

"Wot 'ell, get out," sez he. "Dis is de Manhattan Bank" "Ah, go 'ell," says I. "I've been sellin' Evenin' Journals for two weeks, an' I has more chink dan I can carry." "Take a cigar an' a seat in de President's office, Mr. McGlone," sez he, "wile I makes out yer bank book."



MILLIONS FOR THE CASTLES.

Offers of Help for the Imprisoned Americans Pouring In.

American Embassy Deluged with Messages from Influential People.

Fund of \$10,000,000 Raised to Be Used in Extricating the Prisoners from Their Difficulty.

ALL OFFERS OF BAIL ARE REFUSED.

Mr. Castle, from His Cell, Gives Out a Statement Denying Absolutely the Charges of Theft Brought Against Him and His Wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Castle, well known and wealthy residents of San Francisco, were arrested in London charged with the wholesale larceny of many articles from various shopkeepers. Their trunks were searched at their hotel and goods, alleged to have been stolen, to the money value of \$2,500 were there found. Mr. Castle vehemently asserts his own innocence, as well as that of his wife. They are still in jail, bail having been refused.

By Julian Ralph. London, Oct. 9.—At the United States Embassy, at Scotland Yard and in the offices of the London newspapers, which do not dare to print a word of it, the Castle case is said to be the strangest and most interesting of his peculiar kind in the recollection of living men.

There lie in jail a respectable and wealthy merchant of San Francisco and an attractive and intelligent wife, against whom not a word of reproach has been uttered or written in forty years, and yet they are charged with the persistent and indiscriminate larceny of goods, both valuable and trifling, carried on for months, not only in England, but all over the Continent.

There is no gainsaying the fact that many men who know the facts in the case believe the charge to be true against either the man or the woman, or both. Some hold the woman guilty and the man innocent; some declare that the woman is an exemplification of the most extraordinary case of acute kleptomania ever met with.

But the shopkeepers, who suffered by the alleged thefts insist that in every case charged, Castle was with his wife and remained behind her, being always last to leave the shop.

Never did respectable man and woman find themselves in a deeper, darker pit than these two are in, and yet their friends are of such character, so powerful, so respectable and so numerous, that intelligent spectators await with acute anxiety the solution of the strange puzzle. How such damning evidence could accrue against persons hitherto so worthy is yet to be explained.

Remarkable Features of the Case. Said one of the United States Embassy officials to-day:

"This case has at least half a dozen features which place it far above any other case with which the Embassy has had to deal. For three days the Embassy has been bombarded by sheaves of cables, telegrams and inundated by hosts of callers, all offering testimony as to the high standing and reputation of the Castles, and offering any and every assistance possible to help clear him from the trouble in which he finds himself."

One of the most notable features of the case is the character of the people. Cables, telegrams have been received at the Embassy from Governor Budd, of California; Mayor Sutro, of San Francisco; Senator White, Congressman Maguire, the Chief of Police of San Francisco, its District-Attorney, members of its Chamber of Commerce and an army of highly responsible business men of Pacific States, all expressing the greatest surprise and avowing their belief that some mistake has been made. They all ask the Embassy to do everything possible to assist the Castles.

The number and character of the persons who called on or communicated with the Embassy to the same effect are even more remarkable. Influential friends of the Castles have sprung up all over the kingdom. Several prominent people made long journeys from the provinces to London to endeavor to be of assistance.

Rothschild Vouches for Them. Lord Rothschild to-day sent his private secretary to the Embassy to express his lordship's interest in Mr. Castle; to vouch for his standing, reputation and integrity in the strongest terms, and to offer every assistance, financial or otherwise, to get him out of his trouble.

Mr. Macfarlane, the Liverpool agent of Claus Spreckels, came here from Liverpool this afternoon to offer his assistance, and no less than seven managers of as many big banks in London called to vouch for Castle and to offer assistance in furnishing bail. The Bank of British Columbia and the Bank of British Columbia are two of those offering assistance.

Two million pounds sterling have been placed at the disposal of the Embassy with which to furnish bail for Castle, and to all appearances as much more could easily be obtained here in London from people who know him, so great is the interest taken in the case and so strong is the faith of individuals in Castle's probity.

Secretary of State Olney has sent two urgent telegrams to the embassy, urging that every proper assistance be rendered to Castle, and there is no doubt that every possible means is being used by the embassy to be of assistance.

Ambassador Bayard is away in Scotland. He left the day the first cablegram came from the State Department, and so urgent was the nature of the message that a messenger was sent post haste after Mr. Bayard to overtake him at the railway station. The messenger caught him just as the train was about to pull out. After reading the dispatch the Ambassador said that everything possible must be done for Castle.

Offers of Bail Declined. Secretary Roosevelt has had several interviews with the Home Office and with the committing Magistrate, in an effort to get Mr. and Mrs. Castle released on bail, but without success. The Magistrate, who has sole discretion in such matters, declines to listen to any application for bail except in open court, and the counsel engaged for Mr. Castle spent to-day in trying to decide whether it will be best to have the case brought up to-morrow on an application for bail, or to let it remain over until it comes up on regular remand on Tuesday.

Charles Matthews, one of the cleverest criminal lawyers in England, has been retained to assist in the defence. The matter has now been taken out of the hands of the police and placed in charge of the Public Prosecutor, which means that the case will be pushed through to whatever end the facts may lead.

The evidence is very strong, and from all I can gather there is not likely to be any attempt made to deny the charges. Amosizing mass of miscellaneous stuff was found in the Castles' trunks, a fact which seems to indicate that Mrs. Castle had a mania for picking up odd trifles of every description belonging to other people.

Found Even a Pair of Sheets. There were even found in her trunks a pair of sheets from the bed she slept in at a big London hotel, and a plated trestle table that came from the hotel breakfast table. There were also articles of private or semi-private ownership, got in various parts of the Continent. Many watches, all alike, and thirteen umbrella heads were in the collection.

"Why," said an American, on viewing the contents of the trunks at the Vine Street Station, "you are not going to charge these people with theft?" "Yes we are," said the Chief Inspector, "why not?" "Because," said the American, "these people are not thieves; they are collectors."

I saw Castle in Holloway Jail this morning, or, at least, was told that it was Castle whose voice I heard. It is really almost more difficult to get into an English Jail, if you are not a criminal than it is to get out of one if you are. Reporters are rigorously excluded under all circumstances, and I was only able to see him by favor of a relative of his and because I went not as a newspaper man, but actually in behalf of a California friend of Castles. I was placed in a narrow box in a dark corridor, and it was half a minute before I realized that one end of the box was composed of a closely woven iron screen.

I heard a voice from behind this screen and then could dimly make out the form of a man's head some six feet or more away on the other side of the screen. There was another screen at the other end of this space, and in between was a warden.

Two warders accompanied me into the box and twice hurried me out of it because their suspicions were aroused that I might be a reporter.

Castle Deeply Grateful. Castle told me that everything possible was being done for him by his friends, but that no individual could help him. He is deeply grateful for their kindness, but said he had determined to say nothing whatever to any one but his solicitors concerning his case. Mrs. Castle was in hysterics when a friend visited her in jail this morning. But the detectives said that when she was in the dock at the police court she seemed delighted to feel herself the centre of all observation.

Secretary Roosevelt and Chief Clerk Hodson, of the United States Embassy, visited Mr. and Mrs. Castle in the jail this afternoon by special permission from the Home Office, and had a private interview. Mr. Roosevelt later gave out this studied account of his visit, which seems to indicate fully the status of the case and the possible line of defence.

Castle Says Both Are Innocent. Mr. Hodson said for Mr. Roosevelt: Mr. Castle appeared very much broken, but he asserted the entire innocence of the charge brought against him and his wife. He wished to express his thanks, through the kindness of the Journal, to his many friends in the

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MR. HANNA'S TURN OUT.

Over 100,000 Gold Men, According to His Count, in Chicago's Day Parade.

A Tremendous Crowd Witnessed the Marching of the Yellow Metal Forces.

Major McKinley, at Canton, Heard the Names of the Organizations as They Passed.

SILVER MEN PARADED AT NIGHT.

The Followers of Bryan Numbered 30,000 and They Cheered Enthusiastically for Him, for Silver and for Altgeld.

MARK HANNA'S ESTIMATE. The most conservative estimate places the number of voters in line in the McKinley and Hobart and sound money parade to-day at 110,000. Other estimates place the number at 132,000. It is beyond all doubt the greatest political demonstration ever held in this country, if not in the world.

UNITED PRESS ESTIMATE. The estimates as to the number of men in line varied from 75,000 to 100,000.

Chicago, Oct. 9.—The commemoration of the great fire's anniversary, now known as Chicago day, was to-day observed by two great parades, one of believers in the gold standard, the other of the followers of Bryan.

No such crowd has been seen in this city since Chicago Day at the World's Fair as that which began to gather early this morning to witness the parade of the supporters of a gold standard. Estimates as to the number of men in line varied from 75,000 to 100,000.

Mark A. Hanna and the members of the Republican National Campaign Committee viewed the spectacle from the Union League Club. Generals Palmer and Bickner, the gold Democratic candidates, saw it from a stand in front of the Palmer House, and among the other spectators were Chauncey M. Depew and Senators Teller, Dubois and Pettigrew. At two or three points along the line of march immense open-mouthed telephone receivers had been attached to wires leading directly to the homes of Major William McKinley and Garret A. Hobart. Into these were announced the names of each organization as the great column passed.

Start Made Promptly. Promptly at 10 o'clock a cannon at the Lake Front Park gave the signal for the parade to move. Mayor George B. Swift, Chief of Police Burroughs, Assistant Chief Ross, Inspectors Bonfield and Shea, at the head of a platoon of police, led the great host of industrial workers and political clubs on their tour of the business portion of the city. Following next in order were seven mounted buglers; then came Captain T. S. Quincy and escort, the Chicago Marine Band of seventy-two pieces, and Marshal General Joseph Stockton, officers and Executive Committee of the Business Men's Sound Money Association and 250 aids.

The next division was composed of veterans led by General Augustus J. Burbank, chief marshal, and his staff. They were followed by the Chicago Union Veteran Club, Eaglewood Union Veteran Club, Waukegan Drum Corps, Chicago Veteran McKinley Club, Wideawakes of 1890, survivors of the Fire and Police departments of October 9, 1871, and Tippecanoe Club, of 1840.

The South Side division, William H. Harper, marshal, was formed of the following interests: Dry goods, clothing, hats, caps and furs, clock manufacturers, boots and shoes, furnishing goods, Board of Trade, Insurance Men's Sound Money Club, Real Estate Board, Architects, Builders and Traders' Exchange; Bookery Club, printers and binders, express companies, jewellers, furniture, wall paper, paints and oils and grocers.

Many Women Fainted. The West Side division, in command of W. H. Aisop, marshal, included the Iron, Hardware and Metal Workers' Sound Money division, and was headed by a float bearing the name of that organization. Following were floats and delegations representing the heavy hardware houses. The North Side division, with Graeme Stewart as marshal, was composed of campaign clubs from the Twenty-first, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh wards.

So great was the crush on the street that the ambulances and patrol wagons were kept busy all day in removing those who were squeezed into unconsciousness—mostly women and children. Pickpockets took advantage of the large crowd in front of the United States Express office, on Washington street, and started a fight. In the excitement several women were robbed of their purses, and their screams started a panic, during which three or four women fainted and a number of persons received slight bruises. The parade was stopped while the officers rescued the fainting women and restored order. As the parade was passing the corner of Dearborn and Monroe streets at noon A. C. Walker, while drunk, drew a revolver and began shooting up at the windows, where ladies and children were gathered, watching the parade. Fortunately no one was hit, but a panic and crush resulted, during which many women fainted. Walker was arrested.

FREE SILVER MEN MARCH. Thirty thousand of Bryan's Supporters Were in Line—A Great Meeting at Tattersals.

Chicago, Oct. 9.—The parade of the free silver forces to-night closed the commemoration of Chicago Day. Thirty thousand of

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WIRES AND BELLS ENMESH A THIEF.

Burglar Captured at the Muzzles of Pistols in Mount Vernon.

Tinkling Alarms Arouse the Swart Family, and the Marauder Wilts.

Caught in the Kitchen, Like a Rat, with Four Revolvers at His Woolly Head.

MANY EVIL DOERS COME TO GRIEF.

Quick Work with a Satchel Stealer—Hotel Savoy's Thieving Bartender—Confidence Men Get Gold—Shot the Wrong Man.

"Throw up your hands!" called Samuel A. Swart to a burglar in his kitchen early yesterday morning. The stranger was trying to light a match, and Mr. Swart had him covered with a pistol. He glanced at another door for escape, but George Muirhead, the gardener, stood there aiming another pistol. So the burglar, who proved to be a negro, surrendered and an hour later he was in jail. He gave the name of Chauncey Phillips.

Mr. Swart is manager of the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Company, and lives with his wife and three grown sons in a handsome house in Mount Vernon. Like most of the residents thereabout, he has his house threaded with burglar alarm wires, and to catch a real live burglar has been his ambition. There are so many wires strung around the place that any stranger approaching the house after dark would set half a dozen bells jingling.

Not only are there wires to give notice of the approach of thieves, but there are bells in all the rooms, so that the family and servants can, by a system of button pushing, signal one another. Mrs. Swart admits that the house is so closely guarded without setting bells clanging. Many a night the family have tumbled out of bed, grabbed weapons and prepared to receive a burglar, only to find that the alarm was caused by the frolicsome wind.

Yesterday morning, about 2 o'clock, the alarm bells in the north side of the house rang out a tinkling chorus. Mr. Swart had been awakened so often during the last winter that he was a little slow in getting into his trousers and taking his pistols, always placed convenient to his pillow. Mechanically he punched the electric buttons at his elbow that announced the regulation burglar call to the coachman and gardener. Coachman Muirhead tumbled out of bed and into his clothes like a freeman. Then he seized a pistol and a lighted lamp and started down stairs.

Meanwhile the bells about the house were ringing as if an ocean liner were manoeuvring through a fishing fleet in a fog. Swart listened to the din a moment. His acute ear told him something was trapped in his network of wires. "It's a burglar, sure enough," he said, and seizing his pistols he started downstairs.

All was dark save in the kitchen, where there was a flickering light as from a burning match. Then it was that the burglar Swart presented his pistol and called on the intruder to throw up his hands.

The negro was in his stocking feet and in a bad state of funk. Either the bells or being caught with such business and dispatch had completely unnerved him.

He had climbed in through the kitchen window, which had slammed down after him and started the bells all over the house. He heard them, and, like a rat in a trap, made half a dozen ineffectual dashes to escape; but he might as well have tried to serambale through a barbed wire netting as to get out of that kitchen. With the lighted match he was trying to find the bolt of the door, when Mr. Swart and the coachman covered him with their revolvers. Harry and Clifford Swart, with their weapons, hemmed him in on the flanks, and the negro simply did as he was told—threw up his hands.

He pretended to be drunk, and said he was there looking for his girl. They kept him there while Clifford Swart rode to Mount Vernon on his bicycle and brought back two policemen. Then Chauncey Phillips was marched to jail in his stocking feet, and charged with burglary. The court will examine him to-day.

GIRL AFIRE IN THE STREET.

Five-Year-Old Katy Katzenberg Saved from a Frightful Death by "Grandmother" Hemmis.

"Grandmother" Mary Hemmis, who has made a snug fortune out of her feed business at No. 507 West Thirty-eighth street, is being lauded to the skies this morning by her neighbors. She proved herself a heroine last night by saving the life of Katy Katzenberg, a five-year-old child, who was rushing through the street, her clothing all ablaze.

The child had been playing near a bonfire, which some boys had started on the south side of Thirty-eighth street, opposite Mrs. Hemmis's store. A gust of wind carried a tongue of flame against the child's clothing, and in an instant she was aflame from head to foot. Katy ran from sidewalk to sidewalk screaming in agony. The frightened boys ran away.

Several women ran out, but none knew how to succor the burning girl. Mrs. Hemmis snatched up an armful of empty oat sacks and ran after the child, who was rushing in a dazed way from sidewalk to sidewalk.

The old woman threw the little one down and wrapped her in the sacks. One of her drivers, Henry Grubb, came to her assistance, and soon an ambulance arrived. The child was taken to her home, No. 527 West Thirty-eighth street, and may live. Mrs. Hemmis's hands were severely burned.



Mr. Swart's Negro Burglar Neatly Captured in the Kitchen Yesterday Morning.

The home of the manager of the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Company at Mount Vernon is a network of wires with tinkling bells to warn the family of burglars, and early yesterday morning Mr. Swart was aroused by the alarm. His sons and coachman were also aroused, and in the kitchen they caught a negro who said he is Chauncey Phillips, who was looking for his girl. The thief surrendered when he saw the pistols at his head, and was taken to prison as he was found, in his stocking feet.

DUMMY ON A PRISON COT.

Auburn Officials Completely at Sea as to the Mysterious Disappearance of Convict Lewis Sarles.

Auburn, N. Y., Oct. 9.—Seldom have the officials of Auburn Prison met with so clever and mysterious a disappearance as confronted them this morning, when the door of Lewis Sarles's cell was thrown open and a guard went in to arouse the form on the cot. He was dumfounded to find that the apparent sleeper was nothing but a dummy of straw, topped off with a bunch of hair.

Investigation showed that eight inches of the heavy iron cell door had been skillfully sawed off at the bottom, and through this small opening the convict had wriggled with undoubted difficulty. How Sarles passed through the corridors unobserved by the guards, and how he obtained egress through several locked doors between his cell and the prison yard are matters of the greatest perplexity to the officials.

Sarles is under sentence of twenty-five years for robbing the Westchester County store of Walker B. Adams, who was recently killed by burglars. The offence was committed in the Fall of 1889. In company with another convict, Sarles attempted a dash for liberty a month ago, but failed while in the act of scaling the walls at night.

As soon as the man's absence was detected to-day all of the prison shops were shut down, and the convicts were marched to their cells. Search within the walls of the prison has been conducted all day without success.

DU MAURIER'S CREMATION.

His Body Will Be Burned To-day at Woking. He Did Not Know of This Plan.

By Julian Ralph. London, Oct. 9.—George Du Maurier's remains will be cremated to-morrow at Woking. When he was dying he did not know it or he would have died a great deal sooner, for he was nervous and a great worrier.

ONE TURKISH GIRL—\$750.

She Is Fifteen Years Old and Pretty and Has Run Away from Her Troupe.

John Waters, the manager of Sulzer's Harlem River Park, called at Police Headquarters last night with a number of Turks and reported the disappearance of Asiade Firadje, a handsome fifteen-year-old Turkish girl, who was a member of a troupe of Midway performers appearing at the park.

The girl is about five feet six inches in height, is well developed for her age, has black hair and eyes and an olive complexion. She was one of the prettiest girls in the troupe. Manager Waters offers \$500 reward for any information concerning her whereabouts, and the members of the troupe have added \$250 to this. Miss Firadje disappeared last Wednesday night after the performance.

She wore a gray jacket over a black dress, a red hat and an ostrich boa. She was known to have \$200 with her at the time. She wore a very heavy silver bracelet with heart pendant, plain gold earrings, an enamelled breastpin, one diamond solitaire and ruby ring, surrounded by diamonds and a diamond breast pin.

The girl has friends in Brooklyn and it is believed she has gone there.

CRUSHED BY TROLLEY CAR.

Boy Killed While Playing on the Street with Companions—He Is the 167th Victim.

Louis Kitz, nine years old, of No. 539 Driggs avenue, Brooklyn, was killed by a trolley car, near the corner of North Second street and Driggs avenue, last night. The boy was playing with a number of companions, and in dodging around a wagon near the curb, was struck by the car, which ran over him and stopped. With the aid of beams the car was lifted from the boy's mangled body. The sight of the blood remains infuriated the crowd that gathered, and a dash was made for the motorman, Frank Mace, thirty-four years old, of No. 354 South Third street, who had gone into the deserted car. There were cries to lynch him, and Mace ran for his life, making directly for the Bedford Avenue Police Station, where he was protected. Then the mob sought the conductor, Abraham Saxe, of No. 200 Ellery street, but officers surrounded him, and by a show of force beat the mob off. The boy is buried in Brooklyn.

SHOT MARSHAL, KILLED HIMSELF.

One of the Bank Robbers on Bicycles Made a Fight for Liberty.

He Used a Woman as a Shield and the Posse Could Not Fire Upon Him.

While His Pursuers Began a Siege He Mounted His Wheel and Got a Good Start.

BROKEN PEDAL BROUGHT HIM TO BAY.

Blew Out His Brains Rather Than Be Taken. The Other Sherburne Bank Robber Believed to Have Been Captured.

Two men rode into Sherburne, Minn., on bicycles last Wednesday and wheeled to the



Shot Marshal, Killed Himself.

Sherburne Bank. Here they dismounted, and entering that institution covered the cashier with their drawn revolvers. They secured \$1,000, but in attempting to prevent their escape the cashier and a bystander were killed. The two men then mounted their wheels and rode away.

Elmore, Minn., Oct. 9.—The bicycle as a vehicle of escape is not, as far as bank robbers are concerned, an unqualified success. A posse mounted on horses overtook John D. Sair, one of the Sherburne robbers, near here this morning. He was going at a furious pace and was well ahead of his pursuers, when he struck a sudden rise in the road and snuffed off a pedal. Five minutes later he was a dead man.

Had he followed more closely the tactics of the James boys or the Younger brothers he might still be leading the Sheriff and his men a lively chase. He had all the pluck of the Jameses and Youngers, and earlier in the day when closely cornered he shot and killed one of the county marshals and made a brilliant escape.

Several hundred men, under the direction of the Sheriffs of Martin County, Minn., and Kossuth and Emmet counties, Iowa, have been riding over this section since Wednesday afternoon. They were on the lookout for two young men on bicycles, the two who held up the bank at Sherburne on Wednesday and got away with \$1,000, after killing the assistant cashier and a bystander.

Shortly after daylight this morning Deputy Sheriff Ward, of Martin County, at the head of 100 men, got on the trail of Sair. The roads were muddy and the print of the bicycle was plainly in evidence. They followed it for several miles east, through northern Iowa, on the State line road, until about 10 o'clock, when they found that it led into a farm yard. Deputy Ward approached the farm house, closely followed by his men.

One Marshal Killed. He rapped but once when the door suddenly opened and he saw Sair standing behind a woman. He had an opportunity for woods, for the next instant the robber, still standing behind the farmer's wife and using her as a shield, began firing into the crowd of officers. Seven shots rang out in less than a minute. One of these struck