Freeman, whose knowledge of Chinamen is confined to association with a few of them once a week, may not see why it is more dangerous for young girls to teach Mongolians than Caucasians, there are men better acquainted with idol worshippers who do see danger ahead and have already given warning. One of these was the late Rev. W. J. White, who for ten years was a missionary to China. He had every opportunity to become acquainted with Chinese nature, and here is what he says about it, as published in *Woman's Work for Woman:*

Having spent ten years in China as a missionary, I have become profoundly impressed with the intellectual power of the Chinese people. While the Chinese are like children in many respects, according to our intensely practical and progressive way of looking at things, they are full grown men in other things in which many of us would appear but as children in comparison. This only shows the necessity of understanding a people like the Chinese when we attempt to make known the Gospel to them. It has, therefore, been a source of great annoyance to missionaries in China to find much ignorance of the Chinese character among teachers of Chinese in the Sunday-schools in America. Now, look at the facts. These men in the first place, come into the Sunday-school not for the Gospel, but to learn English. They become interested in the Gospel, and some of them become earnest Christians. They manifest often quite remarkable ability to learn, industry and faithfulness, and the teachers are encouraged to their best efforts.

It is also rare and strange and interesting to Chinese to see such unusual interest taken in them by women, which is so contrary to their own idea of propriety. It will be seen at once what care needs to be exercised lest a false impression be conveyed touching Gospel liberty regarding the relation of the sexes. I am able to view these things from a quasi Chinese standpoint, and I know whereof I speak. Whether from undue zeal or from an intimate fascination from the novel and peculiar work of teaching the Gospel to an Oriental, some teachers are led into most absurd indiscretions. An intimacy is developed sometimes which is bewildering, misleading, and undoubtedly very harmful to the pupil. I have had letters brought for my perusal in China, written by women teachers of Chinese, which were simply disgusting, so full were they of gushing sentiment and arrant nonsense, having nothing in common with the Gospel of Christ. I have known also other practices of teachers in connection with their Chinese pupils which the same women would be ashamed to repeat in connection with American men. In fact, some teachers have seemed to consider their Chinese pupils rather less than men, something after the lapdog order or household pet, with whom liberties may be taken which would be most unbecoming among gentlemen of their acquaintance. These things but invite the contempt of the Chinese themselves. The usual result of too great familiarity is likely to follow.

I cannot but protest in the name of the missionary body in China against anything of this sort.

It is a well-known fact that Chinamen consider women far inferior to themselves and treat them as slaves. While it is claimed that Caucasian girls, who act as teachers, are treated with respect by their pupils, there are few who will assert that the Chinaman's natural contempt for the female sex is changed by the fact that he is breathing American air and is received with open arms in American Sunday-schools.

By means of their natural cunning Chinese pupils may treat their teachers as superiors, but along with that natural cunning is the nature of a woman-hater, which even the most enthusiastic Sunday-school worker admits will assert itself whenever opportunity occurs.

The reports of missionary work itself go to show that Chinamen are not persons with whom young girls should associate.

In the eleventh annual report of missionary work on the Pacific coast is found the history of the abuse to which a Chinese girl was subjected by the same class of men American girls now think they are called upon to meet on a social equality for the sake of christianizing them. A portion of the report follows:

Word came to us that Ah Chee, a Chinese girl of thirteen years, had been locked in a room for days with three Chinese men, opium smokers. Mr. Hunter, of the Humane Society, was notified and he rescued her and placed her in the home. Her clothes were burned at once and new ones provided. She is a pretty and promising child. We regret to add that a few days after Ah Chee was taken from the home on a writ of habeas corpus, and the person who had given the information in regard to the sufferings of the child was notified that to appear in the case would be at the peril of his life, and as he was not willing to take that risk she was lost to us.

All Chinatown knew of this, as they know of all our efforts to rescue these girls, and not one of this moral nation stood forth to save that poor child.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

There continues to be deep interest taken in this question as evidenced by the letters received daily by THE EVENING WORLD, a few of which follow:

To the Editor:

You are deserving of a great deal of credit and praise for the position you have taken against our young American ladies teaching in the Sunday schools the heathen Chinamen. It is high time such a thing was stopped, and if they must be taught Christianity in our sunday-schools, that male teachers undertake the work. Go on in your good work, and may you succeed in stopping such an outrage and the evil of intermarriage, which is a cross disgrace. Yours respectfully,

E. J. SNEAD.

Rahway, N. J., Aug. 5.

To the Editor:

It is exceedingly gratifying to see that THE EVENING WORLD is giving substantial aid to stop such an unprecedented evil and nuisance as the Chinese man dealers are practising by imposing upon our good people to the injury and detriment of our needy and suffering sisters. What right have the Chinese to seek for a special female teacher for each of their would-be Christians? Their pretended belief in the Christian religion is to a very large extent a mockery. Their belief in religion is for revenue only.

Every one of those pitiful intermarriages is a disgrace to our race. In the eyes of the Chinese they desire mostly that these marriages terminate at their will before many years, or as soon as they get tired of their "Melican girls." It is a most serious question, which the Western people long ago settled by not allowing the Chinese to come in contact with their daughters. Keep up your exposure. Very respectfully, M. DANSMEYER.

New York, 39 Great Jones street, Aug. 3.

To the Editor:

Taking a retrospective view of the question of the association of our girls with the Mongolian tribe one cannot help feeling a degree of doubt and fear as to its advisability. The actual question of educating and advancing the Chinese in this country is without doubt a praiseworthy object, but the means at present exercised are bad. The methods used savor too much of animal influence rather than spiritual.

What is the present object of Chang in visiting the missions and school-rooms of this so-called Chinese Reform Association? Is it because he wants to learn the doctrines of Christianity or to be initiated into the ways and methods of American civilized mode of life?

No, ten thousand times no! It is because he is brought in contact with a class of society that in private life he could never aspire to. In fact, he is completely ostracized from social intercourse with any respectable families, consequently he takes advantage of the opportunity presented by these assiduous young ladies who are willing to utilize their personal charms to attract these poor, humble, ignorant Chinamen, who positively refuse to be instructed by one of their own sex.

Is not that convincing proof to show where the attraction lies? It is a base method of conversion, and every endeavor should be made to stop such unholy practices.

Now let us look at the general character and habits of the Chinese. They are without the slightest regard for truth, they are unscrupulous in their dealings, all the degrees of cunning are hidden under their placid and hypocritical demeanor. Women are held in contempt in China, and, in fact, in some of the provinces infanticide is openly practised, and female infants are the victims.

How is such a character to take his place as the head of an American household? How can such a creature, with the inherent instincts of idolatry, barbarity and lasciviousness in his system, ever become the husband of a refined, educated, American woman? The thought is revolting, and the result a degradation to the American people. There are many ways and means for young ladies to alleviate the cares of their less fortunate sisters without exposing themselves to comment and ridicule. "Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame," instead of making public exhibition of this Samaritanism.

MARCUS M. JAY.

To the Editor:

I wish to say a word in regard to the noble way your valuable paper has acted in regard to the Chinese outrage (the Sunday-school affair).

But I am not surprised in the least to see your paper working for the interest of the American young ladies, as it is always helping the poor and needy. If some of the other papers would follow your example they would be doing well.

I should suggest that we drive all the heathen from the land, but will leave it all to you. With best wishes, I remain yours truly,

A CHINESE HUSTLER.

HOLLAND HOUSE SALE.

Kinsley and Bowman Say It Won't Make Any Difference at the Hotel.

Considerable surprise in hotel circles has been caused by the announcement that on Sept. 19, the right, title and interest of Mary J. Van Doren in the Holland House, at Twenty-ninth street and Fifth avenue, will be sold by the Sheriff.

The hotel was built a few months ago by Mrs. Van Doren at a cost of $1,500,000. It occupies six lots; four of which are owned outright, and two of which are held by a ninety-year lease. Before the completion of the hotel, Mrs. Van Doren borrowed $207,000 from her brother-in-law Jordan L. Mott, President of the Mott Haven Iron Works. Suit was afterwards brought by him, and the sale will be to satisfy his judgment.

On Thursday judgments were also entered by Edward B. Staggers, mantel manufacturer, of Philadelphia, for $7,076 and the Second National Bank for $10,184.

Herbert Kinsley and Henry Bowman, who hold a ten-year lease on the hotel and are optional for a ten-year renewal, say this legal squabble will not affect them.

"Mrs. Van Doren is a wealthy woman," said Mr. Kinsley, "who did not make proper provision for the payment of her workmen on time. This trouble is unfortunate, but will have no effect on our lease. The hotel will be open and guests will come and go without knowing anything of these legal details."

Female Hod-Carriers.

Nell Nelson tells about the women who carry mortar for Nuremberg masons. See the SUNDAY WORLD.

TIME TO CHECK IT.

Abandonment of Part of the Seventh Avenue Line Regarded as Only a Feeler.

To What Lengths Will This Powerful Syndicate Go?

Gobbling Up All the Surface Railroads, and Believed to Be After the Elevated, Too.

How the patrons of the Seventh avenue line feel in regard to the recent action of the Company in lopping off the lower end of the route and compelling passengers who want to go further downtown than Canal street to board the crowded Sixth avenue cars at that point is shown in the following letter, which is one of many that THE EVENING WORLD has received during the past few days:

To the Editor:

As an old resident of Washington Square and in behalf of many merchants and business men living in that neighborhood, I desire to thank you for your timely arraignment of the Philadelphia syndicate, which controls so many of our surface railroads, for withdrawing its cars from the Seventh avenue route below Canal street. This act is a virtual abandonment of the whole line from the junction of Sixth and Greenwich avenues to Park place.

The Broadway and Seventh Avenue line has been used principally by merchants, business men and working girls, most of whom have their places of business or employment in the district lying along Church street and West Broadway, between Canal and Franklin streets.

As we are now dumped out on the sidewalk at Canal street, it is more convenient for us to walk the rest of the way than attempt to find accommodations on the sixth avenue cars, which are always crowded with passengers at this point, to say nothing of the risk of life and limb in making our way through the crowded thoroughfare and standing in the middle of the street until the transfer car arrives.

I look on this new move on the part of the syndicate as an outrage on the residents of this part of the city, namely, those living in Washington square and its vicinity. No doubt it is a sort of feeler to find out how far this corporation can go with impunity and still retain its right to occupy the streets.

I think it is about time that this monopoly was checked in its career and made to recognize the rights of the public, for no doubt this last attempt to run their road regardless of the convenience of the people is only an entering wedge for other innovations of the same kind.

A MERCHANT OF WASHINGTON SQUARE.

Who has used these cars for sixteen years.

The fears of this correspondent of THE EVENING WORLD are shared by many others who have watched the progress of the syndicate for the past two years and have observed the avidity with which it has been gobbling up one railroad line after another, with the apparent intention of eventually acquiring absolute control of all the surface railroad lines in the city and running them to suit their own ideas, which evidently can be construed as meaning the securing of the greatest profit with the least possible expense.

It is not altogether certain that the ambition of the syndicate ends here, for within the past few days the story has been revived that the Metropolitan Traction Company is endeavoring to buy up all the Manhattan Elevated stock which is offered in the market.

It was rumored in Wall street only yesterday that the banking house of Drexel, Morgan & Co. had been accumulating Manhattan Elevated stock for some time past in the interest of the Syndicate and that there is a very strong possibility that Messrs. Widener and Elkins, the leading men in the Metropolitan Traction Company, will go into the Manhattan Directory at the next annual meeting to fill the vacancies caused by the deaths of Sidney Dillon and Cyrus W. Field.

Of course this is denied by the firm mentioned, who say that they have no interest in the affairs of the Traction Syndicate, which may possibly be true. In such a case, however, there is nothing to prevent them from gathering in stock of the Elevated Railway Company for the private account of Messrs. Widener and Elkins.

It is almost certain, however, that there will be a representative of the firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co. in the Manhattan Board next year, and that either Mr. Widener or Mr. Elkins, or perhaps both, will come to the front in this capacity is not at all unlikely or inconsistent with the facts of the situation as it is now understood in Wall street.

It is stated that three months ago the Vanderbilt holdings of Manhattan stock aggregated several millions of dollars, and, according to reports current in the street, the Drexel-Morgan brokers have bought in at least 7,000 shares of Elevated stock within the past ten days.

The general opinion is that a big deal is under way, and that underground work is now going on which will give Wall street a surprise before many months, or perhaps weeks, have passed.

DROWNED TOGETHER.

The Fate of the Two Boys May Kill Hillebrand's Mother.

Mrs. Hillebrand, the mother of fourteen-year-old John Hillebrand, of 31 Jefferson place, Union Hill, N. J., who was drowned yesterday under peculiarly sad circumstances, is prostrated to-day. She had been ill for some time, and it is feared that the news of her boy's fate will kill her.

He was directed to come to the city yesterday afternoon for medicine for his sick mother. He met on the way Frederick Couche, a thirteen-year-old playmate, who induced him to go swimming in the river at the foot of the Palisades, near the West shore ferry in Weehawken.

Couche had left the water and began dressing himself when he heard Hillebrand cry for help. He stripped himself and rushed to Hillebrand's assistance, but struggled in vain to save him.

The strong tide carried both boys out into deeper water and they drowned locked in each others' arms. Their death was witnessed by several workmen, who were hurrying to their aid.

The river was dragged and both bodies were recovered.

SAVED FROM THE SURF.

Mrs. John H. Starin and Four Other Ladies Narrowly Escape Drowning.

Mrs. John H. Starin and Miss Miretelle, who are guests of Grote's Hotel, Rockaway, are receiving congratulations upon their escape from drowning in the surf. The ladies, with three others, were in bathing yesterday, were carried out of their depth and were in danger of drowning, when they were rescued by Albert Jeggins, the life guard. William H. Foales and James Reddy.

I Can Walk a Mile

Easily, although for a long time before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I could not walk a step. I had a terrible running sore on my leg, result of a milk leg. Nothing did me any good till I began taking HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. The sore healed, and the limb is perfectly healthy. MRS. C. A. ASHELL, Avon, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, they are preferred.

SMUGGLING FOR CHARITY.

Laces of the "Turkish Compassionate Fund" Seized.

Mme. Zacaroff Says She Brought Them In to Aid Poor Turkish Women.

Further facts have been brought to light in regard to Mme. Caricles Zacaroff, who represents herself as the accredited agent of the "Turkish Compassionate Fund" to this country, and whose rare laces and embroideries, found sewed into her skirts when she landed here on the French steamer La Touraine last Saturday, have been seized by the Custom-House officials.

The makers of those laces, Mme. Jacaroff says, are poor Turkish ladies, who since the Russian-Turkish war of 1877 have been driven out of their homes in the provinces and have sought refuge in Constantinople. The Society known as the "Turkish Compassionate Fund" was organized to give them employment, as they are all expert in needlework, and Mme. Zacaroff says that many wealthy and noble English ladies are interested in the work.

They have a branch house at 3 Rue Freilhard, Paris, and among the American ladies whom Mme. Zacaroff says she has interested in the Society are Mrs. G. W. Folsom, Miss C. Furniss, Mrs. R. C. Greenleaf, Mrs. Brayton Ives, Mrs. Morris K. Jesup, Mrs. John E. Parsons, Mrs. William D. Sloane, Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt, Mrs. R. Woodworth, Mrs. George Wood, Mrs. Buchanan Winthrop, Miss Eleanor Hodgett and Miss Gertrude L. Hoyt. All these names are appended to a circular which Mme Zacaroff had printed and proposed to distribute here.

It is also learned that she expected to get support from Boston and Philadelphia ladies, and the circulars to be distributed in those cities contained the following names:

Boston.—Mrs. Martin Brimmer, Mrs. E. W. Codman, Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, Miss Elizabeth W. Perkins, Mrs. F. W. Palfrey, Miss Edith Rotch, Mrs. G. H. Shaw, Mrs. H. Whitman and Mrs. J. Collins Warren.

Philadelphia.—Mrs. George W. Childs, Mrs. Dundas Lippincott and Mrs. Clayton McMichael.

The salesrooms where the Oriental laces and embroideries were to be exhibited were engaged at 20 East Thirty-third street, just opposite the unfinished Hotel Waldorf. The business was to be conducted under the auspices of the "Turkish Compassionate Fund," of which Mme. Zacaroff is one of the high officials. She says that the Sultan of Turkey recently conferred upon her the grand order of the "Sache facat," in recognition of her services in behalf of these poor subjects.

Mme. Zacaroff has been established in this country about two years. She makes frequent visits to Europe, and says she has paid thousands of dollars in duties upon laces and embroideries. She admits that she tried to smuggle the lot which has just been seized, but says she was prompted to do so by the desire to aid the poor women of Turkey, who needed all they could possibly gain for their handiwork.

She says the laces seized were not worth more than $750, although the Custom-House officials say their value is more than $3,000.

UMBRIA AFTER THE RECORD.

She Comes from Queenstown in 5 Days, 22 Hours and 5 Minutes.

The Cunard steamship Umbria arrived off Sandy Hook Lightship at 7:28 o'clock this morning after a remarkably quick run from Queenstown, in which she surpassed the best runs of the Cunard line, and caused downtown men to think that she is going to reach out for the record made by the more modern Atlantic flyers.

The Umbria passed out of Queenstown at 1.30 P. M. July 31, and made the trip in 5 days, 22 hours and 5 minutes.

She is the first of the Cunard vessels to make the voyage under six days. The record of the line was previously made by her sister ship, the Etruria, when she made the trip in 6 days, 1 hour and 50 minutes in September, 1889.

The best time previously made by the Umbria was 6 days, 2 hours and 5 minutes, in January, 1892.

Ten years ago the Cunard Company held the record for Queenstown trips. Her laurels were finally taken by the White Star and Inman companies, and for the past five years those two companies have been competing with each other in a lively manner.

The record means considerable for the company holding it, for the man is given only to the fastest steamship, and is worth thousands of dollars, and besides passengers have a habit of selecting the quickest vessels.

The Cunard Company lately decided to make an effort to regain their former position for quick voyages. Their first action was to put the Umbria in dry dock at Liverpool three weeks ago and overhaul her machinery, scrape her bottom and paint her.

This is her first trip since the overhauling, and the officials at the office on Bowling Green this morning were as surprised as they were gratified at the result.

The Umbria is 520 feet long, 57 feet broad, 41 feet deep and has a tonnage of 8,000. She was built in the Fairfield yard at Govan, and developed 12,000 horse-power at her trial cruise.

She was built on the same lines as the Etruria, and was considered the largest vessel afloat when launched, with the exception of the Great Eastern.

HABER DIED OF A BROKEN HEART

He Grieved Because He Was Sent to the State Reform School.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

ELIZABETH, N. J., Aug. 6.—Fourteen-year-old Charles Haber, who was committed to the State Reform school a week ago for stealing tools from the new hospital building, is said to have died of a broken heart. When the judge pronounced sentence Haber cried hysterically and continued to grieve after he arrived at the Jamesburg school. He refused to eat or sleep and Thursday evening he died suddenly.

Seven Injured in a Tornado.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

MARSHALL, Minn., Aug. 6.—The new house of I. P. Cummings was smashed to atoms and the family of seven injured by a tornado which struck this town yesterday. The mother and only months babe may not live. The heavy brick roof of the court-house, just in position, was blown off and the wall damaged. Several other buildings were damaged.

Quarrymen Returning to Work.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

NORWICH, Conn., Aug. 6.—A letter from Niantic says that a large number of the quarrymen at Millstone Granite Quarries have gone back to work regardless of the union, and that the remainder will go so as soon as places are offered them. It is thought the granite cutters will soon follow suit. The men have been out since May 1.

Practical Cooks

and Chefs of famous Restaurants and Hotels

Use Royal Baking Powder

IT WILL BE A MIDGET WEDDING.

The Marriage of Admiral Dot and Miss Swartwood.

She Is Forty-nine Inches and He Forty-eight Inches Tall.

The museum profession and the midget world in particular are looking with more than passing interest to the ceremony Sunday afternoon, Aug. 14, that will join in matrimony two of the best-known midgets in the United States.

ADMIRAL DOT AND MISS SWARTWOOD.

Leopold Kahn, otherwise known to two continents as Admiral Dot, 48 inches tall, and Miss Lottie Swartwood, a recently added star in the lilliputian constellation, with a height of 49 inches, are the prospective bride and groom, and the announcement of their intended marriage will interest thousands.

The arrival during the past week of a tiny envelope, inclosing a tiny invitation, the words of which were engraved in tiny letters, was the first intimation the friends and acquaintances of the little couple had of their proposed marriage.

The invitation embodied the announcement that the ceremony would take place in Victoria Hall, at Lexington avenue and Fifty-fourth street, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

That the approaching marriage is the crowning achievement of Cupid's sly ways among his own diminutive votaries there can be no doubt, for though Miss Swartwood is a Baptist she will demonstrate her regard for her future lord to the extent of renouncing her religion in order to be his helpmate and partner for the remainder of her days.

Admiral Dot is twenty-eight years old, while his intended bride is exactly five years his junior.

When not delighting crowds of men, women and children in theatres and museums, throughout the country by his low-comedy acting, the Admiral spends his time at the home of his parents in the apartment-house at 155 East One Hundred and Fifth street.

It was there that an EVENING WORLD reporter found the happy couple this morning, actively engaged in preparing for the approaching event.

When the reporter explained that the object of his visit was to ascertain some facts concerning his coming marriage the Admiral, his face beaming with smiles, said:

"Yes. Certainly. Miss Swartwood, who is here on a visit to my parents, will tell you all."

The little man then disappeared within the folds of a heavy portiere and soon reappeared with Miss Swartwood, who was attired in a handsome silk gown with a long train, and blushed prettily.

The little lady has big brown eyes and brown hair, and she is one of the prettiest midgets in the country and is remarkably intelligent.

"Yes," she said, with a laugh, "Dot and I are to be married, and the Rev. Rabbi Aaron Wise, of the Rodoph Scholom Synagogue, at sixty-third street and Lexington avenue, will be the officiating clergyman.

"It is probable that a great many little people, including Dot's cousin, Major Atom, will be there, as well as Miss Sadie E. Belton, Col. R. A. Steer and wife, Col. Huebler, Capt. Liable and Col. Speck. We have sent out over 250 invitations and the hall will doubtless be crowded.

"After the wedding we will spend a few days at Coney Island, and may then go to San Francisco, Dot's old home, and take up housekeeping."

Miss Swartwood told the reporter that she was born in VanEttenville, Chemung County, N. Y., and attended school until she was sixteen years old. Her father is a shoemaker and her mother died when she was six years old.

When on a visit to Binghamton a year ago she was offered an engagement with the Royal Midget Company and she accepted. It was her first appearance in public.

Admiral Dot was the comedian of the company, and when the troupe disbanded in June the comedian and leading lady found themselves engaged to be married.

Miss Swartwood hurried home to tell her folks of her intended step, and the Admiral did the same. There was no objection on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Kahn, provided their prospective daughter-in-law would change her religion, and the marriage only became assured when Miss Swartwood came to this city seven weeks ago with the information that her family would not oppose the match.

"Why shouldn't a girl change her religion if she finds her mate?" was her fervent inquiry. "Girls are girls, and if one loves a man what difference does it make what form of religion she adopts?"

Admiral Dot wore a continuous smile during the conversation and frequently interjected a remark by way of explanation.

Admiral Dot was born in San Francisco, and was first brought out by the late P. T. Barnum when he was six years old. For a number of years he travelled all over the country as the "California Nugget," or the "$10,000 Dot."

On the appearance of the Mexican Lucia Zarate in 1876 he was the smallest midget in the world. Of late years he has been exhibiting in museums, and it is said he will soon retire on a fortune made in the show business.

TOSSED A BLACK IN A BLANKET.

Race Riots Started by Militiamen in Camp at Springfield, Ill.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Aug. 6.—There is much excitement here over two fights which occurred yesterday between members of the Fourth Infantry camp and a crowd of negroes. The militiamen have been greatly annoyed by colored loafers, and yesterday they tossed one of them in a blanket.

Last night a number of soldiers were attacked at a merry-go-round and badly used up. About midnight a crowd of soldiers forced the guard line and came into the city to punish the negroes. They were meeting with success in their undertaking, when the police took a hand in the row and arrested four soldiers. The military authorities are to-day holding their men within the camp lines and the police are watching the negroes to prevent further trouble.

An Italian Stabber Saved from a Mob.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

BLOOMSBURG, Pa., Aug. 6.—Half a dozen men engaged in a playful scuffle in John Roff's fruit store last night, and Lui Rogiani, an employee of Roff's, tried to eject them. He was unsuccessful, and drawing a dagger stabbed Albert Hughes, one of the men, in the stomach, inflicting a fatal wound. While a mob was being formed to lynch Rogiani he was arrested and spirited away to Wellsboro.

GIANTS IN TRAINING.

Sullivan and Corbett Preparing for the Fight.

Sullivan Is Ascetic While Corbett Is Luxurious.

Each Works Hard, However, in His Own Way and Is Confident.

Unless John L. Sullivan or James J. Corbett suddenly expires or an earthquake ingulfs the Delta of the Mississipi and surrounding country in the mean time, or some other quite unexpected calamity occur, there will take place at New Orleans on the night of Sept. 7 the greatest fistic battle of the age.

That is, it should be a great battle, for it has all the elements of greatness. The fight is for $10,000 a side and a purse offered by the Olympic Club of $25,000.

The aggregate amount is the largest pile of Uncle Sam's, or any other nation's coin ever contended for, being but $5,000 shy of equalling the President's yearly stipend. There are no end of assurances that each man will be "fit to fight for his life."

Thirty-five thousand dollars in cold cash will be the winner's net proceeds in this contest of strength, skill and nerve, so the fight may be for a financial life, anyway.

As the time grows apace and Sept. 7 draws nigh, the interest in what these two men do and say, and how they do it and say it, intensifies, and although the tale of their preparatory work has been often told, there is always something more to add.

The tale that follows will endeavor to present the doings and sayings of the Bostonian and the Californian in an impartial way, entirely without favoritism. There will be nothing in it in the nature of a tip or a "steer," to use a "sporty" term. If there were any tipping to be done it would be like those on the horse races, so: Sullivan should win and Corbett may be the runner-up, or Corbett looks good for first and Sullivan should get the place.

CORBETT AND DELANEY ON AN AFTERNOON STROLL.

Perhaps the most noticeable thing about both pugilists is that each expresses not the slightest doubt but that he will win, and each is as firmly convinced that in him lies the making of a great actor.

As Sullivan is of more mature years than Corbett, is the champion, and has had a more extended ring and stage experience, his case will naturally be considered first.

No reports as to the big fellow's good condition that have been received have been overdrawn. He looks to be in great form, and, barring a badly blistered heel, he is. The greatest source of wonder to those who have seen him within the last few days is what has become of the "corporation," which was so noticeable even when he left for Bay Head. It's gone; that's certain—that is, the greater portion of it.

Another favorable condition about the big Bostonian is the appearance of his skin. Except where the sun has turned him brown his cuticle is of a light pink, clear and glowing.

We have all been told of what Sullivan eats, and as the menu varies but little it is scarcely worth while to repeat it. Briefly, it is beef, tea, chops, steak, stale bread and very few vegetables comprise his bill of fare. The breakfast hour is 7 o'clock, two hours after he tosses off the bed covers and stretches himself into wakefulness.

These two hours are spent in walking—walking over the rough, but picturesque, Shinnecock hills, accompanied by Casey and Ashton. The party does about ten miles before breakfast, a proceeding which, as an appetizer, beats cocktail all hollow. The route is generally to the lighthouse and return, and on the way, if you are enough of a pedestrian to accompany him, the big fellow will point out the various points of interest to you, tell you who lives in that pretty little cottage over there, or that Austin Corbin owns most of the land hereabouts.

The blistered heel interfered somewhat with the walks yesterday, however. John has been bothered with them almost ever since he began walking, but hitherto they have been trifling. The one on his left foot always came on the same foot—now, however, is worse than the rest. It is an inch square and the flesh is raw and swollen. It is painful too, but despite that he took his walk Tuesday morning.

He started away with a decided limp, like a "spavined horse," he put it, but the limp soon wore away, and ere long he and Ashton were striding along at a brisk clip, John L. on the point of the jaw, well—but Corbett says he won't get one on the jaw or anywhere else. "His right hand might as well be cut off as far as its landing on me is concerned," says Jim.

Rope-skipping is one of Sullivan's favorite pastimes and he can give cards and spades to all the soubrettes and serio-comics in the profession at that amusement. He went it 549 times the other day without a slip or pause, now and then varying his step from both feet together to a sort of jig movement. This exercise is for the legs. Sullivan is said to have small legs. His lower limbs taper more than Corbett's and look smaller below the knee. At the hip they appear larger.

CORBETT PUNCHING THE BAG.

While Sullivan is bag-pounding and rope-dancing in the barn back of Canoe Place Inn, people from the country around and city people who come on yachts to see him, crowd in on him, blocking up the door and keeping out the air; but he doesn't mind it, he says it he's him to perspire more freely. Sullivan's mode of entrance and exit to the barn is by means of an iron ladder, which he skips up and down like a sailor.

After he has been soused with several buckets of water, been rubbed down, anointed with witch hazel, fed and told a few stories—for John L. is no mean raconteur—he takes another jaunt cross-country, and on his return tosses a huge ball called a medicine ball, probably because medicine is superfluous when it is used. This latter instrument is a leather-covered sphere weighing several pounds and about a foot through. Sullivan handles it as if it were a tennis ball, throwing it overhand, between his legs, alternating with each hand separately and then with both, and in all imaginable ways.

THE BRADY COTTAGE—CORBETT'S TRAINING QUARTERS.

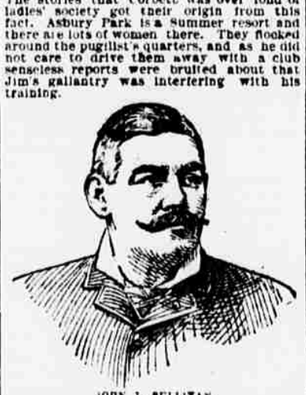
Another rub down and it is supper-time. After sufficient time has elapsed the party puts down to Peconic Bay in a rowboat, and John L. takes his daily plunge. This is one of the things he lives for. He's an excellent swimmer and can claim undisputed superiority over his rival in that respect. By 8 o'clock it is as quiet about the quaint old Long Island tavern as it is at 4 A. M. in most places, and by 9:30 the lights are all out and everybody sleeps.

His pipe, his book and telling stories are Sullivan's principal mental diversions. The coming fight engrosses him but little. To the stock questions of strangers as to what he thinks of the outcome, he says wait until Sept. 7; to anybody he knows he has no hesitancy in saying he will "whip Corbett fast."

After one has spent a day at Bay Head he comes away with the impression that it's a "cinch" for Sullivan. You can't figure it out how he can lose. But a day spent in the vicinity of Long Arbour is apt to dispel that impression somewhat. It depends in a measure on which one you see last who you think will win. Just as they think around Bay Head that it's Sullivan's fight, so they are firmly convinced down in Jersey that Corbett is the man.

It is three hours after Sullivan has been out of bed that the former bank clerk bestirs himself. Eight o'clock is his waking hour. He says he sleeps that long because he wants to. He has his own ideas of training and he follows them out. That they must be beneficial one is convinced by Corbett's appearance. His eye is clear, his every movement vigorous and supple. A glance is all that is needed to refute the report that he hasn't been taking care of himself.

Corbett's training quarters are more aristocratic and exclusive than the champion's, but not so secluded. However, neither exclusion nor seclusion has kept either place from being overrun with curious people. The stories that Corbett was over fond of ladies' society got their origin from this fact. Asbury Park is a Summer resort and there are lots of women there. They flocked around the pugilist's quarters, and as he did not care to drive them away with a club senseless reports were bruited about that Jim's gallantry was interfering with his training.



JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

It is to prevent any more such malicious tales that a high pine board fence is being built around the handball court and barn where he works. The ladies, dear things, do not like it, but they brought it on themselves by their overweening curiosity. Some of the gentle sex even forgot themselves so far at times as to crowd over the handball court and hinder the players. A sign on the barn door bearing the legend, "Private Grounds. Please Do Not Intrude," might as well have been in the bottom of the ocean.

Corbett's breakfast is a banquet compared to Sullivan's. He feasts on oatmeal, cantaloupe, steak, chops, fish, potatoes, coffee and any other delicacy he may choose. Dissipation has not rendered his stomach touchy. Then, clad only in a sleeveless jersey, a pair of tennis trousers and rusty red shoes, a make-up which he seldom varies, he reads his mail and then takes a row on the little lake hard by. A swim in the ocean or rather a bath in the ocean, follows. James J. is a poor, a very poor, swimmer. "I love to fight the breakers," he says.

Corbett's morning work is light; the laziest man in existence couldn't picture a life more sedate. It is after lunch that the work comes. He first tackles the pulley machine, a cumbersome device for strengthening the wrist and forearm. After an ordinary man has had hard luck with that foot; not long ago a mosquito bite was rubbed and irritated until it developed into a boil, and now hardly has that gone than an uncomfortable blister comes.

Bag punching follows the morning meal, and here is where the big fellow reduces weight. As he plays a ceaseless tattoo upon the leather sphere the perspiration streams off in chunks. For about thirty minutes, generally, he doesn't give the bag a second's rest, now hitting it a series of quick, light taps, and then giving it such a powerful smash as to almost send it crashing through the ceiling. If Corbett ever gets one of those times when he puts his hand up in front of Sullivan at New Orleans they will be lighter and stronger without the weights.

A seven-mile walk to Long Branch concludes the day's work. Eleven o'clock is the bed hour, so he gets just as much sleep as Sullivan, but at a somewhat different time.

Neither John nor James is doing any real hard work as yet. That will begin about two weeks before the fight, and will consist principally of sprints and long runs, with the object of developing the wind.

Like Sullivan, Corbett doesn't say much about how he is going about winning. "These knockers out don't win fights these days," he said. "I hear some nonsense about Sullivan knocking down my guard. Why there is no such thing in fighting. I've got legs, which though they may be small, never get tired, and I guess I can keep out of the way. No right-hand puncher can hit me. All I ask is that there be no accident and I'll give Sullivan the hardest run for it he ever had."

Corbett says Sullivan can't hit him, Sullivan says he'll win fast. The advent of the night of Sept. 7 alone will prove which is right. One can only add the time-worn but ever appropriate may the best man win.

The Poor Farmer.

[From Puck.]

Farmer Green (mournfully)—No, mum; we ain't a-goin' to hev no punkins this year.

Miss Borden—Why not? isn't it a good year for pumpkins?

Farmer Green—Yes, mum; but we didn't plant any.

A Mere Nothing.

[From Tid-Bits.]

Baggs (emphatically)—Now, your wife looks to me like a woman who would absolutely be frightened at nothing.

Waggs—Exactly; a mouse, for instance.

To Cut the Gordian Knot.

[From Truth.]

Jinks—As it's unlucky to move a cat and unlucky to kill a cat, and they keep right on coming, what's a fellow going to do?

Flikins—You might move yourself.

At the Pupils' Concert.

[From Puck.]

Tom—Miss Trills has a voice of great compass.

Dick—Is that what's the matter? I wish she'd box it.

The Symptoms Are Very Similar, Though.

[From Puck.]

Old Martel—Whiskey has very different effects in different parts of the city.

Rowne de Bout—You don't say so?

Old Martel—On the Bowery, it causes drunkenness; on Wall street, alcoholism, and on Fifth avenue, heart failure.

VAGRANT VERSES.

He Had Enough.

He pounded on the carpet till his back was almost broke,
He hung up window curtains till it ceased to be a joke,
He wrestled with the kitchen stove till he was black and blue;
He mended all her broken chairs and sat down in the glue;
He put her chromos up and tied his arms into a knot;
And praised to be beneath it when he dug her old grass plot.
He labored on the wood-pile tree, his back refused the test;
He polished up the silver till his spirit longed to rest;
He ran her shopping errands, raising blisters on his feet;
He lugged home tons of samples with a meekness hard to beat;
But when she asked him to select a Mother-Hubbard gown,
He cleared away one evening and he quietly skipped the town.

—Cloak Review.

Hoist by His Own Petard.

Hard was the luck the youngster ran on;
His chance for life is rather slim.
He undertook to fire his cannon
And found the cannon fired him.

—Judge.

Costly Missiles.

Poor Cupid thinks the times are hard;
He's grim as grim can be.
I saw the boy, not long ago—
Lamenting loud was he.
He says his darts are costing more
Than ever they did of old.
For, now, to make them kill he has
To have them tipped with gold.

—Puck.

WORLDLINGS.

Though England is supposed to be the home of the fair-haired people of Anglo-Saxon descent, it is learned from statistics that most of the inhabitants of the "tight little isle" have dark hair.

It is now possible to take a photograph of a rifle ball travelling at the rate of 3,000 feet a second.

Patents to the number of 453,044 were granted in the United States during the hundred years ending in 1890.

The famous Spanish palace of the Escurial contains 3,000 rooms, besides chapter houses, libraries, colleges and a monastery with 200 cells.

Horace wrote the first of his "Odes," on which his fame was to rest through all time, at the early age of twenty-three.

Horrible Thought.

[From Puck.]

Hoffman Howes—Did you know that Willy Weevles buys his clothes weedy-made?

Howell Gibbon—Oh, Hoffie, don't! Why, the same things he wears might fit some common, ordinary person just as well. It's howwible to think of.