

DIX HOPES TO SEE GAYNOR

SEES HIM WORD, LEAVING IT TO MAYOR'S CONVICTION.

Has No Engagement to Talk Senatorship With Anybody—Came Here to Avoid That Murphy Keeps to His House May Go to Good Ground To-day.

Gov. Dix, Mayor Gaynor, Charles F. Murphy, William F. Sheehan, John H. McEnroe and Daniel F. Cohan, who according to gossip are going to take advantage of the fact that they are all here by having a series of conferences for the purpose of trying to end the deadlock at Albany, kept aloof from each other yesterday. Not one of them, so far as could be ascertained, had any communication with another.

Except for a visit to an art gallery, where he spent part of the afternoon in looking over an exhibition of paintings, Gov. Dix kept to his rooms in the Waldorf-Astoria. Lieutenant-Commander De Kay, who is attending the Governor, explained that the Governor did not wish to be questioned on anything relating to the situation in Albany because it was for the very purpose of getting a few days respite that he had come to New York.

"I am authorized to say," went on Commander De Kay, "that the Governor has no appointments or engagements to meet Mr. Murphy, Mayor Gaynor, Mr. Sheehan or any one else who may be interested in the struggle for the Senatorship. To-morrow the Governor will take some automobile trips and will visit the zoological collection in Bronx Park. On Monday night he will be a dinner guest of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., and that is all the engagements he has before he returns to Albany on Tuesday morning. But I may tell you that before he goes back to Albany the Governor would like to have a talk with Mayor Gaynor and he has sent word to that effect to Mr. O'Ryan. Because of the Mayor's health the naming of the time and place of such a conference should be held will be left to the convenience of the Mayor. The Governor is anxious to see the Mayor for the purpose of talking with him on several matters affecting the city. It will be for that purpose only that the two will meet."

Charles F. Murphy was at his home, 85 East Seventeenth street, all day. According to Thomas H. Smith, secretary of Tammany Hall, Mr. Murphy saw no one, was tired and wished to get as much rest as possible before going back to Albany to continue the Senatorship fight. It is probable that he will go to his country place at Good Ground this morning to stay until to-morrow night. In that event he would be near Mayor Gaynor's home at St. James, and in the event of Mr. Gaynor and the Governor meeting he would have only to travel a short distance if he should be asked to join in the talk the Governor and the Mayor are to have.

Senator Franklin D. Roosevelt, the leader of the insurgents, went back to Albany early yesterday morning. William F. Sheehan played golf the greater part of yesterday on the Oakland links. When he reached home last night he sent out word to inquirers that his position was well known and that so far as he was concerned there was no change.

Mr. Cohan said that if there were to be any conferences here before Tuesday he would be likely to know about them "and," he added, "I can assure you that I know nothing about such conferences." He said further that there was no need for conferences of any kind for the reason that Mr. Murphy and the regular members of the Democratic party were pledged to Mr. Sheehan and that as long as he remained the candidate of the party there could be no change in the situation.

ALBANY, Feb. 11.—There were fourteen votes cast on to-day's twenty-first joint ballot for United States Senator. Of these Mr. Sheehan got 5, Mr. Depew 2, Mr. Shepard 2, Mr. Rives, Mr. Sulzer, Mr. Glynn, Mr. Dougherty and Mr. Littleton 1.

Senator Franklin D. Roosevelt, leader of the insurgents, came back from New York to be on the job to-day even if the balloting was of no consequence. Senator Roosevelt said he had discussed the Senatorship situation with Gov. Dix while in New York, but he declined to make known the nature of their talk. Senator Roosevelt did say, however, that he was as certain as ever that the Governor would keep his hands off the Senatorship fight.

Senator George B. Burd of Buffalo, who has been voting for Representative Martin W. Littleton since the first ballot, received a despatch this morning from Buffalo, signed by a committee headed by Mayor Fuhrmann, inviting him to attend the Sheehan mass meeting to be held next Tuesday evening. Mr. Sheehan will speak. Senator Burd said he would write the committee that he could not attend.

"I couldn't go even if I wanted to," he said, "and there is no special reason why I should."

S. B. TRANK TO BELIEVE. Family Has Him Committed to Find Out if He Is sane.

Stephen B. Trank, the real estate operator living at 101 East 177th street, The Bronx, who was arrested last Wednesday charged with assaulting his brother, Charles W. Trank, who boarded at his house, was committed to Bellevue Hospital yesterday by Magistrate Breen to be examined as to his sanity. The commitment was made at the request of Mr. Trank's family.

Nathaniel H. Van Etten of 306 East Tremont avenue, who has had the care of Charles W. Trank, reported to the court that his condition was precarious and has a compound fracture of the skull and has been delirious most of the time since Wednesday.

6 Cents for Hollins Murder. A jury before Supreme Court Justice DeLoe heard the suit for \$50,000 damages for slander brought against William Hollins, brother of Harry B. Hollins, by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Sarah O. G. Plekman, brought on yesterday a verdict of six cents. Mrs. Plekman sued because Hollins used her name freely in connection with his wife, Adeline Grundy Hollins, from whom he is separated.

ONE 51 HOURS TO HAVANA. Special. The steamer Station 126 P. M. "Ad Coast" left for Havana at 12:30 P. M. It is expected to reach there in 51 hours.

3 OTHER LINES. The steamer "Ad Coast" left for Havana at 12:30 P. M. It is expected to reach there in 51 hours.

BOLL WEEVIL PLOT IS BARED

HOKE SMITH NIPS SCHEME TO RUIN THE COTTON CROP.

Speculator Told Him That Two Others Were to Lose 1,000,000 Bales in Georgia and South Carolina Then They'd Sell Their Hoard at Fat Price.

ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 11.—Governor-elect Hoke Smith gave out to-day a statement which he says exposes a plot of New York speculators to infect the cotton fields of Georgia and South Carolina with the boll weevil. He says they want to be able to buy the market next season by reducing the crop and raising the price of Dixie's staple.

The first information came in a letter to Mr. Smith from a man whose name he refuses to give but in whom he places confidence. The letter came from New Orleans and the writer came from New York at the Governor's request to tell him more about the scheme.

Convinced by the evidence offered, Mr. Smith has given prompt warning to the farmers and the planters of the South that two plotters have in their possession at least 1,000,000 live boll weevils and are waiting their opportunity to scatter these disastrous insects over Georgia and South Carolina.

The exposure has created the liveliest interest throughout Georgia, especially in view of the fact that not more than two months ago the experts of the country gathered in Atlanta to make plans for combating this insect when it should reach Georgia. It has been travelling toward this State with alarming rapidity and is now due to reach here in the natural course of events in less than two years.

After receiving the first letter Mr. Smith at once communicated with Commissioner of Agriculture Hudson and State Entomologist Worsham. Then following the directions given in the letter Mr. Smith published a personal in a New York paper, which resulted in the visit of the writer, who said he had accurate information that the plot he had exposed to the Governor had already been made but that he had informed the plotters that he would do all in his power to prevent success.

He authorized the publication of his letter, but insisted that for the present at least his name be withheld. The two men, he says, approached him in New Orleans and solicited his help in carrying out their scheme, by means of which they hoped to make a fortune.

Their idea was to flood Georgia and South Carolina with the boll weevil and buy at once great quantities of October cotton, selling when the crop shortage sent prices higher.

The author of the letter says he swore to the two men that he would not reveal their names. He convinced Mr. Smith that he was sincere and could be trusted, that he had no axe to grind and that his only idea was to protect the South and its people.

Both he and Mr. Smith are of the opinion that the widespread publication and exposure of the scheme, putting the farmers on guard, will force the plotters to abandon their intentions.

SOLE SURVIVOR OF 30 MEN.

Tale of a Dredge That Went to the Bottom Off Florida Keys.

MOBILE, Ala., Feb. 11.—Capt. Frank J. Farrell, who says he lives at 325 Franky avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., and is shore superintendent and captain for the International Dredging Company, which has offices at 10 Wall street, New York city, with O. E. Howard of Jersey avenue and North Broadway, Plainfield, N. J., as manager, arrived in the city yesterday afternoon and gave out the following story:

"I left New York city on January 22 bound for Galveston, Tex., in charge of dredge 57, the property of the International Dredging Company, in tow of the seagoing tug International, in command of Capt. Lewis Parker. Before leaving we had put in a new wireless apparatus costing \$1,000 but could not obtain an operator at the time and left without one.

"We had fine weather until we reached the Diamond Shoals off Cape Hatteras. Here we had to turn out of our course and we rode the gale for fifteen hours. Then we went on and got through the Florida Keys safely. Everything went along all right until we reached a point 125 miles west of Dry Tortugas.

"On the night of February 8, without the slightest warning and without any apparent reason, the dredge took a sudden dive and went to the bottom of the sea. I went down with the suction. I was sitting on the upper deck of the dredge and probably went down about twelve feet. As I rose to the surface I saw a part of the deckhouse floating and I swam to it and climbed on top of the deckhouse and drifted about until 8 o'clock in the morning, when I was sighted about 150 miles south of here and picked up by the fishing smack W. H. Alexander and landed on a beach between Mobile and Pensacola.

"After coming to the surface after the accident I looked around for the tug International and could not see her, and I cannot say what became of her. She might have gone on her way and she may have gone to the bottom.

"The tug International was built in 1890 by the Red Star Steamship Company of Philadelphia and was valued at \$100,000. She and the dredge were insured in Providence and Washington companies for \$25,000.

"Her crew consisted of Second Officer William T. Hall of Derby, Conn.; Chief Engineer John Fitzgerald of Brooklyn, N. Y.; First Assistant Engineer James Wilson of New York city; Second Assistant Engineer Wilson of New York city; Steward Miller of New York; A. Flunky, a white boy living at New York; six firemen, two oilers, another officer rated as a second assistant engineer and six deckhands. In all the crew consisted of twenty-one men and every one of them went down with the tug.

"The dredge was in command of Capt. J. Stevens of Brooklyn and had the following crew: Chief engineer, Frank Davis; assistant engineer, Mark Reilly; steward, Billy Moore; two firemen and two deckhands.

"The dredge and tug combined had a crew, including myself, of thirty men, and I believe I am the only survivor.

There is such a tug as the International. Her home port is Philadelphia. There is no International Dredging Company in this city. None of the men mentioned in Farrell's story could be located last night.

HERE TO BE MARRIED SAYS MR. GRISCOM, JR.

Arnolds' Reply Is That He Is Crazy and Is Not Telling the Truth.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Feb. 11.—George S. Griscom, Jr., around whom the Dorothy Arnold case has centered since his return from Europe on Thursday, gave an interview this morning from which the inference could well be drawn that the mystery which has surrounded the disappearance of the young woman was nearly at an end; that she would reappear safe and sound within a short time and that the matter would end in a wedding before long.

To-night Mr. Griscom appears less sure of himself and of his position, although his cheerful bearing is not that of a man who has any reason to believe that the young woman to whom he professes to have been engaged so short a time ago as last summer is dead or in any trouble not easily remedied.

The upshot of the interviews for the day, notwithstanding the lack of confidence shown by Mr. Griscom to-night, is not much at variance with his practically flatfooted statement of the morning, when he said that he expected to marry Miss Arnold as soon as she was found and that she would be found as soon as her mother returned. Mrs. Arnold is on the Pannonia, which is due in New York.

According to Griscom's latest statement he has no knowledge whether Dorothy Arnold is alive or dead, but has a confident feeling that nothing could have happened to bring about the latter result. "I feel that she can't be dead," is his way of expressing this belief. He sticks to his statement that he loves Miss Arnold and that he thinks she loves him when he last heard from her, and he repeated to-night his statement of this morning that he expects to marry her when she is found.

The state of siege last night at the Calhoun Hotel and in particular at the two rooms occupied by the Griscoms, parents and son, was partly raised to-day. Mr. Griscom, Jr., said that he would talk this morning and again to-night. On both occasions the father, upon whom the present situation appears to weigh more heavily than upon his son, stood at the side of the latter and guarded his answers much after the fashion of a lawyer caring for the interests of his client's witness. At times to-night it looked as if the younger man might say something definite, as he did this morning, but the father intervened.

When the younger Mr. Griscom was spoken with this morning he at first hesitated and then spoke right out. About the first thing he said was in answer to a question whether he and Dorothy Arnold were engaged. He said that they loved each other and that at one time, he thought he might say, they were engaged. He admitted by a nod that there had been parental objections and added that these had postponed the wedding. Asked if he expected to marry Miss Arnold now; he hesitated no conditions. "If she is found or if she is alive," he did expect to marry her, he said. "The wedding," he continued, "would probably take place as soon as Mrs. Arnold arrives." He said that he believed when he left Europe that Mrs. Arnold had come on ahead of him and he was surprised to learn that she was not in this country on his arrival.

Mr. Griscom, Jr., said that he did not know where Dorothy Arnold is now. Asked if she was somewhere in the region about Philadelphia or Atlantic City he paused and agreed with his father that any information along that line had better come from the Arnolds. He nodded his head when he was asked whether he did not believe it true that the Arnold family now is in a position to place their hands upon Miss Dorothy at any time they wish to. This was discounted a bit to-night when the father, interrupting his son's answer to an identical query, said: "But you don't know anything about it of your own knowledge." And the son admitted that he did not.

To-night the father and son, speaking pretty much in unison, said that they did not know anything about Miss Arnold's disappearance or whereabouts—anything, in short, about the Arnold case. While Griscom and Miss Arnold had been engaged, it might be said, it did not seem to them that the date of the beginning of the engagement and its duration were matters to be spoken of publicly. They said that they did not want to say anything that ought rather to be said by the Arnolds.

A questioner then put together the outlines of the story as it appears from what has been made public and put with it the rumor that after the interview between Mrs. Arnold and the younger Griscom in Florence, John W. Arnold, the brother, found Miss Arnold in or near Philadelphia, and that all that now remained to be done was to await the return of the mother before having the wedding ceremony. Asked about this wedding ceremony, Mr. Griscom, Jr., said quickly: "That's about right." Then he reflected, and his father came in with the suggestion that his son really did not know these things himself, and the son said he did not.

A "personal" advertisement appeared in a New York newspaper this morning reading: "Everything is going all right. You may expect to hear from me Tuesday, JUNIOR. Mr. Griscom said positively that she

PROFESSOR UP TO HIS WAIST IN THE HARLEM 40 MINUTES.

Respondents Two: First a Dissuasive Night Watchman on the Bank, and Next a Policeman, Who Finally Went In Without Meaning To—Both Rescued.

To Jeremiah Crajleck, the watchman employed by the Harlem Yacht Club at its house on the Harlem River at 123d street, came a vision last night just at dusk. A dark object was creeping through the cold night into the cold water. Jerry lit his pipe. He rubbed his eyes. He looked, again, and the vision looked more material.

"Hey!" yelled Jerry, "what you going to do, commit suicide?" "No, not this time," said the material object, which was a man. "I'm trying to get a soup sandwich and a cup of spaghetti."

"Come back here," persisted Jerry, "or you'll get drowned." "I've never come back," said the man, who by this time was twenty feet out and going strong. The slope into the water at this point is almost until it reaches the channel. The man was nearly in to his armpits.

"If you don't come out I'll have you arrested," said Jerry. "What do you want to drown yourself for?" "If you promise not to go away I'll tell you," said the man. "I'm tired of life. Anything else I can help you with?" Jerry talked it over for twenty minutes with the man and then decided that the only thing to be done was to call an officer. He blew his police whistle.

"Wait until this cop comes," he told the man, "and you'll see what happens to you." Jerry rolled his pipe while the intruder on the Harlem Yacht Club water waded further down the shore, his teeth making a noise. Finally Policeman Hall responded to the whistle, and he and Jerry used up every argument they could think of to dissuade the man from suicide. They talked for twenty minutes more, asking him to come in to shore, where they could grab him.

"Not for mine," said the man, "if you want me come out and get me." Hall told Jerry to get a boat. Jerry found one, but couldn't get the oars, so with a piece of board the two hardy rescuers paddled out to the man where he now stood in water up to his neck. As the boat reached him he made a plunge outward and reached the edge of the channel, where the water was deeper.

Hall made a grab for and lost him. He also lost his balance and tumbled into the icy water himself. Jerry had a busy time for three minutes, but he had no opposition on the part of the two and got them aboard.

In the Harlem Hospital the cause of the trouble told about himself. He was a bookkeeper out of work, he said, and had no home and no money. If he had the price, he said, he would have bought a gun. He said he was 47 years old and had no chance of employment. His name is Joseph Sheehy. Dr. Cole, who is attending him, said there was slight danger unless pneumonia sets in.

WOMAN KILLED BY AUTO. Mrs. Ida Webster's Chauffeur Was Going to the Opera House to Take Her Home. While Frank McCarthy, a chauffeur, was hurrying to the Metropolitan Opera House last night to take his employer home in the limousine he ran into a woman as yet unidentified, at Westchester and Jackson avenues, The Bronx. She was dead before McCarthy could take her in the automobile to Lebanon Hospital.

McCarthy is employed by Mrs. Ida Webster of 31 West Twelfth street. He took Mrs. Webster to the opera, and was told to return at 11 o'clock. He used the time to go home to 977 Prospect avenue, The Bronx, for supper, and was on his way back when the accident occurred.

AIRMAN GETS A FALL.

Schumacher Slightly Hurt When Wing of His Aero Buckled.

Frank Schumacher had a narrow escape in an airplane accident at the Mineola flying field yesterday afternoon when the left wing of the machine buckled about five feet in the air and the aero dropped to the ground like a piece of lead. The aviator was thrown from his seat, but escaped with a slight cut on the face. The propeller and a number of the wires were broken in the fall.

Had the machine been higher up the aviator would have had little chance of escape from serious injury, as it would have been impossible to have balanced the machine. Schumacher used a monoplane constructed by Walter Fairchild. William Hilliard attempted to fly for an aviator pilot's license, but the engine was not working well. He will make another effort this morning.

Both airmen had difficulty in leaving the ground on account of several inches of snow. PRIZE PADEREWSKI PULLET. Piano Player in Paris on Important Business—Something New to Eat.

PARIS, Feb. 11.—Paderewski has been here for some days but has refused to receive all interviewers, declaring that he had important business to attend to and could not be disturbed. Various rumors were current, especially one that he had written an opera to be produced here. Yesterday the great pianist solved the mystery himself, saying that he had come to Paris for the chicken show, at which he is exhibiting.

He won first prize for a pullet. "Poulet Paderewski" has since figured on all the menus of fashionable restaurants. HURT HALTING RUNAWAY. Dragged Half a Block and Taken Home in an Ambulance.

Frederick Schures, a plasterer living at 4290 Park avenue, The Bronx, was dragged half a block and badly cut and bruised about the legs last night in an attempt to stop a runaway team on Park avenue between 182d and 183d streets. Alfred Woods, a driver for a department store, left the team standing in front of his door while he went into his home to get a bite to eat. The horses bolted through 182d street, turning south into Park avenue. At 187th street Schures made a rush for their heads and caught the bridle of one of the horses, which reared and jerked him off his feet.

Policeman Murray got the bridle of the other horse about half way down the block to 183d street and stopped them. Schures was taken to his home in an ambulance from Fordham Hospital. CARLISTS SHOOT AT FERROX. Miss the Spanish Radical Agitator, but Wound Three of His Friends.

BARCELONA, Feb. 11.—Deputy Lerroux, the Radical leader and agitator, and several of his friends while on the way to attend a meeting at Saladell to-day were attacked on the street by a group of Carlists, who fired a number of revolver shots at them. Lerroux was not hit, but three others of his party were wounded. Lerroux continued on his way to the meeting, which was held to advance the interests of his party. He made a ranting speech of the usual tenor. Afterward he was enthusiastically cheered.

WHAT ONE NEGRO DID. Held Up Direct Senatorship Resolution in Illinois; Probably Killed It. SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 11.—Representative Edward Green, the only negro in the Illinois Assembly, has held up a joint resolution asking the Illinois delegation in Congress to support the resolution calling for a Constitutional amendment to provide for the election of Senators by direct vote of the people.

Representative Green told the Judiciary Committee that if Congress adopted the resolution now pending the effect will be practically to disfranchise the negro in every State in which there is a "grandfather" clause in the Constitution. The resolution went through the State Senate in a dissenting vote, but when it was sent over to the House Green moved it be committed to the Judiciary Committee and there he made a fight which held it up for a week at least, and probably for good.

HERE TO BE MARRIED SAYS MR. GRISCOM, JR.

Arnolds' Reply Is That He Is Crazy and Is Not Telling the Truth.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Feb. 11.—George S. Griscom, Jr., around whom the Dorothy Arnold case has centered since his return from Europe on Thursday, gave an interview this morning from which the inference could well be drawn that the mystery which has surrounded the disappearance of the young woman was nearly at an end; that she would reappear safe and sound within a short time and that the matter would end in a wedding before long.

To-night Mr. Griscom appears less sure of himself and of his position, although his cheerful bearing is not that of a man who has any reason to believe that the young woman to whom he professes to have been engaged so short a time ago as last summer is dead or in any trouble not easily remedied.

The upshot of the interviews for the day, notwithstanding the lack of confidence shown by Mr. Griscom to-night, is not much at variance with his practically flatfooted statement of the morning, when he said that he expected to marry Miss Arnold as soon as she was found and that she would be found as soon as her mother returned. Mrs. Arnold is on the Pannonia, which is due in New York.

According to Griscom's latest statement he has no knowledge whether Dorothy Arnold is alive or dead, but has a confident feeling that nothing could have happened to bring about the latter result. "I feel that she can't be dead," is his way of expressing this belief. He sticks to his statement that he loves Miss Arnold and that he thinks she loves him when he last heard from her, and he repeated to-night his statement of this morning that he expects to marry her when she is found.

The state of siege last night at the Calhoun Hotel and in particular at the two rooms occupied by the Griscoms, parents and son, was partly raised to-day. Mr. Griscom, Jr., said that he would talk this morning and again to-night. On both occasions the father, upon whom the present situation appears to weigh more heavily than upon his son, stood at the side of the latter and guarded his answers much after the fashion of a lawyer caring for the interests of his client's witness. At times to-night it looked as if the younger man might say something definite, as he did this morning, but the father intervened.

When the younger Mr. Griscom was spoken with this morning he at first hesitated and then spoke right out. About the first thing he said was in answer to a question whether he and Dorothy Arnold were engaged. He said that they loved each other and that at one time, he thought he might say, they were engaged. He admitted by a nod that there had been parental objections and added that these had postponed the wedding. Asked if he expected to marry Miss Arnold now; he hesitated no conditions. "If she is found or if she is alive," he did expect to marry her, he said. "The wedding," he continued, "would probably take place as soon as Mrs. Arnold arrives." He said that he believed when he left Europe that Mrs. Arnold had come on ahead of him and he was surprised to learn that she was not in this country on his arrival.

Mr. Griscom, Jr., said that he did not know where Dorothy Arnold is now. Asked if she was somewhere in the region about Philadelphia or Atlantic City he paused and agreed with his father that any information along that line had better come from the Arnolds. He nodded his head when he was asked whether he did not believe it true that the Arnold family now is in a position to place their hands upon Miss Dorothy at any time they wish to. This was discounted a bit to-night when the father, interrupting his son's answer to an identical query, said: "But you don't know anything about it of your own knowledge." And the son admitted that he did not.

To-night the father and son, speaking pretty much in unison, said that they did not know anything about Miss Arnold's disappearance or whereabouts—anything, in short, about the Arnold case. While Griscom and Miss Arnold had been engaged, it might be said, it did not seem to them that the date of the beginning of the engagement and its duration were matters to be spoken of publicly. They said that they did not want to say anything that ought rather to be said by the Arnolds.

A questioner then put together the outlines of the story as it appears from what has been made public and put with it the rumor that after the interview between Mrs. Arnold and the younger Griscom in Florence, John W. Arnold, the brother, found Miss Arnold in or near Philadelphia, and that all that now remained to be done was to await the return of the mother before having the wedding ceremony. Asked about this wedding ceremony, Mr. Griscom, Jr., said quickly: "That's about right." Then he reflected, and his father came in with the suggestion that his son really did not know these things himself, and the son said he did not.

A "personal" advertisement appeared in a New York newspaper this morning reading: "Everything is going all right. You may expect to hear from me Tuesday, JUNIOR. Mr. Griscom said positively that she

Mr. Griscom said positively that she