MRS. VANDERBILT'S THEATRE PARTY HIT OF THE SEASON IN NEWPORT.

Entertainment at Beaulieu Satiates Newport Society and Establishes a Record for Elaborate Diversion.

(Special to The Evening World.)

NEWPORT, Aug. 26.—Society was at the Casino and the tennis court this morning as if it had not been fed to satiety from dark to dawn at Beaulieu.

Never before had fashionable Newport experienced just the mixture of sensations that Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's "At Home" afforded. By imagining the mixture of a night at Coney Island, a night on Broadway and a night on Fifth avenue one gets an idea of the entertainment furnished the 350 guests who enjoyed the hospitality of the ingenious and ambitious young matron who aspires to set the pace for New York's "400."

All this was incident to Mrs. Vanderbilt's fete champetre, than which Newport is to have nothing more lavish this season and nothing more original. The guests were received at the entrance to a Midway, where the familiar barkers and fakirs plied their arts. From ring toss and shell men, shooting galleries and gypsy booths, the guests were ushered into a theatre seventy-five feet square, where the Lederer company from the Knickerbocker Theatre gave a performance of "The Wild Rose." Following this there was supper on the lawn, followed by a German in the theatre. The dance went on until morning came.

"WILD ROSE" THE EVENT.

The event of the night, of course, was the theatrical performance, for no such daring innovation has been attempted by society as the importation of a full professional company from a Broadway theatre for a purely private performance. Most of the auditors had seen the performance in New York, but they were eager as children to witness it under different circumstances last night.

The performance was essentially of a special nature, for by arrangement only one act of the musical comedy was given, but into this was condensed the best musical bits and all the clever specialties, and many new quips, with direct bearing on the occasion, were interpolated with great effect by the players.

If the players had any doubt of the warmth of their reception they were quickly put at ease, for high society showed a human fondness for encores and a hair-trigger tendency to laugh.

The gypsy maid song, by Miss Irene Bentley, scored its usual hit, and the two pickaninnies introduced in the encore verse were received with warm applause. Miss Bentley wore an elaborate gown of sea green silk, made especially for the occasion, and adorned with a hundred thousand sequins. Miss Marie Cahill appeared "Miss Nancy Brown," and was received with many marks of approval, as indeed were all the company, the audience at the "Beaulieu Theatre" being in the best of humor with itself and the players. Nor were flowers for the company lacking, for Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt had ordered handsome bouquets of roses for Miss Cahill, Miss Irene Bentley and the leading members of the cast.

WITH HANGING LANTERNS.

As the guests began to arrive at Beaulieu, an hour before midnight, their carriages were directed through a circuitous route around the hedged stables of the estate around by the sea wall, hard by the blue Atlantic, and thus under the blaze of Japanese lanterns hung in the foliage of the park to the entrance to the Midway.

Mrs. Vanderbilt was in a little circle of light, with a background of lighted green for her green gown. Her gown was of mousseline de soie of pale green and white, and a great black picture hat made her look like a portrait with an attendant landscape of exquisite shading. She touched the hand of each guest for a moment and then every one turned to the Midway, whose entrance glowed red in the trees as if a path of perpetual red fire had flowed out of the dusk—a tunnel through a tableau. In reality it was rods of turkey-red calico, imported from everywhere, and letting the electric-lights shine through redly, until dowagers and debutantes blushed in chorus. Nobody ever had a fire red room before, looking as this did, as if they had used pure flame for the walls and roof.

Many went in the Midway at the Vanderbilts last night, expecting to see the usual collection of grotesques and arabesques that make up a society summer circus. As they entered they stepped on a Persian rug and passed a great jar of orchids. Persian rugs and orchid jars, not Punch and Judy shows, were the keynote to this Midway. For whereas lately Newport has run to barn-dance simplicity for novelty, the Vanderbilts went deftly to the other extreme. The Vanderbilt Midway was like a luxurious salon, with every booth a picture.

They said afterward that it was 255 feet long by 22 feet wide and 18 feet high, but it looked more. It was made of white duck quite covered with red and lighted by 600 electric lights, though one ought as soon to think of counting the rays of the sun as those lights, which made a wonderful new kind of daylight.

There the merrymakers devoted themselves to pleasure, and it was pleasure of a new sort to them.

ALL CONEY'S CHARMS.

All the charms of Coney Island presented themselves at once.

"Every time you knock the baby down you get a fine segarr," bawled one of Mike Sheedy's barkers from the Island. "Three balls for five; now hit the babies."

But shrilly from the opposite side came the cell: "I'll give you five rings for ten cents, and you ought to ring a two-dollar cane if you're good. Now, try your skill."

Cloaked in the mystery of a crimson coat covered with the symbols of her art, a dark-eyed, black-haired gypsy piped her lay:

"Bring the pretty lady in; I'll tell her fortune true as steel, and I'll give you good luck, good as gold. Let's read the lines, the lines in your palm and I'll tell all about your future and your past."

And just across the shooting-gallery man sang shrilly: "Three shots for a cent. I'm running short of shots, and you who are true of eye just hit the bell or die, and I'll try my skill, I will."

"Punch and Judy; only walk a step and hear him; step right in and see our Punch and Judy."

"The wheel of fortune," cried a wight across the way. There a scarlet pointer yielded brazen jewelry, and just beyond the striking-machine man urged a trial of muscle.

GIVES BACK REAL MONEY.

Harry Wallace, one of the most accomplished shell game men in America, won many a five and many a twenty on the elusive pea and gave it back, hard as it was, per iron clad agreement.

There was no money spent, of course, by Cornelius Vanderbilt's guests, and even the seats in the "Beaulieu Theatre," all purchased in the model box-office, were paid for in card board coin supplied by the brown coated, knickerbockered lackeys, in pink silk hose and buckled shoes, who showed on every side.

The theatre was a thing of beauty bright. White in its general effect, green festoons and clusters were relieved by silver rosettes in countless profusion.

So elaborate was the theatre and its stage, its waxen floor and its gilded chairs, built in a hurry for this fete of fetes that it was scarce finished in time, so clever Mrs. Vanderbilt conceived in a few hours and executed in a few more, the Midway, to keep her guests amused until the theatre was ready to receive them.

In the afternoon Mr. Vanderbilt, surrounded by an army of servants and specially hired men, himself attired in flannels and white canvas shoes, directed and frequently personally adjusted the scenes of fairyland which he and his wife had prepared for their many guests.

Twelve policemen guarded the grounds from inquisitive intruders, scores of whom ventured as near as they dared and gazed over the sea wall on the "Fisherman's Point" side of Beaulieu; also Chief of Police Richards, Newport's pride, was there in faultless evening dress, and the crew and "non-coms" of the Rainbow were scattered throughout the park on picket duty to quell the curious native and keep out the unbidden and unwelcome excursionist.

DUCHESS A FAVORITE.

Foremost, perhaps, among the favorites was the slender Duchess of Marlborough, formerly Consuelo Vanderbilt, the cousin of the host. She is known to the Newport folk as "Our Dear Little Girl," and they delight to sing her praises.

She entered timidly into the gypsy tent with the Dowager of Belmont, her mother, and heard that she was to become the mother of a large family with a blush that was delightful indeed.

"Two more husbands" was what the lady of the blue-black hair whispered in the ear of the American duchess's mother, and a general laugh went up at her expense.

"You have just returned from a long journey," vouchsafed the gypsy to Mrs. Philip Lydig, recently back from a wedding tour, "and you will take another of the same sort."

AFTER THE SHOW.

After the performance supper was served at fifty small tables, all abloom with American Beauty roses, and the players sat down at tables flaming with scarlet verbenas. By the time supper was over the ballroom was cleared, and the cotillion was led by Herman Baldwin and Harry Bull, dancing with Mrs. Vanderbilt and Miss Goelet. The favors were fans, cushions, morocco-bound cases, atomizers, cigarette cases, Dutch dolls, monkeys, boutonnieres, match-boxes, silver buckles and silver shoehorns.

After spending a morning at the Casino, where all the world goes dressed as for a reception, or considering the high-neck gowns for a ball at which a cardinal is to be a guest, one wonders what Newport wears at a fete. The answer is simple—but the gowns are not. For there is no place in the world, not excluding Paris and Vienna, where our wonderful gowns are worn, as last night saw the flower of them all.

Driving down the avenue with all the cedars and chestnuts alight with painted paper globes, swung from the branches, it was not the display or the lavishness, or the originality, or even the beauty, at which one marveled most; but later, afterward, it is not the fairyland of it all nor yet the crowd of "villagers" pressing close about the big gate, as they do all summer long wherever 250 or 300 are gathered together, but it is the simple fact that though the sun was an hour above the water this morning when the last wheel echoed away, still a few hours later found every guest of last night dressed in duck and painted muslin watching the tennis court and talking over what happened five hours back. For more than a nine days' wonder, even for Newport, will be the Beaulieu-Broadway ball.

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

SCENE AS VIEWED BY THE ACTORS.

(Special to The Evening World.)

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 26.—"It was the greatest thing I ever saw," said Eddie Foy to-day, "when the curtain went up and revealed that audience of four hundred society people, with the ladies all in such exquisite gowns and surrounded by the beautiful decorations Mr. Vanderbilt and his wife had planned. It was a grand night from the stage. I could only think of one thing, and that was: 'I wish I had a camera, so that I might preserve this picture.'

"It went off beautifully. Mr. Vanderbilt proved himself a democrat of democrats. He came forward after one of my bits and threw a laurel wreath around my head. I have some of the laurel in my grip and I shall preserve it as a memento.

"And Mrs. Vanderbilt, she did everything to make every one feel at home, and every one did. That midway was the greatest thing you ever saw, and the guests enjoyed it every inch. We feel the compliment of being invited to eat supper at the same tables with the guests."

High Time for Actors.

Champagne flowed like water in the wee hours of the morning for the members of the "Wild Rose" Company at Beaulieu, and they did not get home until about three hours before time for their Wickford boat to leave. They turned in, however, and got what sleep they could. Then they turned out again at 6.30 and swallowed a hurried breakfast, catching the 7 o'clock boat.

They caught it, that is, all but Miss Irene Bentley, who with her mother left the Stevens villa, the pristine home of Mrs. Paran Stevens, now a boarding-house, on Bellevue avenue, just in time to see the General disappearing around the Conanicut Point.

This was not the last of their mishaps, for when their carriage was on the way back to the villa to wait for the 11 o'clock train an awkward Newport footman, with a heavy truck, ran into and crashed the Victoria in which they were riding.

Jumped Out of Carriage.

Miss Bentley screamed and sprang out of the carriage, lugging with her a great bunch of wild roses which had been presented to her at Beaulieu.

The Victoria was rescued, and just as Miss Bentley stepped in again the horse shied and another scream was the result.

Harry B. Smith, Ludwig Englander, James Lederer and others were the bearers of handsome gold and silver souvenirs, presented to them by Mr. Vanderbilt, and Mr. Lederer took one for his brother, George W. Lederer, as well.

WOMAN SLAYS HER NIECE AND HERSELF

Mrs. Vollmer Arises in the Night, Turns on the Gas and Ends Two Lives.

On the sixth anniversary of the death of her husband, Mrs. Josephine Vollmer killed herself and her neice, Mary Katherine Miller, whose twelfth birthday it was. Their bodies were found this morning in the room they occupied in the home of Mrs. Vollmer's son-in-law, Howard M. Jackson, at No. 1034 Tinton avenue, Borough of the Bronx.

Some time during the night Mrs. Vollmer had arisen and turned on the gas in both jets in the room. Mr. Jackson detected the odor when he arose this morning. Upon discovering the bodies he sent for Dr. Ferguson, of No. 948 East One Hundred and Sixty-sixth street. Dr. Ferguson notified Coroner Berry, who reported the matter to the police.

Her Son Was a Fighter.

Mrs. Vollmer was fifty-two years old. She was the mother of two children—Nellie, the wife of Mr. Jackson, and a son, who was known as "Billy Vernon." This young man was a prize-fighter called the "Haverstraw Bricklayer." He was killed two years ago in Pennsylvania, and his death had the effect of making the mother quite despondent.

Mr. Jackson and his wife went to the country two weeks ago for a vacation, leaving Mrs. Vollmer and the little girl in charge of the house. They wrote every day, but addressed their letters to the child. Mrs. Vollmer appeared to feel that this was an affront to her, and brooded over it all the time her son-in-law and daughter were gone.

Died on Death Anniversary.

Yesterday being the anniversary of the death of her husband, she wanted to go to the cemetery, but an attack of malaria confined her to the house. When Mr. Jackson and his wife returned last night she upbraided them for what she termed their neglect of her.

"It would be better if Mary and I were out of the way," she said. "You don't want us around here. We are a burden."

The old lady was mollified later in the evening and appeared to be quite happy when she retired with the little girl. But her idea of doing away with herself and the child was formed and ready to be put into execution, as is shown by the fact that she closed the windows in the room, saying that she felt cold.

Mr. Jackson insisted at first that the deaths of his mother-in-law and the little girl were accidental. Coroner Berry says there is no doubt that the case is one of suicide and homicide, nor that the old lady was demented.

OVATION FOR PRESIDENT ON JOURNEY INTO MAINE.

(Continued from First Page.)

our people should be awake to their own interest in the seas and lands south of our country. We drove out those who had been oppressing Cuba and we cleaned house for them.

"Cuba has got to be in a sense a part of our international political system, and I ask most earnestly that in return we make her part of our economic system by establishing reciprocal trade relations with her. (Applause, cheers and cries of "Right!") And I ask in her interest, and I ask it in ours.

"There is a great market in Cuba, and I wish to see it controlled in the interest of own people.

"And now, in dealing with Cuba, in dealing with the isthmus across which we are now to build the great inter-oceanic canal, we must remember that we can do good with ourselves permanently, only **if we do good to those with whom we are brought in contact; that we must keep both facts well in mind.**

At the close of his speech the President passed to his carriage. At the rear of the platform he found the local camp of Spanish War veterans drawn up at a "present." The President smiled and, standing up in his carriage, spoke a few words to them, concluding, "And I'm mighty glad to see you."

Then through a human avenue, brightened by the waving of thousands of handkerchiefs, the four-horse landau journey back to the station began, and in ten minutes the train started out on schedule time.

The Speech at Haverhill.

At Haverhill, the home of Secretary of the Navy Moody, there was another great crowd. The President, on being introduced, said:

"Naturally, at the home of Secretary Moody I should like to say a word or two about the Navy. You see that when one Massachusetts man would leave the Navy Department I had to find another Massachusetts man to take his place. I think that whenever we touch on the navy we are sure of a hearty response from any American audience; we are just as sure of a response out of the mountains and great plains of the West as upon the Atlantic or Pacific seaboard.

"Any really great nation must be peculiarly sensitive to two things—stain on the national honor at home and disgrace to the national arms abroad. Our honor at home, our honor in domestic and internal affairs is at all times in our own keeping and depends simply upon the national possession of an awakened public conscience. But the only way to make safe our honor as affected, not by our own deeds but by the deeds of others, is by readiness in advance.

"The ships which won at Manila and Santiago under the Administration of President McKinley had been built years before under Presidents Arthur, Cleveland and Harrison. The officers of these ships had been trained from earliest youth to their profession and the enlisted men, in addition to their natural aptitude, their intelligence and their courage, had been drilled as marksmen with the great guns, and as machinists in the engine rooms, and perfected in all the details of their work during years of cruising on the high seas and of incessant target practice.

"It was this preparedness which was the true secret of the enormous difference in efficiency between our navy and the Spanish Navy. There was no lack of courage and devotion among the Spaniards, but on our side, in addition to the courage and devotion, there was also that training which comes only as the result of years of thorough and painstaking practice.

Must Always Work.

"The shipbuilders and gunmakers must keep ever on the alert, so that no rivals pass them by; and the officers and enlisted men on board the ships must in their turn, by the exercise of unflagging and intelligent zeal, keep themselves fit to get the best use out of the weapons of war.

"We must constantly endeavor to perfect our navy in all its duties in time of peace, and above all in its duties in time of peace, and above all in maneuvering in a seaway and in marksmanship with the great guns. In battle the only shots that count are those that hit, and marksmanship is a matter of long practice and of intelligent reasoning. A navy's efficiency in a war depends mainly upon its preparedness at the outset of that war.

"Our navy is now efficient, but we must be content with an ordinary degree of efficiency. Every effort must be made to bring it ever nearer to perfection. In making such effort the prime factor is to have at the head of the navy such an official as your fellow townsman, Mr. Moody, and the next is to bring home to our people as a whole the need of thorough and ample preparation in advance; this preparation to take the form not only of continually building ships, but of keeping these ships in commission under conditions which will develop the highest degree of efficiency in the officers and enlisted men aboard them."

His Philippine Policy.

When the President's train reached Lawrence, Mass., he was received by Mayor Leonard and Postmaster Byron Truell and members of the city government. The President was immediately escorted to a temporary stand erected at the station, where he addressed one of the largest crowds ever gathered in that city. He said:

"This is the section of the country in which the first blood was shed in the Revolutionary War that made us a nation, and it was here also that the two cities of Lowell and Lawrence gave their sons to pour out their life blood, the first of the ocean of life blood poured out from '61 to '65 to keep this nation one and great and free.

"And other comrades of yours, men of the Ninth Regiment, other men in the far-off Philippines, have, after three years of unspeakable toil and hardship, against a cruel, reckless and elusive foe, finally won victory for the American flag.

"You triumphed and your foes and detractors said that a mighty army like yours was meant for the establishment of a despotism in this country, but the minute that the war was over you went back to the plough, to the factory and to the farm and the office and became citizens again.

"And now in the Philippines our soldiers have fought and won. To do what? To leave the country and establish the rule of civil authority under the American flag.

"Now, we will govern the islands well. We will govern them primarily in their interests, but in our interests also. Whether we will or not, we, as a nation, front a great destiny. We can decide whether we will do our work badly or well, but we cannot help doing it. We have got to do it somehow, and I ask that all men stand shoulder to shoulder as a man to see that they do it well."

Thousands joined in the welcome to the President at Dover, N. H. He was escorted to a platform on Franklin Square, where he spoke in favor of doing justice to all.

The President in Maine.

From Dover the President came into Maine this afternoon. At every stopping place along the line a great crowd had gathered. At Old Orchard, where the special train made its first stop after crossing the State line, the President spoke briefly. Upon his arrival in this city the President was joined by Senator W. P. Frye, acting Vice-President of the United States, and after speaking briefly to a great crowd in Railway Square was taken for a drive about the city.

WM. H. RIKER IN BELLEVUE.

Inquiry Into His Sanity Started by Aged Father, Famous Millionaire Druggist.

Waltr H. Riker, who, with his father, William B. Riker, established drug stores throughout the city, making millions of dollars, was committed to Bellevue Insane Pavilion to-day by Magistrate Flammer, for inquiry as to his sanity.

Riker was taken into custody on the complaint of his father, who alleges that his son is insane and should be placed under restraint and treatment. Riker went to the offices of Cantor, Adams & McIntyre, at No. 25 Broad street, for a conference with them. This firm represents his father. After talking matters over the lawyers telephoned the Old Slip station and Detective Walsh, on their complaint, arrested Riker and took him to the Centre Street Court, where Magistrate Flammer sent him to Bellevue.

Father Is Very Old.

Mr. Rikers' father, who is eighty-three years old, is now in the Thousand Islands. Until two weks ago he had his son with him at the Murray Hill Hotel under medical treatment. Riker refused to remain there longer and came to New York. He imagines he owns the hotel, and since coming here has purchased thousands of dollars' worth of supplies, which he has had sent to the hotel to be collected on delivery.

This has caused the hotel people much annoyance, as goods have been arriving every day since Riker arrived. Several days ago he went to Wise's drug store, at No. 177 Broadway, and bought it, giving his check on a bank for $1,000 to bind the bargain. The check was returned in a few days marked "N. G."

He has bought out other stores in the same manner, frequently causing their owners to go to considerable expense in making inventories, &c.

Started Many Stores.

Riker and his father established drug stores all over New York City a few years ago. Their specialty was "cut rate" drugs, and the Riker stores became most popular and did a big business.

Because of mismanagement and financial troubles, Riker's father withdrew from the firm and his son then went into voluntary bankruptcy. Although a few years before he had had millions, it was found that he had lost practically everything.

HAVANA DOCK STRIKE ENDS.

HAVANA, Aug. 26.—The dock laborers and others who have been out on strike since Aug. 20 resumed work to-day.

O'NEILL'S

Housefurnishing Dept

IMPORTANT!

Special Sale of

Mason's Fruit Jars,

Quart size, crystal glass,

48c. Doz.

Also special value in Jelly Glasses and Jelly Tumblers.

6th Ave., 20th to 21st St.

BAYONNE BOYS LIVED IN A CAVE.

Made an Excavation Large Enough to Accommodate Six Persons—Slept in Den and Cooked Meals There.

A small cave in the vicinity of Fifteenth street and Avenue E, Bayonne, has for several days been the home of two Bayonne youths who give the names of James Lowry and John Kenney. Their hiding place was discovered by a policeman by accident. The entrance is about the size of a manhole of a sewer. The cave is six feet deep and big enough to accommodate six persons. In the cave were an old mattress and cooking utensils.

The real homes of the two young cave dwellers, who gave their ages as fifteen years, is on Avenue E, not far from their underground home. Their parents did not know where the boys were. The youngsters cooked their own meals.

The Lowry boy has been out of the reformatory only a week. On his return he and Kennedy went to live in the cave, which they dug at night.

The cave has been destroyed. The boys were arrested, but allowed to go home.

POSTMASTER GETS TWO BURGLARS.

Shot One and the Other Surrendered When He Threatened to Fire Again—Wounded Man May Die.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 26.—Postmaster Payne, of Medina, surprised two burglars in the Post-Office there. They ran, but Payne fired, filling the back of one, George Clark, with buckshot and probably fatally injuring him.

Threatening to fire again, the other surrendered. One of the men gave his name as Joseph M. Ryer.

BURIED IN GRAVEL PIT.

Fifty Tons of Rock Fell on Two Workmen—One Taken Out Alive.

WHITEHALL, N. Y., Aug. 26.—William Flannery and Patrick Shields were buried in a gravel pit here to-day. Nearly fifty tons of rock and earth fell thirty feet, covering them.

Shields was taken out alive, but Flannery was instantly killed, his body being horribly mangled.

"FRED WEST" A MYTH.

Saratoga Police Say Nobody Was Sandbagged and Robbed There.

(Special to The Evening World.)

SARATOGA, N. Y., Aug. 26.—The yarn to the effect that "Fred West of Boston" was sandbagged and robbed of $5,000 in front of the United States Hotel, early Sunday morning, and died yesterday in the Saratoga Hospital, published in New York City this morning, is pronounced as absolutely false by the police department and the hospital managers.

O'Neill's

Will Offer To-Morrow (Wednesday)

UNUSUAL VALUES IN

LACES and LACE COLLARS

A SPECIAL LOT OF LACES, EDGINGS, INSERTINGS AND GALLOONS, this season's importation, in white, cream, butter, Arabian and black; *heretofore 15c. to 50c. yard,*

5c., 10c. and 15c. yard.

REAL HAND-MADE RUSSIAN and RENAISSANCE LACE COLLARS, several styles and shapes to select from; *regular value 3.25 to 5.50,*

1.65 Each.

Sale of Umbrellas.

Men's and Women's Piece dyed black Silk Taffeta Umbrellas, Paragon frames, Steel Rods, Silk Case and Tassels, Fancy and Natural Wood handles, 1.48 Each.

Regular Value, 2.00 and 2.25,

Sixth Avenue, 20th to 21st Street.