The World
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TUESDAY EVENING, OCT. 10.

ANNIVERSARY GREETING.

While the racing yachts have been turning their stakeboats the past few days, "The Evening World" has also been steadily approaching a marked point in its course. To-day it reaches and passes that point. It does not turn. The course laid before it is straightaway. In real yachting, tacking and veering and reaching may evince the height of seamanship. On the journalistic sea, that craft alone succeeds which goes straight ahead, propelled by the propitious influences which come from a well-earned public favor.

And in this race which "The Evening World" is sailing there is no finish line. The course is simply onward and onward and onward. There is only this thing to secure, that the craft shall be constantly, "Above all, a Newspaper; beyond all, the People's Friend."

The point that is passed to-day marks the end of a year and the beginning of a year. The year just gone is the sixth of "The Evening World's" existence. Something of what the last twelve months have brought forth in the paper's history is told elsewhere. Those things which are the subject of hope for the period to come are not to be referred to. This paper does not promise blindly; it pursues its object persistently, with faith and with courage and with strength.

"The Evening World" is glad to-day out of all proportion to its years. It believes it has abundant reason so to be. Yet the paper is only what the reciprocal attentions of fond readers have made it, and it can only succeed further through the continued aid of the true and intimate friends who cheer it now.

On this, its birthday anniversary, "The Evening World" extends greeting to its old and new friends, and declares anew its firm allegiance to public and popular interests. But even to do this it must not pause. To-day there is the handshake and the reminiscence, but there is also the work, for the door that closes on a year that is past opens on the year that begins.

From yesterday's "6 O'Clock Extra" of an esteemed contemporary it appears that the America's Cup contest must, perforce, have been already settled. The decision was to come with three races out of five, and most people had understood that at least one more contest would be necessary yet. In the "Extra" referred to, however, reports were printed, from the varying details of which it can only be inferred that some half-dozen races were sailed yesterday and that Vigilant won them all. There is, of course, the possibility that the Regatta Committee will not accept this disposition of events as final, and Lord Dunraven need not, therefore, hasten to pack up his condolences.

Emma Goldman is wrong. She was not convicted because she was an Anarchist and an atheist. The law is no respecter of persons or of beliefs. But Emma is no respecter of the law. That is why she is in durance. The really singular thing about her case is that she was convicted under a statute pronouncing against "unlawful assemblage." Surely the "Queen of Anarchy" did not unlawfully assemble all by herself. She is not a lonesome "bird of a feather," who can miraculously "flock together" without the presence of the other birds. What of the rest of the guilty?

Let every voter see that he is registered. It is an "off year" in politics, as the phrase goes, but there are, nevertheless, important issues at stake in this State, and it is demanded, in the interests of the commonwealth, that the full vote of thinking and considering citizenship should be brought out. This is the first registration day in this city. Register to-day if you can. If not, do not miss the next opportunity.

"From a photograph" becomes more and more frequently the caption line of the newspaper pictures of the day. This is a significant fact in two ways. It denotes progress in the rapidity and development of photographic processes. It shows as well the marked advance in illustrated daily journalism.

There is majority enough if it has courage enough, on the right side, in the United States Senate. Let to-morrow prove that the courage is there. An end to the sickening spectacle of the wagging-tongue rule of the minority in the upper Chamber at Washington.

"No more cases on the Russia," was the report in this morning's papers. But probably the quarantine authorities will "keep cases" on the suspected ship for some days yet.

Chicago did, indeed, have a day at the Fair. She not only beat all records, but even surpassed her own expectations. And she set a high mark for Manhattan Day.

Brockway is feeling the touch of the "paddle" fashioned out of sworn facts at the Elmira Reformatory.

It seems this wasn't the year for a slip of the America's Cup.

Exit Ellison. Would that it might be also exit the genus.

Vigilant and "The Evening World" beat all comers.

Truth to tell, Valkyrie wasn't even a good second.

"The Evening World" is six years old to-day.

Dunraven loses gamely, as he said he would.

Dwelling Badly Damaged.

Fire occurred in the two-story frame building on William street, near Marion avenue, at 11 o'clock last night. The building is occupied by [illegible]

"THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY."

The Young Person—bless her little bevelled-edged heart!—is slighted, and Mrs. Kendal has lost a friend. Put away the soothing syrup, if you please; break up the nursing bottle and get into the perambulator, and wheel yourself away in it. 'Twas but a few moons ago that the Young Person, in the shape of the Normal College girl, adored the sleek, plump Madge, who went to see her at her college, and, while standing by the side of her Principal, harangued her on Virtue by the yard. She held forth on the ineffable joy of plain boiled mutton, the wholesome, intoxicating bites that lurks in the darning of Popper's much befrayed heels; she told her that she should always wear flannel next her skin, and trim her underskirts with crochet, which is so much cheaper than embroidery.

Poor Young Person! She has gone from you—your nice, sweet Madge! She has left you there, wearing flannel next your skin, for her dear sake! And you cannot call her back to you. Like that little tear-stained boy, you must play alone. Weep, dear child—weep it out.

Mrs. Kendal probably decided that Virtue, like suet pudding, is very filling at the price. She has given the world so much of what was worthy and Edgworthy, that, knowing the sensational characteristics of Americans, she undoubtedly thought it would be a good thing to change her spots. So she bought Arthur W. Pinero's play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which contains quarts of what the bigots call nautiness, and she produced it last night at the Star Theatre, with Willie by her side. London has been raving about the play for a long time—because Pinero wrote it. If it had been the work of Dumas, the Lord Chamberlain would have stepped in and suppressed it. But Pinero, who has talked prunes and prisms, and who wrote "Sweet Lavender" for the Young Person, had an object—with two capital O's if you please, and when you've got an object, you can do what you like.

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" tells a very sad story. It is, in fact, a tragedy deeper than if the stage had been strewn with corpses at the fall of the final curtain. It is absorbingly interesting from start to finish, and it is splendidly written. It bristles with clever epigrams, not lugged in with the conceit betrayed by the Oscar Wilde school, and its story is told directly and unerringly. Mrs. Tanqueray was a lady with aliases before she married Aubrey. Her reputation hadn't a stitch with which to hold itself together. She met Aubrey Tanqueray, a widower, forty years old, and fascinated him, in spite of all his prejudices. This is the only part of Pinero's story that is improbable. It might have been less improbable had a younger woman than Mrs. Kendal been the Paula.

They were married. He took her to his country home in Surrey and tried to reform her—tried to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. His young daughter, who had contemplated the seclusion, was there. Yet Paula was bored. She yearned for her old life, and Aubrey grew wretched. Her ennui is most cleverly sketched. She rebels at an existence which Mrs. Kendal has always endeavored to beautify. Aubrey's daughter shrinks from her, and Paula's sole redeeming point is her desire to win the girl's love. The denouement comes rapidly. The daughter falls in love with Hugh Ardale, and it is discovered that he, at one time, was Paula's lover. They had, as she puts it, "kept house" together. Then comes the agony. Paula feels bound to tell her husband. He is horror-stricken, and forbids the marriage, and Paula, a prey to remorse and anguish, kills herself.

The story is, of course, candid, and we call everything that is candid immoral. The cloistered virtue that never sallies out to meet its adversary is what we prefer, of course, and old paterfamilias when he sees "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" will say to mommer: "Better leave the girls at home, dear." Perhaps he, in his own heart, sympathizes with poor Paula Raye, but the girls must not do so—the dear girls who are doing crewel work by the fireside at home, and singing—perhaps "Twickenham Ferry," with plenty of meaty "Oh, ye hos."

Mrs. Kendal certainly accentuated the unloveliness of the part she played. She made Paula unnecessarily tough. Her voice, loud and rasping—which sounds like blotting-paper looks—suggested the tones of the market woman who calls out "Mackerel, bleeding fresh, for sale!" Then her skittishness seemed out of place, and when Aubrey remarked, "There are days when you still look like a schoolgirl," the audience felt inclined to snile. It was a libel on schoolgirls. As a matter of fact Mrs. Kendal looked ultra-mature, and Pinero's sympathy was lost in her interpretation. You could not feel sorry for such a very matronly lady, who was old enough to know better.

Yet in her pathetic moments, near the close of the play, Mrs. Kendal was exquisite. A younger actress might have been unable to put such deft and admirably artistic finishing touches to her work. There were moments when Mrs. Kendal's work could not have been touched by another actress. Her emotion is always convincing, and invariably brings the tears. Yet, in spite of all, the conservative Aubrey Tanqueray could not have been fascinated by this woman. Mr. Kendal was singularly unsuccessful. He was stiff and stagey. His address to his daughter sounded like a stupid after-dinner speech, and his curse was uttered as an amateur would have spoken it. He was playing second fiddle to Mrs. Kendal, but it might have been a tenth fiddle. The company was fairly good. Pretty little Nellie Campbell was miscast, and Miss Annie Irish was a trifle tame. J. E. Dodson, a capital character actor, won the honors. The Hugh Ardale of Oscar Adye was wretchedly bad.

Of course it remains to be seen whether Mrs. Kendal will be accepted in this part. The Young Person, however, is irrevocably out of it. She can put herself away in tar, to keep away the moths. She can tear Madge's picture from her wall, and at the next meeting of the Sewing Class, she can tell her friends with a tear-bedimmed voice: "I have lost her—the sweet woman who taught me to make tea-cosies and carpet slippers. Let us mourn."

Oh! Young Person, deck yourself in crape. Put a black border on your handkerchief, and another on your notepaper. Take black candles to the matinee, and let your voice be dark with grief. Your golden image is clay. You have my tears, if they are of any use to you. They are dripping upon this sheet as I write the name of

ALAN DALE.

Nearly Scalped in a Factory.

May Collis, twenty years old, employed in the Clark Thread Company's mill, at Kearny, N. J., had half of her hair torn away by the machinery yesterday. Her hair became entangled in the gears, which pulled away nearly all the skin [illegible]

TRIED TO KILL HIM.

Drunken Sailors Beat and Kicked a Policeman,

Once Beaten They Returned Armed with Clubs.

Four of the Assailants Sent to the Island.

When Policeman Edward Fitzgibbons walked into the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning he was covered with cuts, bruises and blood, and his uniform showed the effect of a struggle that by the merest accident did not end fatally for the officer.

Fitzgibbons had four prisoners in his charge that looked as badly done up as the officer.

Fitzgibbons has West street in the vicinity of Chariton street for a post afte rmidnight. This to-day is the hardest quarter of New York. Drunken sailors, thieves, loafers and foreigners constantly patrol the deighborhood, and fights and robberies are of nightly occurrence.

When Fitzgibbons reached the vicinity of Chariton and West streets at 12.45 this morning he heard yells and curses, and rushing up he found seven men engaged in a free-for-all fight. Most of them were seamen, who, after a day's carouse, had discovered that one rim had a few dollars left and had started sailor fashion to take it away.

It was at this point that Fitzgibbons came up. The policeman is not a large man, but he is quick and has plenty of pluck, so without waiting to size up his chances, he sprang into the melee with his club drawn and ordered the crowd to get out.

What occurred after that is rather in the dark. Fitzgibbons knows that some one struck him a terrific blow on the left ear and that he went down like a log and, then amid cries of "Kill him!" "Murder him," &c., blows and kicks were rained on every part of the officer.

Twice he got on his feet only to be knocked down again. Blood flowed and spattered in all directions, and Fitzgibbons thought it was all up with him, when suddenly one of the men ran up with a curse and made a kick at his head. He squirmed, and by accident the kick directed at his head missed its mark and landed in the stomach of one of the other assailants and doubled him up.

Fitzgibbons then got on his feet and as he did so a bartender named Harry Schmidt, working in the vicinity, came to his assistance. Schmidt was armed with a club, and he struck right and left.

Part of the crowd ran away, but Fitzgibbons, with the bartender's assistance, arrested two.

A squad of officers was sent out from the Prince street station and caught persons prowling about with clubs, and arrested them. They proved to be two of Fitzgibbons's assailants, who had come back armed with clubs to continue the fight.

At the station-house an ambulance surgeon was called, and after dressing the cuts and wounds of the policeman and four prisoners their names were taken as follows:

Peter McBride, aged twenty-nine, of 292 West Houston street, a laborer; John Johnson, aged thirty-five, boatswain on the Morgan line steamer El Norte, and Peter Coyle, aged twenty-four, and Patrick Coyle, aged thirty-two, brothers and firemen on board the same steamer. Fitzgibbon, with his uniform hung together with pins, appeared in court this morning with his prisoners, and after he had told the story of the fight to Justice Koch, the latter sent each of the fighters to the island for four months in default of $400 bail.

WAS HE SANDBAGGED?

Coroner Investigating the Death of Soldier Goldberg.

COLLEGE POINT, L. I., Oct. 10.—Coroner Corey, with the aid of Constable Kraebel, is trying to clear up the mystery surrounding the death of Charles Goldberg, a soldier, twenty years of age, of the Willetts Point Barracks, who died yesterday in the Flushing Hospital form a fractured skull.

Goldberg was taken to the Flushing Hospital at about 1.30 yesterday morning by a man who also wore the uniform of a soldier.

Goldberg was suffering from wounds on the head, and soon fell into a stupor, from which he never recovered.

Constable Kraebel obtained from the hospital authorities a description of the man who brought Goldberg to the Hospital, and the constable is now at the Willetts Point Barracks endeavoring to find him.

There are two theories regarding the case. One is that Goldberg went off on a spree with some of his comrades and was injured in a fight. The other theory is that he was sandbagged and robbed.

FOUGHT ON A HIGH PLATFORM.

Lineman's Thrilling Battle for Life with a Drunken Painter.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 10.—A drunken painter named Tucker gave a war dance on the narrow platform at the top of a telephone pole, ninety feet above the ground, yesterday. He carried up a flask of whiskey and a can of green paint. With the paint he colored himself green from belt to crown. Then he sang and yelled and danced, attracting a great crowd. He swung himself from the right of the platform and danced there in the air, to the horror of the crowd below.

Two linemen climbed up. One got through the trap door when Tucker shut it, and would not let the other up.

He assaulted the lineman on the platform, and they had a thrilling fight. Tucker tried to throw the lineman off, but the latter finally gave him a blow with his nippers on Tucker's head, knocking him senseless.

Tucker was then let down with a rope and taken to the police station.

WRECKED BY AN EXPLOSION.

A Cargo of 200 Kegs of Powder Ignited on a Train.

ALLIANCE, O., Oct. 10.—An eastbound freight train on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad passed the village of North Lawrence, a few miles east of this city, last night. Five minutes later the inhabitants of the village were startled by a terrible explosion.

The train had a car containing over 200 kegs of powder, which, in some mysterious manner, became ignited, causing the explosion and the complete wrecking of the train.

The track was torn to pieces for a distance of 150 yards, and an excavation twenty feet deep beneath the powder car was made.

Engineer Colvin and his fireman, Thomas McCowin, were fatally burned.

The damage will reach $23,000, and traffic will be suspended for twelve hours or more.

TWO KILLED ON THE RAILS.

Brakeman Said to Have Made One Fall to His Death.

YANKTON, S. D., Oct. 10.—Two persons were killed on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad twenty miles north of this city on Saturday. One Olson, a Swede, was struck by a passenger train as he was walking along the track, and death resulted in four hours from the injuries.

At midnight of the same day, Arthur Hohanstanor, was stealing a ride on the sustaining rods under a box car with several others. It is said that a brakeman fired a pistol at them and ordered them off. Hohanstanor became frightened and fell under the wheels and was bisected in full view of his companions.

WILLIAM H. GUION DEAD.

He Was a Member of the Famous Firm of Ship Owners.

William H. Guion, whose death is announced this morning, was formerly one of the leading merchants and ship owners of this city. He was the son of the late John Guion, and with his brother, the late Stephen B. Guion, was the owner of the old Guion line of transatlantic steamers.

He was also a member of the firm of Williams & Guion, of Wall street. Mr. Guion was born in this city Feb. 6, 1818, and he leaves two sons and a daughter. He retired from active business several years ago, and for some time had been suffering from partial paralysis. His funeral will take place from St. Patrick's Cathedral to-morrow morning.

JUMPED FROM A FERRY-BOAT.

Frederick Nagle, Honest but Hopeless, Courted Death.

Longed to Support His Mother, but Could Not Work.

Fred Nagle, a German twenty-seven years old, was taken as a prisoner to the Chambers Street Hospital this morning early for attempted suicide. He said he lived at 22 Albany street. At 10.30 last night he jumped into the river from the deck of the ferry-boat Cincinnati, of the Pennsylvania line, as she was moving out of the Courtlandt street slip.

Upon investigation it was found that he had given the physicians a wrong address, 22 being an old, unoccupied building. On the second floor of 26 Albany street there is a sailors' lodging-house, known as the "Long Branch House." There it was found he had occupied room 28 since Oct. 2, having been brought there by William Bartels, a dealer in birds at 131 Liberty street.

Mr. Bartels was by no means surprised to hear of Noyles's suicidal attempt.

"A few nights ago I saw him in the Cortlandt street ferry-house," said Mr. Bartels. "He was crying and looking in the water. I watched him for a moment and saw he was making preparations to jump in the river. I went up and talked to him, and succeeded in persuading him to accompany me back to the Long Branch House, where I guaranteed his room rent. He told me he had no work, and that every place he went and tried to get employment, they looked at him as though he were a thief on account of his clothes. He had tired of life, and he claimed it was not worth the struggle. He had an old mother in Germany, whom he wanted to help, but couldn't.

"I promised him I would give him work enough to enable him to live and get a new suit so he could secure employment at his trade, that of a bartender. He has been here at my store for the past week or two, and day before yesterday went over across the street to help them a day or so. I haven't seen him since then. The boy is about twenty-five and honest as the day is long. He is simply despondent and thinks no one cares for him.

At Mr. Corrodi's saloon Mrs. Corrodi said Nagle had been there until 9.30 last night. She did not seem to think him more moody than usual. He did not drink to excess, but was half sick. "His feet bothered him and it was hard for him to walk around," she explained, and made it impossible for him to tend bar if he had a chance. He was a good workman, steady and honest. He had been employed by William Longbein, from whom my husband bought the place, for two years. He left us a year ago of his volition entirely."

Nagle will be sent to Bellevue to-day if unable to appear in court. He was much improved and his recovery certain.

TRIED TEN TIMES TO DIE.

Must Be a Better Fate Than Suicide in Store for Donoghue.

SCRANTON, Pa., Oct. 10.—James Donoghue was arrested yesterday for trying to drown himself. He was rescued with difficulty.

This was his tenth attempt upon his life. Once he took rat poison, but an overdose saved him. On another occasion he laid in front of a passenger train, but the engineer stopped the train just in time. Once he poured oil over himself, but could find no matches to set fire to it. Then he took laudanum, but, being afraid of taking an overdose, took too little, so that he was brought back to life.

IS IT MURDER OR SUICIDE?

Unknown Man Found with a Bullet Hole in His Head.

WILLIAMSBRIDGE, N. Y., Oct. 10.—The body of an unknown man, well dressed, was found early this morning in the freight-yard of the Harlem Railroad at this place. He appeared to be about thirty years of age.

There was a wound on the back of the head, as if made by a bullet. There was also a large pool of blood where the body was found. It is a question whether it is a case of suicide or murder.

FIRST REGISTRATION DAY.

You Have Until 9 P. M. to Attend to Your Duty.

This is the first day of registration in this city. The places of registry in each of the 1,142 election districts are open from 8 A. M. until 9 P. M. for the registration of voters.

The number of vacancies among inspectors of election were reported at the Bureau of Elections this morning. The places were promptly filled by the Police Commissioners, who were in session at Headquarters during the forenoon.

It is expected that there will be quite a heavy registration. On the first day of 1889 the registration was 54,092. The total registration that year was 218,922. The total vote was 186,919.

In 1890, 65,063 persons were registered on the first day. The total registration for four days in 1890 was 244,970. The total vote was 215,790.

In 1891, the last Gubernatorial year, the registration on the first day was 50,145. The total registration for four days in that year was 261,622. The total vote was 230,936.

Last year, which was a Presidential year, 92,694 persons registered on the first day. The total registration for four days in 1892 was 309,647. The total vote was 286,143.

EMMA'S HUSBAND CONVICTED.

His Name Is Kerstner and He Is Sent Up for Larceny.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 10.—Jacob Kerstner, a Socialist, formerly a resident of this city and the husband of Emma Goldman, was yesterday sent to Auburn Prison for three years on the charge of grand larceny.

Kerstner, which he lived in Rochester, a few years ago, was a loud-mouthed Socialist. Four years ago he married Emma Goldman, who is now in the Tombs, New York, having been convicted of making incendiary speeches.

The pair were married in this city, and for a time lived together here. On her trial Emma refused to tell her husband's name. He was wanted by the New York police.

At the end of his present term Kerstner will probably be arrrested on a charge of issuing fraudulent bail bond to secure his brother's release from the penitentiary here.

CAUGHT THIEF, LOST WATCH.

Sandbruna Held One Crook While Another Ran with the Booty.

Edward McElroy, said by the police to be a notorious crook, was held in the Tombs Police Court in $1,000 this morning on a charge of highway robbery. At 9 P. M. yesterday Charles Sandbruna, a cabinet-maker, of 61 North Eleventh street, Williamsburg, was standing in front of 135 Mulberry street, when he was jostled by a passing party of men.

He felt a tug at his watch-chain, and turned in time to seize McElroy by the shoulders. McElroy had got Sandbruna's watch, however, and tried to break away.

Sandbruna held him firmly, and McElroy passed the watch to a confederate. Detective Sloane, of the Tenth Precinct, came along and arrested McElroy. The confederate escaped with the watch.

HE USED THE FIRE ESCAPE.

Sailor Carl Hansen Held on a Charge of Attempted Burglary.

Carl G. Hansen, aged twenty-seven, of 247 Spring street, was held in the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning on a charge of attempted burglary.

Early this morning Hansen climbed up on the fire-escape of his house and into the apartments at 251, occupied by Mrs. Godfrey and her daughter, Lizzie, aged eleven. They were both asleep in the room.

Hansen's presence was discovered by the little girl. When she cried out Hansen climbed back to his rooms, but not before he was recognized.

Mrs. Godfrey got up and aroused Policeman Pittmerflick, of the Spring street station.

BURGLARS' HARD LUCK

Worked All Night in a Big Building on Elm Street.

Broke Into Eight Offices; Got Little for Their Labor.

Escaped by the Transom at the Break of Day.

A remarkable story of the work of burglars was given out by the police this morning.

Two cracksmen succeeded in getting themselves locked up in the big factory building at 145 Elm street last Friday night. They worked away unmolested until daylight Saturday when they left.

They got out by smashing the transom over the street door, and escaped with their booty. This was little enough, considering the amount of work they performed.

Eleven firms have their offices and shops in the building. The burglars got into eight of the places and robbed five. The one place, a gold-plater's shop, where they might have made a good haul, they overlooked.

The policeman who did the "dog watch" from 6 to 8 on Saturday morning discovered the transom over the door broken. He reported the matter to the station-house. Capt. Creeden accompanied by Detective Carey, went around to the factory and made an investigation.

H. Bonner, manufacturer of jewelry, has a hop on the second floor, back. Bonner and his wife were in the shop until nearly 11 o'clock Friday night, getting goods ready for shipment on Saturday.

They went to supper at 6 o'clock. When they passed downstairs, Bonner noticed two men, who were strangers, going upstairs. The jeweler remembered on Saturday that he didn't hear the men going out again.

The police have concluded that these two were the burglars.

Bonner and his wife left at 10.45. Bonner locked the street door after him. Then, it is supposed, the burglars began their operations.

The ground floor of the building is occupied by the New Power Company and Herman Eidner, gold and silver-plater. The burglars did not touch either of these places. Eidner's they might have made a big haul of gold and silver-plated ware.

The first place they entered was Bonner's jewelry shop. A couple of holes were drilled in the door close to the lock. Then the burglars sawed through the door all around the lock and took it off. They stole $100 worth of lace pins, scarfpins and cardrops, and a case of samples worth $75.

On the same floor the burglars broke into the office of Mr. Neuleans, underwear manufacturer. The only thing they got there was a gold pen out of the desk.

Then they proceeded to the next floor, where they forced open the doors of Joseph A. Branigan's machine shop and L. Bertsch's standard chalk marks. In the former place they got some tools, but in Bertsch's they got nothing.

The whole fourth floor is occupied by Osterting Brothers, manufacturers of pipe cases. The marauders spent considerable time trying to effect an entrance into the shop. They succeeded in breaking open the door leading into the office, but couldn't get into the shop, although they pulled out one of the staples of the lock. The door, however, was fastened on the inside, and they had to give it up.

Then they went up to the next floor and tried to get into the shop of Otto Hamper, manufacturer of metal goods. The door there also resisted their efforts.

They next tackled E. L. Roberts machine shop and the Columbia Button Works on the third floor. The doors of both places were forced open. In Roberts's place some locks were stolen. In the button works the burglars broke open the desk and took a small sum of money from the drawer.

On the top floor the burglars sawed the lock out of the door leading into the office of Freideurich & Co., clothing manufacturers, but got nothing. They also got into the fancy box factory of Schoenemann & Rupnf, on the same floor. They broke open the desk and took out $6 and some postage stamps. They also robbed the place of a lot of tools.

The burglars used a nice fancy box for a dark-lantern. It was found the next morning charred and burned with half a candle sticking in it.

The burglars must have been several hours at work.

Capt. Creedon has obtained a description of five two men from Jeweler Bonner. He has hopes of arresting them.

E. J. WOOLSEY WEDS AGAIN.

Mrs. Kate Trimble De Roode, of Kentucky, His Bride.

It is announced from Cincinnati that Edward J. Woolsey, a wealthy clubman, of 8 Lexington avenue, married at Covington, Ky., last evening, Mrs. Kate Trimble De Roode, daughter of the late Judge W. W. Trimble, of Kentucky.

Each of the contracting parties had experienced one matrimonial failure. The bride recently secured a divorce from her first husband, De Roode, who is a distinguished journalist. Mr. Woolsey's divorce case obtained a wide publicity because of the fact that his two young sons, students at Yale, appeared as witnesses for their mother in the trial, which resulted in her receiving a decree of divorce. Mr. Woolsey's gifts to charity had already made his name well known in New York.

The ceremony which made him again a husband was performed at the Trimble family home in Covington by Rev. Grattan Noland, of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, assisted by Rev. Frank Woods Baker, of St. Paul's, Cincinnati. The bride wore a Worth gown of creamy white satin, the front widths of velvet silk, hand embroidered in gold thread, with narrow satin ribbons of pink reversed with gold.

She received from the bridegroom a tiara of diamonds, a diamond necklace and a brooch of diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds, all Woolsey family heirlooms. Mrs. Trimble, mother of the bride, gave her a diamond necklace and a deed to an immense tract of blue-grass land near Lexington. There were 100 guests, including the Governor of Kentucky and his wife.

PRETTY CASHIER RECOVERED.

Miss Ferriter, Who Tried Suicide, Is Well, but Invisible.

Miss Katherine Ferriter, the pretty ex-cashier at the cafe of the Oriental Hotel, who tried to shake off this world of trouble by turning on the unlighted gas in her room, 246 West Forty-second street, is fully recovered. Her friends have her in hiding, and all the information they will give is that she has recovered.

The pretty brunette, whose sparkling black eyes and ebon hair have attracted much attention at the Oriental, is from Brattleboro, Vt. She is twenty-two years old, and a daughter of an old though not wealthy family of the Green Mountain State. She set out to make a way for herself, and was for a time employed by a Boston dry-goods house. Last August she came to New York in response to an advertisement for a cashier at the Oriental. Host Page says she was honest as well as beautiful, but that mathematics was an unknown science to her, and her small errors made a change necessary, so he released her Wednesday.

She was ambitious to become a trained nurse. That was what brought her to New York. She became discouraged, and shutting herself up in her room at Miss Nichols's boarding-house turned on the gas, partially disrobed, and lay down to die. She had nearly succeeded in her attempt when found. Mrs. Campbell, housekeeper at the original, was sent for. She saved Miss Ferriter. I told her she was sad to die, she was so discouraged.

RELIEF FOR BRUNSWICK, GA.

Six Carloads of Provisions Sent Away This Morning.

Six carloads of provisions and clothing for the stricken people of Brunswick, Ga., left this city at 6 o'clock this morning.

The work of loading the cars had been going on for a week at pier 1, North River. The work was completed last night and the relief train was transferred to New Jersey on a float.

At a meeting of the trunk line officers it was decided that the cars should have free transportation. They will be drawn over the Pennsylvania Railroad's tracks to Washington, thence over the B., F. and P. Railroad and the Atlantic Coast Line direct to Brunswick.

Through the Marlborough Hotel $200 was received yesterday, and Rogers, Peet & Co. sent $100, making the total thus far subscribed about $1,100.

LETTERS.

[This column is for the benefit of everybody who has a complaint to make, a grievance to ventilate, information to give, a question to ask or a public service to acknowledge, and who can put the idea into less than 100 words. Long letters cannot be printed.]

The Whistling Boy.

To the Editor:

I live in a flat and would sooner have a dog in it than a boy that whistles, for such a boy is a common nuisance. Also "Constant Reader" must pay a great deal of attention to other people's business judging by her (that) letter, and this is another illustration of the superiority of the dog in flats. They mind their own business. Respectfully, "MYSELF."

Boy Life on Avenue A.

To the Editor:

In "The Evening World" of Sept. 25 I noticed a letter signed a "Gentleman Sympathizer," in which he complains of a policeman's cruelty to boys in the neighborhood. Now I wish they would send that policeman around the upper part of Avenue A, between Eighty-seventh and Eighty-eighth streets. I think he would come in nice and handy. Friday, Sept. 22, a lady who keeps a store on that avenue was sitting out-of-doors and had on a very expensive dress; all of a sudden some very decayed tomatoes came flying over her by the bushel and spattered over the dress and the lady. The following morning she went over and showed the dress to the mother of the boy that threw the tomatoes, and the mother replied in the boys' presence that they could not be harmed, they were not of age; that all her friends are policemen and she knows the law. The next act was on Saturday, between 5 and 6 o'clock. The lady of the store went to have supper. She hardly had her tea poured out when she saw a struggle in front of her store. Two boys were beating her boy and knocked him down on the ground and almost killed him—all the neighbors looking on. The mother had a hard struggle to get him out of their clutches, and by the time she got him she fainted. Is there no justice? Now, this woman is afraid to stay in that store for fear that her boy will be killed; and he is a quiet and decent child, and the mother is a heart-broken widow.

AVENUE A.

Yes.

To the Editor:

Kindly inform me if a landlord can hold a tenant responsible for the balance of this year's rent on a lease of two years ago, when no lease was signed for the present year, and it was particularly stated in a letter last April that I would only remain providing no unforeseen trouble should come. The recent stringency in the money market and bad business have rendered it impossible to meet the rent, and will a thirty days' notice be sufficient? H. G. H.

This Is a Case of Two Suits.

To the Editor:

I have bought some clothing on the instalment plan and can't pay according to agreement; in fact I haven't paid any in six months. A lawyer has notified me that if I don't pay some in a few days he will sue me. I am in business in a small way and have a partner. Can he take any of our tools away to satisfy the claim? Suppose I promise to pay as much as I can, can he then sue me? A. W. S.

A Delicate Point.

To the Editor:

At the seashore resorts it is often necessary for the life savers to strike and knock senseless drowning persons whom they are trying to save. Should a life saver, in his anxiety, strike the person with force enough to cause death could the rescuer be held accountable to the law, and on what charge? B. F. N., Brooklyn.

Poorly Paid Pedagogues.

To the Editor:

School teachers get less salary, work harder and earn more money than any other class of women in public service. Women in the Post-Office and postal stations get from $400 to $850 a year, which is less than the average pay of primary and grammar school teachers who have had from four to fourteen years "grind." Factory inspectors get $1,200 and car fare from the State; Custom-House inspectors receive $1,200 and clerks are paid from $750 to $1,000 a year by the Government. Even the charwomen are better paid than the pupil teachers who have spent a dozen years or more preparing themselves for the classroom. J. N.

Answers to Questions.

W. H. D.—You will need "indoocence" to get a position as inspector of plumbing.

B. H., New Jersey.—Your question is ridiculous. You could not get into "a refined society" in which you were not known.

Charles F. Wiggins.—The Lucania's smokestacks are each 21 feet in diameter.

Myself.—The fact that you came to this country before you were of age does not make you a citizen. You need not be a citizen though to join the United States Navy. Apply at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard.

Enquirer.—You must take out naturalization papers. Thirteen years' residence does not make you a citizen. A foreigner can legally hold property here.

Great Grandmother.—There is no quoted value for 1,000,000 cancelled postage stamps, but we think you should easily get $100 for them and that would get you into an old ladies' home. In Fulton street recently a bale of 1,000,000 cancelled stamps was offered at $200.

Mr. Young.—You can have English exchanged for American money at any of the brokers' or money exchanges. There are many of them downtown.

C. E. C.—There are many Catholic institutions in which you can place your child. Ask your parish priest.

Louis Epstein.—Frank Ellison was convicted of assault in the second degree. He cannot be sentenced for a shorter term than five years.

S. R.—We do not know of any boarding-schools that make a specialty of taking in naughty little girls. Often children needing correction are sent to the House of the Good Shepherd.

W. F. M.—The top half of a sulky wheel does not revolve faster than the lower half. We don't see how it could, do you?

SLAUGHTER-HOUSE FOR BABIES.

Terrible Charges Against San Francisco's Foundling Asylum.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—A shocking scandal has been caused here by the Coroner's investigation of the San Francisco Foundling Asylum, where thirty-three babies have died within the past six weeks.

The place was closed Thursday last, and twenty-four foundlings were given into the custody of the Catholic Infant Shelter. The Coroner ascertained that the thirty-three waifs died from lack of nutrition and from inanition and pemhigue. The Daughters of the Good Shepherd have publicly branded the asylum as a slaughter-house for babies. The sanitary conditions are very bad.

It is charged that the nurses and attendants occupied the sunny rooms upstairs and kept the babies in the damp, dark apartments. Before the Coroner yesterday it was developed that dead babies had been kept on the premises four days.

The official undertaker of the institution testified that when the infants died the attendant put their bodies in a box under the door-steps and kept them there like so much garbage until he came to take them away.

DIED A PRISONER.

An Unknown Man Expired in a Station-House.

An unknown man about fifty years old, who was a prisoner in the East Fifth street station-house, died at 4.50 this morning. He was arrested intoxicated last night and refused to give his name.

He was 5 feet 11 inches tall; had blue eyes, brown hair, chin whiskers and mustache. He wore a dark brown coat, vest and trousers, white shirt, gray undershirt, derby hat and heavy shoes.

Soldier Lynchers May Go Free.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 10.—Habeas corpus proceedings were instituted before Judge Sneed, of the Knox County Criminal Court, yesterday for the release of the sixteen soldiers now in jail here charged with the lynching of Miner Richard Drummond at Briceville, on the morning of Aug. 10. From the evidence so far obtained it is the universal opinion that the soldiers will be released.

Fatally Shot His Wife.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 10.—John T. Kelly, thirty-three years old, shot and fatally wounded his wife, Maggie, about ten years younger, in the presence of a number of on-lookers, at Twelfth and Race street late last night. The shooting is the culmination of several years of unhappy married life, due to the husband's drunken habits. [illegible]

HOUSE AND HOME

A Plucky Little Lady.

Miss Tissy Reynolds, whose portrait is given, is certainly a plucky little English lady, for she has ridden on a bicycle from Brighton to London and back in 8 hours, 38 minutes—a distance of more than 100 miles! Miss Reynolds is only sixteen, and is as bright and

merry as she is brave and muscular. She rode right away from Brighton to Hyde Park Corner without a single stoppage, and after reaching home went for a walk in the evening. The modest and pretty costume which she wore while on her famous ride was both designed and made by herself.

Fried Potatoes (French).

Pare the potatoes and throw them into cold water for one hour. Then cut them, either with a vegetable spoon or in slices or blocks. Have ready a pan of very hot lard; dry the potatoes on a towel. This must be done quickly, so as not to allow the potato to discolor. Now drop them quickly into the hot lard. When done, take them out with a skimmer and put in a colander. Stand the colander on a tin plate and then in the oven, with the door open, to keep warm while you fry the remainder. When all are done, sprinkle with salt and serve hot. When cut with a vegetable spoon they are used to garnish boiled or baked fish.

The Cricket Girl.

Just at present the cricket girl is most largely in evidence in Philadelphia. As a rule she is a bright and winsome creature, who from earliest childhood has watched the game as played by her brothers and has at times taken a hand at it herself. As she grew older collegiate and international contests have aroused her enthusiasm and the score in the newspapers is not Greek to her as it is to her sisters who have lived all their lives within the confines of city walls.

During the visit of the Australians she has been at her best, and it has been a pleasure to hear her discourse learnedly of overs and byes, while her cheeks glow with excitement and her young voice rises fresh and clear upon the air as she applauds some fine play with "Well taken, sir." Despite her superior knowledge of cricket she is not at all mannish, and in her pretty, stylish gowns and jaunty and bewitching hats she makes a picture that ought to spur the players on to more brilliant plays and greater triumphs.

Escalloped Tomatoes.

Put a layer of tomatoes in an earthen dish; then one of bread crumbs, with a little sugar, butter, pepper and salt; another of tomatoes, another of bread, until the dish is full. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

Sloping Shoulders Again.

When the whistling winds of November call for capes we shall see the sloping shoulder once more queen of fashion. The shawl-like effect is to be introduced again, so good-by