

promenade deck to tell the Mayor that his luncheon was ready. The Mayor seemed to be asleep. He did not respond to his son's call. He did not stir when his son shook him gently.

Rufus Gaynor summoned the trained nurse who had left Mr. Gaynor only a few minutes previously, and the ship's surgeon, Dr. Hopper, was sent for. They thought at first that the Mayor might be resuscitated.

A hypodermic injection was tried. Artificial respiration was used. Nothing availed. There was not the slightest indication that life existed. Dr. Hopper applied his stethoscope. The Mayor's heart was still.

Capt. Ranson of the Baltic, the same Capt. Ranson who rescued the passengers of the sinking Republic several years ago, took charge of Mr. Gaynor's body.

Rufus Gaynor's message said that the body had been embalmed and placed in a steel casket. The son expressed his deep gratitude to Capt. Ranson and the officers of the Baltic for their courtesy and helpfulness.

It was the original intention of Mrs. Gaynor and of the Mayor's friends to ask the White Star Line to place the Mayor's body on the steamship Cedric, which sails from Queenstown this morning.

Change in Plans.

It was ascertained, though, that the Baltic could hardly make Queenstown before the departure of the Cedric. Therefore, after a conference, Mr. Adamson, acting for Mrs. Gaynor and the family, agreed with Commodore R. A. C. Smith and P. A. S. Franklin of the International Mercantile Marine that it would be best to arrange to have the body brought here on the Cunarder Lusitania, which will reach here one week from to-day.

The wireless message from Rufus Gaynor indicated very clearly that the Mayor had obtained what he sought when he suddenly took passage on the Baltic a week ago to-day—rest, quiet and a complete change of scene. The passengers of the Baltic at all times respected the Mayor's desire for privacy. They displayed courtesy and consideration.

The Mayor's health seemed to improve greatly. There had been a steady gain noticed by his son. He interested himself in the life of the ship.

He observed the chart at noon each day to see how many miles had been covered in the preceding twenty-four hours. He was particular, his son says, to know the ship's position each day when the chart was posted.

On Wednesday, the day of his death, he arose at 9 o'clock, ate a hearty breakfast and walked about on the deck, enjoying the sunshine. The ship's company were at fire drill. The Mayor watched it.

Said He Felt Well.

About ten minutes before 1 P. M. (a quarter of an hour before death came) he remarked that he felt very well. He left the boat deck and descended to his chair on the promenade deck.

He spoke to the trained nurse briefly. The call for luncheon sounded. The Mayor called a steward, inspected a menu card and marked with a pencil the dishes he desired to have taken to his stateroom.

Rufus Gaynor, descending from the boat deck a few minutes later, found his father dead.

The son sent wireless messages to Mr. Adamson and to Commissioner Smith shortly after it was ascertained that the Mayor would breathe no more.

Had the messages come straight through the air the news of the death would have gotten to New York on Wednesday night in all probability. It was considered best, apparently, by Capt. Ranson and Rufus Gaynor to relay the first message to Crookhaven, Ireland.

It was placed on a land wire and then picked up by the cable. Yes, a radio-telegram was received here yesterday morning at 7:45 o'clock.

Robert Adamson, the Mayor's secretary, got the news from the Western Union Telegraph Company's main office by telephone a few minutes afterward.

"Take it to the City Hall at once," he told the operator. "I shall come right down."

Joe Ryan, son of the custodian of the City Hall, received the cablegram at 8:15 o'clock. Mr. Adamson read it a few minutes before 9 o'clock. Dock Commissioner R. A. C. Smith received an identical message when he arrived from Greenwich at about 10 o'clock.

Remains Hours Earlier.

An extraordinary fact is that there were rumors that Mayor Gaynor was dead current downtown in New York as early as 2 o'clock yesterday morning.

The story had gone the rounds of the policeman on night duty that the Mayor was dead. They were certain—just the story that he had died at sea. The policemen passed the story on to early morning workers.

Dock Commissioner Smith had a guess as to how the story reached here early in the morning. He suggested that perhaps the Baltic had sent out wireless reports in an effort to reach Crookhaven.

Instead of getting to shore the messages were picked up by other ships and relayed back across the Atlantic. That was the only explanation that seemed likely. But at all events the first news was so vague, so much unvoiced for, that it found credence nowhere.

Mr. Adamson after reaching the City Hall tried to find acting Mayor Kline. The acting Mayor was not at his home, 238A Carlton avenue, Brooklyn, and there is no telephone in the house.

So Mr. Adamson telephoned and instructed the department to have the precinct officers in Col. Kline's district notify him of Mayor Gaynor's death and to bring him at once to the City Hall.

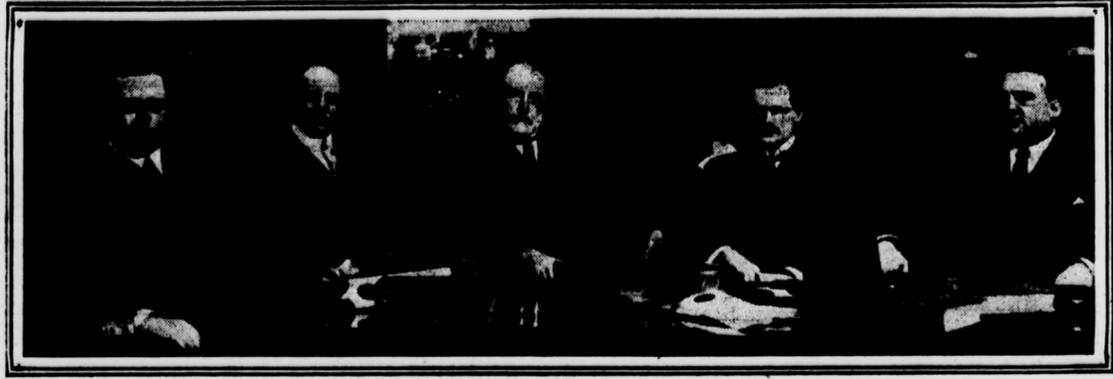
The word came back that Col. Kline was at the house of his son-in-law, Edward Schell, in Jamaica. Mr. Adamson got word there just after Col. Kline had left for the city.

The acting Mayor did not know that Mayor Gaynor was dead until he stepped into a subway car at the Atlantic Avenue station, where he met ex-Assemblyman Charles F. Murphy of Brooklyn, who was reading an early extra of an evening paper. Mr. Murphy said nothing. He merely pointed to the staring headlines.

Then Col. Kline hastened to the City Hall, reaching there at 10:10 A. M. He

The Late Mayor and His Official Family

Left to right—Rhinelander Waldo, Commissioner of Police; Robert Adamson, secretary; the late Mayor Gaynor; Joseph Johnson, Fire Commissioner, and W. H. Edwards, Commissioner of Street Cleaning.



had supposed that as acting Mayor he would succeed automatically, but Corporation Counsel Watson advised him to take the constitutional oath.

So at 4:32 P. M. Col. Kline went before Supreme Court Justice Delany in the county court house and took the oath of office. The last Republican Mayor had been Seth Low, who went out of office on January 1, 1903.

His first act as Mayor was to issue a proclamation testifying to his personal grief at Mr. Gaynor's death and to the great loss suffered by the city. Then he ordered that the flags on all of the city buildings should be put at half staff and that the City Hall should be draped in mourning. The work of placing mourning on the City Hall began last night.

Mayor Kline called a meeting of the Board of Estimate for to-day at 11 o'clock to take action on the death of Mr. Gaynor. Also he called a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen for next Tuesday at noon for a similar purpose.

City Clerk Peter J. Scully will probably call the meeting to order, in the absence of any other qualified presiding officer. Then the Aldermen will elect an acting Mayor. Alderman Ralph Folks, the leader of the fusion majority, will likely be elected.

Mr. Adamson received more details concerning the death of the Mayor late yesterday afternoon, after Rufus Gaynor's second message reached THE SUN. At 7 o'clock last night the third message came from Rufus Gaynor, saying that the Mayor's life ebbed as a candle flickers out.

Wife Gets News.

Mrs. Gaynor was with several of her daughters and her son Norman when the news of her husband's death reached her at Deepwells, St. James, L. I. With her, besides Norman Gaynor, were Mrs. Harry Vingt and Marlan, Helen and Ruth Gaynor. Mrs. William Seward Webb, Jr., another daughter, who lives at Westbury, reached her mother's side shortly afterward.

Norman Gaynor saw the newspaper men who called at the St. James home and explained that his mother was too much overcome to see any one. Arrangements for bringing his father's body home would be made, he said, by Robert Adamson and other friends and associates of Mr. Gaynor.

The tidings reached the gentlemen at the head of Mr. Gaynor's candidacy for Mayor when they were meeting in the office of the Commissioner of Public Works in the Park Row Building at about 10 A. M.

Comptroller Prendergast and Borough President McAneny met there by appointment. Fire Commissioner Joseph Johnson and Jacob H. Schiff were also present. They discussed ways and means of placing the names of Prendergast and McAneny on the Gaynor ticket.

Mr. Schiff in Tears.

They were shocked by the news. There were tears in Mr. Schiff's eyes. He was too much overcome to discuss the death. Commissioner Johnson's grief was apparent.

With Mr. Schiff, he had been so confident of the Mayor's success, so sure of the popular awakening for the Mayor, that he couldn't credit the blow that had fallen.

All of Mr. Gaynor's associates received the news with a shock. Some were so gripped by grief that they were unable to speak. Police Commissioner Waldo and others of the Mayor's cabinet were greatly depressed.

Mr. Adamson and others who knew the Mayor intimately agreed that the wound received from the assassin Gallagher had eventually brought about the Mayor's death. Mr. Adamson recalled a letter the Mayor had written to a friend on August 30, a letter which left no doubt as to Mr. Gaynor's knowledge of his trouble. The letter read:

"Your kind letter of yesterday inquiring about my health is at hand. Yes, I have been down for a day or two, but I am up to-day and will be all right to-morrow. I suppose you guess what the trouble is."

"My right lung, pneumoconitic nerve and stomach have again taken it into their heads that by combined and violent efforts they could succeed in casting this 'fish hook' and have completely done themselves and me up in the bargain. And now the sore and exhausted lung, nerves and cords and stomach have to be bathed and soothed for a day or two to get them into shape again."

"The attack of mechanical retching and vomiting lasted for over twelve hours. You can imagine the condition I was in at the end. My lung and stomach are so sore I can hardly speak or swallow. It is good that these attacks are so rare. But we must all have our crosses, and I am willing to bear mine."

"These members of my body which try to do this thing now and then are just

MAYOR GAYNOR'S VIEWS ON DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

Mayor Gaynor's view of death was given in a letter to his sister written shortly after the attempt upon his life. The Mayor then wrote:

"I was not a bit afraid to die if that was God's will of me. I said to myself, just as well now as a few years from now. No one who contemplates the immensity of Almighty God and of His universe and His works, and realizes what an atom he is in it all, can fear to die in this flesh, even though it were true that he were to be dissolved forever into the infinity of matter and mind from which he came."

In a letter on Immortality Mayor Gaynor wrote:

"Consider that the great universe of which thou art only a trivial speck is governed by fixed laws, and be therefore content in all things, and especially to die at any time, and abide God's will of thee, whether of individual future life or dissolution into the universal mind and matter. And when the angel has gone down into the Valley of the Shadow and looked the spectre Death in the face and said to it, 'I am ready, nothing in this world looks very large to him, as I can assure you.'"

as foolish as are people you and I know, who want something done all at once which can only be done gradually and little by little. But they won't have it that way. And so to work they go, might and main, to do it all at once by violence, with the result that instead of doing it they do much harm and mischief and exhaust themselves.

"I will be all right in a day or two." Here is what Secretary Adamson told THE SUN yesterday about the Mayor's health previous to sailing and about the last few days that Mr. Gaynor spent in service to the people:

"The Mayor never had a day since he was shot," said Mr. Adamson, "when he was not a sufferer from that bullet. He always battled the injury, yet he coughed constantly and was often seized on the street with racking fits of coughing."

"On Wednesday, the Mayor had severe vomiting spells which left him weak and exhausted, sometimes the violent coughing spells lasted for seven or eight hours."

Realized His Condition.

"The Mayor was never a man to complain—to bother others with stories of his ailment—but after his last seizure, the bullet that kept him away from his office all of week before last, he didn't try to belittle his condition any longer."

"He told me that he couldn't understand how his heart stood the strain put upon it. Dr. G. D. Stewart examined the Mayor at St. James when he was ill the last time, about August 27."

Dr. Stewart said that his heart was weak. However, the Mayor was sure he said to me that he wondered his heart didn't burst in his breast. When he came back from St. James on Tuesday of last week he kept talking about his vacation. That was the way he referred to the trip to Europe, which he was just beginning to contemplate. On that morning he called in Lieut. William Kennell and said:

"Officer" (that was the way he always addressed Lieut. Kennell, a jocular "officer"), "you ought to take a month's vacation."

"I don't know how I can, Mr. Mayor, unless you do," said Lieut. Kennell.

"The Mayor chuckled in a way he had. It seemed to put the idea of really going away for rest actually into his mind. On Tuesday of last week he did no work. He passed all of his mail, a hundred or so letters, over to me."

"You can take it," he said, "and look after it."

"On that afternoon R. Ross Appleton, the chairman of the Gaynor League, and Dock Commissioner Smith called on the Mayor along with a few others of the Mayor's Commissioners and friends. They left early."

Came Home Feeling Weak.

"The next morning the Mayor came over from his home at 20 Eighth avenue, Brooklyn. He came early. He seemed very feeble. He was very tired. He sank back in his chair, sitting there with his hat on."

"Adamson," he said, "this is pretty bad."

He coughed and tapped his chest with his closed hand as though his heart pained him, or as if he were short of breath. He gasped for breath. I sent Lieut. Kennell for some bicarbonate of soda. The Mayor disliked to take medicine, but I told him he had to take a little soda. He seemed to feel better afterward.

"About noon, an hour before the time for the public meeting in City Hall Park, the Mayor called me in and told me he thought I would have to read his acceptance statement. He said he felt too ill to do it himself."

"I've got no voice," he said. He coughed a great deal and kept tapping his chest. "Have they got any chairs out there?" he asked.

"You know the Mayor would always stand at every public meeting, even though his house were in the City Hall, when they were considering thirty or forty bills, and it was very unlike him to ask if there were to be chairs provided. You know how hot the tin wasages in front of the City Hall. It was hard even to sit in a chair."

"I was afraid at times that the Mayor would be in one of those moods," he said, "in that statement that I read in about five minutes, just as he would dictate a letter. It was written out and he revised it."

"That day the Mayor was almost all of his commission. He remained in his office until late. Few were in the secret of his going away. Just before he left the office on Wednesday night he wrote a letter to his wife. It was in French, and it was to St. James that night, but to his house in Brooklyn."

"He kept the secret of his going abroad very much to himself. I got my idea about it first on Tuesday when he talked to Lieut. Kennell about taking a vacation. I don't believe he had the idea of going abroad until the very day before he sailed."

"On that day he talked it over with Dock Commissioner Smith, who came to see him on departmental business, and the Commissioner arranged for his passage on the Baltic. The Mayor arranged it so that Commissioner Smith would be the only one of his friends at the pier next morning."

"He was anxious not to have any excitement raised over his going. He didn't even tell Lieut. Kennell where he was going to be on Thursday morning. He merely left orders for the lieutenant to get the Mayor's baggage and to get it to the pier on Wednesday night. That was when I said good-by. The Mayor said that he would send a wireless every day. Indeed he told me the text of the messages he sent the first day out. He laughed as he talked it over with me."

"He told me what he was going to say in his first message. Only one of those wireless messages was sent. When we didn't get them I rather suspected that he was ill. I am sure he would have sent them if he had been fit. He was right before the Mayor sailed, telephoned to him at his Brooklyn home, telling him I had sent some books to him from Brentano's. One book was a copy of Emerson's essays. The other was books that the Mayor asked for."

"The Mayor visited St. James the last time on Friday, August 22, expecting to be in the city over Sunday. He was taken ill on Monday morning and spent most of the week there in bed. He had a violent attack of coughing on Monday, which left him very weak."

"By the following Thursday he sent word to me that he was feeling fine and asked to have a stenographer sent down to him so he could answer letters. I think that he must have dictated answers to a hundred letters that day."

"I saw him on Tuesday, when I got from him the statement to Mr. Appleton that all the Gaynor League should combine and work for his candidacy." He didn't return until the Tuesday I have spoken of.

Mayor a Good Sailor.

"The Mayor must have crossed the Atlantic twenty-five times. He was a good sailor. I do not think he could have been attacked by seasickness or that seasickness precipitated another attack of coughing."

"My belief is that on account of the old wound he had been growing steadily weaker, and that his heart simply could not stand the great strain put upon it. The assassin Gallagher shot the Mayor three years after it was fired, of the Mayor's death."

Mr. Adamson said that so far no arrangements had been made for the funeral of Mayor Gaynor. Mayor Kline and he will ascertain the wishes of the family with regard to a public funeral, which will be appointed a committee of citizens who will be appointed to arrange for the services.

GAYNOR'S NEIGHBORS GRIEVE WITH FAMILY

All St. James Feels Personal Loss and Mourns for Kindly Friend.

St. James, L. I., Sept. 11.—The news of Mayor Gaynor's death, which reached here shortly after 9 o'clock this morning, caused general mourning. Members of the Gaynor family, who were at their country place, Deep Wells, at the time, are grief-stricken. Mrs. Gaynor, the second son, Norman, and the three unmarried daughters, Marion, Helen and Ruth, all of whom are here, were soon joined by Mrs. Harry K. Vingt, formerly James Bay is only two miles away. Mrs. William Seward Webb, Jr., the other married daughter, who has been spending the summer at Manhasset, near Bay Shore, also arrived in the course of the morning.

The first intimation of what had happened came in a telephone call received by Norman Gaynor, who at once communicated with the Mayor's secretary, Mr. Adamson, at the City Hall, and learned that the report was true. Mrs. Gaynor was overcome with grief at the news and while not absolutely prostrated was unable to see visitors during the day.

Ex-City Comptroller Edward M. Grout, who was once Mr. Gaynor's law partner, arrived on the 1 o'clock train, having started as soon as they heard the news. Both are among the Mayor's oldest and closest friends.

Detective Sergeant James C. McKeetrick, who was specially detailed to be Mr. Gaynor's bodyguard when he first entered the City Hall, was with him at the time of the Hoboken shooting, also reached St. James at the same time. He had expected to accompany the Mayor on the Baltic, but had changed his plans just before sailing.

A Flood of Sympathy.

Personal messages of condolence began pouring into the telegraph office before noon, and so many were received that an extra operator was hurriedly sent for from Long Island City. The number of senders of these messages were not announced. It was merely stated that they were of a private nature. All official messages, it was said, would be sent direct to the City Hall.

The following statement for the family was given to the newspaper men by Mr. Hyde shortly after 2 o'clock:

"The only information concerning the Mayor's death received by the family is contained in the telegram to Mr. Adamson. No arrangements for the funeral can be made before later advice are received, which will probably not be until after the Baltic docks at Southampton."

Mr. Hyde said that the Mayor would probably be taken directly to the Brooklyn home upon its arrival from England, and not brought to St. James, he said. It is likely that the Mayor will be buried in Greenwood Cemetery.

The Mayor's relatives, Mr. Grout said that all the family had realized that his father was in a very feeble condition when he started abroad, but had hoped that the rest and change might build him up. Mr. Grout has not been well for weeks, and indeed seemed never fully to have recovered from the effects of Gallagher's bullet.

Had Not Wanted to Run.

He added that his father had not wished to run for office again, but had considered it his duty to the friends who had stood by him so loyally to enter the contest. He had frequently spoken of looking forward to the trip around the world when he should finally have finished with politics. He hoped the long journey might give him back his health.

Though young Mr. Gaynor talked quietly and calmly, he showed a certain strong emotion. The duty of representing the family has of course devolved upon him in his brother's absence. None of the other members of the household appeared at all during the day.

Both Mr. Hyde and Mr. Grout found time between their arrival and their return to the city on the 4 o'clock train to bear eloquent testimony to the sterling qualities of the Mayor as they had known him. Though greatly grieved by his death they did not seem surprised, and declared they had known that the Mayor had been in a precarious condition for some time.

Mr. Hyde said that the last time he had seen the Mayor alive was a week ago last Tuesday, when he took dinner at St. James. The Mayor then looked ill, and was so weak that he had to lean down for half an hour before dinner, and could scarcely walk up stairs. Similarly Mr. Grout told how Mr. Gaynor had arrived half an hour late at a dinner given three weeks ago at the Montauk Club at which he was one of the guests, having been delayed by a violent coughing spell.

Both spoke in the warmest terms of his simplicity, his administrative ability, his forceful personality and his knowledge of men. Neither would comment upon the possible political results of the death beyond a statement by Mr. Grout that he thought that Gaynor's vote would probably be equally divided between the two candidates.

The Town is Mourning.

That Mr. Gaynor will be mourned by the entire community of St. James was conspicuously shown as soon as the news of his death spread. All flags in the town are flying at half mast, and preparations have already been made to drape the principal buildings with crepe. On every hand persons could be traced ready

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to tell of the democratic spirit and numerous acts of charity by which the Mayor had endeared himself to his fellow townsmen.

C. Melville Smith, former postmaster, who was one of Mr. Gaynor's admiring friends, the man whom he used often facetiously to introduce as the Mayor of St. James—said that he thought half the houses in the place had been built with the Mayor's help, and that he was continually arranging to have provisions and other necessities sent to poor families, whom he encountered on his long walks about the country.

Only the Monday before he sailed the Mayor had arranged to go with a party of friends among whom was Mr. Adamson on a sailing excursion from Bay Shore to Fire Island. He reached St. James the previous Friday and spent Saturday driving about the country behind open his favorite horse on a Sunday. He seemed in excellent health and went to church as usual, attending a baseball game in the afternoon. Sunday night, however, he was seized with a violent coughing spell and would not be able to start on the trip. Like the others, Mr. Smith did not seem surprised at the news of the death.

"The most charitable man in town" was their common verdict. Old Edward Ruhlrad, the driver of the stage, who has lived in the town sixty-four years and was much attached to the Mayor, sobbed as he declared that he had lost his only friend.

Mr. Smith's dog Rover, who was hurt by an automobile just before the Hoboken shooting and about whom the Mayor had expressed great solicitude, was lying as usual in front of the Smith gate during the afternoon. The old dog seemed to realize that something was wrong and uttered a doleful howl and responded to the greetings of the visitors.

Views of Local Press.

New York Newspapers Have Praise for Mayor Gaynor.

The New York newspapers united this morning in praise of the services Mayor Gaynor rendered to the city. Among the editorials commenting on his death were in part the following:

"The New York World."

"The limitations of the government of New York City furnish an instructive story of any man's qualities. The office of Mayor has been a graveyard of reputation, and may perhaps always remain a graveyard of reputation. It is an interesting spectacle to see a man who has achieved on a larger stage of action with a different environment. As the record stands, he cannot be counted among the great political leaders of his generation who have profoundly influenced the course of government. He does not rank with Wilson and Roosevelt and Bryan and Hughes and Taft. Few men are free of conventional reputation alike were circumscribed by an office that takes more than it gives, but in a long line of commonplace and slate-colored Mayors of New York he towers a giant among pygmies."

Frank A. Manney in the "Press."

"A great figure passed out in the death of Mayor Gaynor. Men are equipped with a measure of intellect and moral courage that he had. Few men have the independence of character and the independence of political affiliations that he had. Few men are free of conventional viewpoint than he was."

"Mayor Gaynor was an original nature. He worked out problems and policies in his own way and stood by them regardless of adverse criticism from any one of his newspapers. His work for the most part was of a high order, characterized always by thought and honesty."

"Mayor Gaynor was perhaps the most conspicuous of New York's greatest May