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**TWO HARD PUZZLES FOR MOSS TO SOLVE.**

**Mazet Committee Learns That the Young Man Really Had His Father's Aid and Advice on Going Into Business.**

**Chief Devery Flatly Denies the Claims of Moss That He Closed the Pool Rooms, and Points to the Records.**

**Men Indicted but Never Tried Tell of Visits by Mysterious Men Who Claimed to Have a "Pull" for Sale.**

THE Mazet Investigating Committee, which has undertaken to "lexow" the city government, worked hard yesterday to unearth evidence of corruption, but the net result of its digging was decidedly disappointing. The star witness of the day, Frank Croker, the son of the Democratic leader, who the committee's counsel, Frank Moss, had announced would make startling disclosures, confessed to nothing more damaging than that he is engaged in making a living as secretary of the Roebbing Construction Company, a branch of the great and honorable firm of Roebbing Bros., who built the Brooklyn Bridge.

The committee, representing the Empire State's Legislature, had to go about begging for a room in which to hold its session, and was forced to accept the limited quarters of the Board of Trade and Transportation, at No. 263 Broadway, for lack of other hospitality. The room was much too small for a genuine investigation conducted by the State, but perhaps it was sufficiently large to hold the Mazet inquiry, arranged, as every one agreed, for the purposes of Senator Thomas C. Platt.

Frank Moss, the prosecuting attorney, suave and oily, looking very much like a clergyman in his frock coat and new white satin tie, conferred with the committee before they were called to order. He had in tow a man named Smith, a type of the count paper hawker, who had come down with some mysterious information.

Chairman Mazet, before he hit the desk with his gavel, poured through his glasses over the morning mail, oblivious of his surroundings, like a studious clerk, who is examining letter orders.

Dr. W. J. O'Sullivan, who has the air of a good natured country priest who has just jumped out of his bath tub and looks also as if the barber had finished, with him a few moments before, went into a corner to confer with Chief of Police Devery. One of Mr. Moss's detectives crept up to hear what was being said, and the Chief, who is too old a police bird to be caught by any such chaff, grew angry and loudly ordered the man away.

These Mazet detectives have followed Devery since the committee was formed. They get information to Mr. Moss which enables him to shake his finger at the Chief and say to him triumphantly: "Ah! you walked through West Thirtieth street last night. What do you mean by it?"

The room soon filled with curiosity seekers. Many of them had cigars held at an acute angle and threw their overcoats open so as to show as much as possible of the lining and demonstrate beyond all cavil that it was of genuine silk.

**Moss Not Halted by Any Rules of Court.**

Mr. Moss throughout the hearing gave most of the evidence himself, putting it directly in his questions. It is likely that in a law court more than half of the testimony would have been ruled out. The great bulk of his insinuations did not convey any reflections upon the Tammany government, but on the mysterious "unknown man," who is such a convenient scapegoat.

He began proceedings by announcing that certain wicked individuals were going around extorting money from persons who did not want to be subpoenaed. Several hundred dollars, he believed, had been secured in this way by wicked Democrats, but no proof was adduced that the whole thing was not campaign rhetoric devised by Mr. Moss. No witness was called who had paid out the "hundreds of dollars," nor were any names given.

Dr. O'Sullivan, in his rich, beautiful brogue, announced that Frank Croker was in court ready to be called. He had come voluntarily. Richard Croker was ready to attend on any day prior to April 18, when he sails for Europe. Mr. Moss said that he would examine him next Friday. This caused some sensation.

William P. Tostevin, the builder, who on Saturday testified that the Building Department did not think much of his treproofer process, went on the stand to tell how he had lurked about "Con" Daly's saloon to obtain that gentleman's influence with the department. Mr. Moss announced that the story was denied by Daly, but that the matter would be referred to the District Attorney, who, it was supposed, would prosecute "Con" Daly for conspiracy or something.

There is no doubt that Tostevin is an honest man who implicitly believes that the Building Department persecuted his firm. He was sure that this was due to a desire to be bribed and not because his system was defective, as the department thought. He talked fluently of gossip he had heard that "grease properly placed in the right place" would "fix things" with the department, but none of its employees ever asked him for money. They simply said they must test his process before using it, and Tostevin could not afford to wait for the test. In fact, the process never had been tested.

George S. Hayes, the partner of the other witness, also thought his firm had been persecuted by the Building Department. He made no charges of extortion or anything like that, but he was so much impressed by his process that he thought no one could disapprove of it in good faith. It was shown that the former Superintendent of Buildings, Mr. Constable, rejected his system, too.

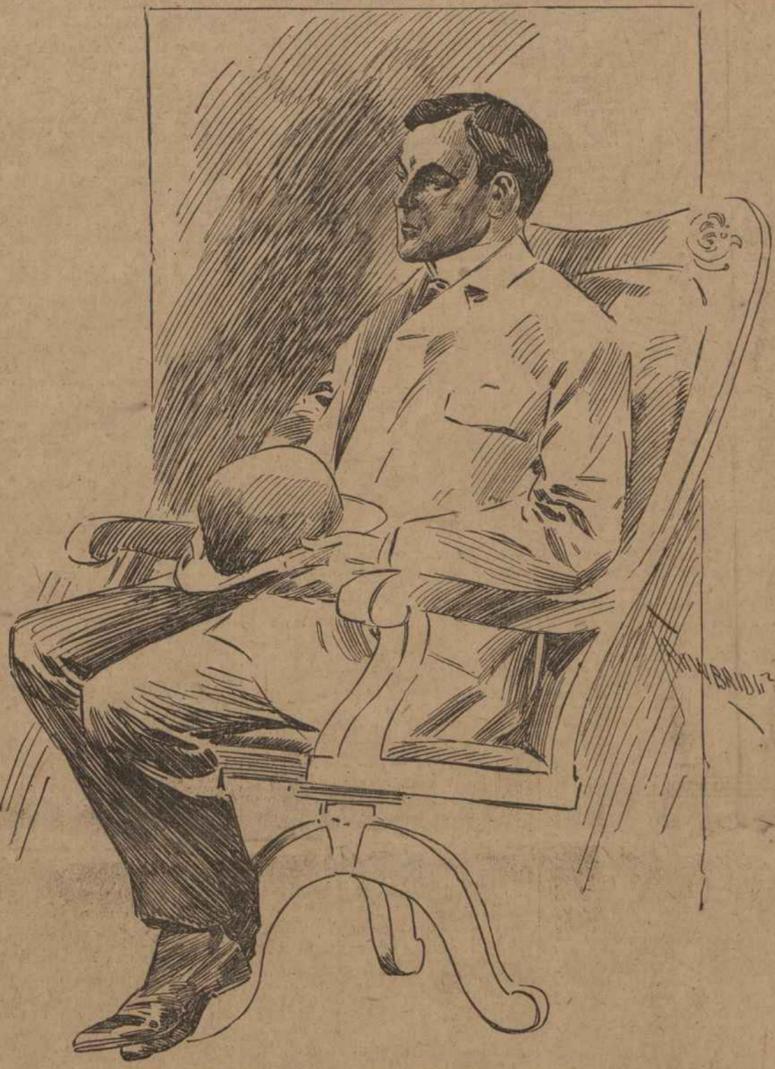
**Frank Croker Called as a Star Witness**

Then came the star witness of the day, Frank Croker, the young son of the Tammany chieftain. He is twenty-one years old, and a typical college youth, who looks as if he might be a good football player. At times his expression about the mouth resembles that of his father. He is a frank, straightforward young man, who made a good witness. 7108

Mr. Moss, in his questions, attributed a large number of motives to every act of young Mr. Croker, but it did not appear that he was guilty of anything more serious than trying to start in life for himself and work his way up in the commercial world.

**FRANK CROKER YESTERDAY. RICHARD CROKER FRIDAY.**

**BOTH ON THE STAND AS WILLING WITNESSES.**



Frank Croker as He Appeared on the Witness Stand in the Mazet Inquiry. (Sketch from Life, by a Journal Artist.)

## AMSTERDAM AVENUE BILL IS PASSED.

**When Mayor Van Wyck Approves and Governor Roosevelt Signs It, Two of the Trolley Tracks Must Be Removed.**

Albany, N. Y., April 10.—All that now remains to secure the removal of two of the trolley tracks from Amsterdam avenue, is for Mayor Van Wyck to approve the measure which passed both branches of the Legislature yesterday, and then have it signed by Governor Roosevelt.

Friends of Mayor Van Wyck in the Legislature say that he will approve the measure as soon as it reaches his hands. There is no question that Governor Roosevelt will sign it, because the bill, as it passed yesterday, contains the amendments which he thought were necessary to make it an equitable measure.

No piece of legislation that has been acted upon in years has caused so much trouble or been in so many different forms as this bill. It was a measure of relief demanded by the people, and the Metropolitan and Third Avenue Railroad companies, whose interests were affected, had a battle royal over the details of the bill in order that one might gain advantage over the other.

Of course, both companies were opposed to the measure; but when they saw that it was bound to pass in some form, every conceivable trick known to the legal lobby was tried by the attorneys for both companies to have the bill passed in such a form as would best conserve their interests.

The bill was amended and re-amended till it seemed as though no amendments could be prepared which would be acceptable to a majority of either branch of the Legislature. At this stage Governor Roosevelt took a hand in the game, and said that the bill would have to be made an equitable measure to both railroads.

Conference committees were appointed in both branches and the bill was shaped in accordance with the Governor's suggestions. In that form it was passed by both branches of the Legislature yesterday.

The bill as passed provides for the removal of two of the trolley tracks on Amsterdam avenue. Both the Metropolitan and Third Avenue companies are given the same right to go to the courts in relation to the damages that may arise in the removal of being a party to these damage suits.

The occupants of a crowded Broadway car at Forty-second street last night were saved from serious injury through collision with a heavy truck drawn by runaway horses, by the daring act of Policeman Pantzer. The truck had already ripped half the side out of one car, hurling the passengers into heaps. Maddened by the crash, and altogether beyond the control of their driver, George Brady, employed by Acker, Merrill & Condit the team dashed into Broadway where the policeman was standing.

Pantzer braced himself, and at the moment the horses reached him, he seized the bridle of one of the brutes and swung himself toward the south side of the street. The effect was to swing the team and wagon around at the very second a Broadway car passed on its way uptown. The car was packed and the wagon in swinging, ran on two wheels and barely grazed its side, while the spectators looked on in amazement, expecting to see the daring bluecoat gored to death beneath the iron shod horses. He was dragged for half a block, and it would have fared ill with him had not two citizens grabbed and brought the horses to a standstill. The policeman was cheered, while many stopped to shake his hand.

**THE PLAN OF HER DEFENCE EXPOSED BY HER LAWYERS. PROOF OF DARKNESS MAY SAVE MRS. GEORGE. SAXTON'S BODY IDENTIFIED BY THE LIGHT OF MATCHES.**



Mrs. George's Shining Brown Eyes.

A striking characteristic of the trial of Mrs. Annie George, for the murder of President McKinley's brother-in-law, George D. Saxton, is the manner in which her eyes glow and flash when a point is made which trends in her favor.

The Prisoner's Glowing Eyes Expressed Relief When Witnesses Threw Doubt on Her Identification.

Medical Experts Tell of the Nature of the Wounds That Caused the Death of Saxton.

Canton, O., April 10.—Mrs. Annie J. Saxton's eyes glowed to-day when an important witness for the State told the jury how dark it was on the night George D. Saxton was murdered, and especially how

**WILD RIDE ON A RUNAWAY TROLLEY**

**Motorman Falls Overboard and the Car Flies On.**

**SMASHES INTO A BUGGY.**

**Scared Conductor Forgets He Can Stop It by Pulling Down His Pole.**

With the current turned on full and with no motorman, trolley car No. 1,343, of the Halsey street line, ran wild for several blocks in Halsey street, Brooklyn, yesterday, endangering the lives of school children and causing a panic among the passengers.

The conductor was a terror stricken as the passengers, and after making several attempts to open the front door in order to reach the platform and turn off the current, he remembered the trolley pole and pulled it down from the overhead wire. So great was the headway already gained that the car sped more than two blocks before it stopped.

Halsey street was full of children on their way home from school for luncheon. None was injured, and the only damage done by the car in his wild race was to a heavy buggy, driven by Edward O. Jackson, manager of the Vanderover Real Estate Company. The buggy was completely wrecked and Mr. Jackson was thrown to the street, but escaped with one or two slight bruises on the face.

When trolley car No. 1,343 started east from Bedford avenue, it was in charge of Laurence Fitzgerald, motorman, and D. A. Casey, conductor. The current was turned on at full speed in order to "make time." Near Reid avenue, Motorman Fitzgerald, in looking back over the side of the car, lost his balance and fell from the platform. The passengers screamed, and Conductor Casey, catching a glimpse of the motorman lying motionless in the street as the car whizzed by, rushed to the front platform and tried to open the door.

By this time the car had reached Patchen avenue. Just ahead was the buggy driven by Mr. Jackson. A policeman shouted to the children and kept them from trying to cross the street in front of the runaway car. Jackson tried to turn out of the track, but the car struck the buggy and threw him to the street.

The car crashed the buggy and sped along with no further obstructions. Men who saw it coming waved the children back and shouted to the conductor to stop the car. He turned his attention to the children and kept them from trying to cross the street in front of the runaway car. Jackson tried to turn out of the track, but the car struck the buggy and threw him to the street.

Fitzgerald was picked up, dazed, with only injury was a slight scalp wound. It is expected he will be in hospital and will be sent to his home, No. 3410 Gates avenue.

**EDITOR FOUND THIS PARSON WAS A FIGHTER.**

**Tackled Him Once Too Often, Got a Whipping and Wound Up by Being Arrested.**

North Tonawanda, N. Y., April 10.—A pugilistic encounter between Editor Thomas M. Chapman, of the Tonawanda Herald, and the Rev. John A. Copeland occurred on the stone steps of the State Bank building shortly after 1 o'clock this afternoon. Chapman has repeatedly called the Rev. Copeland a tramp and a vagrant in his editorials. Last night at a church meeting the editor went up to the pulpit, and seizing the minister by the wrist, pulled him into the box. Copeland showed no resistance.

When the men met to-day Chapman, without any provocation, kicked the minister, knocking him to the stone sidewalk below. As quick as lightning the assaulted pastor was on his feet, and in a moment drove the burly editor who was flat on his back. Chapman is much larger than Copeland, and the prompt and efficient manner in which the result was resented brought forth applause from the spectators. Finally Chapman managed to tear himself from the grasp of the minister and started down the street. Rev. Mr. Copeland issued out a warrant for the arrest of his assailant. Chapman pleaded guilty and Judge Smith suspended the sentence, cautioning the editor to let Copeland alone in the future.

**Boy of Twelve Hangs Himself.**

Charlotte, N. C., April 10.—News reached here to-day of a peculiar suicide a few miles from the city. Charles Love, a twelve-year-old boy, ended his life this morning by hanging. He went to a blacksmith shop, tied the end of the rope to a beam and jumped from a box. His body was found by his parents several hours after. His parents are heartbroken at the affair, and say they can think of no possible cause for his act.



Mrs. George Reading Letters in Court.

## RACED WITH DEATH AND WAS BEATEN.

**The Late Mrs. W. W. Astor's Uncle Overtaken While Speeding Home.**

Atlanta, April 10.—A race against death ended in this city on Saturday morning, when Henry N. Paul, of Philadelphia, the uncle of the late Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, was overtaken by the fate he was trying to elude—at least till he might reach his home.

The race began out on the prairies of Southern Texas, at San Antonio. Henry N. Paul was president of the Pennsylvania Insurance and Annuity Company, a corporation with a capital of \$1,500,000. He was stricken with paralysis in the entire left side. When he and his party reached San Antonio he was so exhausted that a stop was made for rest. After ten days spent in the Texas city, he and his physicians realized that further travel was useless, and that it would be best to start for home without delay.

Then began the race. The luxurious private car was whirled over the level prairies of Texas, through the black lands of Louisiana and Mississippi, the sandy stretches of Alabama and Georgia. When the train reached Atlanta it was seen the race was vain.

The patient was taken to the sanitarium of Drs. Cooper and Eakin. On Saturday at 8 a. m., Mr. Paul died. At noon the body was sent on to Philadelphia.

**CROKER AND WHITNEY IN A BIG TIRE DEAL.**

New York Syndicate Pays a Million and a Quarter for a Springfield, Ohio, Company.

Springfield, O., April 10.—A most profitable deal was the sale of the Rubber Tire Company, of this city, to the New York syndicate dealing in auto-trucks, and headed by ex-Secretary of the Navy Whitney, of New York, and Richard Croker, of New York, has just been closed.

The price paid was \$1,250,000. Of this E. S. Kelly, of this city, received \$600,000, and forthwith made a \$10,000 donation to the Y. M. C. A. for a new building of New York, and Richard Croker, of New York, is stated that another stockholder, Mr. Stafford, who received \$33,000, had but \$1,000 worth of stock, for which he paid \$200.

**Called to St. Mark's Church.**

Stamford, Conn., April 10.—The Rev. Charles Norris Addison, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church here, has under consideration a call to become rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, of New York, and Richard Croker, of New York, has just been closed. The call is from the Rev. Dr. William Talbot.

thickly the shadows were worn about the place where the body was found.

It cannot have been too dark to please Mrs. George and her counsel. They are making a point of this. It is the only hint that has escaped, thus far, of the nature of the defence. Whatever other and more important tactics the accused woman's lawyers may use, it is certain that they will take advantage of the proven darkness of that night to attempt to offset the testimony of those who swear they saw Mrs. George on her way toward the scene of the crime.

They are remarkable eyes that glowed so when the darkness was described. They are large and brown and fearless, sometimes defiant, often tender, always alluring. They melt oftentimes when she looks into the face of her son Newton, and they shine with vivacity when she converses with her devoted friends from Hanoverton, several of whom are always with her in court.

**Mrs. George's Constant Friends.**

They were there to-day, a steadfast body-guard. Foremost was Mrs. St. Clair, the prisoner's sister. Then there was her aunt, Mrs. Brown, escorting little Newton, who found much to interest him in the gestures of witnesses and the wrangling of lawyers, but whose eyes constantly returned with bright affection to his mother's face. Among the other sympathizers the most prominent was Jefferson Archer, a kindly old graybeard, who brings Mrs. George every morning a choice bouquet plucked in his own garden.

It was the very first witness of the day who brought the glad light into Mrs. George's eyes. He is Charles O. Frazer, an officer of the Humane Society. "It happened that he was at Police Headquarters when the alarm came that Saxton had been found murdered. He jumped on the patrol wagon with the policemen, and was among the first to reach the scene of the tragedy. He helped to examine the body, and found a bullet inside the dead man's shirt.

"Where was the body lying?" inquired the counsel for the defence.

"Just in front of Mrs. Eva Althaus's home," replied Frazer.

**The Night Was Dark.**

"What kind of a night was it?"

"Oh, it was a night as dark as night."

"Very dark?"

"Very, very dark."

Mrs. George was leaning forward, and her eyes shone so that one could have imagined them being visible even on such a night as the one described.

"Were there any street lamps near by?" proceeded the lawyer.

"No," replied the witness.

"Not a light from the windows of houses?"

"No," replied the witness.

"Would it have been possible to recognize the face of a person in that darkness?"

"I—I don't know."

"Come, now! You ought to know. You saw the dead man?"

"Yes."

"Could you recognize his features?"

"Not without striking matches."

"Was it by the light of matches that he was identified?"

"Yes."

"And the body could not have been examined, otherwise?"

"No."

And with that Frazer was allowed to leave the stand. Mrs. George leaned back in her seat with a contented sigh. Her sister whispered something in her ear, and she looked toward the witness box. The graybeard from Hanoverton nodded his head repeatedly with a gratified expression.