

DEMOCRATS PRAISE WILSON CAMPAIGN

Work of New Jersey Candidate Pleases Leaders.

REPUBLICANS ARE DUBIOUS

Admit Princeton President Will Draw the Votes of Many of Their Party in Coming Election, but Are Skeptical Regarding His Power with the Rank and File.

Princeton, Oct. 2.—Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, the "scholar in politics," has finished the first week of his gubernatorial campaign in New Jersey, and the Democrats all over the State are unaffectionately happy over his start.

They say, and plainly believe, that Dr. Wilson has reached the hearts of his audience, and there can be no doubt that this is largely true.

Republican leaders throughout the State appear buried in the same doubt that seized them upon Dr. Wilson's nomination. Such of them as will talk frankly say that their hope, hardly their conviction, is that the Princeton man will not get into contact with the mass of voters, especially the sedate people of South Jersey.

"Of course," said one Republican committee man, "with no mining of words, Wilson will get more Republican votes than any Democrat who ever ran in New Jersey, but—" and he went on to argue that "The Scholar" would not reach the rank and file; that the adherents of Katzbach would not exert themselves to vote for Dr. Wilson; that union labor was against him.

Attitude of Labor Men. Union labor is officially against Dr. Wilson because the secretary of a Jersey labor federation issued a statement saying that in view of Dr. Wilson's utterances on one or two occasions, labor men couldn't trust him. That is the extent to which union labor is on record. But the men who started to their feet with cheers for Wilson Friday night at Newark were labor men.

Something of Dr. Wilson's unusualness as a campaigner has been indicated in dispatches, but not all. In two minutes he has his audience in the attitude of leisurely students listening to a lecture in a course they elected because they liked the professor.

At Red Bank Saturday, in his talk to the hot and dusty Monmouth folks, he referred once to Dante and the Inferno, and said that the curious thing was that many of the folks Dante depicted in the circles of hell were then alive. Mightn't it be, Dr. Wilson asked, that a man did carry his hell around with him in this world? And for one sentence he touched on death, and the implied question of immortality of the soul. A second later he was back at the topic of corporations.

Homey Trait in Speech. The homely language found in a few men in this country, the outstanding trait in Lincoln, the flavor that crops out in Mayor Gaynor's words at times, streaks through all of Dr. Wilson's addresses. It was during a discussion of the tariff at Red Bank that he remarked: "I purchased a pair of socks in Aberdeen, Scotland. And, you know, those socks never have worn out. I can't seem to be rid of them. And I never did like their color in the first place. But American socks—well, I have purchased a dozen pairs of them since I bought those Scotch hosiery, and such is the nature of the American goods that my family is constantly employed in darning them."

There is one speaking trait Dr. Wilson has shown which does not seem to belong to any other man in public life today. He is as naive as well as daring. It takes temerity to say that you stand not only on your written platform, but on some plank or two in it, and then name those planks, as Dr. Wilson did in Newark. But after enumerating some things wrong at Long Branch, Dr. Wilson said, suddenly: "Now, don't think that you can cure these things by electing me governor, because you can't."

Dr. Wilson went on to tell them that they must decide which set of men for office would vision these wrongs with their eyes, would study how they were done, and would enact laws killing them. But who among campaigners would have been so initially frank?

YARMOUTHS WIN EASILY.

Naval Medical School Football Team Beaten, 19 to 0.

The Yarmouth Athletic Club football team defeated the team representing the Naval Medical Training School yesterday afternoon at the former's grounds at Fifth and I streets southeast, by the score of 19 to 0.

The game was more of an experiment with regard to trying out the new rules than a battle for supremacy on the gridiron. This fact did not detract from the spiciness of the contest, as several individual arguments were averted only by the intervention of players and officials. Although outweighed at least fifteen pounds to the man, the Yarmouths excelled in every department.

IF YOU HAVE no appetite, indigestion, flatulence, Sick Headache, "all run down" or losing flesh, you will find



Just what you need. They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Black Hawk, Famous Indian Chief, Died—October 3.

Black Hawk, the chief of the Sacs and Foxes, was one of the most accomplished men of his race. The date of his birth has never been actually ascertained, but he was well up in years when he started the rebellion in 1830 that bears his name. During that year the tribes, of which he was the chief, through another chief as negotiator, sold much of their land to the United States and agreed to move to the west of the Mississippi. Black Hawk had not been consulted in the matter, and he became very indignant. He claimed that foul advantage had been taken of the Indians by the government, and he meant to resist. In those days fair and square dealings with the Indians was not to be seriously considered, and naturally the savages went on the war path, but it was not long until they were subdued by the government troops.

Black Hawk and his followers were driven westward from one stand to another, until finally the old chief, wearied of fighting, having reached the Winnebago village of Prairie du Chien, he decided to give up the struggle. When he delivered himself up to the American general the soldiers were seated at a table. They greeted him cordially and asked him if he had anything to say for himself. The captured chief then drew himself up to his full height, and then spoke in a slow and majestic manner: "You have taken me prisoner with all my warriors. I am much grieved, for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your general understood Indian fighting. Your bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter. My warriors fell all around me; it began to look dismal. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sunk into a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white man; they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand tortures; he is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian."

"He has done nothing for which an Indian need be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, the squaws, and papooses, against white men, no came year after year to cheat him and take away their lands. Black Hawk is a true Indian and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children, and friends. But he does not care for himself. "Farewell, my nation! Black Hawk tried to save you and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are stopped. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk!"

The general was much impressed by Black Hawk's patriotism and sent the noted chief to Washington to confer with President Jackson. From there Black Hawk was sent to Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, where he was amazed and much flattered by the immense crowds who flocked from all quarters to obtain a view of him. He was finally sent back beyond the Mississippi, where he was liberated.

Black Hawk, the orator and defeated chief, died October 3, 1838. Many whites, as well as Indians, assembled at his grave to pay their last respects to the noted red man, and buried him as the Sacs chiefs had always been interred. This was according to his wish.

TWO PERISH IN FIRE NEWS OF ALEXANDRIA

Old Five-story Tenement Burns in New York.

SPARK IN A MESS OF PAPERS Aged Man Held for Homicide, When Blazing End of Match Falls Among Rubbish of His Book Store—Firemen Find Bodies of Victims on the Top Floor of the Building.

New York, Oct. 2.—An old five-story tenement at 50 Hester street was gutted this morning by a fire in which two men lost their lives. Morris Pruckatz, seventy-eight years old, who lived in the house, was arrested for homicide in setting fire to the place.

Pruckatz, who has a bookstand outside, lived on the third floor with his wife, Anna. They had lived there for seventeen years. The ground floor was occupied by Isaac Fox as a store for peddlers' supplies. On the top floor lived Mrs. Bertha Kessler and her two sons, David, twenty-two, and Israel, thirty-three years old.

This morning, as Mrs. Kessler went out she called for Mrs. Pruckatz. The two often went out together, as Mrs. Pruckatz was old and felt safer if there was some one with her. The old book seller told them he would be down presently and open his stand.

Preparations for Holiday. When the clock came back he said they would see the "Marzars," which he had had in for Rosh Hashanah, that is the Bibles for the Jewish New Year holidays, which will begin at sunset tomorrow and last until sunset Wednesday night.

After the women had left him, the old man drew on his dingy cutaway coat, tied about his neck the red bandanna which served him for collar and necktie, and went downstairs. He groped his way to the dark pocket under the stairs where he kept his stock of books and struck a match to pick out those he wanted. The match broke as he struck it, and, blazing, fell among the odds and ends of rubbish that littered the floor.

The old man elevated his spectacles to his forehead and peered about for the spark. By the time he had found it, it was a spark no longer, but a blazing mass of papers, at which he stared a moment before realizing that his home was afire.

He ran into the street, crying "Fire!" in his quivering voice. One man ran for the fire alarm box at the corner of Orchard street. The ancient stairs were all ablaze, however, in that short time, and Max Levy had to come out. He ran into the house next door, and going on the fire escape, lowered the ground ladder. Then he came down and propped the ladder up against the fire escape of No. 50.

ROLL CALL SHOWS 29 TARS MISSING

Continued from Page One.

"Mahoney, D., Wilmington, Del., ordinary seaman. "McAdams, J. J., Philadelphia, coal passer. "Thompson, G. C., Bloomingdale, N. Y., fireman second class. "Van Peer, J., Paterson, N. J., fireman second class."

Captain Makes Inspection. A tentative reckoning of the missing was taken at a dreary inquiry which Capt. Rodgers held on his deck early this morning. As soon as breakfast was over Capt. Rodgers took his place on the afterdeck with a clerk who carried a pad and pencil. Then the captain had every man who had been in the sailing launch on its disastrous trip of the previous night come before him.

"Give me the names of all of the men you know who were on the sailing launch when you started out for the ship last night," Capt. Rodgers ordered, and each man would name over the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys of his acquaintance who had been crowding shoulder to shoulder in the long sailing launch when her bow went under. The clerk, at Capt. Rodgers' side, put down each name as it was given, whether there was duplications or not.

At the end the New Hampshire's captain ordered the roll of all the enlisted men called. When this was over, he had the roll brought to him in his cabin, and there, with the clerk who had tallied the names given by the survivors of the accident, the captain went carefully over the roll, putting a cross after each name which had not been answered during the roll call, but which had been mentioned by other shipmates as being that of a passenger on the ill-fated sailing launch. By this process of elimination, he narrowed the number of missing down to twenty-eight.

Just before Capt. Rodgers prepared to go over to the Louisiana, Rear Admiral Vreeland's flagship, there to appear before the board of inquiry which was considering the cause of Saturday night's disaster, he confided his fears to Ensign Harry B. Hird, who was ending his watch as officer of the deck of the New Hampshire:

Rodgers Gives Estimate. "It looks bad," said Capt. Rodgers. "From what I am able to learn so far, I am afraid there'll be a good many answers to the roll call at the end of shore leave to-night. There's only one chance—perhaps the men who were in the launch grew confused and gave the names of men whom they had seen on the deck as those of fellow-passengers on the launch."

There was one young fellow—a tall, slim midshipman, with curling black hair and the shoulders of an athlete—to whom the hearts of every man in the battle ship New Hampshire were drawn to water tender, went out in sympathy today. This was Midshipman Godfrey de C. Chevalier, who had been in command of the battle ship's steamer No. 2, the one ordered to go to the foot of West 158th street on Saturday night and bring the liberty party back to the ship.

Midshipman Chevalier had been brought over to the New Hampshire by the Louisiana's men to help out at night, seven hours after the accident, his nerves so frayed by the shock of the incident and reflection upon his own responsibility in it that his speech was incoherent and his actions violent. All of Saturday night he was under the care of the New Hampshire's surgeon, and sleep had come to him only after a sedative in heavy doses had been administered.

Middy Hero Recovers. When the midshipman awoke from his stupor this morning he was forced to stay in his berth for half the day. The young man's mind had become once more rational, but he was exhausted in body and still a victim of heavy apprehension. Before the ship's surgeon would allow him on deck the word passed through the officers' mess that no one should mention the fatality of the night before in Chevalier's presence, or in any way allude to the inquiry that was in progress aboard the Louisiana. The boy could not stand the strain if it were added to in the least, the New Hampshire's surgeon said.

All afternoon the midshipman paced back and forth by the after turret, having not a word for any of his fellow-officers. When he spoke to him he answered shortly or not at all, and continued his walking. At lunch he stood by the rail with his eyes fixed on the river, and at those times the officer of the deck always contrived to be very close to him.

Midshipman Chevalier must face a court-martial. Such is the rule of the service, and he knows that eventually he must answer to his responsibility in an accident which cost the lives of the sailors. Should the surgeon permit, he must face the board of inquiry before it concludes its session to-morrow.

With all this weight of official inquiry before him, Midshipman Chevalier is admired by every officer and man of the second battle ship division. There was not one who did not say a wholesome word for him to-day whenever the fatality of the night before was mentioned.

Admiral Praises Chevalier. "The youngster behaved splendidly," Rear Admiral Vreeland said to the reporter. "I'm told he alone rescued twenty men."

"Give Midshipman Chevalier every bit of credit that you can," said Capt. Rodgers. "He behaved as an officer in the service should; nobody could have done more than he."

The midshipman's mother, who had come down from her home in Massachusetts to see her son, had visited him on the New Hampshire all afternoon. When the officer of the deck ordered Chevalier to go ashore after the liberty party, he had taken his mother in the steamer with him, and had bidden her farewell while the sailing launch was filling with the sailors. The midshipman's mother had not left him ten minutes when he saw the eighth odd men under his charge floundering in the water and realized that the responsibility had suddenly dropped upon his head.

sey," he held as high record in hop triumphs with the girls as on the track. Ordinary Seaman C. J. McMaine, who enlisted from Indianapolis, had charge of the New Hampshire's No. 2 steamer when it went to the dock to tow out the sailing launch full of sailors on Sunday night. To-day, after he had appeared to give his testimony before the court of inquiry on the Louisiana, he stood by the side of the after turret and told the story of the accident as he had witnessed it. In the telling, his seaman's respect for a superior officer made him gloss over the part he himself had played and dwell with the emphasis of pride on the exploits of Midshipman Chevalier.

Seaman Tells of Accident. "George Stewart, of the New Hampshire crew, was coxswain of the sailing launch," said McMaine, "and I was bowman of the steamer and Mr. Chevalier rode in the steamer after we had the sailing launch filled at the wharf. I should guess that between seventy and eighty sailors piled into the sailing launch at the wharf. There was a big crowd there and everybody was anxious to get back to ship before their shore leave expired.

There wasn't room for everybody to sit on the thwarts. I remember that forward in the sailing launch there were men sitting down with other fellows; some on their knees and some crouched up on the floor. I wouldn't say that the boat was overloaded; but there is no doubt that there was a pretty heavy load aboard when the steamer started to pull it out. Besides Mr. Chevalier, there were five men on the crew aboard the steamer. The regular length of painter was let out as tow line. I don't know how long the line was, but I should say that it wasn't fifty feet. Somebody told me since that it was the regulation length of painter.

"When we started for the ship there was a pretty stiff wind blowing from the southwest and the tide was on the ebb. There was no steamer in sight, and, consequently, no wash from a boat to bother us. Everything seemed to go all right until we were about half way between the shore and the Louisiana.

"First thing I felt was a jerk, and I looked back from where I was standing in the bow and saw several of the men in the sailing launch stand up quick. Then I felt another jerk and the whole bow of the sailing launch just simply dove under. It didn't go under slowly. It just jumped under, and the water came back and swept every man into the river; that is, every man who didn't jump first.

Bodies Not the Water. "All I saw in the light our lantern cast—and the river was very dark then—was just white dots all blotched about in the water. They were men's faces, those white dots, and there were yells about being drowned and not being able to swim. It made my heart jump to hear those yells.

"Then I heard Mr. Chevalier yell: 'Stop!' Setting shut off the steam. "Back her," Mr. Chevalier called, but Setley didn't dare to back her, for he was afraid of cutting into the men who were swimming around in the water. He backed her a little while I was running aft. Chevalier was at the bits, trying to cast off the towing painter. I helped him, and as soon as we got the slack we cast off; I couldn't see anything of the sailing cutter then; she must have been filled to the gunwales.

Officer Recuses Many. "I saw Chevalier strip to his underclothes and go over the side. There were six poor devils right near the stern who yelled that they couldn't swim. I grabbed up the after life buoy and hove it out to them, and I saw them reach for it. Then I ran forward, ripping off my clothes as I ran, and I picked up the forward life buoy. Three or four fellows were fighting the water about ten feet away from the bow, but they were on the down side, and when I cast the forward life buoy out to them it fell short and the tide started to carry it back to the steamer launch.

"Seeing this, I jumped in naked, grabbed the life buoy, and swam with it to where the men were. They were excited, and started to grab for me, but I fought them off and yelled to them to put one hand afloat on the buoy and paddle to the launch. I went along with them, helping them some, and the crew of the steam launch pulled them aboard.

"When I climbed aboard the steamer again, I could see Mr. Chevalier's head bobbing about in a group of four others, and he seemed to be helping all of them toward a steamer which had come from the Louisiana. All the time he was yelling to others around it: the water to keep up and they would be saved.

"Though there were some civilians' launches from the wharf there by this time, the water was still dotted with bobbing heads. Whenever a face would turn in the light of our lanterns it would show an awful white, then turn again, and there were hands reaching out for searchlights on the spot about fifteen minutes after the accident happened, but before that time we had no light and men were dropping under in the darkness.

Saves Unconscious Man. "Just the minute I climbed aboard the steamer I saw a face bobbing over to port, about twenty feet away. It was so low in the water that there was hardly any white to be seen. I jumped in again and swam over to the place. The top of a man's head was showing out of the water, but that was all; his whole face and nose was under; I got one of his arms around my neck and started back for the steamer. The man was unconscious and limp. A Louisiana launch picked up both of us. I afterward learned that this man was Ordinary Seaman Cedarberg, a man who hadn't been enlisted more than three months.

"When the Louisiana launch was cruising around it kept hauling aboard men who Chevalier handed up. I saw him hand up more than a dozen men, and every time some one would pull a man over the gunwale Chevalier would turn around and strike out again.

"There's only one man that I saw drown. I know he went under. It was along toward the end, when some of the excitement had died down. I heard a man yell, 'Help!' three times, and I looked off to starboard and saw a blur, which must have been his head. Before I could start for him again the yells stopped and the head disappeared.

"Louisiana's steamer No. 2 picked up Mr. Chevalier finally. He was pretty weak. He asked somebody if they



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COLONIAL BEACH, Union Station, 7:45 A. M. Arrive Colonial Beach, 11:45 A. M. KENSINGTON RAILWAY. Cars from 15th and H sts., every half hour 6 a. m. to 12 p. m., and 3 p. m. to 9 p. m., pass Rock Creek Bridge, Main Entrance Zoological Park, and Chevy Chase, and connect at Lake with Kensington Line.

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ston, president of the court, and the other members were Lieut. Commander Noble E. Irwin, of the Kansas; Lieut. Commander Arthur MacArthur, Jr., of the Louisiana, and Ensign A. S. Farquhar, of the Louisiana, acting as recorder.

Many Witnesses at Inquiry. Capt. Rodgers, of the New Hampshire, Ensign Harry B. Hird, officer of the deck, and the fifty-nine men of the sailing launch party that were rescued were witnesses.

Each of the fifty-nine survivors was told not to reveal what he had testified to. Late this afternoon Rear Admiral Vreeland said the inquiry would not be completed until to-morrow. The report will be forwarded to the Navy Department at Washington, and will be made public there.

During the course of the inquiry some of the New Hampshire's seaman paid tribute to their testimony to the heroism of R. Karl, a painter of the third class, of the New Hampshire's crew, whose name was among those given up for lost. Karl, who enlisted at Cleveland, Ohio, rescued two men who could not swim, and had handed them over the gunwales of one of the Louisiana steamers. Then, his strength suddenly leaving him, he had sunk within sight of the rescued.

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Tut's Pills. Largest Morning Circulation. An interesting programme was given this morning at the rally day services held at Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. R. W. Rudisill, pastor, preached a special sermon.