

PISTOLS AND SICH FOR TEDDY AND FITCH.

Veritable Tempest Without the Teapot in the Office of the Mayor.

It All Arises About Money Wanted for the Payment of Police Spies.

Commissioner Roosevelt Tells the Comptroller He Will Fight Him on the Drop of the Hat.

SHALL IT BE GUNS? FITCH ASKS.

The Mayor Threatens to Put Both Men Under Arrest, and the Corporation Counsel Vents a Grievance of His Own.

First Lord—Your Lordship is a liar! Second Lord—Your Lordship is another! Third Lord (softly voice)—Ecod! What a strange coincidence—Old Fitch.

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment held a meeting yesterday. Mayor Strong would have given several chests of choice Oolong if he hadn't been there.

It all began with the reading of a document by Comptroller Fitch. The document was a resolution of the Police Board asking that \$9,416 and some odd cents be paid over to the police funds.

"Here," said the Comptroller, waving another document, "is a special opinion upon this subject delivered by Lawyer James Deering. This money, according to Mr. Deering, cannot be turned over to the Police Board because the Board of Estimate and Apportionment in voting upon the matter had not been unanimous."

As a rule Commissioner Andrews represents the Police Board at these meetings. He knows all about this money—even knows the number of odd cents by heart—and has had several squabbles with the Comptroller over it. As far as this subject went Commissioner Roosevelt was an entirely new element at the Board of Estimate and Apportionment meeting.

He was sitting between the Mayor and President Jeroloman, of the Board of Aldermen. He listened politely, to Mr. Fitch's speech, and began to button his coat. The Mayor shifted uneasily in his chair, and looked at Mr. Roosevelt in a denunciatory manner, as if to say: "Be careful, Teddy! Don't be rash!"

Mr. Roosevelt gulped down the first phrase that rose to his lips, and in a calm voice said:

"We must have this money. It has been allowed by this Board. If we don't get it we shall have to stop persecutions against criminals, stop telephone service, food for prisoners and the rogues' gallery."

"It seems to me, Mr. Roosevelt," softly suggested Corporation Counsel Scott, "that Mr. Deering's opinion makes it criminal for you to suppress immoral houses."

Mr. Roosevelt became very pale and the Comptroller saw that he was in for a fight.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S MENACING FINGER. "The Comptroller," said the Police Commissioner, pointing with his forefinger at Mr. Fitch's nose, "should be held responsible by the people if the police refuse to do their duty. Only yesterday we preferred charges against a captain for failing to suppress policy shops, and his defence was that the city owed him \$300, which he had spent out of his own pocket to get evidence against gambling houses and that he was not going to advance any more. If we are compelled to shut down it will be your fault."

He was glaring at the Comptroller in a way that added as plainly as words: "And if I weren't for the distinguished company around here I would make it worse for you."

Mr. Fitch, who read the menace in Mr. Roosevelt's gaze, became red with rage. "Nonsense," he retorted. "You ought to be indicted and tried for incurring debts when you had no money to meet them."

"That's a falsehood," cried the other. "We did exactly as you advised us to do. Now you turn upon us with accusations making an indelible offence of your own suggestion. Remember, however," he continued, his voice increasing in severity, "in stopping this money you don't hurt us. You make our poor patrolmen and starving prisoners suffer."

President Barker, who sat between the two, closed his eyes to keep out the terrible slaughter which he felt was sure to follow. "Why didn't you take action before?" shouted the Comptroller. "This report of yours is over a month old. When the matter came up before your Board you declared my action to be in the interest of the criminal classes. Then you shut up. At another meeting Commissioner Barker said he would mandamus me and show me he could get the money, and quickly, too. Then you started a public row with him and, I suppose, made him forget all about it. You are to blame for your 'poor patrolmen' and 'starving prisoners.'"

"No, sir," exclaimed Mr. Roosevelt, trembling with fury; "you are to blame. If you are so anxious to get outside of this subject we will discuss your course when you run for Congress in my district. There's plenty of material there, if you please. If you want fight, I'll give you all you want. But you never fight. You run away."

"It's eminently characteristic of you to talk fight," sneered the Comptroller; "but I want run away."

"I know that you want fight," repeated the excited Police Commissioner, "but I'm ready to give you all you want, now or at any other time."

"What shall it be—pistols?" asked the Comptroller, with an attempt at a sneer, but with a perfectly white face.

"Pistols or anything else you choose to name," replied Mr. Roosevelt, whose attitude had become quite menacing, as if he were fast coming to the conclusion to have it out right then and there. THE MAYOR THREATENS TO ARREST BOTH. "Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" interposed the

Mayor, who had been growing more and more nervous, "unless this ceases at once I will call in the police and put you both under arrest."

"That's right," chimed in the Corporation Counsel. "You have the power." But the squabblers were bound to have it out, and each was struggling for the last word.

"I suppose you would use a pistol, Mr. Roosevelt," sneered the Comptroller. "In self-defence, I hope," was the answer, in a calmer tone.

Then he went on and scored the Comptroller again for what he called his obstructive tactics and finished by exclaiming: "You want us to go to court. If the case goes against us we are left in precisely the position we were six months ago. That I presume is the condition you wish to keep us in."

"Oh, go on; but it would be infinitely wiser for you to carry out your threat and get a judicial decision than to come here and carry on a scolding match."

It might have been going on yet had not the Corporation Counsel felt it incumbent upon him at this point to uphold his own dignity.

"I do not propose," he began, looking first at Mr. Fitch and then at Mr. Roosevelt, "as long as I am Corporation Counsel, to permit matters relating to the departments to get into court without first being referred to me. I don't see why I should be ignored."

"I hope you do not think I tried to ignore you," snorted Mr. Fitch.

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Scott, "but when I hear of threatened mandamus proceedings and of special opinions, I think it is due the dignity of the office I represent to protest, and I do protest."

"What do you wish us to do then?" asked Mr. Roosevelt.

"I move that the whole matter be referred to Mr. Scott," quickly added Mr. Fitch. The Board so voted, Mr. Roosevelt snatched up his hat, bowed to the Mayor and left the room. The Mayor heaved a sigh of relief.

After the meeting was over Mr. Fitch said that if the worst should happen he would have to ask "Fighting Bob" Evans to be his second. He had other resources. There was a strapping big North of Ireland man in his district who would probably stand by him. He could also call upon some of his college chums, who were with him when he fought his way through Heidelberg University. "I know," said he, "these men understand pistols quite as well as Mr. Roosevelt."

CHOIR GIRLS IN A HUFF.

Trustee Stolde Said Their Singing Was Fit for a Theatre, and They Promptly Resigned.

The choir of St. Matthew's Evangelical Lutheran German Church, in North Fifth street, near Driggs avenue, Williamsburg, which the Rev. Gustav Sommers is pastor, has resigned in a body, and all because Trustee Frederic Stolde, it is alleged, commented on their singing and declared that it was more fit for a theatre than for a house of God.

It was after Miss Bertha Loeffler, the daughter of the organist, and Miss Hattie Dockerman had sung a duet at the services two weeks ago that Trustee Stolde is alleged to have made the remark to Charles Bnap and Theodore Dockerman, the other two trustees of the church. When it reached the ears of Miss Loeffler and Miss Dockerman a few days later they expressed much indignation and declared that they would resign. The other members of the choir decided to get out also.

On Sunday last, when the services began, the only person in the choir loft was the organist, but he didn't sing.

A SUCCESSOR FOR THOMAS.

Massenet to Be Appointed Director of the Paris Conservatoire.

Paris, May 5.—I learn that Massenet is certain to be shortly appointed successor to Ambrose Thomas as director of the Paris Conservatoire.

M'KINLEY MEN ON THE ANXIOUS SEAT.

Harrison's Attitude in Indiana Fills Them with Apprehension.

Ex-President Is Expected to Address the Convention Tomorrow.

Delegates Rebel Against an Effort to Force Them Into Supporting the Ohio Man.

HEROIC EFFORTS TO TURN THE TIDE.

Mark Hanna's Confidence in the Ultimate Result Is Announced with a String Attached to It—Breaking Away from Morton.

The centre of political interest has moved from Illinois to Indiana, where the State Republican Convention meets to-morrow. So great is the local interest in the issue that nearly all of the delegates reached Indianapolis yesterday.

A majority of them have declared against the proposed plan of the McKinley men to force the State into a unanimous support of the Ohio man, and will vote strongly against sending an instructed delegation to St. Louis.

McKinley leaders have taken alarm at the situation and are doing everything in their power to turn the tide of sentiment. An interesting contest is expected when the convention assembles.

Ex-President Harrison has not yet announced whether he will be present at the gathering. It is said, however, that he will attend and make a pointed speech to the delegates, advising them as to the course they should follow.

Mark Hanna acknowledges that the Indiana Convention will be of great importance, but is firm in the belief that the State will declare for McKinley. If it fails to do so, he says, McKinley's chances will not be affected, because Illinois and Vermont decided the real contest.

The breaking up of the Morton delegation in New York State, it is said, will now follow the action of Colonel Thomas W. Bradley in declaring for McKinley. Considerable comment has been caused by Congressman Odell's failure to hold Colonel Bradley in line.

Reports from the Democratic county conventions in South Carolina indicate that the State Convention to be held in Columbia on the 20th will be almost unanimous for silver, and will be dominated by Senator Tillman.

Four Republican Congressional district conventions yesterday endorsed McKinley for President.

M'KINLEY MEN ALARMED.

Delegates to the Indiana Convention Rebel Against Having Their Hands Tied.

Indianapolis, May 5.—Fully one-half of the 1,800 delegates to Thursday's Republican

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HOLMES'S LAST BID FOR MORE TIME.

Implores Mrs. Pitezel to Entreat the Governor for a Reprieve.

Give Him a Few Days, He Says, and He Will Make Restitution of Property.

The Murderer Has Been Removed from His Old Quarters to a Room Near the Scaffold.

HEARS THE WORKMEN FROM HIS CELL.

Maintains His Characteristic Coolness and Divides His Time Between Winding Up His Affairs and Seeking Religious Comfort.

Philadelphia, May 5.—Though H. H. Holmes has but a little over a day to live, he is the same cool and collected being he has been from the first. He spent much of his time to-day with his lawyers, trying to fix up his business affairs. The rest of it he divided among his spiritual advisers, his books and his writing materials.

Holmes has been removed from the cell he has occupied since receiving the death sentence to one of the lower tier of the same corridor, within a few yards of the spot on which the gallows will stand. His last hours will be spent in a cell on the north side of the corridor, about midway between the east and west ends of the building. The scaffold, upon which several murderers have been executed, will to-morrow night be erected about thirty feet from Holmes's new cell. Holmes will not see it, however, until he steps from his cell door to begin the death march Thursday morning. Sheriff Clement has announced that he will, with his own hands, spring the trap which will send Holmes into eternity. If the Sheriff carries out his intention it will be an innovation.

WANTS NO AUTOPTSY. Holmes has expressed a desire to his attorney, Mr. Rotan, to have his body buried in Philadelphia. The condemned man insists that no autopsy shall be performed. Mr. Rotan has looked up the law and says that his client's body cannot be touched with the knife without Holmes's consent. It is probable that Holmes will make a brief statement upon the gallows. Sheriff Clement, who decided a day or two ago that he did not intend to allow the condemned man to talk after he had mounted the scaffold, was to-day informed by a prominent lawyer that the law gave the convicted the right to speak just before the fatal noose was adjusted. Mr. Rotan thinks that his client has determined to take advantage of this right.

As a last effort to prolong his life for a few days, Holmes has written an appeal to Mrs. Benjamin F. Pitezel, the woman he so deeply wronged. As an inducement to Mrs. Pitezel he offers to make restitution to her, by giving her a house and lot and \$2,000. The woman will make no effort to secure a reprieve for the murderer, even if her failure to do so prevents her from securing a cent of money. The appeal was in the form of a communication mailed last Friday to Thomas Fay, Mrs. Pitezel's attorney. It was written in lead pencil, on both sides of a sheet of legal cap paper, without regard to punctuation. Mr. Fay received the letter on Saturday, and yesterday laid it before Mrs. Pitezel. To-day he sent Holmes her reply in the form of a positive refusal to take any steps in the matter.

Lawyer Rotan stated to-day that he had not yet drafted Holmes's will because the condemned man so frequently makes changes in the document.

FLAME ENSHROUDED THE COFFINED DEAD.

The Chamber in Which a Dead Body Lay Set on Fire.

Curtains Lighted by Mourning Candles Ignited Casket Trimmings.

William Fay's Wife and Daughter Rescued His Body from Cremation in a Burning House.

A DEPUTY CORONER AIDED THEM.

Quick Work of Helpful Hands Averted the Destruction which Threatened a Home of Sorrow in Williamsburg.

William Fay, who had lived for many years at No. 99 South First street, Williamsburg, died there of pneumonia on Monday. He was laid in his coffin and lighted candles were placed at his head.

There was some flaw in the death certificate, and Deputy Coroner Rogers notified Mrs. Fay that he would call last night to straighten out the matter. Mrs. Fay and her twenty-five-year-old daughter, Marian, were sitting in their dining room at

8 o'clock last night waiting for him. The coffin, with the lighted candles at its head, lay in a room on the floor above. There were no mourners, although the lid had been taken off, to enable those who came to take a last look at the dead man's face.

Mrs. Fay perceived an odor of smoke. "Look out the window," she said to her daughter, "and see what it is."

The daughter went to the window, looked out and screamed: "It's from upstairs!"

In a twinkling Mrs. Fay realized what had happened. She had left the windows open and the curtains must have been blown against the candles. Followed by her daughter, she ran up the stairs. Her fears were more than realized. Not only were the curtains afire, but the lining of the coffin around the dead man's head was blazing, while the lid, which had been placed against the wall, was also burning.

Without heed of danger to herself, Mrs. Fay seized the burning lid and threw it out of the window into the yard. Then, seizing one end of the coffin, she bade her daughter take the other, and thus, with the pallid face of the dead man between them, gashed in its aureole of fire, they carried the coffin down the stairs.

Deputy Coroner Rogers, a trifle late upon his errand, had hardly turned into the street when he became aware that the Fay's house was burning. Smoke was pouring out of several windows and through it glimmered sparks of flame. Assistant Chief Perry, of the Brooklyn Fire Department, who lives close by, observed the smoke at the same time, and, recognizing the Deputy Coroner, they ran together to the spot.

They rushed up the stairs and into the hallway, and there came to a sudden standstill, almost petrified by what they saw. Mrs. Fay and her daughter had carried the coffin to the door of the stairs and were depositing it gently upon the floor, with the flames still shooting around the corpse's head.

After the first gasp of astonishment both men hastened to the rescue and the flames were soon extinguished. It was then discovered that the burning lid had fallen upon a shed in the yard, which had caught fire and had spread a lively blaze. This, too, was after some little difficulty extinguished, and the Deputy Coroner assisted the women to carry the coffin upstairs.

HURT AT "DEATH'S CORNER."

Brooklyn Woman Knocked Down by a Cable Car at the Fourteenth Street Curve.

While crossing Third avenue at Fourteenth street yesterday afternoon Mrs. Nellie Clark, of No. 507 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, was struck by a cable car, bound south, and was thrown to the pavement unconscious. One of her legs was broken, and she received internal injuries. She was taken to Bellevue Hospital.

THOUGHT ONLY OF BABY.

Burned in the Cincinnati Ruins, the Mother Could be Heard Consoling Her Dying Child.

Cincinnati, O., May 5.—Just how many persons lost their lives in the explosion which wrecked the saloons of Adolph Drach and Louis Frey, on Walnut street, at 8:30 last night, is still unknown. Six bodies now lie at the morgue, and the police are positive that nine bodies are still in the ruins, but there may be more.

The dead so far as known are: Rollins A. Davis, of the Columbia Carriage Company, Hamilton, O.; Adolph Drach, proprietor of saloon; Felicia Drach, his five-year-old daughter; C. S. Wells, No. 48 Harrison street; Ella Singleton, of Zanesville; domestic for Drach; John McCarthy, a waterworks employe.

Those whose bodies are supposed to be in the ruins are: Fred Andrews, of the Andrews-Mears Wall Paper Company; Patrick Kennedy, George Meyers, Joseph H. Peters, William Louth, William Lowheide, John Beers and two unknown men.

There are ten injured people now at the hospital and as many more being taken care of at their homes.

The work of rescue went on all night and until about 10 o'clock this morning, when it was found that a rear wall was liable to fall at any time, and the firemen and street cleaners were ordered to stop. The work of rescue of the dead bodies will be continued as soon as the wall can be stayed, so it will not fall and endanger more lives.

The women attending the rescues were heartrending. Mrs. Drach and Ella Singleton clasped hands when the crash came, and Ella Singleton was struck in the head and killed. Her dead body fell on Mrs. Drach and protected her. Mrs. Drach lay pined in the ruins for six hours. She talked and could be seen. In pulling a big beam away the rescuers tore off one of her ears. Her baby's screams could also be heard, and the brave woman talked to it. The baby's cries grew fainter and fainter, and finally little Felina was taken out dead. Little Emil Drach, the other child, was rescued alive.

ADMITS HIS CRIMES. Former Police Officer of Brussels Arrested for Homicide and Robbery.

Brussels, May 5.—A great sensation has been caused by the arrest to-day of M. Courtols, an ex-police official, for the murder of Mme. Herry, who was strangled and robbed in her house here.

Courtols was identified as the man who, calling himself an artillery officer, sold the stolen bonds to a Brussels broker the morning after the crime. He admits his complicity in the crime.

The news of his crime reached the ears of a woman whose husband was some time ago sentenced to a year's imprisonment for defamation of character in having accused Courtols, then in the police force, of complicity in the theft of the jewels of the Countess of Flanders in 1893.

Delirious with joy at the vengeance which had overtaken the author of the punishment of her husband, the woman exclaimed: "Justice at last!" and fell dead.

BODY IN A DRESS SUIT.

It Was That of an Elderly Man and Floated in North River—"P. J." on a Handkerchief.

The body of an unknown man about fifty years old was found in the water at the foot of West Sixty-eighth street yesterday afternoon and taken to the Morgue. To all appearances the corpse had been in the water for a long time.

The body was clad in a full dress suit, is about five feet nine inches in length, has grey hair cut short. In one of the pockets was found a cotton handkerchief bearing the initials "P. J." embroidered in one

MYSTERY IN DEATH OF TESSIE CARNEY.

Believed to Have Been Killed and Then Placed on a Railroad Track.

Her Mangled Body Was Found on the Rail, but a Fight Had Taken Place in Her Flat.

Had Been a Dissolute Woman Who Was Reclaimed by the Man Whose House She Kept.

FATHER AND SON LIVED WITH HER.

Body Was Found Yesterday Morning on the Manhattan Beach Railroad Not Far from Her Home—Damaging Evidence on a Wire Fence.

Just where the Manhattan Beach Railroad curves round the entrance to Evergreens Cemetery, at the head of Central avenue, Brooklyn, the body of pretty Tessie Carney was found, cut to pieces, yesterday. The Brooklyn police believe the girl was killed and placed on the track. George Fox and his son Alexander, for whom the woman kept house, were summoned to the Hamburg Avenue Police Station and examined by the police. Their explanation was

apparently satisfactory and they were released.

The men and the woman quarreled Monday. All three walked in the direction of the railroad track about 9 o'clock. At 10 the men returned alone.

The girl, it is acknowledged, had not led the most approved kind of a life. Until last January she was a familiar figure in the cheap resorts along the Bowery. The elder Fox is known as a rescuer. He attends missions and helps to reclaim fallen women.

Early in March he offered Tessie a home with him in Cypress avenue, Newtown. This was regarded as a good chance for the girl, and the people of the mission made up a purse of \$40 for her. The girl bought finery with the money and it vastly improved her appearance. Mr. Fox seemed more than ever interested in her. His wife, it is said, became angry and ordered the girl from the house.

TOOK THE WOMAN INTO HIS EMPLOY. Then Mr. Fox made Tessie the bookkeeper at his tin shop at No. 1134 Broadway. Her salary was \$3 a week, but she began housekeeping at No. 643 Central avenue. Young Alexander Fox went to live with her. Then the elder Fox went there also. Mrs. Fox was left alone in the little house in Newtown.

It was not long before the girl became known in the neighborhood as "Mrs. Fox," although whose wife she was supposed to be, whether that of the elder Fox or of his son, is not quite apparent. There were many rows in the flat, according to the neighbors. Sometimes the father and son fought each other, and at other times the woman was engaged in the scuffle.

There was a bigger row than usual in the flat on Monday night. The girl was heard shouting, "Oh, don't! For God's sake, don't!" This fight aroused all the neighbors.

Ernst Witte, an electrician, who lives below the Fox people, heard the noise. The woman, he says, was knocked to the floor, and yelled for mercy. Witte says he saw the young woman lying on the floor as if unconscious. He asked young Fox what was the trouble, and was told the girl was in a fit.

ALL WENT OUT FOR A WALK. At 9 o'clock that evening the two men and the woman went out for a walk. They were seen to go toward the railroad track. At 10 o'clock the men returned alone.

Samuel Keller keeps a saloon on ground floor of the flat. At 11 o'clock he was called to the saloon, and Kehler there was a body lying on the road track. Keller took a lantern and went out with the brakeman. They went but a short distance up the track when they found a woman's skirt.

It was concluded that the skirt was what the woman wore, and went to her feet



"JUST TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW ME... THAT IS ALL" [With Apologies to the Author of the Popular Song of the Day.]