



The newsboy carols
This roundelay:
"Here's work enough
For all this day."

PAGES 9 TO 16.

THE JOURNAL.

TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1896.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

The newsboy sees
The last one go:
"Gee whiz! Didn't
think
They'd sell off so!"



PAGES 9 TO 16.

MARK HANNA IN HIS WORKSHOP.

A Glimpse of the Man Who Is Conducting the McKinley Campaign.

He Looks on Platt and Quay as the "Merest Political Babies."

With a Self-Satisfied Smile He Shows That the Ohio Man Is as Good as Nominated.

HE CLAIMS NOW TO HAVE ILLINOIS.

A Talk with the Shrewd Leader, Who Wants Nothing to Do with the Bosses, and Whose Confidence in Himself Is Supreme.

Cleveland, Ohio, April 13.—"Platt and Quay are the merest political babies." It was Mark Hanna, the great McKinley chief and pantata of protective tariff politics, who said this. I had called on Mr. Hanna at the rooms of the McKinley propaganda on lower Superior street in this city. The discussion had fallen on Platt and Quay.

"They are political babies," reiterated Mr. Hanna. "Merest children in politics. Their methods show it. I had been led to believe both Platt and Quay astute, far-sighted politicians. They are nothing of the sort. They have so far conducted their end of this like ten-year-old children." "Only the other day," said a newspaper man, who was present, "when I was traveling in the East, Platt, discussing the situation, said McKinley's canvass was in the hands of amateurs, conducted in an amateur way. 'We will show them,' said Platt, to me, 'before we're through that they are not contending with plagues.'"

Mark Hanna smiled the wide smile of one who regards a present enterprise as already a success. Hanna believes McKinley has already won his fight, that to nominate him now is only a formality and that in fact everything is over but the yelling.

"I see Cullom has come out in a letter," said Hanna, turning to me. "He's not a candidate, so Cullom says." "He told me that six months ago in Washington."

"That's all right," replied Hanna, smacking his thick lips unctuously, "we're glad to hear from him that way, just now. Just the same, we never thought he was running, but it's a good thing for us to have Cullom come out definitely and say so."

Cullom, by the way, told me at his house some months ago—I started to Hanna—that he would not be a Presidential candidate. This was at the beginning of December, last year.

"I will not run," said Cullom to me, on that occasion, "I told my people at Springfield the last time I was elected to the Senate, that from then to the end of my life I should want nothing, ask for nothing. I shall never again seek any office of any sort. If I ever hold one after the expiration of my present term, it will be forced upon me. I shall not run, therefore, for the Presidency."

But to return to Hanna and his McKinley workshop at Cleveland. There are five spacious apartments with a multitude of desks and a cloud of clerks. At Hanna's elbow a long distance telephone with a curve to it like unto the neck of a swan offers itself to the ear and lips of Hanna. At the other end in Canton, something like sixty-five miles away, is McKinley. They hold frequent and long and earnest, and, no doubt, momentous confabs, McKinley and Mark Hanna, every day.

He's Got Illinois Now.

"With Cullom down and out," remarked to Hanna, as I returned to the charge, "McKinley ought to get Illinois, hadn't he?"

"He's got it now," broke in Major Dicks, who is Hanna's chief lieutenant in his McKinley campaign. "McKinley's about got Illinois now. He'll get the delegation."

"If McKinley hasn't got it now," observed Hanna, with much complacency, "he's getting it mighty fast, you can put that down."

"I got a recent letter from ex-Senator Ingalls," I remarked, willing to do my share toward elevating the gayer of the crowd. "Ingalls has been lecturing through Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. He closed his letter by saying he regarded the contest for the St. Louis nomination as all one way and practically closed. 'Everybody I meet,' wrote Ingalls, 'is for McKinley.'"

"They are," retorted Hanna, "and the battle's all but over and won. Another week's work and it's as good as done. McKinley will be practically nominated."

"The wires to-night," said the newspaper man from the East, "tell of a demand at Indianapolis made by the McKinley men on the Harrison men, saying that if Harrison was not formally and decidedly withdrawn they, the McKinley men, would force instructions for McKinley. The Harrison men, it seems, want the McKinley instructions to leave an open way for the Hoosier delegation to vote for Harrison should he come to some eleventh hour conclusion to let his name go into the convention."

"Harrison is out of it and not a candidate," said Major Dicks decisively; "there's no doubt of that. And such being the case, why pretended friends of his should obstruct McKinley in Indiana is more than one can see. At any rate, it is proposed to force McKinley instructions at Indianapolis."

At this point it should be understood that Mark Hanna and Major Dicks are just now synonyms of McKinley politics. What one says the other says. Mark Hanna and Major Dicks are the Siamese twins of the McKinley boom. Mark Hanna is rotund, ruddy, rough and abrupt of manner. Major Dicks is dark with voluminous Paderewski hair; he is pale, smooth shaven, wool-footed, soft of speech and cat-like. They are a great contrast, and a fine pair to hold before the draw in this game of White House winning, are Mark Hanna and Ma-



MARK HANNA.

He is conducting the McKinley campaign, and claims the Ohio man is as good as nominated. He characterizes Platt and Quay as "political babies," and purposes to carry on his principal's canvass without assistance from the bosses.

(Sketches by a Journal staff artist in Hanna's political workshop.)

PROMINENT MAN OF SING SING MISSING.

Isaac B. Noxon, Bank Cashier and Town Official, Cannot Be Found.

He Left Business on Leave of Absence and Should Have Returned a Week Ago.

HIS ACCOUNTS ARE ALL STRAIGHT.

Grace, His Daughter, Says He Took with Him Considerable Money and Fears Foul Play—No Clue to His Whereabouts.

The whereabouts of Isaac B. Noxon, one of the most prominent men of Sing Sing, is a mystery; and although his friends have been quietly looking for him for a week, they have been unable to get any clue to him.

Mr. Noxon for the past thirty years has been cashier of the First National Bank of that village. He has also been the secretary of the Sing Sing Savings Bank. He is about sixty years of age and is a widower, having one grown up daughter named Grace.

Cashier Noxon has been working hard for many years without a vacation, and four weeks ago he was granted a three weeks' leave of absence. He was to have returned to work on Monday, April 6.

He communicated with his daughter after leaving and told the bank officials he intended to visit friends in Pennsylvania and would also stop off at other places. Miss Noxon last heard of her father a few days before he should have returned.

Although the National Bank and the Sing Sing Savings Bank are different institutions, they are in the same building. It was decided by the officers of the Sing Sing Savings Bank a short time ago to move. Just before Noxon left on his vacation, he tendered his resignation as cashier of the National Bank, on account of the two banks preparing to occupy different offices.

Everything was in readiness for the opening of the Savings Bank's new building on Monday. When Noxon did not put in an appearance, the bank did not go into the new place, and is still in the building with the National Bank.

When Noxon did not appear last Tuesday at his bank, an inquiry was made for him, and, although different relatives were asked regarding him, nothing could be learned as to where he was.

The fact that all his accounts in both banks were straight and balanced showed that he had been honest in his dealings with both institutions and the officials are mystified at his falling to report.

His daughter is prostrated over the absence of her father. She says she has not heard from him during the past ten days and fears he has met with foul play. She said that when her father left his home, which is over the bank building, he had considerable money in his possession.

Mr. Noxon has been a resident of Sing Sing for about forty years. He always took an active part in the village affairs and was president and treasurer of the corporation of Sing Sing for many terms. He was high in Free Mason circles, belonged to the Knight Templars and was a trustee of the First Baptist Church.

At the last election Noxon was elected Village Commissioner of the village. He

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was unopposed for the office, his name being on both the Republican and Democratic tickets. He has held the office ever since it was established in the village.

When the detective entered the restaurant the only inmates were Weininger, his wife, mother and sister. All were placed under arrest. He charged Weininger with keeping a disorderly house.

Weininger's explanation that the woman he had embraced was his wife was scouted by the astute detective and the four prisoners were hurried to the station house. The next morning they were discharged by Recorder McConough.

Detective Weinthal gave as his reasons for making the arrest that his suspicions had become aroused because Weininger had advertised for two handsome young women as night waitresses. He watched the place and when he saw Weininger and a woman embracing each other he made the arrest.

SENT TO JAIL FOR HUGGING HIS WIFE.

Louis Weininger, of Hoboken, Arrested by an Overzealous Detective.

He Had Been Three Weeks in a Cell Awaiting Trial and Then a Jury Acquitted Him.

POLICE WATCHED HIS RESTAURANT.

Saw Him Embrace a Woman, and, Being Suspicious That All Was Not Right, Raided the Place as Disorderly.

Louis Weininger, who kept a small coffee house at No. 404 Bloomfield street, Hoboken, hugged his wife, a comely woman, in the dining room one night about three months ago. He was arrested by Detective Weinthal, who thought that hugging was a woman in public was a most flagrant offense.

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Weinthal continued to watch the place, and three during the next few days arrested Weininger and his wife. The last time they were committed to the County Jail upon a charge of maintaining a disorderly house. Weininger claimed his repeated arrests were an outrage. He said he reserved the right to embrace his wife in public whenever he felt so inclined.

Mrs. Weininger obtained bail after being in jail three weeks. Her husband, however, was not so fortunate, and was forced to remain a prisoner.

The case was called yesterday before Judge Hudspeth in the Court of General Sessions. Detective Weinthal repeated his reasons for the arrest. Weininger told his story, which was corroborated by his wife. The jurymen, without leaving their seats, promptly acquitted him. Weininger said he will embrace his wife when he pleases, but not when Detective Weinthal is about.

MINERS LEFT TO DIE.

Seven Victims of the Butte Disaster According to Testimony, Might Have Been Saved but for Negligence.

Butte, Mont., April 13.—The coroner's inquest on the Hope mining disaster at Butte began this morning, and some most startling evidence was brought out, showing that the seven men who were suffocated in the burning mine were most cruelly left to their fate when the fire was discovered. They twice rung for the cage to come to the surface, but Engineer Webber paid no attention to the signals for reasons he refused to explain at the inquest.

When he discovered the fire himself it was too late to assist the men. The evidence also showed that Superintendent Fletcher of the mine was not an experienced miner, but he said he thought the men under him were experienced.

The method of working the Hope was twenty years behind the times and there were no means whatever for the men to get out of the big death trap without assistance from the outside.

The last body of the six miners killed by the powder explosion in the St. Lawrence mine on Saturday morning, was recovered at an early hour this morning and the coroner's inquest will begin this evening.

The position of the bodies found indicates that the men discovered that an explosion was about to occur in the mine for some reason, and started to run away, but they could not reach a safe distance before the explosion occurred.

For four weeks, he declared, he had not earned a cent and had been obliged to eat in different restaurants.

"What income have you at present?" Lawyer Lehmann asked, regarding Dessau with a peculiar smile.

"I have none," declared Dessau, positively.

Real estate speculations ruined him, Dessau said.

The examination was continued to the 27th.

SHIPWRECKED CREW PICKED UP AT SEA.

Italian Bark Africa Arrives with Eight Men Rescued from a Leaky Yawl.

They Are the Captain and Sailors of the Schooner John J. Marsh, Which Went Down on April 4.

HAD ABANDONED HOPE WHEN SAVED.

All Their Provisions Were Gone and Exposure in the Open Boat Had Numbled Them into Semi-consciousness.

Eight men, picked up at sea from a leaky yawl, were landed at this port yesterday by the Italian bark Africa. They were Captain Drinkwater and the crew of the American schooner John J. Marsh, which was abandoned on April 4 in a sinking condition.

With 30,000 bricks below decks and a deck cargo of 10,000 feet of lumber, the Marsh left this port for Jerome, Hagt, on April 3.

Hardly had the vessel cleared Sandy Hook when a north-west gale struck her, and, under double reefed foresail and fore-staysail, she scudded away before the tempest, which speedily swept her deck cargo overboard. The schooner's seams opened that night and all hands were sent to the pumps.

In spite of constant labor there was nine feet of water in the hold on the morning of April 4, and at 11 o'clock Captain Drinkwater decided to abandon the vessel. She was steadily settling, and, with her cargo of brick in the way, there was no chance to get at the leak.

It was still blowing a strong gale when the crew, after repeated efforts, managed to launch the yawl. They dropped it over the stern and hastily flung in such provisions as they could find, and a few casks of water.

Every oar but one was broken in the effort to push the yawl away from the sinking schooner, and a few moments later a big sea almost swamped the yawl and swept away nearly all of the provisions. The water casks were saved, and also some cases of sardines. These the men bound securely to the seats, and then worked the yawl away before the wind.

Sea after sea filled the boat, and to add to the danger she began to leak. Five of the men were kept busy bailing, while the captain and two others managed to keep the little yawl before the gale. The single oar left was used to steer with.

Early on Sunday morning, April 5, a steamer was seen dead ahead, and vain efforts were made to signal her. The men shouted in chorus, and the captain, who had managed to keep his revolver dry, fired it several times, but the steamer kept on her course.

The gale moderated Sunday night, but a cold north wind chilled the drenched men to the marrow. That last night, Sailor McDonald said, was one to be remembered. Very few of the sardines were left, but these were equally divided, and even the oil in the tin boxes was drunk by the crew. They were all so numbed by the cold as to be half unconscious.

When the Africa bore in sight, at 9 a. m. of April 6, the crew had almost abandoned hope. They lost everything but the clothes they wore. The last sea was built in Newburyport, Mass., in 1887, and registered 300 tons net.

SCHOOL TRUSTEE SUED.

Louise M. Galligan, a Teacher, Claims L. M. Hornthal Has Labeled Her.

Louise M. Galligan, once principal of the primary department of Grammar School No. 7, wants \$50,000 from Louis M. Hornthal, a school trustee, for a label he is alleged to have published against her.

Hornthal, the teacher claims, said that she extorted money from teachers under her control.

Justice Parker will try the case. Forty teachers were in the court to testify yesterday, but only the preliminary steps in the trial were taken.

MISS BROWN WILL GET SOMERS'S MONEY.

Surrogate Arnold Decides the Will Contest in Favor of the Young Woman.

Holds That There is no Evidence That She Exerted an Undue Influence.

SHE HAD NOT SEEN HIM FOR MONTHS.

Mother and Sisters of the Dead Man Are Given an Opportunity to Secure New Testimony to Support Their Claim.

Surrogate Arnold announced yesterday that he had practically decided to admit to probate the will of the late Frederick Maxwell Somers, founder of Current Literature. By this the entire estate is left to the deceased editor's fiancée, Miss Violet Gratz Brown, daughter of the late Dr. Gratz Brown, who ran for the Vice-Presidency on the same ticket with Horace Greeley.

Somers ignored his mother, two sisters and two half-sisters, and told his friend, W. J. Ritchie, who was with him when he died in a private hospital in Southampton, England, in February 1894, that he did not care to remember them in his will. Miss Brown offered the will for probate, and Somers's relatives contested it.

Throughout the trial every effort was made to show that Somers was subject to some undue influence, but Miss Brown proved conclusively that she had not seen Somers for several months prior to his death. All of the persons in Southampton who had anything to do with the execution of the will were, it was demonstrated, unimpeachable. The document was drawn up by one of the oldest and most respectable solicitors in Southampton and was witnessed by two sisters of charity. It was also shown that as Mr. Ritchie knew of Miss Brown only through Somers, he could have had no motive for influencing Somers to leave all his property to her.

From the beginning to the end of the trial Surrogate Arnold promptly checked all attempts on the part of counsel to the contestants to attack Miss Brown. He stated several times that the young woman's own testimony was clear and straightforward, and that she could not possibly be accused of undue influence.

"How," asked the Surrogate, "could Miss Brown have influenced Mr. Somers when she was six thousand miles away from him at the time of his death? As for Mr. Ritchie, why should he take a trouble to influence Mr. Somers in favor of Miss Brown, whom he had never met? It does not seem to me that the contestants have any ground for their case unless they can offer better evidence than this."

In order to give the contestants time to get more evidence, if possible, Surrogate Arnold said he would hold the decree open till a week from Saturday.

NEW BABOONS AT THE ZOO.

They Come from Abyssinia, and Are Said to Be the Most Intelligent in Existence.

Twelve baboons of a remarkable variety were added yesterday to the monkey department of the Central Park Zoo. They are known as Hamaradras baboons, and are natives of Abyssinia. They have remarkably long legs, with thin bodies, and are covered with peculiar gray hair. They have narrow white faces with dark noses.

The baboons are very intelligent. In their native state they live together in villages, which are usually clefts in the face of some high cliff. They arrange regular expeditions for foraging, and the entire village population, male and female, young and old, sets out. The oldest ones act as leaders and scouts. The scouts never take part in the foraging, but keep watch, while the others secure the food and get their own share and amount.

The baboons at the Zoo have spent most of their time thus far in studying their cage and in foraging for the food and water brought by the keepers.

The lower pond in the Park, close to Fifty-ninth street, was the centre of much interest yesterday, for four swans were placed in it. It is the first time in four years that any swans have been there.



SOME OF THE WAYS BY WHICH OUR BRAVE POLICEMEN MAY DISPOSE OF MAD DOGS.

Until the Board of Police Commissioners decides on the style, make and calibre of the weapons the members of the force are to use, each individual officer will have an opportunity to exercise his own discretion. In the case of the mad dog belonging to Dr. A. Assenheimer, of No. 323 East Fifty-first street, which escaped Sunday, Officer McNeary found the best weapon was a clothesline, with which he lassoed the animal, and then drew its body over the top of a fence and peppered it with a revolver in a way that demonstrated the excellence of the shooting school conducted for the police by Sergeant Petty. One of the officers attached to the Union Market Station puts forward the claim that the ordinary ice-tongs, usually seen dangling from the rear of the heavy ice wagons, possess an advantage over any other appliance in the work of subduing a mad dog. A Church Street Station patrolman, who has read of the method of catching a big by sprinkling salt on its tail, advocates the same method with the dog, while a big, good-natured policeman, who is a retired baseball pitcher, and who answers roll-call at the Park Street Station, is ready to swear by bricks.

A member of the bicycle squad who has been accustomed to strapping his three-year-old boy in a seat over the front wheel of his bicycle, says an appliance can be arranged there for a gassing gun, and then, when a mad dog is discovered, all the officer need do is to ride after him and turn the crank, and Colonel Ward's white-robed angel can sweep up the pieces. There are several other suggestions yet to come in, among which is the net method. In this instance each officer will be furnished with a net, which may be carried by a messenger boy following him. The dog will make for the boy, and the net is then spread over the brute. The policeman can then dispatch him with a short Roman sword. It is within the range of possibilities that each policeman may hereafter carry a number of assaul, and when a mad dog approaches the policeman, if his aim be accurate, can transfix the brute.