

RUSSIAN PEASANTS NO LONGER REQUIRE AMERICAN RELIEF

Educated Classes Now Sufferers, Declares Famine Worker Here on Resolute.

UNABLE TO GET WORK.

Thousands Starve to Death, but He Refuses to Tell of Cannibalism.

The peasantry of Russia is no longer in need of American relief in the opinion of Dr. A. C. Ernst of Stillwater, Minn., who as the representative of the National Lutheran Council has been in charge of food distribution in the Saratov district in the famine area for three years and also was associated with the American Relief Association. But he believes that this country should contribute enough to insure a supply of food until January 1 to the educated class. Dr. Ernst returned to-day on the United American liner Resolute from Hamburg.

"The people who are really in pitiful straits in Russia," said Dr. Ernst, "are the intellectuals and their children. They are unable to work with their hands and that is the only kind of work that brings any reward in Russia. They are looked down upon by the uneducated workers; everything they had has been taken from them and thousands have starved to death rather than seek aid.

"In the Volga region, where I had charge of the distribution of food in 145 villages, the crops will be abundant, considering the scarcity of animals for farm work. The cultivation of the soil has been done almost exclusively by human labor, women and children taking part in dragging plows and harrows. With the soil on hand the people will have enough to subsist on until the next crop, which should place them on a self-supporting basis.

Some of the passengers on the Resolute said that Dr. Ernst had attended exhibitions of cannibalism in his work in Russia. He refused to discuss his experiences in advance of his report to the organization which sent him abroad.

William J. Love, Vice President of the Shipping Board, who has been in England and Germany for two months, returned on the Resolute. Mr. Love, naturally, is strongly in favor of the Ship Subsidy Bill now before Congress. As an additional argument in favor of it he cites the fact that British shipping interests, already able to build and operate more economically than our operators, are seeking further economies in construction and operation. English shipping, he said, has been almost converted to the advocacy of use of the Diesel engine, which would cut down operating costs.

Rev. N. W. Hains, pastor of St. Ann's Roman Catholic Church, Nantux, N. Y., returned with a relic of St. Anthony, which he obtained at Padua, Italy. He anticipates that this relic will make his church a shrine.

O. D. Revell of Asheville, N. C., who has been in Europe, Asia and Egypt for two years, returned with the idea that French and British politicians are responsible for the disturbed condition of affairs in Europe. He spent some time in Palestine and is not enthusiastic about the Jewish settlement there. In a non-productive country surrounded by hostile Arabs, he said, the colonists are not progressing.

Col. Edward H. Harkill, Treasurer of the Great Northern Paper Company, and a trustee of the American College for Girls in Constantinople, was a passenger on the Resolute. He went abroad to supervise the inauguration of construction of two new buildings in the college group.

Relative contested the will, particularly the provision for the home. Dr. Joseph M. W. Kitchen, of East Orange, a cousin, started the action. He was joined by other relatives. They contended that the clause concerning the home was vague and uncertain, illegal and against public policy.

Whoopie! Jimmie, Freckle-Faced Hero, Who Saved Dog Thrown Into 35-Foot Pit, Gets \$10 Gift From an Anonymous Friend



THE BOY WHO SAVED LILY FROM THE PIT. He was the hero of the rescue. He saved the dog from a 35-foot pit. He got a \$10 gift from an anonymous friend.

Gentleman in Troy Forwards Amount Through the Evening World to Youngster Who Won Fame and a Pet Terrier.

Jimmie McKenna, now, is the kind of a hero you'd like to have been. Jimmie is ten, sandy haired, freckled, blue-eyed and wears well-worn and well-patched blue overalls. Also his dog is always at his heels.

It was the rescue of this dog which made Jimmie a hero. The dog had been thrown down a thirty-five-foot excavation on the Grand Concourse near 164th Street by a drunken man into ten feet of water. Jimmie was preparing to dive down after the pup, when Motorcycle Policeman Cornelius, fearful for Jimmie's life, obtained a rope and, as Jimmie puts it, "hated" him down.

Of course, the dog became Jimmie's after his swim for it and Jimmie became quite a personage up his way after The Evening World made known his exploit. Consequently it was no trouble at all to find him to-day when an Evening World reporter called to present to him \$10 sent by an anonymous gentleman, a famous lawyer of Troy, N. Y., who wrote he considered the publicity given the boy equivalent to a substantial endowment to the S. P. C. A. and wanted Jimmie to have the money for a dog collar and a license.

Knocks on the door brought no answer at No. 838 Grant Avenue, where Jimmie lives, but a half dozen boys, white and black, gathered about.

"Lookin' for Jimmie?" they inquired. "He's around the corner. Wait. I'll get him for you."

Two raced for the honor. In a moment they returned with a third boy, a slight little fellow, bareheaded and in overalls, and a skinny little white and tan pup which loped at his heels.

"Here's another guy come to see you," Jimmie, the pup, now considerably increased, yelled. Jimmie grinned. The dog crouched at his feet trustfully. "Here's \$10, Jimmie, a kind man sent you for saving the pup," began the reporter. "That's the pup, ain't it?" exclaimed the pair almost in chorus. "That's ten, twenty, \$22 Jimmie's got now!" Jimmie grinned wider and the pup began licking the canvas sneakers on his master's feet. "The money for you to buy the pup a collar," Jimmie said. "I had a collar for him, but somebody stole it to-day," said Jimmie. He took the \$10 bill and stuffed it carefully into a pocket of his overalls. "Say, who is this man that sent the money?" he inquired. "I want to thank him. He makes the fourth man to send me money. I got \$5, \$4 and \$3, all checks, one from Stamford, Conn."

"Man thank you for the ten dollars to buy Lily a collar and a license."

Jimmie breathed more easily when that was finished. "Have you seen the top of Lily's mouth?" he asked. "Look. See, it's black on top. That's a sign he's a good dog—a fox terrier, a man told me. I guess I'll buy him a good collar, but I don't know anything about the license. Pop'll have to do that."

Pop's a policeman, so it's reasonable he has got the taxpayers' as well as a collar, and a regular feller for a master.

Through a Supreme Court proceeding to-day it became known that Richard S. M. Mitchell, mechanical engineer, inventor of a device for raising sunken ships and other inventions of note, is a prisoner in Ludlow Street Jail for alleged failure to pay alimony to his wife, Mrs. Beatrice K. Mitchell.

Matthew B. Senter of No. 52 Wall Street, counsel for Mrs. Mitchell, appeared before Justice Erlanger to-day for an order requiring Mitchell to show cause why he should not be punished for contempt in his alleged failure to comply with the late Justice Hotchkiss's alimony award to his wife. The matter was postponed as Mr. Mitchell's counsel is out of town.

In affidavits Mrs. Mitchell alleges that since her separation five years ago her husband has been living with another woman and has lashed out upon her while she has been destitute and compelled to place her children in a charitable institution in Dutchess County.

Pictures of Mitchell recently appeared in the newspapers when he gave a demonstration of his invention for raising sunken ships at Port Jefferson. It was through the publication of the pictures that Mrs. Mitchell learned that her husband was living in Bridgeport and brought about his arrest on a civil warrant.

Refreshment Seeker Dry Agent and Atlantic City Cop Is To Be Arrested.

Atlantic City, N. J., July 21.—Assistant District Attorney Frederick A. Pearce said to-day that a hotel proprietor, his bartender, and a policeman will be arrested late in the day or to-morrow, on charges of conspiracy, in connection with the liquor raids which have been under way here during the present week. The policeman, it is alleged, introduced a thirsty stranger to the bartender. He did not know the thirsty stranger was a Federal Prohibition enforcement agent, planning the raids.

State Senator Charles D. White's charge of Wednesday, that a powerful political leader was getting \$5 a case for all liquor brought into Atlantic City, will be investigated, according to Pearce.

As a result of the raid on Tuesday, forty-six persons have been arrested, sixteen of whom appeared to-day before United States Commissioner John E. Isard, who held them in various amounts of bail for appearance before the Federal Court. The defendants seemed to hold the matter lightly. Smiles were the rule, no one seemed worried, the defendants joked and laughed and made bets among themselves as to the probable penalties.

Y. M. C. A. DIRECTOR HELD ON BOY'S STORY

Reidges Jailed Without Bail for Examination.

Dwight Bridges, thirty-seven, of No. 329 Marcy Avenue, physical director in the Bedford branch of the Y. M. C. A., is still in a boatmaker's shop doing a job on a boat. He was held without bail by Magistrate Dodd in the Gates Avenue Court to-day for examination on July 25 on a serious charge preferred by a fourteen-year-old boy. The assault was witnessed by a policeman and an agent for the Children's Society.

FATAL FIRE CAUSED BY CHEMICALS FOR NAVAL AIR BOMBS

Banton to Present Evidence in Jane Street Explosion to Grand Jury.

District Attorney Banton announced to-day that the Homicide Bureau of his office has concluded its investigation into responsibility for the fire in the Jane Street warehouse of the Manufacturers' Transit Company, which was the direct cause of the death of one Freeman and the indirect cause of the death of another.

The evidence will be submitted to the Grand Jury next week. Indictments for manslaughter in the second degree will be asked.

The investigation disclosed that Weisenthal & Co., chemists of No. 145 West 46th Street, stored a quantity of magnesium in the warehouse in February. Some of this was sold on July 15 to the Ordnance Department of the United States Navy.

On orders from Capt. A. V. Kimberly, Weisenthal & Co. arranged for the transportation of 13,200 pounds of magnesium from the warehouse to the plant of the General Kinematic Co. at Long Island City for sorting and sifting preparatory to using it in the manufacture of aerial bombs and rockets for the naval air service.

The work of taking the magnesium from the warehouse was begun at 3 o'clock Tuesday morning. The workmen had piled eight cases on the sidewalk in front of the warehouse, and were moving twenty-six cases in the building when some of the magnesium which had leaked from the boxes caught fire by friction and started the fatal blaze.

A permit for the storage of the magnesium had been produced. Thousands gathered this morning in the vicinity of Jane and West 12th Streets in the hope of witnessing the collapse of the fire-eaten warehouse which is still smoldering in spite of the continuous deluge of water poured for more than seventy-two hours. The east and west walls of the building are bulging and appear ready to fall.

Because the spectators were beginning to impede the work of the firemen orders were issued to close Jane and 12th Streets to traffic again in the vicinity of the fire.

Deputy Chief Helm, just before he was relieved for the day by Battalion Chief McKenna, said he believed it would take two or three days more to extinguish the fire. He said there was no estimate as yet of the amount of money it has cost the taxpayers to fight the fire, but added that the simple item of high pressure power will be considerable.

More than fifty women were still at work on the ruins to-day.

Veronal overdose kills the wife of Geo. F. Morrison. Taken accidentally—husband is vice president of the General Electric Co.

What Did You See To-Day?

Write a few lines to THE EVENING WORLD. The Evening World Will Pay \$1 for Each Item Printed. The Evening World Will Pay \$2 for Each Snapshot Printed of Some Unusual Scene or Incident With an Accompanying Description.

Address: "What Did You See?" Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 185, City Hall Station. Write your own name and address carefully. Send as many contributions as you like. Checks are sent out weekly.

THE TURTLE. We were motoring along the road approaching Glen Cove, L. I. A turtle, in the tortoise-like manner of its kind, was crossing the road. Automobiles were as thick as blackberries in August, but every last machine made a careful detour around Mr. Turtle so that he might cross in safety.—A. G. Slater, No. 49 Wall Street.

WHERE THE ONE-LEGGED MEN COME FROM. I saw two boys of about fourteen chase a "one-man" car half a block, hop on the rear and get riding in through one of the windows, thereby getting a free ride.—Charles Peffer, No. 106 Richmond Street, Brooklyn.

"STAND AWAY FROM THE WAGON, BOYS!" I saw an old street feller at Rochester Avenue and Fulton Street with a live snake wrapped around his neck. The feller was selling rheumatism medicine.—Marela T. Peterson, No. 190 Hull Street, Brooklyn.

WHO'S AFRAID? Early this morning I saw a bird industriously engaged in building a nest in the pocket of a scarecrow we had placed at the top of the cherry tree to keep the birds away.—Theo. Boss, No. 32 Elm Street, Passaic, N. J.

AIN'T NATURE GRAND? While preparing the vegetables for dinner I found two perfect wax beans growing from one stem. For half their length they were grown together.—Mrs. L. Cox Cobb, Conn.

LIVERY. I saw a pair of brilliant purple socks hanging in the window of a livery stable at Fulton Street, No. 117 West 90th Street.

EXCLUSIVE. A modest looking young woman approached a really large person who sat in a corner of a subway train and asked if she might sit beside her. "Yes, if you insist," said the large lady, "but it is long and has been my custom and practice to pay TWO fare, and I very much prefer to sit alone." The modest looking young woman turned out to be somewhat of a kiddie. I think that's a perfectly splendid idea, "and you are perfectly justified in your position." In three or four minutes they were talking away together like old cronies.—C. North Grove Street, Somerville, N. J.

DOWN TO HIS LAST CENT. We were standing in line at the Post Office in the Grand Central Station, waiting our turns at the stamp window. I observed that the man in front of me was fidgeting nervously. As the front of the line faded away and his turn came nearer and nearer, he became proportionately more embarrassed. At length it was his turn. There was a sort of sickly smile on his face. "Would you please, Miss," he murmured, "give me four pennies for these two-cent stamps?" The young lady looked at him. He laid out a row. "I've suddenly discovered," he explained, "that I have exactly one cent with me and I've a very nice collection of two-cent stamps." The young lady looked at him. He laid out a row. "I've suddenly discovered," he explained, "that I have exactly one cent with me and I've a very nice collection of two-cent stamps."

LONG BEACH. Week-ending at Long Beach I saw (1) An elderly woman wading in the children do, with her skirts above her knees, while her little granddaughter "swimmed" her shoes and stockings; (2) The elite of the beach watching Frank Tinney's circus from seats on the floor. Big success.—Lionel Scheim, No. 755 Forest Avenue, Bronx.

"BOYS" GETS AN AFTERNOON OFF. I saw Willie Hoyt enjoying himself, watching a semi-professional boxing bout between Glen Cove and Morningside at the Fair Grounds here.—G. S. B. Mincola, L. I.

ALL HOT! My friend and I, each carrying a bag of peanuts, stopped for a minute or two at the curb. A horse hitched to a market wagon stuck his head over his back and pecked at it. The reason appeared to be a nest of young blue jays in the neighborhood.—Mrs. G. Benson, Stamford, Conn.

PROTECTING HER YOUNG. I saw a blue jay chasing a squirrel from tree to tree. Every time the squirrel halted the bird landed on its back and pecked at it. The reason appeared to be a nest of young blue jays in the neighborhood.—Mrs. G. Benson, Stamford, Conn.

A GARDENER WHO KNOWS BEANS. I saw to-day in a back yard garden: Broomsticks, table legs, an umbrella handle, a fishing pole, shade sticks, tin rocker, gas pipe, shoe, tree limb, spade handle, bed slats and a shutter strip—all being used as poles for beans.

WARD'S COUNSEL SEEKS TO RESTRAIN COURT IN ACTION

Applies for Writ of Prohibition Against Justice Morschauer's Investigation.

John Woodward, former Supreme Court Justice, of counsel to Walter S. Ward, under indictment in Westchester County for the murder of Ralph Peters, appeared before the Appellate Division in Brooklyn to-day and asked for a writ of prohibition to restrain Justice Morschauer from continuing the investigation he has been conducting in White Plains to discover if a conspiracy exists in the Ward family to impede the course of justice.

Mr. Woodward in a lengthy argument attacked the investigation as unauthorized by law. He said that Justice Morschauer, as a Justice of the Supreme Court ruled that Ralph S. Ward, a brother of Walter, should not answer a question put to him before the Grand Jury as to what his father told him about the killing of Peters. Justice Morschauer, Mr. Woodward said, decided that the evidence asked for was hearsay.

"And then," continued Mr. Woodward, "Justice Morschauer went to his chambers and constituted himself a Magistrate and ordered Ralph Ward to answer the very question he had ruled out in the Grand Jury proceedings. Ralph Ward did answer the question and his answer was that his father had told him that Walter had said he had shot a man who was blackmailing him."

Mr. Woodward contended that the District Attorney of Westchester County has no legal evidence that a crime was committed in the Ward case and is trying to force the defendant and members of the defendant's family to supply the evidence.

John E. Mack, special assistant District Attorney of Westchester County, argued against granting the writ. He said that the purpose of the investigation is to get at the facts.

"They say," said Mr. Mack "that Walter Ward shot a man who had blackmailed him. But thus far there has been no evidence produced to show the nature of the blackmail. The District Attorney is trying to find this out."

Decision was reserved.

MOTOR BOAT PIRATES KILL SHIP CAPTAIN

MIAMI, Fla., July 21.—The converted auxiliary schooner William H. Albury was held up by motorboat pirates off Gun Key yesterday and her master, Capt. Edgewood, shot dead on deck, according to a wireless message from Almiral picked up by the Miami Beach radio station last night.

A little goes a long way Heinz Vinegars—Malt, Cider, White and Tarragon—are an important factor in the kitchen and on the dining room table. A little goes a long way in making a great many other foods taste better. Better—not just sour. In Heinz sealed bottles.

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COURT SUSTAINS WILL DISPOSING OF \$5,000,000 ESTATE

Marcus L. Ward Left \$4,000,000 for a Home for Jersey Bachelors.

The will of Marcus L. Ward, disposing of an estate valued at about \$5,000,000, is upheld in a decision handed down to-day by Vice Chancellor Fielder of New Jersey. Mr. Ward directed that about \$4,000,000 be used for the establishment of a home for aged and respectable bachelors and widowers, including those who may have through misfortune lost their fortunes. He directed that they must be at least sixty years old and have lived in New Jersey at least ten years.

Relative contested the will, particularly the provision for the home. Dr. Joseph M. W. Kitchen, of East Orange, a cousin, started the action. He was joined by other relatives. They contended that the clause concerning the home was vague and uncertain, illegal and against public policy.