INVALID GIRL BURNED TO DEATH.

Flames Put an End to the Suffering of a Young Brooklyn Girl.

Oil Stove in the Bedroom of Lillie Lyons Starts a Fire Which Results Fatally.

THE MOTHER CRAZED WITH GRIEF.

Was Present at the Time of the Accident and Doctors Fear That Her Reason May Be Shattered.

Lillie Cecilia Lyons, who had been bedridden all her life, was burned to death at her home in Brooklyn yesterday. She was fourteen years old and lived with her parents at No. 112 Ninth street. Daniel Lyons, the father, is a cooper by trade. His family consisted of his wife Mary, a fifteen-year-old son named after himself, and the dead child Lillie.

The house of the Lyons family is a frail looking two-story frame, standing by itse f at the end of a block. Off the front parlor, on the first floor, there is a small bedroom, and here Lillie Lyons passed the greater part of her life in bed. Mrs. Lyons always kept a kerosene stove in the room during the winter, so that her invalid should not suffer from the cold.

Mother and child were alone in the room yesterday afternoon—Lillie in bed, the mother seated by her side reading a newspaper. Whether the kerosene stove exploded, whether it was accidentally overturned or whether its flame darted forth unexpectedly and set fire to something inflammable in the bedroom is not known, because Mrs. Lyons was in too hysterical a condition to give any rational or connected account of the calamity.

MOTHER GAVE THE ALARM.

This much only is known: that at 2:40 o'clock Mrs. Lyons ran screaming out of the house with her hands and face and part of her clothing blackened and burned, and then, pointing to her home, which was ablaze, the woman shrieked out the name of her child and then dropped unconscious on the sidewalk.

People carried her into the house of a neighbor and turned in calls for the fire engines and an ambulance. The engines came first. On being told that a bedridden child was inside the burning house, several firemen plunged into the stifling smoke that filled the front parlor and fought their way through a blaze to the little bedroom.

But the bedroom had disappeared. The flames had devoured it. In its place was a shapeless mass of timber burning as fiercely as a bonfire in a gale.

When at last the smoke had cleared away and the flames were under control, a fireman picked out of the ashes of the bedroom something that looked like a small bundle of burnt black clothes. It was the body of Lillie Lyons. The unfortunate child had been burned almost beyond recognition. The remains were taken to a police station, whence they were shortly afterward conveyed to a Court street undertaker's.

GRIEF OF THE PARENT.

Meanwhile the ambulance had arrived and the ambulance surgeon had restored Mrs. Lyons to consciousness. She asked for her child. The neighbors bowed their heads and made no reply. The distracted mother knew what that meant and she at once became hysterical.

"Oh, my Lillie—my poor little Lillie!" she cried. "I did my best to save her. The fire came like a flash of lightning. I ran to the bed. I caught Lillie in my arms. I lifted her up. I rushed to the door. I couldn't see anything for the smoke. Something tripped me up. I dropped Lillie—that's all."

Mrs. Lyons was conveyed to the home of a married sister last night. Her wounds, though serious, are not mortal. The chief concern of the doctors is for her brain, which they fear may be affected by the experience of Sunday afternoon.

Daniel Lyons and his son were out walking when their home caught fire. They returned in time to see the engines at work on a smouldering heap of ruins.

"We don't care much about losing the old house," said the younger Lyons last night as he gazed at the ruins, "but we do care about losing poor little Lillie. She was born an epileptic. She suffered more than most people ever suffer. She was good and kind and loving and patient. After all, she is better off now."

A YOUNG HUSBAND MISSING.

His Wife and Five-Year-Old Child Left Penniless in Williamsburg.

Henry Loeffler, a real estate agent who lived with his young wife and five-year-old child at No. 22 Graham avenue, Williamsburg, has been missing since Thursday. Since his sudden flight detectives are said to have been trying to get some trace of his whereabouts. Just why he is being sought after by the authorities is not known.

Loeffler is twenty-six years old and the son of Charles Loeffler, a wealthy builder, living in Williamsburg. He first met his wife seven years ago at a theatre, and after a brief courtship they were married. Mrs. Loeffler is a pretty woman, twenty-four years old. According to her story her domestic life was not a happy one, on account of her husband's constantly absenting himself from home evenings. Then again she says she was given but little money to provide for the household, while Loeffler, who always seemed to be well supplied with cash, would spend it freely on others.

On the morning of Loeffler's disappearance he kissed his wife and child and then got Mrs. Loeffler to sign a paper. She did not ask what the contents of the document were, she says, and did not know until told the next day by a friend that the paper said that she was the owner of a house. Why her husband got her to sign such a document she doesn't know, as she is penniless. The disappearance has not been reported to the police.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS BED.

When the Servant Went to Arouse Him Weed Was Cold in Death.

A middle-aged man, supposed to be Alanson Weed, was dead in his room at No. 291 Adams street, Brooklyn, yesterday morning when the servant went up to arouse him. He had died from heart disease during the night.

Weed hired the room last October, and he went in and out, having little to say to the other occupants of the house. Once he stated that he had a wife who owned considerable property living somewhere in Brooklyn, but they could not agree.

The police heard last night that Weed's wife lived on Gates avenue, near Stuyvesant.

FOUGHT OVER A TICKET.

Commission Merchant Seifert and a Transfer Agent Have Trouble.

Joseph H. Seifert, a commission merchant, living at No. 1173 Putnam avenue, Brooklyn, was arrested Saturday night on complaint of John D. Shuller, a railroad transfer agent, at Myrtle avenue and Broadway, who charged him with assault. The trouble grew out of a dispute between the men over a transfer ticket, which Seifert was entitled to, and Shuller refused to give it.

When Seifert was taken to the Vernon Avenue Station House, the sergeant refused to entertain the charge because the policeman had not witnessed the assault.

THREE TROLLEY VICTIMS.

A Wagon in Collision, a Man Thrown from a Car and Another Victim Struck and Bruised.

Three trolley accidents were reported yesterday in Brooklyn. One of Caterer Anderson's wagons was struck by car No. 983, on Third avenue,, in Bay Ridge. John Dempsey, the driver, was thrown out and the wagon was considerably damaged.

James Connors, twenty-eight years old, of No. 527 Kosciusko street, was thrown from a Greene avenue car Saturday night, and his scalp was cut badly.

James Devine, thirty-five years old, living in Roosevelt street, New York, was knocked down by a Fifth avenue car on Fifth avenue and Sixth street. He was cut on the head and face and bruised about the body. No arrests were made.

CLUBBED BY A POLICEMAN.

Ryan Was Badly Hurt and Covered with Blood When He Was Dragged into a Brooklyn Station House.

James Ryan, thirty-eight years old, of No. 1066 Flushing avenue, Williamsburg, was arraigned in the Lee Avenue Police Court yesterday charged with intoxication and assault on an officer. Ryan's head was swathed in bandages and it was with difficulty he was able to stand. He was weak from loss of blood.

Ryan had been arrested by Policeman Fannon, of the Vernon Avenue Station, at an early hour yesterday morning. When Ryan was dragged into the station house by the policeman he presented a sorrowful appearance. Blood was flowing from several cuts about the head from blows struck by the policeman's club. Fannon told the sergeant that he had been first assaulted by Ryan without any provocation. Ryan, he said, had thrown him down and then kicked him. As soon as he was able to gain his feet he used his club to protect himself from any further assault.

Ryan denied the charge and said that the policeman had addressed him in a gruff manner while he was walking along Tompkins avenue, and, because he asked him what he meant, struck him several times on the head until he fell helpless to the sidewalk. He was then dragged off to the station house.

An ambulance surgeon from the Homeopathic Hospital, who was called, spent an hour stitching and bandaging Ryan's wounds.

Justice Goetting adjourned the examination and paroled the prisoner. Policeman Fannon, who is over six feet in height, has been on the force only a few years.

Ryan says he will prefer charges against Fannon before Police Commissioner Welles.

A SLEEP WALKER'S FALL.

Patrick Purcell Found at the Bottom of the Stairs with a Fractured Skull—He May Die.

Patrick Purcell, fifty-eight years old, is in St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, suffering from a fractured skull, and his recovery is regarded as doubtful. He was unconscious all day and unable to explain how he was injured, but it was believed that he was hurt while walking in his sleep.

Mr. Purcell lived with his family on the second floor at No. 491 St. Mark's avenue, Brooklyn. It was midnight when he retired Saturday, and he appeared to be in his usual good health.

He was missed from his room about 3:30 yesterday morning by a member of his family. A search was instituted by the members of the family. He was finally discovered in his night robe doubled up at the bottom of the stairs. He seemed to be unconscious, but was groaning as if suffering intense pain.

An officer was notified and Mr. Purcell was taken to St. Mary's Hospital. It is believed that he got up in his sleep, opened the door mechanically and went out to the hallway. He then fell down stairs.

HIT WITH A PIECE OF MEAT.

Mrs. Vatter, Who Is Dying, Declares That Butcher Keller Is Responsible for Her Injuries.

Coroner Nason, of Williamsburg, was notified last evening that Mrs. Margaretta Vatter, twenty years old, was lying at the point of death at her home, No. 885 Madison street, from peritonitis. The Coroner, before going to the house, impanelled a jury, and they went to the bedside of the dying woman and listened to her antemortem statement.

Mrs. Vatter told how she had gone to the butcher shop of Stern & Keller, at No. 1,163 Broadway, January 25, to buy some meat. She was waited on by Keller, who cut ten pounds of mutton, when she only wanted four. On her refusal to accept the meat, he threatened to strike her. She then left the store, and had gone only a few yards when she was struck on the side by the piece of meat. A week ago, Mrs. Vatter says, she gave premature birth to a child, and since then peritonitis set in.

The jury, after listening to the statement, decided that Keller was responsible for her critical condition, and should be arrested. A warrant was then issued for his arrest.

SAYS IT WAS AN ACCIDENT.

But the Doctor Insists That Moore's Injuries Were Caused by a Club.

Flushing, L. I., Feb. 23.—John Moore, of this place, met with an accident or was assaulted about 2 o'clock this morning, and received injuries which crushed in his left cheek bones and also broke the bone of his nose. His nose was half torn from the face.

Moore claims that his injuries were the result of a fall, but Dr. Goodrich, who attended him, thinks it was the result of a blow from a club. When the doctor first reached the house this morning, about 3 o'clock, he found Moore so intoxicated that it was impossible to dress the wounds. He did what he could and left to return at 10 o'clock. When the doctor returned he found Moore considerably sobered up and made an examination of the wound and of the broken bones. He found it necessary to obtain some bandages and instruments. When he returned, twenty minutes later, Moore had left the house. The doctor asked the police to look out for his patient. About 3 o'clock this afternoon Moore was found. He had obtained more liquor and was almost as intoxicated as when the doctor first saw him. This time, to make sure the man would not escape again, the police took him to the hospital.

Although the doctors say the wound was inflicted with a club, Moore persists in saying it was an accident. He says he reached home about 2 o'clock this morning and knelt down to say his prayers before retiring. He fell asleep and fell over sidewise, striking the footboard of the bed. The doctors say the injuries are too severe to have been caused in this way.

HANGED HERSELF IN A CELL.

A Woman Prisoner in Williamsburg Uses Her Skirt to Make a Rope.

Mrs. Jennie Woods, twenty-three years of age, of No. 85 Greenpoint avenue, Williamsburg, attempted to commit suicide last night in a cell in the Herbert Street Police Station, where she was locked up on a charge of intoxication.

Sergeant Snow found her hanging from the door of her cell by a rope twisted from pieces of her skirt. She was taken unconscious to St. Catherine's Hospital.

After recovering consciousness she told Sergeant Snow that she did not remember having attempted to hang herself. She will be arraigned in the Lee Avenue Police Court to-day, charged with intoxication and attempted suicide.

DANGER OF WALKING FAST.

Delehanty, While Trying to Overtake a Friend, Stepped Off a Brooklyn Dock.

His Head Was Bowed and He Did Not Pay Attention to Distance or Locality.

THE COLD BATH AROUSED HIM.

Then He Yelled for Help and Two Policemen and a Tugboat Captain Fished Him Out of the River—He Is in a Hospital Now.

James Delehanty, thirty-five years old, had a strange experience early yesterday morning, and it nearly cost his life. He was returning to his home at No. 73 York street, Brooklyn, about 2 o'clock, walking down Bridge street at a rapid gait to keep his blood in circulation. There was a man some distance ahead of him, and he thought he was an old friend. The stranger was walking very fast.

Delehanty increased his speed in the hope of overtaking him. He bowed his head to protect his face from the sharp wind, which swept up from the river. Delehanty walked on without calculating distance or locality. He stumbled against something, and the next instant he was over the stringpiece and in the East River at the foot of Bridge street.

Delehanty has strong lungs and a powerful voice. He yelled loudly for help, meanwhile floundering around to keep himself afloat.

His cries were heard a block off by Patrolman Donlin, of the Fulton Street Station. The officer ran down to the dock and caught sight of the helpless man. Donlin drew a revolver and fired two shots to attract the attention of the officer on the adjoining post. The latter's response was prompt.

The two bluecoats managed to get a rope, which they threw to Delehanty.

The crew of the tugboat Hudson, Captain Allen, which was moored nearby, had been aroused by the cries and pistol shots, and put out in a small boat. They reached Delehanty and hauled him on board. Patrolman Donlin and his comrade lifted him up to the dock. By this time he was exhausted and unconscious.

An ambulance was called, and Dr. Selden took him immediately to the Brooklyn Hospital, where he revived under careful treatment. He is a man of strong constitution, otherwise he must have perished. He will be all right in a day or two.

INJURED MAN LOCKED UP.

Nutt Was in a Cell for Hours Before It Was Discovered That His Skull Was Fractured.

Nathaniel Nutt, who is nearly seventy years old, was arrested and locked up in a cell for twelve hours before it was discovered that he was suffering from a fractured skull and in danger of death. As a matter of fact, he was the first to realize his peril.

Mr. Nutt is employed as a bookbinder in New York City and he lives at No. 134 St. Mark's place, Brooklyn. On his way home Saturday afternoon he drank a little liquor. The liquor went to his head and rendered him almost helpless. He managed to reach Smith and Fulton streets, Brooklyn, about 12.30 P. M. He fell at this point and struck his head against the sidewalk.

Patrolman William Sullivan helped the old man to his feet and decided to place him under arrest. The patrol wagon was sent for and Mr. Nutt was removed to the Adams Street Station, where he was locked up on a charge of intoxication.

The day passed and night came. The aged prisoner threw himself on the cot in his little cell and tried to sleep, but he could not.

Half an hour after the clock had struck midnight, Mr. Nutt rapped on his cell door, attracting Doorman Phelan's attention.

"I think I hurt myself," the aged prisoner said. He then went on to tell Phelan about the mishap. He said he had cut his head slightly, when he fell on Smith street Saturday afternoon. The doorman notified the Sergeant in command, who called for an ambulance. Dr. McCullough, of the Homeopathic Hospital, promptly responded. He carefully examined Mr. Nutt's head, and found that he was suffering from a compound fracture of the skull. His condition was serious. Dr. McCullough removed him to the hospital. He was resting somewhat easier last night.

PASTOR KERSHAW'S FAREWELL.

He Leaves His Rockaway Church Because of Too Much Wrangling.

Rockaway Beach, N. Y., Feb. 23.—The Rev. Kershaw preached his last sermon to-night in the Little Church Around the Corner. His subject was, "What People Should Do." He said the people of Rockaway, with few exceptions, were very selfish and wanted a minister to preach as they wished and not from his own heart. They found fault with Mr. Kershaw, while he was the pastor of the First Congregational Church, because he would not condemn liquor saloons, and he resigned. He then went to the Little Church, and there has been nothing but wrangling ever since, he declared.

One of the church deacons, Mr. Overton, who was present, after making some remarks, got up and left the church.

Continuing, Mr. Kershaw said that there were a few people at the Beach who had tried to make things pleasant for him, but a great many that did the reverse. He shook hands with some present and thanked them for the kindness shown him.

The church was built about seven years ago and a different minister has been installed every year.

Pastor Kershaw was the most popular pastor this place has ever had. Many of his flock wept when he told them good-by.

HARRISON HAS A QUIET DAY.

Goes to Church, Visits Mrs. Dimmick and Receives Senator Elkins.

Ex-President Harrison had few visitors yesterday, and save for attendance at church and a short visit to his affianced wife, Mrs. Dimick, scarcely left his quarters at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He was up early, and after breakfasting with his private secretary, Mr. Tibbetts, went back to his room, where he remained until 9:30 o'clock, when he went alone to St. Thomas's Church at Fifth avenue and Fifty-third street. He was recognized by few persons, and after service returned to the hotel for lunch.

In the afternoon Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, called and chatted with Mr. Harrison for an hour. Both men said the meeting had no political significance and was purely of a friendly nature. After Senator Elkins left Mr. Harrison was closeted with his secretary for some time.

Early in the evening Mr. Harrison walked to the residence of Mrs. Dimmick, where he remained until 10:30 o'clock, at which time he returned to his hotel and had lunch with his secretary.

Bad Season for Fishermen.

Moriches, L. I., Feb. 23.—The fishermen of this village, as well as those in the neighboring villages, who gain a livelihood in the East Bay, will have a short season this year, owing to the stormy weather of the present month. They are directly dependent upon the industry for the support of their families. At this time last season large quantities of fish were shipped to New York markets, but this season the catch is small.

FOUR BURGLARS CAUGHT.

One Struck the Man Who Discovered Him and Tried to Shoot a Policeman.

Caught Attempting to Rob a Williamsburg Flat During the Absence of the Family.

THOUGHT TO BE A DANGEROUS CROOK

Another Robber Captured by the Police in a Rush Street Factory—Two Others Were Arrested for Stealing Lead Pipe.

While the family of Simon Scherman, who occupy the first flat of the house No. 70 Locust street, Williamsburg, were absent from their apartments Saturday evening, Gustave Gates, a neighbor, saw a strange young man go into the hallway and a few minutes later enter the rooms by means of false keys. Gates followed the burglar and as he opened the door the man struck him in the face. The man then ran to the rear and jumped out of a window to the yard. He scaled a fence into Beaver street, where he was arrested by Policeman Eberle in the hallway of a house near by.

The burglar was armed with a thirty-two-calibre revolver and attempted to use it on the policeman, who managed to knock it from his hand. At the Hamburg Avenue Station the person described himself as William Murray, twenty-four years old. He refused to say where he lived. Several false keys were found upon him. An examination of the Scherman flat showed that nearly $100 worth of plunder had been wrapped up by Murray ready for removal when he was disturbed by Gates.

Since his arrest the police believe that they have in custody a dangerous crook, and he is believed to have been implicated in the numerous robberies which have occurred in that section of the city of late. The prisoner has been recognized as having been seen loitering in the neighborhood of Jefferson and Ralph avenues about three weeks ago, about the time the numerous burglaries took place.

When Murray was arraigned yesterday in the Gates Avenue Police Court Justice Harriman remanded him for examination today on a charge of burglary.

A BURGLAR CAUGHT AT WORK.

While Special Policeman Taylor was passing the Fibre Ramie Manufacturing Company's building, at Nos. 9 and 11 Rush street, Williamsburg, at an early hour yesterday morning, he noticed a thief ransacking the shelves on the first floor. Taylor summoned Policeman Smythe, of the Clymer Street Station. When Smythe arrived the man was seen leaving the building by a rear window, through which he gained an entrance, and was arrested. At the station house the prisoner said he was James Barnes, twenty-seven years old, a telegraph operator, and lived at No. 127 North Tenth street, Williamsburg. When searched a large stone wrapped in a red handkerchief was found, which, it is believed, Barnes intended using for a slung shot. When arraigned before Justice Goetting, in the Lee Avenue Police Court, a charge of burglary was made against him.

CAUGHT STEALING LEAD PIPE.

Edward Flynn, nineteen years old, of No. 207 North Seventh street, Williamsburg, was arrested at an early hour yesterday morning by Policeman Montgomery, of the Bedford Avenue Station, while leaving the Asphalt Manufacturing Company's building, at Nos. 393 and 395 Driggs avenue. Flynn had a companion, William Lennon, twenty-seven years old, of No. 192 North Ninth street, who escaped.

The men had forced an entrance to the place and cut out a large amount of lead pipe. They were carrying their plunder when noticed by the officer. After locking up Flynn the police went in search of Lennon, whom they subsequently arrested. He was seized with delerium tremens at the station house.

The prisoners will be arraigned to-day in the Lee Avenue Police Court on a charge of burglary.

RESTORED ORDER IN SCHOOL.

It Required Heroic Measures, and Now Norton Is Threatened with Arrest.

Amityville, L. I., Feb. 23.—William Cornelius, a well-known resident of this section, applied to Justice Holmer W. Sweezey for a warrant for the arrest of Edward Norton, principal of the Wantagh public school, whom he charges with having assaulted his son, Julien. Principal Norton is a brother of George F. Norton, of the Amityville school, and in the absence of the latter, he was called to take charge of the scholars here this week. Young Cornelius is a trifle unruly and was recently soundly thrashed by the regular principal. When the new master took charge Cornelius vowed he would not obey him. He raised a disturbance at once and refused to behave when warned by the principal.

The latter seized a heavy strap and lay young Cornelius across on the desks and thrashed him until he begged for mercy. His body, Cornelius claims, is a mass of cuts and bruises. Norton restored order to the school and the whipping was not referred to again that day. Cornelius has retained Counsellor Hildreth, who advised him to apply for a warrant for Norton's arrest. The Magistrate deferred issuing the warrant, hoping that the affair would be settled out of court. This, however, is thought impossible, as Norton refuses to make any apology, alleging that the boy did not receive as severe punishment as the case deserved. The sentiment here is divided, but it is thought to generally favor the teacher.

A CHAMPION IN HIS LINE.

Hiram Wicks Is Willing to Eat Chocolate Cream Candy Against Any Man.

Bay Shore, L. I., Feb. 23.—Hiram Wicks, of this village, is recognized as the champion chocolate cream eater of Long Island, and is ready to accept challenges from any one.

Recently he went into M. A. Ladd's confectionery store and made a bet with the clerk that he could eat a pound in fifteen minutes. He sat down, and time being called began to devour the candy. In fifteen minutes the chocolate had disappeared. He now calls himself the champion of the Island, and wants to make a match with some other candy eater.

No Market for Turnips or Potatoes.

Mattituck, L. I., Feb. 23.—Farmers in this vicinity are complaining that they can find no market for potatoes and turnips. Thousands of bushels of potatoes, which were stored in cellars, and as many bushels of turnips, which were covered in the fields last fall, still remain there, owing to the low prices, which are not sufficient to pay the shipping. One man, of Port Jefferson, raised over 6,000 bushels and sold about one-half of them at 15 cents per bushel. At Southold a speculator purchased 500 bushels of potatoes of a local farmer at 5 cents a bushel, and could have purchased 10,000 bushels at the same price from other farmers.

Boy Bitten by a Dog.

Thomas Penny, fourteen years old, of No. 4 Hague street, was bitten on the left hand last night by a dog. Two other boys took him to the Hudson Street Hospital, where the wound was cauterized and dressed.

SIDE DOORS IN BROOKLYN.

Watchers for the Prohibition League Kept Tab on Those Open Yesterday.

At the Meeting of the League Judge William J. Gru Denounced Mayor Wurster's Policy.

SAID HE OUGHT TO BE PUNISHED.

President Funk Declared That the Working People of Brooklyn Spent $112,500 Each Sunday in Saloons. The Effect

The Brooklyn Prohibition League held its regular weekly meeting yesterday afternoon at No. 515 Fulton street, and while the attendance was not large the greatest interest was manifested in the work by those present. These meetings are for the purpose of creating a sentiment in favor of enforcing the laws against the sale of liquor on Sundays, and on each Sunday a number of watchers are sent out to inspect the saloons and report at the meeting the names and street numbers of those found doing business. These reports are compiled weekly and sent to Mayor Wurster with a protest against his alleged dereliction of duty. The names, however, are not given to the Mayor and are only known to President I. K. Funk and Secretary J. Fred Burgyes, of the League.

The reports made by the watchers were dated Sunday, February 23, and went on to say that there was no improvement in the enforcement of the Sunday Closing law.

"The side doors," they say, "were found open, as usual, and men, women and children were seen to enter and leave them; some with pails and kettles, and no effort made to conceal them. Drunken men and women were seen reeling along the streets."

President Funk then read a statement which he said had been carefully prepared, showing from reliable statistics the cost of selling liquor on Sunday in Brooklyn. He said on each Suhday the result was fourteen deaths, three cases of insanity, one of idiocy, seventy-five of imprisonment, fifty of pauperism, and an expense and waste of money of $112,500, two-thirds of which sum was spent by the working people.

Judge William J. Gru, of Orange County, was then asked to address the League. He spoke of the duty of executive officers to enforce laws, and said if the law was ambiguous it should be construed by the courts, and when this was done officers should be made to have them executed. The law says that the sale or giving away of liquor on Sunday is a misdemeanor and Mayor Wurster took a solemn oath to discharge the duties of Mayor. What can be said of a man who wilfully violates his oath? Roosevelt has closed the saloons in New York, and if it can be done there it can be done in Brooklyn.

"I say," concluded Judge Gru, "that if Mayor Wurster persists in his present course, I will find a way to have him punished."

Three delegates then arose and in short talks spoke of what they were willing to do to have the law enforced, and then W. T. Milligan, an elderly man and lawyer, was itroduced by President Funk.

He said that the traffic in liquor was a peculiar one and differed in many respects from all others.

"We must take a stand on fair grounds on this question," said he. "Many people believe that the drinking of wine or whiskey is in itself sinful. This is a mistake. It is abuse of it which makes it so. If a man drinks a glass of wine once a week there is no harm or sin in it. So with theatres. Is there any harm in witnessing the impersonation of characters on the stage? None; but public sentiment has created the impression that the associations found there are evil, hence its denunciation; and so with whiskey. We are to blame for electing Wurster Mayor of Brooklyn. You and I put him there, and we are the ones to be condemned. The only way to get good government is to elect good governors. What is the use of laws if they are not enforced? There is not an ordinance on the statute books of Brooklyn which is being executed. The fight we are to make is a contest between the power of the liquor men and that of the rest of the people." He said that if a change were not soon made the entire liquor traffic would be crushed out by an enraged people, as had been slavery.

There were other elements at work yesterday in Brooklyn in an effort to enforce Sunday closing. The Catholic clergy, though, have adopted an entirely new method of dealing with it. A circular letter, compiled by Father Doyle, was distributed at the conclusion of the church services. It was an appeal to Catholic adherents and depicted the disastrous results which always follow those addicted to the whiskey habit, and each male who attended services was given one.

A delegation of the Law Enforcement Society of Brooklyn made a tour of Broadway yesterday. After entering several saloons they took the number of the policemen on beat and will likely prefer charges against them to-day.

BOYS START A COCK FICHT.

But a Woman Warned the Police and the Main Was Spoiled.

A number of boys assembled in a yard in the rear of a house on Lawrence street, Brooklyn, yesterday morning, while their neighbors were at church. One of them brought two stalwart roosters with him and started them a fighting.

A law-abiding woman, who discovered them, notified the police, and they raided the yard. Three boys were arrested, namely, Joseph and John Cooks, of No. 183 Prospect street, and George Callahan, of No. 157 Gold street. They said they were in the yard with a friend before the sport began, and knew nothing about the projected struggle.

BURIED IN A SECRET GRAVE.

Angus Gilbert, the Boston Murderer, Quietly Interred According to His Own Wish.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 23.—The funeral services over the remains of Angus Gilbert, who was executed Friday for the murder of Alice Sterling, were held secretly yesterday afternoon. The day before the execution the Sheriff gave the condemned man's sister permission to have the body buried where she chose. Only Gilbert's sister and B. C. Clark, the jail missionary, were present at the funeral service. Mr. Clark read a few prayers over the man's remains.

It was Gilbert's wish that the public should not know where his body was buried.

Biddell's Helmet in Danger.

A spark in some way reached an accumulation of gas in the subway in Third avenue, near Thirty-fifth street, at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, and an explosion occurred, which blew the iron cover of the nearest manhole twenty feet into the air. The cover landed within five feet of Roundsman Biddell, of the Thirty-fifth stree police squad, who was airing a new helmet for the first time that morning. Biddell turned in an alarm, but when the engines arrived the firemen could find no trace of flames.

Your "Want" Advertisement printed in the Journal will be repeated in Das Morgen Journal, without extra cost, if under Help Wanted, Purchase and Exchange, Houses, Flats and Apartments to Let, Lost and Found, Auction Sales, Boarders Wanted, and Business Opportunities.

BERNHARDT'S RECEPTION.

Only Married Ladies Have Been Invited to Meet the Actress in Brooklyn This Evening.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is to be given a tea and reception this evening at the residence of Mrs. F. B. Candler, No. 11 Monroe place, Brooklyn. The celebrated actress has never before found social favor with the elite of the City of Churches, and this innovation is looked forward to with much curiosity and interest from many quarters. It is said the reception was engineered by a distinguished French professor, who has made many friends among the Brooklyn 400, and who is a great friend of the French tragedienne.

Miss Edith Candler, the pretty young daughter of the hostess, was asked yesterday about the contemplated entertainment, and said that it was merely an informal tea and reception that was to be tendered Mme. Bernhardt.

"It originated with Professor Wisner, our French tutor, who has known Bernhardt for many years," she said. "My mother and I are his only pupils in Brooklyn, but he has given a number of lectures here on various topics and has made many friends. It was first intended that the invitations would be verbal, but we afterward concluded to send written ones. We have sent out between sixty and seventy in all."

"Have any been declined?" was asked Miss Candler.

"Two or three friends, who are in mourning and cannot attend for that reason, have said that they would not be present. I know of no reason why any one should decline, as none have been invited who have not expressed a desire to meet Mme. Bernhardt. All of them speak French. Yes, it is true that only married ladies with their husbands have been asked. I don't know why this was done. I guess it was thought it would be more agreeable to them."

"Will Mme. Bernhardt give a recitation?"

"No," said Miss Candler. "It is merely a gathering to meet the lady."

TINEY'S STORY WAS FALSE.

Bowling, Whom She Claimed She Was to Wed, Is a Married Man and Does Not Know Her.

Justice Goetting, in the Lee Avenue Police Court, Williamsburg, one day last week received a visit from a tearful and pretty girl who said she was Tiney Green, of No. 536 Marcy avenue. Her sweetheart, Harry Bowling, a druggist's clerk, to whom she was to have been married on Sunday night, had failed to claim her as his bride, she declared, and had given her diamond engagement ring to another girl.

Justice Goetting said the young man, if arrested, would probably be sent to the penitentiary. This seemed to frighten the girl, who began to cry, and said she would lose Harry rather than have him punished.

On the following day Miss Green again visited the court. This time she was smiling. Harry had promised to marry her on Sunday, she said.

It is hard to spoil Tiney's little story, but she does not live at No. 536 Marcy avenue. In that house dwells Mrs. Munster, with her married daughter, Mrs. Brene, and two other girls, both professional singers, who have gained some fame as "the Munster sisters."

On Thursday Mrs. Munster had a visitor. He was a young man with a frown on his brow and he yanked at the bell savagely.

"Does any one named Green live here?" he asked when the door was opened.

He seemed surprised when Mrs. Munster said "No," and he showed her a newspaper clipping. He was Harry Bowling, he said, and had formerly been a clerk in his father's drug store at the corner of De Kalb and Marcy avenues. He did not know any girl named Tiney Green, and had had the trouble of explaining the newspaper articles in which his name figured to his father and his wife. After saying that he now lived in New York, he hurried down the stoop and up the street in search of Tiney Green. Yesterday several persons called at Mrs. Munster's home in the hope of seeing a wedding, but they were all disappointed.

MADE INSANE BY A FALL.

McClelland Suffered for Several Days and Finally Died in the Long Island College Hospital.

John McClelland, a carpenter, died at the Long Island College Hospital yesterday afternoon. He suffered terrible agony before death came, and at times acted as if insane.

He recently inherited some property in Ireland. Last Wednesday night a number of friends called to see him at his home, No. 58 State street, Brooklyn, and to extend their congratulations. In bidding them good-night he leaned over the balustrade, and lost his balance. He went over head foremost, and landed at the bottom of the stairs.

He was picked up unconscious and put to bed. His condition was worse the next day. He began to act as if demented, and left his bed. A member of his brother-in-law's family, with whom he lived, found him marching up and down with a broom over his shoulders. He dropped this and began to cover the pictures on the wall.

McClelland returned to bed. Friday he was removed to the hospital. A diagnosis of the case showed that he was suffering from concussion of the brain and an injury to the spine, and temporary insanity, which latter trouble resulted from his injuries. He died yesterday afternoon. McClelland was a bachelor and a carpenter by trade.

SIRINEK'S SPREE WAS FATAL.

Fell Down in His Own Hallway and Fractured His Skull.

Dr. Joseph Saxl, of No. 258 East Seventy-second street, reported at the East Sixty-seventh Street Station, at 9 o'clock last night, that Joseph iSrinek, forty-four years old, had died under suspicious circumstances a few hours before at his residence, No. 1358 Avenue A.

Detective Collins found that the janitor of the house had seen Sirinek come into the house at 11 o'clock Saturday night intoxicated. Subsequently Mrs. Sirinek heard heard a noise in the hallway, and on going down found her husband lying in the hall unconscious. Thinking that he was intoxicated she let him remain there.

About 2:30 yesterday morning Joseph Beusch, a tenant in the house, stumbled over Sirinek's body. He summoned the man's wife, and with the assistance of the janitor got him upstairs to his apartments. Doctor Saxl was called, but he died in a few hours from concussion of the brain and a fractured skull.

LEARNED THICKNESS EF ICE.

Little George Duehaslan's Inquisitiveness Mearly Caused His Death.

The park police have been criticized for not allowing skaters on the ice in Central Park. They have simply been acting under Captain Collins's orders, whom, his subordinates claim, knows more about the proper thickness of ice on the lakes than outsiders.

George Duchaslan, nine years old, of No. 321 East Fifty-fourth street, thought he would find out the thickness of the ice for himself yesterday. While playing near the esplanade in Central Park he tried the ice, and, before he knew it, was in the water up to his neck. His brother and a park policeman rescued him, after a great deal of exertion, and he was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital.

A Razor Bill Auk on Long Island.

Amagansett, L. I., Feb. 23.—During the last snow storm, a razor bill auk was killed on Montauk Point by a party of sportsmen. This specie is rarely seen so far south as this. They inhabit and breed from the Magdalen Islands, northward. Their cries when sitting sounds like that of a person groaning, and can be heard a long distance.

TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE AT DR. GERAU'S FUNERAL.

Public Services Over the Remains of the Socialist Held in the Labor Lyceum.

While the Body Lay in State the Street, Sidewalk and Hall Were Crowded with Friends.

POLICE THERE TO PRESERVE ORDER.

Fully Two Thousand Mourners Followed the Body to the Fresh Pond Crematory, Where It Was Incinerated. Dr. Gerau's Career.

The funeral services over the remains of the late Dr. Francis Gerau, the well-known Socialist, who died on Thursday at his home, No. 957 Willoughby avenue, Williamsburg, were held yesterday afternoon at Labor Lyceum, the headquarters of the Socialistic Labor party, and attended by nearly ten thousand people. The body, which was incased in a handsome black, cloth-covered casket, was borne from the house where he died to the Labor Lyceum under a guard of the Socialistic Labor Volksfest Verein, in the early morning, where it laid in state for several hours.

For two hours before the time fixed for the services the members of the Socialistic party began to arrive at the hall. No one, however, was permitted to see the face of the dead Socialist until the funeral services were concluded. The casket was placed in the centre of the hall. The services began at 1:30 o'clock and lasted until 3 o'clock. At that time the crowd was so great that hundreds were unable to gain admission to the hall, and remained standing upon the sidewalk and street.

Police Captain Dunn, of the Hamburg Avenue Station, with a platoon of men were on hand and scattered about the hall and on the street to prevent any violent demonstration on the part of the gathering, but none was attempted.

The gathering consisted of the Socialist Labor party, Socialistic Federation of Labor, representatives of the American Federation of Labor, representatives of the United Garment Workers of America and members of all the branches of the Central Labor Union.

The services opened with singing by the Laboring Men's Singing Society, after which Max Forken, the editor of the Volks Zeitung, made an address in German, during which he eulogized the life and services of Dr. Gerau, who he said had devoted his life for the cause of fellow men.

At the close of Editor Forken's remarks the Progressive Musical Union sang and then the face of the dead man was exposed to view. The throng was permitted to pass in line and take a farewell look at the features. More than 4,000 people passed and reviewed the remains.

The funeral cortege then moved to the Fresh Pond Crematory, wher the body was incinerated. Fully two thousand people followed the remains to the crematory, and among the gathering were Daniel De Leon and Charles Matchett, well known labor leaders.

Dr. Gerau was seventy-two years old, and is said to have led the mob in the storming of the Church of St. Paul, in Frankfort, Germany, in 1848. As soon as Bismarck had crushed the revolution Dr. Gerau sailed for America, and at once identified himself with the Socialist Labor party. He presented the ground on which the Labor Lyceum stands to the party and assisted in erecting the building. It was expected that the will of Dr. Gerau would be opened and read during the service, but this was not done. It is believed that he has left his entire estate to the Socialist Labor party.

CENSURE BY THE CHURCH.

Bishop McDonnell Warns the Catholic Club to Either Disband or Change Its Name.

The aspirations of a number of young men, members of the Holy Trinity Roman Catholic Church, of Williamsburg, to establish a Catholic social club on the lines of the famous organization in New York by that name, have been nipped in the bud, and their action has brought upon them the censure and displeasure of the Church and Bishop. The club had been organized with about two dozen members, and Fred Kuhn, a young medical student, elected president.

Entertainments and balls, which were largely patronized by church people, were given and all was fine until Father Hanselman, of the parish, learned of the existence of the organization. When he found that the club had no spiritual director and was being run wholly independent of the Church, he protested and warned the members to either change the name of their organization or to conform to the rules of the Church. When neither was done there was great consternation among the congregation of the Holy Trinity Church.

Yesterday Father Hanselman, the spiritual director