

ANDREW HEMRICH IS STRICKEN SUDDENLY

President of Brewery Concern Brought to Hospital From Soap Lake Unconscious and Dies a Few Hours After His Arrival—Death Halts Union Strike.



ANDREW HEMRICH, PRESIDENT OF THE SEATTLE BREWING AND MALTING COMPANY, WHO DIED THIS MORNING.

Andrew Hemrich, president of the Seattle Brewing and Malting company, and one of the most prominent brewers of the Pacific coast, died at the Minor hospital at 4:30 o'clock this morning.

Two weeks ago Mr. Hemrich went to Soap Lake in the hope of recovering from a bladder trouble that was causing him much physical discomfort.

His condition became constantly worse. Yesterday he became unconscious. Dr. Alfred Raymond, the family physician, was sent to Soap Lake to bring Mr. Hemrich back to Seattle for medical treatment. Dr. Raymond brought Mr. Hemrich to Seattle during the trip he did not regain consciousness. Dr. Raymond reached the Minor hospital with his unconscious patient at 2:30 o'clock this morning. Two hours later Mr. Hemrich died without regaining consciousness.

Mr. Hemrich was 54 years old. He was undoubtedly the biggest figure in the brewery industry in the Northwest for years.

In 1882 Mr. Hemrich came to Seattle from Wisconsin, his native state. Almost immediately after his arrival he established a brewery at Bay View under the name of Kopp & Hemrich. Later his father, John Hemrich, and Frederick Kirschner formed a corporation under the name of the Bay View Brewing company. Mr. Hemrich continued to be interested in the brewery business until 1892, when it was merged into the Seattle Brewing and Malting company.

Mr. Hemrich was elected president of the Seattle Brewing and Malting company, which position he held until his death. In 1884 Mr. Hemrich was married to Mrs. Amelia Hucks, who survives him. Mr. Hemrich for years has lived at Tenth av. S., near Hanford st. Recently, however, he moved to his new residence at 21st av. and East Prospect st.

The body is at the Bonney-Watson undertaking parlors. No funeral arrangements have yet been made. The breweries with which Mr. Hemrich was connected suspended operations this morning as a mark of respect to the deceased president.

BREWERS' STRIKE IS POSTPONED

Because of the death of Andrew Hemrich, which occurred this morning, the brewery strike, which it was planned to call today, is in abeyance. The breweries workers all reported for work this morning. The plants of the Seattle Brewing & Malting company and the breweries of the Hemrich Brothers, however, did not operate, owing to Mr. Hemrich's death.

Yesterday G. W. H. Davis, secretary of the Brewers' association, and Joseph Probstle of the International Brewery Workers' union, held a long conference in the Northern hotel. At the conclusion of the conference Mr. Probstle announced that the Brewers' association had another proposition to submit to the brewers' union meet-

BRINGHURST IS OUSTED ON IDLE PRETEXT

Civil Service Commission Stands by Mayor in His Effort to Put Political Friend in Office.

George P. Listman, H. T. Granger and George F. Zimmerman, the three members of the civil service commission, at a special meeting Saturday night sustained Mayor Gill's discharge of Harry W. Bringhurst as chief of the fire department, and with this action dealt one of the severest blows ever dealt to municipal civil service in Seattle.

Almost every person present at the Bringhurst hearing 10 days ago admitted that Mayor Gill had fallen down completely in making a case against Bringhurst, sufficient to warrant the latter's removal so that Capt. John Boyle, one of the mayor's political lieutenants, might be given the job.

The mayor charged Bringhurst with a violation of the civil service rules in failure to wear a uniform, with inefficiency and with failure to work in harmony with other city officials, specifically naming the board of public works.

The civil service commissioners found that the first two charges against Bringhurst were not substantiated, but, being pressed to carry out the mayor's wishes and any assistance to this brewer, and with the prospect of being summarily removed from office if they did not do this, picked the last charge as the one on which to hang their action.

The commission decided that Bringhurst had not worked in harmony with the board, and had publicly criticized members of the board.

The testimony at the hearing showed that not Bringhurst but the members of the board were at fault in the controversies that arose over the purchase of apparatus and supplies for the fire department, and in the fitting up of the fireboat Duwamish. Purchases were made with utter disregard for recommendations made by the fire chief, and at times without ever consulting him about them. The Duwamish was fitted up, even to small details—details that would be very important when it came to fire fighting—in the face of protests from Bringhurst.

The commission made much of the charge that Bringhurst had failed to answer letters, asking for his advice regarding the fitting up of the fireboat, and in answer to this charge Bringhurst said today:

"It was not until last October that they sent me the letters of which much capital is made now and which I am accused of not answering. The boat was then nearly completed, and as opinions were asked on matters strongly opposed before the board by me during the 15 months that the boat was in the course of construction, I simply called their attention to this fact upon receipt of these letters."

In summing up the whole decision of the commissioners, Bringhurst said he believed it to be simply a matter of political expediency.

"It is a case of removal of the commissioners no doubt thought it better to sacrifice me than to endanger the whole civil service, and probably this was the wisest view to take."

SAN DIEGO, Cal.—William Gardiner, a carpenter, 67 years old, placed a shotgun in his mouth last night and pulled the trigger with his toe. His head was blown to fragments.

BROCTON, Mass.—Born on the same day, May 2, 1823, Fred Hanson, former state representative and well-known granite dealer, and Mrs. Emily J. Coe, of Braintree, will be married today on their 75th birthday. This is the bride's third marriage. Hanson is a widower.

FRESNO, Cal.—Whipple S. Hall, the aviator, crashed into a fence and was painfully injured at the fair grounds yesterday while his wife and daughter were watching his flight.

TACOMA.—Five people are held in the Tacoma jail on a first degree murder charge, the largest number in the history of Pierce county.

REDLANDS, Cal.—Mrs. M. Fourben is suffering from a fracture of the skull and the body of David Davies, her former husband, who inflicted the injury, is at the city morgue. Davies shot himself through the head after he had attacked Mrs. Fourben, beating her head with the butt of a revolver. Mrs. Fourben divorced Davies several years ago.

ROSEBURG, Ore.—Former Congressman Binger Hermann is on the road to recovery, according to a bulletin issued today by the attending physician.

SAN RAFAEL, Cal.—One of the largest giant redwood trees in Muirwoods National park was dedicated to Gifford Pinchot yesterday. The ceremonies were witnessed by over 2,000 people. Permission to name the tree was received from Secretary Ballinger.

That threat of Mayor Gill's that he would have a new board of civil service commissioners for breakfast every morning if things didn't just exactly suit him seems to have been effective.

Will you help build the fence?

A sleeping man tried to commit suicide at the city hospital. We suggest Halley's comet as a remedy.

They indicted Bob Hodge because he didn't search through basements for dust-covered slot machines, and now the court comes through and says the grand jury erred in critic-

Johnnie Poe, Soldier of Fortune, Off for Gold and Adventure in the North

Last fall Johnnie Poe, famous Princeton football star back in the late 90s, came marching home a Honduras general. Last night at 9 o'clock he went sailing away to Alaska on the steamer Jefferson, a member of the United States government survey party, to spend the summer working on the Alaskan-Canadian boundary line.

When Poe hailed a passing American gunboat at Puerto Cortez, Honduras, last September, and asked to be taken home, he swore his career as a soldier of fortune was ended. "Where is your baggage?" called the officer of the deck. "Don't worry about the baggage—it consists of a pair of socks and a deck of playing cards," Poe called back.

Quits General Business.

And Poe, no longer a general in the army of Honduras, was rowed aboard the gunboat Des Moines and went back to the United States.

It seemed good to be back in civilization again, and Poe, the soldier of fortune, told his friends gravely he was settling down.

But civilization and routine existence palled on him in short order. He heard of two old Princeton classmates who were going to Alaska in the summer on the survey work, and promptly put in his application.

"Now look here, old man, I wasn't a real general in the Honduras army," Poe said to a visitor. "I was just an officer with no particular rank. Any man with a white collar can be an officer if he wants to be."

Balks at Photo.

Again he objected when a photographer appeared. "Now why don't you take a picture of some of the other fellows in the party?" They are good, law-abiding citizens, who work hard and are trying to make a name for themselves, while I go cavorting off to kick up a rumpus in Central America, and get all the newspaper glory."

"I guess the call of the wild is in my blood to stay," said Poe, just before the Jefferson sailed last night. "I thought I had rid myself of it in Central America, but



JOHNNY POE, EX-PRINCETON FOOTBALL HERO, EX-HONDURAS GENERAL, NOW OFF TO ALASKA.

now it's North that is calling me." There were two short blasts of the Jefferson's whistle, and the wharf hand began to get ready to raise the gang plank. Poe ran aboard and disappeared in the saloon.

Football Family.

John P. Poe, Jr., or "Johnnie" Poe, is one of the celebrated family of Princeton gridiron stars, and incidentally a relative of Edgar Allan Poe. Five Poe brothers went to Princeton, and not a one of them failed to make a name for himself on the football field.

There were several other young men of prominence in the survey party of 41 men. "Mac" Pope, prominent in Baltimore society, and widely known as a big game hunter, is aboard the Jefferson. He expects to supply the party with meat.

Thomas Riggs, Jr., commands the party. He has been with the boundary survey for three years. The men will be back in Seattle again next October.

COUNT IS RAILWAY COMMISSION GOING SOME WILL PROBE WRECK

Coroner and State Officials Will Try to Place Blame for Accident Which Caused Death of Two and Injury to Seventeen Saturday Morning.

With the civic bureau working in harmony in checking back on the original count made by the official government agency, the prospect is better for Seattle getting a nearly as complete a count as any other city on the coast.

The slips filled out by persons who think they have been missed continue to pour into the civic bureau by the thousands. In turning these over to the official enumerators a letter to them from the civic bureau states that while no doubt there are many duplications, yet the interest of the city demand a careful check, and the enumerators are accepting this help in the friendly spirit in which it is offered, and are working hard on the recount.

Coroner J. C. Snyder, the railroad commission of Washington and the public utilities department of Seattle will hold a joint investigation at 1 o'clock tomorrow afternoon to fix the blame for the collision on the Seattle, Renton & Southern Saturday night, in which two people were killed and 17 injured, one of them probably fatally.

Coroner Snyder received word this morning from Chairman H. A. Fairchild of the railroad commission that the commission would be here tomorrow. The Seattle, Renton & Southern comes under the jurisdiction of the commission through its being an interurban road, and the commission must investigate all accidents on the railroad of the state. With Mr. Fairchild will come Jesse Jones, J. C. Lawrence, the other members of the commission, and probably Assistant Attorney General W. Vaughn Tanner and Engineer H. L. Gray.

The wreck occurred Saturday night about 10 o'clock near Orchard Beach. The cause is still a mystery. It is known that the coupling became unloosed, letting the heavily laden coal car down the grade to smash into the southbound passenger, but how the thing happened remains unexplained. The motor drawing the train had become stalled on the grade, and suddenly the coal car started down the hill. George Bobb, a brakeman, made a frantic attempt to overtake the speeding car.

Judge W. C. Bell of Harrodsburg, Ky., died soon after reaching the City hospital, where all of the injured were rushed in a private car, and Julia Lee Rochester, 13-year-old daughter of Judge and Mrs. G. A. C. Rochester, 1230 15th av. N., died a few hours later. Mrs. Bell is at the Seattle General hospital, where she is recovering from painful, though not serious injuries. J. C. Smith, a laborer, is at the City hospital, and he may not recover. He is injured about the head, and also has some internal injuries. His condition is critical. The rest of the injured are considered out of danger and doing nicely. Many of them were able to go to their homes last night and this morning.

President W. R. Crawford of the company states that had the passenger been of the old type, instead of one of the new steel cars, the collision would undoubtedly have been much more serious. He is at a loss to explain the cause of the collision, but an investigation is being made.

The list of the dead and injured follows:

The Dead.

Judge W. C. Bell, Harrodsburg, Ky., guest at the Sorrento hotel; Miss Julia Lee Rochester, 13 years old, daughter of Judge G. A. C. Rochester, 1230 15th av. N.

154307

BILLY SUNDAY JARS PULPITS

"Sweats Out Collars for the Glory of God" and Casts Clerical Dignity to the Winds in First M. E. Church This Morning.

BY MARION LOWE.

"Give it to 'em," said a brother in the audience when Billy Sunday appeared in the pulpit of the First M. E. church this morning.

And Billy did. Not that Billy needed to be told. He can be counted on to do that voluntarily.

First he went after the preachers. He swatted 'em right and left. A whole row of Seattle ministers of various denominations sitting in the pulpit behind him took it right merrily. They just let Billy hit 'em and laughed. Maybe they didn't think Billy was hitting them. The audience seemed to think he was.

"If I didn't sweat out more collars than some preachers I wouldn't amount to any more than they do. Dignity and formality are killing the churches," said Billy. "Preaching John Smith and him dignified is a very different thing from preaching Christ and him crucified."

Billy is sweating out his collars all right. If that's amounting to something for the glory of God, Billy could keep every laundry in town busy. This is the point, does it count for saving souls or running up laundry bills?

"Every time Billy Sunday opens his mouth he hits a man where he's living," said a man who heard him. And there's the power of Billy Sunday and his "sweat out" collars. He wakes people up and makes them understand that religion is not a Sunday coat nor a Bible on the parlor table, but it's



"If I didn't sweat out more collars than some preachers do I wouldn't amount to any more than they do."

seems to me he is going to make it in urging them all to be Billy Sundays. Nobody else can be just like him.

"More people chew the rag over me and hammer more knobs because I try to be myself," he said. "Find an earnest man in the pulpit and I'll show you a man who makes the bunch sit up and take notice."

Is Billy Sunday in earnest? Thousands of people have asked it. And tens of thousands have answered, "He's the power of God to salvation." Billy Sunday is in earnest. Billy Sunday is sincere. Billy Sunday means it. I believe that. Maybe you don't.

When he had flayed alive the ministers of the Gospel, he took church members by the back of the neck and shook 'em over hell fire till not one of them doubted that he, at least, believed there is a place prepared for the devil and his angels.

"In this Godforsaken, whiskey-soaked, gambling-ridden, harlot-filled town of Seattle, what the church needs is not more men, nor more women, nor more money, but the old bunch made over. Some church members are all front door and when you open the door you're in the back yard."

For one hour to the minute Billy Sunday fired at the people and the people liked it. They laughed, they applauded, they shouted "Amen!" Not once did he make them mad, though he slapped them good and hard.

Maybe there's as much salvation in a laugh and roasting words as in a tear and a groan.

Go to it, Billy Sunday.

"If I had all that you church people have bunched out of other folks in real estate and wildcat mining stock, I could pave your town with gold."

shoeing a horse or selling a lot or trying a case in court or cooking a dinner or sweeping a room or rocking the baby—it's you and whatever you're doing. There's no difference between religion and life, and that's what gets outside of Billy Sunday's collar when he charges up and down a platform and fires hot shot at everybody before him.

"Suppressed individuality is another cause for lack of power in the pulpit," shouted this baseball preacher.

That charge cannot be laid to Billy Sunday's door. He's not suppressing any. "Be your individual, unfixed-up, undressed selves for Christ," he told 'em. If everybody were like that where would individuality get in? We'd all look alike.

Billy Sunday is Billy Sunday. If he is likely to make any error in his judging of men and how they should preach the gospel, it

WESTON LUNCHES IN HARLEM HOTEL

(By United Press.)

NEW YORK, May 2.—Edward Payson Weston reached 125th st. and Broadway, Harlem, at 10:30 o'clock this morning, half an hour ahead of his schedule. He was accompanied by a half troop of mounted policemen to the Ansonia hotel for luncheon. He reached the hotel at noon.

There he drank a quart of milk and ate some raw eggs.

He declared he felt in such good condition that he could walk back to the Pacific coast if necessary without stopping for a rest. He was greeted by a big crowd all along Broadway, and his march down the thoroughfare was a continued ovation.

EVERETT.—Judge Thomas Burke will open his campaign for the United States senate in Everett tonight.



"It's heaven or hell for the whole bunch; there's no halfway house."

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