KEPT WIFE AFLOAT A MILE IN VAIN

Rescuing Tug Tears Woman from Husband's Arms and She Drowns.

THEIR BOAT CAPSIZED

Three Hundred Men on Ferryboat Make No Move to Aid Perishing Party.

COMPANIONS ARE RESCUED

Parent Claims That Life Preserver and Line Thrown to Him Fell Far Short.

To battle in a strong tide for a mile trying to keep his wife from drowning, to see three hundred men look down on his struggle and none give aid beyond tossing a life preserver that fell far out of reach, and at last to have a rescuing tug, tide driven, part him from his precious burden, was the experience that made Thomas F. Parent a widower yesterday and left him wild with rage against the ferry crew and passengers, whom he blames for his loss. He is employed by the Quintard Iron Works and lives at No. 313 West Thirty-sixth street.

"I would jump overboard to save a dog," he said yesterday, "but on that crowded ferryboat there wasn't a man brave enough to swim to me with a life preserver or a line, though all could see I had barely enough strength to keep my wife afloat and could not swim against the tide to reach the one life preserver they threw overboard."

He referred to the ferryboat Albany, of the West Shore Railroad. At its offices it was said that every effort was made to save Parent and his companion.

Parent and his wife, with Michael Melton, of No. 476 Sackett street, Brooklyn, and his son, Charles Melton, seventeen years old, who lived with the Parents, started from Joseph May's boat house, at the foot of West Thirty-fifth street, at three o'clock yesterday afternoon in a rowboat. They were bound to New Jersey for an outing.

When they were off Thirty-first street Parent and Michael Melton, who were rowing, saw the Albany approaching from astern. The ferryboat was on her way from Weehawken to the Jay street slip of the West Shore road. In preparing to avoid the Albany the rowers failed to observe a heavy swell, the wash of another feryboat, rolling broadside on from the other side. It struck the rowboat and capsized it before its occupants realized their danger.

Making a plunge for his wife, Parent grasped the back of her neck and dress and looked for the Meltons, the younger of whom cannot swim. He had climbed on the overturned rowboat, while his father clung to its side.

Life Lines Fall Short.

Parent, with his wife, was thirty feet away and all were floating down stream. Their plight was seen from the Albany, which bore down upon them and stopped fifty yards away to avoid injuring them. A life preserver was thrown toward Parent, but it fell far short, and then a line was tossed, but it did not nearly reach him. It would have been dangerous to approach nearer, the ferry officials say, and to take a lifeboat from the roof and launch it was not the quickest way to give aid.

With shrill distress calls from his steam whistle, the captain of the Albany told other craft of need for help. All this had taken at least twenty minutes, and Parent, his wife and companions had drifted many blocks down the river.

They were off Seventeenth street when the Albany's whistle, heard on the tugboat Edwin Terry, of the Cornell line, caused her captain to cast loose his tow of twelve barges and go to the rescue. Leaving his big ice and coal barges to float at will, he started for the capsized party. The Albany still hung near them.

Parted by Tugboat.

As the Terry ran down stream she moved swiftly, even after her engines were reversed in the effort to stop. Parent's strength was going fast and his wife was unconscious, though he still kept her head above water. Seeing the end so near he had struggled to reach the rowboat, and was close to it when the tug bore down on them. The Terry struck the rowboat and knocked young Melton into the water, but he and his father were quickly dragged aboard. The bow of the tug struck between Parent and his wife, breaking his hold. She was swept to one side of the Terry and he to the other. A line was thrown to the man and a deckhand leaned over to catch Mrs. Parent, but she sank instantly. The tug backed, and men stood ready to dive if she appeared, but she did not.

Parent was too weak to climb on board and was lifted out of the water. He became almost insane when he discovered that his wife had sunk and was with difficulty restrained from diving for her. The Albany stood by until the tug reached the drowning party. Her decks were crowded with Sunday outing seekers.

After watching for fifteen minutes for Mrs. Parent's body to appear the Terry went to the city fireboat dock at West Thirteenth street and landed Parent and the Meltons. Then her captain went back to his tow before a policeman could get his name.

Mrs. Annie F. Parent was thirty-six years old. The couple have no children.

PAPER TRAIN WRECKED

Flying Special Jumps Track at a Curve and Two Men Are Killed.

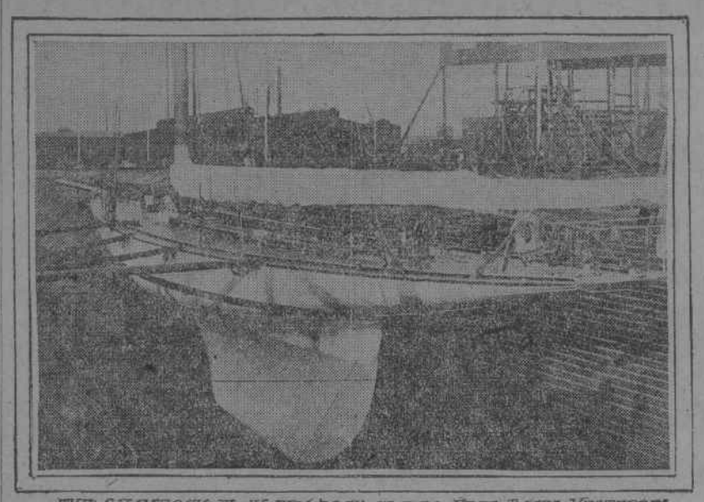
LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Sunday.—A special train of the New York Central Railroad, carrying New York city newspapers, was wrecked at Gulf Bridge, in this city, today. Robert Lilley, of Albany, engine driver, and Peter Conley, of Albany, fireman, were killed. Edward Dorf, Edward Dutton, Emanuel Mason and Robert Newman, newspaper messengers, were injured, but all are expected to recover.

The train was running a mile a minute. In rounding the sharp Gulf Bridge curve the engine jumped the track and landed at the foot of the embankment. The front car, in which were all of those injured, followed the engine.

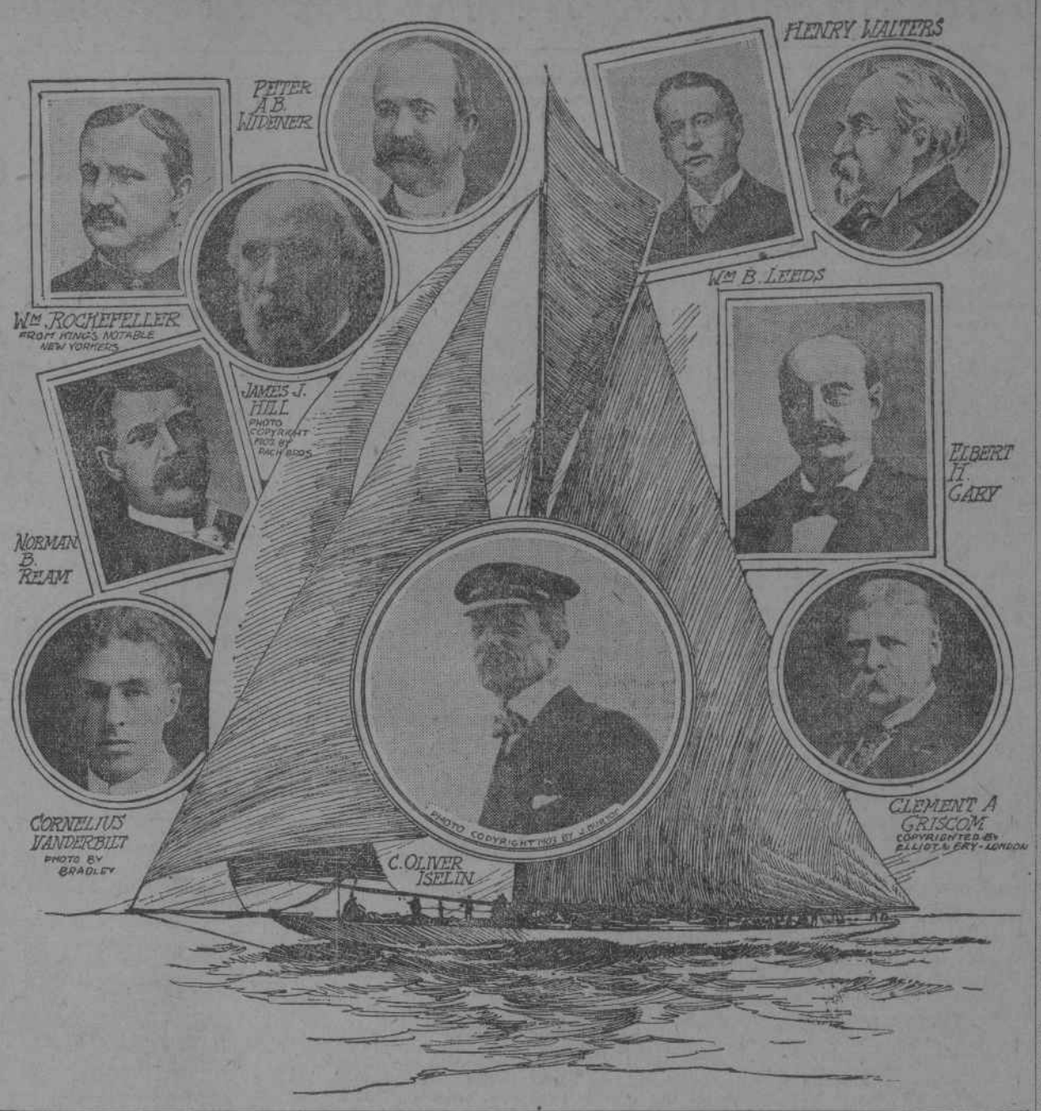
The bodies of Lilley and Conley were burned in the wreckage, but were later recovered.

Lilley was an extra engine driver, and this was the first time he had run the newspaper train, which makes fast time across the State. Members of the train crew assert that he did not reduce speed while rounding the curve.

The Shamrock III. in Dry Dock in Erie Basin and the Men Who Own the Reliance



THE SHAMROCK III IN DRY DOCK AT THE ERIE BASIN YESTERDAY



BOSS TWEED'S FOE, JOHN FOLEY, DEAD

New York's Pioneer Reformer, He Started Committee of Seventy Movement.

PURER POLITICS WAS HIS AIM

Began Gold Pen Business on Three Dollars Borrowed from Mother and Became Wealthy.

John Foley, New York's pioneer reformer, who brought the famous injunction suit which ended in the rout of the "Tweed ring," died late Saturday night after a lingering illness, at his home, No. 442 Lexington avenue. His health was shattered twenty years ago by his persistent fight for good government. Of recent years his son has had charge of his gold pen manufactory under the Astor House.

John Foley had an interesting career. Beginning with his election as a Supervisor in 1869, he started a single handed fight against "Boss Tweed," and did not let up until the famous ring was swept away. He joined with Commodore Vanderbilt in the project to extend Madison avenue to Yorkville, and was active for years in an effort to have a rapid transit railway between City Hall and Harlem.

After his fight against the Tweed ring he became recognized as a formidable foe to municipal corruption. He became a sufferer from nervous troubles and was described by certain officials as a "public scold," but, undismayed, he fought all his battles to a successful issue, until ill health finally took him out of the political arena.

John Foley was born in Ireland in 1834. He came to America when nine years old and was educated in St. Joseph's College, Montreal. When a boy his mother brought him to New York. One day he borrowed $3 from her and bought several gold pens, which he resold. Little by little he accumulated capital, and fifty years ago he embarked in the gold pen business in Broadway, under the Astor House. In time he became comparatively wealthy.

In 1869, he was induced to become a candidate for Supervisor, and promised to end frauds in the Board. Tammany fought him hard, and he charged that organization with counting him out. After a long legal battle he was declared elected, but Tammany quickly had the Board abolished. He sent Governor Hoffman a magnificent gold pen with which to sign the bill, which ended the Board's existence.

In 1871, he started a movement for the appointment of the Committee of Seventy, and on September 7 of that year asked for an injunction against the Tweed officials in order to stop corruption which Mr. Foley alleged had cost the city $50,000,000. It was the entering wedge which ultimately brought ruin to Tweed and his adherents.

Mr. Foley was given moral support in his fight by President Grant and Governor Tilden. At a conference in Long Branch with President Grant, after six of the ablest lawyers in New York had told him that the evidence he had was insufficient to successfully rout the Tweed gang, the President advised Foley to proceed.

Mr. Foley was mentioned for Mayor of New York in 1878, but his boom collapsed.

Mr. Foley had an interesting controversy with John R. Fellows, when the latter was District Attorney, in 1888. After a futile effort to prosecute a former employe, he forged Mr. Fellows' name to a subpoena He described the act as merely a "jocular forgery." Mr. Fellows declined to prosecute him.

During the war Mr. Foley served as a captain in the Commissary Department. In later years he had legal troubles with his sons. He was married a second time in 1900 to Sarah Dillon. His second wife and eight children by his former marriage survive him. The funeral services will be held in St. Patrick's Cathedral to-morrow morning.

HER YOUNG BEAR MUCH TOO FRISKY

So Miss Frances Griscom's Pet Has Lost His Aristocratic Home.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sunday.—Miss Frances Griscom has given her bear to the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens. Miss Griscom is very fond of pet animals, and an admirer who knew of this brought the bear, then a cub only a month old, from a hunting trip in the Rocky Mountains last spring and sent him to Miss Griscom at the country home of her father, Clement A. Griscom. Since then this baby bear has been growing up amid aristocratic surroundings.

Mischievousness led the pet into all sorts of pranks and troubles. He played havoc with dogs and cats which came within the circle prescribed by the limit of his chain. After a determined effort by Miss Griscom to teach him proper behavior, the bear, now one-third grown, was given up as incorrigible and doomed to exile.

Though known as a black bear, the animal's coat is brown and silky. Two twinkling little black eyes flash with the mischievousness that exiled him from the Griscom country home.

He occupies a little den of his own, with bath, bedroom, sitting room and gymnasium, and is learning to eat peanuts.

The bear made the journey from Haverford on Thursday, in care of Robert McCrossin, a keeper, and he gave a lively time to McCrossin. One leg of the keeper's new uniform trousers was ripped from thigh to ankle by the bear's claws and the youngster has since been trying to digest several mouthfuls of cloth from various parts of the same uniform.

WEALTHY WOMAN SWALLOWS POISON

Mrs. Philip Kleeberg Leaves Family Reunion and Drains Phial of Acid.

HER MOTIVE IS A MYSTERY

Sister Dashed Bottle from Woman's Hand, but Fatal Draught Had Been Taken.

Leaving the members of a house party composed of relatives and friends with a smile and a jest, Mrs. Marie Kleeberg, wife of Philip Kleeberg, a wealthy broker, committed suicide last evening in her handsome residence, at No. 3 Riverside Drive.

When the members of the party of which she a few minutes before had apparently been the merriest and most happy saw her she was lifeless on the floor of an upper room in the house, while her sister, Mrs. Sands, was bending over her trying to restore her to consciousness.

Excepting that his wife had been despondent for some time, Mr. Kleeberg refused to give the police any explanation of the tragedy.

According to the story he told the police, he and his wife had several brothers, sisters and other relatives to dinner in the early evening and later the husband and wife went out for a drive along Riverside Park.

They returned about half-past nine and rejoined their guests, who had adjourned to the piazza in front of the house. The evening passed gayly and every one was chatting and laughing, Mrs. Kleeberg in particular seeming to be in good spirits, when the hostess arose, excused herself and went inside of the house. She was gone about half an hour when her sister, Mrs. Sands, became uneasy at her absence and followed her.

Noticing a light in the bathroom, she entered, just in time to see Mrs. Kleeberg raise a bottle that contained carbolic acid to her lips. With a cry Mrs. Sands knocked the bottle from Mrs. Kleeberg's grasp, spilling the liquid over her own hands and thinly covered arms.

It was too late, however, to prevent Mrs. Kleeberg taking a large swallow of the poison.

Mrs. Sands' cry was heard by the guests on the piazza, and they rushed in to help her. They found Mrs. Kleeberg lying on the floor of the bathroom moaning with pain, and carried her to the dining room.

They sent for a physician, but he arrived too late to render assistance, Mrs. Kleeberg dying soon after he reached the house.

Dr. Franklyn, of No. 46 East Seventy-fifth street, a friend of the Kleebergs, appeared shortly afterward and was also hurried to the woman, who was dying.

At the height of the excitement a young woman servant in the Kleeberg household rushed out and met Policeman Richard O'Connor, of the West Sixty-eighth street station, on post. She told him of the tragedy.

The policeman telephoned to Roosevelt Hospital for an ambulance, but before it arrived Mrs. Kleeberg was dead. The police learned the details of the suicide, but were unable to discover a motive for the woman's act.

When the ambulance came a crowd of more than a hundred persons collected before the house in Riverside Drive, and the police were called upon to disperse them.

Mr. Kleeberg is said to be a millionnaire. He is a member of the Patria Club of this city.

He is a merchant in laces, with offices at No. 85 Mercer street, and is in business as a broker at No. 25 Broad street and at No. 32 Broadway.

The fact that there had been a suicide at the Kleeberg mansion reached the Ansonia Hotel, at Seventy-sixth street and Broadway, when the Kleebergs' second butler rushed wildly into the office of the hotel, crying, "Get a doctor, get a doctor, quick!" The clerk tried to quiet the man, but could not.

Michael Bennett, the house detective, ran up to the man, while the patrons fled in all directions from the butler, believing the man was mad. The butler danced wildly about the detective shouting for a doctor. He was without hat, coat or vest. It was several minutes before he was able to tell of the suicide intelligibly.

COUNT DIES A NURSE

Left His Wife and Home in Holland to Wander Over the Earth.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sunday.—Count Von Asperen Van der Veede, of an old Dutch family, died of heart disease at Ocean Beach last night, and the body was found this morning. The Count had earned his living here for five years as a nurse in hospitals. According to his friend, Dr. Alvey, the Count came from one of the noblest families in Holland, and had been a lieutenant in the Dutch Navy.

Five years ago he started around the world, leaving his wife, who is said to be wealthy, in his native country. A couple of years ago she obtained a divorce from him. He was a man of culture and refinement. His personal effects consisted of a purse containing a nickel and three tie pins, a crest beautifully framed in walnut, a picture of an unknown woman of rare beauty, and a newspaper clipping of a highly sentimental poem.

AUTOMOBILIST IS KILLED BY TRAIN

With Legs Cut Off and Dying, Albert Brussell Talks Bravely to Doctors.

HIS FRIENDS SEE ACCIDENT

Wealthy Young Man Had Just Left Party in Automobile When Locomotive Struck Him.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

RYE, N. Y., Sunday.—After spending the day at Rye Beach, Albert Brussell, a wealthy young man of Larchmont and a member of an automobile party, was run over last night by a train at the Rye Railroad station and lost both legs. He died this morning in the Port Chester Hospital.

Mr. Brussell, who was thirty-two years old, and was in the electrical business in New York, lived with a relative, Sol. Litchenstein, in the Kane villa, at Larchmont. Mr. Litchenstein explained to-day that he is not the bookmaker of that name. A man named Seidenberg, said to be a New York broker, living at Hastings on the Hudson, came to Larchmont yesterday and took Brussell out riding in his automobile. They went to the Rye Beach Inn, where they were met by two young women who are sisters.

After having dined at the inn the party left late in the evening. Mr. Seidenberg intended to make the run back to Hastings and take the women with him, and his guest, who desired to return to Larchmont, said that he would get out at Rye and go home on a train on the New Haven road.

As the automobile neared the station Mr. Brussell saw the train coming in, so he bade his friends a hasty good night and sprang out and ran. When he reached the station he discovered that he was on the wrong side, and rather than miss the train sprang over the fence that separates the tracks and tried to cross. Just then a fast freight train came along, and before he could get away he was struck by the locomotive.

His friends in the automobile witnessed the accident and the women became hysterical. Mr. Seidenberg called the railroad men and had the injured man carried into the station. Although Mr. Brussell was mangled and dying, he exhibited great pluck. He talked rationally with the doctors from the Port Chester Hospital who came with the ambulance and took him away, saying that he supposed that he would lose his legs, but that he wanted to live any way if possible. His friends followed him to the hospital and were with him until he died, at two o'clock this morning.

RUTH BRYAN'S NEW WORK

William J. Bryan's Daughter Will Take Up Settlement Work in Chicago.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

CHICAGO, Ill., Sunday.—Mrs. William J. Bryan and her daughter, Ruth, left tonight for their home, in Lincoln, Neb., after having spent several days in this city. One of the objects of the trip was to visit the Hull House Settlement, an institution supported by charities for the benefit of the poorer classes and conducted by Miss Jane Addams, a noted sociologist.

It is the intention of Miss Bryan to take up settlement work and to become a member of the Hull House staff early in the fall. She is nineteen years old and has been a student of the University of Nebraska during the last two years.

INSURED FOR $510,000

Life Policies for More Than Half a Million Held by the Late R. H. Foerderer.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sunday.—Insurance companies will be obliged to pay to the estate of Robert H. Foerderer, whose death occurred in his home at Torresdale three weeks ago, more than half a million dollars.

The largest amount held by one company is $200,000, for which Representative Foerderer was insured in the Equitable Life, of New York. The other policies are thus divided:—New York Life, $100,000; Provident Life and Trust, $50,000; Massachusetts Mutual Life, $50,00); New England Mutual Life, $35,000; Berkshire Life, $35,000; Washington Life, $30,000; Pennsylvania Mutual Life, $10,000, making a total of $510,000.

SCHWAB CAN AGAIN HEAD STEEL TRUST

Has a Contract Which Permits Him to Take Up Reins at Any Time.

NEW STORY OF HIS SALARY

"Million Dollars a Year" Was Really a Million Dollars in Five Years, Mr. Carnegie's Desire.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sunday. — Charles M. Schwab was recently quoted as having said that probably within one year he would assume his former position as president of the United States Steel Corporation, which he recently resigned on account of ill health. This has caused much speculation as to what sort of a hold Mr. Schwab has on the directors of the steel corporation, and a friend of Mr. Schwab furnishes this information, which, he says, is authentic.

When Mr. Schwab accepted the position of president of the combined steel interests, in 1901, he did it as the immediate representative of Andrew Carnegie. Mr. Schwab made a contract with the directors of the steel corporation that he should have the position for five years at a salary of $160,000 a year. When this amount was agreed upon, Mr. Carnegie, who is an ardent admirer of Mr. Schwab, and who wanted to bind the latter to him to represent his interests as the chief bond holder, said he would make the contract an even million dollars for the five years by adding $40,000 a year to Mr. Schwab's salary.

The question arose as to who Mr. Schwab's successor should be if he failed to satisfy the stockholders, or if he died or anything should happen to incapacitate him from work, as has happened. Mr. Schwab agreed that under such conditions he would voluntarily resign his position, providing he be permitted to select his successor, with the concurrence of Mr. Carnegie. This was agreed to. Mr. Schwab, while he has resigned the cares of the office, can at any time, however, until his five year contract expires, again take up the presidency of the corporation.

Mr. Schwab, in seeking to place some one in his position, naturally turned to a man in whom he had unbounded faith and one whom he had trained in the art of steel making. He did not select James Gayley, the first vice president, who was talked of for the position, because Mr. Gayley and Mr. Schwab had worked as Carnegie's young partners along different lines. Mr. Gayley had not worked directly under Mr. Schwab. He had the supervision of the ore interests, and his knowledge lies along the line of iron making, rather than the finishing of steel.

It was only after Mr. Schwab became president of the Carnegie Steel Company that Mr. Gayley was brought under Mr. Schwab's orders. Even then he was largely identified with the Oliver Mining Company and kindred organizations not directly accountable to the president of the Carnegie Steel Company. Mr. Corey had come up from the ranks, following close on Mr. Schwab's heels, and Mr. Schwab knew him better than any of the other officials.

Mr. Corey, as president of the United States Steel Corporation, was indorsed by Andrew Carnegie because Mr. Schwab was for him. The same might be said of the advancement of Alva Clymer Dinckey to the presidency of the Carnegie Steel Company.

When there was so much talk about President Schwab receiving $1,000,000 as a salary there was some truth in the story, but the salary was for five years instead of one year. How much of the million dollars President Corey will receive is not authentically known. The authority for the above declares it to be correct, in spite of the supposed revelation recently that Mr. Schwab's salary was only $100,000 a year.

DYNAMITE UNDER A TRAIN.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sunday.—An apparent attempt to wreck two passenger trains on the Missouri Pacific Railroad was made near Quindaro, Kan., last night. A charge of dynamite was exploded under the engine of a train due at the Union depot here at half-past ten o'clock from St. Joseph. An open switch was placed for another train outbound from Kansas City. The latter train was uninjured, and the incoming train escaped with only the headlight and the windows of the cab of the engine shattered. Forty passengers were on the train.

"L" PASSENGERS IN FIRE PANIC

More Than a Thousand in Wild Struggle to Escape Rain of Sparks.

FOUGHT BACK BY GUARDS

Metal Step Drops to Third Rail and Fire and Smoke Envelop the Train.

In panic under a rain of flying sparks and surrounded by flashes of fire, more than a thousand passengers on an elevated train of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company fought and pushed each other last night in a wild clamor to escape. Some were trampled under foot, one man was thrown through the glass of a car door and many women fainted.

Just as some of the passengers were on the point of leaping to the street the metal step, which had come in contact with the third rail and short-circuited the train, was lifted by the trainmen. The fire was quickly followed by smoke, which almost suffocated the passengers.

The train was returning from Jamaica. All the cars were filled, many passengers standing. As the train rounded the curve from Crescent street into Fulton street there was a sudden flash of fire. Passengers jumped from the seats and jammed the aisles and struggled toward the doors. Sparks came flying through the open windows. Women in filmy summer gowns were forced to seek protection from the sparks in the midst of the struggling mass of men, who fought to get to the doors, as a station was near by.

TROLLEY PASSENGERS SCARED.

Underneath the train in Fulton street a trolley car loaded with passengers received a shower of sparks. The motorman put on the current to escape the rain of fire, but this only served to intensify the fear of the men and women in the car, many of whom tried to leap to the street. When the car had passed the zone of fire the motorman stopped the car and their fears subsided.

On the elevated train the guards fought the passengers back from the doors, which had been closed at the first sign of fire. Some of the doors were forced open, but so many men tried to get out at once that the exits were jammed. Edward Yong, twenty-four years old, of No. 463 Carroll street, was forced through the glass of a door and fell, bruised and unconscious, at the feet of a guard, who fought back the men who tried to climb through.

The train kept moving slowly toward the station. None of the trainmen knew the nature of the accident. When the station was reached it was found that the step of the third car had dropped on to the third rail, thus causing the train to be short circuited.

MANY WOMEN FAINT.

The step was soon removed and the fire ceased. The doors were then opened and the passengers rushed to the station platform. Many of the men carried women who had fainted in their arms.

When Ambulance Surgeon Edwards arrived from the Bradford Street Hospital he found a dozen women stretched on the station platform. Among them were Florence McDonald, eighteen years old, of No. 900 Trinity avenue, and Herminie Koehler, nineteen years old, of No. 85 Clymer street, Brooklyn. After the women were revived the train proceeded toward the Bridge. Yong was taken to the hospital.

TRAVELS FAR TO WED

Miss Catherine Colfelt Making Semi-Circuit of the Globe to Become Lieutenant Taylor's Bride.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sunday.—Miss Catherine Colfelt, granddaughter of the late James McManes, whose fortune of $4,000,000 she will eventually inherit, has started on a semi-circuit of the globe to wed Lieutenant Earl Taylor, in Yokohama, Japan, where he is now awaiting her, his station being with his company in Manila.

Lieutenant Taylor is a son of Milton Taylor, a prominent banker and member of the Toledo (Ohio) Board of Public Service. During his stay at West Point he and Miss Colfelt frequently met and it is said the memory of the Lieutenant was the cause of Miss Colfelt's discouraging all attentions while visiting with her mother last year in Athens, where she was presented to the Queen of Greece.

SIR THOMAS CAST DOWN BY DEFEAT

Irish Knight No Longer Jubilant Over Chance of Lifting the Cup.

DOES NOT DESPAIR YET

Challenger Asks, "How Is the Reliance in Reaching?" and Gets No Comfort.

THE RELIANCE ON TEST SPIN

The Shamrock III. Is Taken to Erie Basin for Her Third and Final Measurement.

Towed by the tug Cruizer, Sir Thomas Lipton's picturesque failure, the Shamrock III., was yesterday brought to the Erie Basin and placed in the big dock at Robbins' yard. She will remain there until this forenoon, when, after her official remeasurement, she will be taken out and towed back to her old berth within the Horseshoe.

As the water was being pumped out of the basin it was noticed that several mechanics were at work on the challenger's starboard side, apparently engaged in fastening rivets which had worked loose.

The Sunbeam, tender of the Reliance, also appeared at the yard during the forenoon. She had on board the spare gaff of the Reliance, which had been sent up to the city for the purpose of having three strengthening steel bands riveted on. Mr. "Nat" Herreshoff was there superintending the work. It was said that there was nothing wrong with the gaff—just merely a matter of precaution in case anything went wrong with the other one.

It was officially given out that the remeasurement of the challenger would be made at nine o'clock this morning. Sir Thomas Lipton said that if the added weight of chain and anchor, whose absence had brought about the remeasurement, made any difference in flotation he would remove some corresponding weight to make up the difference.

Knight's Crest Is Fallen.

It may be betraying no secret to say that Sir Thomas Lipton is in no jubilant mood these days—at least, not over his chances of capturing the cup. It is plain to see that he is a much discouraged knight, but, Lipton like, he refuses to admit defeat, has nailed his colors to the mast, so to speak, and demands three routs before he will confess himself vanquished.

It is only in windward and leeward work that the challenger and defender have yet been tried in company, and all know the brilliant qualities which the Reliance displayed on both points of sailing. Tuesday's contest will be over the triangular route, in which the yachts will be asked to show what they can do in reaching. "Is the Reliance fast in reaching?" Sir Thomas yesterday asked, with some show of anxiety. When told that that was the defender's very best point of sailing he sadly shook his head and said that probably the challenger's hardest work was still to come.

Visit Grant's Tomb.

While the Shamrock III. was being taken to the Basin yesterday morning, the Erin steamed down to Sea Gate, where her party went on board Commodore Tod's yacht, the Thistle, where they attended church. After service they returned to the Erin, which steamed up the Hudson to come to anchor off Grant's tomb. The trip was made for the purpose of allowing the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Countess to visit the resting place of the silent soldier. The Erin then steamed down the river, and last night her party, with Sir Thomas Lipton, attended a dinner at the Oriental Hotel, Manhattan Beach.

SHAMROCK READY FOR REMEASUREMENT

Challenger's Loose Ballast May Be Removed to Preserve Her Load Water Line.

Charles D. Mower, the New York Yacht Club official, will to-day take the only measurement required under the new order of the Cup Committee, that being the load water line length. The addition of the anchor and chain, which will now be on board, will add one thousand pounds or eleven hundred pounds to the weight.

This may cause the water line length of the boat to exceed ninety feet, the limit allowed by the conditions of the match. Should it do so, it will make Mr. Fife, her designer, quite as nervous as he was on Tuesday of last week when he discovered that the yacht's water line length was then perilously near the limit allowed. Heroic measures were then adopted to correct the very serious error.

Then all deck fittings that could be spared were sent ashore, and workmen from the Erie Basin yard went below in the yacht and removed sail shelves, floor grating and part of the floor. Finally light men were substituted for heavy members of the crew, and Mr. Fife succeeded in getting the length two inches below that permitted.

May Remove Ballast.

Should the heavy anchor and chain be found to put it again below the ninety feet, there is only one thing left to do. Mr. Fife will be compelled to take out some of the yacht's ballast. There are four or five tons of loose pig lead on the top of that run into the keel, and portions of this may be placed ashore, just sufficient to bring the water line length within the requirements of the conditions mutually agreed upon.

And the removal of ballast, should it be necessary, may prove to be more than a mere incident to the match. Designers do not care to resort to this scheme to bring their boats within required measurements. It alters trim, may make the craft dangerously tender in a blow and open up a lot of possibilities that do not point to successful performances on the part of the yacht receiving such surgical attention.

Still it is to be hoped that Mr. Fife's troubles about the proper length of the Shamrock's water line may not be found so serious to-day as has been feared they may be.

The Cup Committee, through former Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard, its chairman, has said that the Shamrock folk have acted in the most honorable manner in this business. The committee would not have known that the anchor and chain were missing from the boat had not Mr. Iselin been notified by them.

Then Mr. Iselin advised the Regatta Committee of Mr. Fife's lapse, and from the latter the Cup Committee became advised

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR.)