

OBSTACLE FOR AMSTERDAM AVE.

One Obstacle to His "Anti-Grab" Bill Removed by the Senate.

PLENTY OF ROCKS AHEAD.

Payn, Reinforced by Boss Platt's Son, Fighting the Obnoxious Four Tracks.

NO CLASH WITH THE COURTS.

The Taxpayers' Committee's Chairman Shows That the Bill Has No Bearing on the Impending Injunction Suit.

If Senator John Ford had visited Amsterdam avenue yesterday nothing could have prevented the populace from throwing up its hat for him and hiving a head to play "See the Conquering Hero Come." The leaders in the movement to rescue the avenue from the four-track incubus were exultant. Mr. Ford's work in the Senate, as told by the Journal yesterday, is regarded as highly effective.

Mr. Ford had freed his Amsterdam Avenue bill from the Railroads Committee, in which only two Democrats—Featherston and Coffey—actively opposed it, while some Republicans, including Senator Raines, of Canandaigua, smothered the measure by refusing to vote either for or against it.

The big Lenox Lyceum meeting showed the Senators that the people are not to be trifled with," said John C. Coleman, of counsel for the citizens who oppose the grab. And Senator Ford struck while the lesson was fresh. The main object of his campaign was to get the bill out of the committee. It was in the Senate; there were no votes against directing the committee to report the bill.

The committee has now no alternative but to report the bill, and the presence of the delegation which it was intended to send to Albany next Wednesday will hardly be necessary. This gunpowder can be kept dry for a more critical occasion in the future.

There is sure to come such a crisis for the bill. The Third Avenue Railroad Company is no less active than the people, who with an aroused public sentiment behind them, have spent time and money for the last year and a half to make three miles of the most important street on the West Side safe for women and children to cross. A new lobby agent has been selected to reinforce Mr. Payn's efforts to persuade the lawmakers to disregard the popular protest. This new ally is Senator Platt's son, Frank L. Platt.

Senator Platt's lieutenant, Congressman Quigg, the chairman of the Republican County Committee, thought the protest of the Amsterdam avenue people important enough as a political factor to give his promise last Saturday that he would see "the Old Man" about it and urge him to give the word to his friends at Albany that the Ford bill ought to go through. There have been no evidences at the State capital that the Republican leader's "city" has reached his friends there, and his son's appearance as counsel for the opponents of the measure is construed by its promoters as putting an end to any hopes of help from Senator Platt that they might have entertained.

Edward Lauterbach, of the Third Avenue Railroad Company, has advanced the argument that the passage of the Ford bill would be "an insult to the judiciary," inasmuch as the Amsterdam avenue case is awaiting a decision by Justice Scott, Chairman Fulton, of the Taxpayers' Committee, yesterday pointed out that the legislative committee is putting an end to any hopes of help from Senator Platt that they might have entertained.

ROCKEFELLER MAY ERECT A MANOR HOUSE.

Half a Million Dollar Mansion on Putnam Hill to Be Presented to His Son.

It is generally reported about Greenwich on the Sound that William Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, intends to erect a mansion on his property on Putnam Hill. In that borough, to cost at least half a million dollars. It is understood that the new house will be occupied by his son, William, Mr. Rockefeller, before building his present residence at Rockwood Hall, at Scarborough on the Hudson, occupied a fine manor house, which he owns at Greenwich. But high taxes drove him out of the neighborhood, and during the past several years he has been in a controversy with the Mount Pleasant assessors. After a long and bitter battle he succeeded in having his assessment reduced from \$1,500,000 to \$750,000.

It is now over three years since the young William Rockefeller was married, and in the interim the couple have been living at Rockwood Hall. It is understood that Mr. Rockefeller desires to present his son with a home, and with this idea in view proposes to erect a manor house on Putnam Hill.

There are about 100 acres in the tract, and a fine view is obtained of Long Island Sound from any part of the property. According to the report the grounds will be laid out into a private park, with an artificial lake and Italian gardens.

TICKET AGENT FIGHTS AN ARMED ROBBER.

Though Badly Bruised and Bleeding, He Puts the Thief to Flight.

The bravery of James W. Acker, night ticket and station agent of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad at Moti Haven, probably saved his own life while preventing a considerable loss to the company. Late Thursday night Acker, who had inadvertently left the door of the ticket office open, heard a sound behind him. Turning he saw a man, fairly well dressed, standing close to him. In his hand the man held a rubber tube at the end of which was a brass coupling. When Acker turned the man swore and ordered him to deliver to him all the money in the office.

Acker grappled with the robber just as the man swung the weapon he had at him at close quarters. Acker was stunned by repeated blows, but continuing to struggle with the robber. He fought and screamed for help. The robber became frightened and ran out on the platform of the station and down the track toward Third avenue. Acker followed, but soon lost sight of the would-be robber. He remained at the station until he was relieved yesterday morning, and then went to a physician. He was badly cut about the head and face.

Want to rent houses, flats, apartments or rooms? Want to buy, sell or exchange anything? Insert a "Want" ad. in tomorrow's Sunday Journal. Monday morning results. Have your ad. reach the main office to-night before 8:30. Don't forget to send for the Manual, a 10-cent "Sunday Journal," \$2.00 in 23 issues. Win one.



MIKE KELLY.

The Story He Tells at His Cigar Stand at Lipton's Cafe in the New York Times Building.

There are comparatively few downtown business men in the vicinity of Printing House Square who do not know Michael Kelly.

"Mike," as he is generally called, runs the cigar stand in the Times Cafe, and for forty years he has sold cigars and tobacco within a few feet of where he daily stands.

During the past forty years the site of the present Times Building has seen architectural changes, but Mike Kelly has been in the same location during all this time, in one building or another, and there is nothing to indicate that he will not be there a score or more years hence.

Mike understands men as well as cigars. He has an immense acquaintance, and he states in his own quiet way that he can call between three and four thousand customers by name.

Mike cannot only do this, apparently, but he evidently knows just what brand of cigars most of his customers smoke and how many cigars they usually buy at a time, so when a customer approaches the cigar stand in a hurry no time is lost in giving the order.

Mike sells Ripans Tablets in addition to cigars and tobacco. He keeps them in a small glass box and the sales of Ripans are frequent.

The other day Mike talked of the virtues of Ripans to the reporter while he was allowing "Jimmie," his assistant, to run the stand, as he was enjoying an after lunch respite.

"Oh, yes! Yes! these Ripans are great things, great things," said Mike. "I've had them on sale now about two months and sell about a gross of the five-cent packages every week. I only bought the box full, three dozen, at first, and between you and me I didn't want them at all. I had seen them advertised, but didn't pay much attention to them, and I wouldn't have bought the first three dozen lot in the glass box if Mr. Lipton, the owner of the Times Cafe, hadn't advised it. Even after I got them I thought there would be no call for them and that the box would only take up room. You know that on a cigar stand every square inch of room counts, yes, every square inch counts, for space is valuable and costs money.

"Well, sir, the box hadn't been on the counter five minutes before one of my customers, a Mr. Dinsmore, who travels for some big manufacturing firm, came along and bought some cigars. As he was lighting one of them he caught sight of the Ripans and said:

"Ah, I see you have got Ripans on sale, Mike. Give me a pack. I was just going to Perry's to get some."

"Well, sir, I am actually surprised to see how well they went, and also to find that they were so well known and so popular.

"It seemed that half my customers used Ripans. Yes, sir, half of them. Lots of them would say: 'Well, Mike, you're selling a great medicine there. See, I take them right along and carry them with me.' And then they would pull a package out of their pocket and show it to me.

"I noticed that lots of my customers who carried Ripans kept them in a little glass bottle. Some of them told me that the Ripans cost much more when they come this way and that they were the same Tablets that I sell in a pasteboard package, ten for five cents, but they retained the glass bottles and filled them from the five-cent packages. Most of them said they carried the little glass bottles because the tablets kept their strength better, but a good many say Ripans keep their strength all right, but are liable to drop out of the pasteboard box when they are carried loose in the pocket.

"Well, the sale kept increasing, and a few weeks after I began to sell Ripans I commenced to buy a gross at a time.

"I fill up the little glass box each morning. It holds three dozen and I always put half a dozen packages on top after the box is full. This keeps the cover up and attracts attention to the articles. I sell about two dozen a day and on Saturdays often sell three dozen or more. You see on Saturday people who come in here eat and smoke more than on other days and the bar does a rushing trade. Then some people buy Ripans to last them over Sunday. Half a dozen people say to me every Saturday afternoon: 'Well, Mike, let me have two packs of Ripans, for I don't want to be without them Sunday.'

"You may think it strange that a man should need twenty Ripans in two days. Well, I'll tell you how it is. I thought

it was funny at first and then again I couldn't understand why so many men bought so many Ripans. I thought they must be in an awful bad way. But before long I found how it was. They gave away as many as they used, if not more; yes, sir, that's where all the Ripans went to.

"I've seen hundreds given away right here in front of my cigar stand. For instance, two friends would get cigars after lunch and one would take out a Ripans and swallow it.

"What's that you are taking?' the other would ask. Then the first man would tell him all about Ripans and how good they were, and the other man would take one.

"Then again one man would insist on a friend trying one. This happened almost every day.

"It seemed that every one who didn't use Ripans knew about them, but a few had some kind of an idea that they were just like any other kind of a quack medicine.' Whenever one would make a remark of this kind it seemed that there was always some one around who would jump in and tell how good they were and how much benefit they or a relative or a friend had received from them.

"Why, I never saw anything like it. I don't believe there ever was a patent medicine that had so many friends as Ripans has.

"You know that a good many men who take a patent medicine like pills or anything of the kind usually feel kind of ashamed of it and don't like to say much about it, don't you?

"Yes, yes, just so. But it isn't so with Ripans. It seems that all whom I know who take them feel rather proud of it and are not at all afraid to let folks know about it.

"The other day a man, Mr. Simmons is his name, and he has an office right near here, was arguing with a friend about Ripans. The friend said he didn't put any stock in patent medicines, that they were all fakes, etc.

"You know just about how such folks talk, don't you? Yes, well to make a long story short, three other men whom Mr. Simmons knew, I guess, came along and overheard the talk and finally all three of them pulled packages of Ripans out of their pockets.

"I thought the man was convinced then, but no, he said patent medicines were no good, and that if one had trouble with his stomach, but wasn't really sick, rhubarb and soda was as good as anything.

"Then Mr. Simmons laughed and told him what R-I-P-A-N-S meant.

"You know what it is, R is for rhubarb, I for ipecac, P for peppermint, A for aloes, N for nux vomica and S for soda.

"The doubting man was convinced then for sure and after he paid for the ginger ales he bought a pack of Ripans, and he has bought them once or twice since. I don't know his name and he doesn't come in here very often.

"Oh, yes, I know of a lot of cases where Ripans have done much good in cases out of the ordinary. By cases out of the ordinary I mean where people have taken them for more serious troubles than just indigestion, constipation and other ailments.

"I take Ripans and keep them in the house. I never felt really sick, but you see I am here on my feet, pretty busy all day, and don't take much exercise. In the middle of the day I walk about ten feet over to the lunch bar and eat a hasty lunch and then come right back here to the cigar stand again. When I get home at night I eat dinner, and, as it is rather late in the evening and I am pretty hungry and tired as a rule, I am not in just the right condition to properly digest a hearty meal.

"As I said I never felt real sick, but I would have that heavy feeling in my stomach and would usually feel like going to bed soon after eating.

"While I wasn't sick I was so far from feeling first class that I could not eat fried food like pork chops or oysters or cod steak for my dinner after I got home. Such dishes distressed me.

"Well, I never paid much attention to it and even when I got Ripans, and after they began to sell first-class, I didn't think of taking them till one day a man by the name of Read, who is an attendant in one of the courts, I believe, bought some Ripans.

"He got to talking about them and it turned out that his trouble was the same as mine. I tried one out of his package and it seemed to do me some good, that is, after dinner I didn't notice the heavy feeling. I've been taking them since at intervals, and now I eat fried food without any heavy feeling afterward, and after I had eaten dinner at home I feel good and fresh. I don't feel like going right to bed as I used to, but sit up and talk and read or call on a neighbor. I think I sleep better, too. I don't take a Ripans every day. I guess I average about half a dozen a week, taking them when I feel I need 'em. Sometimes I take two a day, one after lunch and another after dinner, and then again I don't take one for two or three days. A neighbor of mine out in Flatbush, a Mr. Norwood, takes Ripans and so do his sons and daughters, and he has a large family of children. They have great faith in Ripans and always have them in the house. Oh, yes, indeed, the Norwood family stands for Ripans all right.

"The other day a young man told me an interesting experience with Ripans. I don't know who he is, in fact, I can't recall having seen him before. He bought a package and got talking about them. It seems he had only been married a little while and had been troubled with nervousness.

"I was so nervous," said he, "that I couldn't go to sleep after I went to bed. Then after a while my wife got the nervousness from me and she couldn't go to sleep. Things got to be serious till I began taking Ripans, by the advice of a friend, and in a little while my nervousness left me. Then my wife began using Ripans and she soon got over her trouble,

and now we are both so well that when we go to bed we both go right to sleep and we don't wake up till it is time to get up in the morning.

"Then there is a friend of mine, James Gilmartin, who is in the liquor business up on the East Side, who swears by Ripans. He drops in here every few days and tells me how much benefit he has received from them. He used to be always ailing and running to the doctor for some stomach trouble or another, but he says that since he began taking Ripans he hasn't been near a doctor and never felt better in his life.

"Oh, yes indeed, there is no end to the good words I hear about Ripans. It seems that most every one who comes in here who don't take them doesn't use them because they are so well, and these men say that if at any time their stomachs get out of order they will take Ripans and give them a good trial before going to a doctor.

"I notice that lots of men take Ripans who are apparently feeling first rate. There is a newspaper man, whose name I can't think of now, comes in here most every day to get his lunch. He takes a Ripans every day, he says, in order to keep well. He says Ripans are just as good to keep one well as they are to cure one if he is sick or not feeling first class.

"Oh, I have just thought of an interesting case. It is about Colonel Mason. He is interested in trade papers and I believe he owns two or three of them. The Colonel has been suffering from locomotor ataxia. A little while ago he was a'doubled up and bent over and he couldn't get around without a cane. He had been doctoring for a long time, but he didn't seem to get any better, although he wasn't growing much worse.

"Well, sir, he began taking Ripans and now he is ever so much better. He looks better and says he feels better than he has for a long time, and although he usually carries a cane he doesn't use it any to speak of. The Colonel is always talking about Ripans whenever he comes in here and he always carries a package of them in his vest pocket.

"There is a young man whose name I can't recall just now who takes Ripans regularly and says he has been like a new man during the two months or so he has been using them. He has a funny kind of a foreign name. I have heard it a dozen times, but can't speak it. He is interpreter in one of the courts away up above the Harlem somewhere, and he drops in regularly every Saturday. I don't know whether he comes down to draw his pay or see his friends who are in the downtown courts, but once a week he is here and he eats lunch, has a few drinks, and always buys a pocketful of cigars and a few packages of Ripans.

"He said he drinks a good deal of whiskey and that anything in the line of distilled liquors constipated him. He liked beer and it acted as a laxative, but beer made him so bilious he couldn't drink it. Then he had indigestion so badly he could eat only a few dishes. He liked tomatoes, he said, and raised them in his garden and ate them raw, stewed, baked, fried, dressed as a salad and in all kinds of ways. Tomatoes was the only vegetable he cared for and he said he could live on them, but he got so bad he couldn't touch them, not even stewed canned tomatoes. Well, he bought a package of Ripans when I first put them on sale—in fact, he was about the first customer I had. A friend of his, a lawyer, advised him to try them. Now, every Saturday, when he comes in he tells me how Ripans benefited him. He says he eats all the tomatoes he wants served in all kinds of ways and they don't hurt him and his bowels are in excellent condition. He says he takes a Ripans every morning and every night before going to bed, but at first he took four a day.

"He drinks as much straight whiskey as he used to and now he smokes strong cigars. He likes black cigars and he used to smoke mild ones, because the strong cigars gave him heartburn. Now he smokes cigars as black as your hat, your black hat I mean, and never has any bad feeling afterward.

"My mother-in-law, Margaret Nolan, who lives with us, is eighty years old. She was kind of all broken up from general old age and couldn't get upstairs without assistance. Well, she has been taking Ripans six weeks or so and now feels splendidly and gets up and down stairs without aid. I took her home a package, and before she had taken the ten tablets she began to feel better.

"I know a German named Fleischman who is collector in Brooklyn for a brewery. The nature of his business requires more or less drinking on his part and he frequently complained of a big head the next morning. He has been taking Ripans Tablets for about four months, he says, and by taking one and sometimes two just before dinner he always feels bright and fresh when he wakes up.

"I could tell you a lot more about Ripans and the people who use them if I had time and could think of the names, but you must excuse me now. Come around again some time and I will tell you some more if you want me to."

It took Mr. Kelly much longer to tell his story than it takes to write it, as he was constantly interrupted by customers, a number of whom bought cartons of Ripans.

Portions of his conversation were listened to by customers, some of whom smilingly assented to his statements, Colonel Mason, the sufferer from locomotor ataxia, being included among the number.

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