SIR THOMAS'S ERIN RUN INTO.

COL. ASTOR'S NOURMAHAL WAS ALSO IN COLLISION.

The Irish Yacht Had a Plate on Her Port Quarter Dented by a Blow From the Bow of the Revenue Cutter Gresham, and Col. Astor's Vessel Dislocated Her Bowsprit by Fouling the North Star in the Race for Home.

There were a number of trifling collisions in the great fleet of pleasure craft that carried the crowd out to sea for the yacht race yesterday. But in addition there were two quite hard bumps, one of which was sustained by the white and green hull of Sir Thomas Lipton's steam yacht Erin. The Erin was not seriously damaged. Col. John Jacob Astor's steam yacht Nourmahal also met with mishap, putting her nose out of joint by running into an excursion steamship on the way home.

At about 1:28 o'clock in the afternoon, something like two or three minutes after both yachts had rounded the stake boat the revenue cutter Gresham, which was the flagship of the fleet that had the task of keeping the course clear had the only incident worth noting in her whole day's cruise. That was when she lunged head on into Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, making a dent about three feet long by two feet wide well above the water line on the Erin's port quarter. Beyond this no injury was done save that a number of persons had a couple of moments of anxiety and on the Gresham at least there were several cases of distinct scare, three women, already rather unnerved by sea-sickness, fainting away in the little flurry.

The Gresham had led the way for the port line of spectator boats from the start, with the general understanding that those following were to keep in her wake, or at least to refrain from getting inside it with reference to the race course. When the stake was turned and the excitement was at its highest, particularly on board the Erin—for the Shamrock was in the lead—Capt. Walker turned the Gresham inward on the course and to starboard. At the same time he was busily engaged in toeing his whistle to warn all the craft to keep back and make a clear way for the yachts. The Erin had likewise turned to starboard and was dead across the Gresham's bows so quickly that the danger was hardly appreciated until it was all there. Capt. Walker stopped his engines and rang full speed astern. The engine room responded instantaneously and the Gresham began digging her heels into the water and holding back with all her strength. Even then, had the Erin starboarded her helm she might have swung clear or at least got off with a mere glancing scratch. This, however, was not done, and the big steam yacht came swinging in by the stern upon the Gresham almost as fast as the Gresham was working toward her.

A good many persons, particularly women, on the Gresham saw that there was something the matter. They heard the sharp ringing of the engine bells and they felt the swift jarring of the entire fabric of the cutter as the screw raced in its backward revolutions. Then they saw the crew rush to their stations by the port lifeboats. All this happened in one, two, three order and the next instant came the heavy jar of the impact.

There was no screaming and no rushing about the decks. Two women on the lower and one on the upper deck of the Gresham quietly gave way into nice, orderly little faints, from which they quickly recovered; the Gresham and the Erin swung apart and hung by for a moment looking at each other rather foolishly, and that was all there was of what, for a few seconds, looked as though it might be a pretty nasty mess. Capt. Walker, when the Erin stopped and dropped to the rear of the procession, made a short circle back to where she was. Before he reached her the Erin was under way again and Capt. Walker made signals that he wanted to speak her. He felt very keen regret at the incident, but declined to make any comment as to where the blame lay.

It was the protruding nose of the torpedo tube in the Gresham's bows that struck the Erin. As the two vessels were making for each other there was a rumor flying that the Gresham had a ram under water in her bow, and this increased the anxiety among such of the passengers as heard it. The Gresham has no ram, however, and struck the Erin only in the place above indicated.

For a brief period on the Erin all thoughts of the yacht race were of a secondary consideration. Sir Thomas's guests were hardly through cheering over Shamrock's rounding the outer mark first when cries of "Look out there! Look out!" turned attention away from the racers in a hurry. On the port side of the Erin was the Gresham heading toward the Erin, and so close as to provoke the warning cries. It was a critical situation with those in charge of both boats trying all in their power to avert a collision and the Erin's passengers standing tense, bracing themselves for the shock, and hoping that the boats would miss each other. All told there were 200 or more persons on the Erin.

The effect of the collision was noticeable all through the Erin. Two women, one Mrs. Jameson, the wife of W. G. Jameson, manager of the Shamrock, were thrown to the decks. Mrs. Jameson was somewhat bruised. The majority of the guests were forward on the upper deck. While they were startled everybody remained cool. Women and men all kept their presence of mind and there was not the slightest sign of panic.

"Capt. Wringe reports that she is all right," shouted somebody from the bridge and this reassured those below.

The moment the accident occurred Capt. Matthews of the Erin gave orders to get the life boats ready and the discipline of the Erin's crew was subjected to a practical and most satisfactory test. Almost before it was thoroughly realized what had taken place, there were men at their places at the life boats and there they stayed until it was known that there was no danger. Dr. Reed Mackay of the Erin, was on the bridge when the boats struck and he hurried below to see that the water tight compartments were closed. He found the men in that part of the vessels at their posts.

"It's all right," announced Sir Thomas from the bridge and then he added: "We'll forgive them if the Shamrock wins." This provoked a laugh and Sir Thomas continued: "I wouldn't care if the Erin went down if Shamrock wins and provided nobody was hurt. I'd lose a dozen Erins to win that Cup if nobody suffered."

As soon as everything had quieted down Sir Thomas, Capt. Matthews, Mr. Barrie and others went below to see what damage had been done. They found a dent several feet long in her side just below the deck railing, and inside the railing woodwork had been demolished. Below decks one of the steel girders was bent slightly. A handsome flower pot in the smoking cabin was smashed by the shock and after it was all over one of the Cingalese attendants gathered the pieces up regretfully and carried them away.

There was much speculation on board as to the wherefore of the accident but this was secondary to a feeling of thankfulnness that matters were no worse. The Erin was on the downward roll when she was struck and the two boats were going very slowly.

"If she had hit us when we were on the upward roll," said Mr. Barrie, "we would have been struck further down and that might have been more serious."

The Gresham steamed back to the Erin and Capt. Walker shouted through the megaphone: "I'm very, very sorry, Sir Thomas. Are you in need of any assistance?"

"It's all right," Sir Thomas shouted back. "You couldn't help it. There's not a cent's worth of damage done."

When Sir Thomas informed Capt. Walker that everything was all right there was hearty cheering on the Gresham for Sir Thomas and his boat and then Sir Thomas proposed:

"Three cheers for Uncle Sam and his boat!"

The Erin's owner took off his cap and led the cheering which came in response to his proposal.

As soon as possible the Erin will be examined to see what repairs she needs. After the race was over Sir Thomas, in discussing the accident, said:

"Capt. Walker is a personal friend of mine and I am sorry on his account because I know that he feels a good deal worse over this than I do. There isn't a better fellow in the world."

The steamer North Star of the Maine Steamship Company which plies between here and Portland, was run into on her way home by John Jacob Astor's steam yacht Nourmahal, on which were Mr. Astor and a party of guests. The North Star was struck on the port quarter just a little forward of the after cargo port. Although the blow was a glancing one the impact was sufficient to loosen three sides of a plate on the North Star's side and leave a hole through which daylight could be seen. Fortunately the rip was fully ten feet above the water line. About at the water line the Nourmahal made a big dent in the steamship's side, the rest of the damage being done principally to the rail, which was torn away for a distance of twenty feet.

The yacht escaped with far less injury notwithstanding that she is the lighter vessel. Her bowsprit was started and drooped at a sorrowful angle and her bow plates were dented, but beyond that she suffered no damage. For a few minutes after the accident, however, the bowsprit shrouds having fouled a chain on the side of the North Star caused the Nourmahal to list heavily until the vessels swung clear.

Just before reaching the west bank the Nourmahal, which was then ahead of the North Star, grazed the stern of the City of Lowell which had passed the North Star and was on her port bow. The North Star after that slowly drew up on the yacht. When about abreast of her, according to those on board, the Nourmahal attempted to go over toward the starboard side of the channel and get out of the way of the North Star and other boats following her.

Instead of doing this her bow suddenly veered around to port and a second later she struck the North Star at an angle of about thirty degrees. Both boats were going full speed and the blow was such that the bolts were torn out on three sides of the plate in the steamer's side that was struck, leaving a gap between it and two adjoining plates. Then the yacht swung around and the bow slid down along the side of the North Star until it reached the cargo port where some of the broken rigging of the yacht caught in the chain fastening. Then the yacht was pulled along by the steamer for about two minutes at such a rate that with the suction she careened over until her port rail was awash.

Col. Astor, who was on the bridge with his sailing master, had to cling on to the railing to keep from sliding down into the water and there was great excitement on the decks of both vessels. Capt. Brown, the Sandy Hook pilot, who was in charge of the North Star, gave orders to stop the engines as soon as he had felt the collision and those on the yacht were also stopped, but it was some time before the speed of the steamship was checked. In about two minutes the vessels parted and as they sheered off the yacht tore away twenty feet of the railing of the North Star. The Nourmahal then dropped astern.

Some of those who were on board the Nourmahal were Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Miss Sands, Mr. Harriman, Miss Alice Babcock, Miss Blight, Royal Phelps Carroll and Mrs. John Jacob Astor.

The North Star carried about 300 passengers and there was quite a little excitement among them. There seemed to be more of this among the vessel's crew than among the passengers, however. Some of the stewards who were below grabbed life preservers and one took all the money out of the cash drawer in the saloon, believing that the steamer was sinking. The captain went among the passengers and informed them that the damage was above water and that there was no danger. This reassured everyone. After noting that the Nourmahal appeared to be all right the North Star proceeded up the bay, reaching her pier about 5:30 o'clock.

Dudley Waters, President of the Fourth National Bank of Grand Rapids, who was one of the passengers, in describing the accident to a SUN reporter, said:

"The Nourmahal was about fifty yards away from us when I first noticed her. All of a sudden it seemed to me as though she got caught in our bow wave. Col. Astor was on the bridge, but a sailor had the wheel. This sailor when he saw that the yacht was being sucked in toward the North Star turned the wheel around a lot, but apparently he was rattled and turned it the wrong way, for the next moment an officer rushed over, took the wheel from him and turned it the other way. It was too late then to avoid a collision and in another moment the bowsprit had struck us."

Another passenger who gave his name to the officials of the Maine Steamship Company said:

"The Nourmahal was abeam of us to port. Suddenly I saw Col. Astor leave a group of ladies and gentlemen in the stern and go forward to the bridge. As soon as he reached there he waved his hand to starboard as though asking the sailing master if he was not too far on the port side of the channel. The Nourmahal changed her course a little to starboard then. A little later the wash from the North Star seemed to strike the yacht and she was drawn toward the North Star. From where I sat I could see the sailing master put his helm hard a port, but it was too late to do any good.

"After she struck us the yacht swung around and careened until I thought she was going over. The port end of the bridge was under water, and the sailing master had to climb up on the railing to keep out of the wet. Col. Astor was about in the middle. I could not see the stern very clearly, but some of those that I saw there seemed to be excited for a minute when the waves threatened to pour in on them. It was about two minutes that the yacht hung to our side, and then she slowly slipped astern, tearing away the rail as she did so. After she cleared us I saw the Varuna come up and offer her assistance, but Col. Astor apparently told those on board her he didn't need any, and pretty soon she started full speed again for the city."

The captain of the North Star said he could not see exactly how the accident happened from the pilot house, but from the little he did see it seemed to him as though something ailed the yacht's steering gear. It will not take more than two or three days to repair the North Star.

The Nourmahal proceeded to her anchorage in the North River at the foot of Twenty-seventh street. Col. Astor and his guests left the yacht immediately. Her skipper, Capt. Wright, went ashore soon afterward to make arrangements for the docking and repairs, which will be begun to-day. When a SUN reporter boarded the Nourmahal early last evening she was in command of the first officer. He would say only that the yacht was not seriously injured and that the Nourmahal was in no way to blame for the accident. He stated that the North Star crossed the bows of the yacht so suddenly that it was impossible to avoid ramming her. This statement, however, does not agree with one made by a member of the crew of A. J. Drexel's yacht Marguerita. He says that he saw the accident and that it was caused by a strong tide which prevented the Nourmahal from answering her helm promptly.

Col. Astor's private secretary on board the yacht made this short statement:

"About 4:15, while the Nourmahal was returning from the yacht race and was in the Swash Channel and on the range, the steamship North Star passed so close on the starboard hand that although the Nourmahal's engines were stopped and the helm put hard a-starboard, the suction drew her into the port side of the North Star about amidships, breaking her bowsprit. The North Star was responsible for the collision, as the yacht had the right of way."

There were several other minor mishaps throughout the day, and in one of them Joseph Stickney's steam yacht Susquehanna lost her bowsprit.

MAIMED DOG BLOCKS ELEVATED.

Traffic Stopped for Fifteen Minutes Till a Policeman Shot the Animal.

A mongrel cur strayed up to the 125th street station of the Ninth Avenue Elevated Railroad at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, and couldn't find the way out. It dashed in and out among the passengers and pretty soon somebody said it was "mad." The station men tried to catch the dog and it jumped on to the tracks in front of an approaching train, which passed over its hind legs. A policeman shot the animal after traffic had been delayed for fifteen

DOOLEY'S ANCIENT HOSTLER.

A COPY OF FATHER TIME ON THE ROCKAWAY TURNPIKE.

He Is 94 or So, and Has Been a Hostler Seventy-five Years—Results of Relying on the County Jail in Winter for the News—Just One Visit to New York.

The old hotel on the Rockaway turnpike, at one time known as Dooley's, then as the Mosquito Hotel, and later as the Halfway House, has not changed in seventy years, except to get a new manager when the old proprietor died. The same big willow trees are there. The dingy little barroom with its walls covered with relics of the War of the Revolution, and the old-fashioned barn at one side of the building look the same as they did seventy years ago.

Old New Yorkers who were in the habit of making a stop there while driving to Rockaway half a century ago were greatly surprised this year to find that even old Jake, the hotel hostler, was still alive and in and out of the place as usual. Jake, as everybody calls him, resembles the old-fashioned prints of Father Time. He has been photographed half a dozen times with a scythe in his hand. He is six feet tall and slimly built and has long, white hair, a long, white beard and long hands with long, bony fingers.

A few days ago a SUN reporter had a talk with him. Jake was asked if he was in the habit of reading the newspapers. He answered that he had never been in a school and had never learned to read. He thought he was about 94 years old, but was not sure about it. At one time he thought he was more than 100, but he got this idea from people who told him ten years ago that he was over 90. He was positive, however, that he was now over 90. He said he was in good health and strong enough to do a day's work on any of the neighboring farms.

"Waal," he said, removing a quid of tobacco from his mouth and putting it into a coat pocket for future use, "I suppose I'll live as long as any other man who has not had all the comforts of a home. You see that old barn back there? Waal, I've slept there every summer from the year 1826. That is just seventy-five years. In the winter time as a rule I have slept in the county jail, each fall having myself committed by some Magistrate who knows me. You see if a man gets into a good warm jail, with plenty to eat and plenty of tobacco, he don't want to come out till the birds begin to sing. And then a fellow learns all the news when he's at the jail, for some one can read there, and you get to knowing what's going on.

"But tell me, is that 'ere Pacific railroad finished up? I heerd a great deal about that one time and then it dropped out of sight and I heard no more. What became of Jeff Davis? Were he hanged? Dead this many years? Waal, I never heerd that. There's lots of things you new folks kin tell a chap. What ever become of that 'ere man Kossuth that was here in America some years ago? I remember seeing his picture.

"And slavery, they tell me, that's done away with in all the States. Is Wickham still Mayor of York? No? Van Wyck? Waal, I never heerd of him. The last Mayor I heerd talk of was Wickham. How times do change! What ever become of Gov. Tilden? And Bill Tweed, I heerd he escaped from prison and I suppose they never catched him.

"And what else do I remember 'em readin' about? Why, Franklin—that fellow who was discovering the North Pole. Now, I don't see why any good man couldn't find that 'ere Pole if he knows the exact location, but what in thunder can they do with it after they get it? That's what puzzles me.

"I never hear no more about sporting matters, though I used to ask folks to read it from the paper for me. I'd like to know whether that horse Dexter is as good as he used to be. An' then O'Leary, that walking fellow, he beat Hughes, didn't he? There don't seem to be much talk nowadays about archery. I guess all the champions are under the sod. But I would like to go to New York some time and see that Barnum's circus museum.

"I were only in the city once. That were the time they were started to build the Merchants' Exchange in Wall street. How long ago was that? 1825? Well, that must have been the year. I was through Pine street and over to Orange street with another man, and we went over from Williamsburg, but it didn't take the boat long to get across. Mr. Hone was the Mayor at that time, but I haven't been in New York since.

"I heerd they got a bridge across from Brooklyn now and elevationed cars what run over the house tops. I saw trolley cars long ago. Why, they go right past the door of the hotel now on the way to Rockaway. I thought they were funny when I first saw them, for they liked to scare our dog to death. I don't even look at them now. What did they do with that Henry Ward Beecher who was on trial? Were he sentenced?

"I heerd lots of news the other day. There were a chap in here what was telling about the President being shot and he said as how Queen Victoria was dead and England had the Prince of Wales for a King. What wonderful changes happen in a couple of years! And he was telling us that the English sent over another boat to yacht race for the championship Cup which was won by the America. Why didn't they wake up before and do it? Why, it must have been—let me see—it must have been forty or fifty years since we won that ere Cup. I remember it well.

"There was a boat called the Alarm that folks down here at Dooley's were talking about all the time. They thought she was the fastest yacht in English waters. I wonder what's become of her. That yacht race must have been a long, long time ago. It was the same year that the steamboat Durant began to run from York to Flushing. I remember that because I was working for a farmer at Flushing that year picking weeds and I had earned four shillings, so I took a ride on the boat the first day she run and they charged me a shilling for the trip, but I didn't get off her, because when we reached New York I thought some of them thieving fellows might get hold of the three shillings I had left. So I staid on the boat and went back to Flushing and that was the time I first heard of the America winning the Cup, because some men on the steamer were talking about the yacht race and I listened and then asked questions about it.

"But what astonishes me is that the English should wait until now to send over another boat to challenge for the Cup. What? Had other challengers here at different times? I never heard about that. But then, I never see no papers. The only newspaper I ever saw were the *Daily Graphic*. I could tell the news in that by looking at the pictures, but since the hotel changed hands they don't have that *Graphic* here no more.

"About my past history? Waal, I don't know much about that. I remember when I was a boy I lived on a farm somewhere, and then one day a man come along and packed some clothing in a grip and took me by the hand and walked me along country roads and over two streams and then I was put to work on a farm, and then I run away when I grew to be a big boy and went to work for another farmer. And then I began to make my own clothes and I've made 'em ever since, and I never wore no stockings or socks that I remember.

"Waal, after working on different farms I got a hitch on a wagon one day and came up here to Dooley's hotel. Dooley didn't own it at that time, but another man who kept boasting all the time that he had seen Gen. Washington. He used to say that Gen. Washington sent him some books, but I never saw them. Waal, I just slept out in the barn first night I was here and then I did work around the hotel, holding horses and washing things hereabouts and in the winter time going to jail, and that's my full life.

"Hearing them talk about that American yacht Columbia brings to my memory that 'ere college. There was a man what visited down here one time, oh, that's very long ago, and they called him Professor and his name was Moore, and he said he was from Columbia College. Waal, that Prof. Moore was a grand man. He drove here with a crowd of other men and I took care of his horse, and when he were going away he asked me questions about myself and asked me what I did for a living in the winter. I told him I generally stopped in the county jail till the trees began to bud, and he handed over $5. But I never seed him since, although I've been looking for him every year. His name was Prof. Clement Clarke Moore. A man who stopped here this summer said he died thirty years ago. Is that true?"

GOV. STONE ON YELLOW PRESS.

Has No Party, No Country, and Its God Is the Advertiser.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 28.—Gov. William A. Stone, at a large meeting was held to-night, opened the Republican campaign in a vigorous speech. Referring to yellow journals and anarchy, he said:

"What is a yellow journal? A newspaper that has no party and no country and whose God is the advertiser and generally a full-page advertiser. They strive by every possible means to increase their circulation because advertisers pay according to the circulation. They live on their advertisements. No paper could live if you took the advertisements out of it and so they hunt up sensations and scandals to print and make people buy their papers to see what is said about their neighbors. They challenge the honesty of public officials. They are opposed to men in office. They are always for the under dog in the fight, no matter whether he is a dog or a cur, anything to sell their papers and raise their advertising rates.

"They feed the flames of jealousy, envy, hate, prejudice and ambition, while honest people sleep. They are the witches of Endor and dance through the night around their caldrons of boiling scandals and falsehoods and serve up the nasty brew for breakfast to an innocent and absorbing public.

"These yellow journals, by some called smart newspapers, become the pliant tools of unscrupulous men who, through these libellous sheets, lash their political opponents. Some can't stand it. I can. I am getting used to it. I was at Atlantic City this summer. The mosquitoes were pretty bad. Their bites got less and less annoying the longer I stayed and I felt that if I could stay a week or two longer I would get so that I would not mind them. And I think that by the time my term of office expires I will be absolutely indifferent to the yellow journals.

"They are anarchistic in so far as they teach that Governments are corrupt and fraudulent without proof that it is true; in so far as they teach want of confidence in public officials who differ with their paymasters politically. The best way to overthrow an administration of any kind is to teach the people to have no confidence in it.

"But the yellow journals will fail, anarchy will fail. Our system of government will triumph. William McKinley will be avenged. Out of his martyrdom will come wise and effective laws that will drive anarchy and Anarchists out of this country and all extravagant and wholesale charges of corruption in official life not sustained by facts will be rebuked by the people at the polls."

PUTS THE "JOURNAL" OUT.

Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, Forbids Its Further Sale There.

The *New York Journal* is no longer on sale at the Hotel St. George, Brooklyn. Capt. William Tumbridge, who owns the hotel, gave orders, a few days ago, that its sale at the newsstand must be discontinued at once.

This did not satisfy him. He has had framed and hung in the ladies' parlor a clipping of the open letter from the Rev. Dr. Jacob Cooper, professor of logic and mental philosophy in Rutgers College, published in THE SUN of Sept. 11. This letter was addressed to the editor of the *Journal* and reads, in part, as follows:

"The world sees in you and those like you, the leaders of a reckless press, the forces which make such an assassination possible. Behind the much-abused license of printing you have, for years, been uttering both by word and by picture, that which you knew to be lies of the most damnable blackness. Why don't you, if what you have been saying for years is true, repeat it now? If false, why do you not have the manliness to admit that all your utterances about the President and Vice-President were conscious, premeditated lies?

"Carry with yourself the consciousness that all virtuous men and women in the land, who have had the opportunity to know the facts, loathe you, not to the extent your conduct deserves, but to the reach of their ability."

OBITUARY.

News has been received of the recent death in Rome of the Rev. Torquato Armellini, S. J., a priest intimately known to the Roman Catholic clergy of this country and England. Father Armellini was born on Dec. 14, 1823. Twenty years later he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Sant' Andrea al Quirinale. The Revolution of 1848, in which a relative was a Triumvir of Rome with Mazzini, drove him in common with many other youthful Jesuits to America. Father Armellini remained many years in the United States, living at different times in this city and in the West, but finally returned to Rome and became a professor in the Roman College. In the last years of his life he was the confessor of most of the English and American converts in Rome.

Charles E. Tilton, one of the prominent and wealthy men of northern New Hampshire, died at his home in Tilton yesterday, aged 74 years. Mr. Tilton was born at Sanbornton, N. H., and was the son of Jeremiah Tilton, for whom the place subsequently was named. When a young man he went to Colorado and for several years he was in the banking business in Denver, where he laid the foundation of a fortune, now estimated at several million dollars. He owned much real estate, nearly every business block in Tilton having been built by him. He was a director of the Concord and Montreal Railroad.

Mrs. F. F. Procter, wife of the well-known theatrical man, died yesterday afternoon at the family residence at Larchmont Manor, N. Y., after a long illness. She had been for many years prominent in social and religious circles in Larchmont. She is survived by her husband, two daughters and a son.

Oliver N. Towne, 63 years old, a pioneer resident of Arkwright Centre, N. Y., died yesterday. Mr. Towne conducted what is known as the Towne Tavern for over a third of a century, which was one of the first taverns to be established in Chautauqua county.

Mark Lambert Bristol died at Glassboro, N. J., yesterday, at the age of 83 years. He was the father of Commander Mark Lambert Bristol, Jr., of the United States Navy.

The Rev. John A. Peters, President of Heidelberg University, at Tiffin, Ohio, died yesterday of pneumonia, aged 63 years.

Horner's Furniture

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MME. EAMES ARRIVES.

She Has Come to Join the Grau Opera Company on Its Tour.

Artists of the Maurice Grau Opera Company arrived and left here yesterday. Mme. Emma Eames, or, as she is known in private life, Mrs. Julian Story, arrived on the Philadelphia with her husband, the artist, after an absence of two years. She was accompanied by Miss Fettridge, her companion, and went to the Marie Antoinette Hotel.

Since she sang last with the Maurice Grau Opera Company at the Metropolitan Opera House Mme. Eames has appeared only a few times in opera. That was at Covent Garden last spring, when she was one of the prima donnas in the company. The winter before she was not in good health and spent the time at her home, 7 Place des Etats Unis, Paris. Mme. Eames is now in good health, and the indisposition which prevented her appearance at the Worcester festival has entirely disappeared.

She will remain in New York until the company starts on the tour. She will open the season in Albany on Oct. 7, and appear first as *Elsa* in "Lohengrin." It is not probable that she will be heard this year in any new rôle but *Leonora* in "Il Trovatore," which she studied during the summer.

David Bispham sailed for England yesterday on the Etruria. He is to take part in some of the British music festivals and will come back to this country in November to join the opera company.

Mme. Suzanne Adams arrived here on Friday, and after singing at Worcester started on a tour of the principal music festivals in the Northeastern States. She will sing at the Maine festival and in other smaller concerts before she joins the opera company.

Jacques Bars and Louise Homer also arrived on the Deutschland. Andreas Dippel, who has devoted his summer to studying *Tristan*, *Vasco di Gama* and *Mario* in "Tosca," arrived on the same steamer with Mr. Grau.

Mlle. Calve is on the Champagne due here to-day and so are Mme. Bauermeister and MM. Saligna, di Marchi, Gilbert, Declery, Dufriche and Perello. On Monday the chorus will arrive on the Trave. Mme. Sembrich sailed on Friday on the Auguste Victoria and her visit to this country at such a time is an instance of the occasional hardships of artistic life even when it has met with every triumph.

She and her husband were in Paris when they learned the day before sailing from Cherbourg that her son, who is an invalid at a health resort near Frankfort, was dangerously ill. Her husband telegraphed to this country to endeavor to make some arrangement by which her sailing could be postponed, but it was out of the question for Mr. Grau to change the arrangements already made and the singer was compelled to start for this country with her maid and without the opportunity to see her son, who is a boy of 10 years old. His father postponed his sailing and went to him. Mme. Sembrich will learn first on her arrival here the news of his condition which was grave when she left on Friday.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC—THIS DAY.

Sun rises ..... 5.54 | Sun sets ..... 5.47 | Moon rises 6.38

HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook ..... 7.56 | Gov. Isl. ..... 8.28 | Hell Gate 10.21

Arrived—SATURDAY, Sept. 28.

Ss Campania, Walker, Liverpool, Sept. 21.
Ss Philadelphia, Mills, Southampton, Sept. 21.
Ss Neustria, Sigolo, Malaga, Sept. 12.
Ss Cadiz, Costa, Bilboa, Sept. 9.
Ss Sardinian, Johnston, Glasgow, Sept. 14.
Ss La Hi hays, Eckhoff, Antwerp, Sept. 10.
Ss Manin, Tossa, Patras, Sept. 3.
Ss Candidate, Lamrison, Port Said, Aug. 28.
Ss Bona, Beavan, Huelva, Sept. 10.
Ss Earnford, Worsse, Huelva, Sept. 10.
Ss Orangerose, Spedding, Barbadoes, Sept. 22.
Ss Hevelius, Cable, Rio Janeiro, Sept. 2.
Ss Esperanza, Rogers, Vera Cruz, Sept. 19.
Ss Kansas City, Fisher, Savannah, Sept. 25.
Ss Indrani, Gillies, Norfolk, Sept. 27.
Ss Jamestown, Tapley, Norfolk, Sept. 27.
Bark St. Paul, Strain, Fernandina, Sept. 13.
Bark Sayre, Matheson, Constable Island, Aug. 26.

ARRIVED OUT.

Ss Koenigin Luise, from New York at Southampton.

SAILED FROM FOREIGN PORTS.

Ss Vaderland, from Antwerp for New York.
Ss La Savoie, from Havre for New York.
Ss Umbria, from Liverpool for New York.
Ss St. Paul from Southampton for New York.

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

	Mails Close	Vessels Sail
Sail To-morrow.		
Princess Anne, Norfolk		2 00 P M
Sail Tuesday, Oct. 1.		
Kronprinz Wilhelm, Bremen		12 00 M
Cymric, Liverpool		8 00 A M
Advance, Union	9 30 A M	3 00 P M
El Norte, New Orleans		3 00 P M
Apache, Charleston		3 00 P M
Sail Wednesday, Oct. 2.		
Germanic, Liverpool	8 30 A M	12 00 M
Philadelphia, Southampton	6 30 A M	10 00 A M
Southwark, Antwerp	10 00 A M	12 00 M
Esperanza, Havana	12 00 M	3 00 P M
Comal, Galveston		3 00 P M

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.

Due To-day.		
Columbian	London	Sept. 11
Seminole	Jacksonville	Sept. 21
Sardinian	Glasgow	Sept. 14
Phoenicia	Hamburg	Sept. 10
Britannia	Sunderland	Sept. 13
Tutonia	Hull	Sept. 15
Britannia	Shields	Sept. 14
Comal	Galveston	Sept. 21
Campania	Liverpool	Sept. 21
Philadelphia	Southampton	Sept. 21
Ma di Torino	Gibraltar	Sept. 16
Neustria	Gibraltar	Sept. 15
Rotterdam	Rotterdam	Sept. 19
Mesaba	London	Sept. 19
La Champagne	Havre	Sept. 21
El Cid	New Orleans	Sept. 23
Grangerose	Barbados	Sept. 22
Antilla	Nassau	Sept. 25
Due To-morrow.		
Minneapolis	London	Sept. 21
Ethiopia	Glasgow	Sept. 19
Trave	Gibraltar	Sept. 21
Georgic	Liverpool	Sept. 21
Proteus	New Orleans	Sept. 25
Apache	Jacksonville	Sept. 23
Romney	St. Lucia	Sept. 27
Colorado	Brunswick	Sept. 30
Due Thursday, Oct. 1.		
Southwark	Antwerp	Sept. 21
Wells City	Swansea	Sept. 18
Hekla	Christiansand	Sept. 18
El Rio	New Orleans	Sept. 26
Alliance	Colon	Sept. 24
Due Wednesday, Oct. 2.		
Majestic	Liverpool	Sept. 25
H. H. Meier	Bremen	Sept. 21
Kaiserin Maria Theresia	Bremen	Sept. 24
Lampasas	Galveston	Sept. 26
Due Thursday, Oct. 3.		
Marsello	Hull	Sept. 21

The Weather.

The West Indian hurricane, failing to force its way northward on account of the high pressure area over the Middle Atlantic and New England States, lost its energy yesterday and was dissipating. Rain was falling in all the Atlantic districts south of Hatteras and in the east Gulf States, and as far north as the Tennessee Valley.

Thunderstorms prevailed in the upper Lake region and in Iowa. Elsewhere, generally fair weather was reported. It was colder and below freezing point in northern Minnesota, North Dakota and Wyoming; light frost was reported in Massachusetts. In the Atlantic States it was warmer.

In this city the day was generally fair, becoming cloudy toward night; wind, fresh northeast; average humidity, 79 per cent.; barometer, corrected to read to sea level, at 8 A. M., 30.36; 3 P. M., 30.25.

The temperature as recorded by the official thermometer, and also by THE SUN'S thermometer at the street level, is shown in the annexed table:

	Official		Sun's		Official		Sun's
	1901	1900	1901		1901	1900	1901
9 A. M.	67°	68°	63°	6 P. M.	64°	68°	69°
12 M.	72°	74°	69°	9 P. M.	65°	66°	66°
3 P. M.	74°	75°	72°	12 Mid.	67°	66°	68°

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

For the District of Columbia, Delaware, Maryland, eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, rain to-day; cooler and probably fair to-morrow; fresh southeast to south winds, shifting to west to-night.

For eastern New York, rain to-day; easterly winds brisk on the coast; cooler and probably fair to-morrow.

For New England, rain to-day; winds shifting to east, becoming brisk; fair in south, probably rain in northern portion to-morrow.

For western New York, rain to-day; cooler in western parts, probably fair to-morrow; winds becoming fresh north.

If You Have Something Special to Offer in Real Estate, For Sale or To Let, it will be to your advantage to use THE SUN'S advertising columns, which is unquestionably the best medium through which to reach those living in this community. Requests for rates will meet with prompt response. Write THE SUN, telephone 1231 Madison Square, or send to any advertising agency.—Ads.

The Piano *with the* Pianola *and* Without It.

The piano is the most popular musical instrument.

All kinds of music are adapted to the piano, and all musical tastes may be gratified by it.

The piano satisfies the love for music as no other instrument can do.

Music of the simplest character is as appropriate as the highest and most intellectual forms of musical composition.

For dance music, for accompaniments, for the voice or instrumental solos, the piano is perfect.

The versatility of the piano makes it almost a necessity in the home.

And yet, under ordinary conditions, the pleasure-giving power of the piano is very much curtailed.

This is because *the ability to play it is comparatively rare.* The hard work, patience and time necessary in making machines of one's fingers present almost insuperable obstacles in the study and enjoyment of the piano.

The Pianola changes all this.

It enables one to play any piano *with whatever expression is desired.* No knowledge of music is necessary. Perforated rolls of paper direct the striking of the notes exactly as written, leaving to the player the power of controlling the manner in which they shall be struck. Tempo, touch, accent, phrasing, all elements of expression, are perfectly under control.

The Pianola added to the piano places the entire range of music within the reach of everybody.

Not mechanically, but musically!

Sonatas, concertos, the great masterpieces of Bach, Beethoven, Liszt, Schumann, Schubert, Chopin, Wagner, and indeed all the world of classic music are at command. The latest operas, songs, dances or rag-time are equally well adapted to the Pianola.

The student of musical classics finds the Pianola an invaluable aid in bringing him in personal contact with all the great masterpieces of music.

It supplies him with the ability to interpret them in different ways in his search for their true meaning.

The embryo student, the one who enjoys and appreciates some form of music, but who does not possess the hardly acquired skill necessary to play any instrument, finds in the Pianola the ability to gratify this musical sense.

Notwithstanding the natural adherence to musical tradition, and an equally natural misconception of the true value and office of the Pianola, this invaluable adjunct to the Piano is making its appearance everywhere, and meeting with universal approval.

The price of the Pianola is but $250, yet it completes the usefulness of the piano—enables the owner to realize the full value of that investment. The Pianola can be bought by moderate monthly payments when desired.

The curious, as well as those interested, are cordially invited to visit our warerooms and the Pianola will be gladly played for them and its operation explained.

The Aeolian Company,
18 West 23d St., New York.
500 Fulton St., Brooklyn.
657 Broad St., Newark, N. J.