# The Sun.

THE WEATHER FORECAST.
Fair to-day; fair and warmer to-morrow, winds becoming southerly.
Detailed weather reports will be found on page 15.

VOL. LXXIX.—NO. 199. NEW YORK, SUNDAY, MARCH 17, 1912.—Copyright, 1912, by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association. 72 PAGES. PRICE FIVE CENTS.


## THE MAINE RESTS BENEATH THE SEA

### Guns Boom and Bands Play as Wreck Goes Down in Deep Water.

### SAD NAVAL PAGEANT

### Hulk Dressed in the National Flag and Garlanded With Roses.

### TWO PEOPLES' TRIBUTES

### American and Cuban Ships Escort Dead Vessel on Her Last Voyage.

### REQUIEM FOR HER DEAD MEN

### Solemn Religious and Military Ceremonies in Memory of the Victims of the Disaster.

*Special Cable Despatch to* THE SUN.

HAVANA, March 16.—The maimed hulk of the battleship Maine, once the pride of the American Navy, was sunk at 5:30 o'clock this afternoon in the deepest part of the Florida straits. She went down with the national flag floating from her masts.

As the sea closed over her, national salutes boomed from the guns of the warships that formed her funeral cortege and the mournful strains of "taps" were sounded by the buglers. As she sank she left floating upon the waters the splendid pall of roses in which she had been enshrouded in preparation for her burial.

A great hollow square of vessels, ranging in size from 14,000 ton fighting machines to gasolene fishing smacks, took up positions late this afternoon in the sluggish waters of the Gulf of Mexico, just outside the Cuban sea limit. Within the square, moving slowly up and down on the breast of a land running swell, was an oblong object completely covered with a magnificent new American flag. On top of this rested 1,200 beautiful roses which glowed in the afternoon sunlight in kaleidoscopic magnificence. A mast was held in position by a steel hawser that stretched from it to the big ocean tug Osceola of the United States Navy.

THE VESSEL AND HER DEAD.

Underneath the flag was all that was left of the old battleship Maine, the destruction of which on a warm February night in the harbor of this city changed the map of the Western Hemisphere and removed from it for all time the standard of Spain. The scene was the most remarkable of its kind in history. Never before had a warship, the pride of a nation, been raised from the dead to be again buried with the same honors that are paid to the mighty ones of the earth.

On one of the ships that waited with stilled engines for the signal that would send the battered and rusted hulk to its native element there were carried in hermetically sealed coffins, covered by the flag for which they had died, the whitened bones of the brave men of the battered ship's company. They too were going home to rest. After fourteen years imprisonment in the watery coffin these men who lost their lives that the island republic might be free were at last to be laid in the hallowed soil of the national cemetery at Arlington.

HER LAST VOYAGE.

The Maine and its escorting flotilla passed out of Havana harbor at 3:40 o'clock this afternoon. The flag and flower covered hulk was preceded by the gray cruisers Birmingham and North Carolina. Between these vessels, attached to the wreck by twin steel hawsers that had been made fast to improvised "butts," was the big tug Osceola. On either side were the little revenue cutters and gunboats that comprise the Cuban navy. Behind, stringing out in irregular formation, came many excursion craft and small steamers bearing local Americans and Cubans to pay their last tribute of respect to the battered old ship that had been more powerful in death than in life.

Slowly the procession steamed northwestward until the landmarks at the entrance of the harbor were hull down and only shadowy objects in the waning sunlight. Every craft in the line had its ensign at half staff and most of them were draped in crape. As the Maine passed out of the harbor the forts saluted, and the salute—a national one—was answered by the guns of the American cruisers. The tribute seemed to have a depressing effect on every one. There was no sound on the various boats. Depression that seemed to be felt by all subdued even the volatile Cuban sailors. It was a real funeral and one whose solemnity can hardly ever be forgotten by those who took part in it.

THE LAST SIGNAL.

Suddenly a signal officer on the forward structure of the Birmingham cleft the air with a colored flag. There was a quick answer, and then in obedience to the programme arranged hours before the various craft took up the positions that had been assigned to them. A launch put off to the Maine, carrying officers and men. At the same time the crews of the warships went to quarters, while the marine guard took position in full dress uniform and with their pieces at the carry. The ship's band on the Birmingham struck up the American national anthem, its strains echoing and reechoing across the expanse of water.

The flag on the Maine, in the hands of

*Continued on Eighth Page.*

Florida, the Carolinas, Atlanta, Birmingham. Superior service via Seaboard Air Line's electric lighted steel trains. Inq. 1184 B'way. Phone 5644 Mad.—Adv.

## PAROLE MAN KILLS HIMSELF.

### Hood Had Been Swindling Right and Left Since He Left Sing Sing.

John F. Hood, an ex-convict who had broken his parole, shot and killed himself yesterday afternoon in the furnished room house at 161 West Thirty-fourth street when he saw the parole officers coming up the stairs to arrest him. Hood came from a good family in Boston, it is said, but was sent to Sing Sing for a five year term for grand larceny and was released on parole last December. He reported to the prison officials only once and then disappeared.

Hood was 40 years old and before he was convicted was a bookkeeper. His wife in Boston divorced him seven weeks ago and he had been living at the West Thirty-fourth street house with his wife's sister, Lillian Downing, as John Francis Hooligan. Miss Downing said that she and Hood had been living at the rate of $200 a week for the last few weeks, but that they had left unpaid bills at the Grand, Park Avenue, Hermitage and other hotels, which caused a complaint to be made by the Hotel Men's Association.

State Detective Jackson and Harry D. Rodgers, parole agent of the Prison Association, have been on Hood's trail for several weeks. They heard that he had obtained jewels on memorandum from a Boston firm and failed to settle for them and that he had collected the commission on an order for 100,000 cases of cigarettes valued at $100,000. It developed the orders were fictitious.

Hood appeared to know that the prison agents were after him, for he told Miss Downing several days ago that he was afraid they would get him soon. When Jackson and Rodgers went to the house yesterday afternoon and were told that Hood was in his room on the third floor they started upstairs. Hood had heard voices and looking down through the stair well of the house saw the officers coming for him. He ran into his room and slammed the door.

"It's all up," he said to Miss Downing. "Here they come to get me, but I'll fool them yet."

Hood then ran over to a dresser and got out a revolver, and before Miss Downing could stop him he had sent a bullet into his temple. The officers heard the shot and broke the door open, but when they got Dr. Victor of the New York Hospital there Hood was dead.

Miss Downing said that their money had run low in the last few days and that she had sent home for some. She got $50 on Friday and gave it all to Hood, she said, but he had only 39 cents when he killed himself.

Miss Downing told the police that she would like to go home to Boston, and it was arranged last night to send her there.

## JOY RIDE IN $5,000 COUPE.

### Jesse Livermore's Chauffeur Lent It to Friends, Who Smashed It.

John Barret of 128 West Twenty-ninth street, chauffeur for Jesse Livermore, a broker, of 194 Riverside Drive, took his employer and Mrs. Livermore to the home of Leo J. Maitle, a lawyer, living at 315 West Eighty-first street, early last evening and was instructed to return for them at midnight. He drove away to spend the evening with the Murphy family at their home at 242 East Forty-seventh street. In the house with the Murphys live the Jeromes. The Jerome girls, Jessie and Pauline, respectively aged 17 and 15 years, wanted to take a ride. John Murphy, who was a footman, volunteered to take them.

He and his brother Matthew climbed aboard the driver's seat and the girls got inside. At Park avenue and Fifty-third street Murphy lost control of his machine, which swerved to the right, crashed into the curbstone and fell on its side. The two Murphys were thrown off but escaped with slight cuts. Jessie Jerome had a number of bruises and was suffering from shock. Pauline's left shoulder was dislocated and the left side of her face badly cut by broken glass.

All four went to the East Fifty-first street station, where Dr. Barrett of Flower Hospital patched up the injuries. The police made a prisoner of John Murphy, charging him with operating an automobile without a license. Then they telephoned to Mr. Livermore, who came to the station house and made an additional charge against Murphy of grand larceny.

The automobile was an enclosed coupé which cost $5,000. All of the glass in it was broken and the body was smashed.

## LAETARE MEDAL FOR MULRY.

### Notre Dame University Honors Banker for Services to Humanity.

NOTRE DAME, Ind., March 16.—The Laetare medal, which is conferred by the University of Notre Dame on a layman of the Catholic Church for distinguished services to church, country, art, letters, science, civilization or humanity, is awarded this year to Thomas Maurice Mulry, a banker of New York city, for his works of charity extending over a quarter of a century. It was particularly for his labors for the relief of suffering humanity while actively engaged in large business enterprises and acting as president of a large bank that Mr. Mulry was chosen for this distinction by Notre Dame. His philanthropic interest is regarded as an unusual banking policy.

Mr. Mulry received a telegram at his home, 10 Perry street, at 6:30 o'clock last night announcing that the Laetare medal had been awarded to him.

"It came as a complete surprise to me," he said, "and I can't say much about it because I know nothing more about it other than that the award has been made. Naturally I am very much gratified to know that I was selected for the honor."

Mr. Mulry is president of the contracting firm of Thomas M. Mulry & Sons at 543 West Twenty-first street. Since 1906 he has been president of the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, but is probably best known for his interest in charitable institutions, particularly those connected with the Roman Catholic Church. He is president of the Superior Council of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, a member of the Central Council of the Charity Organization Society, vice-president of the National Conferences of Charities and Corrections and is also a member of the governing boards of the New York Catholic Protectory and other Catholic institutions. He is a member of the Democratic, Catholic, Hardware, Building Trades and other clubs.

## ALLEN OUTLAWS AWAIT BATTLE IN DEVIL'S DEN

### Five Hundred Mountain Detectives Moving Toward Murderers' Stronghold.

### TO GET ALL, DEAD OR ALIVE

### Court Reopened at Hillsville and Indictments Returned Against Judge Massie's Slayers.

HILLSVILLE, Va., March 16.—The Allen gang and their followers are in hiding near Devil's Den, near Fancy Gap, on the crest of the Blue Ridge range.

Five hundred detectives and deputy sheriffs, all trained mountain fighters, armed with repeating rifles and automatic pistols, have moved out into the mountains back of Hillsville, determined to take every member of the gang, dead or alive.

It goes without saying that these mountain detectives and deputy sheriffs are going to have their hands very full. The Allens are on a mountain thick with laurel, rugged and abrupt. It would be easy for them from their high vantage point to pick off one by one any band that might attempt to scale the natural fortress.

There may be a hand to hand fight between the outlaws and the pursuers, but it looks to-night as if the posse would move with great caution and attempt to get the Allens by a carefully planned campaign. The Government authorities have stationed guards in the mountain gaps to head off any attempt on the part of the outlaws to move into North Carolina or Tennessee.

Another name was to-day added to the list of the dead in the Carroll Court House tragedy. Press Fowler, one of the jurors who were wounded by the hail of bullets in the little court room, died this afternoon. The funerals of three other victims—Judge Thornton L. Massie, Commonwealth Counsel William Foster and Sheriff L. S. Webb—were held to-day. The body of the other victim, nineteen-year-old Nancy Ayres, who was hit by a stray bullet, will be buried to-morrow.

In the meantime this little community and the law abiding element in Carroll county, while still stunned by Thursday's tragedy, have set about reestablishing law and order. The mills of justice have begun to grind and this afternoon a Grand Jury, risking the fate of the men who served on the Floyd Allen jury, brought in six indictments. One is against Sidna Allen, the present leader of the gang, and another against Floyd Allen, who is now in the jail here. The other indictments are supposed to be against Claude Allen, a son of Sidna; Sidney Edwards, a nephew of Floyd and Fred Allen; a son of Jack, and another of Floyd's nephews.

Judge Waller R. Staples, who was assigned to the Carroll County Court by Gov. Mann, occupied the seat in which Judge Massie met death.

The Devil's Den country, where the Allens have taken refuge, is about fifteen miles south from Hillsville. It is very close to the North Carolina line, and the outlaws and their followers will probably be able to escape from Virginia if they wish to take flight.

There are about twenty-four men in the gang now. They are led by Sidney Allen, Floyd's brother. Claude and Fred Allen, Sidney Edwards and other members of the family are supposed to be in the band that has taken refuge on the crest of the Blue Ridge mountains.

The men are ready to fight to the death. They have plenty of arms and ammunition. They swooped down upon a hardware store in Mount Airy, a small North Carolina mountain town, just before daylight yesterday morning, broke open the doors like common burglars, and rode back into the mountain cover with practically the entire stock of firearms and ammunition.

To embarrass the officers of the law they cut the telephone wires into Mount Airy. The only person in the little town who saw the outlaws was a telephone operator and she was too frightened to give the alarm.

While it is estimated that not more than twenty-five men are in the gang of outlaws now hiding in the mountains this by no means represents the entire strength of the Allens. For years this family has ruled with a strong hand in the Fancy Gap district of Virginia, which has come to be known as one of the most notorious sections of the country for moonshining and other lawlessness.

All of the lawbreakers, the men who have been earning a living through moonshine whiskey, sympathize with the Allens. Others living back in the mountains support the outlaws through fear, and it is estimated that in the event of a showdown the Allens could muster more than 100 men in their defence. It is known that their spies and scouts are now at work and that an effort is being made by them to draw in recruits.

The men who have started out to capture the Allens alive or bring them in dead are under the direction of Thomas L. Felts of the detective bureau of Baldwin & Felts. This bureau is to the mountain districts of Pennsylvania and the Southern States what the Pinkertons or W. J. Burns is in other fields. The detectives are experienced mountaineers and they have been reenforced by deputy sheriffs familiar with every inch of this region.

The detectives have already indicated that they intend to go about the rounding up of the Allens with deliberation. They have begun by arresting all men whom they suspect of being spies. They jailed one man on this score to-day and three others had been arrested before. The leaders of the man hunt planned to-night to cut off all sources of information that the gang might have and then to advance cautiously into the mountains with the intention of picking off singly as many as possible.

The Allens could not have selected a more favorable place of refuge. From Devil's Den they can range through an

*Continued on Second Page.*

## CONFESSES TO SAVE SISTER.

### Youth Says He Stole Things From Landlady Who Accused Her.

A youth announcing himself as William Chapman, 17 years old and a driver, went to the East 126th street station late last night and asked if there was locked up there a girl named Ella Silverman, and what charge had been made against her. He was told that she had been arrested on a warrant for stealing a suitcase full of clothes and other things worth altogether $93 from Mrs. Ida Crumbiegel, the landlady of a rooming house at 44 West 128th street.

"Well, I stole that stuff, but it wasn't worth $93," said Chapman. "She is my sister, even though the name is different. She didn't do it and I'm here to take my medicine. But what I took was worth more like 93 cents. The shoes I sold for 40 cents. I was out of a job and took the things in order to get some money to get out of town with."

Lieut. Walsh put Chapman under arrest. He said he and his sister had been living at the 128th street address, but after he had taken the things he shifted around town for a few days. When he heard his sister was locked up he wanted to make things square, he said. When she had been arrested earlier in the day she had said that her brother could explain.

## BIG TEXTILE STRIKE THREAT.

### Fall River Operatives Reject 5 Per Cent. Offer and Demand 15.

FALL RIVER, Mass., March 16.—There is danger of a strike of the 30,000 operatives employed in the cotton mills here.

The Textile Council has virtually rejected the 5 per cent. wage increase offered by the manufacturers and has demanded a flat increase of 15 per cent.

The action of the council was taken at a meeting last night and was not made public until to-day, when Thomas Taylor, secretary, sent the following letter to C. M. Hathaway, secretary of the Manufacturers Association:

"At a special meeting of the Textile Council, held last night, the delegates from the unions affiliated reported that at general and special meetings held on Wednesday and Thursday nights, this week, the announcement by the Manufacturers Association of an advance of 5 per cent. to take effect March 25 had been considered and the offer rejected as being unsatisfactory.

"I was further directed to communicate with you and to forward a request, on behalf of the Textile Council, that on March 25 wages of cotton operatives of the city be advanced 15 per cent. and that an answer be given on or before Wednesday, March 20."

The mills after two or three years of business depression, curtailments and the passing of dividends have recently experienced improved trade conditions and have been running on full time. The operatives have had their earnings decreased by the frequent curtailments. Since 1910 the operatives have been working without any wage agreement with the manufacturers.

## $1, OR NO WEDDING LICENSE.

### Rushkin Paid It at Last, but He Is Going to Complain to Gaynor.

One of the applicants who went to the City Hall yesterday for a marriage license didn't think it was worth the dollar fee. He was Saul Rushkin, 40 years old, of 63 East 100th street. The party of the second part was Miss Emma Shaskan, a dressmaker, living at 278 West 130th street. After the two had filled up their application forms Rushkin handed them in and was asked for the usual fee.

"A dollar for what?" asked Rushkin.

"For the license, for the privilege of marrying this young woman with you," replied the clerk.

"Marriages are free in this country and you have no right to ask me for a dollar; I won't pay it, you can't graft on me," said Rushkin.

The clerk tried to explain that the fee was prescribed by law, but Ruskin wouldn't listen and left the bureau with the threat that he would go to the Mayor.

Mayor Gaynor wasn't in his office and Rushkin connected with the city clerk where he was assured that the dollar charged had been fixed by an act of the Legislature.

Even then Mr. Rushkin refused to believe. As he was going down the steps Miss Shaskan was seen to halt and talk earnestly to him. After a while he went back to the bureau and paid his dollar. But he said he would be at the Mayor's office on Monday to make a complaint to Mr. Gaynor.

## CAN'T MAKE WHISKEY THERE.

### Tennessee Supreme Court Upholds Law Prohibiting Manufacture.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., March 16.—The Tennessee Supreme Court to-day held that the law prohibiting the manufacture of intoxicating liquors within the State, enacted in 1909, is constitutional.

The case was that of Lem Motlow, proprietor of Jack Daniel whiskey, who operated a great distillery in Moore county. Under the affirmation of the verdict of the lower court, Motlow, a man of great wealth, is sentenced to pay a fine and serve six months in the Moore county workhouse. Motlow averred that he had the right to make whiskey in Tennessee to be shipped into other States.

Justice M. M. Neil gave the opinion, which was dissented from by Justice Grafton Green. The case is the outcome of the fight between Prohibitionists and those opposed to prohibition in which Senator E. W. Carmack was slain and which has resulted in a division of the Democratic party and the election of a Republican Governor.

Motlow, appealing the case from the Moore County Circuit Court, set up that the law is void under both the State and Federal Constitutions. Justice Green, dissenting, declared the "manufacturers' law" makes an arbitrary and therefore unconstitutional discrimination between manufacturer and dealer. Justice Neil held the State was only exercising its police powers.

The case will be appealed to the United States Supreme Court.

DEWEY'S OLD BURGUNDY & CLARETS With meals, strengthens Brain and Body. H. T. DEWEY & SONS CO., 136 Fulton St., N. Y.—Adv.

## BEECKMAN LORILLARD'S WIFE HANGS HERSELF

### Had Agreed to Go for a Ride With Her Husband Just Before.

### SHE HAD NEURASTHENIA

### Was an Asheville Girl, Kathleen Doyle, When She Married Mr. Lorillard in 1903.

Mrs. Kathleen Leslie Lorillard, wife of Beeckman Lorillard, who is a son of the late Louis L. Lorillard and grandson of Peter Lorillard, committed suicide yesterday afternoon in the bathroom of her apartments at the Holland House by hanging herself with a trunk strap. The only explanation Mr. Lorillard could give was that her mind had given way in an attack of neurasthenia, a malady from which she had suffered at intervals for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard had luncheon together at the hotel rather late and went upstairs to their apartments on the eighth floor. A little before 3:30 o'clock Mr. Lorillard suggested that they take an automobile ride. Mrs. Lorillard, who appeared to be in good spirits at the time, assented and Mr. Lorillard went downstairs to order the machine at the hotel stand. He was not gone from the apartment more than fifteen minutes, and perhaps a little less.

When he returned to his apartment his wife did not meet him as he had expected she would and he walked through the apartment calling her. He found her in the bathroom. She was hanging by the neck by a canvas trunk strap, one end of which had been fastened to a bracket near the ceiling. It was evident that she had stood on a chair, tied the light canvas strap to the fixture and in the other end of the strap had made a noose and put it about her neck.

Mr. Lorillard put his weight on the light strap and tore it down. Then he carried his wife into the bedroom and telephoned to the hotel office. Manager Sommers of the hotel called in Dr. A. A. Moore of 43 East Thirty-third street. Dr. H. L. Hooker, who is associated with Dr. Moore, accompanied him to the hotel. The two physicians worked over the woman for something over an hour, using artificial respiration and what other restorative methods seemed applicable. Dr. Moore said afterward that the effort was really hopeless from the beginning.

There was no note to explain Mrs. Lorillard's desire to die. She was dressed as she had been dressed at luncheon. A heavy wrap was thrown carelessly on the bed and her hat lay near it. It seemed plausible to suppose that she had put on cloak and hat ready for the automobile ride and, suddenly deciding upon suicide, had thrown off cloak and hat and gone into the bathroom. The strap with which she hung herself was a light canvas strap used to strap together gowns on the inside of a trunk. It is not more than three-quarters of an inch wide and although of strong texture is light and pliable and easily tied.

Mr. Lorillard recently returned from a trip around the world. He took the apartment of sitting room, bedroom and bath at the Holland House on March 12. Three days ago his wife joined him. Mrs. Lorillard was 28 years old and a slight woman of something under average height. Her acquaintances knew her as "nervous," and Mr. Lorillard said yesterday that she had been subject to neurasthenia. She had not seen fit to call a physician at any time, however, and always threw off the depression readily.

Coroner Feinberg gave Mr. Lorillard a permit for the removal of the body to an undertaker's in Fifty-first street. Mr. Lorillard's mother, Mrs. Louis L. Lorillard, who was Katherine L. Beeckman, was called by telephone and joined her son at the hotel not long after his wife died. Other members of the Lorillard family in New York and Tuxedo were notified immediately.

Mrs. Beeckman Lorillard was Miss Kathleen L. Doyle of Asheville. She married Mr. Lorillard in 1903 when he was a student at Harvard. It was an elopement. They have lived in Asheville and Newport, coming occasionally to New York. Mrs. Lorillard was here the early part of the winter and went about in society with her husband's aunt, Mrs. James P. Kernochan.

Mr. Lorillard is the youngest son of the late Louis L. Lorillard of Newport. His mother is a sister of Livingston Beeckman, who now lives in Providence, R. I. The family of the late Louis L. Lorillard have made their home in Newport for many years. Louis L. Lorillard formerly owned Vinland, the villa in Newport now the summer home of Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly, which he inherited from the late Catherine Lorillard Wolfe.

NEWPORT, March 16.—The news of Mrs. Lorillard's suicide was received here with great surprise. Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard were here together last summer at the time that Louis L. Lorillard's body was brought back from abroad. Mr. Lorillard went abroad later for an extended stay in the Orient, it is understood, and Mrs. Lorillard returned to this city late in the season to be the guest of Mrs. James L. Kernochan. Mrs. Kernochan entertained extensively in her honor, and Mrs. Lorillard also did some entertaining for her friends in the Newport summer colony.

Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., whose husband is a cousin of Beeckman Lorillard, committed suicide in Washington on March 25, 1909, by inhaling illuminating gas in her bathroom. She had attended a dinner with her husband the same evening.

WASHINGTON, March 16.—Mrs. C. B. Boyle, mother of Mrs. Lorillard, received word to-night of her daughter's death. Mrs. Boyle has spent a good deal of time here in recent years. She is a sister of the late Norman Bestor, who at his death two years ago was manager of the International Banking Corporation.

PANAMA AND THE CANAL ZONE. Saving Two Days via SOUTHERN RAILWAY. High Class, modern, exclusively Pullman Trains to New Orleans, with excellent steamer service through Southern Seas direct to the Isthmus. Two Days Saved to Colon, the Canal Zone and Panama. N. Y. Office—264 Fifth Ave., cor. 29th st.—Adv.

## TWO SPIES SHOT DEAD.

### Were Discovered by Soldiers Breaking Into Forts at Mulheim-am-Rhein.

*Special Cable Despatch to* THE SUN.

BERLIN, March 16.—A report reached here to-day that two spies have been shot at Mulheim-am-Rhein by soldiers.

Three men attempted to break into one of the forts there and when challenged by the sentries attempted to escape. Two were shot dead.

It is not known here whether the third man escaped.

## TOSS OF COIN MAKES BANK LAW.

### Mississippi Legislature Accepts or Rejects Amendments as Chance Dictates.

JACKSON, Miss., March 16.—The session of the Mississippi Legislature now drawing to a close, which has been characterized by many remarkable proceedings, to-day wrote laws that depended upon the flip of a coin.

The action was taken in conference, the bill in question being the much discussed banking and currency measure. At first the dispute was over naming the bill and the coin test, head or tails, was suggested. It proved so satisfactory that the same procedure was applied to a number of important measures, the chance acceptance or rejection of them being allowed to stand as final.

## COLD HAND FOR WILSON.

### Governor Said His Political Skin Was Thick and He Didn't Mind It Much.

ELIZABETH, March 16.—Gov. Wilson responded to the toast, "America, Our Country," at the banquet of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick here to-night. When a man, believed to be a former State committeeman, reluctantly shook hands with him the Governor noticed his coldness. He said afterward:

"I didn't mind the incident much because my public skin is thicker than my private."

Gov. Wilson paid compliments to the various races that make up the citizenship of America, mentioning particularly the Irish, German, Latin and the English, the latter of whom he characterized as being too serious. "I have not the least objection to even the newest arrivals on our shores," he said. "We must get away from racial prejudice."

Just before he began his address the orchestra played the air of Speaker Champ Clark's, "houn' dawg" song.

## TEN FISHERMEN DROWNED.

### Gloucester Schooner Strikes Rock When Running From Storm.

HALIFAX, N. S., March 16.—The Gloucester fishing schooner Patrician was driven ashore last night at Bell Rock off Jordan Bay, N. S., and Capt. William Harding and nine of his crew were drowned. Ten others were saved.

The Patrician was fishing when a southwesterly storm blew up. The weather became thick and darkness came on. Lockport buoy was made, but Capt. Harding thought it was the Shelburne clearing buoy. Before he discovered his mistake the schooner crashed on Bell Rock and went to pieces.

Ten of those on board, among them Capt. Harding, had not time to get to the dories, but the ten others got the boats out. One of the dories had no oars and all the occupants could do was to allow themselves to drift ashore. More than once they were upset, but they clambered in again and after a desperate struggle found themselves on the land.

The Patrician had 70,000 pounds of fish.

## NOT FIT FOR JAIL USE.

### Prisoners Refuse Trenton's Drinking Water and Get Theirs in Bottles.

TRENTON, N. J., March 16.—Prisoners in the Mercer county jail rebelled today against drinking the water from the Delaware River, which furnishes Trenton with its supply. Sheriff Madden decided that the protest was justified and ordered bottled spring water for the prisoners.

Swollen by recent rains and mixed with the coal laden waters of the Lehigh River the Delaware water has become almost impotable. In a glass it resembles lemonade. In the bath tub it is like a mud puddle. The condition of the river has forced Trentonians who can do so to drink spring water, and saloons are reaping a harvest.

## EARTHQUAKE SHOCK IN MAINE.

### Tremor Followed by a Crash and Then a Downpour of Rain.

PENOBSCOT, Me., March 16.—An earthquake shock was felt at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The disturbance appeared to centre here, moving south and east, being also felt at Blue Hill and Castine, but to a lesser degree.

Manager W. H. Welch of the Central Telephone office describes the sensation as a slight tremor accompanied by a loud crackling crash, which appeared to be in the basement of the building, with a lesser tremor about three seconds later.

He was about to investigate when he was besieged by inquiries from people within a five mile radius, all describing the sensation the same, a tremor and a crash, followed by a heavy downpour of rain.

There was no atmospheric or electrical disturbance out of the ordinary. The fact that about a year ago a similar disturbance centred in this region appears to indicate unusual conditions which may be the matter of scientific investigation.

## SHIPWRECK RUMOR.

### Italian Liner Said to Be Ashore on the African Coast.

*Special Cable Despatch to* THE SUN.

TANGIER, Morocco, March 16.—Reports from Ceuta say that an Italian transatlantic liner has been wrecked off Almanza on the African side of the Strait of Gibraltar.

The report was brought in by fishermen, who declare that several of the ship's boats which put off after the wreck were capsized and their passengers drowned.

GUATEMALA, HONDURAS, NICARAGUA, COSTA RICA AND ALL CENTRAL AMERICA Saving Two Days via SOUTHERN RAILWAY. High Class, Modern, Exclusively Pullman Trains to New Orleans, with excellent steamer service through Southern Seas direct to Belize, Puerto Barrios, Puerto Cortez, Limon, Bocas Del Toro. N. Y. Office—264 Fifth Ave., cor. 29th St.—Adv.

## BOMB MAILED TO ROSALSKY BURSTS

### Maims Fire Department Official Who Is Sent to Examine It.

### JUDGE OPENED THE BOX

### Found Electric Batteries in It and Telephoned to the Police.

### NO IDEA WHO SENT IT

### Inspector Owen Eagan in Hospital and Rosalsky Library a Wreck.

### BOMB LIKE GRACE WALKER'S

### Elbow of Pipe Loaded With Explosives to Be Fired by an Electric Spark.

An electric bomb, in construction much like the bomb that killed Grace Walker at 103 West Seventy-seventh street on February 3, was delivered by mail, as hers was, to Judge Otto A. Rosalsky yesterday afternoon at the Hendrik Hudson, Riverside Drive and 110th street, and exploded in his library, severely injuring an inspector from the Bureau of Combustibles who had been sent to examine it. The library was wrecked. Judge Rosalsky had partly opened the package first, but had desisted when he saw electric batteries in it and had notified the police.

Judge Rosalsky said he was confident that the bomb was not sent by Italians. When he was asked if he thought it had any connection directly or indirectly with the Brandt case he refused to say anything.

The bomb was delivered, along with other mail, through the usual channels of apartment house routine. The package containing it, with the rest of Judge Rosalsky's mail, was left at the apartment house office at 4:30 P. M. by a carrier from Station B at 102d street. At the office it was turned over to an elevator boy, who in turn handed it to Clara Fish, a colored maid, at the door of Judge Rosalsky's apartment. The Judge was out, and the maid put all the mail on Judge Rosalsky's table in the library. This room is at the extreme end of a long hall and overlooks the Hudson.

The package was wrapped in yellow manila paper which bore the imprint of the Fourteenth Street Store. It was addressed in typewriting to the "Hon. Otto A. Rosalsky, Hendrik Hudson Apartments, Broadway and 110th street, New York." The typewriting, as was the case with the bomb sent to Mrs. Walker, was on a piece of white paper pasted on the manila. The whole parcel was about 5 inches square and 3½ inches high.

JUDGE OPENS THE BOX.

The package remained undisturbed on the library table until 5:15 o'clock, when Judge Rosalsky came in. He went directly to the library and glanced over the mail. When he came to the package he cut the string which was about it and unwrapped the paper. Within there was a pasteboard box of the usual white paper covered pasteboard. The box was of much the same sort as is used for half pound orders of candy or bricked ice cream.

Judge Rosalsky began to lift the cover and noticed that it resisted a little. This sticking of the cover on so frail a box aroused his suspicion and he said afterward that he thought at once "That's a bomb."

Standing up and leaning well backward with his face partly turned away, the Judge then stretched his arm out to full length and gingerly raised the cover a trifle. Little by little he raised it until he could slide it off.

The opened box revealed a piece of iron pipe an inch in diameter with a shoulder in it. Straightened out the pipe would have measured about seven inches in length. On each side of the section of pipe was a small dry battery, connected by wires with a fulminating cap. Lying on top of the apparatus was a small package done up in tissue paper a little after the manner of druggists in putting up powders.

On the under side of the cover near the centre was glued a small piece of cork—a section three-eighths of an inch deep cut from a cork of an inch diameter. The purpose of this bit of cork apparently was to act as a buffer. Another buffer was glued to one of the corners of the cover. This was a triangular piece of pine 1½ inches deep.

POLICEMEN WARNED TO LET IT ALONE.

Judge Rosalsky backed out of the room as soon as he had had a good look at the contents of the box and called up Police Headquarters on the telephone. One policeman arrived in a very few minutes followed by six or seven others. Two of them were uniformed policemen. The others were detectives from the West 125th street station under command of Detective Captain Tunney.

When the policemen entered one of them moved to pick up the box lying on the library table. Judge Rosalsky interfered saying, "Don't touch that unless you know a good deal about bombs. I don't want your life endangered."

The detective laughed and started again to pick up the package. Judge Rosalsky said afterward that all the policemen seemed ready enough to look into the box of their own accord, but that he demurred, since none of them was an expert in explosives.

INSPECTOR GOES AT IT WITH A JACKKNIFE.

One of the policemen then telephoned to the Bureau of Combustibles and the bomb remained on the table until Inspector Owen Eagan arrived a little after 6 o'clock. The inspector looked the