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GEO. C. FLINT & CO.
 WEST 23rd STREET

COP SAYS BISHOP HAD A GUN.

SNAPPED IT TWICE IN COP'S FACE AND SPENT NIGHT IN CELL.

Wind Up of the Hottest Incident of a Factional Fight Among Syrians—The Bishop's Friends Declare That He Is a Man of Peace and a Good Priest.

Bishop Raphael Hawaweenie of the Syrian Greek Church, who got mixed up in a pistol battle in Brooklyn late on Monday night and was locked up in a cell, was held in \$1,000 bail in the Butler street police court yesterday morning for felonious assault. Policeman Nallin declared that the Bishop had snapped a pearl handled revolver at him and had actually fired it at others. The Bishop denied this, and seemed to be terribly hurt that he should be taken for a man behind a gun. His followers, who crowded the court, said the Bishop had spent most of his life behind a convent's walls and didn't know how to use a gun.

The pistol fight, which aroused the neighborhood about Court and Pacific streets, Brooklyn's Little Syria, is the hottest incident yet in the factional war among the Syrians. The Bishop is the head of the church in this country. He wears a long silky beard and a large cross, and his episcopal mien is essentially peaceful. From his pulpit, his followers declare, he has said he would walk among his enemies unarmed, as Christ did among his enemies. It is all very difficult, therefore, for the Syrian friends of the Bishop to understand how the Bishop, ever could have been caught with a gun, much less trying to do murder with it.

The Bishop has been ten years in this country, having been sent over to build up the church here. Before that he was in a Syrian convent. He is not under the Czar, but he has a certificate from the latter of which he is very proud. His friends say that knowing his enemies during the recent war have been referring to him "the Russian Emperor," and everything went smoothly with the Bishop until he started to pitch into the Syrian newspaper *El Houde*, which ever since has been carrying on a campaign against him.

Many clashes between the Syrian factions have occurred in both boroughs, but never before has the Bishop been mixed up in them. A month ago a number of Syrians opposed to the Bishop complained in a long letter to Commissioner McAdoo that the Bishop had collected some of his followers in Brooklyn and that a table in the meeting place had been stacked with arms for his defense. Do you think the Bishop, an inspector of crosses, could be charged with being a lawbreaker? He learned from parishioners of the Bishop's daily admonition to his followers to turn the other cheek, and decided that the Bishop was peaceful.

According to the Bishop, he has been warned repeatedly by his enemies, but he has gone about unarmed. When he heard on Monday night that one of his friends, Nicola Ambrosamva, had been assaulted while returning from Manhattan by two unknown men and was at his home, 114 Pacific street, with a badly bruised head, the Bishop hastened thither to pray over him.

The Bishop left the house near midnight attended by friends. Shortly afterward, Policeman Nallin says, he heard shots rattle. There were groups on both sides of Pacific street and they all seemed to be mixing it up, with now and then the firing of a gun. Everything went smoothly, Nallin says, he saw two men break away. He gave chase. One of them was the Bishop, who was hot-footing it toward home. Nallin grabbed the Bishop as he appeared, and was then, Nallin avers, that the Bishop turned around and showed a pearl handled pistol in his face. Es snapped it twice, but it didn't go off.

The police found that one man had been shot in the thigh. Although he said he was a friend of the Bishop, they charged the Bishop and five others with the shooting. In vain did many of the Bishop's flock beseech the police to spare the lives of their church from being subjected to such an indignity as being locked up in a cell. The police refused even to allow him to be bailed. In court yesterday the case was put down for a hearing on Sept. 28.

Friends of the Bishop who gathered at his house at 920 Pacific street yesterday afternoon seemed almost prostrated over the affair. The Bishop refused to be seen.

"The Bishop," said his sister-in-law, "has spent most of his life in a convent. He does not know how to hold a revolver or a sword, and if he did carry a pistol he would have to go back to the convent. He is convinced that last night's attack was a plot to assassinate him, but he tells us to remember what Christ did, and when in the midst of enemies he will not let us do anything for him. He saw the men gathering and some of them passed him and insulted him, but he did not let us do anything for him. He saw the men gathering and some of them passed him and insulted him, but he did not let us do anything for him. He saw the men gathering and some of them passed him and insulted him, but he did not let us do anything for him."

According to the Bishop's friends those who are attacking him belong chiefly to the Maronites, as the Catholic Syrians are called. The Maronites, the Bishop's friends said, were envious of his success in building up his church in Brooklyn and in getting a cemetery. It was said yesterday that there would be a complete vindication of the Bishop at the hearing and an airing of the troubles of the colony. The Bishop with his lawyer and a dozen of his friends went to Police Headquarters yesterday afternoon to ask protection of Commissioner McAdoo. As the Commissioner was out of town they saw Deputy Commissioner McAvoy, who told the Bishop that he would do all he could for him.

PRIZE BELL BOY VANISHED.

Proprietor of the Montclair Hotel 8100 in Charge—Guests' Belongings Saved.

Up to noon on Monday, Willie, the bell boy, was the pride of the Montclair, an apartment hotel at 145 Lexington avenue, but now there is a price on his head. Yesterday D. George White, the manager of the hotel, called at THE SUN office to tell how this trusted employee had betrayed his confidence and vanished with \$100 of his money.

Willie, whose full name is William A. Valloise, came to the hotel about three weeks ago from Ward's Island, where he had been errand boy for one of the chief physicians. He had an impressive line of references and from his looks and general bearing Mr. White judged that he had drawn a prize. He was so neat and so affable, and then he had such winning ways. He was good looking, too, in spite of the half dozen or more quite red pimples on his chin. In fact he made so good an impression on Mr. White that he soon began to send him through the bureau to make deliveries and to get checks cashed.

On Monday morning Willie went to the bank as usual. Besides making the deposit he was instructed to get a check cashed for \$100 in change. He obeyed the instructions to the letter. The only thing Mr. White kicks about is that he failed to return with the cash. "After he disappeared," said the manager, "I began to hear things about him. The housekeeper told me she had caught him going through the bureau to get a check cashed. Then the other employees said Willie had boasted of being a sport and claimed membership in the Kelly gang. I just discovered that he had been out about his family and where they lived. And, worst of all, I found out that he smoked cigarettes."

Mr. White reported the disappearance of Willie to the police of the East Fifty-first street station and at Headquarters, and a general alarm has been sent out for him. Mr. White offers a reward of \$25 to any one who will catch the boy and lock him up.

OBSTETRICIANS MEET.

Eminent Practitioners Talk Over the Difficulties of Their Work.

Sixty Fellows of the American Association of Obstetricians and Gynecologists and about 200 other physicians attended the first day's session of the annual meeting at the Hotel Astor yesterday. The association is international and is limited to 100 members. The papers were all on particularly unusual phases of the disease and operation under discussion. It was commended by those who were interested in noting how far specialization has been carried that a number of the most eminent practitioners in this country and Europe declined to participate in the discussions now and then, saying:

"I fear I so lack experience in that particular matter that my views would be of no value."

The address of welcome was delivered by Dr. G. B. Fowler of this city, who congratulated the state of the medical profession to-day with that of the early 70s. Dr. C. A. L. Reed of Cincinnati in reply said that the men developed in the 70s were the greatest men of the profession. They had not been obliged to sleep by having study made easy for them.

Papers were read by Dr. O. H. Ebrahdt of St. Louis, Dr. Robert T. Morse of New York, Dr. Walter B. Chase of Brooklyn, Dr. W. B. Dorsett of St. Louis, Dr. J. F. Fisher of Rochester, Dr. Francis Reber of St. Louis, Dr. Joseph Price of Philadelphia, Dr. H. E. Hay of Buffalo, Dr. William J. Gillette of Toledo, Dr. X. O. Wender of Pittsburgh and Dr. E. J. III of Newark.

STRUCK FROM BEHIND.

Postmaster Ripberger of L. I. City Badly Hurt—He Wins at Primaries.

The police of Long Island City are searching for the man or men who assaulted Postmaster George Ripberger on Monday night while he was on his way home from a political meeting in Astoria. The postmaster was knocked unconscious from a blow on the head. When he revived he made his way to the office of Dr. Fitch, where he stayed until yesterday morning. He was taken home in a carriage.

Mr. Ripberger has not been able to give any definite information about the assault on him. Yesterday morning when he received a telegram from his wife, he said to his wife, who was bending over him, asking him if he knew her. "Struck from behind, and I'm hurt." The words were barely distinguishable and they are the only ones which the postmaster had uttered connectedly up to that time.

Dr. B. G. Strong, New and Platt were in consultation with the postmaster's physician of Manhattan, and unless a big improvement is shown by this morning an operation will be performed to relieve the pressure on the postmaster's brain. It is thought that a piece of bone was driven against the brain.

ROW WITH SISTER'S BOARDER.

Actor Goes to Court With and Without Damaged Face.

Keane Backed Up Young Girl Who Barred Her Uncle Out, Then Hired Uncle to Court on an Assault Charge—Mason Still Has to Get Value for \$5 Fine.

Robert E. Keane of 114 West Seventy-third street appeared in the West Side court yesterday morning to accuse Samuel H. Mason, who lives at the Hotel Mount Morris, Third avenue and 130th street, of assault. Mason is a contractor and is also interested in mining ventures. Keane is an actor employed by Frederick Proctor.

The face Keane presented for Magistrate Moss's inspection would have wrung tears from a stone image. A trip hammer wouldn't have disfigured him much more than Mason's fist had, apparently. The cause of the row wasn't very clear. Mason has a sister, a Mrs. Brown, who keeps the boarding house at the Keane lives. She is now ill, and her brother says he has been ordered to stay away from the house by a physician. Keane's daughter, who is a beautiful girl about 20 years old, Mason persisted in trying to enter the house on Monday evening and Keane backed up in keeping him out. In the resulting quarrel Keane said he was murdered by Mason.

Mason told the Magistrate that he went to see his sister about a mining deal that she had had a perfect right to enter her house. Magistrate Moss took one look at Keane's face, however, and held Mason for trial in lieu of \$500. In the meantime Mason's brother, Joseph, had been an interested witness. He had his doubts about Keane's picturesquely damaged face. Joseph had a number of notions of his own, so after the party left court he got a physician and went to Mrs. Brown's house, determined that his brother should not be punished merely on appearances.

Keane refused to submit to an examination, and an argument ensued. Gregory Allen, a brother-in-law of Keane, and finally it was agreed that Keane's own doctor should assist in the examination. Mason, however, could not contain himself during the trial and he and Keane and smote Allen, whereupon the latter caused his arrest.

There was one other of the row. Keane washed his face and later in court minus his decorations of the morning. The only visible sign of an assault that remained was a tiny black mark under his eye. He was careful to stay in the rear of the court room. Magistrate Moss fined Mason \$5. He paid his fine and walked out of court with his teeth clenched very tightly and an angry light in his eyes.

"I'll bet I get my \$5 worth," he said.

SILVER SOLD TOO CHEAP.

Merchant Wants Police to Catch Man Whom They Probably Had and Let Go.

Sterling silverware has been sold recently to jewelers along Eighth and Columbus avenues at prices so far below the usual wholesale figures as to cause a flurry in the trade, and several Maiden lane houses sent up men to investigate. The police were taken into custody by J. J. Rolleston of Maiden lane, who represents a silver company of Newburyport, Mass., to look for one of the salesmen of the concern who has failed to return his samples, which included two cases filled with knives, forks, spoons, napkin rings, egg cups and novelties. Mr. Rolleston says that silverware samples have been sold to several jewelers. As an instance of the prices he says that four napkin rings went for \$4, which was the wholesale price of one. By following up the trail, Mr. Rolleston says, he bought back at a comparatively small outlay all of the goods except one lot valued at \$40.

A man now supposed to have been the salesman was taken into custody by a detective several days ago in the jewelry store of Jacob Rosenkrantz, at 554 Columbus avenue, and was released for lack of evidence. The policeman went to the store in response to a telephone message from Mr. Rosenkrantz.

"There is a man here with 125 ounces of silver that he offers me for one cent a pound," said Mr. Rosenkrantz to the police. "The silver is worth at least 48 cents a ounce as junk."

When the salesman was taken to the station at 10th street he showed an order book of the Newburyport concern, in which were the signatures of several jewelers who had bought goods in the usual way at ordinary prices. He also had the company's catalogues and altogether he showed records so regular that the police let him go with apologies.

AGED ACTRESS GRAVELY ILL.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Sept. 19.—Mrs. Charles Walcott, the actress, is suffering from a paralytic stroke at her summer home north of Rhinebeck. Mrs. Walcott is about 70 years of age and has been very serious. She was preparing to go back to the stage next week. Her husband, who is also an actor, is with her.

On account of Mrs. Walcott's illness neither she nor her husband will be able to appear in "The Embassy Ball," Augustus Thomas's new play, in which Lawrence D'Orsay is to star. It was said last night that Mrs. Walcott was rallying from the effects of the stroke as well as could be expected.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES
 THE BEST \$3.50 SHOES FOR MEN
 W. L. Douglas shoes have by their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities, achieved the largest sale of any \$3.50 shoe in the world. They are just as good as those that cost you \$5 to \$7—the only difference is the price. If I could take you into my factory at Brockton, Mass., the largest in the world under one roof making men's fine shoes, and show you the infinite care with which every pair of Douglas shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the best shoes produced anywhere. If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makes, you would understand why Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day.

BEST FOR STYLE, COMFORT AND WEAR.
 "Having worn all kinds of shoes, have decided that your \$3.50 shoes are absolutely the best for style, comfort and wear that I have ever worn. It gives me great pleasure to recommend them to my friends."
 J. J. HALLORAN, Plumber, 241 W. 128th St.
 Only Five Cent Store used; they will not wear brass.

BOYS SCHOOL AND DRESS SHOES, \$5.00 AND \$1.75.
 Boys wear them because they fit better, hold their shape, and wear longer than any other makes. Just like W. L. Douglas men's \$3.50 shoes, the same style and the same leathers for \$2.00 and \$1.75.

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 433 Broadway, corner Howard Street. 350 Sixth Avenue, corner 22d Street. 755 Broadway, corner 8th Street. 345 Eighth Avenue. 1349 Broadway, corner 36th Street. BROOKLYN. 1447-1449 Broadway, corner 41st St. 708-710 Broadway, cor. Thornton St. 421 Fulton Street, corner Pearl Street. 424 4th Avenue. 218 1/2 Broadway, corner Newark Avenue. NEWARK—785 Broad Street. 2770 Third Ave., bet. 140th & 147th Sts.

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D. W. ALDRIDGE, 461 Broadway, New York.

FLUNG DRIVER OFF BRIDGE.

Runaway at Highest Part of Williamsburg Structure Causes Man's Death.

William A. Funsch, 35 years old, of 24 Kane street, Brooklyn, a driver for Williamsburg News Company, was instantly killed yesterday morning by being thrown from one of the highest points of the Manhattan approach to the Williamsburg bridge to the street. Funsch's runaway horse caused the accident.

Funsch started across the bridge with his wagon, bound for this borough, at about 9 o'clock. Half way across the horse took fright and bolted. Funsch wasn't flustered in the least. He whooped a little and pulled the reins, but the horse wouldn't stop. The horse was well on its way to the Delancey street approach when Funsch decided that the runaway was getting the better of him. Then he stood up to get a firmer hold on the reins. Just then the right wheel of the wagon struck the curb and slid against the iron railing. The shock flung Funsch forward and pitched him completely over the guard rail. He fell 125 feet to the street.

Funsch fell at the corner of Cannon and Lewis streets. As his body whirled through the air a number of persons saw it and fled in all directions.

Policeman Huntington of the Bridge squad saw Funsch fall. He sent in a call for an ambulance from Gouverneur Hospital. Then he sent in a call for the police reserves. The reserves had their hands full preserving order, as Funsch's body struck near the open air market which runs along Delancey street. Scores of pushcarts were overturned in the anxiety of their owners to see what had happened. It took the police an hour to get conditions back to the normal.

The ambulance surgeon said that Funsch was instantly killed. The body was taken to the Delancey street station, where it is identified by his union card in Local 11, Newhatters' Association. Later the body was removed to Funsch's home in Brooklyn.


GEORGE BADER A SUICIDE.

For Years He Kept the Best Known Roadhouse in Brooklyn.

George Bader, proprietor of Bader's Hotel, the famous roadhouse at the Park Circle and Coney Island Boulevard, opposite Prospect Park, Brooklyn, committed suicide yesterday afternoon by inhaling gas. He was found dead in his bathroom on the second floor by one of the servants, with a rubber tube connected with the gas jet in his mouth. Although Mr. Bader had of late been

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Do you realize what a wonderful difference it will make in the enjoyment your family will have this Winter, if you buy an Autopiano?

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 Every man owns a raincoat nowadays, as a matter of course. The question is to find the coat that looks best under all conditions—rain or shine.

Our aim is to make the raincoat look as smart and dainty as the topcoat. There is the same style and character, the same fit and shapeliness about the collar, shoulders and lapels of our raincoats, that you expect in the dresiest topcoat—only the raincoat is made longer, and of rainproof materials. Exactly the same workmen produce both—that's the secret, as well as the proof.

New Raincoats, of handsome Oxford-mixed worsteds, at \$15, \$20, \$25 and \$30. In regular, stout and slim sizes. Second floor, Fourth avenue.

Skirts in Walking Length
 In the swing, in the "hang," in the trim fit about the hips, in the gradual flare, in the way they stand service—that's where good tailoring counts.

In the smart materials, in the good styles, in the fashionable effect—that's where good taste shows.

Good tailoring and good taste: Of melton and tweeds, seven-gore with plated panels, at \$4 and \$4.50. Of tweed, melton and Panama cloth; seven-gore with side-plated founces; others with fifty-seven side-plats; at \$5 and \$6. Of cheviot and Panama cloth; thirteen-gore with p'ated founce effect; nine-gore plaited; or with sixty-three side-plats; at \$7 and \$7.50. Of cloth, Panama cloth and cheviot mixtures; four-gore, with double side-plats, trimmed with buttons and straps; nine-gore, plaited below hips, finished with attached straps; others with plated panels; at \$9 and \$9.50. Of wool blue and black, with fine side-plats or side-and-box plats; finished with plats or trimmed with taffeta silk. Taffeta silk-lined. \$17.50, \$22.50 and \$25. Second floor, Broadway.

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 At 25c each—Women's Fancy Handkerchiefs, with wreath or small plain letter; openwork or solid embroidery.
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 And these from France: Also a small lot of Women's Colored French Handkerchiefs—450 in all—silk-and-linen; regular 25c handkerchiefs, at 12½c each. Tenth street Elevator Table.

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