

JURORS DOGGED NIGHT AND DAY.

Trust Detectives Watch and Spy Upon Them Incessantly.

EVERY MOVE REPORTED.

No Privacy Possible for Those Who Are to Pass Upon the Tobacco Ring.

WHAT THEY EAT IS KNOWN.

If One Speaks to a Friend on the Street He Is Also Closely Shadowed.

TWELVE JURORS SWORN IN.

The District-Attorney's Office Is Keeping as Close a Watch on Trust Detectives As They Are on the Jurymen.

Falling to disqualify Joseph Marron as juror No. 6 in the Tobacco Trust trial, on the report made by Pinkerton detectives, the Trust attorneys peremptorily challenged him yesterday morning.

What had been learned that had prejudiced the attorneys for the aggregation of indicted millionaires, against Mr. Marron, could not be ascertained. Whatever it was, it was certainly nothing against Mr. Marron, as Judge Fitzgerald, after hearing it, decided that the juror was entitled to remain in the box, and he would so have remained but for the peremptory challenge.

For the past three days every juror in the box, whether sworn in or not, has been watched. He has been accompanied from his home to court by a sleuth, who in turn was watched by another, and the pair watched by a third man. An hour after court opened the reports on various jurors have been in the hands of both the prosecution and the defence.

These reports are interesting. They show that every act of the juror was noted, and his conversation with friends was quoted whenever it could be overheard. The trust attorneys scanned the same closely. The District-Attorney's daily report was a record of the doings of the jurors and how they had been followed by the Pinkerton detectives.

Detectives on All Sides.
The use of detectives by the Trust began on Monday. When the names of jurors for the term were called out the list was public property. A representative of Pinkerton had the list as soon as it could be copied. Two hours later manifold copies of it were made. The mercantile agencies were called upon to furnish ratings. The clippings and indexed newspaper files were searched for any reference to the men whose names had been called. While this was going on the men were being looked after by detectives. "Operators" were in the neighborhoods of the homes of the jurors. They bought cigars at the corner cigar stores, drank in the saloons, quizzed the grocers. Any lead found was followed. The man's place of business was visited. By midnight, while the jurors slept, a force of typewriters was making up their records. The following may be accepted as a correct sample of the reports returned:

John Smith, plumber. Bated at \$20,000. Employed only union men. Never had a strike. Born in this city. Drinks and smokes moderately. Married: six children. Reads the Journal. Owns material from Stuart & Co. Credit good. Met with a railroad accident. Sued C. L. & K. R. R. and was beaten in suit. (See copy of clippings of newspapers.) Plaintiff, whom I heard him say he was against big corporations and against trusts. This information, typewritten that it might be easily handled, was given into the possession of the attorneys, and, as may readily be imagined, when "John Smith" was called the lawyers were ready for him. If he made a wrong answer they knew it. If he denied being "against trusts" he was hammered with legal queries and given "knockout questions," and if he succeeded in finally passing into the box as a juror, further search into his life was sure to be made.

At recess this man would eat his lunch inconspicuously at the side of a Pinkerton detective, watching to see if he read a paper, what paper, and what articles he read. When he went home he would be followed, and every man he spoke to noted down. Until the lights were out in his house he was subject to close watch. In the morning a shadow would be watching for him at the corner. The "operator" was bound to keep him in sight until he took his seat in the jury box to be challenged or sworn in.

The reports on jurors by the trust attorneys would make interesting reading for

the jurors and members of their families. One, for example, would read like this: Report of operator No. 25 on juror No. 1: "He left court at 1:30 P. M. Eat lunch at Block's restaurant. Read the Journal. Did not read account of the trial. Met tall man with black mustache corner of Broadway and Leonard. The pair went into saloon on corner; talked. I could not hear what they said. Returned to court at 2:30. Man with black mustache followed by operator No. 33."

The night's report of detectives is on the same order, showing how the juror went home, where he stopped, and to whom he talked, and the hour the light in his apartment was extinguished.

Friends of Jurors Also Shadowed.
From Operator No. 33 comes a report of the man with the black mustache. The operator reports the man as being James Black, Smith's partner, who, two blocks down the street, met another man and said it looked as though Smith was stuck on the jury to try the Tobacco Trust. Report continues:

The two talked about trusts, and Black said Smith was pretty sore on trusts, as his brother was thrown out of a job by the closing down by the Rubber Trust of their factory in Jersey.

The report of Operator No. 33 would be likely to settle the chance of Smith's sitting on the jury "challenged peremptorily" would be the result. Thus the great task of obtaining a jury goes on. While Smith is being followed by the Pinkerton detectives, the drummond detectives are watching Pinkerton. When the Pinkerton talks to the juror at dinner about the weather and trade the other detective keeps the pair in sight. A third man is watching the trio. Since Tuesday the men watching the jurors have been shifted every day, that the same man might not come before the eyes of the unsuspecting juror too often.

The practice of "watching" jurors in great cases prevailed to some extent before it is now being carried on by both sides in the trial of the "Tobacco Ring." District-Attorney Olcott has met the trust lawyers at their own game. He has placed a check upon them and a check upon the check. The number of private detectives who are now watching the jurors is said to be nearly fifty. To-day and to-morrow and until court opens on Monday the twelve men who are to try the case will be constantly spied upon.

How It Feels to Be "Hounded."
Tobe Hart, the livery stable keeper of No. 148 and 150 West Twentieth street, who was one of the talesmen rejected because he confessed that he was against trusts, said last evening:

"I am glad I am out of the proceedings. I am against trusts, yes; but I am unalterably opposed to having my footsteps dogged by detectives as they were. I suspected that if I had been chosen as a juror I would never have had any rest until the whole trial was over. This thing of being followed to one's door by mysterious looking individuals and not being allowed to eat a meal or drink a glass of soda water without having Pinkerton men rubbing up against you for the purpose of taking note of every word you say is not at all pleasant. I am not a bit surprised to hear that Talesman Marron suffered likewise, and I suppose all the rest had the same experience."

Samuel Hurwitz, of No. 225 Eldridge street: "I did not notice any persons following me, but I understood that Pinkerton men hired by the Trust were on the trails of all of us. I was also made to believe that District-Attorney Olcott had

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DISTRICT-ATTORNEY, JURORS AND SOME ABLE DETECTIVES IN THE TOBACCO TRUST TRIAL.

ROCKEFELLER HOUSE IN GRIEF.

Mrs. D. H. McAlpin, William's Daughter, Battling with Death.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS A BRIDE

Niece of the Standard Oil King Had Just Become the Mother of a Boy.

SURGEONS LEND THEIR AID.

Their Skill Has Not Availed to Banish Fear and William Rockefeller Has Not Left the House for Days.

A great sorrow threatens to fall upon the house of Rockefeller. A young wife and mother lies battling against death in the great Tarrytown mansion, and one of the richest men in the world has but forgotten his vast interests in his keen alarm for the safety of his daughter.

For days and days William Rockefeller has not left his home. For days and days the servants have walked on tiptoe, and no visitors other than the doctors and a few intimate friends have been admitted. A heavy fear broods over the place and makes the very grandeur of it solemn and sad.

Eighteen months ago Miss Emma Rockefeller, the daughter of William, and the niece of John D. Rockefeller, became a bride in that great stone house. Rich people, fashionable people from far and near, were bidden to the ceremony, and all America exclaimed at the prodigality of wealth displayed at that wedding.

That was on December 12, 1895. After the honeymoon the bride accompanied her husband, Dr. D. H. McAlpin, to the superb home at No. 9 East Fifty-fifth street, which was a wedding present from her father. For a year or thereabouts the young couple entertained on a scale commensurate with the social importance attached to their wedding. The guests who had travelled by special trains from Boston and Philadelphia and Washington to see them married, travelled again to be present at their receptions. And all fashionable New York paid them homage.

Of a sudden the receptions ceased. It was surmised that the cause was not one of grief, and when Mrs. McAlpin returned to stay at the Tarrytown home the conjecture was confirmed. Three weeks ago came the announcement that made surmise a certainty. William Rockefeller had a grandson.

From all over the country poured congratulations. But mingled with the joy at Tarrytown was grave anxiety. Dr. Courtland, of Tarrytown, who was attending Mrs. McAlpin, was not satisfied with his patient's condition. Specialists were called in consultation. They recognized the gravity of the case. The patient grew worse. Surgeons came—eminent men. There was an operation. And still William Rockefeller's daughter lies in acute danger amid such luxury as only millions could buy. It is feared that she may die.

John D. Rockefeller, who is warmly attached to his charming niece, is deeply concerned about her condition and keeps in constant communication with his brother in Tarrytown. As for Dr. McAlpin, he seldom leaves his wife's bedside for more than a minute or two.

CAPTAIN NALOR'S DEATH.

He Was One of the Oldest Members of the Old Guard and Very Popular.

Captain Joseph Nalor, of the Old Guard, who died yesterday at his residence, No. 12 West Ninth street, was one of the oldest and most esteemed members of the Old Guard. He retired several years ago from active business, having amassed an enormous fortune.

Captain Nalor, in his younger days, became a member of the Pulaski Cadets, which were afterward merged into the Old New York City Guard, and after that became the Old Guard of the City of New York of to-day.

Ever since the reorganization of that corps he had taken a most active interest in its welfare. On his eightieth birthday, February, 1897, the Old Guard tendered him a banquet.

The funeral will take place from his residence Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, and will be attended by all the members of the Old Guard. The interment is to be at Woodlawn on Monday.

MEN'S SUITS AT \$3.35, WORTH \$10.
At King's, the well-known Clothiers. This is a special surprise sale No. 7, and will last only four hours. To-day, from 8 to 12 o'clock, King will sell men's fine overplaid cheviot suits, five patterns, at \$3.35, worth \$10. They do this just for an "ad." also 200 men's serge coats, blue and black, at 95c., worth \$2.00. King, the great clothier, corner Broadway and Park place. Men's "hike" pants at 44c., a pair, worth \$1.50, and the balance of our Derby and Alpine hats at 90c., worth all the way from \$2.00 to \$3.00.—Adv't.

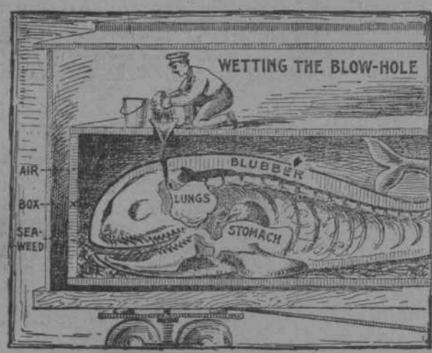
SOME HINTS ABOUT WHAT YOU CAN FIND IN TO-MORROW'S JOURNAL.

OUR TWO NEW WHITE WHALES.

The Man Who Caught Them Tells All About the Queer Creatures Now in the Aquarium.

... whale that was born in water and has lived in water all his lifetime, and has never for a moment been out of the water has got to be handled with care. First of all his blowhole, or nostril, must be kept wet. A long box, of sufficient depth and length, is prepared and filled with very wet seaweed, upon which Mr. Whale is placed with his nose against a closed end.

For big game they are pretty passive when they are stretched out on a redwood box waiting to see what is about to occur. I guess they are surprised at the treatment they receive. Very few of them appear to understand the situation.



A WOMAN'S NOVEL REVENGE.

How "Lucky" Baldwin, the Millionaire, Is to Be Made to Figure in Living Pictures.

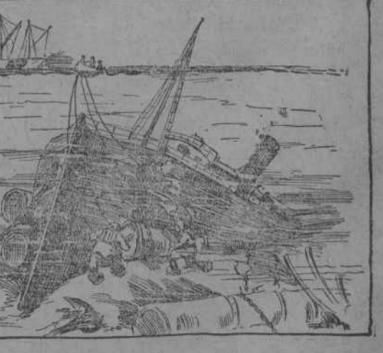
"Every other means of getting even having failed, Emma Ashley has come out with her living picture scheme. The performance is billed as a benefit for the child, and she will probably do well. The living pictures are to be three in number. The first tableau is entitled 'Devotion,' and this legend is to be shown on a screen above it: 'I love you, Lillian, oh, I love you.' Through hearing the story told so often in the courts San Francisco is familiar with the minutiae of 'Lucky' Baldwin's love-making, and it will be an audience of competent critics."



AFTER A YEAR UNDER WATER.

A Government Diver Describes the Wreck of the Ailsa, Soon to Be Blown Up.

"I went aft along the deck, clambering outside the rigging to keep my lines clear. On the after deck the doors were open leading down the companionway. Experience has made me very cautious about entering a water-filled saloon without knowing beforehand just what it contains. The result was startling. Out came a flock after flock of startled fish. Away they sailed, out through the rigging and into open water, scared out of their senses. The interior seemed to be filled with them. From the open forehatch I saw a shark, long and sharp nosed, come sailing out and over the side."



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