

## ROOSEVELT, PRIVATE CITIZEN

### ALL HE HAS TO SAY WILL BE AT THE "OUTLOOK" OFFICE.

His coming to town today, and on Wednesday he begins office work as Editor-Lodge and the Secretary of the Navy with him at Sagamore Hill.

OSTER BAY, June 19.—Privacy, that's the word. Absolute, impenetrable, double-locked, non-leakable, continuous and all pervasive privacy, with only two exceptions a week. That was the gist of a very courteous but very crisp few moments of conversation on the part of Col. Roosevelt this afternoon. What he does, what he thinks, how he amuses himself, whom he receives, these and several other items about which the public has been accustomed to have a fair working knowledge are to become known only at the semi-weekly chats in the offices of the Outlook, where he will begin his editorship in person on Wednesday next.

But notwithstanding this reticence in details the Colonel made no effort to convey the impression that in his capacity as a private citizen he has abjured the society of public men. To-day he has been associating with two persons who have a hand in the Government. Senator Lodge is a guest at Sagamore Hill over Sunday, and this afternoon Secretary of the Navy Meyer dropped in by way of the Dolphin and Long Island Sound for an evening's talk. At sunset this evening when the ex-President came out on his veranda to receive several inquiring callers his last word to them in answer to a question about his African trip was "I shan't have anything to say, ever."

The Colonel began his protests of reticence as soon as he came within hearing distance. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "I really haven't anything to say on any subject whatever. I don't want to have anybody get in the habit of coming to me with the idea that I am going to talk, for I'm not going to do it at all."

"I shan't have anything to say, ever," he said. "I don't want to have anybody get in the habit of coming to me with the idea that I am going to talk, for I'm not going to do it at all."

"What are your plans for the next few days?" he was asked. "Beyond going into town to-morrow morning for my son's wedding and on Wednesday for my first visit to the Outlook office since I have been back I haven't anything to tell."

Senator Lodge was around the corner of the porch with Secretary Meyer, and their propinquity inspired the next question, which was:

"Can you tell us what you have been doing to-day, Colonel?" "Now, that's just the kind of a question that I don't want to answer. My life here from now on is to be absolutely private. If I began telling about these things the result would be that I shouldn't have any peace or rest or vacation all summer. I would be simply overrun all the time."

"Won't you tell us what you thought of your reception," put in some one. The ex-President shook his head at first, then he widened his smile a trifle and finally said: "I guess you know what I thought about that."

"How about the trophies that are expected here—when do you expect to unpack them?" "No, no," laughed the Colonel, "not a word."

"Isn't there anything about that African trip that you want to add to what you have said already?" Here came the answer that fairly bewitched over his hearers: "No, I shan't have anything to say, ever."

In spite of the avowal which was made at the tag end of the afternoon there are a few facts in regard to the way that the Colonel has spent his day that have sifted out. In the hours before church time word came down the hill that he and Senator Lodge were talking over the Colonel's trip. Also those who passed in the vicinity of the Roosevelt house declared that the ex-President could be seen pacing the piazza with some activity and that there were moments when Senator Lodge joined him.

Church time in Oyster Bay is 10:45. A very few moments before that there was a sprinkling of curious villagers peering themselves with kodaks, many of them under the trees of the Christ Episcopal Church, which is the one the Colonel attends here. From the trees in front of the rambling light building with its long gabled roof and ivy grown walls the banners that remained from yesterday's welcome had dried out sufficiently to flutter.

There was quite a large attendance of wondering ones by the time the bell began its final tolling. They were looking for the Colonel's party to drive up behind his horses, for during the time that he was making Oyster Bay the summer capital it was known he traveled upon automobiles. But he fooled them. Soon a big comfortable car rolled under the porte-cochère of the church. The Colonel was in the tonneau and with him were Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. H. A. Alexander, Miss Alexander, who is the niece of Theodore, Jr., that young man himself and his brother, Quentin.

In another automobile just behind were Ethel Roosevelt, Isabel S. Hagner, Mrs. Roosevelt's social secretary, and Archie. The service had already begun. The preacher was the Rev. Percy Trafford Otis of Greene, N. Y., who took the pulpit on account of the illness of the pastor, the Rev. H. H. Washburn, Jr. Otis was a young man who appeared to be not unacquainted of the occupants of the pew on the right hand side of the church near the back. One or two things he said in his sermon were of a nature that indicated the Colonel's questions later in the afternoon to seek some comment upon them. Mr. Roosevelt in this was the part on which it was thought he might have something to say:

A few ages is at hand, the age of brotherhood and it has its problems. The greatest problem of all perhaps is how to bring the corporate conscience up to the level of the individual conscience. Man

## HARMON IN CONTROL IN OHIO

### GOVERNOR WILL HAVE HIS OWN WAY IN CONVENTION.

Blue-eyed Democrats to Renominate Him and Convention's Deeds May Make Him the Presidential Nominee in 1912.—Tom Johnson's Following Small.

DATTON, Ohio, June 19.—If first impressions backed up by sound information are of value, the Democratic State convention to be held in this city on Tuesday and Wednesday will be one of the most important gatherings of that party in the State in many years.

Its work promises to be of far reaching effect, not only in the State during the present year, but all indications point to an effect in other States, and without the slightest doubt, in the estimation of important Ohio Democratic personages, the work performed here is to be felt in the Democratic national convention of 1912.

Gov. Judson Harmon, the Democratic Governor, elected in the Presidential year of 1908, is to be renominated.

It is to be a Harmon convention in many respects and that too in spite of the fact that National Committeeman Harvey C. Garber and State Chairman Finley and their friends on the State committee are not bursting their galleons in praise of Harmon.

They do not like the independent methods of Gov. Harmon in handling out the patronage, but the Governor is exceedingly popular in the rank and file of the party and not a few Republicans have been gratified by the Governor's administration of the last two years.

The two important features to be presented in the convention other than the renomination of Gov. Harmon are the platform reference to the tariff and the plan of Tom L. Johnson and his friends backed by William J. Bryan to compel the convention to name the candidate for United States Senator to be voted for by the Democratic legislators at Columbus next winter.

Gov. Harmon is to arrive to-morrow. He is to take personal charge of the fight, both for a tariff plank representing his ideas and against the Bryan-Johnson combination, which is insistent for the convention to name the candidate for United States Senator.

Mr. Johnson is reported to be rather a sick man and perhaps may not be able to attend this convention. If he does not turn up he will be represented by Newton D. Baker, City Solicitor of Cleveland.

All the predictions to-night, especially from Harmon men, are to the effect that the Bryan-Johnson combination is to be soundly walloped.

There are to be 1,000 delegates in the convention and the Bryan-Johnson combination will not control more than 300 on the Senatorial question, it is predicted by the Harmon men to-night, and in this estimate it may be interesting to add that not a few Johnson men to-night. The situation of this question is rather different than it was in Indiana. Gov. Harmon is to insist, his friends say, on a tariff for revenue plank and may have a dry campaign manager for a wet ticket and a straddle liquor plank in the platform.

Five years ago the Democrats elected John M. Pattison Governor on a dry platform, in 1908 they elected Harmon on a wet platform and this year the exigencies of the situation seems to call for a straddle on the whiskey question.

The Democrats firmly believe they are to reelect Harmon, elect a United States Senator to succeed Charles Dick and taking everything into consideration these Democratic Blue-eyers are an exceedingly hopeful lot to-night.

There can be no doubt that at this writing Gov. Harmon and his friends are in absolute control of the convention and are to make things hot for Tom L. Johnson, who so bitterly opposed Gov. Harmon two years ago.

## Taft Asked Her to Ride

### She Had Been Thrown From Her Horse and He Offered to Take Her Home.

WASHINGTON, June 19.—President Taft met a young woman in distress to-day and offered his assistance, even to the extent of permitting her to commandeer the White House automobile with which to hurry home.

The President and Capt. A. W. Butt, his aide, started out for a ride in one of the big White House cars late this afternoon. As the machine turned into Jackson place, just across Pennsylvania avenue from the White House, the occupants of the car noticed a young man and woman riding toward them on horseback. Just as the touring car shot up to the riders the young woman's horse stumbled and she fell forward to the ground.

Mr. Taft was leaning forward anxiously inquiring if she had been injured. The youthful rider was on her feet almost as soon as Capt. Butt and her escort reached her.

"You'd better get in here," said the President, "and let us take you home."

"Thank you very much," said she, "but I guess I'm all right," and then she was lifted back into the saddle by the gallant Captain and her companion.

## ODD DEFENCE OF THE KING.

### Dean of Norwich Deals Frankly With Scandals About George V.

LONDON, June 19.—The Dean of Norwich made a remarkable address in a church near Norwich in which he referred to King George as "a man to my personal knowledge of intense self-sacrifice and of high character." He then mentioned "two accusations brought, as I think, by that part of society which is not society at all."

"Firstly, that the King is sometimes accused of insobriety. You may take me on undoubted authority that is a libel. So far as his close friends have noticed him he has never been intemperate throughout his life. On the contrary he is a man who, even from the point of view of health, has to be abstemious. He does not desire to be anything else."

"The other accusation is still more unworthy, viz: that prior to his marriage to the present Queen he had what is called a secret ormorganic marriage, with children by it. That is absolutely, root and branch, an untruth. The King is a man who, with a wife of like disposition as himself, has been wont during his leisure to sit in his garden with his young children around him just the same as any of us might."

## MRS. MORSE ORDERS A SALE.

### Her Jewels, Silver and Furniture Going to Auction.

The entire contents of the Charles W. Morse residence at 728 Fifth avenue are to be sold at auction on Thursday and Friday of this week. Mrs. Morse left for Atlanta to see her husband last Thursday. Before starting she commissioned Augustus W. Clarke, the auctioneer, to catalogue the contents of the house and get everything ready for the sale. The property to be sold will be on exhibition at the Morse residence to-morrow and Wednesday from 9 o'clock in the morning to 5 in the afternoon and from 8 o'clock to 10 at night.

The fittings of the house are Mrs. Morse's personal property, which she is going to sell to obtain money with which to fight her husband's case. They include rugs, furniture of every description, silver and hangings. Also there will be included in the sale a considerable amount of jewelry belonging to Mrs. Morse, including pearl necklaces, gold toilet articles and so on. A rough guess at the value of the goods to be sold puts it at \$200,000.

Mrs. Morse is at present in Washington on her way home from Atlanta. She will reach New York to-morrow morning.

## SUED HER GIRL WHO LEFT

### And Got \$125 on a \$200 Claim, Did Massachusetts Woman.

BOSTON, June 19.—A rather unusual lawsuit has just been decided in the Newton District Court. Mrs. Ella L. Palmer of West Newton was awarded damages of \$125 in an action for \$200 against Hilmar C. Anderson, a Swedish servant girl.

Mrs. Palmer brought suit because the girl threw up the job too suddenly after making an agreement to work for the plaintiff for one year.

Mrs. Palmer testified: "While I was on a six weeks visit to Stockholm, Sweden, Hilmar came to me three days before I sailed for America and asked me to take her to this country with me. We made an agreement that she would work for me for one year for \$250 a week, her board and passage money included. I brought her to this country as a first class passenger. We reached Boston on January 29."

"Hilmar was treated by me as a sister. All went well until the night of April 7, when my husband and I were at a theatre. Without saying a word Hilmar left the house wide open, with our seven-month-old baby in the house all alone, out on this lonely road. She had been with us nine weeks."

"I had made Hilmar put her money which I gave her as wages in a bank, and when she did not return in two days I trusted her back."

Mrs. Palmer brought suit to recover the amount of her passage money and the difference it would cost her to get another girl to fill out the contract, and Judge Kennedy decided in her favor.

Counsel for the girl said: "Miss Anderson was not allowed any company. She could not go out nights nor to the theatre. Nor could she enjoy ordinary liberties. So she left."

## ARRESTED ON MERCY ERRAND.

### Ice Dealer Hurrying to Help the Sick Taken in by Policeman.

Michael Sangelist, an ice and wood dealer at Bleecker street and Knickerbocker avenue, Brooklyn, got a hurry order for ice yesterday morning to be delivered at 377 Bleecker street, where he was informed several children were critically ill and a physician had ordered ice immediately. While he was hurrying to the place he was observed by Policeman Thomas Griffin of the Hamburg avenue station. Griffin followed and waited until Sangelist had delivered the ice, when he placed Sangelist under arrest for violating the Sunday law.

The ice dealer was taken to the Manhattan avenue police court and arraigned before Magistrate O'Reilly. After telling how he came to deliver the ice and saying that he was not in the habit of doing business on Sundays he added:

"It occurred to me when I got this order that it might be a question of life or death with those children. I hurried as quickly as I could and then, to my great surprise, I was arrested."

"I was only acting under orders from my captain, John Becker. Griffin began to explain, and he got his orders from Police Headquarters to arrest all ice dealers."

## KNOX STAYS IN THE CABINET

### Taft Asked Him to Do So and He Consented.

If the President hadn't intervened he would have been for Governor of Pennsylvania—Toner Pretty Sure to Be Candidate Now That Knox Is Out.

WASHINGTON, June 19.—Secretary of State Knox will not accept a nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania on the Republican ticket. The Secretary killed the boom that had been started in his favor in a formal statement issued here to-night. While Mr. Knox declined to allow the use of his name, he acknowledged frankly that he would be willing to accept the honor were it not for the President's earnest wish that he continue to serve in the Cabinet.

Mr. Knox's decision to head off the gubernatorial boom was reached after a conference with President Taft at the White House this morning. The Secretary's action in this matter and the President's insistence upon his remaining in the Cabinet will effectively put an end to all reports that there has been friction between Mr. Taft and his Secretary of State. Here is the Knox statement:

"The President having expressed to me this morning his earnest wish that I would remain at my present post, I am constrained to decline to allow my name to be presented as a candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania at the forthcoming Republican convention. But for this I would have deemed it my duty to have accepted the nomination if it had come to me as the general choice of the party."

"I appreciate the expressions of confidence and assurances of support I have already received, and I hope and am sure the convention will be able to find a candidate who will merit the full support of the party at this particularly important time. In my judgment there is no more fruitful field for high public service at this period than in the States, whose proper powers and relations should be appreciated, exercised and preserved for the general good of the whole country."

Secretary Knox's withdrawal of his name means that Representative John K. Tener of Washington county probably will be the Republican nominee. Tener and State Senator W. K. Crowe of Fayette county have been the two candidates upon whom Senator Penrose, the Republican boss of Pennsylvania, has looked with favor, and members of the Pennsylvania delegation say that the choice is certain to fall now on Tener. Tener is a strong organization man. He was formerly a well known professional baseball pitcher, having played on the Baltimore Orioles back in the early '90s.

PHILADELPHIA, June 19.—Secretary Knox's announcement that he will not accept the Republican gubernatorial nomination has the insurgent element of this State very much at sea to-night, and interest now centres on who will be the Western man upon whom the delegates to the Republican convention at Harrisburg on Wednesday can agree.

Mayor W. A. Magee of Pittsburgh, who headed the Knox boom, is mentioned tonight as the possible choice of the western Pennsylvania contingent, and it is believed he can go into the convention with a strong following.

Whoever the choice may fall upon, the troubles of Senator Penrose are by no means over. The remarkable outburst aroused by the suggestion of Knox as a candidate has stirred the Republicans of western Pennsylvania as they have not been stirred in years and has set the rank and file thinking. It is not going too far to say that should Penrose succeed now in forcing a machine man on the Harrisburg convention he will probably invite trouble for the ticket and the Republican organization. In the upper section of the State political unrest is at high tide, as indicated by the significant primary returns of June 4.

In eastern Pennsylvania the usual apathy exists, but it was becoming apparent before Mr. Knox's announcement that his candidacy would occasion considerable interest. Especially was this true of the stand pat organization men who feared that Penrose would be placed in the position of either endorsing Mr. Knox as a candidate or making an open fight of it.

Word comes from Pittsburgh to-night that the friends of Lieut.-Gov. Robert S. Murphy of Cambria are conducting a quiet campaign in his behalf. Since his incumbency the Lieutenant-Governor, who is regarded as being far from a hide-bound machine man, has made many friends among the opponents of the machine, and it is thought that Mayor Magee may be induced to approve his selection for the nomination. The Mayor to-night declined to commit himself on this point, saying that he would require some time for consideration before expressing a preference.

It was believed by many to-night that Mayor Magee's choice would finally fall upon John F. Cox of Allegheny county. The stand pat branch of the Republican organization is standing firm for Tener of Cambria county and claim that his nomination is practically assured. Tener is apparently the sole choice of Senator Penrose.

PITTSBURGH, June 19.—Information from Washington that Secretary of State P. C. Knox had declined to become a candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania because President Taft had requested him to remain in the Cabinet fell like a wet blanket over political Pittsburgh to-day.

There had been prospects of one of the most complete political upheavals in the history of Pennsylvania politics and while Mayor William A. Magee of Pittsburgh to-night issues a very mild statement of regret that Knox cannot make the running, friends of Magee are outspoken in their belief that both United States Senators Penrose and Oliver made personal request to President Taft that he call Knox off and that it was done.

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## GIRL TRIED TO SAVE HIM.

### Miss Huppe Struggled in Vain to Keep Robert Carlsen From Drowning.

Robert Carlsen, 20 years old, of 123 East Seventy-third street, was drowned while bathing at the foot of Bay Thirty-ninth street, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon. With Carlsen was Miss Helen Huppe of 530 Park avenue, Manhattan. Both were swimming about a hundred yards off shore when Carlsen shouted to Miss Huppe that he had cramps.

The girl caught him after he had gone down twice. She tried to drag him into shallow water but his weight was so great that she lost her grip on him. She attracted the attention of other bathers, who found the body in about ten feet of water.

Dr. Lewis of the Coney Island Hospital worked over Carlsen's body but could not resuscitate him. Miss Huppe went with the body to the Bath Beach police station. She was so affected by the accident that she was sent home in a taxicab.

## SULTAN OF JOLO COMING.

### To Tour the World and Spend 2 Months in U. S.—Pears to Aid His People.

MANILA, June 20.—The Sultan of Jolo, who receives annuities from British North Borneo and from the Philippines government, has sailed for India on a tour of the world.

He intends to spend two months in the United States. He will visit the principal cities of America, but will devote most of his time to studying agriculture.

He carries with him Jolo pearls valued at \$250,000, which he intends to sell and devote the proceeds to the benefit of Moro farmers.

## MAN ON TROLLEY POLE.

### Policeman Caught Him as He Fell and Then They Had a Fight.

Policeman Debus of the Clymer street station, Williamsburg, had his attention called early yesterday morning to an insane man who was on the top of a trolley pole at Harrison avenue and Walton street, Williamsburg. The man had crossed the neighborhood. When Debus tried to coax him down the man crawled along wires and presently lost his balance and was hanging from a wire by his hands.

Debus got under the man and gave a yell which caused him to let go, and he dropped about eight feet. The policeman caught him and they were in a tussle when Policeman Orr appeared. The insane man was overpowered and taken to the station house, where he said that his name was John Marks, his age 41 and that he lived somewhere in the Borough of Queens. He was removed to an observation ward of the Kings County Hospital.

Marks imagines that a band of robbers is continually pursuing him.

## JAMES H. BARBOUR DROWNED.

### Insurance Broker Lost in Saturday's Storm off Sheephead Bay.

James H. Barbour, head of the James W. Barbour Company, insurance brokers, at 1 Liberty street, was drowned on Saturday in the storm. He was with a party of friends in a boat in Sheephead Bay. His body had not been recovered last night.

Mr. Barbour, who lived at 1081 East Seventeenth street, Flatbush, had taken a party of friends for a fishing trip. Those who went with him were Warren Cook, 580 Franklin avenue, Brooklyn; George Feidel, 151 West 104th street; James Ryan, 221 57th street, Brooklyn, and Lewis Tangrula, 174 Wallabout street, Brooklyn. Mr. Barbour also took along his colored coachman, Morgan T. Brewster, who saved the lives of Mr. Cook and Mr. Ryan when the storm came.

The little cat out from Sheephead Bay in the party set out from Barbour's owned. They sailed around Barron Island and as far as Rockaway. The catboat was about 500 feet off Point Breeze, when the storm broke. The little sail of the boat carried away at once and the mast went with it. Brewster, the colored man, wrapped his legs around the mast. Cook caught one of his hands and Ryan the other. Feidel clung to the side of the catboat's boat.

Volunteer life savers on Flum Beach put out to the rescue. They had a bad time getting to the drifting catboat. There they picked Brewster off the mast and hauled in Cook and Ryan. Then they picked up Feidel.

Barbour was clad in heavy oilskins. He must have sunk at once, for no trace of him was found. Tangrula had on only a light coat. He had a life belt under his arms. He was picked up yesterday morning at Rockaway unconscious. He is now in St. Joseph's Hospital, Rockaway.

## THE KAISER'S SORE KNEE.

### He Hasn't a Nail on It, but a Watery Swelling—No Operation on It.

BERLIN, June 19.—The circumstantial story printed here that a boil on the Kaiser's knee was operated on yesterday by Prof. Blier, who was secretly introduced into the palace, is officially contradicted.

The Kaiser has no boil, and no operation has been performed. He passed a good night. The swelling is almost gone. The gathering has discharged no blood, simply watery matter.

## COST SIBLEY \$4 A VOTE.

### Pennsylvania Congress Candidate Spent \$40,000.53 in Primary Campaign.

## B. R. T. MISHAPS JOLT CONEY

### GLAD DAY CAME AND TRANSIT LINES CRUMPLED UP.

Blockade on the Bridge Caused a Great Jam—Gates Closed for a Long Time—Then a Big Power House Went Out of Business—Accidents Did the Rest.

Coney Island got up yesterday morning, read the weather predictions, saw the warm summer sun, looked at the bright sky and then saw that at last its day had come. There was gladness everywhere. For a month it had rained or fogged and the amusement places and restaurants said they had been starving to death. About 300,000 people who have been saving up their change decided to head for the place.

What happened? The B. R. T. broke down in four or five places. A high tension feeder in one of the big power houses made up its mind that it didn't want to work on Sunday and didn't. A trolley car jumped the track on the Brooklyn Bridge. Two cars bumped each other so hard on the Culver line that both were smashed and half a dozen people were knocked about. A man got his leg between the platform of the Eighteenth avenue station of the Culver line and a car.

As a result of these things Coney Island traffic was tied up for as much as an hour at a time. Cars were stalled. People footed it for miles. The police at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge called for help to handle the crush on the platforms and finally had to close the gates until the platforms were cleared.

The first of these accidents happened at 2:15 P. M. A Myrtle avenue car spilled itself over both trolley roadways on the Bridge near the slip joint on the Manhattan side, about where the stone roadway begins. Nobody was hurt, but the car layed hob with service. For fifty minutes in the busiest part of the afternoon you couldn't get a surface car to Coney and people in Brooklyn who wanted to hurry away from there had to walk or climb to the elevated. The B. R. T. transferred people to the Fulton ferry, and the ferry for a time did about the biggest Sunday afternoon business in recent years.

Even if the accident hadn't occurred the bridge squad under Police Capt. Bourke would have had its hands full with the folk who swarmed for open cars in the loop, but when the Myrtle avenue car put itself out of commission Bourke best it for the phone and said he would like to have help and plenty of it. For the next hour thirty-five policemen strove and sweated with the crowd. People kept coming and coming and coming, and just when Bourke was making up his mind that he would have to throw a line of men in front of the loop and bar everybody the repair gang got the car back on the track and the service started with a jerk.

The accident didn't interfere with the elevated lines, but it served to crowd the platforms of the bridge until there was danger of somebody getting hurt. The elevated end of the B. R. T. had better fortune than the trolley system, but every time the trolleys stopped the elevated was overcrowded and its trains were delayed.

Next thing was the trouble at the big central power house in Third avenue, near Twenty-fifth street. The station furnishes electric energy in southern Brooklyn for the Coney Island lines and it dispatches electric fluid a long way. At 3:41 P. M., when the transit people were congratulating themselves that the service was spinning smoothly, Coney Island trains everywhere stopped dead. Many of them were just over the bridge, many were far out toward the sea. They quit altogether and all the motormen could say was that they couldn't do anything till the power got there.

The queer thing about this bit of bad luck was that the B. R. T. officials for a long time didn't know where to find the trouble. While they were telephoning and passengers were fighting the wires woke up and the cars got started. But it was a long, tedious wait, thirty-five minutes. Hundreds of people who were marooned out on the flats walked the rest of the way and it was hot walking under yesterday's sun.

What happened was that a high tension feeder supplying a class A set of dynamo let go. After the electricians substituted another it broke down. The third feeder behaved itself, but all of the experimenting took time.

At Coney they were wondering why no cars were ramping in. At the bridge the police didn't have time to wonder about anything. Capt. Bourke left half a dozen men to keep the crowd in the loop from pushing itself through the bridge walls, and went upstairs with the rest of his squad. As the minutes passed the crush increased. Finally Bourke ordered the entrances to the platforms closed and he kept them closed for thirty minutes. It was some time before the system recovered from the widespread effects of this delay.

Seven trolley lines were paralyzed. The Tompkins-Culver line was moving cars on a four minute headway, the Reid avenue line on a three minute headway and the Thirty-ninth street and Coney Island was handling them every two minutes. On the Vanderbilt avenue line they were running every four minutes, on the Union street every five minutes, on the Fifteenth street every seven minutes and on the Nostrand-Culver every seven minutes. Then there were the Brighton Beach, Sea Beach, West End and Culver elevated lines, with cars six minutes apart.

Shortly after this was straightened out, Charles Grant of 724 East Fifth street, lost his balance on the edge of the Eighteenth avenue station of the Culver line. Just as a train was coming in one of his legs was caught between a car and the platform. He was hurt seriously, and it was ten minutes before the train was released. Ten minutes made a lot of difference at 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

The last of the B. R. T.'s misadventures was at 7:55 P. M. A Reid avenue car sprang its brakes and went full tilt into the hind end of a Union street car. Both cars were considerably smashed up by the collision, and it took thirty minutes to get them out of the way.

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