MAYOR STRONG AN UMPIRE.

YONKERS WINS THE ALDERMANIC BASEBALL GAME.

Watched by the "Kings of Thought and Queens of Beauty" of Mount Vernon, New York's Mayor Renders Decisions that Cause a Classical Comparison to Be Made—He Drove to the Field Behind Lawson N. Fuller's Six-in-Hand—Four Innings Played—Score 14 to 10—$2,000 Raised for the Mount Vernon Hospital.

"Oh, but he was yellow—yellower 'n a yellow dog." Thus is the opinion of the citizens of Mount Vernon on Mayor Strong as a baseball umpire summed up. It's barely possible that one reason for this gaily colored opinion of the citizens of Mount Vernon is that their Mayor and Board of Aldermen were whipped out of their boots in four innings by the Mayor and Board of Aldermen of Yonkers in the game which Mayor Strong umpired. But Mount Vernon is backed in her opinion by some thousand or so outsiders who saw the game. There is no doubt about it; as an umpire the Mayor was "yellower 'n a yellow dog," and all this, too,

STRONG UMPIRING THE BALL GAME.

after the town had laid itself out to do him honor. The event of his coming and the game that ensued was heralded to the world by Mount Vernon as the great event of the century. The English language can hardly supply words to describe the glories of it. The *Sentenel*, the organ of Mount Vernon sentiment, said in its extra edition announcing the event:

To-day the halo of sweet charity encircles the fun, frolic, enthusiasm, and éclat centring in the most tremendous festal attraction Mount Vernon has ever held.

This Labor Day shall know the largest holiday crowd that ever entered within the fair city of Mount Vernon. From the great metropolis of the nation, from Yonkers, from all other adjacent cities and towns, will surge an enormous gathering, which, added to the home sightseers, constitutes a multitude. The magnet attracting this host is great indeed. On the baseball grounds at Sixth street and Eleventh avenue, at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon, the Mayor and Aldermen of Yonkers and the Mayor and Aldermen of Mount Vernon play a game of baseball the record of which will enter the annals of the cities as a great event in the history of both.

Almost eclipsing the importance of the players is the renown of him who umpires, Mayor William L. Strong of New York city. Imposing are to be the ceremonies attending the arrival of Gotham's great Mayor. At 11 o'clock he starts from Woodlawn in the coach of Lawson N. Fuller, drawn by six famous prancing horses, and accompanied by a platoon of New York mounted police. High noon is the time marked for his entrance into Mount Vernon.

Ever since July 30, when City Clerk Pease, under the direction of Mayor Lewis, telephoned the challenge to Yonkers, nothing else has seemed of any importance.

Nothing has been talked about but the great coming baseball game, and the fame of it has been heralded in newspapers in every State in the Union.

From the time Mayor Strong agreed to umpire the success of the game has been assured. The desire to see it has become a public passion until reserved seats have been sold for $30 each. People realize that this will be the climax of baseball—the most notable event in the history of the game since English schoolboys first played "rounders."

The umpire, as is eminently fitting, has become the centre of interest, because he is the chief person in the chief city of the chief country in the world.

This extract is a sample of the feeling of Mount Vernonites before Mayor Strong showed what a "yellow umpire" he was.

As set forth in the extract, the Mayor went to Yonkers on a coach drawn by six horses and driven by Lawson N. Fuller. With him was President Jeroloman of the Board of Aldermen, the Mayor's son, and Mr. J. Seaver Page. The start was from 145th street and Eighth avenue. In Mr. Fuller's language: "A great concourse of people was there," and as the Mayor, clad in a black suit with a frock coat and wearing a derby hat, clambered up the side of the vehicle there was "tumultuous applause that echoed back from the Palisades across the Hudson."

Mr. Fuller chirruped to the horses and they started off, the "great concourse wishing God speed" to the Mayor and his party. It was the hour when, as a holiday, the streets are filled with people, and as the six horses sped up the avenue the crowd stopped and gazed after the coach. The windows as well as the streets were filled. There were even people on the roofs of houses, all anxious to see the Mayor of New York on his way to umpire a baseball game. The details of this trip are too numerous to mention. It is sufficient to note that when the coach and its precious load reached the Mount Vernon city line Mount Vernon had started to do itself proud. The City Club was there in a tally-ho. The city band was there, twenty carriages filled with, to use the *Sentinel's* language, "Mount Vernon's kings of thought and queens of beauty," and the police force was there, mounted, and headed by the Chief in a new uniform.

There are no mounted men on the town police force, and horses had been hired from an unregenerate livery stable keeper. It is said that a trick horse had been provided for one of the patrolmen and a roller for another. It was fortunate that all the beasts were played out before the coach-and-six hove in sight over the hills in the Woodlawn Cemetery. To say there was excitement when the coach did appear doesn't cover the case. The kings of thought and queens of beauty just rose up and yelled. The brass band drew up in line. The rolling horse and the trick horse took last falls out of their riders, and then the police got them in position. Nearer and nearer came the coach, the six prancing like the thoroughbreds that they were. Now they were within hearing distance, and the leader of the band gave a signal. In a moment the strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes" filled the air. When the coach reached the spot the police started off ahead, the band followed, and then the City Club tally ho and the private carriages fell in line, their occupants still shouting. The Mayor blushed and doffed his derby. The band went into ecstacies and changed the tune to "Hail to the Chief."

So the party entered Mount Vernon. Every house along the line of parade was decorated. The people living in the houses had invited all their friends to enjoy window seats. Every window was full. The sidewalks were jammed with a cheering multitude. To quote the language of the *Sentinel* representative, "it was a grand triumphal entrance," and over it all "was the halo of sweet charity." It may be well to mention here that the baseball game was for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Hospital.

The procession halted in front of Mayor Edson Lewis's house. The Mayor was on the stoop with County Judge Isaac N. Miller, who had been chosen to express Mount Vernon's sentiment to Mayor Strong. As the Mayor climbed out of the coach Mayor Lewis greeted him.

"Mr. Mayor," he said, "Mount Vernon is yo-o-o-rs." Then he took him by the arm and led him to the stoop, where Judge Miller stopped him and made a speech brimful of praise, and concluding with: "Mr. Mayor, the city of Mount Vernon welcomes you." Then the band, which had played "Hail to the Chief" and "See, the Conquering Hero Comes" alternately all the way in, struck up again "See, the Conquering Hero Comes."

Mayor Strong waited until the music stopped and then he replied:

"Gentlemen, I anticipated coming here and driving to a ball field where I would umpire a game of ball and then return home. Instead, I have been driven through a beautiful city of homes. Your Mayor fascinated me, made me believe that I am a baseballist. Well, I think, maybe I am. When he told me the game was for the benefit of a hospital, I said 'Im with you. I'd travel anywhere, give up my home comforts and my pleasures if that would bring in dollars to the benefit of any hospital.' I told your Mayor that I'd umpire in the highest style of art, and I hope that the highest style will bring the biggest sum of money to the hospital that it has ever had. I'll say nothing about New York, because I feel a little too proud of it. We have clean streets—as clean as yours; and the selling of rum on Sundays has been stopped. I felt confident that when the saloon element knew the Commissioners meant to enforce the law that element would come to its senses. Our great triumph has come in their voluntary surrender. Another thing. We have now just as good milk as you drink—just as good and pure. We expect the death rate to lessen considerably by reason of our compelling the milk dealers to deal only in pure milk."

The Mayor concluded his speech by saying:

"I want to thank Mr. Fuller for the most delightful ride I have ever had or ever expect to have unless he invites me again."

The band played "Hail to the Chief" again, and then the dinner bell rang, and the party went in to lunch.

The ball ground of the Mount Vernon's Young Men's Christian Association is at the corner of Sixth street and Eleventh avenue. Three sides are enclosed by a board fence and the fourth by a picket fence. Two feet of new boards had been built on the board fence for this occasion, but the picket fence hadn't been interfered with. The grand stand is a tall box with a hundred seats, and is protected by a wire net. There were three booths on the grounds besides the grand stand yesterday, and they were filled with soft drinks and popcorn.

The crowd began gathering there the moment the triumphal entrance of the Mayor into the town was over. The bleachers on either side filled up at a dollar a head. The crowd got so big before 2 o'clock, when the game was called, that the police stretched ropes around the field. A great crowd was lined up by the picket fence, where they could see without paying. The grand stand was filled. The "kings of thought and queens of beauty" were there. The band was heard outside the fence playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Instantly a majority of the crowd drew fish horns, and the noise that followed is more easily imagined than described.

There was a dividing of the crowd at the picket fence, and the leaders of the six-in-hand appeared. The part of the crowd not armed with horns yelled. On the field the coach came, and behind it came an ambulance. This was a precautionary measure suggested by the hospital which was to benefit by the game. It was manned by City Health Officer Shipman and Police Surgeon Newman. After the ambulance came the City Club tally-ho and coaches, bearing the Mount Vernon aldermen in gray uniforms and the Yonkers aldermen in pink shirts, with trousers tucked inside their socks. They all wore socks.

As the party advanced the yelling and horn-blowing was enough to wake the dead in Woodlawn. Fifty cameras were leveled at the line, and fifty snap-shots taken. The coaches were emptied in a moment, and the party was led to one side and photographed in twelve different positions. Mayor Strong was in each one. The band played "See the Conquering Hero Comes." The crowd that had surrounded the group being photographed parted, and out of it came the players, headed by Mayor Strong, Lewis, and Keene, walking arm in arm, and young Mr. Strong, Lawson N. Fuller, and Dan Curtis also arm in arm. They marched to the grand stand. Then Mayor Strong was greeted by some of the "kings of thought." He told them he knew the rules of the game.

It was ten minutes later when the Mayor stepped out to a position to the left of the pitcher and yelled:

"P-l-a-y b-a-l-l!"

"Break away, break away, play ball," yelled the crowd, and the horns tooted.

"P-l-a-y b-a-l-l!" yelled the Mayor again, and he threw a new ball at a man standing at home plate and hit him. The crowd screamed.

"Who takes the bat?" asked the Mayor, and the trumpets tooted again.

"Come, boys, p-l-a-y b-a-l-l," he shouted again. There was a dispute on because the Yonkers Aldermen had ten men and insisted on playing all of them. They had their way finally. The teams lined up as follows:

MOUNT VERNON.		YONKERS.	
Whitmore	second base	Gaul	first base
Tichenor	catcher	Tompkins and Mooney	
Weiss	first base		centre field
Fletcher	third base	Schlobohm	right field
Walter	pitcher	Sanderland	pitcher
Buck	short stop	Houston and Peene	
Lewis	centre field		short stop
Grant and Many	right field	Broderick	catcher
Conklin	left field	Fitzgerald	left field
		Kaler	second base
		Eley noids	third base

Umpire—Strong.

"Take your positions, boys," yelled the Mayor, and the band began playing "Sweet Marie." Mayor Lewis rushed over and called it off. Mount Vernon's nine was at the bat with Whitmore to lead off and Tichenor on deck.

Now it isn't proposed to give a detailed description of this game. The mortal doesn't live who could. As the feature of the game turned out to be the "yellowness" of the umpire, what little can be said about it will be devoted to him.

Tichenor slammed the ball into left field for three bases. Mayor Strong got excited. He jumped up and down. The Yonkers catcher put on a mask and a stomach protector and got up close to the bat.

"Soak 'em, Whity," yelled the crowd.

While they were doing it, Tichenor came galloping like a baby elephant from third, and slid in on his stomach, seesawing up and down, first on his head and then his face on the ground.

"Whity" didn't do anything with his bat. The umpire became yellow on the spot. He called "three strikes" when only two balls had been pitched, and the batter went to first. The ball got there ahead of him. "He's safe," said the umpire. "Rotten," yelled the Yonkers contingent.

The next man was at the bat. "How many strikes?" asked the catcher.

"T-h-r-e-e s-t-r-i-k-e-s!" was the answer.

"Kill the umpire!" bawled a man, and the horns drowned the swear words brought out by the "yellowness."

Mayor Lewis is over six feet tall. When he stepped to the plate the umpire ordered a low ball and then called three strikes on him. The Mayor got first and stole second.

"I thought you were going to play according to the rules," bawled the Yonkers catcher. "That fellow only struck once."

"P-l-a-y b-a-l-l!" was the answer from the umpire.

"He's calling 'em all strikes," yelled a Yonkers player. A rooster crowed, and the horns tooted again. Mayor Lewis came in from third, and was put out. "Safe," said the umpire. "Kill the umpire—mob him," bawled the crowd. "He's out," said the umpire.

"Hooray," screamed the crowd.

"Y'ought t'stole," said a Mount Vernon man to Mayor Lewis.

"I know I ought t'," said the Mayor, "but I couldn't. I didn't know enough."

The next man at the bat was declared out on strikes, though not a single ball had come within ten feet of him, and there were yells of "Rank, rotten," again. At this point a spindle-shanked man with a camera sneaked up behind the Mayor and took a picture of him. For a moment after the next yellow decision it looked as if a riot might ensue, though it was said afterward it was all in fun. Whitmore was on first base with a bat in his hand. A man on third rushed home. The catcher had the ball in his hand, but didn't touch him. The umpire said: "He's out."

Whitmore rushed over with his bat and kicked. The umpire ordered him back to the base. The Alderman fingered his bat, the other players rushed up, and then the trouble was over. Whitmore walked up the field, the index finger of his right hand against his nose.

"He says you don't have to touch a man at home," he bawled, and the tin horns hooted again. This inning netted three runs for the Mount Vernon Aldermen, and the Yonkers nine, owing entirely to yellow decisions, got only one.

In the next inning Mayor Lewis knocked out a foul and reached first. "Fair ball," said the umpire. He ran to second on another foul, and the Yonkers men sent the ball to first and put him out. "It don't go," said the umpire, "he's safe."

This was altogether too yellow. The first baseman of the Yonkers ran over and expostulated. The pitcher and catcher and all the fielders rushed up too. Then the Mount Vernon men made a dash for the field. It looked like a critical moment. The captain of the Yonkers men grabbed Mayor Strong about the neck. The Mayor of Mount Vernon grabbed him also. All the other players took hold. His umbrella was knocked out of his hand, and he was hustled back and forth. "That was out!" yelled the crowd.

"Soak him!" screamed a man.

The hustling, the members of the Boards of Aldermen declared later, was in fun. After it was over Mayor Strong doubled up and slapped his knees as if he was in great pain. It was found that he was only laughing, though, and the game went on. The next man at the bat took aim, and tried to get square on the umpire by batting a ball clean through him. He miscalculated, and only grazed the top of the umbrella. The Mayor just hopped up and down. Then he doubled up again and slapped his knees. It was from joy, and the band played. At the end of the Mount Vernon half of the inning the Mayor took a drink and called the first strike after that a ball.

"Thief, thief!" yelled somebody on the stand. At this point the spindle-shanked camera dashed up and took six snap shots in as many minutes. The Mount Vernons had made five runs in their half of the inning, and their Waterloo came right on top of it. The Yonkers piled up nine runs in spite of yellow decisions. Half a dozen times the Mayor assumed the position of a man in pain, and always straightened up laughing. In this inning the Mayor ruled that not more than one person could coach the base runners. There were eight coaching a man at third when the decision was rendered. The other member of the team was at the bat. The decision was one of the correct ones, but it was declared yellow by the crowd. About the time it was made, the crowd on the grounds began to take a hand in the umpiring. They decided everything with loud yells and toots. Sometimes the umpire would decide the other way. Then the crowd would yell, "You can't fool the umpire."

Once in the inning Mayor Lewis was knocked down by Mayor Peene. It was an accident. Every time a hit was made, there were yells of "Good boy! Good boy!" Every time a decision was made, there were yells of "Rotten!"

Once Alderman Sutherland tried to run in from third, and the Mount Vernon catcher got the ball. Then followed a race. Sutherland dodged. Round and round the base he ran, the catcher after him. In and out of the field, jumping over benches, and scooting off like a deer after the jumps. It was a great race. Sutherland got back to first. The umpire yelled "Safe!" The crowd yelled in amazement. The umpire yelled, "Out for running out of base line." The crowd cheered.

The photographer was dancing around all the while, and got a dozen more snap shots at the umpire. At the end of the third inning the score was 13 to 9 in favor of Yonkers, and the Mayor wanted to quit. He was induced to stay one more inning. The crowd said he got yellower all the time. The final score was 14 to 10. Then the Mayor yelled:

"That man is out. This game is over."

The man who was declared out hadn't even hit at the ball. As the Mayor walked off the field he was wildly cheered by the Yonkers contingent. The players on both sides got around and all cheered him. The crowd yelled "Great, but yellow." The Mayor climbed back on the six-in-hand coach.

"How do I feel?" he said. "Bully; finer than a cotton hat."

The six-in-hand went out unaccompanied by the band. It was after the Mayor had gone that comments came freely, and it was a small boy that summed them up in the terse expression, "Yellow—yellower'n a yellow dog."

The Mayor expects to be at his office to-day. He may then express an opinion about baseball. It is believed that the Mount Vernon Hospital profited $2,000 by the game.

CRUSHED BETWEEN TWO TROLLEYS.

A Tuckahoe Man Hurt While Returning from Mount Vernon's Ball Game.

YONKERS, Sept. 2.—John Fredericks of Tuckahoe, while returning to-night from the Aldermanic baseball game in Mount Vernon, was crushed between two trolley cars of the Yonkers Electric Railroad. The cars were overcrowded, and Fredericks sat astride the guard rail. Another car, while passing on a switch, pinioned him between the trucks.

Both legs were fractured in several places and his body was severely lacerated. He was removed in an ambulance to St. Joseph's Hospital in a precarious condition.

NEW DEVICE FOR THE ARMY.

An Overcoat that Can Be Transformed Into a V-Shaped Tent.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.—The War Department, in pursuance of its efforts to add to the comfort and convenience of the soldier, is about to test a new device which has met with considerable success in the Austrian army. The article about to be tried is a combination of an overcoat and tent. It is intended for use on forced marches, picket duty, &c. It is diamond-shaped when spread out, and when worn by the soldier folds so as to form a sack coat which falls well below the knee. One of the points of the diamond forms a hood which can be used in stormy or cold weather.

When on a forced march or service, in which it is not convenient to carry tents, the coat can be transformed into a v-shaped tent in a few minutes, and each coat forms a tent large enough to shelter one man. In case a larger shelter is required, the coats can be laced together by the buttonholes so as to accommodate a dozen men. No poles are required, the gun and bayonet serving this purpose.

The matter was brought to the attention of the department by foreign manufacturers, and after some correspondence twenty coats were sent here for test in the United States army. A thorough trial will be given them. The garments are waterproof and light, and if they are capable of doing the service they are represented to have performed they may prove a very useful adjunct to the equipment of the United States soldier.

PARDONED BY THE PRESIDENT.

Blueford Foreman Released Because He Is Incurably Blind.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.—The President has granted a pardon in the case of Blueford Foreman, convicted in the United States District Court for the Western District of Arkansas for assault with intent to kill and sentenced March 30, 1894, to two years' imprisonment in the Kings county penitentiary, New York, and to pay the costs of prosecution. The term of this convict will expire on Sept. 29, and the the pardon is granted on the representation of the prison physician that the prisoner is completely and incurably blind.

In the case of David S. Stalnaker, convicted in the Circuit Court of West Virginia of robbing the United States mails and sentenced in April last to two year's imprisonment in the West Virginia penitentiary, the sentence is commuted to one year's imprisonment, with all allowances for good behavior. The Judge who sentenced the prisoner and the attorney who prosecuted him recommend Executive clemency, and the President, on their recommendations, makes the commutation.

SONG IN THE CAPITOL.

The Arion Society Sings in the White House and the Rotunda of the Capitol.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.—The Arion Society of New York city visited the White House and Capitol to-day in company with members of the local Sängerbund. In each building the society favored its friends with several songs. The acoustic effects of the songs in the rotunda of the Capitol were very remarkable, the reverberations filling the immense building, which was otherwise closed to visitors. At the White House the selections were rendered in the East Room. Members of the society say that the echoes heard in the rotunda were second only to those of the Luray caverns, which they visited yesterday.

VITRIOL ON A BOY'S HEAD.

Little Adam Fleisch Sprinkled It, Thinking that It Was Water.

Yesterday afternoon somebody gave a bottle of vitriol to Adam Fleisch, 7 years old, of 832 First avenue. He refuses to tell who gave it to him. At 6:30 P. M. he was playing with some other boys at the foot of East Forty-sixth street, when Henry Richards, aged 17, of 339 East Forty-third street came along and, taking the bottle from Fleisch, sprinkled some of the contents upon Fleisch's head. The boy yelled with pain and Richards ran away. He was found hiding in the public bath at the foot of East Fifty-fifth street about 8:30. He said that he knew Fleisch and did not mean to hurt him. He thought the bottle had water in it. The injured boy's head is badly burned.

FINANCES OF THE READING.

The Time to File an Answer in the Foreclosure Suit Expires.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 2.—The time limit allowed the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad and Coal and Iron companies to file an answer to the foreclosure suit instituted in the United States Circuit Court by the Olcott-Earle reorganization committee through the Pennsylvania Company for Insurance of Lives and Granting Annuities, trustee under the general mortgage, expired to-day. A motion will be made in court to-morrow for an extension on behalf of the Reading until Sept. 15. It is believed that the extension will be granted.

Soon after the filing of the bill of the Pennsylvania Company as trustee, demurrers were presented for the Reading and for several of the security holders. The demurrers were subsequently overruled, and the Reading was directed to file an answer.

Railroad Ferry 260 Miles Long.

CHICAGO, Sept. 2.—Transport No. 1 of the Lake Michigan Car Ferry Company has just made its initial trip from South Chicago to Peshtigo, Wis., with a full load of twenty-eight cars of freight, in twenty-six hours. The distance is 260 miles. Part of the trip was made against a hard wind blowing twenty-four miles an hour. Everything went along so smoothly as to satisfy the Wisconsin and Michigan Railway of the practicability of the enterprise. Car ferry transport No. 2 has just been completed, and will leave South Chicago on its first trip this week.

THE FAMOUS TARR FARM.

IN ONE HOUR IT JUMPED IN VALUE FROM $5 TO $600 AN ACRE.

After Yielding $20,000,000 in Five Years, It Became Worth Less than It Was Originally, and To-day Presents Only a Scene of Desolation—The First Pipe Lines and the Vigorous Opposition of the Pennsylvania Teamsters to Them.

"The Tarr farm on Oil Creek," said S. G. Wiley of the Allegheny Valley, a veteran oil operator, "yielded during its four or five years' existence as an oil producer not less than $20,000,000 to its operators, and no part of the oil country has so interesting a record. You'll not find it in any history of the oil country or of petroleum, but one interesting and important fact about the Tarr farm is that the first meeting ever held to regulate the price of crude petroleum was at the Tarr farm, in the fall of 1861. This farm belonged to James Tarr. It was worth for agricultural purposes in 1859, the year oil was struck on Oil Creek, about $5 an acre, at a liberal valuation. At the time Col. Drake made his oil strike, near Titusville, Tarr was so poor that he was glad to get a job at teaming at almost any wages, as that helped him to a more certain support for his family than his farm would yield. That farm in less than two years, though, placed its uncouth and struggling owner in the ranks of the rich men of the county, and soon his daily income was tenfold more than his yearly earnings had ever been before.

"He leased various parts of his farm at a royalty of one-quarter the oil produced. One of the first, if not the first, of his leases was to Orange Noble, a cooper who had saved a little money, and a Meadville lawyer named Delamater. William Phillips, a man named Woodford, and others had leases. These leaseholds were all along the creek border, as the idea prevailed then that oil could only be found on the flats. The first well that got to the sand on the Tarr farm was the Noble & Delamater, which yielded, by the pump, about 300 barrels a day. William Phillips was then putting down a well some distance below the Noble & Delamater well, and Woodford was drilling a well on his lease, between the Noble & Delamater well and the Phillips well. When the Crescent well—as the Noble & Delamater well was called—came in with its showing of 300 barrels a day, a capitalist named Heman Janes, who had come from Erie, I think, went to Tarr's dilapidated house one evening while Tarr was eating his supper of fried pork and johnny cake.

"'Tarr,' said Janes, 'I'll give you $60,000 in cash for your farm.'

"Tarr almost tumbled off his chair. There were something like 100 acres in the farm, and a good deal of it was wild hill land. A year before he would have thought $1,000 a big offer for the whole farm.

"'I mean it!' said Janes. 'If you'll take me up, I'll close the deal right here.'

"Tarr took him up, and the deal, which included the title to the farm and the transfer of the leases Tarr had made, was closed. Janes paid the $60,000, and Tarr within an hour stepped from poverty to affluence.

"I was on the creek when the news got around that Heman Janes had bought the Tarr farm for $60,000. This was the first large cash transaction in oil land that had been made on the creek, and Janes was looked upon as a crazy man coaxing inevitable ruin. But he wasn't. Not long after he made the purchase the Phillips well astounded the region by bursting forth with that historic fountain of oil, the first to spout voluntarily from the earth. This well flowed 3,000 barrels a day. The effect of it was, though, to knock the price of oil almost to nothing. Other wells soon came in as spouters, and then it was that the first effort ever made in the history of the oil trade to control the price of crude petroleum was made, at a meeting held at the Tarr farm, in the fall of 1861. The leading spirits in this movement were Gen. James Walsworth of Geneseo, N. Y., Josiah Oakes, a New York capitalist, and Heman Janes. The idea was to raise a fund sufficient to buy up all the land along Oil Creek for ten miles, and through the ownership of it to be able to control production, and, as a natural sequence, the market price of crude oil. At the meeting $500,000 was subscribed, and the scheme would have progressed further, and probably have succeeded for a time, in its purpose, but the panic arising from the civil war began to affect the oil regions. Gen. Wadsworth went to the front and never came back, and when the matter might have been taken up again the oil field had proved to be of wider scope than had been suspected, and the scheme was impracticable. At that same meeting on the Tarr farm, by the way, occurred something else that does not appear in the written history of the oil country. That was a proposition to build a pipe line.

"This idea was Heman Janes's. It was crude, but it foreshadowed great things. The idea was to lay a line of wooden pipe from the Tarr farm to Oil City in which to carry the oil from the wells, and thus overcome the risk, expense, and uncertainty of transporting oil by boats on the treacherous waters of Oil Creek, which inside of transportation to market was the only one possible in those days. A contract was even drawn up with a man named Reen of Erie, Pa., to construct such a line, but Col. Clark of the Boston firm of Clark & Sumner saw the possibilities of such means of oil transportation, and advised that the contract should not be signed, but that a charter for a general pipe line be asked for from the Pennsylvania Legislature. His suggestion was adopted, and the contract was not signed. The application for a charter was made at the session of 1861-2.

"M. C. Beebe was the member of the Legislature from the Venango district then, and he opposed the application. His opposition was based on the fact that there were 4,000 teams hauling oil in the oil region, and that the building of a pipe line would destroy that business, something that his constituents who were interested in it would not stand. His arguments prevailed at Harrisburg, and the pioneer effort to organize a pipe line company failed. But in the spring of 1862 the Tarr farm came to the front again, and from it the first crude oil ever taken to a refinery direct from the wells, independent of teams, was run, and through a pipe line at that. A Jersey genius named J. L. Hutchings had come into the oil country with a patent rotary pump that he wanted to introduce. To show how it was adapted to the oil business, he laid a string of pipes from the Tarr farm to a refinery which had just been built at Plumer. Then he set his pump a-working, and sent a stream of oil over the hills to the refinery. The pipe line was defective, though, and a good deal of the oil fell by the way; but the experiment showed that the idea was all right, and only needed perfecting.

"Nobody saw this plainer than the teamsters, and they promptly tore up the line and warned the producers not to attempt such an audacious thing again or there would be trouble. That settled the first pipe line. But Hutch, as the boys called him, had pump and pipe line on the brain, and a year afterward, when the big Sherman well came in, he put down a pipe line from it to the Miller farm, three miles over the hills, and pumped the oil that distance. Still his pipes were defective and the teamsters rampant. The defect in the pipes might have been overcome, but the power of the teamster was still the ruling one, and the Miller farm pipe line shared the fate of the first one. Hutchings persisted in his attempts to establish a pipe-line system, till he was overwhelmed by debt, and he died a penniless and disappointed man.

"Another Jerseyman, Sam Van Syckle, who died only a short time ago at Buffalo, had come to the oil country with Hutchings, and he took up the pipe-line idea. Where the Pithole boom struck the region in 1865 Van Syckle, seeing wherein Hutchings had failed in the construction of his pipes, hit upon a plan to remedy the defect. Hutchings had joined his pipes together with lead sockets, the joints being closed by hammering them together with a mallet. The pipes were laid in shallow ditches, and had immovable angles. The slightest twist or wrench would make a leak in the lead joints, and the oil would run to waste. But Van Syckle had his pipes made of wrought iron and fastened them at the joints by a thread and screw, and he buried them in the ground. He laid a line from Pithole to Miller farm, five miles, and the line was a success. But the teamsters were still running things about the way they wanted to, and they tore up the line as fast as it could be put down. A snappy and determined chap named Henry Harley—"Pipe-line Harley" he was known ever afterward—was interested in this line, and he didn't intend to abandon it to the fury and opposition of a horde of rapacious teamsters, so he called on the authorities to protect the property. The Sheriff and a big posse took charge of the matter, and after lodging some of the head rioters in jail and breaking the heads of a few more, the opposition to the line ceased, and that was the beginning of the present great system of oil transportation that requires the use of something like 8,000 miles of iron pipes, the aid of gigantic pumps, thousands of tanks, and an army of employees. It was the first blow to the teamster tyranny, and led to its speedy downfall.

"Well, as to Heman Janes and the Tarr farm. Some time after he had bought the farm, and after he had made a big fortune out of royalties alone from its wells, he had a visit from Jim Tarr. Jim had awakened to the fact that he could make some more money as well as not, and was sorry he had sold his farm, even for $60,000, so he offered Janes $40,000 for half of the farm back again, and Jones sold it to him. Then Janes sold two-thirds of the remaining half to Clark & Sumner of Boston for $20,000. This gave him the amount he paid for the whole farm, and he still owned a nice slice of it, and retained all the leases for the wells already down and producing. He made a good many millions out of his deal with Tarr, and folks made up their minds that he wasn't quite so crazy as they thought he was. Jim Tarr made a couple of millions from his possessions, and then retired to a life of ease and luxury in Meadville. He was one of the characters of the oil field, and his quaint speech originated many of the strange terms and phrases which are to-day in recognized technical use in the petroleum trade.

"One of the favorite and popular humorous paragraphs that went the rounds of the newspapers a generation ago originated with Jim Tarr. When he became wealthy he sent his daughter away to be educated. After she had been to school some time, as the story went, word was sent to her father from the school that he had better send for her, as she wasn't getting along in her studies. In reply he ran the letter, 'she has no capacity.' Jim immediately sent word back and instructed the school to purchase his daughter a capacity at once and send the bill to him. Jim Tarr didn't fool his fortune away. He died in 1871.

"The Phillips well kept up its great flow of 3,000 barrels a day for more than a year, and gradually decreased in its yield month by month after that, but continued a producer for twenty years. It is one of the legends of the oil country that one day the well refused to give up any more oil, even to the pump, and that was the very day that Jim Tarr died. It never yielded after that. The well made a millionaire of every person interested in it.

"The first big lawsuit ever brought in the oil country arose from a dispute between Heman Janes and William Phillips. Under the Tarr lease Janes was to receive one-quarter the oil the well produced. In the summer of 1862 Janes demanded his share of the oil in barrels. Barrels were then worth a great deal more than the oil they held, and were very scarce. Phillips refused to furnish barrels, and Janes brought suit to recover what he claimed was his due in barrels, $125,000. He employed as his counsel Edwin M. Stanton, later Lincoln's great War Secretary. Through Stanton's efforts the suit was compromised, Phillips agreeing to allow Janes, in lieu of barrels, one-half the oil instead of one-quarter. Janes paid Stanton a fee of $25,000 for his services. Phillips had some trouble, too, with Woodford, whose well was between the Phillips gusher and the Crescent well. Woodford had struck the same crevice that the Phillips drill had tapped, and thus interfered greatly with the yield of the big gusher. It also let in much surface water to the Phillips, which was a great annoyance. Finally Phillips got rid of the trouble by paying Woodford $500,000 for his well. Woodford had come to the oil regions from the little backwoods village of Towerville, Crawford county. He had just money enough to put down his well. He left the Tarr farm with a million dollars. He retired with it to Towerville, and never bothered his head about oil or anything else. He made his fortune in two years.

"Orange Noble, the cooper, and Lawyer Delamater, the man who spent all the money they had in putting down the pioneer well on the Tarr farm, made money enough out of it to go into operation more extensively. They took leases further down the creek, and on the Farrell farm struck a 2,500 barrel flowing well. This well yielded Noble and Delamater $3,000,000. They made a great deal of money after that in operations, and about 1865 retired from the field. Delamater returned to Meadville, where he became a banker. Noble went to Erie and became a banker. Both men became prominent leaders, Noble a Democrat, Delamater a Republican. Noble was subsequently elected Treasurer of Pennsylvania. In 1890 Wallace Delamater was the Republican candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania. He was a son of the banker who had made his money on Oil Creek. He was defeated by Gov. Pattison. Up to that time it was supposed that the Delamaters were the wealthiest and most honorable men in northwestern Pennsylvania. The failure of their bank at Meadville soon after the election, the arrest of the Delamaters, father and sons, charged with disbonest financial transactions, the ruin, by their collapse of hundreds of their neighbors, the bankruptcy of the county and financial ruin of the then Treasurer of the State, who had trusted them with State funds, were to be at last the result of the fortune which had its start on the old Tarr farm. Jim Tarr, I believe, is still alive, and has increased his fortune by good management.

"As if taking their cue from the Tarr farm, other farms on the creek began to respond to the drill in wells of phenomenal flowing capacity, until Hinckley, the Buckeye, the McClintock, the Story, the McCray, the Farrell, the Funk, or McIlhenny, the Blood, and the Widow McClintock farms were pouring forth a daily volume of oil amounting to 25,000 barrels. It was the Widow McClintock farm's yield of 3,000 barrels a day that lifted John Steele from the drudgery of a day laborer to a net income of nearly $3,000 every twenty-four hours. The amount of daily incomes from oil wells in those golden days has been greatly exaggerated in many instances, but John Steele's was ascertained in peculiar manner. One of the trustees of the Widow McClintock estate was Capt. J. J. Vandergrift. In 1865 certain well owners offered to contribute one day's income toward the erection of a soldier's monument in Venango county. Capt. Vandergrift, for a whole week, took a census of the Widow McClintock farm production, and figured out the young man's net income for a day. It amounted to within a few dollars of $2,800. But little good it did him. He squandered it as fast as it was made on absolute men and women, and when the supply of oil suddenly stopped, as it did, he was forced to return to his native place a homeless and penniless tramp.

"Altogether there were 200 wells drilled on the Tarr farm. A town sprang quickly into existence there and went down as a regular population of more than 2,000, and its floating population was three times that. Heman Janes built there one of the finest hotels ever put up in the oil country. There were theatres, churches, and stores of all kinds. Today there is not even a rotten or rusty relic to remind one that any of these evidences of wealth ever existed, and only a few dilapidated, deserted buildings indicate that a busy and populous town once stood there. I don't know who owns the Tarr farm now, or what it is good for, but the Widow McClintock farm, where John Steele's misspent million was made, and those wells still yield profitably to the pump, belongs to a man who as a boy blacked John Steele's boots!"

O. H. P. BELMONT'S DANCE.

Favors of Unusual Cost and Variety Distributed at the Ball.

NEWPORT, Sept. 2.—Oliver H. P. Belmont, having nearly recovered from his recent severe illness, gave the ball to-night which had been postponed from last week. It was given at Hellecourt, his combination villa and stable. It was a housewarming of the place, which is said to have cost $2,000,000. The ball was a great success. Some of Newport's society leaders say the cotillion favors were the most costly and beautiful they have seen. The favors, Mr. Belmont said, cost $7,000. They included English riding whips, silver mounted, and with silver pencils in the handles; scores of metal novelties, such as thermometers and ash receivers; wide and gorgeous satin sashes, with jewel ornaments of rhinestone and real pearls; satin caps in colors and forms of those worn by the Belmont jockeys; miniature horse blankets; court orders for the neck; French walking sticks; cribbage boards and anchor counters; large horses' heads mounted on sticks; Parisian flower fans; satin bags hung with jewels; small satin slippers filled with natural flowers; gilt bird cages with living and singing canaries; tortoiseshell and silver tablets; bisque folly sticks; empire silk fans, silk flags of various nations, and beautiful bouquets of flowers.

In all, ten figures were danced, and for each there were four sets of favors. Favors were so plentiful that some were left over.

Mr. Belmont received his guests in the library. His brothers Perry and August aided him. There were two bands playing continuously from 10 to 12.

The cotillion was danced immediately after the first supper, soon after 12 o'clock. It was led by Grafton Cushing, assisted by Hollis Hunnewell, Jr. They had no special partners, but chose a different one for each figure, of which there were ten in all.

The Duke of Marlborough and the Ladies Rachel and Eileen Wyndham-Quinn, daughters of Lord Dunraven, were on the floor almost continuously, and were showered with favors. The second supper closed the ball. Both were served in the richly finished carriage house under the ballroom on twenty-six tables. The handsome gold service of Bellecourt adorned the buffet table. An adjoining room was used for smoking and reclining. Potted tropical plants were used for decorative purposes. These were filled with small electric lights.

Mrs. Astor's Dinner Party.

NEWPORT, Sept. 2.—Mrs. William Astor gave her closing dinner of the season to-night. The company consisted of Col. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Michael A. Herbert, Heber R. Bishop, A. Le Ghait, the Belgian Minister; Mrs. George B. Deforest, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., Gould H. Redmond, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wells, Mavroyeni Bey, the Turkish Minister; Mrs. George Henry Warren, Mr. and M