

HOSE 1,052
REAL ESTATE ADS.

appearing in The World last week were 161 more than were printed during the corresponding week of '03. "Real Estate Day" to-morrow.

PRICE ONE CENT.

The

Evening Edition

Color

"Circulation Books Open to All."

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1894.

ALL REAL ESTATE

ADVERTISEMENTS

printed in The World to-morrow up to 5 lines will be repeated free of charge in The Evening World. Up-to-date realty firms use The World's columns.

PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION. ROUGH ON "CHOLLY."

Mr. Bates's Pretty Friend Must Give Up Her Cosy Flat.

The Other Tenants Got to Talking About His Visits.

Mrs. Park Says It Is Not Eviction, but Her Lease Is Up.

"Cholly" Bates is having more trouble to-day. A heartless real estate agent won't let a very pretty young woman who has supplanted all others in the affections of this "Cholly," live in the swell flat at 14 West Fifty-fifth street.

This, after "Cholly" thought everything was all right and that he had succeeded in finding cozy quarters for his lady love.

About six weeks ago the other occupants of the house noted the advent on the second floor, west, of another tenant. The newcomer was a young woman about twenty-five years old, who had lots of pretty clothes to set off her brunette beauty and two colored servants to look after her household arrangements. Everything was as quiet and nice as could be desired for several days, and the tenants of the flat were all well.

One afternoon a stylish trap drove up to the door and a very fat, little man, who wore a pink collar and a blue shirt, with white cuffs, besides other clothes of ultra-fashionable cut, alighted and entered the vestibule of the flat.

He pushed the electric button just over the little brass plate with "J. P. Park" stamped on it. The brass plate had made its appearance about the same time the new second floor tenant moved in.

When the door-latch slipped back the fat little man dashed up stairs two steps at a time and came into the first landing of the pretty brunette woman.

"Hello, Cholly," said she.

"How's things?" said he.

It so happened that there lives in the house a young man who goes about in worn rags, and he came downstairs just in time to see the meeting.

"Fatty Bates, as I'm a sinner," said he, under his breath.

Next day whispers were circulated about the house concerning the beautiful "Mrs. Park" and Cholly Bates.

Of course, there was talk of moving out and completing the removal, and all that, but nobody did either.

Real Estate Agent Waterford, of Sixty-sixth street, who is the rival of the rest of the story in an "Evening World" reporter to-day.

He said that the apartments occupied by Mrs. Park had been leased by James W. O'Brien, a wealthy plumber, of 63 West Avenue.

Mr. O'Brien moved out the last of August, although his lease had two more months to run, and he had accordingly rented the flat from Oct. 1.

Three weeks ago a stylishly-gowned young woman came to the agent and asked why he had rented her flat to other persons without giving her the notice in her fat during Mr. Bates's flat.

She told the young woman so, and said that he would not disappoint the prospective tenants either.

Mr. Park could give the fat little man the most of his quarters. But two beautiful blue eyes and a lovely face sometimes make people change their minds.

Last night the agent went to the American Theatre, to see Jim Corbett fight in front of the agent said Mrs. Park. Her escort was no other man than Cholly Bates.

He had not known Cholly was in it until then.

So she could not go forth, and to-day or to-morrow the movers will cart all of Mrs. Park's pretty furniture to another flat on the same street.

An "Evening World" reporter who called on Mrs. Park to-day was ushered into the cozy dining room, the only one in the flat.

Lots of photographs of coaches and furs with their names on the boxes were stuck all around.

Mrs. Park was freighting conventional fare, but she said she was sure that there was no truth in the report that the other tenants had objected to the notice in her fat during Mr. Bates's flat.

Her lease had expired, that was all, and she was going to leave.

So the tenants of No. 5 will no longer gaze with envy upon the very swaggiest man and the handsomest wife with their harness, which came every afternoon to Mrs. Park out driving.

Mrs. Park talked with Mrs. Alice De Forest, at 144 West Fifty-fourth street, before she met Cholly. The latter man never used one used to know her as Bessie then, and she drove a great deal, she says.

VERMONT MAN MISSING.

Police Asked to Aid in Search for Charles A. Riddle.

A man from Vermont called at Police Headquarters to-day and asked the police to help in his search for Charles A. Riddle, a hardware merchant at Johnson, Vt., who has been missing since Aug. 11. Riddle left home, saying that he was going to Burlington and might go on to Putnam, N. Y., to attend the county fair there.

His brother and business partner, T. A. Riddle, received a letter from Charles Riddle last week. It came from Philadelphia and inclosed \$50. The letter stated that that was all the money the writer had, that he was about to ship on an old steamship, and that his friends would never see him again.

The Vermont man has searched and found no trace of C. A. Riddle in Philadelphia. He thinks the man must be deranged, for his business is prospering and he has no social troubles.

Mr. Riddle is a bachelor, 5 feet 10 inches in height, has black hair and blue eyes, and is about 40 years of age. He has a peculiar hoarseness of voice. He wears a clean suit and derby hat when he leaves home.

She Wants Her Step-Devil.

Mrs. Mary A. Snyder, of Union Hill, N. J., made another stop in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, this morning, to get control of her four-year-old nephew, Johnny Eklman. She claims that her child's parents agreed that she should have him until he is fourteen years old. Judge Cullen reserved decision.

Walsburg Must Go to Canada. Chief of Police John Murray, of Toronto, Canada, will save for home to-morrow with Perry Jones, a Toronto jeweller, who was extradited from New York on a charge of receiving stolen goods. Jones is to return for nearly two months after his arrest.

SUICIDE TO ESCAPE THE LAW.

Simons Had Been Summoned to Answer a Charge of Assault.

He Drank Poison and Now His Family Is Destitute.

A warrant for the arrest of Jacob Simons on a charge of assault was returned to Justice Watson in the Ewen Street Court, Williamsburg, to-day, marked, "Defendant has committed suicide."

Simons was twenty-nine years old, a peddler and lived with his wife and six children at 148 McKibbin street. Business had been very poor with him of late, and he barely earned enough to provide for his large family.

Last night Simons was especially despondent. A court officer had called at his house and told him to appear before Justice Watson to-day to answer to a charge of assault. As is customary in these simple cases, defendants, when they are met with a home and family, are simply notified to be present instead of being locked up.

Simons worried a good deal over the charge against him, and said he would never dare to face his friends after having appeared in a police court, but his wife endeavored to cheer him up, but without success.

At about 5 o'clock Simons said he was tired and would go to bed. He passed into his bedroom, and closed and locked the door.

A moment later his wife heard him fall on the floor, and she heard groans. She summoned a neighbor, who broke in the door.

Simons was found tossing about on the floor. In his hand he had a pint bottle half full of carbolic acid. He had drunk the other half. An ambulance surgeon was summoned and Simons was removed to St. Catherine's Hospital, where he died less than half an hour later.

The family of the suicide is left in very destitute and Mrs. Simons said to-day that she believes the county will have to bury her husband, as she is too poor to do so.

PELICCO MELERO.

Fellico Melero, aged twenty-eight years, a laborer, who lives at the sand dumps at the foot of Twenty-ninth street, the man with whom Sadie Farrell has lived for four years, was in the room, together with Mary Lynch, aged twenty years, who lives in the house on the same floor; Giustino Steblo, of 110 Mott street, and Antonio Cataldi, aged fifty-three, of 100 West street, who took Simons to the police.

Donohue saw that the dead woman's eyes were blackened, and that some of her hair had been torn from her head. On her breast and cheeks and legs were other marks of violence.

The policeman arrested the three men. Mary Lynch, who held the dead woman's eight-month-old baby to her breast and tried to soothe the cries, went willingly with him to the station-house.

The men were locked up, and were on the charge of murdering the woman, and the other two as witnesses.

The policeman arrested the three men before Justice Ryan at the Tombs Police Court. He sent Melero and the other two over to the police station.

Melero sat in the Corner's Office looking the picture of despair. His jet black hair was falling over his forehead, and the tears came to his little blue eyes as he whined to an "Evening World" reporter.

"Oh, Mr. Man, I did not kill her. I did not touch her. I was good to her. Mrs. Lynch, who is a comely young woman, told a very different tale, however."

"Oh, he treated her awfully—horribly. I have lived on the same floor with her for a long time, and on the other night that man has beaten her."

"He would drag her around the room with his hair over his eyes, and then he would hit her against the wall. I would see him doing this, and I would say, 'Some day I will kill her.'"

"Two weeks ago she left him, taking her baby boy with her, but she wanted her up my room, and she left with him again, and he beat her worse than ever."

"Last night she came into my room about 10 o'clock. She had her baby in her arms and was singing to him. Oh, she loved her baby—Tommy is his name—and she had him in her arms all the time. She was cut down and she went back to her room singing the baby to sleep."

"About 11:30 o'clock this man Melero came to my room and said: 'Come, come quick! Sadie is sick.'"

"I ran into the room and found her lying on the floor. She was groaning, and I lifted her up into my arms. Oh, she looked into my face and tried to speak, but all she could say was: 'Oh, oh! When she died in my arms, I lifted her onto the bed.'"

"She was terribly bruised, and I knew that she had been beating her again, only this time I hadn't heard her scream. There are terrible bruises all over her body."

All the time Mary was talking the little Italian, who was waiting to await the coroner's Office, close to her, whimpering and repeating over and over again:

"I did not kill her!"

Coroner Dobbs remanded Melero to the Tombs Police Court to-day, and the physician Weston went to the morgue to perform the autopsy there if practicable, and if not, to remove the body to the Morgue and perform it there.

Frances He Is an Actor.

Solomon Klein, thirty-five years old, of 19 Bellevue Hospital, in the Essex Market Police Court to-day. Klein fancies that he is an actor.

Navy-Yard News.

Word was received at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard from Washington that the work on the steamer Chesapeake, which was to be built at the yard, is well advanced.

The unfortunate woman had been a cook and waitress in different New York eating-houses for eleven years past.

After a quarrel with a waiter named Brown, under whose protection she had been for some time, she became despondent, and killed herself by drinking carbolic acid.

Round About Town.

The case against Augustus Dingle, the theatrical manager, who was charged with the murder of William Alexander this morning, in violation of the law, was before Commissioner Alexander this morning. Dingle was arrested yesterday, and his deposition on Tuesday was read.

The United States Marshal this morning commencing the jury fees to the United States petty jurors who have served during the past year, and there is from \$1 to \$20 coming to each of them.

Thomas Hayes, James Farrell, Michael Burns and Thomas Daly, who were brought up yesterday in Harlem Police Court on the charge of having assaulted Henry Lasker, of 65 Lincoln avenue, at one hundred and twenty-second street and First Avenue on Tuesday night, were today each held in \$1,000 bail for trial at General Sessions.

You read the Evening World! Do you read the Sunday World!

WAS SHE MURDERED? STABBED BY A THIEF.

Sadie Farrell Found Dead in a Mott Street House.

Hair Pulled Out and Many Bruises on Her Body.

The Man with Whom She Lived and Two Friends Arrested.

As Policeman Thomas Donohue, of the Elizabeth street station, was passing down Mott street last night about 12 o'clock, a woman rushed up to him and said:

"A woman has been murdered by an Italian in there."

She pointed to 100 Mott street, and Donohue ran up the stairs to the third story back. There he found Sadie Farrell, twenty-five years old, lying dead on the bed.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiles were asleep in their room on the second floor at 2 o'clock, when Mrs. Hiles thought she heard a noise in the house. Mr. Hiles is a stereotypist in a New York newspaper office, and, being very tired, he had fallen asleep.

His wife did not wake him, and taking a match she went into the room adjoining the bedroom. When she was a few feet in the room she stumbled over the form of a man on the floor.

Before she could light a match to see who it was the man jumped to his feet. Mrs. Hiles was so frightened that she could not scream, although her husband and two boarders were in the house besides herself.

The burglar stabbed her in the right side and abdomen and then grabbed her around the throat. Before he could stab her again, Mrs. Hiles grappled with him and succeeded in catching the hand which held the knife.

He could not let go of Mrs. Hiles's throat with the other hand, for fear she would scream and he would be caught.

The struggle ensued, during which the man dragged Mrs. Hiles into the hall. She tried to scream, but the hand at her throat prevented her.

When she was at the top of the stairs he let go of her, and going down the hall he left his mark a black derby on the floor of the house.

Mrs. Hiles crawled back to the room where her husband was asleep. She told him what had happened, and he and the two boarders got up. They were, however, too late to do anything. Mrs. Hiles went to the window and yelled for the police.

Jerry Roberts, a colored man, was passing at the time. He heard Mrs. Hiles and blew a whistle, which he carried in his pocket. He ran to the window, but the burglar had escaped.

Three men responded to the call for assistance. They were: Mr. J. J. Roberts, a colored man, who was passing at the time. He heard Mrs. Hiles and blew a whistle, which he carried in his pocket. He ran to the window, but the burglar had escaped.

During the past week there have been reprints in the Street-Cleaning Department for receiving the accumulations from the houses and stores and the streets, and these boats, although loaded, could not be sent to sea yesterday on account of the heavy weather.

In the meantime the garbage carts accumulated at the dumping grounds, and there was nothing to do but to unhitch the horses and send them to the stables and let the carts stand in the streets.

Mr. Buehler, who has charge of the city scavengers, is busy to-day sending them out to sea, and expects to have them back in a few days.

The strike of the captains and mates on the Barney Company's boats made a large quantity of the city's refuse accumulated at the dumping grounds, and there was nothing to do but to unhitch the horses and send them to the stables and let the carts stand in the streets.

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Mrs. Hiles Wounded During a Struggle in Her House.

Jersey City Police Have a Suspected Man Under Arrest.

She Heard the Intruder and Grappled with Him in the Dark.

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NOAH UP TO DATE.

