

### KIDNAPPED AND HELD FOR RANSOM?

Boy Returns, After a Mysterious Disappearance, with a Marvelous Tale.

Says Four Men Seized and Gagged Him and Carried Him to Their Den.

It Was a Gloomy Hut in the Woods, Where They Also Held Another Prisoner.

GUARDED NIGHT AND DAY FOR MONTHS.

Their Captors Left One Night, Presumably for Another Victim, and in Their Absence the Captives Broke Out by Using an Axe.

William Allen, the seventeen-year-old boy of New Jersey, who suddenly vanished months ago, turned up at New York with a tale that is strange and marvelous. He says he was captured by four men in the woods of New Jersey and held for ransom. For three weeks he and another prisoner in the woods were guarded night and day for months. The captors left one night, presumably for another victim, and in their absence the captives broke out by using an axe.

On September 8, as told in the Journal, Allen set off for Anandale, four miles distant, to collect some bills for his father. When William failed to return, his father and mother searched for him and his brother. Descriptions of the boy and his captors were published in the papers, but nothing was said about a reward for the return of William Allen. This the parents did not deem necessary, as they had no idea that their son had fallen into the evil clutches of the banditti.

It was while passing under the Central Railroad bridge, a short distance out of Anandale, that the banditti, four in number, rose up and grasped William. He says he fought and plunged and bit and kicked, but when he could do no more he was gagged with a handkerchief and carried to a place where he was held for ransom. The kidnappers sped over hill and dale to the Dutch Valley Railroad, three miles away, where an empty box car, eastward bound, was waiting. Without stopping, William was loaded into the car. The kidnappers followed and locked the door. The train rumbled along until nearly dark, and then stopped, while the kidnappers and William Allen got out and walked several miles. The train meant to proceed. On reaching the two-story log hut, located in the heart of a dense forest, the banditti assigned William to a small but comfortable bed in the top room with two small windows in it. That same night the banditti went forth and captured a Phalash, L. E. boy, whom they gagged and carried to the same place.

These three days months elapsed while the boys were held for ransom that never came. The kidnappers treated their captives kindly and fed them well. They never left all day, some banditti remaining to watch the prisoners while the rest were out differently pursuing the ransom business. At last, on Wednesday evening, the guard banditti went in search of more boys and abandoned their post. They were taken away, and the two boys were left in the hut. The banditti were slightly wrinkled, as if the boy had slept in a room or on the floor. The boy had seen the two-story log hut in the woods. The name of the Flathead boy could not be learned.

### PROTECTING THE JOLLY TAR.

Commissioners Careful in Granting Licences for Sailors' Boarding Houses.

The many robberies perpetrated on sailors boarding houses and cheap hotels in this city have caused the Board of Commissioners to be hearing these places to take action with a view of putting an end to the objectionable resorts. The board, of which Captain George W. Brown is the president, met yesterday at No. 46 Catherine street. Many applications were made, but President Brown said that no license would be granted until a careful investigation was made as to the character of the houses, and also their sanitary condition.

### SHE CRIED "STOP" IN TIME.

Young Woman Just About to Be Married When She Objected.

A well-dressed young couple visited the marriage bureau at the City Hall yesterday and asked for a marriage license. One of the clerks rushed off and got an Alderman, and the ceremony had reached the solemn "I will" stage, when a light suddenly dawned upon the young woman, and she exclaimed: "Stop! Stop! I want a permit to marry you. We wish only for a permit." The Alderman left disgusted, and the clerks explained that in this State no license to wed is necessary. Beyond saying she was from Boston, the young woman would not reveal anything regarding her identity.

### LOST HER BABY IN OBEYING LAW.

Janitress of a Big Flat Was Ordered to Have Snow in Front Removed.

Took a Shovel to Cleanly, and Left Two Young Children in Her Rooms Alone.

While She Worked Boy's Clothes Caught Fire from the Stove and His Little Life Was Lost.

TRAIL OF FLAME ON THE CARPET.

Two Blocks from the Scene Another Child Was Frightfully Burned While Mother Was Absent on an Errand.

Police Officer Burke, of the East Street Station, passed the flat house No. 321 East Fifty-fifth street yesterday morning the snow was piled in the gutter. Colonel Waring's men and cleaned the snow from the downtown streets, but in the neighborhood east of Second avenue the gutters in many places were filled up and the policeman's duty was to order the janitress to clean them out.

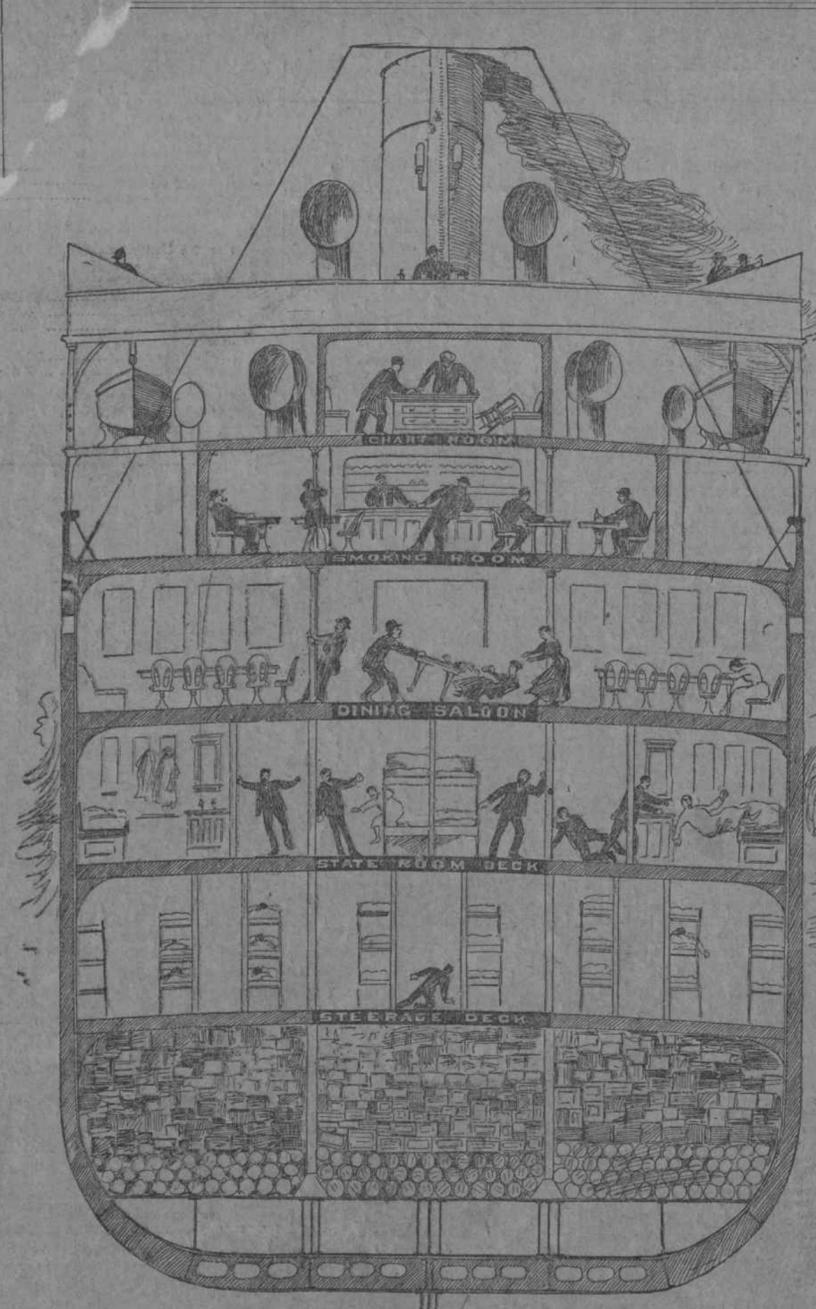
Mrs. Augusta Hattendorf, the janitress of No. 321, was given instructions by the policeman at 11 o'clock. The Hattendorfs live on the ground floor, and when the mother went outside the two children, Louise, aged four, and Loreta, three years old, climbed on a lounge in the front room to watch her. The younger of the children, tired of watching her mother, pushed the pane of glass and went back to the kitchen, where a range with an open grate fire made it warmer.

A few minutes later little Louise heard a shriek and saw "Baby" running from the kitchen with her hair and clothing on fire. Louise pounded on the window and cried to her mother that "Baby" was on fire. The appearance of the child at the window and her frightened expression warned the mother, who rushed into the house.

Little Loreta was standing in the center of the room, enveloped in flames. Around her the carpet was blazing, while a trail of fire, made from the fragments of her dress as they fell flaming to the floor, led to the kitchen. The mother wrapped the little one in a woollen shawl, smothering the flames. Neighbors, attracted by the shrieks, rushed in, and the fire was stamped out. Dr. Purlong, who was attending a patient in the house, did all he could for the little sufferer, who lived only a quarter of an hour.

Police Officer Burke, making his rounds a few minutes later to see that his orders were obeyed, saw the crowd in front of the house, caused by the child's death, and reported it to the Coroner's office. Two hours before "Baby" Hattendorf was burned to death Barbara Ackerman, two years old, of No. 307 East Sixty-third street, was burned so badly that her life is despaired of. The Ackermans live on the third floor of the double flat house. About 9 o'clock Mrs. Ackerman looked about the rooms to see that everything was all right. The two children, Barbara and a little boy named Frederick, were playing on the floor of the front room. The mother continued to talk about going near the fire, and placing packages in front of the stove, slipped on her shawl to go to the grocery.

When she returned less than five minutes later she found the children screaming at the top of their voices, and Barbara's head was ablaze. The child's head, face and arms were frightfully burned, and in another minute she would have been cremated. The mother's timely arrival was all that saved her from the fate of the Hattendorf baby. A doctor from the Flower Hospital dressed the burns, and gave it as his opinion that if no complications set in the little one would recover. The little boy was the cause of the trouble. He had discovered a box of matches and proceeded to light them. Paper was ignited, and the girl, unable to get out of the way, fell on her head. Her hair caught fire, and in trying to put it out her hands were burned.



View of the Interior of the Steamship Germanic on Her Late Voyage.

This stanch White Star liner reached port yesterday after a trip in which there was not a moment's calm. Passengers found it impossible to keep their feet or even, at times, their chairs or berths. One or two were bruised, but no one was seriously injured.

### HE HAD NO APPENDIX.

Ex-Congressman Cutter Enjoying a Grim Joke at the Expense of the Physicians Who Diagnosed His Case.

Morrisstown, N. J., Dec. 18.—Ex-Congressman Augustus W. Cutter is enjoying rather a grim joke at the expense of the medical fraternity. For three weeks Cutter has been confined to his home, here, suffering from what the physicians declared to be appendicitis. He had experienced a similar attack some years ago and felt no uneasiness. However, as the present attack proved to be too much for the remedies applied, Mr. Cutter finally consented to undergo an operation.

On Monday Dr. McBurney, the New York specialist, performed the operation. Mr. Cutter was placed under the influence of anaesthetics, and the surgeon made an incision at the proper point. But he didn't find the vermiform appendix. Mr. Cutter didn't have any. So the incision was sewn together and nature is now finishing the job.

Mr. Cutter is recovering from the effects of the operation, and will soon be around again. He now chuckles when appendicitis is mentioned. "I read of a Boston man," he says, "who took a precautionary step which I think I shall follow. He wears a card pinned to his undershirt which bears this inscription: 'My appendix has been cut out.' He says he does this to keep the doctors from operating on him for appendicitis in case he is picked up in a fainting condition on the street some day. I think I'll do the same."

### HERRMANN'S BODY HERE.

The Great Magician Will Be Buried from Masonic Temple Tomorrow.

The body of Alexander Herrmann, the famous magician, who died Thursday from heart disease while travelling from Rochester, N. Y., to a Pennsylvania town, was brought to this city yesterday morning in his private car over the Erie Railroad. The widow, and B. H. Schuchman, who was Herrmann's manager, and twenty members of the company accompanied the body. Henry Rosner, president of the Erie Transfer Company, who was a close friend of Herrmann; Henry Dazian, the costume; Charles Henry Butler, for many years Herrmann's attorney; Mr. and Mrs. James Mead, and E. Townsend Fredericks were among those who awaited the arrival of the remains at the Jersey City depot. The body will remain in the private car until tomorrow morning.

All arrangements for the funeral were completed last night in the offices of Charles Henry Butler, at No. 142 Broadway. Mrs. Herrmann is prostrated with grief, and she has left everything in charge of Mr. Butler. Services will be held in Masonic Temple, Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, at 1:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Rev. Dr. Silverman, of Temple Emanuel, will make a brief address, after which the Masons, Lodge of Masons will perform the Masonic rites. The ushers at the Temple will be H. A. Rockwood, D. H. Schuchman, Jacob Neu-

### MISS PORTER TO CHRISTEN A GUNBOAT.

Annapolis, Md., Dec. 18.—Major Thomas has been notified by the Navy Department that a gunboat, to be launched at the Lewis Nixon Works, Elizabethport, N. J., December 25, has been named in honor of Annapolis. In response to Secretary Herbert's suggestion that the city authorities select some one to christen the vessel, the City Council last night decided to select Miss Georgia Porter, daughter of Lieutenant Theodore Porter, U. S. N., and granddaughter of the late Admiral Porter.

It was rumored late last night that B. H. Schuchman has cabled to a nephew of the dead magician in Paris to sail for these shores immediately. This nephew, the reporter said, was also an expert in the mysterious art, and that Mr. Schuchman anticipates he will become a second "Herrmann the Great."

Miss Porter, who had gone to sleep in his berth, was thrown against his ante-room door, and then the door swung him back into his berth again. Other passengers in the saloon, and the stowage as well, were knocked from their feet, but no one was seriously hurt.

Not a scratch showed on the Germanic yesterday to indicate her stormy trip.

### GERMANIC WAS A REAL GYMNASIUM.

All the Way Across Her Passengers Performed Acrobatic Feats.

Roughest Voyage in the History of the Steamship, but Not a Bolt Loosened.

Souvenirs of the Trip Retained by the Voyagers in the Shape of Black and Blue Bruises.

ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO EAT.

Soup Went More Often Into Laps Than Mouths, and One Enormous Wave Floored Every Body.

The White Star liner Germanic completed one of the liveliest voyages of her existence when she reached her North River pier yesterday morning from Liverpool and Queenstown. Her decks were constantly washed from the time she left Queenstown on December 10, and not until she crawled through the Narrows late on Thursday evening did the liner find an even keel. Her officers and crew were worn out, the passengers weary in body and mind, and the sound of the anchor chains ringing through the hawse holes as the ship slowed down off Quarantine was sweet music to the storm-tossed voyagers. They had fairly earned a respite, for not a few of the sixty-seven saloon passengers were nursing bruises they will carry for days to come as souvenirs of the voyage.

But right into a gale. The Germanic received a foretaste of what was to come when she left the Mersey for Queenstown, but it was not until she was fairly out of the latter port that the real excitement began. The steamship pinged at once into the full fury of a north-westerly gale that sent tons of water over her starboard bow. Then the wind veered to the northward, striking the steamer fairly abeam. It was no easy task even for the seamen to keep their feet, with the vessel heeling at from 30 to 45 degrees, and to the seadick passengers it was a feat to get up for anything they had to do.

The storm-tossed roll of the vessel was agony to Neptune's victims, and yet they were fortunate in one sense. At least they had no longing for food, and the serving of meals during the storm-tossed days was almost impossible. Soup distributed itself in a diner's lap quite as often as it went down his throat. The climax came last Wednesday night when a great sea struck the Germanic and sent spray clear over the bridge. The steamship's next instant stood almost on her port beam ends and passengers, caught unawares, performed more feats of tumbling than they would have believed possible.

### SOME OF THE PASSENGERS HURT.

D. S. Taylor, who was playing cards in the smoking room, had reached over to touch a call button when the steamer lurched. Mr. Taylor was painfully bruised, and slammed against the salubrious. He complained of himself by grabbing the table, but one man fairly stood on his head. The next instant stood almost on her port beam ends and passengers, caught unawares, performed more feats of tumbling than they would have believed possible. In the ladies' boudoir Miss L. B. Saro was writing a letter, when the sudden movement of the Germanic caused her to take a back somersault, while the desk piled itself on top of her, and ink from a shattered stand splinkled and ruined the dress she wore. Miss Saro was bruised from head to foot, but no bones were broken.

H. Thorpe, who had gone to sleep in his berth, was thrown against his ante-room door, and then the door swung him back into his berth again. Other passengers in the saloon, and the stowage as well, were knocked from their feet, but no one was seriously hurt.

### ALL THE GIRLS GET IT.



THE WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL.

### CARS CRASHED AT DEAD MAN'S CURVE.

Collision Which Shook Up Passengers and Nearly Ended a Driver's Life.

Platform and Man Are Thrown into the Air and a Blockade Follows.

Cable Train Was Racing Around the Bend When the Horse Car Tried to Cross.

GRIPMAN WAS A NEW MAN.

Both He and the Driver Bravely Stuck to Their Posts and the Horses Started to Run Away.

By a collision on "Dead Man's Curve" last evening the lives and limbs of two scores of passengers were endangered and the driver of a street car came within an ace of being killed on the spot. The collision was between one of the green line horse cars, which traverse Fourteenth street, then bend east, and a Broadway cable car rounding the curve at full speed, bound north. Both cars were loaded with passengers. The green car was in charge of Driver Bussell Terwilliger, who lives at No. 415 West Thirty-third street. Gripman William J. Mendell, of No. 438 West Forty-fifth street, who is said to be a new man, was at the grip, on the cable car. The cable car shot toward the first curve at high speed, just as the front platform of the green car reached the track.

Driver Terwilliger threw back the front door and shouted to the passengers to save themselves, and at the same time he endeavored to unlatch his team, which he had sprung at right angles across the track. With such violence did the cars come together that both were hurled off the tracks, the green car being turned completely across the uptown cable track, and the cable car itself being tossed several feet from the rails. Terwilliger was bending over the dashboard of his car striving to uncoil the team, when he was thrown into the air with the front platform of his car. The team dashed forward when the impact came, and, hitched to the wrecked platform, started on a run in the direction of the park. They were stopped by one of the employees of the cable road. Terwilliger landed all in a heap in the mud. He was not seriously injured. The road was blocked for upwards of twenty minutes.

### CITIZENS BARRED THE WAY.

Residents of Fleetwood Fence Out the Garbage Collector to Abate a Nuisance.

Henry Fink, garbage contractor, of the city of Mount Vernon, found it necessary on Friday morning to call on the police for assistance and protection against the residents of Fleetwood, who obstructed the public highway leading to the dumping ground, and guarded it against all comers. The dumping ground is on Locust avenue near the Bronx River.

For a long time the people of that locality have complained about the bad odor which pervades the atmosphere, and tried various means to prevent refuse from being dumped there. At one time the women of the place assailed the city employees with rotten eggs and forced them to flee. Henry Fink lives near the dumping grounds. On Thursday he built three high fences at three strategic points on Locust street, completely shutting off the street and closing all entrances to the dumping grounds. Mr. Fink stormed and raged. Half a dozen loaded carts were waiting to be emptied and considerable time was being lost. He ordered the obstructions to be removed. Mr. Herrmann laughed in his face. On the morning in question Fink called on Commissioner Odell and poured out his tale of woe. "What!" exclaimed Odell, "a fence across a public road? Well, that will come down in short order. More than one! All right, both must come down. Ask the police for help. Chief Foley sent Policemen Asworth and Marsh and half a dozen special officers to the enemy's country. As fast as they tore down the fences Mr. Fink and his friends rebuilt them, until the officers threatened arrest, and then there was a retreat.

New games, "The Wide World," "Prisoner of Zenda" and "Pillows-Dex."



THE FINGERS WITH WHICH MAGICIAN HERRMANN PERFORMED HIS WONDERFUL FEATS.