

COURT DAY AT THE REPUBLIC.

A Wise and Upright Juvenile Judge Administers Justice Seasoned with Mercy.

He Doesn't Lose Sight of the Principle That All the Citizens Are Fighting for a Chance in Life—Who Will Help?

THE JOURNAL JUNIOR REPUBLIC.

It is a little community of poor boys who have gone out into the country to get an honest living. It is situated in a farm half way between New City and Haverstraw, in Rockland County. There are 100 citizens in the Republic. They are under seventeen years of age. They govern themselves, elect their President, Legislature and Senate, make their own laws and enforce them. The citizens are policemen, judges, merchants, bakers, tailors, carpenters and farmers. They are paid for their work in Junior Republic coin. All communications regarding the Republic should be addressed to Journal Junior Republic, The Journal, New York.

Yesterday was court day at the Journal's Junior Republic. The reaction from the Fourth had set in.

There were toothaches and earaches, and there were boys who were just tired enough to know it, and too tired to sit down and rest.

There were sixteen arrests. The little jail was jammed to suffocation, and the last few prisoners had to be put under guard, and walked up and down under a tree.

Judge W. Smith held court in the afternoon. The Judge is a young man who has lived in Chicago most of his life. He has been hanger and cold, and he has been friendless and he has been what he calls "tough." He is as handsome a lad as you could see in a week's rambles. He is sixteen years old, and he says that he's "going to be the right kind of a man some day, if things will let me." It looks now as if things were going to let him. The Judge is a great favorite outside the courtroom. He is a good ball player, and he can swim faster and further than any boy in the Republic. In the courtroom the citizens tremble before him.

The courtroom is a tent. It has a door, and a judge's bench, and a prisoners' dock, and a bar for the policemen to lean on when they want to swing their clubs. The County Clerk is a lame boy, with a round face, and a pair of brown eyes like the eyes of a faithful dog.

His voice trembled a little when he called the first case. The visitors were disconcerting.

"Vittorio Langi, guetti," said the County Clerk; "disturbing the peace and resisting an officer."

"Vittorio Langi, guetti," said the policeman at the bar. "Come along."

"Vittorio Langi, guetti," said the policeman at the bar. "Come along."

"Do you solemnly affirm that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?" said the County Clerk.

Sentenced to 120 Minutes in Jail.

Vittorio Langi nodded violently.

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked the County Clerk, anxiously.

"Guilty," said the boy, with a look of agony.

"Boy, I wish you were a girl. I hit a girl," he said. "Cop lock-a me up. Boy laugh-a at a girl's time. What-a I do?"

"Prisoner," said the Judge, solemnly, "don't you know that there's a law in this place against fighting?"

"What-a I do?" moaned Vittorio.

"Swear out a warrant," said the Judge. "You don't have to punch a friend-I mean a citizen-and you a member of the Fire Department. That's why we've got police."

"Two hours in jail and twenty cents fine."

"Altogether right," he said, and he went quietly out of court.

"Samuel Patsky," next called the County Clerk. "Cruelty to animals."

Samuel Patsky stepped to the bar. He was brown and he was broad faced, and his eyes danced like a mole in a sunbeam. He pleaded guilty.

"Prisoner," said the Judge, "you know that cruelty to animals don't go here. What did you do?"

"Hit a bird with a slingshot."

The Judge looked pained.

"Now, see here, prisoner," he said, "now, what good did that do you? Don't you know?"

"I didn't know nothin'," interrupted the prisoner, nervously. "I seen him settin' on a limb an' I plugged him. I didn't know I wasnt."

"Well," said the Judge, "that's a serious offence, but seeing you're a new citizen I'll let you go."

Next time you went get off so lightly."

"Assault and battery," "Assault and battery," "Assault and battery." Six more cases were called in succession—all of assault and battery. Some of the prisoners cried, some of them were silent, but not one laughed or tried to pretend to smile.

The Judge called them all up and lectured them. "You fellows are too easy with your fists," he said. "I'll make an example of you. Eight hours in jail and \$1 fine."

The last case was tried by jury. The jurors were: The President of the Republic, the baker, the laundryman, the head farmer, a waiter in the restaurant and a number of solid and substantial citizens, who have each of them bank accounts of over \$10.

The case was held over until the next day, in quite the usual manner, when things begin to grow interesting.

"Court adjourned," said the little County Clerk, and court was adjourned.

The visitors sat in the courtroom for quite awhile after adjournment.

"Wasn't it funny?" said one of them.

"No," said another. "It was pathetic."

An American Fight for Life.

"No, it wasn't," said a young man with a serious face. "It was neither funny nor pathetic. It was encouraging. Those boys are every one of them Americans. They speak with every sort of dialect. They come from every kind of race and cross-race, but they are Americans for all that, and they are making a typically American fight for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. They are trying to hold this hard, old world by the throat, and force it to give them a chance to live honestly."

These boys are neither beggars nor paupers. They are honest, willing, hard-working, brave little fellows. Who's going to help them win their fight? Who's going to help a friendless boy to honest, independent American manhood.

These plucky little fellows need shoes and underclothes, and socks and they need suits, and they want books, and they need every conceivable thing that a healthy, growing boy does need.

The laundryman needs soap and tubs. The store keeper needs all kinds of goods. The carpenters need tools. They will work and pay for these things in the Republic money which they earn.

Who wants to give a friendless boy a hand? What wants to start some enterprising little fellow in business?

Don't wait. Don't think, "It's hot to-day, I'll see to this next week." Help him to-day.

Send to the store-keeper, as honest and faithful a boy as overbreathed; a boy who has fought his way up out of a depth of poverty that would have killed any one less courageous than he; a boy who has slept in the streets, and lived in them; a boy who would be to an honest man.

Who'll send him some goods? He'll pay the Republic for them in the money he has earned by faithful hard work. He is not a beggar. He just wants a chance. Who will give it to him? Send him anything that he can sell—clothes, writing paper, pencils, shoes, hats, anything.

Send some money if you can. If you can't send any yourself, talk to some one who can. Don't let these plucky little fellows feel that they are making their fight for life alone.

Go up to the Republic and see these boys. It's a good little run on a wheel. It's just two miles from Haverstraw. If you don't want to go on your wheel, take the West Shore road and go by train to Haverstraw, and walk or drive over to the Republic. Any one can tell you where it is. Go and see what courage and hard work will do. Then keep from helping these boys if you can.

WOMAN HOLDS BURGLAR.

Policeman's Plucky Wife Had a Hard Fight Until Her Husband Came to Her Assistance.

Mrs. Jacob Mohr, whose husband is a policeman, went downstairs to her father's butcher shop, at No. 156 Ludlow street, yesterday morning, and heard the burglar alarm ring, and the next moment was confronted by Morris LeVigne, twenty-three years old. He tried to thrust her aside, but she grappled with him.

LeVigne fought desperately to free himself from her clutch, but Mrs. Mohr pluckily held on to him, all the while crying out for help. She was almost overpowered, when her husband, whom she had left sleeping upstairs, came to her assistance and put LeVigne under arrest.

The man was taken to the Union Market Police Station and later arraigned in the Essex Market Court. He was held in \$5000 bail on a charge of attempted burglary.

DR. HEWIT LAID AT REST.

Interment Was in the Vault in the Southeast Corner of St. Paul's Church.

The funeral services over the remains of the late Very Rev. Dr. Augustine F. Hewit, superior of the Community of Paulist Fathers, were largely attended in St. Paul's Church yesterday morning.

Bishop Tierney, of Hartford, celebrated the mass for the dead, and among the distinguished prelates present were Mgr. Conaty, president of the Catholic University in Washington; Father Sylvester Malone, of Brooklyn; and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia.

The interment was in the vault in the southeast corner of the church, the body being placed beside that of Father Hecker, its founder of the Paulist Fathers.



Before the Junior Republic Justice—"Guilty or Not Guilty?"

SIX DEATHS FROM THE GREAT HEAT.

Nine Cases of Serious Prostration Also Recorded in This City.

HUMIDITY 70 PER CENT.

A Breeze That Sprang Up at Noon Saved the Day from Being a Scorching.

The Weather To-day.

Generally fair, except showers on the coast; southeasterly winds.

Deaths.

Cohen, Ross, fifty-seven years old, of No. 373 Grand street, Williamsburg, overcame at Marcy avenue and Grand street, and died before help arrived.

Hellman, Adam, twenty-eight years old, of No. 80 Tenth avenue.

Lambert, Victor, two days and a half old; died at No. 112 East Fourth street, of the effects of the heat.

Regular, Frederick, six months old, of No. 257 West Thirty-ninth street.

Veth, Joseph, thirty-one years old, grain dealer, died suddenly at his home, No. 681 East One Hundred and Fifty-second street.

Zimorski, Frank, forty-seven years old, of No. 117 Norfolk street.

PROSTRATIONS.

Bahr, Julius, died at No. 1383 Third avenue, overcame at Seventy-ninth street and Fifth avenue, Presbyterian Hospital.

Conway, James, thirty-six years old, of No. 183 West Houston street; overcame at No. 404 West street. St. Vincent's Hospital.

Clark, Patrick J., fireman, attached to Engine No. 40, located at No. 153 West Sixty-eighth street; walked into Bellevue Hospital and asked to be treated on account of the effects of the heat.

Forest, Charles, sixty years old, of No. 536 Walton avenue; overcame at Madison avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-first street. Harlem Hospital.

Kane, Michael, twenty-six years old, of No. 530 East One Hundred and Forty-eighth street; overcame in front of No. 131 Madison avenue. New York Hospital.

McDonough, Michael, twenty-three years old, a bookkeeper, of No. 77 Henry street, Brooklyn; overcame on Brooklyn Bridge; went home.

Victor Russel, twenty-five years old, of No. 443 West Fortieth street; was overcome by the heat and removed to the Hudson Street Hospital.

William Rose, thirty-nine years old, of Lath Street, N. Y.; was overcome in front of 181 West Houston street, and removed to St. Vincent's Hospital.

William Rubl, nineteen years old, homeless; was overcome in front of No. 197 Franklin street, and removed to the Hudson Street Hospital.

By comparison New York shone yesterday as one of the coolest cities in the country.

All about her humidity and torridity were investing the interior cities with awful results. At St. Louis it was 100 degrees in the shade at noon with the heat still increasing. In all the Western and South-western region the heat was terrific and the people having no escape, to fly to, were obliged to grin and bear it.

It is a fact that the day started in to heat the record in New York, but shortly before noon a brisk northeast wind, which speedily shifted to southeast, sprang up, bringing relief and refreshment. The heat record, therefore, fell short of that of Tuesday by 3.5 degrees. The breeze which brought about this welcome difference averaged about eighteen miles an hour at 4 o'clock.

To counterbalance these conditions, however, the humidity was slightly higher than on the previous day, averaging about 70 per cent. The highest temperature recorded by the Weather Bureau for the day was 82 degrees. In the street it was from five to six degrees higher.

Weather Forecaster Dunn declared that any change that might occur in existing conditions would be a change for the worse.

Woman Dead of Stroke.

Mrs. Rose Cohen, of No. 373 Grand street, Williamsburg, received a sunstroke yesterday at Grand street and Marcy avenue, and died before the arrival of a doctor. She was fifty-seven years old, and just before she was stricken she left her home to call on a neighbor, Ambulance Surgeon Siedel, of the Eastern District Hospital, pronounced her dead on his arrival.

Two Stricken by the Heat.

George Strimous, a pedler, from New York was overcome by the heat in Glenridge today and remained unconscious for three hours. He was sent to his home.

William Klaze, said to live near Newark, was overcome on Broad street, but soon recovered and was sent home on a trolley car.

DOES SHE SAY 'UNCLE' OR 'PAPA?'

Little Julien Banned Will Have to Tell in a Courtroom.

"UNCLE" IS NOW IN JAIL.

Baron Banned Sues Elkin Stone for \$25,000 for "Stealing" His Wife.

It is alleged that eleven-year-old little Julien Banned calls Elkin Stone "Papa." Julien himself says he calls him "Uncle." On the determination of which statement is correct depends largely the future happiness and comfort of Mr. Stone. Mr. Stone was stowed away in one of the coolest corners of Ludlow Street Jail, yesterday, impatiently awaiting the moment when somebody would step forward to become his surety on a bail bond of \$3,000.

He had been arrested the night before in an action brought by Baron Banned for \$25,000 damages, involving alienation of a wife's affections. Lawyer A. H. Berwick prepared the papers in the case and filed them in the Supreme Court, before Judge Trax.

Baron Banned, the plaintiff, is not a nobleman. His wife says he is far from it. He is a clerk in a Second avenue pawnshop, between Eighty-fourth and Eighty-fifth streets. He is a small man, forty-three years old, and gives his address as No. 1029 Second avenue.

Elkin Stone is well known in Jewish society, and though he is in the Stone Brothers, jewelers, at No. 535 Broadway, he is not a member of that firm. For a short time he was a traveling salesman for the concern, but disagreements arose and he left. His brothers would not go on his bail bond yesterday.

The woman in the case, Mrs. Rachel Banned, is a comely woman of thirty-one. She was the daughter of Jacob Franky, of Fifty-fifth street, who amassed a fortune selling live stock to New York butchers. His daughter, Rachel, was given every advantage that wealth could bring, and it was not thought that she had made a great catch when she married the pawnbroker, on November 9, 1884.

According to the story of the plaintiff, he had a happy home until April 1 of this year, when Mrs. Banned suggested, as a means of economizing and saving money, that they take a holiday. He agreed, and in a few days he found Stone comfortably fixed in his home on East Eighty-third street. Mr. Banned goes on to say that his wife's manner for economy became more acute with the advent of the boarder, and one day she said it would be a good thing to get cheaper quarters. She took matters in her own hands, Banned alleges, and engaged apartments at No. 221 East Sixty-ninth street, for herself and her children, introducing him as her husband with her, unconsciously, Banned played "a part of the boarder" in the eyes of the neighbors.

At last he began to hear whispers that his wife was untrue to him; people told him that Stone had been in the house, and he began to suspect her. He went there, so he says, and found the name Stone over one of the letter boxes.

Then came the action for \$25,000, and Tuesday night Sheriff Maingerling served the warrant on Stone at the flat.

Mrs. Banned, she calls herself Frank, her maiden name, now spends yesterday with her lawyer and in trying to secure a bondsman for Stone.

She will deny completely any illicit relations with Stone and will admit that she was driven away by his extreme cruelty, that she did not support her and that he had come home drunk and beat her and her daughter.

One of Banned's loudest complaints to his lawyer was that his daughter had gone with her mother and that she had been taught to call Stone "papa." The little miss was questioned yesterday and she displayed a knowledge of the world that was wonderful in a child of eleven, though she looks never fifteen than eleven. Her father said she was thirteen.

"Do you call Mr. Stone 'papa'?" she was asked.

"Why, no, sir. He's not my papa. He's my uncle, and that's what I call him."

Then she went on with astonishing volubility: "My papa was never good to us. I've been black and blue all over where he beat me. And he beat mamma, too. He'd always come home stinky drunk, and he never supported us."

Eminent Odd Fellow Dead.

Indianapolis, July 7.—John Reynolds, for thirty years publisher of the Odd Fellows Tallyman, and one of the best known Odd Fellows in the United States, is dead at his home in this city. Mr. Reynolds was seventy years of age and had been for several years suffering from fatty degeneration of the heart.

SHE ESCAPED HIM BY A LONG LEAP.

Mrs. Haley Forced to Jump from a High Window by Her Husband.

HE WIELDED A CLUB.

She Struck on the Stone Pavement, and Broke Both Her Ankles.

All Washington street boiled with excitement last night when Mary Haley leaped from the third story window of No. 105 to escape from her infuriated husband. She struck the stone pavement with a fearful crash, broke her ankles and was injured internally. She was removed to the Hudson Street Hospital.

A dozen men in the neighborhood corroborated Tom Flanagan, who said that Larry, the husband, had been fighting with his wife for months. He was jealous of "Coney" O'Hearn, a banana handler when the West Indian ships came in. "Coney" is a bit of a song and dance artist, and was a great admirer of Mrs. Haley, whose husband fights her while she cares for her babies. One is only two months old; the other is two years.

"Larry is no good and wont work if he can help it," said "Coney" last night. "They were fighting all the evening. Larry threatened his wife with a club or axe. The hall door was closed, and seeing no way of escape she ran for the open window and leaped down to the stone pavement twenty-five feet below."

Haley was arrested and will be arraigned in Jefferson Market Police Court to-day.

HIGH SCHOOL ASSISTANTS.

Committee Names the Seventy-five Successful Applicants—A. W. Edson Dr. Poland's Successor.

The report of the Committee on Nominations for the seventy-five assistants in the three high schools was submitted to the Board of Education yesterday and went over until the next meeting, when those named will in all probability be appointed. Commissioner Prentiss, of the Committee on Instruction, reported that A. W. Edson, of Worcester, Mass., had been selected as the successor of Dr. Addison B. Poland, assistant superintendent, who resigned some time ago on account of ill-health.

Commissioner McSweeney asked for the names of all of the other candidates, so that the Board might act intelligently when Mr. Edson's appointment came up for consideration at the next meeting. Commissioner Prentiss promised that a list of the candidates would be forwarded to each Commissioner.

Mr. Edson is about fifty years old and a graduate of Dartmouth College. Commissioner Little submitted a communication from the Corporation Council in regard to the legality of the appointments of Messrs. Buchannan, Wight and Goodwin, recently appointed high school principals. The Corporation Council, at considerable length, sustained the legality of the appointments.

HURT PLAYING "COP."

Young Gilbride Tried to Slip His Handcuffs on a Little Italian and Used a Knife When He Resisted.

William Gilbride, a freckle-faced boy, eleven years old, of No. 335 East Twenty-second street, when arraigned in the Yorkville Court yesterday for having stabbed a principal, recently appointed high school principal, at considerable length, sustained the legality of the appointments.

When he was playing "cops and burglars with some other boys, in his game, we had a chain which we used for handcuffs. I was the captain and he was armed with a knife to play for burglars. We were playing along Twenty-second street, near First avenue, when the "cops" came along. When I slipped the chain over his wrist, he resisted and he got stuck in the leg with my knife."

As no one appeared to press the complaint in court, Magistrate Hedges discharged him with a caution not to use any weapons again in playing the game.

NO SYMPATHY FOR CUBA.

Speaker Reed Kills an Attempt to Secure a Vote on Belligerency.

Washington, July 7.—In the House to-day Mr. McMillin obtained recognition and said: "I want to suspend the rules and pass the Senate Cuban belligerency resolution," cried Mr. McMillin, "saying aloft the resolution."

The Speaker calmly turned to Mr. Dingley, who was on his feet, and announced that the Chair recognized the gentleman from Maine.

Mr. Dingley immediately moved an adjournment. The Democrats howled with delight.

"I thought the Chair had recognized me," said Mr. McMillin.

"The Chair recognized the gentleman from Maine, and he moved to adjourn," replied the Speaker, "and I cannot do otherwise." Mr. McMillin demanded a vote on adjournment in order to place the enemies of Cuba in a predicament.

Mr. Dingley's motion was adopted by a vote of 133 to 104.

VERDICT AGAINST KNIGHT.

One Correspondent Secures Damages from Another for Libel.

London, July 7.—In the libel action of Andrew Atteridge against E. F. Knight, respectively Soudan war correspondents of the Daily Chronicle and Times of London, the jury to-day awarded the plaintiff \$5,000 damages.

Knight wrote a letter accusing Atteridge of cowardice in remaining in the rear with the baggage and of selfish and neglectful conduct toward a colleague, Henry Garrett, the correspondent of the New York Herald, who died of cholera in the Soudan July 28, 1896.

Painter Joseph E. Dantan Killed.

Honfleur, France, July 7.—Joseph Edouard Dantan, the well-known French painter, was killed to-day by being thrown out of his carriage, owing to the bolting of the horse attached to it. The legs of Mme. Dantan, his wife, were broken through the same cause.

GLACIER BOYS TO ACCOUNT FOR DEARY.

Students' Arctic Jaunt Not for Study Only, However.

RARE HUNTING EXPECTED.

Party Will Include One Rutgers and at Least Three Harvard Men.

J. Nelson Carpenter, Jr., of New Brunswick, N. J., has joined a party of students who will leave Hartford with Lieutenant Peary, on July 13, on his expedition, preliminary to the search for the North Pole next year. Carpenter was graduated from Rutgers College last month. His father, J. N. Carpenter, is president of the Norfolk and New Brunswick Hosiery Company.

The student party, which was arranged by Professor Russell W. Porter, of the Boston Institute of Technology, will include at least three Harvard men. Two of them will be F. Grosvenor Goodridge, of New York City, and a son of Dr. Delano Fitzgerald, of Baltimore.

Goodridge and Carpenter became warm friends while studying together in St. Paul's School. When they return from the arctic regions they will enter the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City. They expect their arctic trip will be profitable for biological research.

Professor Porter, who will conduct the student party, accompanied Lieutenant Peary on a former trip. He took care in making up his party to select young men of excellent health and habits. While the young men will do their best to make it a profitable trip in the field of study, they also anticipate a great deal of sport on the expedition.

Carpenter weighs over two hundred pounds. He played center rush on the Rutgers Varsity football team last year. He expects to come back much reduced in weight and with plenty of trophies for his friends. The students expect to return home by October 1.

FORCE AGAINST SPAIN.

Senate Committee Proposes That the President "Employ Means" to Collect Damages.

Washington, July 7.—The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations to-day, through Senator Lodge, reported a resolution authorizing the President to "take such measures as he may deem necessary to obtain indemnity from the Spanish Government for the wrongs and injuries suffered by August Bolten and Gustave Richelieu, two naturalized American citizens, by reason of their wrongful arrest by Spanish authorities at Santiago de Cuba, in the year 1895."

The resolution is based upon the disclosures made in correspondence forwarded to the Senate by the President last April, in which it is shown, according to the reports of the resolution presented to-day by Senator Lodge, that "all the diplomatic efforts of the Government of the United States exerted for an amicable adjustment and payment of a just indemnity have proved entirely unsuccessful."

The resolution reported to-day is construed as another intimation from the President that force should, if necessary, be used in collecting American claims in Cuba. Bolten and Richelieu were driven from Havana to Cuba in an open boat. They went to Santiago de Cuba and, exhibiting their passports to the Captain of the Port, asked to be directed to the American Consulate. Each man denied \$10,000, but they refused to even discuss the matter with the United States.

"BIG STORE'S" FOOD SHOW.

With Its Many Entertaining Features, the Exhibition Will Be Opened on July 12.

"A man's heart is best reached through his stomach," said a wise gentleman many years ago. If this be true, then the Siegel-Cooper Company will reach many hearts when the second food show conducted by the firm is opened to the public next week.

The exhibition will be formally opened July 12 and will continue daily, from 8 a. m. to 10 p. m.

The entire fourth floor of the Big Store, an area of over 80,000 square feet, will be devoted to the show. Manufacturers of widely varied articles will be invited to exhibit food products of all countries, to be represented in the collection of edibles, valued at \$250,000, which will be displayed. Pretty girls will "sit" in fancy costumes, will occupy the booths. It not only does not cost anything to attend the show, but thousands of tasty samples will be distributed to visitors. Elaborate electrical effects have been provided for the occasion. A pleasing feature of the show is the fact that the rooms will be cooled by refrigerated air from the firm's own unit.

There will be a "music furnished by a brass band" and a "concert of thirty pieces." To please the little folks, sack the Giant Killer, walking arm in arm with the Giant, will also be there. Uncle Sam will also be there, when they will be a performance by trained dogs, birds and monkeys, and the little elevated elephant, will show what clever tricks she can do.

For the instruction of visitors, who chefs from the big hotels will explain how to make a variety of delicacies, and also graduates of the Philadelphia Cooking School will rival "Aunt Sally" in their demonstration of the culinary art.

IRON WORKERS' VICTORY.

Delegates from the Unions Persuade Builders to Use Only Iron Made in This City.

The unions in the iron trades in this city and Brooklyn won their first victory yesterday in a campaign started this week against the bringing of cheap iron columns from outside cities for buildings in the metropolitan district.

The representatives of the unions in the iron trades appointed members of their organizations to co-operate with the Building Department in reporting cases of defective work where the metal was from other cities. They also decided to see the owners