

MARCONI PLANS NEW WIRELESS MARVELS.

Central Station for Sending News, Application of His System to Cities and Telephones Now the Hope of the Twentieth Century Wizard.

Marconi, the man of many marvels, is in New York. He is working on plans the perfection of which, even in the light of his present wonderful discoveries and inventions, will literally and figuratively electrify the world. These are the advances which he considers possible:

A wireless telephone for short distances. A central station for the radiation of news, by which illimitable advantages would accrue to newspapers.

The application of wireless telegraphy to cities like New York, bringing it into general use by the individual.

Marconi arrived on the steamer Pilgrim this morning, and is stopping at the Holland House. He will remain in town until Wednesday next, when he will take passage on the steamship Celtic for England.

Marconi has been deluged with invitations from people who wished to entertain him while in New York, but he has refused all save one. The single exception is a dinner given the directors of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America will give him at the Metropolitan Hotel.

Marconi goes to England with a definite purpose in view. He will perfect the sending and receiving apparatus at Poldhu, and then he will be in a position to establish a commercial service between England and his stations on this side of the water.

An Evening World reporter visited Marconi at South Wellfleet yesterday. Here is located the Cape Cod station, from which point messages have been sent to England. Marconi took The Evening World's representative into that mysterious room which so many have longed to peep at. Up to yesterday none but Marconi's staff and the principal officers of his company have been permitted to look upon the magic instruments which have produced the sparks which make electrical waves leap to England in one-hundredth of a second.

Secrets Are Closely Guarded.

The sending and receiving room is a brick structure about twenty feet square. It is not unlike the death chamber at Sing Sing. There are no windows, light being supplied from the roof, which has frosted glass to keep out peepers. Marconi guards his secrets closely.

There were other newspaper men in the party, and the crowd filed in behind the inventor in solemn silence. They gazed upon what seemed a maze of small boxes and wires. The boxes were condensers, used to concentrate the electrical force which leaped from the wires strung to the tall towers. At one end of the room stood a table, upon which were two upright arms, supporting brass or copper globes.

These globes were separated by about three inches of space. At one side of the room were electrical instruments used in receiving. One was a receiver with a telephonic device for hearing, another was a ticker which spouted forth paper tape on which were printed dots and dashes spelling words. Marconi explained the intricacies of all these instruments, but it would take a far better trained scientific brain than the writer possesses to give a lucid description of them. The receiving room is connected with the engine and dynamo room by a long hall. The party had crowded in after Marconi when suddenly the inventor turned, and like a flash jumped for the door.

"Wait," he cried. "Don't turn on the power until I give the word. You may kill all of us."

Deadly Power of 50,000 Volts Turned On.

Then Marconi turned and explained in his soft, gentle way that if the power were turned on, it was a trifle of 50,000 volts, sparks might leap from the condensers to any person standing near and shock him severely. If the person had a weak heart he would never know what hit him. All of which made the visitor rather lax in their interest, because they wondered if the engineer might be careless enough to turn on the current without the world. Nevertheless none flinched, and after explaining the properties of the receivers and condensers, Marconi drew every one to the door near which was stationed his controlling apparatus and the huge key he used in sending messages.

He stepped on a small platform inclosed by a hanging screen. There were two keys before him. One was used for sending messages, the other for signals. This latter was a long wooden lever.

"Don't be alarmed at what you may see or hear," said Marconi, reassuringly. The visitors shuddered nervously and edged still closer to the door. Marconi pressed down the lever. There was a brilliant flash of light and a report that almost equaled the detonation of a small cannon. An electric spark as thick as a man's finger leaped from globe to globe at the far end of the chamber.

Crash after crash succeeded each depression of the lever and the chamber was flooded with blinding flashes of light. It was a remarkable exhibition and it filled one with a profound respect for the man who could toy with concentrated lightning of this sort.

Marconi said many interesting things during the trip to New York. One of the most important has thus far been spoken of more as a jest than anything else.

The Evening World representative asked him more as a joke than anything else whether the time would ever come when a man could carry a receiver about in his coat pocket and receive messages by wireless telegraphy. Marconi smiled, but Capt. George Stevens Kemp, one of his personal staff, who sat beside him, said:

Gets Messages in His Coat Pocket.

"The time has come and is here." Marconi still smiled and looked at Capt. Kemp indulgently. "I asked the question in a joking way," said The Evening World's representative. "Now, are you joking when you say the time has come and is here?"

Marconi's expression changed instantly. Becoming grave and serious, he answered:

"Capt. Kemp is right, but the time is not quite ripe." "I have a receiver," put in Capt. Kemp earnestly, "that I have carried in my coat pocket and have received messages miles away."

"How many miles?" "As high as thirty miles," returned the captain positively. "I said the time was not ripe," interrupted Marconi, "because while it is possible for a man to carry about a receiver in his pocket and be able to take messages, the other end of it, that of sending, is yet to be overcome."

"You mean the difficulty of carrying about a battery of sufficient power to produce Hertzian waves?"

"Precisely. The weight is the obstacle. Perhaps as we progress we may overcome that difficulty. Such a condition would be invaluable, for instance, in time of war."

"Could this idea be applied to commercial business?"

INVENTOR OF THE WIRELESS SYSTEM WHICH HAS REVOLUTIONIZED TELEGRAPHY.



"I have thought of the possibilities, but cannot speak of them just at present," said Marconi cautiously.

News Can Radiate in Every Way.

"Wireless telegraphy will be invaluable to newspapers. I have thought out this end of it, and the possibilities are that a station may be erected at some central point in America where news can be radiated to every part of the country simultaneously. This result can be reached by attuning the receivers in each city to a similar pitch, so that all can catch the waves as they are radiated. With a station in England and another in America the news of the world can be quickly disseminated."

"Could receivers be installed in private houses, with ticker attachment, so that persons could read the news of the day as it happens?" Marconi only smiled. He does not indulge in dreams, but he has shown that perhaps this might be possible.

"Will it be possible to bring wireless telegraphy into general use in a large city, like New York, for instance?"

"That is a matter to which I have not given much thought as yet. It will require considerable thought," he added, reflectively. "I will turn my attention to that problem just as soon as I have perfected the transatlantic service."

"When will that be ready for commercial use?"

"Within six months."

"Will the service be as good as by the present cable method?" "Cheaper, at any rate, and better, I hope. We can reach England in 1-90 of a second. It takes 1-12 of a second by cable. That makes wireless telegraphy quicker. It costs a matter of \$5,000,000 to build a cable. Marconi stations can be built at a comparatively small cost. Wireless telegraphy can be operated cheaper, and so rates will be much less. We have agreed upon a rate of five cents per word for press matter and ten cents per word for ordinary business."

Wireless Telephone Possible.

"Is the wireless telephone possible?" Marconi shrugged his shoulders. "It may be for short distances. I do not believe they will ever get power enough to telephone wireless at any great distance. They have telephoned without wires a distance of two miles."

"But there was a time when you were only able to telegraph that distance. Now you telegraph across the ocean. Why shouldn't the telephone be subject to the same improvement?"

"It's a matter of power. They do not use the Hertzian waves. They are not applicable. I have left that field to others. It may be perfected, but I do not believe so."

DENIES BURGLARING; ADMITS BARBERING.

Staten Island's Swell Hair Remover Has Unpleasant Early Morning Experience.

Fred Bacey, the swell barber of Stapleton, Staten Island, thought he heard some one tapping about his shop early to-day. He sneaked down stairs from his quarters over the shop and crept quietly into the store.

The tick, tack of the strange something kept up in the rear of the shop. Bacey struck a match. Then followed a tremendous crash. The barber almost hopped out of his skin. The front window pane of plate glass was shattered and two men sprang into the shop. One held a revolver and the other a dark lantern.

"Throw up your hands," said the man with the gun. Up they went. "You're a burglar," declared the man with the lantern.

"I'm not. I'm a barber and I own this shop," declared the trembling Bacey. The two strenuous window smashers put down the lantern and the revolver and revealed themselves as Policemen Siebelt and Wrenn. They just happened to be passing when they saw the match struck and jumped right in. The noise Bacey heard was the dripping of water in one of his washstands.

DIPHTHERIA COMPELS CLOSING OF SCHOOLS.

Disease Has Broken Out at Scotch Plains, New Jersey.

FLAINFIELD, N. J., Jan. 23.—The Scotch Plains Board of Health has ordered the public schools in that place to be closed on account of the unusual prevalence of diphtheria. The schools in Willow Grove, which adjoins Scotch Plains, have also been closed.

HOPED 28 YEARS FOR A REUNION.

Aged Benjamin Loder a Long Time Ago Was Granted Decree of Divorce, but Didn't File It Until To-Day.

STILL LOVED ERRING WIFE.

A pretty and pathetic romance is revealed by the filing, to-day, of a decree of absolute divorce, granted twenty-eight years ago, to Benjamin Loder of Scotch Plains, N. J. John Henry Hull, attorney, at No. 128 Nassau street, filed the decree, and the tale is gathered from him.

After the war Ben Loder returned to his waiting bride, but his dream of love was short lived. "Lon" Polhemus, his bosom friend, received the favor of his beautiful wife, and on Feb. 16, 1875, returned Edward D. Gale reported to Justice Lawrence, of the Supreme Court, that Loder was entitled to absolute divorce.

The young wife made no defense, and Judge Lawrence granted the decree. The decree must be filed with the County Clerk to become effective, and Loder forbade its filing. For twenty-eight years he has held that secret decree of his freedom from matrimonial bonds, because his love for the faithless wife still burned within him. Ben Loder got rich, and is now white haired, like his chum and law partner, John Henry Hull, retired in affluence. Polhemus, the co-respondent, died twenty years ago. The divorced wife has been for many years a member of the household of one of New York's famous restaurateurs—and Mr. Hull says she bears his name. At last, giving up all hope of a reconciliation with his wife of forty years ago, Mr. Loder told John Henry Hull to file the old decree, yellowed by age, out of its hiding place and file it in order to avoid any complications over his estate. And so the decree was filed to-day.

WEALTHY WOMAN BURNED TO DEATH.

Mrs. John Finnerty, Aged Wife of Brooklyn Contractor, Fell on Stairs with Lighted Lamp in Her Hand.

OIL SET CLOTHING ON FIRE.

OYSTER BAY, L. I., Jan. 23.—Mrs. John Finnerty, wife of a wealthy contractor of Brooklyn, was burned to death to-day in her country residence half way between this place and Syosset. Mrs. Finnerty was seventy-five years old.

Early this morning she started downstairs with a lighted lamp in her hand. After descending a few steps she tripped and fell.

The lamp broke and Mrs. Finnerty's dress ignited from the blazing oil. In a moment she was enveloped in flames. Her cries brought other members of the family to her assistance, but she had been terribly burned before the fire was beaten out and she died soon afterward. Mrs. Finnerty was rich in her own right. She owned a large lumber yard in Brooklyn. Both she and her husband are well known in Brooklyn and in this vicinity.

Boer Delegate to Return Home.

LONDON, Jan. 23.—The Government, at the request of Colonial Secretary Chamberlain, has granted Abraham Fisher, one of the Boer delegates in Europe, permission to return to South Africa.

BABY GIRL BURNED TO DEATH IN CHAIR.

Mother Left Child with Little Brother While She Ministered to Sick Neighbor.

Nine-months-old Mary Baker, the child of Thomas and Mary Baker, of No. 632 West One Hundred and Twelfth street, was burned to death in a fire that did slight damage to the dwelling at that address this afternoon.

The father, who is a driver, had dinner with his wife and two little boys, James, eight years old, and Thomas, four. After dinner he went to work, and little Jim went to school. A few minutes later the mother went out to take some soup to a sick neighbor, leaving her four-year-old boy in charge of the baby.

She had barely left the house when the little fellow rushed into the street crying "Fire!" When the firemen got to the baby, which the mother left strapped in a chair, it was burned to a crisp. The boy, Tommy, was so overcome with what had happened that nothing could be learned of him as to how the fire started.

DUBLIN MAYOR RE-ELECTED.

TIMOTHY BARRINGTON WINS FOR THE THIRD TIME. DUBLIN, Jan. 23.—Timothy Barrington, Member of Parliament for the Harbor Division of Dublin, was to-day re-elected Lord Mayor of Dublin for the third successive time. The keenest interest was taken in the contest. The Municipal Council six months ago selected Alderman Dowd for the Lord Mayorship, but nevertheless Mr. Barrington determined to contest the election. The controversy which followed threatened to disrupt the Nationalist forces in Dublin into Land League and Labor sections, but the League repudiated its alleged support of Mr. Barrington. The Labor voters favored Mr. Dowd.

NIGHT JOY ENDS IN DAYLIGHT WOE.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hickey" Had the Time of Their Life at the Old Guard Ball, but To-Day They Are Sad.

ARGUMENT WITH CABMAN.

Peace Measures Failing, They Are Taken to a Vulgar Station-House, Where Woman Tried to Depopulate Force.

"It is no time for mirth and laughter. The cold gray dawn of the morning after."

That's what "Mr. and Mrs. John J. Hickey, of Mt. Vernon," thought at 11 o'clock to-day, when they stood before the Grand Central Hotel in the dying glory of faded evening raiment and argued with a cabman over the price he was charging.

They must have had as much fun as ever two healthy persons crowded into a night and a day. They had danced at the Old Guard Ball. They had danced and they had dined and they had wine, but now they were so tired. The young man's opera hat was dust-covered. His once white shirt was soiled and negligee. His Inverness coat was torn and crumpled.

Dressed "to the Limit."

And she, she looked like any woman might who had dressed for the evening. Seen up all night on the time of her life and now had to start the cruel light of a cold fresh morning. She wore no hat. A beautiful lara surrounded her hair, undimmed by the night's gay riot. A sunburst at her throat and great diamond earrings still sparkled, but that was all the sparkle there was about her. Her beautiful all-lace gown was dirty and bedraggled, and the white opera coat that covered it would be the despair of any cleaner.

As the dispute with the cabman grew warmer a crowd gathered. Policeman Cronin tried to patch up a peace, but he couldn't. The couple became enraged and he took them to the station.

Fought All the Policemen.

The sergeant decided the best thing for them both was to lock them up. He tried to take the woman's diamonds from her and she fought all the police in the station-house, scratching them viciously. They let her alone finally. There being no cells in this station, "Hickey" was sent over to the East Fifty-first street station and "Mrs. Hickey" to the East Thirty-fifth street station, where there is a matron. She resisted when they separated her from the man, but the policeman won.

Magistrate Mayo, in the Yorkville Court, this afternoon fined Hickey and his wife \$3 each.

JULIAN RALPH BURIED.

Notables in Newspaper and Artistic World at Funeral of Writer.

The funeral services of Julian Ralph, the newspaper writer, were held to-day at Christ Church, Broadway and Seventy-first street. They were exceedingly simple, there being no music and no honorary pall-bearers. Rev. George Alexander Strong, rector of the church, officiated, assisted by Rev. William N. Dunne, rector of All Saints' Church. The principal mourners were the widow, mother, children and other relatives of the dead man.

Among those at the church were Herbert F. Gunnison, Robert Brown, Richard Watson Gilder, H. C. Duval, George S. Spinney, William Leary, Willis Holly, J. W. Alexander, John A. McCall, Frederick Remington, Charles Rosebault, C. J. Taylor, Joseph Howard, Jr., and a number of others in the newspaper and artistic world. The funeral was at Fairview, Red Bank, N. J.

Hubbard T. Smith Seriously Ill.

ROME, Jan. 23.—Hubbard T. Smith, the Vice and Deputy Consul-General of the United States at Cairo, is seriously ill, suffering from dropsy of the kidneys.

COFFEE HEART.

Life Insurance Companies Now Recognize the Disease.

The "Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette," a famous authority, said in a recent issue: "Medical examiners for life insurance companies have added the term 'Coffee Heart' to their regular classification of that organ. Its effect is in shortening the long beat of the heart. 'Coffee Toppers,' they say, are plentiful and as much toxic to the cups as the whiskey toper. The effect of coffee upon the heart is more lasting and consequently worse than that of liquor."

A well-known physician specialist of Ladoga, Indiana, tells how he treats such cases. He has had many such. He says: "I will mention one case in my practice—Mrs. H., age 54, case in my practice—Mrs. H., age 54, been for more than three years a constant sufferer from headache, heart trouble and smothering spells, accompanied by nervousness; had to lie down when attacked by these spells. She was treating all the time but got worse and worse."

"I soon found out that she had 'coffee heart,' and promptly cured her in this way: I forbade her coffee and put her on Postum Cereal Coffee instead. She reported in five weeks and said she had not had a bad spell since and felt sound and well. This was four years ago and she is now a picture of perfect health and happiness."

"This is only one case out of many. I knew the doctor's bills would be small, but I also knew the case would bring lots of others to me. Few people realize the great value of Postum. It is not a 'sure-all,' but it has been the means of relief to perhaps more people than any one thing ever introduced in the American bill of fare. I have seen some wonderful results from its use." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

THE Total Importations of Champagne into the United States for 1902 were 360,708 cases, of which

125,719 CASES were

G. H. MUMM & Co.'s

Extra Dry,

Being **407,304 bottles more than** any other brand.

The Famous 1898 Vintage of Mumm's Extra Dry, Now Arriving, is destined to make a still more emphatic increase.

We Announce for Saturday, January 24th A Special Sale of 200 Women's Silk Waists.

The assortment consists of Peau de Soie, Peau de Cygne and Crêpe de Chines; colors—light blue, pink, tan, green, gray, navy, also solid blacks and whites (not all colors in each style), but many styles and colors to select from; sizes mostly 34, 36, 38 and 40.

Not a waist in the lot sold for less than \$10.50 and others up to \$15.50 each; to effect a complete clearance of these 200 waists, we offer them Saturday, at

\$7.50 each.

Lord & Taylor,

Broadway and 20th Street.

CANDY

SPECIAL SALE OF COUNTER GOODS FOR THE ENTIRE WEEK, 20c. Lb.

AN UNEXCELLED ASSORTMENT, INCLUDING THE FOLLOWING:

Fruit and Nut Buttercups	Molasses Cream Kisses	Assorted Twists
Molasses Peppermint Cups	Peau de Soie	Peau de Soie
Lemon and Lime Tablets	Choc. & Vanilla Biscuits	Glove Caps
Molasses Dainties	Black Walnut Chips	Hot-and-Cold Tablets
Sassafras Chips	Cinnamon Tablets	Scottish Waives
Molasses Rock	Molasses Rock	Almond Chips

BOSTON CHIPS FILLED WITH CREAM.

SPECIAL FOR FRIDAY ONLY: Assorted Cakes, Ice Creams, lb. 10c

SPECIAL FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY:

Chocolate and Vanilla Fudge	1lb. 10c
Honey Coconut Popcorn Crisp	1lb. 10c
Assorted Fruit and Nut Chocolates	1lb. 10c
Genuine Turkish Delight	1lb. 10c
Creamery Caramels, Chocolate, Vanilla, Nut and Marshmallow	1lb. 10c
High-Grade Bonbons and Chocolate or all Chocolates	1lb. 10c

We will deliver any or all of the above specials at the following rates: Manhattan Island, 10c; Brooklyn, Hoboken, Jersey City or the Bronx, 15c. No goods sent S. O. D.

Loft 54 BARCLAY ST. COR WEST 4th ST. 29 CORTLAND ST. COR CHURCH

MOE LEVY & CO.,

119 to 125 Walker Street, Three Blocks East of Broadway.

Alteration Sale

PRICES ALWAYS 1/3 LESS THAN THE LOWEST.

Just Now 15% Less Than That.

Also some VERY SPECIAL—Specials in Men's, Boys' and Children's CLOTHING, HATS, FURNISHINGS.

The Evening World's Greatest Six Months.

ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS BEATEN.

This is the comparison of advertising for the last six months of each of the past 16 years, showing that the last half of 1902 beat all previous records and exceeded the corresponding six months of 1901 by 739 cols.

YEAR.	NO. OF COLS. OF ADVERTISING.	YEAR.	NO. OF COLS. OF ADVERTISING.
1887 (6 months only)	426%	1895	2,501%
1888	1,116%	1896	2,370%
1889	1,413%	1897	2,953%
1890	1,334%	1898	2,867%
1891	1,361%	1899	3,321%
1892	2,050%	1900	3,604%
1893	2,717%	1901	3,132%
1894	2,388%	1902	3,871%

Above figures are for the Evening Edition of The World.