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NEW YORK JOURNAL

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There Are Others.

Yes, several others; but none that compare with the Journal's. The best colored comic supplement in the world, goes only with the great

Sunday Journal.

HENRY GEORGE'S CONSERVATIVE OPINION ON THE RESULT OF THE ELECTION.

EDITOR NEW YORK JOURNAL:

October 18, 1896.

I came back to New York over more than a third of the Continent to register my vote and to hear Governor Altgeld make in Cooper Union the speech in which he set forth what, in my mind, is the most important of the issues in this campaign.

The question that greets me from the lips of every friend I have yet met, and the question repeated in all I have as yet had opportunity to glance at in the pile of letters I found awaiting me, is:

"WHAT DO YOU REALLY THINK WILL BE THE OUTCOME OF THE ELECTION?"

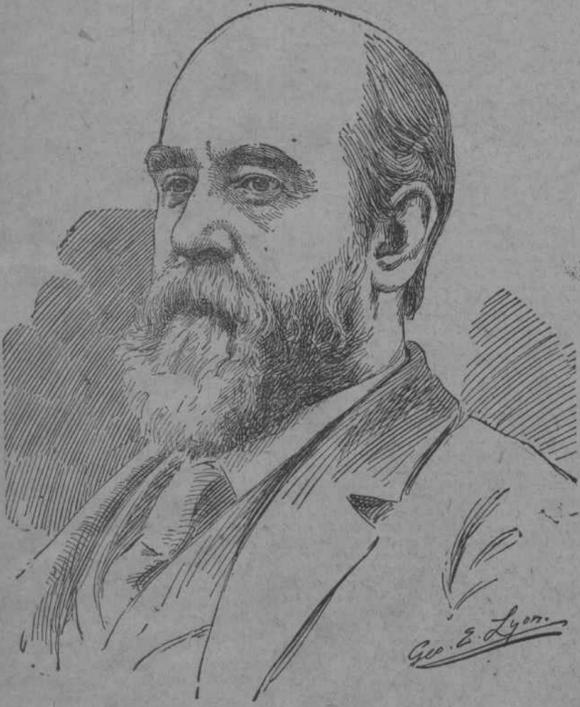
Let me answer questioners and correspondents, one and all, through the medium of the JOURNAL. My personal opinion differs from that which has already been expressed in the letters that have recently been telegraphed by me to the JOURNAL from the places where they have been written only in this:

I AM SOMEWHAT MORE CONFIDENT THAN MY LETTERS TO THE JOURNAL HAVE SHOWN, THAT BRYAN WILL CARRY THE STATES THAT HAVE BEEN CONSIDERED DOUBTFUL IN THE CENTRAL WEST, AND WILL BE ELECTED TO THE PRESIDENCY.

I have no ability to see into the future, and am liable to all the mistakes of judgment that beset man born of woman, but this is my opinion as to what will be, formed after five weeks of as diligent, cautious and dispassionate effort as I am capable of to discover the trend and strength of the tides of political opinion now running in that part of the country.

This was not my first opinion---on the contrary, it at first seemed to me that McKinley, not Bryan, would carry the Central West; but it is the matured conviction with which I came back to New York. And that the tide is daily setting more strongly toward Bryan, I am convinced.

HENRY GEORGE.



Geo. E. Lyons

back to New York. And that the tide is daily setting more strongly toward Bryan, I am convinced.

WATERBURY TO BEGIN LIFE ANEW.

Head of Dead Cordage Trust Will Manage a Modest Ropewalk.

Will Try to Win Back the Fortune That Made Him Prominent in Society.

Reminiscences of the Old Combination Bring Up Great Names Now Seldom Heard.

FULFILLMENT OF DEATH BED CURSE.

Inventor Good Beat His Enemies and Has Become Immensely Wealthy Since the Death of the Trust.

James M. Waterbury, former king of the Cordage Trust and late hero of the most picturesque case of supplementary proceedings in the record of the New York city courts; club man, society leader and financial magnate two years ago, will begin life anew this morning in an office in Brooklyn, E. D.

Mr. Waterbury will open an office in North Tenth street, Brooklyn, for the handling of commercial affairs of a small ropewalk located in North Eighth street.

This fact will recall some history only possible in America under certain speculative conditions peculiar to the soil. Everybody remembers the "society circus" performance in Westchester County several years ago, and all financially interested persons remember the crash of the Cordage Trust, of which Mr. James M. Waterbury was the head.

More recently everybody remembers Mr. Waterbury's examination in supplementary proceedings, within the past three months, at which time the man who had established all the world by the lavishness of his entertainments testified on oath that the watch in his pocket belonged to his wife, and that he had no visible means of support aside from the money he received from her.

Big Names Seldom Heard.

A nucleus of the rope-making business are hereditary and a matter of family legend over in the suburbs of Brooklyn.

Waterbury is a name which is a household word, among other names, in the Eastern District, for James M. Waterbury's father was one of the pioneers of the trade. James M. Waterbury, James W. Lawrence, Tucker, Carter & Co., William Wall & Co.—these were the firms which controlled a cordage manufacturing industry before the giant trust, which took them all in, along with a big Cincinnati concern, was formed. John Good, "Boss" McLaughlin, George H. Lindsay and "Jake" Worth all worked together on the rope machines in the old days when these firms controlled the business.

It is always quoted as "significant" in Brooklyn, E. D., that the political bosses have mostly come from the ropewalks, as well as the millwrights.

Story of the Inventive Genius.

James Good worked for the Lawrences in their factory, corner of McKibbin street and Bushwick avenue, back in the old days preceding 1870. He was a poor boy. His mother was a washwoman, who lived at the corner of Merrill street and Siegel street, James Good, however, invented a machine which was the most wonderful machine ever introduced into the rope-making trade. It was called a "frame," and it did away with all the tedious process of "knocking" the hemp by hand. Good's mother gave her son such money as she could afford to perfect his invention, but in the end he was obliged to go to his employers, the Law-

Continued on Second Page.

BOTH SIDES CLAIM VICTORY.

Politicians Say Registration Figures Favor Their Side.

John C. Sheehan Claims Bryan Will Carry New York County by 40,000.

Edward Lauterbach Goes the Tammany Leader Ten Thousand Better.

PROOFS OF COLONIZATION OF VOTERS.

Men Who Are Unknown at the Addresses They Gave Confess They Work in New Jersey.

Tammany, as a result of the registration, claims New York County for Bryan by 40,000, although it has discovered that colonization has occurred in various districts. The Republicans declare they are confident of carrying the city for McKinley.

The registry lists will be carefully examined by the Tammany district leaders for traces of the alleged frauds, and proceedings will be begun wherever the facts justify it. Several cases in illustration are cited. Eight men registered from No. 217 West Twenty-fourth street. They said they had lived in the district just the requisite thirty days. They admitted that they worked in New Jersey and remained there at night, but said that their legal residence was in New York. Eleven men registered from No. 253 Tenth avenue. They told the same story. Under the amended ballot law a voter is not requested to swear to the truthfulness of his statement. For that reason these thirteen men were registered, although they were unknown to the election officers. Inquiry developed that none of the men was known at either of the given addresses.

There are said to be hundreds of such cases throughout the city.

Registration Not Up to Expectations.

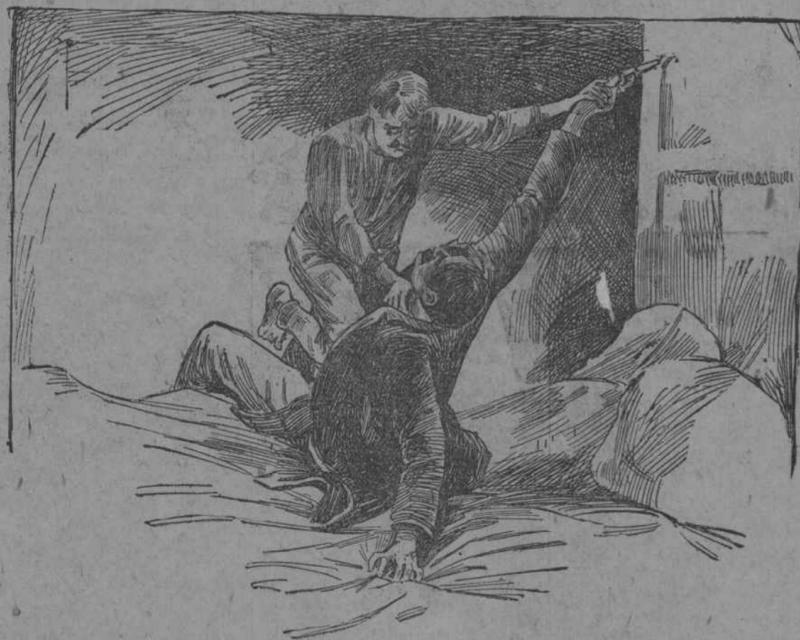
The Tammany leaders are not shouting "fraud" because they fear the result of the election. Mr. Sheehan says that as the rolls stand Bryan will get a majority of 40,000 in this county. Some surprise has been expressed that the registration is no greater than it is, in view of the remarkable increase over previous years on the first day. The first day's record led the experts to believe that the total registration in this city would reach 350,000, yet the total foots up, approximately, 322,000.

It will be recalled that the Tammany leaders, before the registration began, said they would enroll most of their regular members on the first day, and as this day shows a marvellous increase, there is some justification for the contention that a very large proportion of those registered the first day is Democratic, and that all counting after would contain a fair proportion of Democratic voters. Allowing for the natural increase in population, the registration this year is normal. In 1892, the last Presidential year, it was 309,091. The voters of the recently annexed district were not included in this number, and it is estimated that 12,000 voters more than four years ago are added to the voting list. This increase comes from the working class, and, as everybody concedes, labor is for Bryan.

"The registration is normal," said John C. Sheehan last night. "I can see no reason to revise my estimate of a week ago that the county will go for Bryan by 40,000. It will be noticed that there is a uniform increase generally."

Analysis by Districts.

Continued on Second Page.



JOSEPH TRUJILLO.

KILLS FATHER AND SELF.

Double Tragedy in a Little Up-State Hamlet Believed to Have Been Due to Insanity.

Samerville, Oct. 18.—Orrin D. Kinke killed his aged father, Daniel Kinke, with an axe this morning and afterward took his own life by hanging.

The corpses were found about 8 o'clock in the horse barn. The father was lying face downward with two great gashes in his head, while the body of the son hung from a rope tied to an overhanging beam almost directly over the body of his father. It is supposed the son was attempting suicide with a knife when stopped by his father and that the son in desperation struck his father down and proceeded in his work of self-destruction by hanging.

Insanity of the part of the son is supposed to be the cause of the tragedy. The son was forty-seven years of age and married. The father was seventy-one. Both were well known.



Struggle with a Burglar.

Joseph Trujillo awoke early yesterday morning to find a burglar in his house, No. 248 West Thirty-third street. They had a desperate fight, which ended when Trujillo shot the murderous thief with his own pistol. The burglar jumped out of a window and fled, leaving a trail of blood. Captain Schmittberger put a bloodhound on the trail, but the dog lost the scent too, at Thirty-eighth street and Ninth avenue. The wounded burglar, John Kelly, was caught in Roosevelt Hospital. He will probably die.

OUTLAW TAKES A TOWN; CITY BURGLAR SHOT.

"Dynamite Dick" and Gang Ride into Carney and Hold Up the Town.

All Were Masked, and All Had Revolvers and Lungs That Struck Terror.

The Three Hundred Inhabitants of the Place Overawed and Robbed by Six Desperados.

THIEVES GOT AWAY WITH A RICH HAUL.

They Had Cut the Wires Leading to the Nearest Town and Worked Rapidly and to Effect—Big Posse in Pursuit.

Guthrie, Okla., Oct. 18.—"Dynamite Dick, the Terror of the Oklahoma Prairies," rode into Carney, Okla., on Saturday night and held up the whole town.

He rode in at the head of five of his trusty followers and all wore heavy masks. In each of his waving hands there was a barking revolver, and out of his mouth came yells that revived memories of the old days on the plains.

Each of his men was similarly equipped in the way of weapons, and each strove, by the wildness of his cries, to rival the dread impression created by his chief.

Town Wholly at Their Mercy.

In five minutes the town was at their mercy. The 300 men, women and children who go to make up the population of the place, surrendered almost at the first shot fired in the air and the ransacking desperados found it easy to get away with pretty nearly everything valuable that lay at hand, or that had been locked up by timid owners.

"Dynamite Dick" superintended the "job," which was performed with much neatness and an immense amount of dispatch.

He and one of his fellows captured the big "general store," which is the chief pride of most Oklahoma towns. The two men found the owner of the store, one Foutz, and his young son alone in the place, and the latter promptly held up their hands. Those of the father, however, were made to come down again as promptly, and to as much purpose.

Foutz, at "Dick's" imperative command, opened the big iron safe behind the counter and handed over, with trembling hands, the \$800 which it contained, his son meanwhile gazing with great earnestness into the muzzle of the other robber's pistol.

Bound Them to a Tree.

Having gotten all that he could conveniently carry away with him, "Dick" concluded to make a good job sure. So he tied up the hands of the man and his son, strapped them both on a pony, which he found attached to a horse ring in front of the store, and sent them under escort of his "pal" to a place outside the town, where the "pal" bound his captives to a tree and left them to silently bemoan their fate, enforcing quiet lamentations by means of a gag in the mouth of each.

Took Everything of Value.

In the meantime, other members of "Dynamite Dick's" busy gang had been seeking booty elsewhere. They thought they would get a rich haul in the Post office, but being disappointed there, they turned their attention to other buildings in the immediate vicinity.

In the little shanty dignified by the name of "hotel," they found an abject proprietor and several travelling men who make no

Joseph Trujillo Shoots a Murderous Thief with His Own Pistol.

Wife Locks Herself in the Room with the Fighters and Her Little Boy.

The Wounded Man Jumps from a Window and, Flying, Leaves a Sanguinary Track.

BLOODHOUND FOLLOWS HIS TRAIL.

But the Big, Keen-Scented Dog Was Baffled—The Burglar Finally Caught in Roosevelt Hospital.

Joseph Trujillo, in his own house, had a desperate fight with a burglar early yesterday morning. He unmasked the burglar, wrestled his revolver from him and shot him. The burglar jumped from the window and made off. The police tracked him by the trail of blood he left until the trail ended. Then they put a bloodhound on it, and the dog's keen scent was baffled, too. The burglar was afterward caught in a hospital with a wound that will prove fatal. All in all this is a most exciting and interesting series of events.

Joseph Trujillo is a short, stocky young man, with a very dark complexion, black eyes and a smiling face. He is a Cuban; that is to say, he is a fighter. He is port steward of the Ward line of steamers. His father, Henriquez Trujillo, is editor of the Cuban revolutionary newspaper El Porvenir. Father and son are prominent in Cuban affairs.

The Trujillos keep a boarding-house at No. 348 West Thirty-third street, which is much patronized by young Cubans who come to this city to be educated. The house is brownstone, four-stories high. Before it is a flagged area enclosed by a railing. Joseph Trujillo, his wife and their son, Alexander, two and one-half years old, occupy the first floor. The front room is the parlor, back of it is Mr. Trujillo's bedroom, and back of that the dining room. The front parlor windows are four feet above the flagged area and have neither bars nor shutters. They alone in the block are thus unprotected, so the burglar made a careful choice.

Man in a Closet.

Mrs. Trujillo awoke at 2 o'clock yesterday morning. She and her husband and little Alexander lay in a folding bed. Looking over the low foot of the bed, Mrs. Trujillo looked right into a closet, so close to her that, when its door was opened, it had struck the bed and so aroused her.

The room was very dark, a gas lamp was dimly burning on the dining room table. Mrs. Trujillo knew she had shut that closet door. Peering into the closet, she was horrified to see a man crouching there. His back was toward her, and he was rummaging among the clothes in the closet.

Mrs. Trujillo's Husband and Whispered:

"There's a man in the room." Low as was the whisper, the quick-eyed burglar heard it. He knew he had awakened the woman in bed, but he determined to take chances, to wait until she fell asleep or if she awoke her husband, to fight his way out. Softly shutting the closet door, the desperate fellow crept back into the dining room.

Arrijillo was wide awake by that time. He jumped out of bed and strode into the dining room. The burglar, on one knee, arose and confronted him. The two men were face to face. The burglar pulled a

Continued on Second Page.