AIR FISHERS KILL A WHALE

THE CETACEAN ASSISTING BY ULTIMATE SUICIDE.

News of the Unprecedented Capture Off Asbury Park Rides on the Wings of the Wind—Biplanists Were Trolling When the Long Epic Chase Began.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 21.—The dead hulk of the first whale ever killed by an aeroplane rolled and swished all afternoon to-day on the leeward of a big crowd of curious folks gathered at the spot on the Jersey beach that marks the dividing line between Spring Lake and Belmar, four miles below here.

The news that a fifty-foot dead whale had arrived on the beach has been in the wind for twenty-four hours and has already been related in the New York papers by local correspondents with a nose for news. The facts concerning the whale's last hours, however, first became known in the forenoon to-day while the airmen who have been driving biplanes at Interlaken throughout the week put in an off day on the aviation field, alternately telling about the death of the whale and teaching a herd of pet carrier flying squirrels that were brought to Asbury Park from Germany a few days ago by Herr Ralph Albrecht Johnstone, Jr., to soar back to their cote on the aviation field from the roof of the Lafayette carrying messages written on note.

The Wright brothers forbid their aviators to make an exhibition on Sunday, but do not object to anybody using the aeroplanes for bluefish trolling on Sunday so long as the aviators do nothing that conflicts with the Sunday fishing laws of Ocean Grove. Upon learning that the only local law at Ocean Grove against Sunday fishing applies to fishermen who make their casts from the land or sea or from the shoulders of the plaster model of the monoplane angel poised for flight on its pedestal on Ocean Boulevard, the aviators got their fishing tackle aboard their aeroplanes last evening after the day's flights were finished and soared out to sea by moonlight to spend the night trolling for sea bass and bluefish about five miles out from the beach.

Aviator Arch Hoxsey, with Aviator Ralph Johnstone as a fishing companion, were the first to get away, so they said out on the field to-day. According to Mr. Johnstone Mr. Hoxsey grew nervous when only a shade over four miles out at sea, and heading the aeroplane into the wind threw down the aeroplane anchor with a splash. The anchor cable of course almost instantly tautened at a long low slant and held the aeroplane thirty or forty feet above the waves on the same principle that a small boy holding a kite string keeps his box kite headed motionless into the wind.

As Hoxsey and Johnstone each helped the other to get ready his fishing tackle a shoreward thrumming announced the oncoming rush of Aviator Coffyn in his B 7 biplane with Kingsland Coffyn, his son, as a passenger. Duval La Chapelle says that he was a few feet behind and above Coffyn. Walter Brookins, in an interview to-night about the death of the whale, said that he was flying with La Chapelle.

All these later arrivals reversed their engines upon coming abreast of Hoxsey and Johnstone, they say, and back pedalled until all three aeroplanes were in line. In this position, they say, they threw out their fishing anchors and began to make their casts.

Arch Hoxsey insisted to-day that it was his good old pal Johnstone who yanked the first bluefish up through the air to the main deck of the biplane. Johnstone just as modestly declares that Hoxsey was the first to make a haul. Be that as it may, both agree that the lower plane of their machine was the first to begin to show the effects of the increased weight as they piled fish after fish on the upper surface of the lower of the main planes. Hoxsey, who was sitting in the upper plane, his legs dangling over the eaves, says he was in a better position than Johnstone to note how the air craft was sinking lower and lower toward the surface of the Atlantic Ocean.

"If I may make a suggestion, Mr. Johnstone," Mr. Hoxsey called to his friend, "I should say that we ought to throw some up a bit; she's sinking to the top of the water."

"I am always only too glad to welcome any suggestion from you, my dear Hoxsey," replied Mr. Johnstone, "particularly anything concerning the way you think I ought to fly my machine; only too well do I realize how much more you know than I do about driving an aeroplane, especially when it is standing still. I say when it's standing still; do you get me, Kid?"

"Well, I forget more than you ever knew," observed Mr. Hoxsey, climbing to the lower plane.

"Impossible, you never learned anything to forget, and I guess that one put the rollers under you, Mr. Arch, all right, all right."

And so the two friends conversed for some time, sometimes pro and sometimes con.

A sudden call from Aviator Coffyn interrupted the conversation for a moment. Johnstone hurried out to the left warp of his plane to find out what Mr. Coffyn wanted. Mr. Coffyn was just beginning to tell Mr. Johnstone that he feared the night air might be dangerous for his little son Kingsland and that as he had run out of gasolene he would have to ask for a tow back to shore, when Mr. Hoxsey, who had sneaked over to the levers that operate the elevating planes, threw the controls up sharply. The upward tilt of the aeroplane was too acute and the load of fish slipped backward off the lower part of the plane and began to flop down toward the waves below.

Little Kingsland Coffyn, who had pulled up the anchor of his father's craft while Mr. Coffyn was talking, and was swinging the machine on a short circle astern the Hoxsey-Johnstone aeroplane to catch the tow rope was close enough to save some of the fish, but most of them were lost. La Chapelle and Brookins, who also had had enough of the sport, flew to the rescue too, but most of the captured bluefish had already disappeared beneath the waves.

Johnstone and Hoxsey were crawling back to the planes of the Coffyn machine to crank up their own craft and start home when there was a sudden swirl and splashing upheaval in the water below them exactly at the spot where they had seen the last of their catch disappear. It was the whale that to-night lies in death on the township line of Belmar and Spring Lake. The falling fish had attracted the monster of the deep from its lair, far, far below the tips of the longest shafts of moonlight.

Not ten feet below the feet of the aviators and between the Hoxsey-Johnstone and the Coffyn-Coffyn, Jr. aeroplanes the yawning jaws of the ravenous whale yawned in the moonlight, the bluefish cramming wide its jaws. But the whale's bloodshot eyes clouded with fear as it saw the great spreading wings just above it. Backward it tried to flop as if to escape what it evidently mistook for a pair of fishhawks.

The whale will give battle to the fishhawks when it is cornered and the fishhawks is alone, but rarely will it face the birds when they number more than one; flying fish flee from the shark, swooping from bow to bow, and shrieking out for succor in bubbles that break unheard on lonely waters far from the haunt of man. But as the whale, now thoroughly alarmed, tried to slip back into its deep sea nest the dripping anchors of the two aeroplanes on either side sank into the whale's head just back of its right and left ears.

"Let 'er go. I've got him!" yelled Hoxsey above the rush of the waters below him.

"I suppose I didn't have anything to do with it," Mr. Johnstone yelled back as the spark caught and the aeroplanes started toward the beach. "Oh, I was just sitting around looking on, I suppose, and you did all the——"

The banging engine made further intercourse next to impossible.

The scoffers who have doubted Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton's assertion in his book of nature essays "From My Cos Cob Front Stoop" that the north Atlantic whale will attempt suicide when hopelessly cornered will receive no support from the aviators who hooked the whale, which at this very moment may be seen by the sceptical as it lies dead on the beach four and one-third miles south by west of Asbury Park. Every one of the five famous fliers who witnessed the incident of hooking the whale agree to-night in every detail, and they were put to a sharp test by Messrs. Neely and Dollinger of the National Council of the Aero Clubs of America, the examinations being individual in each case.

From the taximeter on the Hoxsey-Johnstone machine it was learned that the whale fought valiantly to free itself from the flukes of the anchors during the first two and two-thirds miles of the race in toward the beach. It lessened its struggles rapidly then and when the water grew so shallow that the whale felt its belly dragging on the sands it gave one expiring lunge forward and turned its body in a circle.

Thrusting its great tail down its throat, it choked itself and with a last effort bit itself through the heart and rolled over on the beach dead.

The generosity shown by Mr. Hoxsey and Mr. Johnstone with regard to who really captured the whale, each insisting that the other could have landed it alone, is extending to-night in a like degree to the officials of Spring Lake and Belmar. The line dividing the two resorts, as has been said, crosses the beach directly beneath the keel of the dead whale. Spring Lake officials say that inasmuch as the head of the whale lies in Belmar they wouldn't think of claiming the body, and Belmar just as generously offers the head and all that goes with it to Spring Lake.

It may be necessary to cut the cards to decide which will permit the other to own the whale. Town meetings to decide the question are now being talked of and may be called any time in early September. The Wright company has put forth no claims for the whale so far, but it is said that one reason for Treasurer Barnes's trip to New York late last night was to get a legal decision as to their rights to the body. Spring Lake, which is to the south of the whale, seems to hold at this writing the most advantageous position on the subject, but the wind may change at any time.

As there have been no other flights since sundown last evening the capture of the whale was the only aviation news learned around the airmen's headquarters to-day. The meet will continue to-morrow and Tuesday, however, and something else is likely to turn up or down at almost any moment.

RIOT ENDS MINERS' MEETING.

President Lewis Says Ultimate Results of Convention Will Be Good.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 21.—The special convention of the United Mine Workers adjourned at 2 o'clock this morning just after a riot in which two men were knocked down and one was so badly beaten with pop bottles that a physician had to sew up the gashes in his scalp.

The victim was a delegate from Missouri who had stood by Lewis in the exciting debate over the substitute for the committee report, and his assailants were delegates from Illinois.

The Missouri man was attacked in the corridors of the hall and knocked two of his assailants down, but they came at him so fast and in such numbers that he was bleeding from a dozen scalp wounds before others interfered and saved him from death.

Speaking of the results of the convention this evening President Lewis said that its action is the indorsement of all existing strikes which are to be supported by an assessment of $1 a week on every working miner.

"The fact that the convention failed to reaffirm the position of the mine workers in respect to wage contracts when made," said he, "may temporarily make a bad impression, but it does not reflect the real sentiment and attitude of the membership of the oragnization. The alleged referendum vote of Illinois will be counted and the result announced, not because it will have any effect, but it will simply gratify the prejudices of a body of men."

President Lewis intimated very strongly that the organization would not change its policy in respect to the employment of organizers when he said: "We have always had organizers and always will have them as long as we have 400,000 non-union miners in this country. The proposal to do away with these organizers could not be carried into effect because it would have set aside the constitution, and the convention was not a constitutional convention. The results of the convention may temporarily be bad, but as soon as the men at home understand the situation the outcome will be of lasting benefit to the miners and to the industries of the country."

News of Plays and Players.

Oscar Hammerstein has reengaged the Manhattan grand opera orchestra for the production of the comic opera "Hans." The violin soloist and concert master, Hugo Riesenfeld, has also been reengaged, while Josiah Zuro, one of the conductors of the grand opera company, will lead the orchestra.

The "Seven Days" company that has been giving some special performances at the Astor Theatre goes to Asbury Park to play on Wednesday and Thursday, then jumps to Pittsburg, where it opens next Monday night.

Mme. Kalich will to-day begin rehearsals of "A Woman of To-day," the new American drama by Samuel Shipman, in which she is to open her first regular starring season.

Marietta Olly, the German actress, will return soon to this country. She will open her second season in Henri Bernstein's "The Whirlwind."

Regular Wednesday matinées of "Up and Down Broadway" will be given at the Casino Theatre beginning this week.

Lew Fields has engaged Bertha Shalek for the rôle of *Loleta*, the Spanish beauty, in support of Blanche Ring in "The Yankee Girl." Miss Shalek succeeds Dorothy Jardon, who joins the cast of "Madame Sherry."

Walter N. Lawrence has contracted to produce in October a new play called "Bob's Sister" which has been written by Geraldine Bonner and H. H. Boyd.

John Cort has engaged Robert Wayne to play *Rome Preston* and Raymond Walburn for *Barrett Sheridan* in support of Max Figman in "Mary Jane's Pa," which begins an engagement at the Globe Theatre, Boston, on Labor Day.

BUSY AUGUST FOR HOTELS

BUSY, THAT IS, IN COMPARISON WITH OTHER YEARS.

Buyers Here in Great Numbers and Many Returning European Voyagers Who Stay Over for a Day or Two—Automobile Parties Are Also Helping Out.

If you take a stroll along Broadway in the evening about theatre time you get the impression that New York is pretty well filled in spite of its being August.

At many of the hotels along Broadway they will tell you they were never more busy, and those hostelries where you can get a room "without" for a minimum of $1 or say $2 are about chock a block. At the hotels along Fifth avenue there is still plenty of room, but you hear at most of them that this August far surpasses last and some say it is the best August they have ever had.

With the average fashionable hotel the rush season does not begin until about the first of October, and it keeps up until a day or two before Christmas, with a noticeable acceleration about the times of the horse show and the automobile show. January at many of them is apt to be a little slack, and then things begin to hum and keep going until about the end of March. In June the expense bill begins to eat up the receipts. In July it is still harder to make both ends meet and in some cases August is a losing month.

Some of those hotels that have a large "permanent" trade are losing this August, but with most of the transient houses this is proving a profitable month. As for the hotels that draw the buyers for merchants all over the country, they are coining money.

Buyers have been coming to New York ever since the latter part of July, and since Sunday they have come by droves. One Broadway house jumped its "count" from a scant 200 a week ago last Saturday night to 425 Sunday night, 600 Monday night and nearly 700 Tuesday night. The buyers come from all parts of the country and they remain from three or four days to two or three weeks.

Early in the morning the lobbies of these hotels are filled and salesmen of the local manufacturing and jobbing houses follow up the visitors with invitations to luncheons and to dinners and with theatre tickets and incidentally opportunities to do business. A reporter who went into a music hall one afternoon recently was struck with the fact that the men in the audience far outnumbered the women.

"Who are they?" he asked the manager.

"Buyers," was the reply. And they turn out in full force on Broadway in the evenings and are in evidence in the theatres.

There are many hotels that do not get any benefit from the invasion of the buyers, but one of them especially is doing almost 50 per cent. better business than it did this time a year ago. Its clientèle is made up of the classes of travellers that are swelling the registers at the other fashionable hotels. A large part is composed of persons on their way to or from Europe. While the rush eastward was over before the end of July there is still considerable movement in that direction, while every ship that comes westward nowadays is well filled. Most residents of New York tarry a day or so in town on their way to their country places, if they are so fortunate as to have them, and it is seldom that the traveller from out of town who gets back after an ocean voyage does not stop for a few days.

Then there are a lot of folks who stop in New York on their way from the South or the West to the seashore or from the seashore to the mountains to whom a stay of two or three days seems necessary. During the last few weeks the number of foreigners who have come over on business or pleasure is larger than usual for this time of the year, and they go to swell the throng.

The number of Southerners who come to New York to spend the summer or a part of it has greatly increased this year. The wealthier of them of course stay at the hotels for a few days or a few weeks, and there are many who come up to spend a week or two in the North and who make New York the centre from which they take trips to Long Beach and the resorts nearer, up the Hudson and even to Atlantic City. There are many places in the United States where people regard a trip to New York as even a more important undertaking than an Easterner looks upon a trip to Europe.

Other means of swelling the crowd that is now in New York are the numerous touring parties from the South and Southwest who come to New York personally conducted in groups of a dozen or more and who take in the museums, the houses of the great and the wealthy and Chinatown. Observing persons have remarked that the number of rubbernecks wagons on Fifth avenue during the last week was greater than was ever known, and most of them were filled.

In the arrivals at the fashionable hotels are many automobilists, who have this summer furnished a part of the patronage out of all proportion to what it has been in former years. At one hotel it was said yesterday that fully one-third of those stopping in the hotel were persons who were making automobile tours.

Ever since early in July automobilists from Maryland, Pennsylvania and the middle West have been coming to town in their cars. The usual route from here is up through New England and the White Mountains, and in many cases such visitors make New York their headquarters for a few days or a week, while they make short runs to such places as Long Beach or Asbury Park or Southampton. Often they have hampers put up with a lunch for a run out to some indefinite point in the country. Their nights most of them prefer to spend in town, where they swell the crowds at the theatres and music halls. Just now many of these parties are getting back on the return from the White Mountains, but others are still coming. Some of those that have arrived during the week came from places as far away as Kansas City, Mo., having shipped their automobiles by rail to Chicago and taken the road from there.

During the week the crowd at the hotels is always swelled by the addition of men who are New Yorkers but whose families are in Europe or too far away for them to join at night.

One thing that seems to hold the visitors spellbound is Broadway at night. You will see groups of them stop at the sight of one of those unusually animated electric signs and exclaim, and the foreigners you meet admit that at least there is nothing like those illuminations in the rest of the world, even in Paris.

Sightseeing from the tops of the Fifth avenue buses is becoming more popular all the time, and at certain points a boy in uniform gets aboard and offers to sell you a self-acting guidebook to all the sights to be seen along the route. If you are a frequent patron of the bus tops you often hear amusing scraps of conversation.

A small party was seeing New York in this fashion the other day when a woman came out upon the second story balcony of a house on the avenue smoking a cigarette. There were exclamations of horror from the three women in the party. The man turned about after the bus had passed and was gazing curiously at the woman who smoked when the stout person on his left pulled him back with a jerk.

"Look here, Bill Thompson," she exclaimed, "if you don't stop rubbernecking at every one of them actresses you see you'll have to put me and you aboard the train for home."

On Friday when a bus was navigating up the avenue through fog and rain a stout man who was sitting on top pulled himself together with a jolt when the conductor came along, poked his dime in the slot fare collector at him and said, "Thank you," with a rising inflection on the last syllable. The passenger rubbed his eyes and looked around, and then smiled.

"I just got back from London yesterday" he confided to a reporter who happened to be the only other passenger on the roof, "but this London weather and the polite conductor made me think I was still there. When I went through here on my way over the conductors simply poked their machines at you and bawled 'Fare.' It doesn't really seem like New York."

HE RAN AROUND AND BUTTED.

Seems to Be a Jersey Railway Superintendent and County Detective Too.

After two policemen and a crowd had stood for a while watching the peculiar movements of a man who says he is Frank Hoffman, superintendent of the Raritan River Railroad, on the corner of Fourteenth street and Third avenue last night he was placed under arrest. Before the policemen could finish arresting him the man attacked them and for a few minutes bested them.

The policemen scrambled to their feet and closed with him again. This time they held him until the patrol wagon arrived. All the way to the East Twenty-second street station they had hard work to keep the man in the wagon. At the station house he fought some more.

He explained that he had come to the city to spend the evening on Broadway. In a hotel on Third avenue near Fourteenth street he bought a drink. Three or four minutes later he was without his pocketbook and the $150 in it. Just why he ran up and down Third avenue bumping into pedestrians and elevated pillars he could not say.

In his pockets were passes made out to Frank Hoffman on the Raritan River Railroad, Central Railroad of New Jersey and the Tuckerton Railroad. There were also cards in his pockets bearing the same name, with the legend "County Detective, Middlesex County, New Jersey."

He insisted it had been his first drink in sixteen years. He gave his age as 33 but refused to give his address. A letter was found addressed to him at 40 Paterson street, New Brunswick, N. J. He was charged with intoxication.

TAXI WRECKED AT CONEY.

Five Passengers and the Chauffeur Spilled Against a Curb.

A taxicab belonging to the New York Taxicab Company had trouble in its sterring gear while returning from Coney Island at 11:30 o'clock last night and struck the curb on Ocean Parkway near Neptune avenue. It overturned, throwing its chauffeur and five passengers to the street.

August Westerberg, 33 years old, a hotel proprietor living at 323 Fourth avenue, Manhattan, was thrown through the window and was cut about the face and head. His wife, Kate, and their seven-year-old son August and John Brown, a butcher living at 131 East Eighty-fourth street, and his wife, Frieda, were the other occupants of the machine. All were more or less bruised and cut. The chauffeur, Edward Brady of 438 West Forty-seventh street, also got some bruises.

All were treated at the Coney Island Hospital and then sent home in another taxicab.

LAMBS HAVE AN OUTING.

They Frolic at the Country Place of Grismer and Greene.

The Lambs had an outing yesterday at Los Olmos, the country home of two of their number, which is at Bay Side, L. I. The hosts were Joseph R. Grismer and Clay M. Greene. The affair was called washing day, but the only doings which lived up to the name were swimming races, in which Frank Daniels, De Wolf Hopper, Edmund Breese and Samuel B. Harburger participated.

De Wolf Hopper and Marshall P. Wilder led the field around in the Marathon race. Wilder slowed down when he was near the finish and De Wolf got the prize. A baseball game between the Giants and the Cons wound up the athletic sports. De Wolf Hopper umpired the game with the assistance of Sam Harburger. The Giants won, 25 to 13.

A clambake was held on the shore of the bay after the ball game. A play entitled "Nearly King Lear" had been written for the occasion, but it was passed up as too elaborate.

MIDSHIPMAN DIES AT SEA.

Richard R. Landy of the Naval Academy Victim of Peritonitis.

NORFOLK, Aug. 21.—Midshipman Richard R. Landy died yesterday aboard the battleship Iowa of the midshipman training squadron now returning from the European cruise.

Information as to his death was received at the Norfolk Navy Yard to-day by wireless.

The midshipman was a victim of peritonitis. He had been in the naval service for one year, entering the Naval Academy from Tennessee.

The training squadron, which is composed of the Iowa and the battleships Massachusetts and Indiana, was to-night about 100 miles east of Cape Henry. It will enter the Chesapeake early to-morrow and will continue on to Annapolis without stopping.

P. R. R. TUNNEL TRIPS.

Special Trains for Invited Guests to Be Run From Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has issued invitations for trial trips through its East River tubes, which begin on August 30. Special cars of steel construction will compose these trains. They will run from August 30 to September 2. Soon after regular trains will be run through the tubes to connect with the Long Island Railroad. The train crews are now being drilled for the regular service.

NOT SO VERY SAINTLY.

Club Dancers From Brooklyn Maul Policeman in Row Over Women.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Aug. 21.—As the result of a fight between the local police and members of St. Anthony's Athletic Club of Brooklyn Patrolman Peter Buckley is in the General Hospital with a fractured jaw, several scalp wounds and other injuries.

The fight took place early this morning in Union Square. Italians had just left a dance at Tern Hall. A quarrel arose over some women in the party and the police interfered. Fifteen arrests were made.

MAYOR GAYNOR SITS UP TWICE

HE ALSO WALKS TO HIS CHAIR WITHOUT SUPPORT.

Eats Beefsteak and Potatoes for Dinner, Reads and Chats—His Voice Has Not Grown Stronger, but the Physicians Say It Will Regain Its Power.

In accordance with the plan that they announced on Saturday the physicians issued only one bulletin yesterday about Mayor Gaynor's condition, but they made it more comprehensive than some of the preceding ones. It read:

Mayor Gaynor is steadily gaining in strength. He sat up a part of the day, has walked a few steps, has enjoyed reading and this evening is in excellent condition.

W. J. ARLITZ,
CHARLES M. DOWD.

The walking which the Mayor did, Secretary Adamson said, was not on the programme which the doctors had laid out. They said that the patient might sit up for a short time, but they did not want him to be too strenuous. None of the physicians was in the room when the Mayor got out of bed yesterday morning, so he just walked over to the chair. He felt a little weak and his legs were shaky from being in bed so long, but aside from that the Mayor got along first rate.

Mrs. Gaynor was in the room all day, and her husband talked with her when he was not reading a book. A dozen or more books have been sent to the Mayor and they are piled up on a table near his bed. The Mayor's son was in the room for some time also. The only other caller was City Chamberlain Charles Hyde, who saw the Mayor on Saturday. What they discussed is not known.

The window at the rear of the Mayor's room affords a view of Jersey City Heights. Mayor Gaynor evidently mistook the place for Hoboken Heights yesterday, for he made a jocular remark about the beauty of Hoboken Heights. When he had been sitting up for thirty-five minutes he was helped back to his bed and his dinner was soon afterward brought in. It consisted of beefsteak and potatoes. The Mayor seemed to enjoy it quite as much as the squab which he had on Saturday. After dinner he walked back to the chair and remained up this time for a full hour.

Secretary Adamson left the hospital at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon and did not return until half past 8 o'clock in the evening. He said that he had decided not to tell the Mayor anything more yesterday about the shooting as he had planned to do on Saturday. He thought that since the Mayor had shown no inclination to talk about it the subject might be disagreeable to him.

"Mayor Gaynor's voice has not been improving as well as might be wished," said the secretary. "It has not got along in proportion to his improvement along other lines. The Mayor speaks with some difficulty. I think that he tries to save it as much as he can. The doctors say that it will be all right and that in a short time he will be able to speak as well as ever. The cough has subsided and the Mayor swallows without difficulty. He is not in any pain.

"Mayor Gaynor has not asked to see a newspaper. He doesn't know yet of the boom for the nomination for Governor and would probably not discuss it if he did. The Mayor never discusses politics and there is no reason why he should break the rule now.

"When the Mayor can be removed is still problematical. His condition does not call for any more bulletins. It is beyond that stage. There will be one issued every day, however."

After finishing his supper last evening the Mayor went to sleep. There is no immediate prospect of an operation, the doctors say, but the bullet will probably be taken out some time. There was no regular conference of the physicians yesterday. Dr. Arlitz was with the Mayor during the day and Dr. Dowd remained at the hospital last night.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Business swept down on one uptown block with such suddenness that the old residents were overcome. There were photographers, hairdressers, song publishers, manicures and real estate firms in such numbers that the few houses remaining devoted to residential purposes had a hard time to maintain their individuality.

In some cases the leases still had several years to run, while in others the occupants owned their property, had lived there long before the business people swarmed down on the street in such numbers and did not propose to abandon their homes until they could do it in the way they wanted.

It was one of these old residents who, driven to desperation by the ringing of his bell by the clients of the commercial invaders, finally had a small sign painted and hung over the doorbell of his house. It reads simply "This Is a Private House," and the intruder who rings the bell without taking the trouble to read that legend is not likely to attempt it a second time.

The man with the cinder in his eye was suffering great pain. Every one had a different method of relief to suggest, but nothing had the desired effect. At length one of the bystanders procured a little olive oil from the lunch room. This was poured into the eye and relief was instant.

"I learned that method of dealing with cinders while abroad," said the bystander, "and I guess it is about as effective as anything after all."

Boys who supply soap boxes for the crowd to stand on know better than anybody else the tempests of emotion that stir people's souls at outdoor suffragette meetings. The vehemence of the stamping is the emotional barometer they go by.

"The boxes we rent to that bunch have to be strengthened or there would be a lot of folks with barked skins and maybe broken legs," said one boy who was nailing extra pieces of boarding across the tops of several fragile boxes that he had collected from 125th street storekeepers. "Everybody gets so wrought up at these meetings that they jump up and down like mad and break common boxes to flinders.

"I rented boxes at the Fulton celebration and the day Roosevelt came home and at a lot of political meetings. I handled just the ordinary soap boxes then without an extra lath nailed on, but a box that will stand the wear and tear of a big parade without an accident wouldn't last ten minutes when the suffragists get to going."

They have a new fireproof and burglar proof room for department records at Fire headquarters. Commissioner Waldo wanted a certain record the other day and sent a clerk for it.

The clerk couldn't open the steel door, as the lock had got out of commission. He tinkered at it for an hour while the head of the department waited.

"Send down to the Yorkville court and get a burglar," a visitor suggested.

A locksmith was sent for instead. He worked at it for two hours, but could not open it. Then he did as a burglar might do. He drilled holes around the lock and got the door open.

The city authorities are making strenuous efforts to see that taxicab patrons are not being overcharged. Every day now the chief taxicab inspector and six under inspectors are testing all the taxicabs they can, on a marked course on Seventh avenue that has been surveyed by the city surveyors.

The course is just below Forty-second street and runs south for a mile. The taxicab inspectors mount the taxis and run them over the course and if the meters overcharge they are condemned and cannot be used until repaired and tested again.

Not only are the meters examined to discover how much they register for the mile, but they are subjected to a critical examination to learn how much they register for waiting time and extras. Other courses have been marked off in Brooklyn and Far Rockaway.

IN DISTRESS OFF CONEY.

Launch Party, Becalmed and Ill, Signalled for a Tow.

Coney Islanders saw the occupants of a naphtha launch a mile off shore making frantic efforts to attract attention yesterday.

Capt. Thomas Riley of Balmer's life saving corps with two assistants put out in a rowboat. The launch was the Sultan, owned by H. G. Stack of 55 Henry street, Brooklyn. Something was the matter with the darned carbureter and in the choppy waves the Sultan was bowing to the mermaids so fast that everybody aboard was seasick.

The launch was taken in tow and landed at the foot of Fifth street. Robert Kaufman and Michael Baldinger were so ill, even after they got ashore, that an ambulance was called from the Coney Island hospital. They recovered.

The launch Joppa broke down off Sea Gate about 9 o'clock last night and was towed to the Atlantic Yacht Club pier by the yacht club tender. There were aboard four men and four women. They attracted the attention of persons ashore through a megaphone.

MOVING TALKS FOR FARMERS.

Pennsylvania Lines Running Two Instruction Trains.

Two farmers' instruction trains run by the Pennsylvania lines will start out to-day, one in Indiana, the other in Ohio. Men from the Purdue experiment station will talk to the Indiana farmers on methods for improving wheat. This trip will last fifteen days. The Ohio tour will take three days.

Since 1907 many special instruction trains have been operated in Ohio, Indiana, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland and farmers' educational steamboats have been run on the rivers tributary to the Chesapeake Bay.