

ITSELF of the Un- of Himself's Cradle.

Renew the Hard Against Which fellows Rebel.

Have Virtually Joined the Rebellion of the East Side Coatmakers.

ICE IN WALHALLA HALL.

Meeting Was Interrupted by a List, Who Was Hungry Out by Police Amid Cries.

ements in Orchard street yesterday with striking tailors.

stood and talked earnestly and one another, who are rebelling what they deem tyranny of the

ask little, but that little is much out of whose lines happiness is shut

as the sunshine that is veiled from

close, gloomy places in which they doggedly keep up the struggle for existence

ay in and day out, year after year. Joseph Barondess was saying something like

at in Walhalla Hall, and his heart was his words.

He has been in like struggles before, and now the appalling significance of the word

strike" to the toiling, patient poor. His voice trembled as he spoke of it. Yiddish is not a euphonious jargon, but Barondess

makes it so, and the cadences of his voice are pleasant to hear. He is forceful, pathetic and witty by turns, but there was little laughter in the men who listened to him yesterday.

A Jew can live on sixteen cents a day," he, "while the average of other workmen is a dollar. And, knowing this, the manufacturers want to force the Jew to accept even less. This is infamous!"

A Tragedy of the Strike. And while Barondess was drawing pictures of the dark side of life, which is on the east side of Manhattan, children outside of the hall made the air chery with their cries. They knew nothing of strikes, but the time would come, some day.

Mrs. Harry Cohen's child was too young to play outdoors, and was sick in its cradle at No. 102, a block away from the hall. Its father lay in the Governor Hospital with a bullet in his head, lingering between life and death. He had tried of the hopeless struggle, and on Saturday night turned to his pistol for relief. He was a tailor who had been without employment for eight weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Cohen are young, and theirs a romance of poverty. She is twenty-two, and he two years older. When they came to this country five years ago they had no money.

He said shop on the street, and he got out of it for some other than him. Then they died and a year ago a wee girl was born to them.

The father became idle two months ago, and though he kept up his quest each day, he could not find employment. In the meantime he and his family were kept alive by the kindness of neighbors. He climbed to his room on the top floor of the Orchard street house on Saturday night, pale and agitated. Baby was quite ill, and every one and then a weak wall came from the middle.

"I haven't a cent," said he, "and I haven't tasted food for four days."

Mrs. Cohen bowed her head in her hands and presently tears trickled through her fingers. "And poor baby!" she sobbed. "It is sick, and we can't get the doctor."

"Cohen went over and kissed the little one, and then, turning to his wife, said: "This is awful! It is terrible! I'm almost mad. I feel that I will kill myself!"

No Hope in Life. Mrs. Cohen sat rocking to and fro in her seat, but sprang up with a cry of fright when she made a sudden motion. She was too late. There was a report that startled the whole house, out into the hallways, and he fell at his wife's feet. Then she fell sprawling across him. The doctors at Governor hospital say that Cohen has a good chance of recovery.

The strike assumed a unique phase yesterday. For the first time in the history of the East Side clothing strike, the contractors' association ranged itself on the side of the strikers and has practically joined in the strike.

The following is a part, printed in Hebrew and Yiddish, was circulated broadcast at the headquarters of the contractors and tailors yesterday:

On Saturday committees of both tailors and contractors had a conference, and the following resolutions were adopted:

That no settlement be made with any employer who does not agree to the following conditions:

1. That the contractors' association shall not be allowed to join in any strike against the tailors.

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player who is not a member of the Coat Contractors' Mutual Protective Association, both parties to select a committee of ten, which shall visit all the shops and have work suspended until a settlement is reached.

This strike is for the interests of the trade, and therefore it is the duty of every man to see that this plan, which we know will speedily end the strike, is only carried out. It is also their duty to see that the contractors who settle with the Brotherhood get higher prices from the manufacturers, so that they may be enabled to live up to their contracts. Contractors in the association will be benefited under this plan, as preference will be given them.

The leaders of the contractors' association and of the Brotherhood of Tailors, who were formerly at daggers' points, were on friendly terms yesterday.

"Mayer Schoenfeld is a gentleman by instinct," said Benjamin D. Eisen, chairman of the Executive Committee, of the contractors' association. "Mr. Hirszen is a man of honor," said Mayer Schoenfeld.

Strikers Show More Power. Walhalla Hall held the biggest crowd that it has held since the strike began. Mayer Schoenfeld, the leader of the tailors, announced to the reporters that the Overcoat and Sackcoat Makers' Union, numbering 1,300 workers, had decided to strike. He said that the Executive Committee of the Pants Makers' Union would meet to-night at No. 181 Ludlow street, and order a strike for Tuesday. This would bring 5,000 more people out. The children's jacket makers would meet in Walhalla Hall on Tuesday night to decide whether they should strike.

After Barondess began to speak a Socialist made a disturbance. Then there were loud yells of "Put him out! He's a scab! He's a spy!"

"Barondess has no right to speak here!" the disturber yelled in Yiddish. He gave a shout which drowned the speaker's utterances, and there was immediate uproar. A rush was made for him. "Kill the scab! Put him out! Down with him!" shouted several.

The man was pale with fear as he was seized roughly and handled about in several directions. Just then the door was opened and several policemen who had been on guard outside rushed in. They seized the disturber. After he was taken out the leaders in the meeting followed the bluecoats down the

stairs and said it was not necessary to arrest the man. He was then let go.

LOST BOTH GEMS AND LIBERTY. Unrecoverable to a Professional Fakir? Was His Meeting with Mr. Donovan.

John Carroll, of No. 29 Catharine street, who acknowledges the title of "professional fakir," on Saturday afternoon encountered Patrick Donovan in Chatham square. Carroll had with him a varied assortment of East Side diamonds, rubies and other "precious stones" on a tray.

The sight dazzled Mr. Donovan, who stopped and gazed longingly at the assortment. "Nice diamond stud, that!" said Mr. Carroll, holding up a sparkling bit of glass, "and only half a dollar. It's a peach!"

But it was not alone the diamond stud that Donovan longed for; he wanted the entire outfit.

"How much for the tray and all on it?" he asked.

"Fifty dollars," exclaimed Mr. Donovan, showing signs of approaching apoplexy. "I'll give you fifty cents—no, I'll make it seventy-five."

"Why," scornfully replied the "fakir," "I can get more than that at a jeweller's. If any jeweller will give you seventy-five cents, I'll make it a dollar," replied Donovan.

Forthwith they started in search of a jeweller, but on the road got into an argument, blows were struck and the tray was knocked over and its contents spilled.

In the Essex Market Court yesterday Judge Kudlich committed Carroll to the Workhouse on a charge of disorderly conduct. Mr. Donovan was not held.

Russian Warships Going to Turkey. Berlin, July 26.—It is learned here tonight that Russia will send four ironclads to Constantinople, or that vicinity, about August 1. Their actual destination will not be determined until after the Kaiser's return.

Gregorius said last night: "We had a tight hold of each other when we struck the water. I tried to free myself, but it was impossible. Then I seemed to suffocate. We went down and down. I tried to hold my breath, but I could not. The first thing I knew we began to rise, and presently we reached the surface. We were still locked in each other's arms. Again I tried to unfasten Seagrist's clutch, and yelled as loudly as I could. Seagrist yelled, too. But suddenly we began to sink again. I kept on struggling to get free, and that's all I remember. We were the best of friends, and were only fooling playfully on the boat."

Seagrist's body was removed to the station house, and later to his father's home. He was employed as an elevator man in a Broadway clothing house and had been there for some years. He lived with his father, three brothers and five sisters.

Gregorius lives with his parents and is employed in a book store as clerk. He was placed under arrest and will be arraigned in Harlem Police Court to-day.

Thomas Atwater Jerome Dead. Thomas Atwater Jerome died at 3 o'clock yesterday morning of acute gastritis at Mrs. Barkalov's boarding house, corner of Franklin avenue and the Terrace, New Brighton, S. I. Mr. Jerome was a well-known surviving member of his family. He was born January 4, 1810, and fifty-eight years ago married Emma Vandorcht. He leaves a widow and six children, Henry, Leonard, John, Richard S., Mrs. Henry Edsall and Mrs. Clarence Gray Dismore, beside six great-grandchildren. In his day he was a prominent figure in New York society. For many years he held a position in the New York Custom House.

Bellevue, Free Silver Must Come. Baltimore, July 26.—Captain W. D. Burchinal, ex-Surveyor of the Port, now County Treasurer of Kent, and one of the most prominent Republican leaders in the State, declared publicly yesterday for free silver.

He thinks to silver the country's only salvation, and asserts that even should silver be elected, which he doubts, the apostle of protection would be compelled to sign a bill for the coinage of the white metal at a ratio of 16 to 1, inasmuch as the captain believes the complexion of the House will be silver a large majority.

FRIENDLY WRESTLE ENDS IN DROWNING. Two Men, Holding Each Other Fast, Fall from a Float into the Hudson.

Gregorius Tries to Loose His Friend's Clutch, but the Other Drags Him Down.

HE SINKS, UNCONSCIOUS. Rescuers Save Him, but the Body of Andrew Seagrist is Grappled Only After Life Has Left It.

Andrew Seagrist, twenty-five years old, of No. 441 West Thirty-eighth street, was drowned in the Hudson River, off the Bloomingdale Boat Club float, at West One Hundred and Second street, yesterday morning.

Seagrist and George T. Gregorius, of No. 323 West Thirty-first street, started from the latter's house about 10 o'clock to take a Sunday morning row. They went to the Bloomingdale Club, of which both are members, donned rowing suits and went down to the floats.

While waiting for a third man, who was to act as coxswain, Gregorius and Seagrist engaged in a wrestling match. They ap-

peared several times, and one chased the other over the float. Then they clung again and fell on the boards. No one was near, and the boat was still in the rack.

They worked themselves to the edge of the float in their excitement, and unaware of their peril, suddenly rolled overboard. Neither man could swim. They splashed into the water and sank. Each had his arms around the other in a firm grasp, and in that position they came to the surface. They struggled desperately, but still clung to each other, and finally went down again.

During the few moments their heads were above water they cried loudly for help. James Marley, a boatman, whose boat is near by, heard the cries and saw the men struggling. He put out in a boat just as Policeman White, of the West One Hundredth Street Station ran down the gangway to the rescue. But before either arrived the men sank.

The rescuers watched the surface carefully, and soon Gregorius came to the surface a little distance from the boat. The policeman pulled him in with a boat hook. He was unconscious. They rolled him on a barrel and revived him by inducing artificial respiration.

Grappling lions were then used along the edge of the float until Seagrist's body was recovered.

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EFFLUX OF CHINAMEN. Forty-eight Who Gained a Competence Here Entertain Friends Before Starting for Their Native Country.

Chinatown had a gala day yesterday. Forty-eight Chinamen who have accumulated sufficient money in this country to return to the Flowery Kingdom, and who left last night for Vancouver, were the cause of the celebration.

Early yesterday morning the crowd that was to depart commenced to rendezvous in Chinatown. Friends from Jersey, Brooklyn and the suburban towns came to see them off. There was no big dinner given the crowd, but every Chinaman was entertained by his friends in a lavish manner.

The majority of those returning home were Cantonese. In order to save the high rates of exchange, many of them carried back money to friends in China from those in this country. Before 5 o'clock the carriages which were to convey the crowd to the Grand Central Depot arrived and the travellers piled in. They were driven about through the streets of Chinatown visiting friends, shaking hands and saying goodby.

The travellers will reach Canada, crossing at Niagara Falls, and go to Vancouver. They will reach China in about eighteen days.

TROUBLE THROUGH WHISKERS. Janitor Gallagher Averages an Insult to Them and Lands in Jail.

Robert Gallagher, janitor of No. 486 Hudson street, is the owner of whiskers which hang down on his chest and is very proud of them. When Thomas Clark, of No. 650 Washington street, and a friend passed the janitor early yesterday morning somebody was heard to mention the word "whiskers" in a tone of derision rather than of admiration.

Gallagher's fist promptly shot out and delivered upon Clark a blow which knocked

LEAPED, FULL GLAD, TO SAVE A DROWNING BOY. Louis Friedlander, Playing "Fag," Chased from a Pier Into the River.

Three Hundred People Watched the Struggling Lad and Made Suggestions.

JAMES M'GINNIS HIS BRAVE RESCUER. Seven-Year-Old Alexander Klein Also Fell Overboard and Was Promptly Taken from the Water by John McCarthy.

One of the city's free baths is moored to the wharf at Grand street, and a great many of the children from the East Side are in the habit of congregating on the dock on warm days to get the benefit of the cool breezes from the East River.

They romp about near to the water's edge, heedless of the risk they run in falling overboard. The current is very swift and many children have been drowned at that point.

Among the crowd on the pier yesterday was Louis Friedlander, a nine-year-old boy, who lives at No. 404 Cherry street. He and several other boys were playing tag at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The boy who was

trapped on the pier was Alexander Klein, seven years old, who lives at No. 404 Cherry street. He and several other boys were playing tag at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The boy who was

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