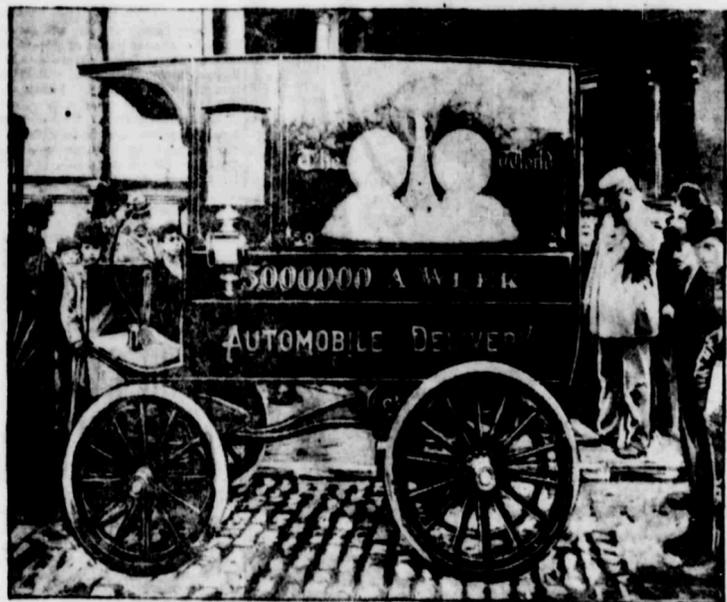


EVENING WORLD'S AUTOS DO GOOD AMBULANCE WORK

Surrendered Entirely to Hudson Street Hospital, They Carry Many of the Heat Victims There.



WORLD AUTOMOBILE AS AN EMERGENCY AMBULANCE.

The Evening World's automobiles that have been assigned to the Hudson Street Hospital to assist in removing their patients who have been overcome with the heat have been kept busy today. The authorities at the hospital say that could not have succeeded in taking all the patients there had it not been for the Evening World.

The record of the hospital shows that yesterday fifty-nine patients were taken there. Of this number one Evening World automobile carried thirty-five. The automobiles have been fitted up in regular hospital ambulance style. A stretcher has been swung, and in addition to the Evening World driver the hospital has furnished a physician.

In answering the calls the automobile driver frequently found men and women lying on the streets prostrated by the heat. These were also taken to the hospital. The work is being continued to-day with the indications that the number of patients will exceed those of yesterday. He learned from various sources that the uniformed agent of the State, assisted by policemen, had moved public benches from shady spots in parks and squares, replacing them with the pay chairs.

HOT WEATHER CAR OUTRAGE.

Abuse of Passengers by the Third Avenue Railroad Company.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Sunday evening I was one of the thousands suffering mortals who sought relief in a cable car ride.

I boarded a Third Avenue car at the bridge and went to Fort George. Returning the car was, of course, packed, men and women standing up, children crushed and jerked about—every one supine and uncomplaining. After the fashion of the lowtrodden Third Avenue passenger.

A bullying conductor indulged in coarse jokes at the expense of the weary travelers, and poor little children fell asleep standing at their mothers' knees or held in tired fathers' arms.

"Sixty-third street the conductor, with a bright smile, cheerily and as though it were the joke of the season, shouted:

"All out! Take care behind!" And out we went pell-mell—children crying, women struggling, men swearing.

"Take the next car," was a delicate bit of satire not appreciated at its full worth by the tired, hot passengers at 11 o'clock of a scorching night.

The next car was full, but the turned-out wretches, as many as could be packed in, wedged their way in, shouting, hanging on to front and rear platforms, babies crying pitifully, men and women faintly gasping for breath.

The little conductor loudly yelled, "Them is transfers!" and disappeared from view.

The car we had paid our fares in had no sign or card upon it stating that it would not go to City Hall.

I waited for half an hour before a car appeared which was not packed beyond the danger line. Men were standing on the outside steps, the front and rear platforms were crowded with men, women and children.

HOW SUNSTROKE MAY BE AVOIDED.

Physician Tells Evening World Readers What to Do in Hot Weather.

"Drink all the water you want," is the hot weather advice of Dr. J. P. Thornley, Seventy-fourth street and Central Park West.

"The idea that to drink water in hot weather is injurious," says the doctor, "is all wrong. Of course a man in an extremely heated condition must not drink a great quantity of ice-cold water. But for ordinarily over-warm people these hot days a good deal of water should be drunk.

"To avoid sunstroke," said Dr. Thornley, "a man ought really to begin a year or so back. His liability to an attack depends a good deal upon his physical condition.

"For instance, he should absolutely avoid alcohol in any form in hot weather. But if he has been used to a great quantity, to stop suddenly in hot weather will do him immensely more harm than good. Therefore, in order to avoid that danger, he is exposed to the lesser but still important one of drinking a certain amount of alcohol, and that makes him very liable to sunstroke.

"As for other people, there are several simple essentials, one of which is the necessity of perspiration. So long as one perspires, and so long as there is evaporation there is comparative safety.

A man in a boiler-room, or any great dampness, must be especially careful about this, because the moisture prevents proper evaporation, and therein lies danger.

"If one sees that he is not perspiring, and that he is getting hotter and hotter, he should drink one or two cups of very hot water or take a hot bath to open the pores. The checking of the perspiration is very dangerous when the temperature is like that of this week.

"As to diet in hot weather, perfectly fresh fruit is about the best thing. A moderate amount of meat and a reasonable quantity of vegetables are to be eaten, but fruit is the best food just now. Care should be taken that it be not over-ripe.

"In hot weather when one is not hungry one should not eat. If meal time comes and there is no desire for food the best thing to do is to drink milk.

"For the rest, as to the exercise as possible—slow walking and avoidance of the sun's direct rays are about all one can do. Frequent bathing as a necessity is hardly necessary advice.

QUEEN GIVES NURSES MEDALS

Makes Speech to 770 from South African Fields.

LONDON, July 1.—Queen Alexandra, in company with the King and Princess Louise and Beatrice, this afternoon received 770 Victoria Jubilee nurses on the lawn of Marlborough House and distributed decorations to them.

Many of the nurses had just returned from South Africa and others have been engaged in city outdoor relief work. Her Majesty said:

"It is a pleasure to receive you and help you to carry on the noble work which you do so bravely for the benefit of the sick and the distressed. I am glad to see you in your noble work, and I cannot imagine a more holy calling than yours.

"I pray that God's blessing may be bestowed on your noble work and that He will have you in His keeping."

WELL-KNOWN STAGE FOLK WED

Irene Van Brugh Becomes Wife of Dion Boucicault.

LONDON, July 1.—Dion Boucicault, the actor, and Irene Van Brugh, the actress, were married quietly this afternoon at Haxton.

The bridegroom is well known in the United States as well as in London as a clever actor and playwright. He is a son of the famous Dion Boucicault.

The bride is a clever character actress. Her best piece of work is her enactment of the part of Sophie Fulgrame, in the play, "The Gay Lord Ques."

She entered the profession twelve years ago and has appeared in the foremost productions on the American stage.

SANG FOR ROYALTY. Soprano Who Trilled Before the Duke of York. SAN FRANCISCO, July 1.—Mrs. Ella Russell, the well-known soprano of England, has arrived, en route to England. Mrs. Russell was specially engaged to appear in Australia in grand opera during the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York in the colonies.

PRIVATE CHAIRS FREE TO PUBLIC.

Evening World Gains Victory Regarding Seats to Hire in the Park.

Another victory for the people has been won by The Evening World. The private seats in the parks may be occupied by any citizen free of charge and no policeman may make an arrest. Commissioner Murphy has so decreed, and what he says goes.

"The citizens of this community own the city parks," says the Commissioner. In effect he announces that no private contractor shall abridge the right of any man, woman or child of New York to sit anywhere in any park that fancy leads the person to.

The Evening World brought the abuse of the privilege granted to the private chair contractor before the Commission last night. He learned from various sources that the uniformed agent of the State, assisted by policemen, had moved public benches from shady spots in parks and squares, replacing them with the pay chairs.

"This sort of thing cannot be tolerated," announced the Commissioner. Then he wrote out and sent to Senator Inspector Moses W. Cortright the following mandate: New York, July 1. Inspector Moses W. Cortright, Borough of Manhattan.

Sir: It has come to my knowledge, through the press and otherwise, that partially in being shown to the owners of chairs located in the parks of this city, that chairs are placed in shady places and that the benches for citizens are placed in the sun.

I forbid any arrests to be made for occupancy of these chairs when placed in shady spots to the detriment or exclusion of the regular benches and instruct policemen to make no arrests of citizens unless they have the evidence before their eyes, and that they must take no orders from the uniformed agents of any contractor having seats in the parks.

The citizens of this community own the parks, and they are the ones to be first served. See that this is carried out. M. C. MURPHY, Commissioner and Chief of Police.

Inspector Cortright immediately sent a copy of this order to every policeman in the city. It was read to the captains on night duty, and all policemen on post-to-night will know of it.

GIRL AND THE NEW SUMMER DRINK MADE IN HER HONOR.

Miss Drake Was the First to Partake of "The Florodora."

Oh, stren of the summer drink! A pale rose in the shattered ice Glows like the cheek of that sweet mix Who names this drink of paradise.

Of raspberries their syrup-ool! From tender fruit most tender nursed; And fragrant limes that reach the goal And make a blessing of a thirst.

Oh, don't forget the Plymouth gin! That makes of water merry jest— Its pale and weak and sultry twin That never stirred my lady's breast.

And ice! Oh, cool, refreshing mass! Oh, grateful music to the ear! Crushed, shattered, powdered in the glass.

A grateful, frozen poem there. Then all of ginger on the top— Instinct with life and knows its bias— That leaps out with a regal pop As though it were the real old fix.

Lo, crimson Venus that we hail! The heartless cherry, sweetly nice— Fresh from a Maraschino bath, To rest upon a couch of ice.

A slice of orange, disc of gold, The crowning glory of the float; The drink's complete and smoking cold.



MISS DRAKE

And ready for the arid throat. To you, sweet "Florodora" maid, Who caused this summer blessing's make, I drink the tipple in the shade And bless you for it, Susie Drake. R. C. L.

OPEN PARKS AND PIERS GREAT BOON TO THE POOR.

With the parks and recreation piers open to the people at all hours of the day and night and with streets flushed in the tenement districts every hour, the suffering poor of the city have a better chance in the struggle with the heat.

The Evening World alone advocated all of these movements and kept after the city officials until orders were issued yesterday opening the parks and piers. The wisdom of the plan was apparent last night. Even though the rain cooled the air in the early evening to some extent the parks were crowded all night, especially the small parks on the east side. Police reports indicate that fully 80,000 persons, the majority women and little children, slept on the seven recreation piers in the boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn.

And with thousands thronging the streets, gazing on the grass and on the benches, and the piers jammed to the rails, there was not a single arrest growing out of the new conditions. Not one of the rules governing the respect of park property was violated, nor once were the rules of propriety violated.

The Evening World is not as surprised as some of the city officials at this. The flooding of the tenement district streets saved scores of lives to-day. Children maddled about in the pools of water, almost comfortable. The flushing of the streets kept the pavements from growing blistering hot and for the first time since the hot spell began the streets were not like ovens.

EVENING WORLD WINS FIGHT FOR TENEMENT DWELLERS.

At Its Request Parks and Piers Were Open All Night to Heat Sufferers.

Despite the rain thousands of dwellers in the tenement districts sought comfort during the night in the parks and piers, which hitherto have been closed against the public an hour before midnight.

How this great boon was secured is told by those directly responsible for its promulgation: PARK COMMISSIONER CLAUSEN—At The Evening World's request we suspended our rule regarding trespassers in the parks after 10 P. M. DOCK COMMISSIONER J. SARGENT GRAM—Complying with The Evening World's urgent request, the Dock Board decided to keep the recreation piers open all night during the heated term, though we have had to employ extra workmen to do so.

POLICE COMMISSIONER MURPHY—On The Evening World's representations I instructed the captains of every precinct not to make arrests for trespass in the parks while those sleeping on the lawns remained orderly.

PLUCKY GIRL SAW BURGLAR.

Jennie Barnitz Then Showed Spirit in Catching Him.

The pluck and spry ability of fifteen-year-old Jennie Barnitz is responsible for the incarceration as a burglar of Frank Taylor, of No. 64 East One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street. Taylor was remanded for trial in the Harlem Court this morning.

Jennie Barnitz is the sister of Police George D. Barnitz, who lives at 30 East One Hundred and Forty-first street. She was visiting his family yesterday, and while sitting in the front room of the flat with her sister-in-law, in a mirror, the reflection of a man came in the door.

Jennie did not rise up and scream. She whispered to Mrs. Barnitz, and the two silently stole out. Mrs. Barnitz and Jennie then locked all the doors from the outside, went to the street and raised their voices in clamor for the police.

SCHLATTER CAN'T "HEAL" TROUBLES WITH HIS WIFE.



FRANCIS SCHLATTER



MRS. FRANCIS SCHLATTER

Man Who Claims Divine Curative Powers Sells Out His New York Flat and Will Go to London, While Mrs. Schlatter, He Says, Has Gone to Washington.

With his long, tangled hair hanging down his back, with his brown beard in a jowly mass, with his suspenders trailing behind like the tail of a comet, and with streams of perspiration pouring down his face, hairless and colorless, Francis Schlatter, so-called "Divine Healer," stood in his kitchen, the centerpiece of a bewildering conglomeration of empty beer bottles and cigar stubs.

In the other rooms of his flat at No. 33 Central Park West were a half dozen women looking critically at a heap of Turkish rugs and all kinds of furniture from a cheap camp chair worth a dollar and a half to a Japanese cabinet that never cost a penny less than \$30. But in every side there was chaos.

"I am selling the whole business out," said Schlatter to an Evening World reporter. "I sail on the Deutschland for the old country. There is no use mincing matters, my wife and I have had a flare up. We have quarrelled. I am going to London and she has gone to Washington, D. C."

Mrs. Schlatter is not in Washington. She appeared at Police Headquarters this morning to report the absence of her husband from his home. She said that he had been drinking for several days and that he had wandered away while in an irresponsible condition.

Boy Caused the Trouble. "It was the boy—my son's got a son there. He is by a former husband. He's the chap that caused all the trouble. It was"—

There was a loud knock at the door. "Come in!" yelled Schlatter. A broad-backed, horny-fisted son of a west side brewer entered. He had a double case of bottled beer on his shoulders. He put it down on the kitchen sink carefully and tenderly. Schlatter dived in with both hands and pulled out a bottle. With nimble fingers he opened the patent stopper.

There was a gurgling sound as he adjusted the neck which he had broken off his mouth. When the white bubbles were

all that was to be seen Schlatter tossed it over in the heap of junk and murmured gratefully, "There!"

"Let me see where was it? Oh, yes. That lubber of a boy is seventeen years old; but say he is too swift for me. It cost a thousand dollars a week to keep him. He wears silk socks. He's a dude. That's what he is."

In the mean time the women were crowding into the flat. They were prying articles and doing a bit of gossiping on the side.

There were lively times at the place this morning. Schlatter had come home soon after midnight after having spent a pleasant evening at the Manhattan Club, on Columbus avenue. He insisted on sampling every beer that was set out on the bar. Some remarker that it was hot.

Tried to Make Rain. "Hot nothing," said Schlatter. "I can make it rain by holding up my hands." "If you do," said the bartender, "I'll give you a hundred-dollar bill."

"All right," said Schlatter, and he went out to the sidewalk, followed by the crowd. Just as he was leaving the door somebody filled the pockets of his long-tailed coat with chopped ice. Schlatter held up his hands and shouted:

"Know, mine, mine, now. If it doesn't rain it's bound to snow." "There," said he, "it doesn't rain. It will snow half an hour. Where's the hundred, barkeep?"

"When it rains you get it," said the bartender, and Schlatter went up the street.

By the time he reached home the ice had melted. Instead of making him cool it made him hot. What happened after that was told in his own words to The Evening World:

At Odds with Mrs. Schlatter. "When I got home," said he, "I rang the bell and the front door flew open. Nobody came. I saw the windows up. I crawled in. As quick as I got inside I saw a shadow—perhaps it was a substance—sneak along the wall and jump out of a side window. Looked like a man. I think he broke his neck. I was alone. I came running toward me and set up a yell that woke up the neighborhood."

"No use mincing matters. I was hot. I raised my voice. We had it right and left. Two policemen came on the scene and they stayed right above the house till I'd locked this morning. When anybody says that I beat my wife, they'll never touch her, but I admit I talked pretty loud. You see she was packing up two trunks when I came home. Well, she finished packing them and she left for Washington this morning, and one of the policemen went with her. I don't know where the other one went. Excuse me a minute."

Brook avenue he ran directly into the arms of Policeman Devlin, of the Alexander avenue precinct. The Plucky Miss Barnitz went to the station house with the policeman and the promoter, and preferred the charge that is the leading item of some work for the State on the part of Taylor.

Governor of St. Helena Says So in His Report. LONDON, July 1.—The report of the Governor of the Island of St. Helena, dealing with the year ending March 31, says:

"The flux in the European papers about the treatment of the Boer prisoners evoked exasperated the prisoners. The latter enjoy large liberty and are well behaved, contented and anxious to work. Many of them are employed by the farmers, and others are employed on the roads and wharves."

Another bottle of beer was emptied. Fortune Made in "Heating."

"Let me see where was it?" continued Schlatter. "Oh, yes. Wife goes. Glad of it. Only mistake I ever made was when I married her. I made lots of money in this divine healing business. How many have I healed? Say, I have healed 15,000 at one time. Just laid on my hands. Oh, should say I have healed over 1,000,000 persons—rich and poor."

"I am forty-four years old. I was born in Alsace. I came to this country first in 1876. Then I came over the second time. I had a good lot of money in this divine healing business. How many have I healed? Say, I have healed 15,000 at one time. Just laid on my hands. Oh, should say I have healed over 1,000,000 persons—rich and poor."

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"I finally got to Hot Springs, Ark. I went into the military camp, and I had a man who was temperate with the man. He walked across the floor as lively as any of them. But they threw me out without food. Then I was put in jail for ninety-two days."

"I was possessed by the primers before they could cut and my power. But I got out of there and made my way down into New Mexico. At Albuquerque is where I made a great fortune. I went to a little adobe hut and asked a woman for a cup of water. While she was at the door I picked up my right boot that was lying in a crib. I did not know it was a helpless cripple."

"I got it over my head. The Holy One has come. From that time on I was known the world over. I have been to all the States of the Union and a great many places in Europe."

"Now my wife and I have quit. I am glad of it. I don't think more of the money. I have an estate left to me there. I asked her to cry. She said she had come. Mrs. L. V. Gomez, I married her in Calumet, Ala. She is a beauty. But never mind. I can get plenty other women selling off my stuff. I'll call in a few days. I wish her good luck."

PARTS BRIDE AND GROOM.

To Ask for a Writ of Habeas Corpus for Mrs. Alcott.

Miss Mary B. Rodgers, one of the Marshals of the new Bedford Reformatory for Women, appeared at the Yorkville Prison today and took away Mrs. Edward H. Alcott, sixteen years old, a bride of two weeks, to that place.

Last Thursday Alcott, who wears a salver at No. 41 East Seventeenth street, was held in \$5,000 bail on the charge of abducting his bride who was a Miss McCarthy. The charge was brought by the parents of the girl, who took a strong dislike to Alcott and had him arrested for abduction. The case first came before Magistrate Mayo and was dismissed on account of insufficient evidence.

At that time the girl had run away from home the second time and was married to Alcott by Almon Hanson, of the City Hall. Magistrate Mayo ordered the girl to go home, and she did. She, however, ran away again, and then Alcott was again arrested, and this time held before Pool, who held him.

The girl returned to run away again, and Magistrate Post ordered her to be sent to the Bedford Reformatory. The girl came out in nineteen years and her parents say she is strong.

HOT WEATHER FIRE PANIC.

Tenants of Three Buildings in Brooklyn Flee from Flame. Fire that started in a stable in the rear of Gold & Nichols's stoneyard, Garfield place and Third Avenue, at 11:30 o'clock this forenoon, caught three three-story brick tenements facing Carroll street and caused a panic among the tenants. The fire was out at a loss of \$14,000.

SPEAKS IN PHILADELPHIA.

We Ting-fang Will Be the Chief Orator. WASHINGTON, July 1.—The Chinese Minister will leave this afternoon for Philadelphia, where he will deliver the Fourth of July oration to-morrow. Beside participating in the oratorical exercises, the Minister has accepted invitations to attend the pyrotechnic display and other notable events of the day.

STONE CARS CAUSE WRECK.

Left in the Way of the Past Oil City Express. (Special to The Evening World.) SHARON, Pa., July 1.—The negligence of quartermen who left two cars loaded with limestone on the track in the way of the Oil City express on the Western New York and Pennsylvania Railroad caused an accident in which twenty people were injured. Two passenger cars were wrecked and the engine demolished. Among the passengers was Henry Robinson, of Sharon, an injured clerk of the national House of Representatives. He was thrown violently from his seat to the forward end of the car and sustained eight injuries.

PAID FOR HASTE WITH LIFE.

Driver Crossed in Front of Trolley and Was Killed. Edward Little, twenty-eight years old, of No. 72 Union street, Brooklyn, was killed last evening by a trolley car on Putnam avenue, near Nostrand. Little, who was employed as a driver by the American Ice Company, was attempting to cut across the tracks when the car struck his wagon, throwing him several feet in the air. In falling he struck his head on the pavement and when picked up was unconscious. He died before an ambulance arrived from St. Mary's Hospital.