

102 SHIPS OF WAR NAVAL PAGEANT IN NORTH RIVER

Line of March to Extend From Spuyten Duyvil to Battery.

30 SHOTS TO BE FIRED.

Secretary of Navy to Get Salute Each Time He Inspects a Ship.

The programme for the mobilization and review of more than one hundred war vessels in the North River was completed to-day.

At 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon the vessels in the fleet will start south. In the meantime, Secretary of the Navy George Von L. Meyer will have taken his position on the dispatch boat Dolphin, near the Statue of Liberty.

There will pass before him in review, the massive battleships, the trim cruisers, the swift, graceful, but wicked looking torpedo boats and destroyers, the shiny submarines, the useful tenders and the gloomy colliers. As each ship passes the Dolphin a salute will be fired.

When the line starts moving it will extend from Fifty-seventh street to Spuyten Duyvil. The fighting ships will move down the North River, out through the bay to separate and proceed on their ways outside Ambrose Channel Light.

The spectacle, in whole or part, will be visible from Riverside Drive and Park for their entire length, from the heights of New Jersey, from the water front and skyscrapers of Manhattan, and from the heights of Brooklyn and Staten Island. There is room for millions of persons on these vantage points.

It is likely the people living in the Riverside Drive section will not be more than half away when the warships steam away, for they will have a noisy time next Wednesday morning.

The Secretary of the Navy will inspect each of the battleships at anchor. As he leaves each ship the official salute of nineteen guns will boom over the water and echo from the towering apartment houses and hotels on the Jersey shore. Something like 400 shots will be fired.

Secretary Meyer will arrive on Tuesday and pay an official visit to Rear-Admiral Osterhaus on board the flagship Connecticut. There will be an electrical display Monday and Tuesday nights. The ships will be open to visitors every day between 1 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, except when there are official visitors aboard a vessel.

Owing to the rain the battleships Washington and Salem were unable to get up from Quarantine to their allotted anchorage places, between One Hundred and Fortieth and One Hundred and Forty-fifth streets, this morning. They were expected before dark, but their commanders would take no chances in a fog on the crowded North River.

A haze hung over the river all day and at times the battleships were barely hidden from the view of those on shore. At other times they were more ghostly shapes with their fighting masts leaping themselves aloft. The tooting of launch whistles and the exchange of signals between the vessels at anchor was continuous.

About 500 sailors were given shore leave to-day. Many of them went to Van Cortlandt Park this afternoon to see the football game between the eleven of the Idaho and the Missouri. Tomorrow afternoon the eleven of the Connecticut and the New Hampshire will play at Van Cortlandt Park. These games are qualifying games for the struggle for the championship of the fleet, which will probably take place at the Polo Grounds next Tuesday.

A football match between two battleship eleven is quite a contest. There is one officer on each team, and that officer is invariably a young man who has been a star football player at Annapolis. Large sums of money change hands on the games, especially on the final and decisive contest which settles the fleet championship. A sailor will bet everything he has on the team of his own ship.

CUTTER CREWS TO RACE FOR CHAMPIONSHIP. More features of the programme are the race for the cutter crew championship of the navy, that takes place Monday morning, and the daily hydro-aeroplane flights that will be given on the mornings of Sunday, Monday and Tuesday by C. C. Winter.

Sixteen warships have entered invitational cutters for the three-mile race. The crew will be from For Lee Ferry to Fifty-seventh street and the winner will get a year's possession of the enormous silver trophy offered by Daniel Morrison Coffin of the New York Yacht Club. Mr. Coffin took the big run aboard the Connecticut yesterday afternoon.

The crew of the Georgia, Rear Admiral Cameron, will be the favorite in the betting, but the Mississippi and the North Dakota are running close for second and third choice.

In connection with the mobilization of the Atlantic fleet, and as a mark of appreciation of the work of the U. S. Navy, the Chamber of Commerce will entertain at its meeting Thursday, Nov. 2, a week from today, the Secretary of the Navy George von L. Meyer, Rear Admiral Charles E. Vreeland, Rear Admiral William F. Potter, Rear Admiral Frank P. Fletcher, Rear Admiral Cameron, Winslow, Rear Admiral E. H. L. Lee, and their aides; and the main Charles T. Benson, Captain William Benson and Commander Philip Andrews.

Should Women Wear Uniforms? They Certainly Should; Look and Listen: The Uniform Should Include Trousers!

Mrs. Stewart, Canadian Suffragist, Sees Jersey Club-woman's One Best Bet and Goes Her One Better With the Bifurcated Garment Idea.

Woman Invented Trousers and Was the First to Wear Them—In Their Graceful Lines Even Stout Women Would Be a Spectacle of Common Sense.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

Last week, in Detroit, Mrs. Howard Warren, wife of a professor at Princeton and president of the Jersey Federation of Women's Clubs, created a sensation by declaring that women should wear uniforms.

To-day, Mrs. Ethel H. Stewart, a leading suffragist of Canada, endorses Mrs. Warren's idea, but carries it even further.

Women should wear uniforms, and the uniforms should have trousers, she declares.

"No emancipation of women will be worth while unless it carries with it release from skirts," said Mrs. Stewart, who is in New York for a few days with her husband, a physician of Alberta.

"Why?" I asked, for the new apostle of bifurcation seemed to have a pocketful of reasons about her.

"Because skirts are unhealthy, hideous and immoral," Mrs. Stewart answered; "unhealthy because they collect germs, hideous because they take the name of Nature in vain, and immoral because they leave the feminine figure to the imagination."

"The adoption of a coat and trousers similar to those worn by men would protect women from colds contracted by the dragging of wet skirts in stormy weather. It would enable them to get along with two suits a year, as men do, and would free them from the tyrannical demands of fashion."

TROUSERS BELONGED TO WOMEN FIRST, SHE SAYS. "Think of all the money that is thrown away foolishly every year because plain skirts succeed pleated ones, or the kimono sleeve yields the right of way to the leg of mutton."

"But why should women seek to appear as imitation men?" I asked. "Why do you not want to ask for your rights as a woman rather than as a female in trousers?"

"Because trousers originally belonged to women," Mrs. Stewart answered. "The costumes of Oriental countries, of China, India and Morocco, which have changed very little in hundreds of years, all tend to establish woman's prior claim to the trousered costume. Woman, as a matter of fact, invented almost everything that has added to human comfort, and I'm sure it was a woman who designed, cut out and made the first pair of trousers."

"Trousers are comfortable, they are good-looking, when you once get over the idea of their incongruity, and, if worn, they will accomplish the greatest reform ever attempted in the feminine wardrobe—they will do away with corsets."

"For the loose, square, bulky coat which should completely do away with the necessity of these torturing contrivances, even for the very stout."

"But you surely don't think a stout woman in trousers would present an edifying spectacle?"

"Far better than the horrible and sheath."

"She would be a spectacle of comfort and common sense," Mrs. Stewart replied firmly. "Most of the efforts women make to improve their appearance are really degrading. Surely, none could be more hideous than the hobble skirt, nothing more suggestive in its appeal than the sheath, its predecessor. Yet when Paris decreed a charming and sensible innovation and called it the harem skirt, all the cranks in the United States and Canada got up in meeting and howled it down."

"Why should women go around seeking to emancipate their minds when they are content to leave their bodies fettered in corsets and hampered by skirts. I think it's important to strike off the shackles they can see, first."

"But did you ever know or hear of a living woman, except Dr. Mary Walker and Mrs. Alma Webster Powell, who wanted to dress like men?" I asked. "Don't you know that all the political rights in the world wouldn't make up to certain types of women for the loss of a job?"

"Well, she doesn't need to lose the job," Mrs. Stewart retorted. "She can get the accessories of costume just as they are, and express her individuality in the trimming on a coat or the cut of a collar, just as easily as she does to-day."

NEEDN'T BE SO SEVERELY PLAIN AS THE MEN ARE. "I don't mean to say that women should be as severely plain in their costumes as men are. I believe that women might take a little more latitude in the matter of cut and color than they permit themselves."

"The costume of men in colonial days was much more effective than it is now. Do you know," Mrs. Stewart added, "I believe if men really understood how much more cheaply and healthfully women could dress in bifurcated clothes they would be the first to get their beauty and usefulness."

"The trousered costume would be particularly useful to the working girl, the girl behind the counter, in the cashier's box or at the soda fountain. The typist might even adopt it to great advantage, and business men would recognize the greater uniformity, consequently dignity, of the women in their offices."

"There is nothing to be said against bifurcated clothes for women," Mrs. Stewart summarized.

"First, because women originally wore the trousers, and there is therefore no impropriety in reviving the custom; second, because they are more hygienic than skirts, and third, because they will do away with fashion and the slavery and expense entailed by it."

DEFIES NEWPORT BUTLERS. F. P. Garretson, Defeated by "Grifters," Will Run Again for Mayor.

NEWPORT, Oct. 25.—A new candidate for Mayor has appeared—Frederick Prime Garretson, society man, grocer and philanthropist. He was elected Mayor once upon a time, but when he bobbed up in search of a second term he was defeated at the polls by the chiefs and butlers of the summer colony, who had cast out of his store because they demanded commissions on their purchases.

Mr. Garretson says he will take a chance again with the below-stairs "grifters."

He will run against the present Mayor, Patrick J. Boyle, who has been in office fourteen years, and Alderman Jeremiah S. Mahoney, a lawyer.

THE EVENING DRESS UNIFORM, COULD HAVE A TRAIL BY EXTENDING THE COAT-TAIL.



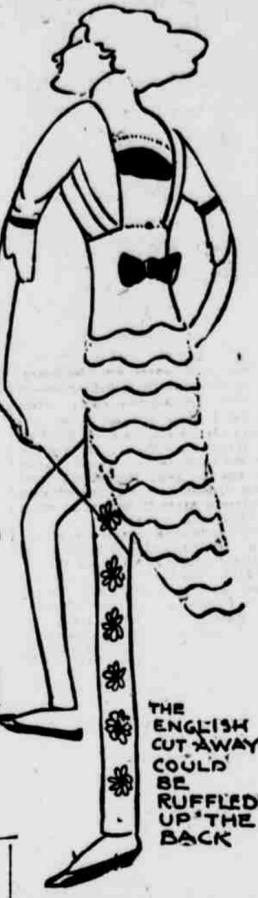
GRAND-MAMA UNIFORM.



HOW WOULD THE MAIDS APPEAR.



THE ENGLISH CUT AWAY COULD BE RUFFLED UP THE BACK.



HUNGRY BABY'S CRY LEADS TO CAPTURE OF TWO BURGLARS

Mother Sees Men Slide Down Rope to Store Skylight, Father Calls Police.

A tiny baby cried for its breakfast up on the top floor of a four-story tenement at No. 4 Cook street, Williamsburg, early to-day, and when the mother arose to attend to the call she saw two men dangling on a rope that led from the roof of the tenement to the roof of A. Westheim's dry goods store at No. 65-67 Broadway.

The mother watched the two men slide down the rope and begin operations with jimnies and saws on the skylight of the Westheim store. She called her husband, in a jiffy a half-dressed man was down the tenement steps, ran around to the Stag street police station and told the police burglars were getting into the dry goods store.

Broadway and Cook street come together in a triangle at the Westheim building, and the burglars had a perfectly clear rope route from the top of the tenement to the roof of the store. They were working along with utter disregard of the possibility of spectators and babies who might get hungry before the established breakfast hour, when Lieut. Reifschneider, Sergt. Hart and Doyle came sprinting over from Stag street.

POLICE GET KEY AND HIDE IN THE STORE. The policemen hid themselves in the store, having first taken the precaution to stop at Westheim's house and get his key. They could hear the men on the roof sawing away at the bars that protected the skylight.

"They're pretty near through the bars," whispered Reifschneider to his men. "Get your revolvers ready and hide behind the counters."

In a minute the first man came sliding down a rope that had been tied to the skylight bar. Then a second dropped along to keep him company. The two lighted a gas jet or two and began looking for plunder.

They piled \$50 worth of silks and satins near under the skylight and one of the men started back up the rope to act as motive power for the improvised elevator to draw the swag to the roof.

The policemen came running from their hiding places, covering the two men with their revolvers. Both burglars were large and strong. Each had a jimmy. They turned upon the policemen and a battle followed. For ten minutes they fought against the police odds. Finally they were beaten into submission with the butts of the official revolvers.

Then they were taken to the Stag street station. One of them said he was Frank Fagin, eighteen years old and a cook. He had no home. The other described himself as Joseph Landis, twenty-one years old, a book agent of No. 245 Flushing avenue. At that address the tenants said Landis was spooning the police, and that no man of that name had ever lived in the house.

The men were arraigned later in the Manhattan Avenue Police Court.

WOMEN HYSTERICAL AT TRIANGLE FIRE MEETING. Mass Meeting to Be Called to Discuss Disaster and Factory Conditions in City.

Three hundred survivors of the Triangle Shirt Waist factory fire met last night on the third floor of No. 151 Clinton street to urge the immediate trial of the members of the firm and to point out dangers that still exist in city factory buildings.

During the speeches men and women in the audience wept and two women were carried from the hall hysterical.

The result of the meeting was a decision to call a mass meeting in Cooper Union, where the question of the safety of factory buildings will be discussed, with special reference to the Asch building disaster.

A Local Favorite. (From the Pittsburg Post.) "Why are all the old citizens sprouting up?"

"It's this way," explained the Punkville postmaster. "There was a popular young actress played here in 1858, and now she's going to play a return engagement."

PROVENCE SAILS, CABINS FILLED WITH NOTABLES

Lars Anderson, New Minister to Belgium, Among Those on French Liner.

Lars Anderson, newly appointed minister to Belgium, with Mrs. Anderson, sailed to-day on La Provence to take up his new duties.

Mr. Anderson is a millionaire of Washington and Pittsburg, and he comes back to the diplomatic service after ten years to take the post vacated by Charles Fage Bryan.

"It is a very important post," he said, "and I am going with a great deal of pleasure."

Promises of two new ships for the French line came from J. del Plac, a director of the French line, who returned to France after a month on his tour. He said in addition to the new four-stacker, "France," which will be ready for service in the spring, the line had in contemplation a still larger ship, of the largest class, to be named "Paris."

Madame Graubert, widow of Alfred Graubert, returned to her native country with the body of her husband. He was one of the most noted instructors in the world of music, and trained many of the leading singers. Prof. Graubert was sixty-seven years old. His death occurred a few days ago at their home, No. 107 Claremont avenue. He was the original Mephistopheles in Faust.

J. Frank Aldrich accompanied the widow to the ship. Her husband had trained his wife, Mariaka Aldrich, and Mr. Aldrich said that his wife had an year's leave and was in Berlin changing her voice from soprano to mezzo.

Madame Aldrich is under contract to the Metropolitan Opera House, and a report from Berlin indicates that she is successfully adapting her voice to the new conditions.

Emmie Dubonet, the same as the cocktail, he explained, went home with his wife and his sister-in-law, Madeline O'Road. He is a noted French ballroom, and came over for the Kansas City events. Yesterday the aviator saw a baseball game for the first time.

"The French are excitable people," he said, "but there was never anything in France like that baseball game. With aviation is the great sport, but small boys cannot play with balloons and aeroplanes, and we never have such popular demonstrations as I saw at the ball park."

He Gave It Up. (From the Chicago Tribune.) The meeting had resolved itself into a fierce riot. Men were calling each other names, overturning desks, and confounding in the hall. Up to the time the presiding officer had tried to preserve order, but he now gave it up.

"The chair," he announced, "will recognize this motion and confusion as a motion, dry seconded, that we now adjourn. All who are in favor will say: 'You white livered sneak, you infernal coward, if you hit me with that chair I'll smash your ugly face for you!'"

Mrs. Ethel H. Stewart

"EXCITED" WHEN HE SAID DARLING TO MRS. FOSTER

Beecham, Named in Divorce Suit, Says He Was Thinking of His Father.

LONDON, Oct. 25.—Thomas Beecham, the impresario, was a witness in George Sherwood Foster's suit for divorce. The latter's wife was Miss Maude Christian Fairfax, an American girl, an artist and musician.

Beecham, whom Mr. Foster names as co-respondent, unequivocally denied any love-making or misconduct with Mrs. Foster.

"Our associations purely artistic," emphatically declared the opera manager. Mr. Beecham positively denied the testimony of Mrs. Foster's servants, who swore that she and he were alone frequently in her flat.

"When I called her 'my love' and 'my darling' in the letter that has been shown here," Mr. Beecham testified, "it was simply because my mind was excited by my reconciliation with my father, which Mrs. Foster had helped to bring about."

Mr. Beecham's father, Joseph Beecham, the millionaire pill maker, gave his son all the money he wanted before their quarrel and after their reconciliation.

Yesterday Thomas Beecham set up an alibi to the charges that Mrs. Foster and he were alone in his country cottage. He said an endeavoring expression in one of his letters to Mrs. Foster was a quotation from a popular song, but when the Judge asked for the name of the song and where it was sung, Mr. Beecham could not tell. He tried to improve and elaborate questions put by his counsel, Mr. Dickens, son of the famous novelist, until Mr. Dickens exclaimed testily:

"I am conductor of this orchestra." Mr. Beecham is to be called to testify in her husband's defense. She is a daughter of Dr. Stuart Welch, formerly of New York, and a niece of Lady Cook, who was Tennessee Claflin.

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AEROPLANE FALLS 100 FEET, AVIATOR ESCAPES BY JUMP

Martin Cut and Combination Monoplane and Biplane Is Wrecked at Nassau.

A new type of combination monoplane and biplane, equipped with a big 100-horse power Gnome engine, fell 100 feet to-day at Nassau Boulevard field, catching in its fall James G. Martin, formerly professor of aeronautics at Harvard.

Excited mechanics, who saw the plane start on its hasty downward course, ran nearly a mile to pull the wreckage from the aviator.

When they hauled the smashed wings, the bent frame and the twisted wires from the operator of the machine they found that he was not seriously hurt, although his face and hands were cut in many places. It was only a miracle of the sport that kept the heavy engine from falling upon and crushing him.

Martin had high hopes for his new engine. When he set out to-day to test it he told his helpers it ought to take the machine along like a bird. He left the aviation field and flew along about fifty feet high to a point a quarter of a mile south of the Long Island Railroad station. Then he went up fifty feet more. The mechanics who watched the flight thought they noticed something wrong.

ENGINE GOES DEAD, MARTIN TRIES TO VOLPLANE. The engine had "gone dead." The machine started swiftly toward the ground. Martin was evidently trying to volplane to earth. But the mechanics could see that the attempt would not succeed, and they started running to the rescue. It was a long, hard run and not one of the men who started expected to find the aviator alive.

Past and nervous work was done when the men reached the spot where the wreck lay. Martin was not unconscious. He refused to permit the workers to take him to the Nassau Hospital and went to his hotel, where a doctor treated him.

He told the rescuers that he felt his engine growing cold and tried to volplane, but the machine turned over into the air and he could not right it. Then, he said, he decided to jump. He knew that if he remained in the plane the heavy engine would crush him, and the leap was tried.

"I landed hard," he said, "but I believe the jump saved my life."

Martin anticipates great things from his combination machine. He put into it the greatest engine in the country, and before he went into the air to-day he gave the engine a thorough working out. The test seemed to be entirely satisfactory.

The machine was totally wrecked.

SHOT HER BABY DEAD, THEN TRIED SUICIDE. Woman Slayer of Infant Paid Bullet in Own Head, but Only Inflicted a Slight Wound.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 25.—Mrs. Edward Carroll, twenty-five years old, wife of a chauffeur employed by Isaac H. Clotier of Wynnewood, Pa., shot and killed her three-months-old infant on the estate of his. Clotier last night. She fired two bullets into the baby's head and then attempted to end her own life.

The woman placed the revolver to her head and snapped the trigger. The bullet only grazed her scalp, inflicting a slight wound. Mrs. Carroll is in the Bryn Mawr Hospital.

Unstable. (From the Louisville Courier-Journal.) "By the way, why do you permit your children to believe in fairies?" "I can't tell them there are no fairies and then expect them to believe in microbes."

What Time? Halloween Time

Celebrate with Dennison's Crepe Paper Halloween Novelties

Flying Witches Pumpkin Favors Light Shades and Crepe Paper Designs

Dennison Mfg. Co. THE TAG MAKERS 15 John St. New York

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POLICE AFTER MAN SEEN RUNNING FROM HOUSE OF MURDER

Supposed Slayer of Woman Doctor Held Handkerchief to His Face as He Got Away.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 25.—That a man holding a handkerchief to his face as if to hide his features was seen to emerge from an alley in the rear of the apartment house in which Dr. Helen Knabe lived alone at 2 o'clock last Tuesday morning, about the hour at which the physician met her death by a knife blow, was the newest lead that had developed to-day in the police investigation.

This information was given by J. C. Carr, a bartender, who said that as he was going home and turned into the street at the side of Dr. Knabe's apartment he heard two faint screams, and as he approached the alley at the rear of the building a man with a handkerchief to his face came out, passed him and hurriedly disappeared around a street corner.

The man, Carr said, was about fifty years old, as well as he could judge, and well dressed.

Detectives pointed out that if he was the murderer of Dr. Knabe, he ought to have made his escape by the back door, into the front courtyard of the building, run into a passageway of its side and thence through to the alley in the rear. Investigation has convinced them that no one had crossed through a window of the building.

In addition to the doctor's body the police found a man with a handkerchief to his face, who was seen to emerge from the building, run into a passageway of its side and thence through to the alley in the rear. Investigation has convinced them that no one had crossed through a window of the building.

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