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AN UPHILL FIGHT.

The undertakers of this country have struggled bravely to strip their business of the ghastly, church-yard jests, which have grown upon it through ages of grave-digging and burial and bones. They have striven to dress the trade up, to drive out of existence "the undertaker" with his haste to be on hand, and impart in his stead the suave "funeral director," whose manner shall be soothing, whose methods thoughtful and considerate, and whose unctuous advent, consequently, shall be welcomed by a mourning household, like that of the pastor or the family physician.

Alas for reform! Every now and then some regular old traditional "Undertaker"—with a big U—bobs up, and by unseemly corpse-grabbing, or some equivalent barbarity, spoils the whole.

One of these crape-draping chaps lives in Woodside, L. I. Presuming on his employment to bury the unknown dead of the town, he tried by force and arms to drag the body of a young man who had been killed by the cars out of the hands of the family, and hustle it away to his shop, that he might have another bill against the town.

A deputy sheriff was fool enough to try and help him, and 200 enraged persons were on the point of making a corpse of the undertaker's mercenary self. It was only at the pistol's mouth that he desisted and saved his own skin.

Such a scene is a disgrace. The undertaker occupies a peculiar relation to humankind, and a fellow with so little reverence for the feelings of bereaved ones should be driven out of the business, if not out of town. If the Funeral Directors' Association neglects to make it warm for this particular "Undertaker," it will miss the biggest chance of the year to give itself a lift into the sphere it wants to occupy.

LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

The mysterious story of a Brotherhood Baseball League, to be run by the players themselves, is laughed at by ball-tossers supposed to be head over ears in the scheme. There is no reason why, if they wish, the players should not work for themselves, manage their own show, regulate their own salaries, take their own profits and "be a law unto themselves" generally. The ball-player, like any other laborer, is "worthy of his hire," and if he has a mind, in this age of combination, to go into a Trust and crowd out the poor, helpless capitalist, it is doubtful if there is a law to prevent it.

But, as JOHN WARD said yesterday, the plan is too big to admit of hope of its success. To conduct the actual ball-playing of the National League is enough of a task for the body of players. To burden themselves with the enormous risks, as well as the labor of managing such complicated machinery, would be piling on the agony, and could not result in a great benefit to the game itself.

No, brawny fellows, you are doing pretty well. Stick to your ball-tossing. Leave the details and diplomacy of management to men fitter for it, and who have nothing better to do.

AT LAST.

A miracle! There has been a duel in Alabama in which a man was killed—a duel to which no reporters were invited, where there was no red tape nor flummery about codes and seconds, and, finally, no weeks spent by the principals gadding about in hopes of being arrested. One was a policeman, the other an engineer. Strange to say, there has been no rhapsody by the duellistic Southern press over the long pedigree and undoubted courage of these combatants. They have not been extolled as "as brave men as live." They have not been called "dead game."

But, feeling aggrieved, they stood up before each other, with a space of two paces between them, and fired into one another until one fell dead.

There is hope of the South, yet. It looks as though the common people there might turn out a race of fighters. But now will this slayer be convicted of murder because he boasted no ancestral tree and did not fight under the mock heroism of the code?

We shall see.

EVERY ONE IS WATCHING THEM.

The establishment of a navy is a matter of National interest, and the fast trial trip of the cruiser Baltimore pleased common Americans full as well as it did the naval aristocracy. There is a community of regret and disappointment, too, at the poor showing made by the Atlanta, her mean speed reaching only 13.47 knots.

As for the Chicago's being run plump on a mud bank yesterday and sticking there until half a dozen tugs succeeded in hauling her off, of course the every-day Yankee cannot share the pardonable pride men of the navy must feel in such seamanship.

Men and vessels. We need both.

Policeman COSTELLO, the brutal clubber, is to be made an example of by the Commissioners. May it be such as to impress other bluecoats who are fain to ply the locust with or without provocation. Inspector STEERS told COSTELLO yesterday he was a disgrace to the uniform.

Look sharp, Inspector, and you may see others of whom the same can be said.

When JOHN L. SULLIVAN sits down to think and reflects that rum kept him away last night from a place where a pile of money and thousands of admiring and expectant men awaited him; when he remembers that this is the initiation of his "new life," he will wish he was dead.

The Giants have struck their homestretch gait. Hedge your bets, Boston.

FANCIES.

Is Chicago whistling to keep up its courage? Yesterday one of its ministers openly denied the personality of the devil.

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The police took a mean advantage when they raided the Fat Men's Poker Club in Jersey City. The members' average weight was over three hundred pounds and of course they couldn't run away.

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Another young man's courage appears to have forsaken him just before taking the matrimonial plunge, and he preferred to shoot himself instead. And yet another walked sixty miles to get married. Anyway, variety is the spice of life.

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A Birmingham woman, while in the office of her physician yesterday, was insulted. She went home, got her husband and a horse-whip, and, returning, took it out of his hide.

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The bathing-master's not polite,
And yet that comes to him
Which others' hearts fills with delight,
He's always to the swim. —*Harper's Bazar.*

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Didn't you hear the rumbling? One of Spain's gunboats has fired at Morocco.

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A Massachusetts minister was recently accused of visiting the house of one of the church members too frequently, and was dismissed with a letter of recommendation. Now he is suing for $10,000. The letter may win him his case.

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You can now have all the dressed beef you want in Minnesota. The United States Court has decided the Meat Inspection law there to be unconstitutional and void.

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St. Louis Mamma—I see that Chicago has annexed most of the State of Illinois.
St. Louis Daughter—Yes; the ground was needed to give the girls standing room.—*The Epoch.*

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The Litchfield, Ill., Mayor and six policemen started out recently to catch a sandbagger who had been doing a flourishing business thereabouts. The Mayor was sent ahead so that the robber might be caught while operating on him. The sandbagger fell into the trap, stood up the Mayor and pocketed his valuables. When the policemen arrived, however, he went for them with a bowie knife and escaped.

FROM FASHION'S SWIM.

Violet is the perfume of the grande dame, because it is unobtrusive. It is not an odor that announces itself nor the lady who wears it.

Before the adjective elegant can be applied to a trousseau you must have your initials embroidered in the band of every garment and the hem of every handkerchief and stocking. The vulgar taste of men is tickled with colored threads, red or blue, but lovely woman will have nothing but white.

Black silk petticoats are the rage for street wear when the toilet is severely black. These Frenchy skirts are made the length of the dress and flounced with two or three ruffles of Spanish or silk guipure lace.

New sofa pillows are filled with down and finished with a folded ruffle of some plain colored silk. For the case an artist pattern or a Pompadour design is used and the leading shade in the flower matched in the plain silk.

Slumber blankets of silk plush sell for $30, but they are luxurious. One can dream in them, live in them and use them to drape an easel or a divan, a picture or a piano.

The new handkerchiefs for Fall use are bewildering. The nouns beauty and ingenuity don't begin to define them. You can get a dozen, all linen too, for $2, and you can if you like pay $12 for one. The handkerchief for the woman of exquisite taste is a 10-inch square of batiste so fine that you can read print through it. It is edged with a bit of malines lace, a fine, expensive and perishable loom, thin almost as a cobweb. Price $1.25. Then there are China, silk foil and crepe lisse silk, bobinette, India and linen lawn, Paris muslin and Irish mull, all embellished with white or colored embroidery, tinted borders or drawn work.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

As the Republican State Convention occurs this week and the Democratic members of the Board, or a majority of them, leave next Monday for the Syracuse Convention, on the day of the regular meeting of the Police Justices for September, it is thought to be probable that the shaking up among the Police Court clerks which was expected will not occur before next month. A special meeting, however, may be called for Friday or Saturday night of this week, after the return of the Republican Justices from the Saratoga Convention.

Storekeepers within 300 yards of the public markets will no longer be compelled to pay a tax of 25 cents per day. Comptroller Myers has decided that the ordinance refers to sidewalk stand owners only.

Another Republican has fallen outside the breastworks. Jacob Fitzgerald, a delegate from Schuyler County to the State Convention, dropped dead while on his way to join the garrison at Saratoga.

Civil service is an an acquired political taste. Even Theodore Roosevelt did not come naturally by it, for he declares that while in Helena, Mont., recently he wanted to resign as United States Civil-Service Commissioner, strip off his coat and plunge into the canvass which the young Republicans are making in that new State.

MEN OF MUSCLE.

E. C. Carter has trained very little this Fall. He is satisfied with holding a number of records. When in training he is very fast and a good stayer in the long distances.

Luther Cary, of the Detroit Athletic Club, is now a student at Princeton University, having entered this Fall. He has a record of 10 seconds for the 100 yards and is, of course, an acquisition to the athletic element of the College.

E. C. Barnes is a member of the New Jersey Athletic Club and a good, all-round athlete, though his specialty is jumping. He tries to keep "in form" all the year around and succeeds quite well.

Patrick Cahill, the amateur middle-weight boxing champion, is a light-haired youth of about twenty, and possesses a powerful physique. He is a graceful as well as an invincible sparrer in his class.

The captain of the Verona Boat Club is James G. Tighe. He wields great influence, not only with the members of his own Club, but throughout the entire Long Island Association. He devotes his leisure time to aquatics.

WORLDLINGS.

Gen. Lew Wallace has received $45,000 for his story, "Ben Hur."

Trains will soon be running to the summit of Pike's Peak if the Winter is not too severe. Contracts have been signed for building a cog-wheel road up the mountain, with the stipulation that it must be completed by next May.

Few people know that the Government issues a stamp of the denomination of $60. Such stamps are used on second-class mail matter and are rarely seen by the general public.

The railway from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes, a distance of about 275 miles, is as straight as an arrow. It forms the largest stretch of "bee line" road in the world.

Good for the Gas Company.

The Standard Gas Company has notified Commissioner of Public Works Gilroy that it desires to repair its mains in streets where new pavements are to be made, and to lay new mains where necessary. This it does that the new pavement may not be destroyed.

"LOVE AND LIBERTY."

Miss Helen Barry is very much in earnest, and her appearance at the Union Square Theatre last night in "Love and Liberty," an adaptation by T. Malestro Watson, was deep and unmeasured as the fathomless ocean. Few actresses with a craving for the emotional (and there is hardly a woman on the stage to-day who doesn't imagine that she could out-Bernhardt Bernhardt at a pinch) could have resisted "Love and Liberty" when Mr Watson read it to them. For it is what is called in theatrical circles "very strong." It has climaxes, dramatic, though conventional situations, and a liberal allowance of agony for the star. "Love and Liberty" deals with the Franco-Prussian war and tells the sad story of the lovely German Adrienne who has married the brave French Henri. Papa objected very seriously to the match, and when the war breaks out he steals some important despatches from his son-in-law's coat, and puts that gentleman, for the rest of the play, in distress. He is obliged to dispose of himself and is supposed to be dead. A villainous colonel "makes love" to the presumably widowed Adrienne (lovely black beaded silk, with hand ruching edged with black, miles of moire ribbons; sorrowful but dressy widow), who rejects him scornfully and finally falls into the arms of her husband.

"Love and Liberty" is interesting, though everybody knows what is coming. The play is dramatically constructed, and the aim has been merely for dramatic effect. There is not one real every-day character in the play. Old Dr. Flaudrin is perhaps the only sketch in which there seems to be flesh and blood. All the others, including the lovely Adrienne, are of the stage, stagey. There is very little comedy in "Love and Liberty." The Irish sergeant is insufferably stupid and brilliantly inartistic.

Mrs. Barry has delightful little comedy movements, and that is all that can be said in favor of her performance. She is not emotional, and the queer little twist she gives to her mouth in her moments of woe is anything but pathetic. Miss Barry is stagey and stilted, but, as I said before, her comedy is good. If only stars could be made to like comedy! If they would only believe that there is as much fame in comedy as in tragedy! But they won't. Tears alone mean fame to them. It is the old "tragedy queen" always repeating herself. I liked Miss Barry infinitely better in "A Woman's Stratagem."

Miss Barry was very badly supported. There was not one member of the company worth much praise. Ralph Delmore was the best, and it was a feeble best. He made the Baron Reichfeld an inhuman, lachrymose old wretch. Clarence Handyside was unsympathetic and colorless as Henri, while the lovers, Victor Harmond and Miss Amy Busby, were well mated. It is impossible to imagine two people more untutored and raw. W. B. Arnold was fairly acceptable as the doctor. He marred what would otherwise have been a rather artistic performance by roaring in the second act. "Love and Liberty" was well staged. ALAN DALE.

SWINDLING "PRETTY BABY" MOTHERS.

Impostors Who Are Making Capital Out of "The Evening World's" Contest.

The wide-spread attention that is being attracted by THE EVENING WORLD'S Pretty Baby Contest has caused some unscrupulous parties to take advantage of this fact and impose upon some of the anxious mothers whose little ones are contending for the prize.

Saturday morning a lady living on West Fifteenth street, whose little boy is entered in the contest, received a call from a woman who said that she was from THE EVENING WORLD, and that she was engaged in visiting all the babies that had been entered for the prize, as Miss Nelson, the judge, was too busy to do so.

She failed to see the lady's little boy, whose picture had been printed a day or two before, and threw out a hint that he would probably take the prize.

This naturally appealed to the mother's heart, and the woman then persuaded her that it was quite essential to have the little fellow's picture colored for $1.50, in order that a still better picture could be made from it for the paper.

The mother was a little fearful that all might not be quite right, but she also feared to refuse the woman lest she might injure the prospect of her darling securing the prize, so she reluctantly gave her a photo with an order to color it.

The woman was about thirty years old, quite tall, and had a light complexion. It is needless to say that she is a fraud and an impostor, and the public is warned against her or any one else who wants to color photographs for mothers and represent that they are from THE EVENING WORLD and are sent to visit the competing babies.

THE EVENING WORLD will announce if there is any visiting to be done. Neither Miss Nelson nor any other member of the staff will visit the mothers of candidates until the prizes are awarded.

His Qualifications.

(From Judge.)

Stranger (to hotel proprietor)—Have you a vacancy among your waiters?

Hotel Proprietor—Well, I don't know. I suppose I might make a place for a man of fine address like you. Have you ever had any experience in waiting?

Stranger—Well, I should say so. I waited thirteen years to marry a girl, and last week she married another fellow.

The Reason.

[From the Burlington Free Press.]

Mrs. Dumpsey—See here, Johnny Dumpsey! You have been in swimming. Now don't deny it.

Johnny Dumpsey—Cross my heart, I hain't, ma!

Mrs. Dumpsey—Careful, sir! How does your shirt happen to be on wrong side out?

Johnny Dumpsey—Me and Bill Brown have been turning somersaults all the morning.

STOLEN RHYMES.

A Summer Engagement.

It was only a Summer engagement,
"To die when the flowers die,"
We carelessly said, "When the parting comes
No one will cry."

So we danced and talked or rowed the streams
By the light of the middlight moon,
We sighed in the sun—but the Autumn frosts
Chanced to come soon.

"Such a Summer time," he dreamily said,
"Ought to last a whole life through."
Then he softly sighed, "When the winds blow cold
I'll think of you."

"It was only a Summer engagement,
To die when the flowers die,"
We thoughtlessly thought when the parting came
No one would cry.

The parting came with a laugh and a jest,
A backward glance and a sigh,
But he held my hands to-day till I said,
"Some one did cry!"
—*J. M. L. in Philadelphia Press.*

The Lawn Mower Version.

Maud Moller at the close of day
Was out in the front yard cutting hay.

Maud was a very pretty sight
Pushing the mower trim and bright.

She wasn't specially fond of work,
but she lingered there where she might flirt,

In an innocent, quiet sort of way,
With the dudes who chanced to pass there stray.

And one who looked at her pretty face
Quite fell in love with its tender grace.

As the days went by the twain were wed,
And the hay's now made by the boys instead.

But whenever the children are cutting grass
She sighs a sigh and she says, "Alas!

Of all sad words of pen or tongue,
The saddest are those by the mower sung."
—*Omaha World.*

Ladies and Women.

The saleslady shines in a silken attire,
The price of scant comfort and long-hoarded hire;
The chambermaid lady in garments of white
And ribbons of scarlet appeals to the sight;
The blouse of plushee the cook-lady shows,
And fills up the sidewalk wherever she goes;
And even the wash-lady proudly steps by
In velveteen ruffles that startle the eye;
While the woman they wait upon go-as about town
In a plain little, brown little, tailor-made gown.
—*Mrs. George Archibald in Judge.*

Not a Purgative: Carter's Little Liver Pills; their action is mild, pleasant and natural. ***

CUTE AND CUNNING.

Additional Attributes of "The Evening World's" Pretty Babies.

A Year-Old Who Claims Jig Dancing as an Accomplishment.

"If Not the Prize, She'll Take the Cake," Writes One Mamma of Her Baby.

AS THE EVENING WORLD'S pretty baby contest progresses the interest increases. A man in Richmond, Va., who is a constant reader of THE EVENING WORLD, writes that he would like to enter his little girl as a candidate for the prize. Owing to the conditions of the contest it will be impossible to admit her. Photos of babies—pretty little people, too—have been received from other cities and towns than New York, Brooklyn, Long Island City, Jersey City and Hoboken. These, of course, are ineligible, as they fail to come within the conditions of the contest.

AUGUST RICARDO GATTI.

August Ricardo Gatti is the name of the youngster who leads the galaxy of beauty today. He was born Feb. 18, 1889, in this city. His father is Ricardo Gatti, aged thirty-nine. His mother, Zemea Gatti, is thirty-three years old. Both were born in Italy and live at 147 Bleecker street. Mrs. Allesandro Panizzi, of 144 Bleecker street, vouches for them.

EDNA ADELLE GALLIKER.

Edna Adelle Galliker's father writes thus of her:

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find a cabinet photo of our baby, taken when she was one year old. Edna was born Jan. 17, 1888. Her father, Charles H. Galliker, is a photographer and is thirty-one years old. Her mother, Adelle Becker, is twenty-one years old.

We refer you to P. Ayres, of 424 Broome street, city. Her baptismal certificate can be seen at Dr. Crosby's. Our present address is at 509 Eighth avenue.

LOUISA SCHIMMECK.

Another letter reads:

This is a portrait of my baby. Her name is Louisa Henrietta. She was born Aug. 19, 1888. Her father is Paul Raphael Schimmeck, a ladies' tailor. My name is Lena Schimmeck. I wish to say that my baby is prettier now. I am twenty-two, and my husband is twenty-six.

LENA SCHIMMECK,
380 West Thirty-eighth street, city.

I wish to vouch for the truth of the above. I have known both parents many years. Yours,
T. A. FOSTER, 205 East Fortieth street, city.

MARIA SIEVERS.

This mamma is evidently proud of her darling.

To the Editor:

This is our baby's picture, and grandpa says if she does not take the prize she will take the cake. Her name is Maria Socorro Sievers, born July 14, 1888, in Hoboken, N. J. Her father's name is George C. Sievers, born Jan. 6, 1865, in South America. His occupation is a railroader. Her mother's name is Evalena Beam-Sievers, born June 30, 1864.

Socorro has black hair and eyes and dark, clear complexion, and is considered very smart. She has some cute actions, such as helping to set the table, combing her own hair, and eats very nicely at the table with a fork.

Mr. Joseph Townley, of 223 Garden street, Hoboken, will vouch for this. Respectfully,
Mrs. GEORGE C. SIEVERS,
231 Garden street, Hoboken.

Mrs. Josie Smith, of 144 Dupont street, Greenpoint, Brooklyn, writes:

To the Editor:

This is my baby. This picture was taken when she was two months and a half old. Her name is Martha M. Smith. Her father's name is Samuel Smith. He is a truck driver and I am her mother, Josie Smith. We live at 144 Dupont street, Greenpoint. Baby was born June

MARTHA M. SMITH.

3 last. I am thirty years old and her father twenty-seven years. Dr. Fulda will vouch for this. He lives at 94 Noble street, Greenpoint.

HATTIE LILIENSTERN.

Hattie Lilienstern's mamma writes:

To the Editor:

I have sent you this day a photograph of my baby. She was born in New York, Feb. 13, 1888, and her name is Hattie Lilienstern. Her father's name is Lafayette, aged twenty-seven, and a commercial man. Her mother's name was Carrie Boas, aged twenty-four. Our present address is 331 East Eighty-sixth street.

CARRIE LILIENSTERN.

Another proud mother writes of her little one:

I send you a picture of our baby girl, May Elizabeth Griffin, born Sept. 22, 1888. She is the sweetest and prettiest baby that ever was born. She can stand alone, and say "Dada," "Ma-ma," "kittal-kittal" meaning the cat, and "chi-e-chick." She can dance a regular jig when her papa plays the violin, and getting excited, will give a whoop. She will sing when

MAY ELIZABETH GRIFFIN

she hears the piano. If any baby gets the prize it ought to be Baby May. This picture was taken when she was two months old, and she sat all alone having it taken.

Her father is John H. Griffin, born Jan. 17, 1863, in Monroe County, Mo. I, her mother, Anna C. Benning, was born March 22, 1866, in Brooklyn. Respectfully,

Mrs. ANNA C. GRIFFIN,
931 DeKalb avenue, Brooklyn.

A fond father says:

To the Editor:

Inclosed I beg to hand you a picture of our little darling, Ethel Baum, born Dec. 4, 1888. Her parents are of Hungarian descent. Her

ETHEL BAUM.

mother is Rosie Weisberger, nineteen years old. Her father is Herman Baum, a cigar salesman, twenty-five years old.

Our reference is Dr. H. W. Berg, East Seventh street. Yours respectfully, H. BAUM,
225 East Twenty-fourth street, city.

The spasms so common during teething are prevented by MOFFETT'S TEETHING CORDIAL. Price 25c. ***

CHRIS JOHNSON'S RAIDED.

YOUNG DOTY'S SUSPICIOUS DEATH SET THE POLICE AFTER IT.

Since the mysterious death of young Fred W. Doty, the police have had their eyes upon the saloon kept by Chris Johnson at the corner of Sixth avenue and Ninth street.

Doty, who was only eighteen years old, went into the saloon at 3 o'clock in the morning. Some time later he was put in a cab and taken to the hospital, where it was discovered he was dead. The story told by his friends was that he had been taken sick in the saloon, and while awaiting the arrival of a cab had fallen on the sidewalk. The bartender denied at the time that the boy had been in the place, and absolutely denied that the place was kept open after hours.

An officer of the Mercer street station entered the place at 1.30 o'clock this morning, and obtained evidence sufficient to warrant him in arresting the bartender.

The young man gave his name as William Schroeder, aged twenty-two years. He was locked up in the Fifteenth Precinct Station-House, and arraigned before Justice Ford in the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning. He was charged with violating the Excise law in keeping open after hours.

STABBED FOUR TIMES.

Mrs. Buckley Found Bleeding on a Street in Newark.

NEWARK, Sept. 24.—Mrs. Anna Buckley, of 85 Boyden street, was found on the sidewalk this morning bleeding from four stab wounds which she said had been inflicted with a butcher-knife by William Golden, who lived in the same house.

Golden was arrested and the woman was taken to the hospital. She may die.

All Used Up

Strength all gone. Tired out. Overworked. Feeling mean and miserable.—You must not neglect yourself longer. Delays are dangerous. The downward tendency of your system must be stopped. You need the toning, strengthening, building up properties of Hood's Sarsaparilla to restore you to health, give you an appetite and make you active, cheerful and willing to work.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Spellman's Hats.

CORRECT FALL STYLES—QUALITY THE BEST—AT THEIR USUAL LOW PRICES. 109 AND 111 PARK ROW, CORNER CHAMBERS ST.

NEAR THE END!

Col. Fellows Makes His Closing Speech Against Henry S. Ives.

Scathing Arraignment of the Young Napoleon's Tactics.

After Recorder Smyth's Charge the Case Goes to the Jury.

Ives and His Counsel Confident of Acquittal or Disagreement.

Master Ives was as fresh as a daisy when he took his old seat for the last scene in the remarkably dramatic trial of the indictment charging him with the fraudulent issue of $600,000 worth of Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railway stock.

His counsel—ex-Judge Fullerton as heavyweight; Judge Wilson, of Cincinnati, learned in the laws of the Buckeye State, and Charley Brooke, orator and astute legal general—had performed their part and made their last appearance in important "business."

Col. Fellows, with a ringing, stinging plea to the jury, was to close the case for the prosecution to-day, and then the Recorder, stern and full of learning, was to recite the epilogue in a charge to the twelve good men and true, and the fate of the middle-aged young man defendant was to be decided by them and the curtain rung down.

Master Ives was cheerful, quietly cheerful. He smiled in a subdued way and was affable to the reporters.

He seemed to be confident of coming out all right. His lawyers are sure of an acquittal or disagreement of the jury.

An EVENING WORLD reporter asked him if any of the score of ladies in attendance were his relatives or friends. To which he replied:

IVES'S SISTER IN COURT.

"None of them. I do not know Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, though she has seemed to be very much interested in the proceedings. Yes, though," he added, a shade of deeper seriousness crossing his face and toning his voice: "The slight lady in dark green is my sister—my married and only sister. I think her name is of no importance."

"Nearly every newspaper has said that you have visibly lost flesh during the trial. I should not notice it."

There was an air of buoyancy and bravado in the reply: "Well, I have lost between a quarter and a half pound. Just try it for three weeks as I have and see if you don't look haggard and lose flesh."

Edgar William Nye, sitting in the reporters' corner one day, remarked that you had changed very much in the two years since he last saw you.

"Was William here? I know Bill Nye very well, indeed. I should have liked very much to see him—his head always reminded me of a billiard ball with glasses on."

The young Napoleon said this, not with the relish and zest of a joker of five-and-twenty, but as solemnly and demurely as if he were saying a kindly word of the deceased at a funeral.

The reporters left their positions about Master Ives and returned to their corner, and simultaneously the mood of the defendant became gloomy and there crept over his thin, sallow face an anxious, strained expression almost painful to the beholder.

CROWDS IN THE COURT-ROOM.

Recorder Smyth, as grave and dignified as a Roman Senator when he took his seat on the bench, faced an audience only limited in its proportions by the capacity of the Chamber of Part III. of the Court of General Sessions.

ENTER COL. FELLOWS.

Col. Fellows in a new suit of dark clothing and his kinking locks of gray brushed up to make as much of a show as possible, began his address to the jury in a finely modulated, conservative tone.

Among the things said by Col. Fellows were these:

"Gentlemen, I shall endeavor to present to you the salient points of the evidence bearing upon the accusation brought in the indictments against this defendant.

"The Penal Code says that an official of a corporation who wilfully and with intent to defraud signs, or issues, or sells, or pledges, or causes either of these things done to any shares of the corporation, or exceeds the power of such corporation, is guilty of a felony.

"The people have charged Henry S. Ives, not with having issued certificates in Brooklyn, nor with having filled them up anywhere or at any time, but having, on the 21st of June, 1886, issued certain certificates of stock not authorized by the stockholders of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Company, nor by the law.

"If you should find that he did that at or about June 21, 1886, then you must find him guilty.

THAT ISSUE OF STOCK.

"Four points we must have established. First, that he was an officer of this corporation; second, that he issued this stock; third, that he issued them without authority, and last, that he did it to defraud.

"It matters little where Woodruff had his breakfast on any day, and that witnesses made errors or even committed wilful perjury on minor points is of no account.

"The defense has devoted itself to disputing these collateral things, but not a witness has been called to deny or disprove that such stock was issued, nor to show that Ives had the authority to so issue stock.

"What is an issue? Signing the stock? Filling up the certificates?

FROM A NON-WALL-STREET STANDPOINT.

"No, no. It is putting it on the market; placing it where it will represent cash or credit. You borrow, you sign a cheque and you lay it away in your drawer. What good is it? You sell a piece of property; you draw and sign a deed and you keep it.

"That is not an issue.

"Incorporated on each one of these certificates made that day by Ives was the name of some one supposed to be its owner—their face holders. They were Ives' clerks.

"When Henry S. Ives brought the six thousand certificates to his office, at 25 Nassau street, and placed them in the hands of his clerks, Miller, Graham, and others, they were issued, and when they had put their signatures on them they were launched upon the world to make fortunes and were issued.

"Don't let's wander into an inquiry as to when and where they were filled up. Let us ask has there been any controversy by the defendant, that the paper was issued as I have stated?"

NOT MAGICIAN'S SIGNATURES.

"They were not evoked by a magician! Not washed up by a wave! They were signed or made out by some hand of flesh and blood. Who issued them? They turned up made out and indorsed by the nominal holder and a quarter of a million dollars' worth of them were turned over to Kuhn, Loeb & Co. as security for a loan of £52,000, and another $250,000 worth of them turned up in November as collateral for another loan.

"Cashier Nevins, of Ives's office, who greeted his late chief effusively after he had testified, told you that on that 21st of June, 1886, Ives came into his office and threw those 6,000 shares on his desk to be used in the course of business.

"Forty-nine certificates were made out for 6,000 shares, and Ives issued them on that day, June 21, 1886, when he dropped them on his cashier's desk.

A WEAK DEFENSE.

"What has the defense done to dispute the testimony on this point?

"What, I say."

The voluble fourth juror stroked his white beard and said he would like to hear some comments on that, whereat the Recorder turned a little whiter and looked daggers at No. 4, while the rest of the court-room smiled, and Col. Fellows was exasperated at the futility of reasoning with such a mind, or the lack of it.

FOREBODINGS ON IVES'S FACE.

During the address Master Ives was motionless. His face expressed foreboding, and his old lawyers shaded their faces with their hands, but all listened intently to the eloquent pleader.

"The testimony of the porter, Wilson, of everybody else on the side of the defense, agrees that Ives, Woodruff, Stayner, the books and the seal were here on June 21, 1886. They all got here on the morning of that day. The certificates were delivered in blank on the afternoon of the 19th of June by Short, in Cincinnati. The defense have brought witnesses to prove that Short delivered them in their book to the car porter, Wilson, and that they were not out of his hands till the party reached New York on that morning.

"At noon or a little before, Henry S. Ives had had that stock filled up and issued it in due form by placing it on the desk of his cashier in his own office—forty-nine certificates, representing $600,000 at its par value and over $800,000 actual value.

"They had been filled up somewhere.

"Where?

"Woodruff says at Stayner's house in Brooklyn. But that they were filled up has not been controverted.

SHORT DEGRADED BY IVES.

"Ives had degraded Frederick Short from the position which he had honored for thirty years—because they could not use him. He was honest. But they dared not turn him adrift and they continued his salary and manufactured a minor position for him. And they got him to sign those certificates because he was known to the financial world and honored while Woodruff was unknown."

INFORMER WOODRUFF DEFENDED.

"We are reproached for bringing Woodruff here and he is called an informer. An informer is one who joins a party, not for the purpose of crime and gain by it, but for the purpose of finding out their secrets and exposing them.

"Did Woodruff lie? His story gives the men time enough to fill up these forty-nine certificates at least, while if that colored porter tells the truth there was not time for mortal man to fill out those blank certificates between the time he laid them down, still unwritten, at 10.30 or 11 o'clock and the time they were laid on the cashier's desk ready for use and were entered in the books of the cashier.

"It requires bold men, courageous men, to be successful scoundrels, men with the courage and the ambition of a Napoleon. The creatures who commit crime on orders, the willing tool of the master, is dangerous. He is willing to be a knave in prosperity, but he is dangerous.

A BURST OF ELOQUENCE.

"Weave us some garlands, Mr. Brooke, of either yew or cypress, to hang upon the perjury of Ives's own books. With sonorous and musical voice, weave us a garland of eloquence for the perjury of these books.

"They tell exactly what were the holdings of the firm of Ives & Co., and give the location of every share of stock in vault and bank, or out on loan, or hypothecated for advances. To go over it again, it will be seen that on June 21, 1886, the Ives syndicate stood like this: They owned the unavailable 6,567 shares of the Jewett syndicate; 11,050 Harrison shares; 10,950 shares of common stock and 6,000 shares on the certificates fraudulently issued that day, making 35,067 shares. The total capital stock of the company was but 35,000 shares, and other hands still held nearly 6,000 shares of the stock.

"Was there an omission? I ask you.

"Not perjured Woodruff, but Ives's own books say there was; that Ives had 35,067 shares and there was 5,933 shares owned by others.

"Add them up and you will find that they make exactly 41,000 shares, or exactly 6,000 more than the law allowed—the 6,000 fraudulently issued by Ives on that day.

"Who answers the charges?"

A recess was taken, Col. Fellows concluding his address after the recess.

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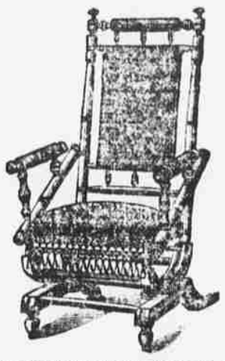

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