

WOMEN WILL HELP THE TAILORS FIGHT.

Rousing Scene of Enthusiasm at Their Mass Meeting.

To-day Manufacturers Will Be Told the Ultimatum of the Strikers.

If Not Soon Settled the Trouble Will Render Idle 28,000 Workmen.

CALL IT BATTLING FOR BREAD.

Contractors Will Be Informed of the New Scale of Prices Demanded and Will Be Required to Put Up a Money Forfeit.

A mass meeting of girls who, employed in the coatmakers' shops on the East Side, have struck in sympathy with the Brotherhood of Tailors, was held last night in the



TORE THE LAWYER'S HAIR. Handsome Woman, Who, He Claims, Demanded Money of Him, Assaults Him, and is Ejected from the Building.

There was an exciting time in the News building at Passaic, N. J., Thursday night when two well-known lawyers and the janitor of the building ejected a handsome young woman from the building. The trouble occurred in the office of Albert Crouse, a well-known young politician and lawyer.

Mass Meeting of Women to Support Striking Tailors.

Wallalla Hall was last evening crowded by enthusiastic girls and women workers of the clothing trade, who declared their intention of standing by the men in the fight for living wages and of refusing to work upon starvation terms.

Wallalla Hall building, in Orchard street. There are eight hundred girls in the organization. The president is Miss Minnie Rosen, the delegate to the United Garment Workers' Executive Committee Miss Esther Friedman, but the leader is Miss Lottie Persky.

This girl is a power through her earnestness and her eloquence. She is small, her face is pale, her hair red, her eyes changeable in color, her English halting, but accurately pronounced, and her words well chosen. She is a working girl, who has had no opportunities but those she has made. Miss Rosen has led the factory and owns a shop. Miss Friedman is better circumstanced than her mates, but Miss Persky is one of them. When the Brotherhood declared the strike she strengthened the hearts of the girls who worked with her and won them to striking also.

She is a Socialist, and in the union there are many who do not believe with her, but she told them last night that they were as tired as trades unionists and most stand with the men in the fight for living wages. Her program was in English, and she told the girls that formerly earned from \$5 per week up, and how the change had come to them, as to the men, so that now \$5 is the maximum wage. Italian wives had taken over their homes for less than the girls could do it in the factories, and were still pressing down prices, until, if unresisted, they must force all save those who, like them, have the assistance of husbands, away from the work.

There was an enthusiastic greeting for Mayer Schoenfeld, who followed and told them what was being done by their brethren. It was his third speech of the day, but he held to the work with enthusiasm and skill. Miss Friedman also spoke, and the girls resolved to make strong efforts to get all the female workers of the trade into their organization, to induce every man who has remained at work to quit, to falsify no work and take no man's place.

STRIVING FOR MORE BREAD. Brethren, the last hour of need, misery and hunger has come. We can do nothing more than starve. Take pity on your wives. Are not 28,000 children, for whom you have struggled so hard with sweat and blood, dear to you? Do you think you ought to live? We only strive for a miserable piece of bread.

In such phrase the Coat Pressers' Union yesterday appealed to colleagues in the Brotherhood of Tailors to strike and remain away from the shops until the manufacturers and contractors concede all demands. The appeal, as written in Yiddish, and printed in Hebrew characters,

union men from taking the places of strikers and several policemen were on hand to preserve order, but no disturbance took place.

A good deal of the meat from the establishment is supplied to the orthodox Hebrews on the East Side and must be killed kosher. As a Hebrew rabbi, or shochet, as he is called when animals are to be killed, cannot do any killing to-day, being the Hebrew Sabbath, the vigilance of the pickets will be relaxed to-day.

Eight hundred men joined the strikers yesterday. What the total of their numbers now is the leaders do not know. To-day is their Sabbath, and all the officers of branches and chairmen of shops will report at the headquarters, No. 48 Orchard street. H. Salomon, the general business agent of the Brotherhood of Tailors, said yesterday that the following clothing workers would be on strike with the next few days: Brotherhood of Tailors, 12,000; Knee Pants Makers' Union, 2,000; Pants Makers' Union, 5,000; Children's Jacket Makers' Union, 4,000; Vest Makers' Union, 3,000; Overcoat and Sackcoat Makers' Union, 1,200.

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The story told by young Mr. Crouse is that the young woman was attempting to compel him to give her a sum of money. She was a domestic employe in a prominent family. According to the lawyer's story, he had known her about a year and about a month ago, he says, she began to demand money of him. His claims he paid her \$100 sooner than have the matter become public, and received from his contract in which she bound herself to do for him again. He also claims that the girl alleged that he agreed to marry her. This he denies.

She called on him last night and demanded the contract, and then attacked him. He claims she struck him with a paper weight, tore his hair, and scratched his face. She finally secured the contract.

The janitor and lawyer Loefferts, who was in the building, ejected the young woman. Mr. Crouse says he will cause the arrest of the girl.

SCARED THE TREASURY.

Two Explosions of Gas Near the National Building Brought Out the Guards.

Washington, D. C., July 24.—Intense excitement was created about 10 o'clock to-night by two successive explosions at the east front of the Treasury building.

The noise was equal to the discharge of a thirteen-inch gun, and the concussion was felt all along the opposite side of Fifteenth street. The Treasury guards turned out fully armed, thinking an attempt was being made to blow up the building. Within five minutes the second explosion occurred and for a few minutes there was considerable alarm.

A conduit containing electric wires extends beneath the sidewalk beside the Treasury. Workmen have been making excavations just within the exterior basement wall of the building for the location of elevator engines. By some means illuminating gas, perhaps from an old rusted pipe, had filled the conduit.

The method of ignition of the gas has not been explained, but at all events it was set off. The immense quantities of the sidewalk were buried fifteen feet in the air and broken into small pieces.

SAW A BURGLAR IN HER ROOM, SHE SAYS

Serious Charge Against Joseph Malloy Made by Mrs. Catherine Leitner.

While Her Husband Was Absent a Strange Man Burst Into Her Apartment.

STRANGER ESCAPED, MALLOY CAUGHT. Expects to Prove an Alibi, but May Have Trouble—Identified on the Street, His Arrest Followed.

Joseph Malloy stood at the bar in Yorkville Court yesterday a prisoner. Burglary was the charge against him, and a woman was his accuser. She is Mrs. Catherine Leitner, of No. 336 East Thirty-sixth street. Malloy lives at No. 223 East Fortieth street. She swore that he was in her room Wednesday night, between 11:30 o'clock and midnight. The lamplight was bright. Mrs. Leitner says that Malloy seized her by the shoulder and for a moment they stood face to face.

She went to bed early Wednesday night with her child, leaving the door into the hall unlocked, so her husband could come in. She awoke with a start. A man was in the room.

"Is that you, Al?" she cried. The man ran into the hall and slammed the door behind him. Mrs. Leitner arose quickly, ran to the door, locked it and sank into a chair.

In a few moments she heard the man going into an adjoining room through a little high window that opens into the hall. He returned to the bedroom, went to the door, took out the key and again faced the woman. He put his hand on her shoulder and she screamed. Hastily the intruder went back into the adjoining room and out into the hall. He had taken the key for no other purpose, apparently, except to make it impossible for her to follow him.

The house was aroused, and Policeman Fitzpatrick ran upstairs and burst open the door, but the burglar had fled.

Malloy stood on the corner at Thirty-eighth street and First avenue at noon yesterday. Mrs. Leitner saw him, running to Fitzpatrick, who was on duty in the vicinity, she pointed to Malloy and exclaimed: "There; that is the burglar. Arrest him."

"Are you sure?" inquired the policeman. I have known him fifteen years. We were schoolboys together. He is a hard-working man. Is there not some mistake?"

"There is no possible mistake," was the reply, and the policeman arrested his old friend.

"As God is my judge, this is some terrible mistake," said Malloy. In court the evidence of Mrs. Leitner, who is a quiet, earnest woman, could not be shaken. Magistrate Sims adjourned the case until to-day, to give Malloy an opportunity to prove an alibi. Alex. Busby, a livery stable keeper, for whom, until some weeks ago, Malloy did work, gave him a good character and signed his \$1,000 bail bond.

Malloy's wife last night said her husband had been out of work for weeks, and had spent most of his evenings away from home.



Freddie Litt, who was drowned in a lily pond on Perry's farm, near Willimantic, Conn.

The boy's relatives want the body exhumed, in order to identify it, but the Connecticut State law prohibits the opening of a grave in the Summer. The boy's friends say it may not be his body, and they purpose bringing legal action to compel the authorities to open the grave.

Fifty Republicans for Bryan. Asbury Park, N. J., July 24.—The organization of the first William J. Bryan Democratic campaign club in Monmouth County was completed in this supposed hotbed of McKinleyism to-night. One hundred and seventy-five names were enrolled, among which were over fifty former Republicans, including real estate dealers, physicians, editors, bank directors, lumber dealers and merchants.

MURDER WAS HIS MISSION. Ernst Regnard Attacked His Wife, Who Was Saved by Her Son.

To save his mother from serious injury and perhaps death, Frank H. Plumercau last night threatened to kill his stepfather, Ernst Regnard, at No. 112 West Eleventh street. Regnard is fifty-four and the woman fifty years old. He is a dyer. The couple have often quarrelled, and Frank went to live in Brooklyn because he disliked Regnard. The latter disappeared last June. He reappeared last night. His ringing of the doorbell was answered by his wife.

"I've come to shoot you," the woman says with his greeting. Then he dragged her out on the steps. Frank came to the rescue with a bed-stick and knocked Regnard down and wounded his life. Immediately thereafter Plumercau arrested all three and took them to the West Thirtieth Street station. Regnard, who was bleeding from a cut in his head, charged his stepson with having assaulted him, and Mrs. Regnard made a similar charge against her husband. The prisoners were held.

JUMPED OVERBOARD TO ESCAPE ARREST.

Man Stopped by Policeman Sennett Fleed to the River and Leaped In.

After Escaping the Officer's Bullets He Was Picked Up by Two Friends in a Boat.

HARBOR POLICE, THEN GAVE CHASE. Fugitives Landed at One Hundred and Twenty-first Street and Their Boat Was Found to Be Filled with Plunder.

A rough looking man with a large bundle under his arm assumed the suspicion of policeman Sennett, of the East One Hundred and Fourth Street Station, about 10 o'clock yesterday morning as he was going along First avenue near One Hundred and Thirtieth street.

"What have you got there?" inquired the officer as the man started to pass him. "Oh, just some sheets that I'm going to soak so as to buy food for my wife and kids," and to corroborate his statement the man tore open one end of the bundle and displayed portions of some clean sheets.

This did not allay the policeman's suspicions, and he told the man he had better accompany him to the station house. At the mention of the station house, the man started on a run towards the East River, with the policeman after him. When the fugitive reached the pier at the foot of One Hundred and Thirtieth street, the policeman was at his heels.

Without a moment's hesitation the man leaped into the water, and when Sennett reached the straggling edge of the pier he was already about twenty feet distant, and swimming towards the opposite shore. The policeman shouted for him to return, but the man paid no heed. Sennett then drew his revolver and fired several shots at him.

The first bullet must have grazed close to the head of the man in the water, for he at once sank out of sight. About the same time a rowboat containing two men shot out from one of the adjoining piers and made for midstream.

The man whom Sennett had fired at did not come to the surface until he got in the middle of the river. There he was picked up by the men in the boat, who pulled up a streamer. In the meantime a harbor police boat made its appearance. As soon as Sennett spied it he cried to the men in it to follow the boat and arrest those aboard.

The police of the Harbor Squad gave chase, and when the trio in the boat saw them coming, pulled in to One Hundred and Twenty-first street and escaped. Their boat, which was filled with bundles similar to that carried by the man who escaped from Sennett, was confiscated and towed to Pier A. There an examination of the bundles showed them to contain sheets, blankets, shirts, collars and cuffs, ladies' waists, trousers, underclothing, oilskin suits, a number marine ginses and some silver knives, forks and spoons.

Some of the abandoned articles were stamped "A. C.," and this leads the police to believe that most, if not all, of the things found in the deserted boat were stolen from a yacht of that name. The police say the escaped men are river thieves.

LAW COMES BETWEEN THEM AND THEIR DEAD.

Body of Freddie Litt, Drowned in Connecticut, Wanted by His Friends.

But Once Buried in That State, a Corpse Cannot Be Exhumed in Summer Months.

APPEAL TO BE MADE TO THE COURTS. Litt Was on a Two Weeks' Vacation, His Expenses Being Paid by a Sunday School Fresh Air Fund.

Mrs. Anna Neuman and Charles Frank, the latter twenty-three years old, both of No. 423 West Thirty-sixth street, called at the Mayor's office yesterday and requested the assistance of the authorities in recovering the body of thirteen-year-old Freddie Litt, which, they said, was held against their wishes in Connecticut.

The boy attended the Sunday school of the Bethany Presbyterian Church at West Thirty-fifth street, and Fourth avenue. There is a fresh air fund connected with the Sunday school, which pays the expenses of poor lads for summer vacations. Litt was an orphan, and, with his half brother, Charles Frank, boarded with Mrs. Neuman. He was selected by Mrs. McKinstry, of No. 2050 Madison avenue, to be sent to the country and was one of four who started a week ago yesterday to spend two weeks on the farm of G. H. Perry, fourteen miles from Willimantic, Conn.

In roving about the farm last Sunday the lads discovered a lily pond, and they conceived the idea of gathering some of the lilies. Against the instructions of the farmer, young Litt waded into the pond, and, falling into a hole, was drowned.

Dr. J. A. Bishop, of No. 30 West Forty-eighth street, who sent the boys to the farm, was notified. He at once started for the place and requested Mrs. McKinstry to ascertain the full names of all four of the boys. She did so. He then notified the lad's half brother, who wanted the body brought to New York. His telegram, however, went astray, and the State law of Connecticut then came into play to prevent the removal of the body. The law provides that no body shall remain unburied over thirty-six hours, and it cannot be exhumed between July 1 and September 1. Coroner White, of Wyandham County, in which the drowning happened, ordered the body buried, and then refused to allow it to be exhumed.

At the Mayor's office Mrs. Neuman alleged that she and young Frank were taken to Willimantic by Dr. Bishop and shown a newly made grave which she said contained the boy's remains and that it was just as well for him to lie there as to be buried in New York.

Dr. Bishop said yesterday that he was in no way responsible for the lad. The Fresh Air Fund selected boys for vacations and distributed them on various farms, and in this way young Litt was sent to Farmer Perry.

Mrs. Neuman and young Frank say they do not know whether the body in the grave at Willimantic is that of Freddie Litt, and they want the disinterment complete. They allege that Coroner White could allow the body to be exhumed for the purpose of identification and purpose bringing proceedings in the Connecticut courts.

Earl of Macclesfield is Dead. London, July 24.—Thomas Augustus Wolstenholme Parker, sixth Earl of Macclesfield, died to-day, aged eighty-five years.

Disease is like a railroad train. It has a regular way of coming and going and it keeps on creeping along a certain track. You can almost always tell how a disease starts, and where it will probably end. It won't go out of its way to oblige you any more than a locomotive will. Disease usually begins when the appetite gives out—that's the first blood-making organ, and where it will probably end. It won't go out of its way to oblige you any more than a locomotive will. Disease usually begins when the appetite gives out—that's the first blood-making organ, and where it will probably end. It won't go out of its way to oblige you any more than a locomotive will.

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DEAR SIR—I cannot say enough for your "Golden Medical Discovery." For two years my little boy suffered with lung trouble—first taking laryngitis; second intermittent fever, which I firmly believe was due to the lung trouble. The physician could do no good and I thought he must die. I was told to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I did, and before he had taken one bottle he began to mend and could eat a little. When he had taken four bottles he was well and now is as stout as before.

Respectfully yours, Martha Rache, Professor, Morgan Co., Mo.

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MANY WHEELMEN SPILLED.

Fifty of Them Take a Fall in Patterson's Big Parade—Riders Were Injured and Machines Wrecked.

Fifty wheelmen participated in a smash-up at Patterson, N. J., Thursday night, and a majority are now nursing bruised bodies as a result. A Patterson cycle company arranged for an illuminated parade Thursday night and it started on schedule time. Though but fifty wheelmen were in line at the starting point there were three times that number when Twelfth avenue and East Eighteenth street was reached.

The leaders were Thomas Hughes, Louis Etleson and Claude Byrne. They were mounted on a triplet. The cyclists were moving at a high rate of speed and were riding eight abreast.

Near the corner the triplet struck a large stone, the front wheel was smashed and the riders thrown heavily to the ground. So close were the other riders upon them that only the rear-most ones avoided taking part in the spill.

Hughes, who is one of the most prominent entries for the State championship to be decided here on August 8, was badly bruised, and fainted away. His left arm, which has been in wires ever since the bone was splintered in a constant accident last winter, was broken again. Etleson escaped injury, but Byrne's right leg was badly injured. Harry Carlisle's hand and arm were injured. Louis Orth, of the North York street, and Adolph Longhili, of Hotel street, were thrown heavily, and badly bruised, and many others were slightly hurt.

A score or more of bicycles were completely wrecked.

McKinley New Campaign Device.

Chicago, July 24.—The latest campaign device out is the McKinley sticker. It consists of a round label, gummed, and printed with the legend, "Our Choice—McKinley and Sound Money." The labels are printed in gilt on a dark background, and are designed to stick on letters.

CEYLON AND INDIA TEAS.

Are superior to all others BECAUSE they are pure and cleanly, being unadulterated and prepared entirely by machinery.

Try Them Iced. In this form you will find them cooling and thirst-quenching and a delicious beverage both for the table and at odd moments between meals.

The Way To Make Them? See that the water boils, but never boil the tea. Use not too much quantity of India and Ceylon Teas as compared with those from China and Japan, and to iced tea add lemon to taste.

Insist That Your Grocer Supply You with INDIA AND CEYLON TEAS.

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