The World

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THE WORLD'S CIRCULATION FOR AUGUST.

AVERAGE PER WEEK-DAY,
487,421.

AVERAGE PER SUNDAY
(No Evening Edition),
324,691.

Gain per Sunday in One Year,
74,197.

Gain per Sunday Over Three Years Ago,
93,879.

The Crokerized Tammany is no "honest Injun."

To be for New York you must be against its bosses.

Breckinridge came out of the primaries a hopeless secondary.

Breckinridge is turned out of the Blue Grass political pasture.

Whoever runs may read the notice that Mr. Platt is still boss.

Is it true that the Palisades on the Hudson are not to be saved?

If you are for a Better New York the Committee of Seventy is your Committee.

Mr. Platt will still attend to the little matter of who shall cut any ice at Saratoga.

Don't leave things to the Committee of Seventy to the extent of doing nothing yourself.

All hangs on this week's work in the race for the baseball pennant. Can the Giants set the pace?

Mr. Goff has brought out a great lot of planking material for the Committee of Seventy's platform.

Papers which assert that Breckinridge has met his Waterloo should have more respect for Napoleon.

Real rapid transit will comprehend not only a system of fast trains, but a system of enough trains.

The Better New York will spend the people's money for the people. This will drive many a political heeler to work.

It would seem that the confident Japanese are offering a pretty long shot in the wager that they will occupy Pekin Oct. 3.

Mr. Harrison writes that he has decided not to speak outside of Indiana this Fall. What will Mr. Morton do now, poor man?

The hottest Sept. 16 in twenty years fell upon New York yesterday. The ninth month of 1894 wishes to live in meteorological history.

Mr. Goff's revelations, even as far as they have gone, are a sufficient cause for a municipal revolution. But the Lexow inquiry is yet to go Up Higher.

Let each fighting traction company's "pull" be confined to its big cable. The new franchises uptown must not go by favor. They must go to the company that will give the best returns to the public.

"Don't the people on Long Island have to have something to make good roads out of?" So says the superintendent of the blasting. And down goes another slice of the Palisades on the Hudson. It's a pity.

The big traction companies that are fighting for new franchises uptown are not tumbling over themselves in frantic haste to provide the seats which passengers constantly pay for, and don't get, on their existing surface lines.

It was rather clumsy dodging that the Constitutional Convention did, on the anti-trust amendment. The Republican majority had not forgotten the admission of Mr. Havemeyer that the politics of the Sugar Trust consisted in contributing to the treasury of the successful party.

Mr. Depew is in error in charging that "the state of things the Lexow Committee has revealed" is attributable to the action of Mayor Grant, in having made the Police Commission partisan, instead of preserving its non-partisan character. The Commission was non-partisan under Abram S. Hewitt, and that authority has declared that the corruptions now exposed prevailed when he was Mayor, and while some improvements were made, it was impossible to remove them.

AT SARATOGA TO-MORROW.

Platt is boss, and Levi P. Morton is his profit. Platt has been one of the Republican machine leaders for some time. But this year he has shaken off all his associates, and stands alone as the absolute Dictator of his party.

There is still an opposition to Platt, as a matter of course. There are many men who would like to break the "slate" and prevent the nomination of the candidates selected by the boss for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. But they have no adhesion, and, what is worse, very few of the influential men among them have any pluck. The consequence is that the "slate" is likely to go through the ratification meeting at Saratoga to-morrow and to leave Thomas C. Platt Grand Tycoon of Republicanism for some years to come.

In the Democratic party there has been a divided boss-ship—Croker in the city and Hill and Murphy in the State. In the Republican party Platt is ruler in the State and city both.

There will be some little embarrassment over to-morrow's platform. It has been given out that the campaign is to be fought on the tariff. There is to be an attack on Trusts and a resolution that any subscription of money by a corporation to a political party for campaign purposes shall be made a penal offense.

But what has a State Government to do with the tariff? How will the Republicans reconcile a tariff agitation with their denunciation of the Democracy for a disturbance of the tariff? How can the Republican State Convention attack Trusts, when the Republican Constitutional Convention is protecting and fostering Trusts in the new Constitution? How can Republicanism denounce moneyed subscriptions for political purposes by corporations when it has been living for years on such subscriptions? How can the Saratoga gathering denounce Hill and Murphy for alleged political trickery in the State, when the Albany gathering is engaged in making one of the most scandalously fraudulent apportionments ever imposed on a people?

The work of this Convention, whose business has been done beforehand on a "slate," will satisfy the people that the "reform" cry in the State means simply turning over the government from one set of bosses to another set—from a Democratic machine to a Republican machine.

A HOPEFUL VIEW.

No one who knows Ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt will accuse him of optimism. But before he left for Europe last Saturday he drew a very hopeful picture of affairs and of the prospects for the future in this country.

Mr. Hewitt declares that the condition of mankind is better to-day than ever before; that labor gets higher wages and the wage buys more; that the world produces more than ever, and its products are more evenly divided. The aggregate of unemployed labor is great, but so is the aggregate of unemployed capital, and when enterprise sets the one free it will decrease the other. Mr. Hewitt believes that the settlement of the tariff question has already revived business, and that activity will speedily succeed the recent protracted inactivity.

Mr. Hewitt says he does not sympathize with personal attacks on such men as Gilroy and Croker. They want good government, and are ready to do their best to secure it, but they also want Tammany to get the profit, and of that the ex-Mayor does not approve. He desires reform from another direction. He would restrict the suffrage and make Judges appointive, and he considers the "British system of government the best now in existence."

As Mr. Hewitt lays the blame of our municipal evils on the "good citizens," the "good business and professional men who are spoken of as the bone and sinew of our municipalities," and who "have sat supinely by while those municipalities have been and are governed by foreigners," he will doubtless return home before election, and as one of the new Committee of Seventy do his best to remedy the ills of which he complains.

A BRAVE ACT.

In these days of exposure of police misdeeds it is pleasant to record a brave and commendable act on the part of a member of a force whose reputation for devotion and bravery at least cannot be assailed.

Matthew Monaghan, the member of the Broadway Squad who guards the crossing at Barclay street and Broadway, was on duty last Saturday afternoon, when a runaway horse attached to a mail wagon came tearing down the crowded thoroughfare. An old man was in the cart, and he had lost control of the powerful horse, which by some means had become stripped of the harness about the head. There was immediate danger of a collision with the cable cars, and a wild scene of confusion prevailed.

Monaghan sprang into the road, and by some adroit means seized the horse by the ear and turned his head on one side, stopping him as easily as if he had been completely harnessed. The feat was a remarkable one, and as it was performed at the risk of the man's life, and probably prevented a fatal accident, it certainly deserves notice.

WHY NOT AN UP-TO-DATE BRAVE?

Massachusetts is looking for an Indian. It wants to picture him on the Commonwealth's coat-of-arms. And that he may be an Indian as is an Indian, application has been made to the Bureau of Ethnology for the proper face, figure and costume of an aboriginal brave.

We don't see why Massachusetts should look for a Pain-in-the-Necktie, a Fleas-in-the-Blanket or other comparatively obsolete type of the American savage to put into its coat-of-arms. Why doesn't it get an up-to-date Indian? Why not send a representative on here to have the finest possible Bowery tin-type of a Tammany brave taken for its coat-of-arms?

The Tammany Indian is not exactly a heroic type, he hasn't the high forehead and noble features of our blanketed friend Lo—but he knows a thing or two of which the son of the forest never even dreamed. Everything is fin-de-siecle now. Why not coat-of-arms Indians? A coat or even a vest of arms with a prognathous, demi-foreheaded, beetling-banged "mug" on it, in a noisy checkered suit, and a tilted what-d'-ye-say investigation-defying high hat, burning up handfuls of money, would be more awe-inspiring and meaningful than a whole Wild West of the real article.

Pastor John B. Wilson, of the Eighteenth Street Methodist Church, is right. The police are not all bad. The great body of the force is not corrupt. But there is rottenness in high places in the Department, and the wrong-doing officials have known how to pick their tools. The bad are all coming to light now. The good will have their opportunity when the rascals are turned out.

Mayor Gilroy finds in the Committee of Seventy and its followers the same old enemy to Tammany Hall. For its part the Committee finds in Tammany Hall the same old enemy to public progress and honesty of administration that existed in the days of Tweed's success. The city's foes were overthrown then. They can be beaten out again.

"NEW BLOOD."

It was hard to realize that the playwright who showed such exquisite pathos and such dainty humor in "Alabama" could produce such a tiresome, meaningless and artificial affair as "New Blood," the "play of American life" (alas! for American life), that opened the season at Palmer's Theatre Saturday night. Yet Augustus Thomas made no bones about admitting his authorship of the play, and he responded to the call that the cruelty of the audience insisted upon.

In "New Blood" Mr. Thomas has given us a play that is absolutely without form and void. He has been an unhappy in the little love episodes as in the labored and technical references to the labor question, and his play is studded with impossible people. While it is not necessary for a play to prove anything in particular—theatre-going being more of a pastime than a lesson—we certainly expected, after being dragged through an act that dealt with monopolies and trusts, and percentages, and master mechanics, to hear something that might settle some disputed point. But Mr. Thomas settled nothing. He even unsettled his audience, for he made them distinctly uncomfortable. They tried hard to follow him through his little financial technicalities, but their effort was a useless one. The game was not worth the candle.

The father was a monopolist, and the son was a Socialist. The father was haggard, emaciated and at death's door for three acts, while the son enjoyed rude health and ate a spendid breakfast on the stage. Perhaps the play was meant to show that monopolists cannot live, while Socialists can eat and drink and be merry. Who knows? I don't, and I am sure that the audience didn't. The father had a wife who loved a minister, who proposed to his daughter, who loved somebody else, who didn't know that she loved him—as per usual. The minister was a very terrible person, but there was not enough subtlety about him to render him interesting. He was distinctly tame, though naughty.

As for the wife, she was so utterly bad that the audience couldn't get up any interest in her. There was not a vestige of humanity about her constitution, though I rather fancy that Mr. Thomas planned a dashing, reckless siren of the class known as "ladies with a past." Her present, however, was so ghastly that we didn't care a hang about her past, and—thank goodness that we shall not be asked to peer into her future. The role of Barstow Adams, of Chicago, who loved the pure young girl, was an utterly impossible affair. Such an egotistical, swaggering, bumptious lover would have disgusted any pure young girl, and any impure one, too. And when you are coolly asked to sympathize with the silly complications in which this stupid Lothario got himself involved, you had an internal rebellion that wore you out. Van Buren Crandall, the Socialistic son, who had such a good appetite, was perhaps the most entertaining person in the play, because he was so kind to his dying popper. The popper himself took such a long time dying that you felt downright vexed with him for trifling with you. To add to it all, his corpse responded to a curtain call, which was unseemly.

"New Blood" was well acted in most of its parts. Wilton Lackaye was "conscientious," and he is better when he isn't. E. M. Holland tried hard to make the popper interesting, and Miss Katherine Grey was very effective. C. W. Couldock preached a sermon with all due impressiveness. We admired Mr. Couldock, even if we wearied of his sermon. Maurice Barrymore delivered his lines with the sing-song intonation that passes, with him, for man-of-the-world-ism, and Miss Elita Proctor Otis was admirable. This actress possesses a magnetism, an infectious cheeriness, and a refinement that are rare nowadays. She is cut out for a star, and she was not swamped in the dreariness of "New Blood."

ALAN DALE.

WORLDLINGS.

Bangor, Me., derives its name from the famous psalm tune.

Artificial ice was first manufactured more than a century ago.

The ice around the North Pole is believed to be 6,000 feet thick.

Passengers on American railways travelled fifteen billion miles last year.

A chicken killed at Portland, Ore., had a gold nugget worth $5 in its crop.

The savings banks of New York contain nearly $1,500,000 in unclaimed accounts.

There are 260 mountains in the United States exceeding 10,000 feet in altitude.

The velocity of the wind at the top of the Eiffel Tower is four times as great as at the base.

In Russia the average wages of plumbers are $12 a month, yet in Peru an ordinary teamster earns as much in a week.

Abraham Lincoln was the tallest President, and Benjamin Harrison the shortest. Lincoln's stature was six feet four inches.

The Kaiser is allowed a salary of $3,852,000 a year, which is just twice the amount granted by the British Parliament to Queen Victoria.

There are said to have been only two strikes in the history of Turkey—one of dock-yard laborers and the other of cigarette-makers.

The highest villages in the world are two mining camps in the Andes, each of about 200 inhabitants. One of them is nearly 15,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The largest baby ever known was the child of Mr. and Mrs. Lennon, and was born in Macon, Ga., in 1896. When twenty-four hours old the infant weighed nearly forty pounds.

The name of Hackensack, the New Jersey river and town, comes from the Indian word Hauccquensauk, meaning hook-mouth (from the winding of the river). Hoboken is from the Indian Hoboran, pipe-stone.

There are more than 277,000 teachers in the common schools, academies and colleges of the United States.

An old log house south of Harrisburg, Pa., is pointed out to travellers as the birthplace of Lindley Murray, the once famous grammarian.

FUND'S LAST WEEK.

The Free Doctors Work Will Be Over Saturday.

Contributions to the Charity Now Amount to $24,115.

Letters from Little Friends Who Send Money for the Fund.

The Subscriptions.

Previously acknowledged	$24,032.63
Fair, Red Bank, N. J., May McMahon and others	26.00
Entertainment, 218 West Thirty-fifth street, Miss E. McCormack and others	10.50
"Jack Horner Pie," Etta Loftus	8.00
Magic lanterns, Sara M. Williamson and William Thatcher, jr.	6.00
Fair, 529 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, Miss Cassie McGill and others	7.00
Lemonade stand, Seventy-fifth street and Third avene, Lillie Smalls and others	6.00
Pleasant Avenue Pleasure Club, Miss Annie Lally, President	5.81
Entertainment, Lorraine, Mrs. George Leavitt and others	5.00
Alice Kabrecht and Florie Schineder	2.50
Lena Finkelstein and Gussie Monness	2.25
Fair, 20 Fulton street, Brooklyn, Elizabeth Josephine Bell and others	2.21
Susie B. Ginaud	2.00

Three Send 85 Cents.

To the Editor:

Here are 85 cents for the Sick Babies' Fund from

MILDRED GOLDSTEIN,
E. W. M'BRIDE,
NELLIE CONLY.

The Sick Babies' Fund will close for the present year next Saturday. All contributions should be in early Friday, so that they may be acknowledged on the winding-up day.

The Fund now has $24,115.90. Its work began early in May, and has continued without interruption ever since, and will continue until the last day. The free doctors have already cared for over 17,000 sick babies, and fed and clothed many thousands.

Friends of this charity who desire to see its record year a big one should send in their contributions before next Saturday. We also request those who have money due the Fund from benefit entertainments to report at once.

Willie's Hard Work.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1, proceeds of a magic lantern show held at 1090 De Kalb avenue, near Reid, for four days. I am sorry it is not more but I hope it will be more next time. Notwithstanding the fact that there were only small children who participated, I think it was a success for our tickets were only 2 cents each. I hope I can have something else so as to get some more. We ought to remember we all were babies once.

WILLIAM J. COOK, age 12,
1090 De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn.

Hattie's Collection.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find 65 cents collected by me for the Sick Babies' Fund.

HATTIE S——, 10, Beaver street.

Edith's Little Stand.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1.10, proceeds of my little stand in front of my house, 93 Bedford street.

EDITH CUMMINGS, age 10.

Will Cure Some Baby.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1.50. I hope it will cure some sick baby.

GUSSIE, Montclair, N. J.

With Good Wishes.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $7, proceeds of a fair held by Cassie McGill, 529 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street; Mary E. Smith, 531 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street; May Lina, 525 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street; Agnes Collins, 533 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street; Lola McGill, 529 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, and Patrick Smith, 531 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. Wishing you as much success in the future as the past in your charitable undertakings, we are, yours truly,

Cassie, Mary,
May, Agnes,
Lola, Patrick.

Toys and Lemonade.

Lillie and Bertha Smalls, Matilda Heunsch and Jennie Gold had a toy and lemonade stand at the corner of Seventy-fifth street and Third avenue, and collected $6 for the Fund.

A Market Street Stand.

Lena Finkelstein and Gussie Monness had a small stand at 38 Market street and collected $2.25 for the Fund.

Your Letter Will Appear Later.

All letters from contributors to the Sick Babies' Fund will be printed. Many are in type and will appear in this column later.

CHINESE GAMBLERS RAIDED.

One of the Men Arrested Afterwards Assaulted.

Detectives Perkins and Downing, of the Elizabeth street station, early last evening raided a game of fan-tan on the third floor of 13 Doyers street. The attention of the lookout for the moment was attracted by a small street fight, and the policemen had no trouble in getting past him.

Eighteen Chinamen had just begun the game in a room formerly used as a restaurant. The inmates rushed for the windows, and many escaped. Six were captured and all the money and paraphernalia of the game was seized. Justice Ryan fined the prisoners $5 each, which they paid, in the Tombs Court to-day.

A few hours later, at a concert in the Chinese Theatre, a quarrel took place between Lee Wing, of 319 De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn, and Barber Ching Hing, of 16 Pell street. When ejected from the theatre they came to blows in the street. Wing was struck on the head with a piece of iron pipe, and was unable to appear at the Tombs Court when the case was called.

Both men had participated in the fan-tan game, and one accused the other of informing the police. Hing was remanded to await the result of Wing's injuries.

HYDROPHOBIA BY PROXY.

One Brother Bitten and Another Has the Dread Disease.

(By Associated Press.)

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 17.—Chalk Michael, aged nineteen years, is living at his home in this city under the influence of opiates, given to overcome the spasms of an attack of hydrophobia. He has never been bitten by a rabid dog or other animal, and what makes the case remarkable in the annals of medical science is that his trouble is supposed to come from sympathetic excitement on account of his younger brother, who was one of the nine persons bitten by a supposed rabid dog about five weeks ago.

The brother has not suffered from the effects of his wounds, which were severe. Chalk went to Joliet, Ill., recently to visit an uncle, and while there stumbled and fell, making a large bruise over the heart. Convulsions followed with all the symptoms of rabies.

THE PEOPLE'S FIGHT.

Still the Struggle Against Overcrowded Cars Progresses.

The Public Demands Ordinary Comforts for the Fares It Pays.

Several Pat Suggestions by "Evening World" Readers.

During the damp, muggy weather of the past few days the discomforts of travelling on the street car lines has been greatly aggravated. Nothing is more vexatious than to be crowded up into a corner, squeezed and trampled upon, unable to get a breath of fresh air, or even to move in any direction, on one of those hot, sweltering days.

This has been the fate, however, of hundreds of passengers in the overcrowded cars. They have paid their fares and secured their seats, yet they have actually been rendered more uncomfortable and wretched than those who have been obliged to stand during the entire trip.

What the public demand is that laws should be passed prohibiting the street railway companies from carrying more than a certain number of passengers on their cars. The limit should be fixed by the seating capacity of each car, and the rule should be rigidly enforced by the police, who could very well see when any attempt was being made to overcrowd a car.

Trailers, relays and extra cars are all very well in their way, and the companies should be compelled to operate them during the busy hours of the day, at morning and evening, when the demand for accommodations is most urgent. Yet the present evil will never be remedied so long as conductors are compelled to take on board every person who hails the car, no matter how crowded it may be.

On every one of the lines spies are employed to watch the conductors and drivers, and if they fail to stop for people who hail the car, and do not make every effort to squeeze them aboard, they are reported at headquarters as delinquents, and soon find that their services can be dispensed with unless they carry out the policy of the corporation to squeeze every cent of profit out of the public they possibly can.

The readers of "The Evening World" are clamoring for the adoption by the railroad companies of some of the suggestions that have been made for the relief of the strain.

"Give us more cars, trailers, relays, anything to increase facilities," they say, "and we will be satisfied."

Within the last week the Third avenue cable line has taken off the trailers which it formerly experimented with. It is said that the cable has been found too weak to stand the strain, which, if true, is another illustration of the manner in which these corporations try to impose upon the public by constructing their roads of poor material, with cheap equipments.

In several of the large Western cities, notably in Chicago and St. Louis, it is the exception to see a car running single. One, two, and sometimes three additional cars are attached, and the number of accidents and delays is very much less than in New York.

Here are some selections from this morning's mail bag:

Some Good Suggestions.

To the Editor:

Your practical work for all classes of the community to obtain that convenience and comfort they pay for in obtaining a seat in all cars of the great metropolis, is also appreciated by the people of the Hudson River towns, who constantly do business in your city. Hanging on a strap in a packed car is not what one pays for enjoying, neither would it be tolerated in any European city. It is shocking from a sanitary point; is an incitation to pickpockets to ply their trade, and by the powerful influence of "The Evening World," will soon be abolished. The Mayor of New York should be empowered to license every car or vehicle which carries passengers within the city limits, and a heavy penalty should be imposed upon the Company for exceeding the number of its seating capacity licensed. This would yield a handsome revenue to your city, as well as give needed rest in transit to tired humanity. This important matter concerns the people—it is their fight for justice against the grasping avarice of monopoly. New York should not remain fifty years behind Europe in enjoying the rightful comforts of local transfer.

MATTEAWAN.

Put On the Trailers Again.

To the Editor:

Keep up your noble fight for the people against the street car corporations, and you will be sure to win in the end. Let the cable car officials of the Third avenue line know that they are losing patronage by their hoggishness. Make them put on the trailers they took off last week.

JOHN RODERICK.

It Would Make Managers Sick.

To the Editor:

What do some of our lawyers say about the question raised last week in "The Evening World" about passengers recovering the amount of their fare when crowded out of their seats? If the companies could be compelled to pay $2.50 costs for every fare recovered, we could soon make the managers sick.

HARLEMITE.

A Kicker from 'Way Back.

To the Editor:

I see you speak of New York people as a much-abused, long-suffering set of mortals, who either do not know what their rights are or are so meek and white-livered that they will permit them to be violated without making a protest. I am a New Yorker and have no disposition to submit to these impositions without complaint. But what good does it do to make a kick? In this Tammany-ridden town you are only wasting breath and energy to kick against anything which does not suit you, and as long as the city is run by the ring it will be the same. Turn the rascals out and then we will have a chance to kick to some purpose.

CITIZEN.

SWEPT OFF BY A TRUCK.

A Painter Knocked from His Scaffold and Injured.

While John Larcen, twenty-seven years old, of 218 Hamilton avenue, Brooklyn, was painting the structure of the Third Avenue Elevated railroad, between Ninety-eighth and Ninety-ninth streets, about 9.30 this morning, the scaffolding was struck by a passing truck, and Larcen was hurled to the pavement.

The painter was severely injured about the back, and was removed to the Presbyterian Hospital. Frank Lais, of 218 East One Hundred and Thirteenth street, the driver of the wagon, was arrested.

FELL FROM THE "L" ROAD.

Charles Heckman Seriously, but Not Dangerously Injured.

Charles Heckman, forty-three years old, of 538 East nOe Hundred and Nineteenth street, fell from the Elevated Railroad track at Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Tenth street at 10 o'clock this morning.

Several of his ribs were fractured and he was otherwise injured. He was taken to Manhattan Hospital.

At the hospital this afternoon it was stated that Heckman was resting easily, and that his injuries were not considered serious.

DROVE INTO THE RIVER.

Bridge Washed Away and a Woman Drowned.

(By Associated Press.)

HARRISBURG, Pa., Sept. 17.—A large bridge east of Middletown was washed away last night, as the result of a cloudburst. Mr. and Mrs. Christian Brill, of Conewago, not knowing the bridge was gone, drove into the river in the darkness.

Mrs. Brill was drowned, but her husband and two children were saved.

CREW OF NINE SAVED

The Mississinpi Took All Hands from a Waterlogged Bark.

The Hakon Jarl Was Dismantled in the Gale of Sept. 8.

Laden with Lumber, the Abandoned Vessel Is a Menace.

The French liner, Champagne reached this port yesterday from Havre and reported a wreck at sea which was then thought to have resulted in loss of life. On the morning of Sept. 11 a bark was sighted, flying the signal flags "N. U.," denoting that she was in a sinking condition. La Champagne ran alongside the bark, which was waterlogged and had settled very low in the water. A boat was sent aboard, and her name was ascertained to be Hakon Jarl. She was lumber-laden, and had been previously reported as bound to Glasgow from Dalhousie.

This morning the British steamship Mississippi arrived at this port and almost the first passengers ashore were the captain and crew of the Hakon Jarl. The Mississippi had come up with the disabled bark Sept. 10, the day before La Champagne fell in with her, and had taken off the crew of nine.

Capt. Pederson, of the Hakon Jarl, told an "Evening World" reporter today that he sailed from Dalhousie for Glasgow, Aug. 25, with a cargo of birch lumber. The weather was moderate and favorable, until Sept. 7, when the wind freshened a bit and gradually increased in force until the morning of the 8th, when it blew with hurricane violence from southwest and west for a period of eighteen hours. When the gale began, the bark was in latitude 49, longitude 34.

All attempts to heave the bark to proved unavailing. The fearful sea that overwhelmed her so suddenly had thrown her over on her beam ends, and she refused to answer to her helm. The deckload of lumber broke away, some of it going overboard and a large portion jamming in the lee rigging and water ways, holding her down and rendering her completely unmanageable.

Just at this time the bark sprung a leak. The sea was so heavy and the list of the bark so acute that the pumps could not be manned. The remnants of the deckload dashed from side to side across the deck, rendering it impassable to the sailors.

Nothing could be done to save the vessel. She was making water very fast, and the only hope was that some vessel might heave in sight and take them off.

On the morning of Sept. 10, latitude 49.45, longitude 34.03, their long vigil was rewarded by the appearance of the Mississippi. She bore down upon seeing the distress signal, and, with much difficulty, owing to the high sea running, a boat was launched from the Mississippi and the nearly exhausted sailors were rescued. They saved nothing but the clothing they stood in.

The Hakon Jarl was built at Grimstadt in 1866, and hailed from Christiansand, where she was partially insured. She was of 491 tons register. In her present shape she is a menace to navigation, as she will probably remain afloat for months.

STEAMER BLUE WING LOST.

Sank in the Mississippi, but No One Was Drowned.

(By Associated Press.)

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Sept. 17.—The steamer Blue Wing struck a hidden snag while making a landing at Craighead Point, fifteen miles south of Osceola, Ark., yesterday afternoon, and sank in sixteen feet of water.

The boat is a total wreck, but half of the cargo can be saved. There were twenty-eight passengers on board, but all of them reached shore in safety.

THE NEW YORK NOT INJURED.

Her Great Draught Carried from Dry Dock by a Big Tide.

A big crowd of people gathered about the dry dock in the Brooklyn Navy-Yard this morning to see the cruiser New York floated out.

It was feared that the vessel would be damaged by scraping her keel on the bottom of the dock as she went out. Her draught is twenty-six feet eight inches, and the dock is ordinarily only twenty-five feet six inches deep.

The extraordinary high tide, however, permitted the New York to float out with a clearance of thirteen inches. It is not thought that she touched anywhere.

Schooner Crashed Into a Pier.

Schooner Garrett Wright, Capt. Harvey, which arrived from Norfolk to-day, left Quarantine at 8 A. M. Coming up the bay she mistayed and smashed into Stickney's pier on the Staten Island shore, carrying away her bobstay and martingale. The dock was not damaged.

Had a Whale on Her Deck.

The Ward line steamship Yumuri, Capt. Hansen, from Havana Sept. 13, which arrived in port this morning, reports that in latitude 36.25, longitude 74.30, she spoke the whaling schooner E. B. Cornwell. The Cornwell had 150 barrels of oil in her hold, and on her deck was one whale.

Passed a Moderate-Sized Iceberg.

The North German Lloyd steamer Ems, Capt. Reimkasten, which arrived this morning from Bremen, reports that last Friday in latitude 46.03, longitude 47.51, she passed a moderate-sized iceberg.

TWO FAMILIES POISONED.

Their Illness Attributed by Physicians to Ice Cream.

(By Associated Press.)

TAMPA, Fla., Sept. 17.—The family of Mr. C. B. Fitch dined with his brother-in-law, G. W. Allen, yesterday, and soon afterwards the members of both families were taken violently ill and are in a critical condition.

It is thought that two of the children will die. Physicians say that the people were poisoned by ice cream. All partook heartily. The ice cream was made from condensed milk.

GERMAN DELEGATES AT MASS

Second Day of the Catholic Convention in the Old School Hall.

The delegates to the German Catholic Convention, heard mass in the Pitt Street R. C. Church this morning, two hundred and fifty being present. Rev. Father Heronimous preached the sermon.

They then marched to the old school hall, on Fourth street, near Avenue A, where the second day session of the Convention was opened, Mr. Adolph Weber, of Racine, Wis., presiding.

The morning work was devoted tot the appointment of committees to receive the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer.

CAN PAY, BUT WON'T.

Comptroller Holly on the Commercial Alliance Life Company.

The Commercial Alliance Insurance Company has not yet complied with the requiremnets of the State Insurance Department and made up an alleged deficiency of $76,000. Comptroller Holly said this morning that the Company had the money, but would not be coerced into making the payment.

If the payment is not made receivership proceedings will be imminent. Several offers to buy the Company out have been received at its office.

HOUSE AND HOME

Lawn Felt.

Lawn felt, with nutmeg and logwood brown trimmings, is not a bad combination for a seasonable hat. There are two argus wings on the left side, a quill on the right side, and a gracefully knotted self-sustaining loop of waterproof ribbon

between. This hat is very adaptable. It is suitable for a schoolgirl and a pleasant substitute for a bonnet. Shapes of this size are recommended by the New York milliners, who scout the idea that there are no styles for middle age. Years cut no figure in elegant dressing. It is all a matter of taste.

Sponge Cake.

Two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, six eggs, one cupful of milk, two cupfuls of sugar.

Scalp Emollient.

The natural condition of a healthy scalp is warmth and moisture. A dry scalp is unhealthy, even though it shows no signs of disease, and artificial oil must be provided if the hair crop is to be saved. Almond oil, cocoanut butter, olive oil, diluted glycerine or tincture of bayberry are good emollients; rubbed into the scalp with sufficient friction to cause absorption either will be beneficial. But these oils are heavy, and considerable brushing will be required to keep the hair clean.

Birds of Millinery.

The birds born in millinery shops are miserable objects. A gutter sparrow would not waste a second glance at the best of the lot. Parrots, which will be the bird of fashion for street wear, are built on the lines of a mocking bird in salad greens. The only natural feature is the blunt beak; the rest is a base imitation, that poor Polly should get Olive Thorne to resent. Hand-made swallows are produced in turtle-dove plumage; they have a sad look in their glass eyes and abnormal length. Birds that show their legs have their feet pedicured.

Bisque of Clams.

Scald twelve large clams in their own juice, then strain and chop them up very fine, boil up one quart of soup stock, a small soup bunch, quarter pound raw rice, pepper, and boil for forty minutes, then add a cupful hot cream, the clams, some of the juice; strain through a strainer and serve with toast.

Lip Salves.

Unlovely lips come from an unhealthy stomach. Bad digestion will often assert itself in broken or chapped lips, sores in the corners of the mouth, fever blisters and a coated tongue. Chronic sore mouths should be rubbed with sweet oil or pure glycerine at night; in the morning wash with a solution of alum or borax—a teaspoonful in a tumbler of water. Camphor ice is both healing and cleansing. Good cold cream is not a bad salve. The recipe is simple enough, but it doesn't pay to prepare it; all the druggists have supplies and cheerfully dispense five-cent quantities. Citron ointment is one of the old reliable lip salves kept by all chemists. It is applied to the sore with a soft linen cloth. When the mouth is sore the diet should be changed to vegetable foods.

Flawless Jewels Are Rare.

A diamond without a flaw or a tint is called "a diamond of the first water." Such stones are rare and very costly.

Needle-Worked Sateen Corsets.

An attractive black corset is the fancy sateen. The material made for the trade comes in a variety of stripes. There are single lines in white, pink, blue and yellow, and clusters of two, three and five lines. When the corset is stitched and ready for the bones it goes to the embroidery room, where discs, crescents, stars, crystals and flower patterns are hand or machine stitched with floss. The weavers' and decorators' work is so cleverly done that it is difficult to tell sateen from a satin corset.

Aesthetic Breakfast.

Blue Plums.
Boiled Rice.
Cinnamon. Maple Syrup.
Spanish Omelet.
Graham Rolls.
Coffee.

Fashionable Colors.

The new colors are French, and French "as it is spoke" in some of the New York bonnet and dry goods shops is amusing. But the English of the new shades of velvet, ribbon and cloth is: Cerise, cherry; beurre, butter; bluet, corn flower; bleue, blue.

LETTERS.

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

The Bible and Polygamy--Reply.

To the Editor:

Can it be seriously asserted that the Bible does not countenance polygamy? In the patriarchal days it was the rule. Where is the condemnation of this practice? Where is it commanded that man shall have but one wife? "I. D. G." refers to Gen. ii., 24, where it says that "a man shall leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his wife." Why, certainly! When a young man leaves home to marry, even where polygamy is legal, he only marries one wife at first. But there is no restriction as to the number of wives he shall take afterwards, as I now proceed to show. Deut. xvii., 17, forbids a king to multiply wives, but this clearly does not apply to his subjects; and Lev. xviii., 18, forbids the marriage of one man to two sisters at the same time, showing plainly that a man might marry as many wives as he chose, if they were not too nearly related. To say the least, the Bible countenances polygamy. "I. D. G." says that a wife who advocated a change of religion to her husband was guilty of treason, and that treason is rightly punished by death—citing the case of Major Andre and Arnold. The hanging of a spy does not begin to compare with the case of a man who batters his wife's brains out with stones. The verses, Deut. xiii., 6-10, are unsurpassed in barbarity by the most atrocious portions of any legal code that ever existed, and I am utterly at a loss to understand how any man who professes Christianity can attempt to palliate or defend them.

FOUR.

Wants to Turn the Laugh.

To the Editor:

I asked a lady friend two or three times to introduce me to a certain young lady. At last she consented. First, I must inform you that this lady friend of mine is a private school teacher. Last night she brought the young lady to the store and introduced her to me, and this morning she came up and introduced another young lady by the same name and it seems the lady she introduced to me last night was another lady entirely. Now, she has been laughing and telling all my friends. I should like to ask of you what I should do to this school teacher to turn the laugh on her, as it makes me feel bad to be teased.

B. A., Meriden, Conn.

A Summer Girl's Conquest.

To the Editor:

I spent my vacation in a Summer resort where there were about three men to every young woman. Naturally, I made the acquaintance of a great many, among whom was a young man I learned to think a great deal of. He has called on me since I returned home, and apparently (if actions go for anything) he thinks a great deal of me. When he called I acted indifferent towards him, to my sorrow. Can anyone tell me how I am to let him know I think a great deal of him without my telling him? He has informed my friends that I am cold and heartless while I am naturally warm-hearted.

S. C., Brooklyn.

Whooping It Up for the Carriers.

To the Editor:

I see I have two supporters in "Tanny-baum" and "L. S." in my idea of giving the letter-carriers more pay, privileges and a pension. "The Evening World" has championed several other good causes, and I think it could conscientiously do likewise in this case. When do you ever hear of a letter-carrier being tried or discharged for an infraction of the rules which are just as severe as those of the Police Department, where they have a regular trial day and where they bring offenders up in lots? Where can you find a set of more obliging gentlemen than our letter-carriers, and for this they receive as little recognition as they do for other efforts to please the people? Is this the way they should be treated? No! I guess not. They should receive $1,200 while in first-class, $1,000 in second class, $800 in third class, ride free in surface and elevated cars and receive a pension after twenty years' service. What more claim have the policemen to this than the letter-carriers. Bring things right down to the point and you will agree with me, that they haven't as much, and if the policemen should get it, as they do, then I think it is shameful that the carriers do not get the same.

A. PONT, Friend of Letter-Carriers.

The "Question" Poetically Popped.

To the Editor:

Why is it, lovely Lottie D.,
Why is it, Lottie D.,
That every time you sneeze you must
Smile merrily at me?
If you won't smile unless you sneeze,
Sneeze, saucy nose, all day!
If you won't smile unless you sneeze,
Then sneeze, and sneeze away!

You're always in my heart; it now
Is jumping like a pup!
Am I in yours? If so, when next
You sneeze don't "blow me up!"
For that would be a cruel blow!
Ah, then upon the shelf
I would hang up my coat and hat,
And then hang up myself!