

50,000 OUT TO SEE LUSITANIA ON RETURN TRIP

Sailing of the Great Steamship Aroused Tremendous Interest in This City. SHE HAS A NEW PILOT. Among Those on Board Are Senator Hale, Col. Elverson and Fred Thompson.

The new Cunarder Lusitania called for Liverpool on her return... The big ship was out of sight down the river.

Every passenger brought a crowd to see the ship... The work of discharging visitors was so big that the sailing time was set back.

Morgan Visits Ship. J. Pierpont Morgan reached the ship at 11:55 o'clock... He remained until just before she sailed.

Spring Line Parts. When the tide turned about 2 o'clock the Lusitania moved with the water and the strain parted her spring line.

Ship Moved Enough, however, to scrape the ganplanks along the pier-head and smash the platforms. No one was hurt and there was no excitement.

Capt. Watt just before sailing said that the Lusitania would not be dashed for a record on her eastward passage.

More than 50,000 is estimated to have been paid for a five days' trip on the Lusitania by about 125 first-cabin passengers.

Enthusiastic on Claret. "Are you going to boom any special brand?" I began to say.

"Ah, yes, I love the wine-the vineyard. I mean I have the fine wine in California, near Los Angeles."

Some of the Passengers. Prominent among those who have selected some of these outside cabins is United States Senator Eugene Hale.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, of San Francisco, who are on the ship, left the Regis prior to sailing.

Frank Cramer, favored pilot of Vermont, who has been in the service of the Cunard line, who brought the Lusitania through Ambrose Channel on her maiden trip.

Edward Young, one of the oldest members in the service, who has been studying the new channel for three days, has been selected by Mr. Brown to guide the floating Cunard Hotel out through the Narrows.

Senator Hale, of Maine, and Fred Thompson, the showman, were the most distinguished passengers.

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Calve Talks of Her Songs, Gowns, Jewels and Vineyards Where She Will Make Wine, but on That Marriage She Is Silent

Gives an Interview in English Until Affairs of the Heart Are Discussed, Then She Cannot Understand.

WINE AS WELL AS SONG SOON.

Divina Likes Not the Hats With "Much Garniture," and Avers Her New Jewels Cannot Interest the Public.

By Alice Robe.



WINE, Woman and Song! MME. EMMA CALVE DIDN'T exactly state that this interesting trio of vital topics was to be the subject of the interview.

As the woman was Mme. Calve herself and the song was her own also, even the novelty of meeting the capricious Calve with a brand new interest in wine-growing could not completely overshadow my natural American interest in the other two sides of the triangle.

"Don't you think it would be interesting to give me your very first interview in English?" I asked of the famous prima donna after I had succeeded in passing the crowd of secretaries and personal representatives and "chers amis" who were dancing attendance upon "The Calve" in her parlor at the Hotel Netherland.

"Everybody is so delighted to know that you can speak English," I said with enthusiasm, remembering with terrible certainty that my French vocabulary on the wine question was restricted to "vin ordinaire."

My suggestion that Mme. Calve, who had been confiding her most enthusiastic Gallic sentiments about buying 1,000 acres of land in California in the interest of wine, talk in English, was met by a terribly frigid rebuff from one of the "chers amis."

"(C'est dommage," said the administering me a rebuking glance. "Où qu'elle commença," he continued, "il a prononcé accents, bewailing the fact that the exquisite French of 'The Calve' should be sacrificed for the ordinary American accents."

Studies English Every Day. "But I love America very much," said Mme. Calve, diplomatically, with excellent English pronunciation.

"I understand when you speak slowly," she continued, "mais, moi, je parle too slowly to take your time."

"Are you going to boom any special brand?" I began to say.

"Ah, yes, I love the wine-the vineyard. I mean I have the fine wine in California, near Los Angeles."

"I am much interested in the betterment of the wine-growing conditions. I want very much to help the wine-growers and to improve the quality of the wine."

"I assure you," he replied, with dignity, "the trunks I have seen, but mademoiselle nevalre, nevalre here, I so much as put my hand into Madame's trunk."

"I assure you I mean no impropriety," I hastened to explain, when Mme. Calve returned, beamingly, to smooth the situation.

Calve, who returned only yesterday upon the Panionia, is in excellent spirits, although her stay in New York is full of business.

Gowns and Hats "Tres Jolies." "I have brought over many gowns and less chapeaux tres jolies," said she.

"I like not the hats with much garniture," she said.



Emma Calve.

A Girl's Impressions of Coney's Boisterous Farewell to Summer

The Carnival a Merry Battle With Dull Care, in Which Rebels Are Both Victors and Vanquished.

By Edna Cain.

THIS week summer has made a last-reckless fight for life at Coney Island. Its pleasure-loving forces have marched and counter-marched to military music in an imposing pageant.

The popping of corks in the brigade of booze-fighters proclaimed that Dull Care was valiantly being put to flight, and many an innocent bystander was hit by a highball.

The enemy was pursued with carving knives, sirloin steaks, lobsters and crabs were hurled with unerring aim.

This Coney has been an island of whirl, whiteness and warmth entirely surrounded by gray winter chill.

"In the Cold, Gray Dawn," Etc. But midnight arrives and the butterflies and bats begin to think of to-morrow.

"Coney's swan song has been a melody of music and laughter and the morning after, of pageantry and dances and the hum of life, with a 'Waltz Me Again Willie' chorus.

And as night falls spirits rise. Every train from the city is crowded with people who work themselves off their weary bodies.

At Coney a transformation occurs; they walk along the thoroughfares of illusion and the little dancing lights begin to enrich their vision.

Comfortably viewed from the upper balcony at Henderson's, the streets of the city of beautiful light disclosed a wonderland. A confused blur of color.

GIRL BATTLES WITH ASSAILANT ON LONELY ROAD

Marian Leonard, Aged 16, Attacked Near Staten Island Home—Laborer Arrested

Joseph Miller, twenty-four years old, a laborer, of Krescherville, Richmond Borough, was arrested last night charged with attacking Marian Leonard, sixteen, yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Leonard, who lives in Lexington avenue, Lincolntonville, said she was going along the Richmond turnpike, home-worn bound, when a man sprang at her.

Chicago Teacher Murdered and Robbed—A Negro Suspected. CHICAGO, Sept. 21.—Mrs. Lillian White Grant, a kindergarten teacher in the Chicago public schools, was found dead in bed in her home and the indications are that she was murdered.

Bedraggled Revellers in Flight. Downtown, as bedraggled revellers were coming from the city, they were met by a broken-down auto, driven by a man who was shouting at the top of his voice.

4,512 CHOLERA CASES REPORTED IN RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 21.—Up to the present 4,512 cases of cholera have been reported in the affected districts of Russia.

KILLED AS HE WHISTLED OVER HIS BOY BABY "SAVE ME" CRIES GIRL TO PASTOR; STOPS WEDDING

Rudolph Peters Was Working Merrily When Steel Tube Crushed Him.

Miss Crouse Says Sweetheart Forced Her to Parsonage at Pistol's Point.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 21.—It would have been hard to find a happier man in this city this morning than Rudolph Peters, an employee of the Standard Elevator Company, of No. 1 Broadway, New York, working on the construction of the new building of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company.

While at work he was whistling lively airs and constantly looking at his watch for quitting time. It became necessary for him to go down to the bottom of a thirty-foot well to put in place a huge steel tube that was to be sent down him.

ANARCHISTS, HE CALLS MOTORMEN ON STREET CARS. Maliciously Try to Run Down Automobiles and Pedestrians, Mr. Springer Says.

You ought to hear John H. Springer, manager of the Grand Opera House, talk about the reckless motormen who operate street cars.

"At present a number of the motormen in this city is simply not printable," said he when seen at his office this morning.

"I will not," retorted the girl. "You must leave me; you must leave here. I will not see him again."

"If you must marry me take me to the Rev. Mr. Giffon's parsonage," said she.

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While the Rev. C. M. Giffon was unwilling to marry the girl, Miss Belle Crouse, of Stanbury Park, N. J., in his parsonage at Asbury Park, the young woman who in another moment would have been a bride, suddenly sprang to the clergyman's side and cried to him for protection from young Itsell, declaring that at the point of a pistol he had forced her to agree to become his wife.

She had answered the preacher's preparatory questions while standing in mortal fear for protection, when an eagerly persistent suitor, when an opportune instant she cried out to the minister.

"I do not want to marry him! Save me from him! He will kill me! He swore he would shoot me if I did not marry him!"

The startled pastor, who is a muscular Christian, took in the situation quickly, seized Itsell and told the girl to flee to her father, which she did when the Rev. Mr. Giffon had released him, and the police had driven him away. Strangely, he was not arrested.

Miss Belle, nineteen years old, is daughter of the Rev. Dr. N. P. Crouse, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Stanbury, and Itsell, twenty-two years old, is a student at the State Normal School, Trenton. His home is in Stanbury, his parents, the pillars of Dr. Crouse's church; three young Itsell has sung in the choir and taught in Sunday school.

Father Broke Engagement. He has long courted Miss Belle, but her careful father heard rumors that young Itsell was leading rather a free life in Trenton, and was unwilling to convince him that they were true.

Receiving news, Itsell hurried from Trenton to Stanbury, and with his sweetheart gone, her father's parsonage closed. He easily learned where the Crouses had gone and followed them to Ocean Grove Thursday. Getting a cab he drove here, there, everywhere, always peering from the window in search of Miss Belle.

Itsell called a cab and drove to the parsonage. All the way Miss Belle says, her desperate woeer tapped the window and repeated "Save me, save me, save me, save me, save me, save me."

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BUYS THE FASTEST AUTO IN THE WORLD

Goes 115 Miles an Hour and American Gets It for \$10,000.

LONDON, Sept. 21.—A speed of 115.4 miles an hour was attained yesterday on the Brooklands motor track by a 200-horse-power eight-cylinder Darracq car in a trial arranged at the instance of Dugald Ross, a wealthy American, who has been searching Europe for the fastest car in the world, stipulating a speed of at least 100 miles an hour.

After the trial Mr. Ross bought the car on the spot for \$10,000. He intends to enter it for a race of twenty miles for a stake of \$25,000, to take place soon in California.

THE ROUND UP. Thinking Serial Story. See EVENING WORLD Saturday, Sept. 21, for opening chapters.

A Good Start is Half the Race

The best start toward a successful day is a dish of delicious, wholesome Grape-Nuts food and cream, for breakfast.

The crisp, firm, "nutty" granules indicate firm flesh and crackling good humor. Its food value lies in the stored-up energy and strengthening material in whole wheat and barley, so prepared by slow heat and moisture and subsequent thorough baking, that "all there is" in these cereals is retained and made perfectly digestible.

Let the meat go for breakfast and supper, take on Grape-Nuts in its place, and YOU WILL FEEL LIKE A NEW PERSON

A breakfast of Grape-Nuts and cream, toast, and a cup of well-made Postum Food Coffee, will put you away ahead of the rest of the day, and the thrill of a steady nerve and a success-winning brain.

It's an easy matter for the man who "gets tired between meals" to prove that there's a reason for

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.