



Bishop Potter on the Upper Deck of the Germanic.

When the friends of the right reverend Bishop of New York saw him on the White Star steamship yesterday morning they were surprised to observe that he carried his right arm in a sling. They soon learned that the Bishop had been thrown while riding horseback in Frankfurt, Germany, and had dislocated his shoulder. "It was a wonder I did not break my neck," said Bishop Potter. The Bishop greatly enjoyed the Queen's Jubilee ceremonies.

BISHOP POTTER NEARLY KILLED.

Thrown from a Horse, His Right Shoulder Was Broken.

IS BACK FROM EUROPE.

Brought Two Cases of Old Wine and Less than the Limit of Apparel.

It was with a feeling of alarm that the friends of the Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, the Bishop of New York, learned yesterday that he experienced a narrow escape from death while travelling in Germany. The first intimation of it came when the Bishop was seen on the upper deck of the White Star steamship Germanic, as she was made fast to the White Star pier at 10 o'clock yesterday morning. The right arm of the eminent passenger was carried in a sling. "I was riding horseback in Frankfurt, Germany, three weeks ago," said Bishop Potter, "and received a injury which resulted in the fracture of my right shoulder."

While the steamer was in the harbor, the Bishop was a blue yachting cap, which he replaced with a silk hat before he stepped upon his native soil. A few minutes prior to landing he went below and made a declaration of his baggage, according to the new law. Without any hesitation he sat at the table in the dining saloon and promptly acknowledged two cases of wine; then followed the list of his other effects. He had not exceeded the \$100 limit in the purchase of wearing apparel while abroad, and consequently was very anxious to get away as soon as possible. He was, however, held up by the authorities and paid the regular duty required for importing liquors into this country. The Bishop left the pier with his daughter, Mrs. Couder, and his brother, Frank H. Potter, who were on hand to welcome him.

At the Jubilee celebrations he said, "The American Bishops and clergy were received with a whole more cordiality. It was, however, the colonial brethren, in fact, who were welcomed grandly, and I was

quent services and gatherings occupied the same relative positions as our English brethren, priority of consecration or ordination only being considered. "As far as the Lambeth conference was concerned, I can only say it was a distinct success. It indicated to me that the foreign and colonial bishops exercise an extra local influence. "The matter of inflicting the entire English speaking Protestant Episcopal Church under American rule, with the head of the church in England, was not brought up. It would have failed if raised, the colonial bishops, which is thoroughly independent, in itself alone being radically opposed to such a change. "Work has been piling up on my hands during my absence. The Diocesan Conference meets in September in the Church of the Incarnation, Madison avenue, and thirty-fifth street, and arrangements must be completed for this gathering. One of the questions which will probably arise, one in which many churches are interested, will be the selection of a salaried chaplain for my assistance. For three years this position has been temporarily filled by the Rev. Dr. Ralph Baldwin, who did not receive a large salary, as he is of independent means. "My routine work is growing so fast and my time is so much occupied in public and semi-public matters that I am in absolute need of a chaplain to act as my lieutenant. "Even now, on my return home, the first question I am asked is whether or not I will arbitrate in the coal strike now in existence. I have not been asked to arbitrate in this matter as yet, but do not thoroughly understand it at present. "Bishop Potter had hardly reached beyond the "hook" on his voyage out when he was informed by a telegram that he was being ousted from his charge and refusing him his credentials which would insure him another pastorate outside Bishop Potter's diocese. "Dr. Maury is a very eccentric man," was all Bishop Potter would say of the matter yesterday. He also declined to discuss his rivalry of Chauncey M. Depew as an after-dinner story teller when abroad. His eye twinkled and the corners of his mouth twitched in a smile as he read the eulogistic stories ascribed to him, but he was mute upon the subject. "While in England, however, he declares he devoted considerable attention to the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. This order was fathered in this country, and only recently introduced upon English soil by way laymen, who have done yeoman's work. According to the Bishop, an international convention of the brotherhood has been arranged for the fall, in Buffalo, and while in England he induced the Lord Bishop of Rochester, Canon Charles Gore, of Westminster Abbey, Dean Horton, of St. Andrew's Perth, and President Spottiswoode, four of the most prominent churchmen in England, to promise to attend. "Bishop Potter left for Newport within an hour after his arrival from Europe.

A New Pirate of the Pacific. — Next Sunday's Journal. — Better order to-day. Michigan Politician's Oklahoma Divorce. — Perry, O. T., Aug. 5.—Henry Kountz, who is said to be a relative of the Kountz Brothers, the bankers of New York City, has secured a decree of divorce here. He is the Mayor of Grand Rapids, Mich., and a politician of considerable influence in that State.

THIS MEET A RECORD BREAKER.

Attendance, Festivities, Runs and Races Excel Anything in L. A. W. History.

CYCLISTS FROM ALASKA.

Nearly Every State in the Union Sends Some One to Represent Its Organization.

LEAGUE POLITICS DISCUSSED.

George D. Gideon Suggested as a Possible Candidate for President. How the Racing Men Are Going. Speculation on Championships.

By A. G. Batchelder.

Philadelphia, Aug. 5.—From every point of view, the eighteenth annual meet of the L. A. W. promises to be a record breaker, and, though the City of Brotherly Love may be peculiar in many ways, its cyclists are gaining enormous popularity for the superb manner in which the members of the national cycling body are being entertained.

There has been an all day run to-day to Valley Forge, and shorter ones to the Wissahickon and through Fairmount Park. To-night an all-night smoker is in session at the Arena, while a fete at the Belmont mansion, in West Fairmount Park, engages the attention of those who are accompanied by wives and daughters.

Everybody is looking forward to the struggles of the racers at Willow Grove, where the national championships will be named. Those particularly interested in the competitive part of the programme are discussing with much concern the probability of a bid for another term as the principal officer of the league, but the knowing ones now give it out that Elliott does not want the place.

Just a dash of league politics is unavoidable at a league meet, and so the slat-makers have been doing a bit of figuring amid the avalanche of entertainment that is being supplied by the hospitable Quakers. Some time since it was announced in the Boston press that Stealing Elliott would make a bid for another term as the principal officer of the league, but the knowing ones now give it out that Elliott does not want the place.

It is stated that Elliott wants George D. Gideon, the ex-Racing Board chairman, to oppose I. B. Potter, should the New York man seek re-election, a possibility that is far from a probability. But the Elliott faction first would have to kill the formidable opposition in Massachusetts, a hard task. The men are starting fast, even to Major Taylor, the little dandy, who made eight and two-fifths seconds for a twelfth. Nat Butler, Merten and Kiser did the same performance, while Cooper and Sanger were a fifth of a second behind them. Bald and Gardner did not ride, thinking a rest would be better for them. The Chicago lad was never in better shape to make his attempt on Hamilton's mile record.

Everybody Took a Tumble. Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 5.—Thirty-five of the thirty-six men who started in the Associated Cycling Clubs' run from New York this morning finished at 6:38 this evening, somewhat the worse for travelling through a generous rainstorm and on muddy roads. The run was in charge of Thomas Ward, of the Crescent Wheelmen, of New York. Harry Inman, the famous long distance rider, of the Time Wheelmen, of this city, paced the party from Bristol.

As on the Wednesday run, the rain came down in torrents when leaving New York, and it stuck to the riders until Princeton had been reached. The roads up to this point were in a lamentable condition and many falls occurred, though none were serious. The side path into Princeton was responsible for many of the falls, and one rider fell and escaped "biting the mud." Among the riders who finished was a lady from Easton, Pa. She kept up with the leaders under the most disadvantageous conditions.

Long Branch To-day. — By Oscar Hammerstein. — Next Sunday's Journal. — Better order to-day.

FIREMEN IN COLLISION.

A Hook and Ladder Truck Crashes into a Patrol at Eighth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street.

There was a collision between a hook and ladder truck and a fire patrol at Eighth avenue and Twenty-fourth street last night. The hook and ladder truck, which was on duty at the West Twentieth Street Station, was called out to disperse the crowd.

A false alarm, turned in from the box at Tenth avenue and Twenty-fourth street, was responsible for the trouble. Hook and Ladder Company No. 12, with headquarters on West Twentieth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, and Fire Patrol No. 3, from West Twentieth street, were on their way to the supposed fire. At full speed they approached Twenty-fourth street.

Both tried to turn into Twenty-fourth street at the same time, and the two vehicles came together with a crash. Eight fire patrolmen and the driver were on the hook and ladder truck. They were thrown in different directions, some landing on their feet, while others, not quite so fortunate, were more or less bruised.

The pole of the hook and ladder truck was broken in two places, and the three powerful horses reared and plunged in their fright. Tom Sheridan, the driver, was not much injured, and he held the reins, and a struggle got his team under control again.

Mrs. H. N. Trask Gets That \$10,000. Surrogate Arnold yesterday granted the petition of Mrs. Harriet N. Trask and awarded her an allowance of \$10,000 from the estate of her late husband, Benjamin H. Trask. The money had been withheld from her by the executors, who asserted that Mrs. Trask was not mentally competent to manage her own affairs. The Surrogate decided otherwise, though he was of opinion the executors were partly justified in their action.

The murderer who, at dead of night, creeps stealthily out to bury the dead and mangled body of his victim inspires men with horror and dread. There is a murderer abroad who yearly slays one-sixth of all the human race who go down to untimely deaths. This dread monster is called consumption. The approach of consumption is slow and insidious. First there is a slight disorder of the digestion. The appetite is poor and the nourishing results are inert and half dead. In this condition they offer a good soil for the germs of consumption which invade and attack them.

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Miss Laura Pierrel, of East Bethlehem, Washington Co., Pa., writes: "I must write you telling you of the great benefit derived from the use of your Golden Medical Discovery. Last summer my friends thought I was surely going into consumption, and having tried doctors and the most expensive medicines, I was highly spoken of. I took one bottle. My cough left me together with all the distressing symptoms, and in fact the cure seemed a miracle to all who saw me."

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PHILADELPHIA IS AT A HIGH GEAR OVER THE L. A. W. MEET.



Mrs. Hartley Who Harbors Her Insane Husband.

Edward F. Hartley, who was released a month ago from the insane asylum at Amityville, L. I., having previously escaped from Bloomingdale, paraded up and down in front of the haberdashery establishment conducted by his wife at No. 2335 Eighth avenue yesterday, whooping like an Indian. He was not arrested, because the policeman on the beat said he had seen Hartley commit no breach of the peace, and Mrs. Hartley refused to make a complaint.

President T. R. Crump, of that body, having accomplished the forming of an alliance with the L. A. W., the object of his Eastern trip, will leave for home immediately after the meet.

Some Incidents. An incident of the day that caused some trouble before the waters were smoothed was the arrest by a colored policeman of several Southern wheelmen who were trifle bolshewicks.

The spectacle of the Renner "quad" near the sunset quarter in cycling, being a like machine manned by four notorious advertising heavyweights, was a sight that created much amusement on Broad street this afternoon.

Owing to the unfavorable weather in the morning the riders were unable to have their usual "work out" at Willow Grove. In the afternoon the track was as dry as a bone, and almost all of the professionals who are entered were on various times. The men are starting fast, even to Major Taylor, the little dandy, who made eight and two-fifths seconds for a twelfth. Nat Butler, Merten and Kiser did the same performance, while Cooper and Sanger were a fifth of a second behind them.

Bald and Gardner did not ride, thinking a rest would be better for them. The Chicago lad was never in better shape to make his attempt on Hamilton's mile record.

At the session of the National Racing Board, held this afternoon, nothing of moment was done, the business transacted being of a minor nature. Chairman Mott and Messrs. Wain, of New York; Donato, of Massachusetts; and Foltz, of Indiana, were in attendance. The members of the board are of the opinion that they have not the power of securing a special competition between the professional and amateur champions, as is done by the International Cyclists' Association, and so this interesting event will not take place, as had been supposed.

To-day's Race Programme. Both the mile championships, professional and amateur, are included in the card for to-morrow, and the quarter mile for the cash prize riders will also be run.

Bald is the favorite in his class, but Kiser, Cooper, Gardner, Loughhead and Sanger all have numerous partisans. Johnson's fall of Wednesday has put him out of the reckoning. He is a good gaffer who can pick the winner of the amateur mile.

The best of the "diamond-pures" of the entire country are down to start, and as few of them have ever met before, the task of naming the star of the bunch is too much even for the most expert form picker.

Powell's recent performances have not been such as to make him the favorite that he was at the conclusion of the New York circuit, but the man of the winged foot fully appreciates the worth of his rivals, and he will ride as he has never done before.

New York has more good ones in Beth,

POLICE IGNORE A CRAZY MAN.

Edward Hartley, Admittedly Insane, Roams the Streets.

HIS POLITICAL PULL.

Through the Influence of Friends He Was Released from Amityville Asylum.

WIFE WANTS HIM SENT BACK.

But She Refuses to Make a Charge Against Him, So the Police Refuse to Do Any thing.

Residents of the neighborhood about One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street and Eighth avenue were furnished entertainment yesterday by Edward F. Hartley, a graduate of Bloomingdale and the insane asylum at Amityville, L. I. His wife opened a furnishing goods store at No. 2335 Eighth avenue last Saturday. At that time Hartley, who was released from the asylum at Amityville a month ago, was in the custody of the authorities of Monmouth County, N. J. On Wednesday he was brought to this city, and on Friday, N. J. sheriff, deputed to two Monmouth County deputy sheriffs. The deputy sheriffs wanted to have the New York police take charge of Hartley, and made application to that effect at the Charles Street Station, but the New York police refused to have anything to do with him, and the intelligent Jersey-men turned him loose.

Immediately he was released Hartley started for the store of his wife. He made no attempt to intrude upon Mrs. Hartley and her nine children Wednesday night, but he was on hand bright and early yesterday morning, tramping up and down in front of the store and giving vent to whoops and other expressions of enjoyment at his freedom, but made no effort to enter the place.

They he was thrifty, with the result that he was violently ejected from a saloon at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Eighth avenue. He complained to a policeman of having been assaulted, but got away before the officer had a chance to make an investigation. In his promenade up and down the avenue he was followed by a crowd of small boys, who cheered him on in his efforts to disturb the peace.

From noon to 3 o'clock Hartley spent his time in a liquor store at the corner of One Hundred and Fifty-fourth street and Amsterdam avenue. Shortly after 3 o'clock he appeared at the store of his wife, who entered. Five of his children were in the store at the time. Hartley was poorly dressed and wore a week's growth of beard upon his face. Mrs. Hartley feared he would make trouble, but he was quite mild. An argument ensued between the husband and wife, he insisting that she turn the store over to him forthwith, and she insisting that he ought to go to some place where he could be taken care of. He left the store about 6 o'clock, but returned later in the evening and did not reappear upon the street. Mrs. Hartley would not talk, but it is believed that she allowed him to do as he pleased.

Hartley had a furnishing goods store in Third avenue in 1904. He became insane on the subject of politics, announced that he was a candidate for Mayor again (Sammy Hall) and gave away more than \$5,000 in shirts, neckties and underwear to men who promised to vote for him. His wife had him committed to Bloomingdale, but he escaped. Then she had him placed in the asylum at Amityville and he was released. Mrs. Hartley would not give a certificate of his insanity, but she was given him, through the influence of political friends. He was arrested in Long Branch a week ago and was brought from there to this city.

The spectacle of a learily insane man creating a disturbance in Eighth avenue, was tolerated by the police, because Mrs. Hartley refused to make a complaint against her husband. The policeman on the beat refused to arrest Hartley unless he saw him commit some breach of the peace or unless Mrs. Hartley made a complaint. The wife thinks the police should take care of him, but to do so she would have to see him arrested, and between them Hartley roamed the streets, insane. He is seemingly harmless and his wife does not fear him, but to do so she would have to see yesterday to transform a harmless man into a dangerous member of the community.

Mrs. Hartley says she will take care of him if he will keep quiet and not interfere with her in the conduct of her business.

Ferryboat Crash; Damage Slight. While leaving her slip at Hamilton Ferry, yesterday afternoon, the ferryboat Whitehall collided with the Pierpont, of the same line, crushing her bow rail on the port side. The damage done was slight, and the passengers' fears were quickly allayed by the deck hands.

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A. BROAD AND SAINING MARK.



A. PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.



SMOKER TONIGHT.

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