. Outside there were a few score who could not gain admission.

The President departed immediately after the close of the service. He walked through a lane of people, bowing right and left to respectful salutations. He moved briskly and made good time, evidently enjoying the crisp air. After an hour with his brother and his family he and his brother returned to the ship. St. David's surmised by Welsh sailors to have been Jones' daughter. Celtic Schneider manifested signs of so great joy the moment after he was left at home that it was apparent he was not going to the other David Jones's sanctuary into which a large number of seaborne babies descend. The new boy has two small brothers and a little sister. They are going to a farm in the West.

Gervase Elwes, the tenor, accompanied by his wife, Lady Winifred Elwes; Thomas H. Russell, former chief purser of the White Star fleet; C. W. Babcock, Charles A. Lamb and Dr. Alexander M. Cowie were among the Celtic's passengers.

### BURNED NEGRO TO DEATH.

#### Man Who Attacked a Woman in Texas Taken From Officers by a Mob.

DALLAS, Tex., March 7.—Anderson Ellis, who was brought here to-night wounded, and who was started back for Greenville in charge of five officers, was taken from the Missouri, Kansas and Texas train by a mob of Rockwall county farmers when the train reached the town of Rockwall and was burned at the stake. He had on Friday last attacked the wife of Arthur McKinney.

The intention of the officers to-night was to place Ellis in the Hunt county jail at Greenville without the Rockwall county people knowing it. Information however, seems to have reached the farmers who had been searching the country since last Friday and they gathered in force at the railway station to-night, overpowered the officers in charge of Ellis and soon had the prisoner bound to piles of wood and lumber saturated with oil.

The negro's weakened condition from his wounds made short work of the burning. He was apparently dead soon after the flames began roaring around him. The mob dispersed as soon as its work had been accomplished.

The posse of Rockwall county farmers who started last Friday to hunt Ellis, killed Will Clark, a negro, earlier to-day. The men had pursued Ellis into the Rowlett neighborhood and heard he was secreted in Clark's cabin. As the posse was deploying to surround the cabin Clark and Ellis ran from the house. The men followed the righting angling Ellis, who escaped.

The mob pursued Ellis into Hunt county overlooking him near Caddo Mills. They shot him through the right leg and arm, causing much terror among the inhabitants of the towns near its base.

## PLATT SAYS ROOT WILL LEAD.

### Doesn't Think Hughes Can Make a Go of It With Direct Nominations.

Ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt got back from Washington on Saturday, looking pretty well and apparently in good spirits. He cleaned out his desk in the Capitol on Friday, bade good-by to his friends and returned here to devote himself to the express business.

Mr. Platt received several callers yesterday at the home of Mrs. Gustave Abel at 135 West Eleventh street, where he lives. He wasn't inclined to talk very much, however.

"I'm 75 years old, you know," he said, "and I think I'm entitled to keep my mouth shut now."

He made it plain in the little he did say that he believes that his mantle has fallen on Senator Elihu Root.

"I do not think that Gov. Hughes has enough judgment to be the leader of this State," he said in reply to a question. "Senator Root ought to be the leader, and I am quite sure that he will be. He is a good man and will make a good Senator and a good leader. But I don't want to draw any comparisons. The man who seems to have charge of politics just now is Gov. Hughes. I don't think anything of direct primary nominations. The Governor talks as though he could shape the destinies of the Republican party around them, but I don't think he can. Certainly the better sense of the party is against it."

"Do you think that Mr. Roosevelt, when he returns from Africa, will enter politics again?" somebody asked.

"Well, he may but in," came the answer. "You know he's always been great for that."

Mr. Platt said that he expected to visit Washington occasionally.

"I'm going to attend to my business at the United States Express Company's office now," he said. "You know I've got to work for a living. I expect to be at business every day until I go away this summer. But once in a while I may go down to Washington, because, you know, I can't help it."

## WON'T GIVE ROOM TO ROOSEVELT

### Detroit Broker Refuses to Surrender Berths on the Steamship Hamburg.

DETROIT, Mich., March 7.—Taking the stand that ex-President Roosevelt is now only a private citizen, and therefore not entitled to more than ordinary consideration, Archibald G. Ellair, a wealthy stock broker of this city, has declined to give up his stateroom on the Hamburg-American liner Hamburg because it will be needed for the use of Mr. Roosevelt and his party.

Mr. Ellair completed his arrangements some two days ago for a trip abroad and happened to hit upon the vessel upon which the Roosevelt party intend to sail. It was found that the quarters allotted to Mr. Ellair adjoined the Roosevelt's and were needed for the accommodation of the ex-President's party.

Telegrams were immediately despatched to the company's agents here as well as to Mr. Ellair explaining the situation and requesting that he accept a reservation on another of the company's boats. The Detroit man declined absolutely to do so and wired the Hamburg-American agents accordingly.

## A CELTIC SCHNEIDER

### Born at Sea on St. David's Day and Appropriately Christened.

There was a democratic christening party aboard the White Star liner Celtic, in yesterday from Liverpool and Queensway, two days after the birth on Monday, March 1, of a son to Mrs. Heinrich Schneider, a steamer passenger. The ship's surgeon, Dr. Drinkwater, assisted in introducing the baby to his mother, and when it was proclaimed that they were both doing well every woman in saloon, second cabin and stateroom insisted on seeing the child of the sea. On Wednesday it was decided to christen him in the second cabin and everybody—or almost everybody—from all parts of the ship assembled there while the Rev. Philip Henry Linley, rector of Christ Church at Eau Claire, Wis., christened the boy David because he was born on St. David's day. Celtic for the ship. St. David's surname said by Welsh sailors to have been Jones' daughter. Celtic Schneider manifested signs of so great joy the moment after he was left at home that it was apparent he was not going to the other David Jones's sanctuary into which a large number of seaborne babies descend. The new boy has two small brothers and a little sister. They are going to a farm in the West.

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## EDISON CO. ROBBED OF \$30,000

### IN CONTINUING THEFTS OF ELECTRIC LIGHT BULBS.

Police Arrest Five Men Who Are Charged With Being in a Conspiracy With Five Others Yet to Be Fined—U. S. Express Employees Are Involved.

Inspector McCafferty and a squad of detectives arrested yesterday five men who are charged with participating in a series of robberies of electric light bulbs from the Edison electric company. The thefts, McCafferty said, are known to amount to \$30,000. There are still five men to be arrested and for that reason the police were not inclined to tell much of the case. Inspector McCafferty gave out the facts as follows:

"For some time the Edison company has missed quantities of electric light bulbs. They put Edward J. and William F. Kenny, two of their detectives, on the case and the two men got hold of information concerning a plan to rob the Edison officials was held and the case was then put in McCafferty's hands.

A number of Headquarters detectives were put into the Edison company's lamp rooms at the foot of East Forty-second street and on Saturday night they arrested Millard Fillmore Shelley, a lamp clerk, who lives at 1011 Willow avenue, Hoboken. After a cross-examination lasting four hours Shelley confessed. As a result of Shelley's confession the police arrested August Helwig, a lamp clerk, of 71 First avenue; William Menges, also a lamp clerk of 228 East Forty-second street; Thomas Horan, an employee of the United States Express Company, and Leo Fallon, a chauffeur, of 411 West Forty-eighth street. The men were remanded to Headquarters for forty-eight hours in the Centre street police court yesterday, except Fallon, who was allowed to go on bail.

"There are still five more men to be arrested," said McCafferty last night. "I won't give out their names now, but I may say that one of the men we want is a man who holds a responsible post with the United States Express Company and another man is one who has been more or less in the limelight of late. The amount involved, so far as we know at present, is about \$30,000 to \$35,000, but it may come to a much higher figure."

According to the story told by Shelley a dozen men working for the Edison company and the United States Express Company got together to rob the electric company. The plot was formed in September, 1907, and the robberies have been going on ever since.

Shelley and two of the electric company's clerks who worked in the lamp rooms would pack bulbs in quantities ranging from 1,200 to 2,400 and send them to the office of the express company at Twenty-third street and Eleventh avenue in a wagon of the express company, which Shelley said was obtained in Jersey City, would call for the bulbs and take them away at the rate of \$42 for 2,400.

Where they were taken or to whom they were sold McCafferty refused to say last night. He said that he would not be able to give out any more of the facts until the other men were caught.

The official of the Edison company refused last night to say anything concerning the arrests.

## WOMAN REFORMER A SUICIDE.

### Bertha Wildes Elton Takes Carbolic Acid—Believed in Scientific Feeding.

BOSTON, March 7.—Mrs. Bertha Wildes Elton, reformer, clubwoman and advocate of special education for wives, killed herself yesterday morning at her home in Dorchester. That it was a case of suicide the police did not learn till late last night. About 2 o'clock yesterday morning Mrs. Elton was found lying on a bed in her room by a maid. She was unconscious and Dr. David C. Widrege, who was summoned, said that she had taken carbolic acid. Death followed in a short time.

Mrs. Elton was 42 years of age, and a successful worker and lecturer for domestic reforms, as well as an author. One of her most celebrated views was the proper feeding of husbands. She said wives should give their husbands dishes approved by science as wholesome, whether they like them or not.

"Give husbands not what they like to eat, but what science says is good for them," she taught in her lectures. "Education as to proper food should begin with one's childhood. Wives follow their likes and dislikes in matters of food fully as much as their husbands. Favorite dishes served on by because they prove a means of pampering the husbands are usually disastrous to health in the long run."

About two weeks ago Mrs. Elton appeared before a legislative committee to advocate her bill for the establishment of a commission to investigate the conditions of home life in Massachusetts, with power to correct existing evils.

## DR. ORVILLE AND DR. WILBUR.

### Match Technical School Confers Degrees Upon the Wrights.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. MICHIGAN, March 7.—The Technical High School has conferred the honorary degree of doctor of technical science on Wilbur and Orville Wright in recognition of their achievements in aviation.

## HELD CHILD ON HOT STOVE.

### Housekeeper for Williamsburg Man Arrested When Boy Dies of Burns.

Marjorie Miles, housekeeper for William Johnson, a cabinetmaker at 135 Walton street, Williamsburg, found so unarrested last Monday that she determined to punish him. She held him over a hot stove and the boy was badly burned on his back and legs. Then Miss Miles sent for Dr. J. H. Carter, who said that the child should be sent to hospital. She refused and applied such remedies as she was familiar with. Last night the police were called.

Johnson went to the Clymer street police station and told Lieut. Kohlman about it. Then he swore out a warrant. The woman was arrested and locked up on the charge of homicide. She admitted the facts to Lieut. Kohlman. She will be arraigned to-day.

## DICKINSON DELAYED.

### New War Secretary Expected to Be on the Job Next Week.

CHICAGO, March 7.—Jacob M. Dickinson, the new Secretary of War, has found that he will need more time to settle up his affairs with the Illinois Central Railroad and has postponed his departure until Thursday. He will arrive in Washington Friday evening and expects to take up his new duties next week.

Mr. Dickinson will be the guest at almost nightly fetes until the day of departure.

Mr. Dickinson to-day refused to comment further on the refusal of Mayor Dunne to attend the entertainment given in his honor by the Iroquois Club, except to say that he is and has always been a Democrat.

"I believe that a man can be a good Democrat and yet not vote for Bryan," said the new Secretary. "I have never voted any but the Democratic ticket."

## BIG AMMONIA PIPE BURSTS.

### Upper East Side for Many Blocks Gets a Waft of It.

A twenty foot ammonia pipe in the plant of the Yorkville Independent Hygeia Ice Company at the foot of East Eighty-second street exploded last night after an engineer could get to the valve which closes off the ammonia the whole Yorkville district was sitting up gasping for breath.

The pipe is one of eleven which formed a section on the second floor of the plant. The explosion was caused by high pressure. The fumes spread throughout the neighborhood in a short time and were noticeable as far uptown as 125th street. An engineer finally worked his way into the plant and shut off the flow.

## 'TIS NO CRIME TO KISS

### Even in Public, and Three Men Who Broke In on a Farewell Are Fined.

Fugene Demorest, Francisco Chavolet and Francis Courtinone came out of a house at 200 West Twenty-fourth street on Saturday night. Maxwell Meditch, of 424 West Fifty-seventh street and Carmela Rogers were in the hallway saying good night. The sight offended the Frenchmen, who threw the girl into the street. Meditch tried to defend her, but he couldn't handle three men, so he ran away and got a policeman, who arrested the three defenders of public morals.

When the three were lined up in the Jefferson Market court yesterday the young woman exhibited her muddled skull and told her story.

"Do you see anything improper?" asked the Court of the defendants.

"He was kissing her," said one of the three, pointing first at Meditch and then at Miss Rogers, who blushed.

"That's no crime. I'm going to fine you each \$5," said Magistrate Corrigan. "Next time you come across two lovers saying good night you'll know how to behave. We've got too many censors of conduct in this town already."

## MASS MEETING IN DELHI JAIL.

### The Prisoners Adopt Resolutions Tendering Heartfelt Thanks to the Sheriff.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., March 7.—That Sheriff Warner and Deputy Sheriff Mead, who have charge of the Delaware county jail at Delhi, are popular with the inmates of that institution is shown by the fact that at a mass meeting of the eleven prisoners in that institution the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the undersigned, now confined in the county jail of Delaware county, State of New York, respectfully tender their heartfelt thanks to Charles Warner, Sheriff, and to Harry Ward, deputy sheriff, in grateful recognition of the gentlemanly and extraordinary fair treatment that they have shown to one and all of the undersigned while in their keeping in the said jail, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these proceedings be transmitted to each of the said gentlemen and that a copy be posted in a conspicuous place inside the said county jail.

The signatures of all the prisoners were appended to the document.

## REVOLT AGAINST YOUNG TURKS.

### Troops on Guard at Yildiz Kiosk Matiny in the Sultan's Favor.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

## VAIN FIGHT TO SAVE A LIFE

### TWO POLICEMEN OFF DUTY TAKE RISKS IN FIRE.

But the Man They Seek to Rescue Is Forced to Jump and Is Killed—The Fire Put Out With Little Effort and No One Else Is in Danger.

Two policemen off duty fought their way through the flames in an apartment house at 185 West 101st street yesterday morning in an effort to save the life of Dennis Redmond, one of the tenants. The policemen failed to reach Redmond and the fire forced him to jump to the street, three stories below. The fall killed him.

Redmond, who owned a saloon at the corner of Eighth avenue and Twenty-eighth street, lived with his wife and six children in one of the two front apartments on the third floor of the five story brick apartment house. Directly across the central hallway lives Sergt. Matthew K. Clarkin, who is attached to the new Tunderloft station, and his family.

A few minutes before 10 o'clock yesterday morning Sergt. Clarkin, who was lying late abed after a night trick, heard a woman screaming fire in the hallway outside of his apartments. He ran into the hall, half clad, and found that smoke was pouring out of the kitchen door of the Redmond apartment. Mrs. Redmond and three of her children were huddled in the hallway calling for somebody to go in and save Redmond.

Clarkin grabbed a milk pan, filled it with water and hurried through the Redmonds' kitchen and dining room into the bedrooms beyond. The furthestmost of these two bedrooms was blazing, and beyond, in the parlor of the flat, Clarkin found Redmond struggling with a blazing mattress. He was dragging it across the floor toward the windows.

The police sergeant started to give Redmond a hand with the mattress when suddenly the flames through which he had just passed, fanned by the draught from the airshaft, hemmed them in. The hangings in the parlor caught and Redmond and the policeman were trapped.

Clarkin ran to a side door that gives into the main hallway at the left of the parlor. It was locked.

"Where's the key?" he bawled to Redmond, who had jumped through the flame to the front windows.

"The key's back in the kitchen on the shelf. We can't get it—we can't get it," said the terrified man at the window.

"Well, come on with me. We've got to make a run for it," said Clarkin, and with head down and hands about his eyes he plunged through the flames in the two bedrooms and out into the kitchen. Redmond remained behind.

Patrolman James E. Drexler of the Delancey street station, who lives at 104 West 101st street and was passing 153 when the tenants began to rush out, fought his way up two flights of stairs and crawled along the floor on his knees to the parlor door which Clarkin had found locked.

Drexler heard the feeble shout of a man inside the room and standing in the blinding smoke for a second he made a dash at the locked door, hurling his shoulder against the panels. The door gave way with a crash and Drexler sprawled his length along the burning carpet in the room within. He jumped to his feet and started to dodge back into the doorway when through the flames he saw the figure of Redmond outlined in one of the windows. The man had climbed to a sitting position on the sash and was about to jump.

"Don't do it!" Drexler yelled and screaming his mouth with his coat he made his way back into the blaze. One hand stretched and groping for Redmond, he saw the man slip out of the window just before he could grasp his collar. Then the policeman, his coat afire and all of his hair singed off, dashed back through the flames and out into the hallway.

When Redmond leaped from the window his body dropped down to the area-way steps leading to the basement and his head struck the brass railing guarding the steps.

Dr. Charlton of the J. Hood Wright Hospital answered a call for an ambulance. He found that Redmond had died instantly. Both Clarkin and Drexler were suffering from severe burns on the hands and wrists. They were treated at the West 100th street station and sent to their homes. The firemen of Engine 76 and the truck company that responded to the alarm got the fire out before it had done more than gut the front of the Redmond flat and lick up the woodwork in the parlor of the Clarkin apartment across the hall.