SANTO SCORES THE LAW.

President Carnot's Murderer Surly and Sardonic in Court.

TRIED TO STRIKE TO THE HEART.

Caught His Victim's Keen Gaze as He Plunged the Knife at the Breast with All His Might.

SPENT HIS LAST SOU FOR A DAGGER.

Couldn't Kill Both Pope and King Humbert, He Sullenly Observes, Because They Were Never Together.

LYONS, France, Aug. 2.—The murderer of President Carnot, Santo Caserio, commonly known as Santo, was arraigned to-day before the Assize Court. The trial will be finished to-morrow probably.

A strong force of police and detectives is guarding to-night the residences of the magistrates, jurymen and others connected with the trial.

The Government put off the trial until its Anti-Anarchist bill was enacted into law. Under that act the reports for the newspapers—a hundred reporters were squeezed to-day into a space in the court-room only big enough for twenty—are edited by M. Breuillac, the Presiding Judge.

A battalion of troops, mounted and on foot, and a strong force of police guarded the Palace of Justice, or court-house, though the Anarchists have given no sign of a disposition to interfere

SANTO CASERIO.
Anarchist Assassin of President Carnot

with the proceedings. No money has been sent to Santo from his Anarchist comrades since he has been in prison. Nothing, apparently, has been done by them for him.

Santo was brought from St. Paul Prison immediately after court opened at 9.15 A. M. The prison van was driven at a gallop and escorted by a troop of cavalry. The curious crowd which filled the place allotted to the public observed when the prisoner was led in handcuffed between two gendarmes that he is short in stature and had a hang-dog look, half-scared, half-defiant. The spectators were distinctly disappointed in him. He has curly, dark-chestnut hair, an oval face and looks like a boy. He wore a yellowish coat, gray vest, necktie and trousers and white shirt, with a turned-down collar.

As soon as he was in the dock his counsel, M. Dubreuil, exchanged a few words with M. Degeneral, professor of Italian in the Lyons Business College, who had been appointed interpreter. Then Santo took his seat and listened impassively to the long indictment, only showing interest in the recital of the assassination, which was in these words:

"The murderer approached the carriage, took from his pocket the poniard, still wrapped in a piece of paper, and plunged the blade, sixteen centimetres long (6¼ inches), up to the hilt into the breast of President Carnot, crying 'Vive la Revolution!' This cry was only heard by the footmen, in the general confusion. Then Caserio dropped the weapon and cried, 'Vive l'Anarchie!' "

When the reading was finished the names of thirty witnesses were called, after which the Judge began the examination of the accused, first relating known facts about the prisoner's family, to which Santo responded:

"Just so, sir; I never had a dispute with any one."

Nothing could exceed the defiant cynicism of the accused throughout the examination, and the audience fairly revolted at times against his exhibition of cold-bloodedness and utter lack of sensibility.

"How about your character?" the Judge inquired.

"I suppose it is like that of other young men," Santo replied, smiling.

"I understand that you want to pass for an ascetic," said the Judge, "but we have evidence from the Cette Hospital that you have not always had a horror of women. (Laughter.) But what is important is to know whether you were responsible for your actions."

NOT A CRANK.

"Yes, sir," cried Santo, with great animation, "I am responsible for my actions. I have never been ill."

Replying to further questions, he said not one of his family is or has been weak-minded.

"After your arrest," continued the Judge, "did you write to your mother that you had killed the President from Anarchist motives? Were those your words?"

"Yes," answered Santo, with indifference.

The Judge then recalled that as a child Santo figured as a poseur in the religious processions of Motta-Visconti, his native town, for the prisoner's beauty when a child was remarkable, and until he fell under the spell of Anarchism two years ago he was very religious.

To the Judge's questions in regard to his childhood and taking part in religious processions, Santo answered, mockingly:

"Children don't know what they do."

Judge Breuillac then questioned him at length in regard to his connection with Anarchy, observing:

"Your family tried to wean you from these horrid doctrines?"

"I love my mother," Santo replied, "but I cannot submit to her prejudices or to my family's prejudices. There is a larger family of humanity."

The Judge tried repeatedly to draw from him something about his connection with Anarchists, but Santo refused to answer any questions on that subject.

"Your relations were always with Anarchists," the Judge remarked, after having questioned him in regard to his movements just previous to the assassination.

"Naturally," said Santo. "I could not associate with the bourgeois."

The Judge inquired how much money he had after paying his bill at Cette, and being told 5 francs, he asked:

"What did you do with the 5 francs?"

BOUGHT A DAGGER.

"I bought a poniard," answered Santo, defiantly.

The weapon was then shown to the jury, the President saying:

SANTO'S DAGGER.

"Take care, gentlemen! Do not touch the blade. It is a relic which must be preciously preserved."

This remark caused a sensation in court, but the prisoner remained unmoved, although he glanced at the poignard. The weapon has a sort of triangular blade measuring six inches and a quarter from point to hilt, one inch in greatest breadth and has a handle four inches long. On one side is inscribed "Toledo," and on the other "Recuerdo," Spanish for "Remembrance."

Santo then recounted the details of his journey from Cette to Lyons, telling how he arrived at the Palais de Commerce, where President Carnot was being banqueted.

"Had you no idea of changing your plans?" asked the Judge. "Did you not remember that it was the anniversary of the battle of Solferino?"

"Precisely," Santo replied, "it was a fete of civil war."

This remark caused a prolonged uproar in court and the Judge had to wait until it subsided. Then he said:

"You did the work you came to seek in France, bringing hither vengeance and mourning."

"I came straight here to execute my mission," Santo retorted.

Then he narrated incidents of the tragedy as follows:

"When opposite the gate through which the President was about to come I recalled that persons of note always sit on the right side of a carriage. Therefore I crossed to the right side of the pavement. I had trouble in keeping in the second row of spectators, so many were anxious to get a glimpse of the President. At 9 o'clock there was a buzz of excitement as President Carnot was entering his carriage. The people cried, 'Vive Carnot!' 'Vive la Republique!' "

The Judge interrupted to say that the President's instructions to his escort were to leave an open space at the carriage doors so as to allow people to approach him if they had petitions, &c. Many wanted to hand bouquets to the President and some might have taken the opportunity to submit an appeal in behalf of some loved one in trouble.

Santo paid little attention to the Judge, and when he finished speaking resumed his story in a careless tone which contrasted painfully with the deep emotion exhibited by the audience.

STABBED THE PRESIDENT.

"I laid my left hand on the carriage," Santo related, "and hustled aside a young man who was in my way. Then I made a dash at the President and struck at him hard with my dagger. The blade stuck fast in his breast and my hand touched his coat. As I stabbed him I cried: 'Vive la Revolution!' "

Judge Breuillac asked what occurred when he caught President Carnot's eye. Santo answered:

"President Carnot looked me straight in the face. I felt his keen gaze the moment I stabbed him." (Sensation and uproar.) I ran off quickly, shouting, 'Vive l'Anarchie!' but I was stopped by the crowd."

"Did you not want to strike somewhere else?" the Judge inquired.

"I wanted to strike his heart!" exclaimed Santo, fiercely, "but my arm failed me; the blow glanced."

"The result of your crime was President Carnot's death," the Judge commented, after finishing the story of the crime.

"I am an Anarchist," Santo retorted, "and I hate the bourgeois society and the heads of the State."

"Do you confess your crime was premeditated?" asked the Judge.

"I shall tell the jury that at the proper time," Santo said.

"We know you steadfastly showed an intention to kill President Carnot," continued M. Breuillac, "declaring 'Nothing will stop me, not even thought of self or parents.' "

"That is true," interposed Santo.

"You said, too, 'If I could go to Italy I would kill the Pope and King Humbert.' " (Renewed sensation.)

"But I cannot kill them both," Santo sneered, "since they are never together."

Questioned about the plans revealed by the soldier Lebranc, said to have been aware of the whole plot hatched at Cette, and as to whether he had accomplices, Santo replied, in substance:

"I alone meditated the coup."

"But," suggested the Judge, "the Anarchists who instigated you to commit this foul deed were actuated by a desire for revenge because President Carnot did not pardon Vaillant. Even members of his family were threatened. Among others, President Carnot received a document from London, written in blood, addressed, 'President Carnot, slayer,' and announcing that he would be killed because he did not pardon Vaillant. You appear to have obeyed your leaders."

"No," exclaimed Santo, "I had no leader, no accomplice. I acted freely and of my own accord."

"A day or two after the crime," the Judge went on, "a photograph of Vaillant was sent to the Elysee inscribed 'He will be avenged!' Do you deny knowing the senders?"

"I don't know them," the prisoner answered.

"What right had you to kill President Carnot?" asked the Judge, solemnly. "Leaving aside human laws, there is the natural law, which forbids murder. A magistrate is bound, as a social necessity, to allow the law to take its course, and the condemned are hedged in by all the guarantees of the law. You acted as accuser, Judge and executioner."

Santo coolly retorted, stroking his slight mustache:

WHY DO HEADS OF STATE KILL?

"If it is true that killing is forbidden, why do the heads of States kill millions of men?"

"You are young to judge, especially to kill," the Judge remarked.

Warming to his subject, Santo compared himself to a soldier—"ready to do everything."

"But," observed the Judge, "soldiers do not commit murder in order to defend their country. You not only killed the Chief of the State, but you killed the father of a family, a model husband. You are guilty of a common law crime as well."

"Yes," Santo admitted, meditatively, "he was the father of a family, but he caused the father of a family to be killed when he refused to pardon Vaillant."

Gen. Voisin, the first witness called, testified that when President Carnot was stabbed he raised his hand to his vest and withdrew it covered with blood. The witness immediately stopped the procession and everything possible was done for the wounded man.

Gen. Borius testified that he was looking another way at the moment, but heard a dull sound, like a blow struck upon somebody's breast. It made him turn quickly towards the President, who feebly said: "Ah! that man." Then the President raised his hand to his breast and murmured: "It is blood," after which he fell back in the carriage exhausted. Only three detectives were behind the carriage. At the Prefecture the President said: "How I suffer," but he did not make the slightest complaint.

Capt. Hottinger and Lieut. Delpeche, in charge of the escort, said Gen. Borius ordered them not to go beyond the seat occupied by President Carnot, in order that the crowd might have a good look at him. The dash made by the assassin was so sudden he carried out his design before any of the escort could prevent it. The stabbing was done so quickly it was almost unnoticed for a moment or so.

The Prefect of the Department of the Rhone, M. Rivaud, testified that he urged the President to be cautious in allowing people to present petitions to him, but he admitted that the officers of the escort were not in their places owing to a desire to let the people have a good view of M. Carnot.

CANNOT THWART ASSASSINS.

"I am persuaded," the Prefect added, "that a resolute man will always be able to kill his victim when he has chosen the place to do it. I should have been unable to avert the blow which struck down our President, and that opinion is shared by everybody here. So resolute was Caserio that no precaution could have stopped him."

Witnesses who helped arrest Santo testified that the assassin used his fists in trying to escape. Santo spoke up insolently when this testimony was first given:

"I'm sorry I left my weapon behind. I would have used it against those who arrested me." (Cries of indignation.)

The medical evidence disclosed that President Carnot's last words were to thank those around his death-bed for attention to him.

M. Guillaume, a cutler and gunsmith of Cette, identified Santo as the man who bought the poniard, and said that after examining the weapon Santo threw five francs on the counter and expressed himself pleased with his purchase.

A baker of Cette, named Viala, testified that Santo was irascible and he did not conceal his Anarchistic views.

Police officials swore that Santo had been in communication with Anarchists. Court then adjourned until to-morrow.

FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS.

And Now It May Be Warmer, but Then Rain May Also Come.

Cool breezes and a cloudy sky came yesterday as a welcome relief after the continued hot weather which had visited New York since Friday of last week. It was sultry during the day, but the sky being overcast prevented the heat of the sun from adding to that already permeating the atmosphere. At 6 A. M. the thermometer registered 71 degrees, and by 10 A. M. it had gone 6 degrees higher. At noon it was 78 degrees, and at 2 P. M. it was 80 degrees, from which point it began slowly to decline. A wind from the south, somewhat laden with moisture, prevailed during the afternoon.

The prospects for to-day, as figured out by the local weather prophets, were for fair weather and a somewhat warmer day. In fact it appeared as if Friday and Saturday might be hot, although not nearly so hot and uncomfortable as the same days of last week. There were showers yesterday throughout the Eastern and Atlantic States, except in the immediate vicinity of New York, while moderate storms passed over the lower lake regions, driving the heat towards the north and east. This led to the belief that warmer weather might be expected to-day and to-morrow, modified possibly by brief showers.

DANCING MEN FOR SUMMER GIRLS.

That's Why the Fair Ones Are Preparing Fine Toilets for the Arverne Ball.

At Arverne-by-the-Sea people dine from 7 until 9, but to-day dinner will be an hour earlier, on account of the ball at the Arverne Hotel this evening. Several hundred invitations have been accepted, elaborate preparations are in progress, and Manager Quinn expects it to be the affair of the season.

Florists and hair-dressers have had special orders of ten days standing, and every day this week the ladies have come to town for those innumerable confections that go to make a dancing toilette captivating.

The most remarkable feature about this resort is the abundance of men—not men in kilts nor in their dotage, but dancing men. While at the hops of one of the best-known hotels on the Jersey coast there are usually eight girls to every partner, in Arverne men have been getting down early in the afternoon to secure the "two-step" numbers at the usual parlor dance.

The ball to-night is one of a series that Mr. Quinn has arranged for August.

SAGE NOT ANGRY WITH GOULD.

Says He Admires Him and Has Not Cabled for Him to Return.

Russell Sage denied yesterday a story that he and George J. Gould had quarrelled. According to the story Mr. Sage was displeased at Mr. Gould's yachting trip abroad, and wants him to return and attend to the business of the various railroads and other enterprises in which the Gould and Sage fortunes are invested.

Mr. Sage said that these stories evidently were day dreams or something worse. He said he liked George Gould and admired him, and his yacht racing had not disturbed him at all. He had never cabled to him to come back.

NELLIE BLY TO THE YOUNG.

Don't Smoke Cigarettes, for 'Tis a Vicious Vice; Learn from the Noble Horse and the Knowing Pup.

MULDOON TELLS HER SOME STORIES.

The Fat Man Should Wince with Shame as He Reads Her Tale of the Twin Dinner.

Here is a short lecture on cigarette smoking et al., meant to keep small boys from hurting themselves and grown-up fools from annoying others. It may have some effect, as it is preached by William Muldoon, champion wrestler of the world.

Little boys and silly young men who would not be moved by a mother's tears or by brilliant writing are apt to listen with awe to any kind of a champion of muscle.

"A vicious, villainous vice!" He said this with a voice full of exclamation points.

Mr. Muldoon hates cigarettes. He hates them very emphatically. In fact, I think he hates them worse than anything else in the world, not even excepting a drunken man or the big, bold, bad rats which eat all his young chickens, the same rats which bit the tail off the cat that was bought to catch them.

"There is no habit so vile and so hard to cure as the cigarette habit," he said. "A cigarette fiend is the most miserable creature on earth. It is not difficult to break a man of smoking a pipe or a cigar, or of chewing, but to make a man stop cigarette smoking is very nearly impossible.

"Why, a man can be more easily cured of drinking than of smoking cigarettes. I've seen men beg and cry for a cigarette, and steal and lie to get one."

I was very meek in face of this outburst. I once lived in Mexico, where I learned a thing or two about cigarettes—to roll them, for instance. I have friends, also, not all men, who know more about cigarettes than merely to roll them. But I didn't take Mr. Muldoon into my confidence on this point; I merely murmured meekly:

"Why so?"

"Ah, that is a secret," he replied. "Why are certain men paid from $15,000 to $25,000 a year to work in cigarette factories or breweries? They don't manage the employees or look after the work. No; they know a secret—a secret that makes the cigarette or the beer more seductive—it is a secret that makes men acquire a craving for the cigarette or the beer which they cannot conquer or overcome."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that they drug cigarettes and beer?"

"That is it," he declared. "The man that studies out a drug that will create a craving and a taste for a cigarette or beer is the man who makes the big wages. Drugs are put in beer, as can be proved. Some say that in doctoring cigarettes the tobacco is soaked in a drug before the cigarette is rolled, but I believe the paper is drugged. I believe in this theory because I know men who buy the very best tobacco and roll their own cigarettes, and they have the habit as badly as those that smoke the made cigarette.

"Besides being a vice and habit more despicable than that of opium, cigarettes are frightfully injurious to the health. They are the main cause of numerous complaints that people attribute to other causes. One thing cigarette-smoking does invariably sooner or later—it always destroys the bronchial tubes—eats them away, and their effect upon the stomach is simply frightful."

"Why don't you try to reform people, then, by telling them what a dreadful thing it is to smoke the wee cigarette?" I asked.

"Reform?" he repeated, scornfully. "You and I know that it is all nonsense to talk about reform. You cannot reform people. They have always broken the natural laws of health, and they will always do so. You may take them when they are almost dead from unnatural living and doctor them up, but as soon as they are well they go straight back to the things that ruin them. Why, I know plenty of men who should have lived for fifty years longer, yet who are dead merely because they created in themselves and then indulged a diseased appetite for drinks, food and tobacco."

That recalled to my mind a story that was told me the other day of how Muldoon cured one man of over eating and drinking. This man always boasted that he didn't eat or drink too much, although he was nearer a hundred than thirty inches around the waist and looked like the balloon clown at Barnum's.

This man and Mr. Muldoon dined together one day at the St. James. When dinner began Muldoon not only ordered and ate his own modest milk-moistened dinner, but ordered everything his friend ordered, from the cocktails before the oysters to the pony of brandy after the coffee.

This duplicate dinner he ruthlessly cast into a wooden pail by his side, course by course, and duly drenched it with the claret and champagne, glass for glass, with his patient. When the dinner was done he invited his patient to look into the pail, as he couldn't look into his stomach. It wasn't a nice thing to do, but it was emphatic. One look was enough.

The patient thereafter ate with sense and discretion; his waist measure reduced itself one-half, and he immediately ceased having symptoms of apoplexy.

So much for the story of the double dinner. I ceased to think of it as Mr. Muldoon continued to express his opinions on reformations.

"You and I know that you can't teach people the folly of their ways," he was saying. "Why, dumb brutes have more sense about taking care of themselves than men. Take a horse, for instance. If he eats anything that makes him sick you can't compel him ever to touch it again. But a man will smoke or drink himself ill and just as soon as he's well he'll do it right over. You can't make a brute do that.

"There was that big mastiff of mine. You remember him? When he was a pup I was bringing him from California, and I stopped over in St. Louis. I was staying at the Southern, and they had there a little room in back of the desk where men could go and sit down and drink.

"I was walking past there when some one called to me, and I went in and found John McCullough, the actor, now dead; a man named Joe McCullough, a well-known newspaper man, and a theatrical man, John Norton. They were all having a glass of wine, and when I went in, in answer to their call, the mastiff followed me. He sat down on the floor and looked at them. He looked very good-natured and funny.

"John McCullough took a fancy to him and offered him a drink. The dog drank a glass of wine and seemed to like it, so John ordered a special bottle, and, breaking up some crackers, poured the wine over them.

"The mastiff ate every particle of it, and for the rest of the night he was a frightfully drunken dog. He went staggering and falling over everything. The next morning he was just as frightfully sick. Well, do you think he ever forgot that experience, or was a fool, like a man, and wanted to repeat it? No; to the day of his death when he heard a cork drawn from a bottle he would get up and, putting his tail between his legs, would get out of the room as fast as he could, and if any one offered him a glass of wine it made him so mad that he would try to bite.

"But, then, men aren't like brutes," he concluded, musingly.

"I know that, and I do love brutes," I said. NELLIE BLY.

BUDD REEVE—HIS PLATFORM.

These Are the Principles on Which He Stands in His Endeavor to Make North Dakota's Congressional Delegation Soundly Democratic.

Mr. Budd Reeve, of Buxton, in North Dakota, is a candidate for Congress on straight Democratic lines. His telegram to The World tells just how he stands, and enables us to reach out many miles and seize the views of a straight Western Democrat in a community drenched with Populist freaks and fancies:

To the Editor of The World:

Am in favor of the income tax and the original Wilson bill; am opposed to the free coinage of silver, unless it is shown beyond doubt that the best interests of the country demand it; don't favor a bond issue to meet the decreasing Treasury reserve if any other means is possible.

Am in favor of compulsory arbitration of wage question between employers and employees when public interest demands it. Am in favor of the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands if it can be done with profit and honor to the United States.

Don't think the "possible limit of speed of the trotting horse" is of any importance, compared to the Democratic party getting itself together, passing a tariff bill and doing something to redeem its pledges made to the people. Believe Grover Cleveland could run the country alone better than he can now with a slow, selfish Senate to pull him down. Am in favor of less Senatorial courtesy and more active interest in the welfare and need of the people by that body. Favor the election of Senators by the people.

Believe the time has come when Democrats should be united, have one purpose and go in to win. Am opposed to fusion and running after cranks and Anarchists of all kinds.

Believe Grover Cleveland's conduct in office has been a credit and an honor to the country. Believe the only solution of the present dull times is for more people to go on the land and become self-supporting. Am in favor of stringent immigration laws and opposed to giving any more of our public lands to foreigners and corporations.

Believe that intelligent women should have the ballot in preference to ignorant males, black or white.

BUDD REEVE,
Democratic candidate for Congress.
Buxton, N. Dak., Aug. 2, 1894.

WILL MARRY A RUSSIAN PRINCE.

Newport Hears of the Engagement of Miss Susie Whittier and Prince Beltozelski.

(Special to The World.)

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 2.—Much interest has been aroused to-day by the announcement of the engagement of Miss Susie Whittier and Prince Beltozelski, of Russia. He is immensely rich and of extremely aristocratic family, his father being a Chamberlain to the Czar. Miss Whittier has no fortune, but is a very handsome girl, and was much admired here last summer, when she was the guest of Mrs. I. Townsend Burden. She is the daughter of Gen. Charles F. Whittier, and her mother was left a large fortune a few years ago by the late Eben Wright, of Boston, but ultimately gave back a large share of it because of the irritation of his people.

Miss Whittier is now in London, and there the wedding will shortly take place.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt gave their first dinner of the season to-night.

Mrs. R. H. I. Goddard gave a dance this evening at the Pendleton cottage, in continuance of the series of Thursday evening dances begun last summer. Among those present were Miss Sherman, Baron Fallon, Miss Grovesbeck, Miss Stone, Count Zichy, Miss Post, Ellis Hoffman, Countess Sierstorpff, Mr. Post, Miss Barger, Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr., Miss Clapp, Miss Davies, Count Reventlow, Henry and William Whitehouse, the Misses Whitehouse, Milton Barger, Reginald Brooks, Alfred Vanderbilt and Phoenix Ingraham.

Mrs. Ogden Mills gave a dinner of twenty-five covers this evening, with pink hollyhock decorations.

O. H. P. Belmont took a party of twelve in his coach to Narragansett Pier for luncheon to-day.

Mrs. Julien T. Davies gave a handsome luncheon to-day.

Mrs. Clapp gave a dinner this evening, her guests going later to the Goddard dance.

ROMEO FOLLOWED KICKING JULIETS.

Eldorado Ballet Girls Dismissed, and Legal Woes Accumulate, but the Show Will Continue.

More than a hundred ballet girls, so their leader says, employed at Eldorado were discharged by Manager Kahn late Wednesday evening. They fairly kicked themselves out of employment, where they earned on an average of from $6 to $15 per week.

Their closing act was not down on the bills, and created considerable excitement, necessitating the interference of a squad of Weehawken police to insist that they leave the stage. A few days ago the dancers resolved to strike for more pay. Tuesday, upon the conclusion of the first act, they made known their demands, refusing to go on with the show unless they received an increase.

Manager Kahn refused their demands and the coryphees were ordered off the stage. Wednesday night they appeared at the stage door as usual. They renewed their demands. Several noisy demonstrations were made, to the amazement of the audience, and Mr. Kahn again ordered them away. They finally left.

Later in the evening Mr. Kahn had an interview with Ballet-Master Romeo, whom he accused of having incited the trouble. Romeo admitted doing so, and said the girls were underpaid and that the company was in arrears with salaries. He, too, was discharged.

Manager Kahn yesterday denied that there had been any trouble, or that Romeo had been sent to follow his kicking Juliets, but later admitted that the trouble had occurred. He said that about forty girls, whom the directors had concluded were overpaid, were discharged. Specialties will take their places. G. E. Midgely, a scenic artist, had an execution for a $99 judgment served yesterday. Four other writs were served by Constable Marker. Victor Herbert's band plays, but is paid in advance. The show will continue, however.

NOT A TELEGRAPH CENSORSHIP.

Supt. Byrnes Simply Has a Private Wire, Like Those to Newspaper Offices.

The alleged tapping of telegraph wires for Supt. Byrnes's benefit was explained yesterday. To facilitate the work of the police, Supt. Byrnes has made arrangements with the Western Union for a permanent wire between the company's office in this city and his headquarters.

"The arrangement with the police," said M. R. Brennan, Superintendent of the Police Telegraph System, "by which the police are furnished with a private wire into Mr. Byrnes's office is exactly similar to that made with the different newspapers in this city. Such a thing as police censorship over messages is absurd. Any message sent or received by the telegraph company is inviolate."

Supt. Humstone, of the Western Union Company, denied that it was possible for the police to exercise espionage over any messages other than those sent to the force direct. "It is merely one of numerous local wires," he said, and cited many instances to show that the police could not interfere with or get at the contents of messages.

Fields of Ice but Five Days Off.

The steamer Geestemunde, which arrived yesterday from Stettin, passed eighteen bergs July 28, the largest of which was 200 feet long and 200 feet high.

BOW TO REED'S GREATNESS.

The Big Man from Maine Now Seeks New Laurels as a Political Cartoonist.

HE THAT HATH EYES, LOOK AND SEE.

The Only McDougall Applauds the Congressman's Maiden Effort, Analyzes It Historically and Puts a Polish on It.

It seems that, like Dante, who wrote fine verses, but secretly thought himself a greater painter than poet; like Raphael, who made great pictures, but at heart believed himself a greater writer than painter; the Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed is publicly a great statesman, but privately, in his own opinion, a cartoonist. The World here reproduces Mr. Reed's first published cartoon, which saw fame first in the Washington Post.

At first glance it looks to the eye of the unskilled observer like a leaf from a kindergarten sketch book. But appearances are often deceptive, and the young man before whom this picture was put, knowing the all-around greatness of Mr. Reed, in weight, in facial expanse, in gray matter and in the subtle aesthetics of dress, and fearing lest Mr. Reed might be originating a higher school of drawing, took it to Walter McDougall, who, as all the world knows, is the full flower of American caricature.

Mr. McDougall peered at the cartoon through his eye glasses, at first with that bored, prepared-to-be-critical expression with which a Corbett always meets Smith's or Brown's "unknown." But this look quickly faded from his face, giving place to a beaming smile.

"Hello!" said Mr. McDougall, "here's a good thing. Evidently his first work. You see, whenever a man gets an idea that he is a cartoonist he thinks about for a subject, and always lights upon this idea. It is old but he doesn't know it, and it is very good. It would not have lived so long if it had not been. In the next century they will use the flying machine instead of the locomotive. They used to use the steamboat and the sunken rock. Before that it was a galleon, and in the old, old days the ark. The expression changes, but the good, old idea remains."

"But how about the drawing?"

"Oh, the drawing does not matter much in a cartoon. The idea is the main thing. A fine idea, like this one Mr. Reed has used, will carry any sort of drawing. The rule is the poorer the drawing the better the idea must be, the poorer the idea the better the drawing must be."

"Do you find any difficulty in getting at just what Mr. Reed means?"

"None at all, none at all. It is a sketch. It reminds me of sketches I sometimes make on the looking-glass with soap in the night-time so as not to forget them. Yes, the thing is quite plain. I'm sure that's a locomotive. He might have marked it 'locomotive' so as to avoid possible mistakes. But it's very good. Then that over there, yes, I'm sure, that's a tree. The way it looks to a man up a tree. Excellent! That's really modern. I think Boccaccio was the first to express that idea, and the men who draw took it up at once. Yes, it's not more than three or four hundred years old."

"What's that in the tree?"

"Why, it ought be a man; yes, it is a man. But there he fell short. He ought to have put himself in the tree. He wanted a typical Republican, and that is just what he is. Only I should have made my note of Tom Reed up a tree different." And Mr. McDougal took a pencil and sketched a tree with something in it that looked like a balloon with an orange on top of it and two tooth-picks sticking out of the lower side. "That would remind me that I meant Tom Reed," he remarked.

"Now there's a fence," he went on. "It was queer, making the tree so you could see through it. That was quite original. It shows how years in Congress sharpen a man's eyes."

"You say you've seen Mr. Reed. What do you think of him from an outside view as a possible cartoonist?"

"Well, I should say that his appearance was in his favor. From what I know of his mind he ought to do well. He has the true sense of humor, and he expresses his humor in speech robustly. He looks like a cartoonist, only more so, a sort of a cartoon of a cartoonist."

"How long would you say it took Mr. Reed to make this drawing?"

"It shows marks of great pains. I fancy he must have perspired a good deal over it. Summer is a bad time for a large man to begin making cartoons. I should say he took possibly an hour to make this. That does not include the time he spent in thinking it up or the spoiled attempts he threw away before this final triumph was secured."

"And how long would it take you to do it?"

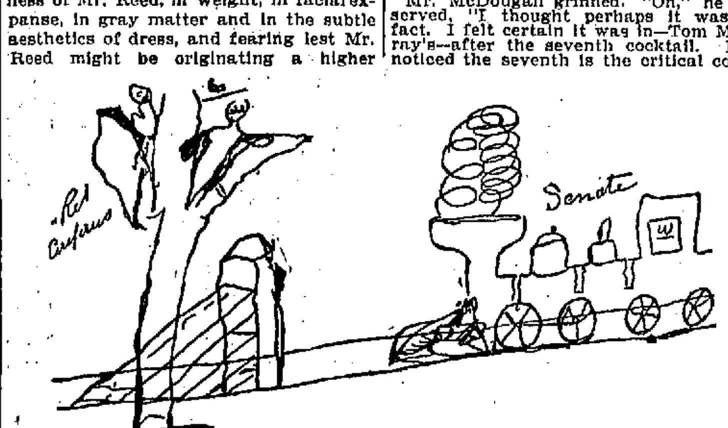
"Well, perhaps a— But I'll do it and you can time me."

Mr. McDougall laid hold of paper and pencil, and with a bold hand began to make marks. The cartoon seemed to spring from the paper like magic. In just three minutes and twenty-five seconds the picture, reproduced here, was done.

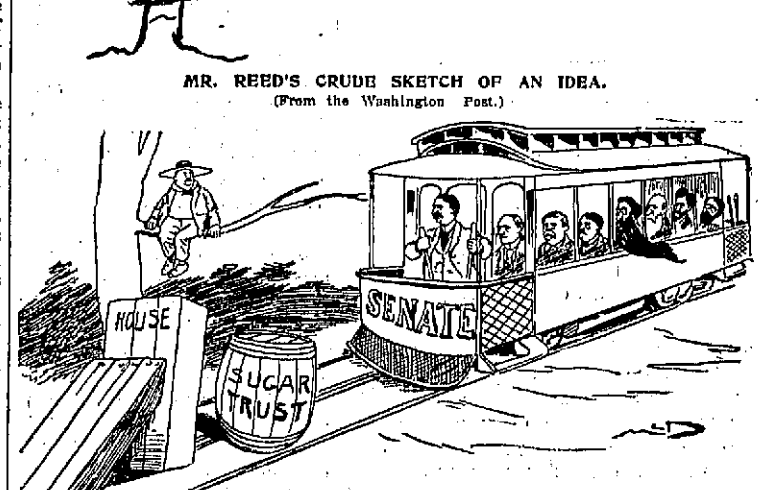
"Where did you say Mr. Reed drew this?" asked Mr. McDougall, looking at the Reed cartoon for the last time.

"In the rooms of the Senate Committee of Finance."

Mr. McDougall grinned. "Oh," he observed, "I thought perhaps it was—in fact, I felt certain it was in—Tom Murray's—after the seventh cocktail. I've noticed the seventh is the critical cocktail for a man of large capacities. He becomes great or foolish after it is down."



MR. REED'S CRUDE SKETCH OF AN IDEA.
(From the Washington Post.)



MR. M'DOUGALL'S ELABORATION OF THE IDEA.

SHALL WE SEE THIS?

ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

Being a Daily Record of the Comings and Goings of Prominent Persons.

DETROIT, Aug. 2.—Don M. Dickinson, Assistant Secretary of State Uhl, ex-Lieut.-Gov. Strong and a large party of local Democats have gone up the river in steam yachts to tender a reception to Gov. Robert E. Pattison, of Pennsylvania, and party, who are returning down the lakes on the Lehigh Valley steamer Saranac. The Pennsylvanians will be taken ashore and dined at the St. Clair flats, and afterwards brought to this city if time permits.

SAULTE STE. MARIE, Mich., Aug. 2.—Gov. William McKinley, of Ohio, and Gov. John J. Rich, of Michigan, paid the Soo a visit to-day, being passengers on the Northwest, taking the lake trip. They were given a reception at the Park Hotel, and both made addresses from the veranda.

BEDFORD SPRINGS, Pa., Aug. 2.—Cardinal Gibbons, accompanied by Archbishop John J. Kain, of St. Louis, arrived to-day, and will remain a fortnight. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Bishop Foley, of Detroit, are expected to arrive by to-morrow.

ELLSWORTH, Me., Aug. 2.—Chief-Justice Melville W. Fuller, Frank Jones and a party of friends arrived from Sorrento this evening and were entertained at the Nicolin Club House by Hannibal E. Hamlin.

WANTED TO WED IN A RUSH.

The Groom Had to Go to Work, and that Was Why He Roused the Justice Out of Bed.

Loud knocking at the door of Justice Gladding, of Coney Island, at midnight Wednesday awoke the Justice, who poked his head out of a second-story window. The noise was made by a young couple who expressed a wild desire to be made man and wife as soon as possible. Justice Gladding informed them that he did not propose to perform any matrimonial ceremonies at such a graveyard hour, but said he would tie the knot when the sun resumed business in the morning. They said they would call again.

They did. They were around at 6 o'clock, and the Justice, rather than break his word, got out of bed and, in a suit of pajamas and a flowered dressing-gown, united the couple. The bridegroom was William Henry Baker, jr., and the bride Miss Laura Van Sant, of Washington, D. C. Baker said he was a druggist in hard luck. For the summer he was tending bar in the Manhattan Beach Hotel. He said he was in a hurry to get married before he went to work for the day. He is good-looking and his wife is very pretty. Justice Gladding did not kiss her because his cook was acting as a witness.

At the Hotels.

Windsor.—Congressman J. J. Belden, of Syracuse; Abner McKinley, of Ohio.

Victoria.—L. Clark Davis, of Philadelphia.

Brunswick.—Hon. Claude Stanhope, of Mexico.

Personal

MARION. Address W. G. Fenson, Newport.

Lost, Found and Rewards.

LOST—On 5.38 train Harlem Railroad Wednesday evening, in smoking car, gold-headed umbrella, with inscription. Finder will be rewarded by returning same to S. L. Frey, 1286 Broadway, room 8.

LOST—Aug. 1, on the Buffalo Bill show grounds, a pocketbook. Finder may keep money if returns other contents to Vogel, 160 E. 56th st.

LOST—Bull pup; license No. 11,747; liberal reward to finder. LIBBY, 144 West 33d st.

LOST—Lace pin, two white enamelled daisies, Valamond centres; $15 reward. W. F. Knapp, 170 Broadway.

LOST—From 1073 2d ave., Irish setter, with collar and ribbon; reward given.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, lost vitality, atrophy, varicocele, &c., will write me I will send him in a plain envelope, sealed, free, the prescription with full directions for a quick, private home cure; I also have the medicine for sale if you wish to buy it of me. Address L. BRADLEY, box 1994 Battle Creek, Mich.—Advt.

Millhau's Calisaya, a tonic and invigorator introduced in 1850, is the original. Bill the retail sale Aug. 4 for St. John's Floating Hospital. MILLHAU, 183 Broadway.—Advt.

DIED.

BATHGATE.—On July 31, 1894, MARIA E., daughter of the late James Bathgate, of Fordham, N. Y.

Funeral from Presbyterian Church, West Farms, Friday, Aug. 3, at 11 o'clock.

CAVANAGH.—On Aug. 2, at the Home for Old Men and Aged Couples, JOHN CAVANAGH.

Funeral 487 Hudson st., Aug. 3, 11 A. M.

COMAN.—Suddenly, at Lake Mohegan, JOHN M. COMAN, in the 57th year of his age.

Funeral services at the Church of the Assumption in Peekskill, at 9 A. M., on Saturday, Aug. 4, 1894.

Portland (Ore.) papers please copy.

DURYEE.—On Aug. 1, 1894, at Train's Meadow, Newtown, L. I., JACOB J. DURYEE, aged 87 years.

Funeral services at the above residence on Friday, Aug. 3, at 2.30 o'clock.

Train leaves Long Island City 2 P. M. Carriages in waiting.

HOFFMAN.—On Monday, July 30, at San Antonio, Tex., ARTHUR T., beloved husband of Annie Hoffman and son of the late Joseph Hoffman, M. D., of Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Notice of funeral hereafter.

HUYLER.—On Tuesday, July 31, at Hackensack, N. J., ELLEN M., beloved wife of David Huyler, in her 46th year.

Funeral from her late residence, on Friday, Aug. 3, at 2 P. M. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend.

MULFORD.—At Roselle, N. J., Wednesday, Aug. 1, of appendicitis, RAY, son of Moses W. and Frances Warner Mulford, in the 13th year of his age.

Funeral services at his late residence Friday, Aug. 3, at 4 o'clock. Interment private.

PARMLY.—On Wednesday, Aug. 1, Rev. WHEELOCK H. PARMLY, D. D.

Funeral services will be held at the First Baptist Church, Grove st., Jersey City, on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 4, at 2 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend without other notice.

STEELE.—In Post Graduate Hospital, New York, Aug. 1, Mrs. LUCY PAUL STEELE, of Wilkenburg, Pa.

Pittsburg and Cleveland papers please copy.

Brooklyn.

AIKENS.—On July 31, 8.30 A. M., ROBERT G., youngest son of William and Isabella Aikens, in the 24th year of his age.

Funeral from his late residence, 721 6th ave., Brooklyn, on Sunday at 2.30 P. M. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend; also members of Globe, Minerva and Greenwood Lodges, F. and A. M.

COWENHOVEN.—At New Utrecht, Aug. 1, 1894, ANNA MONFORT, wife of Cornelius Cowenhoven.

Funeral service from her late residence, 54th st., near 16th ave., Saturday, Aug. 4, at 3 P. M. Relatives and friends invited.

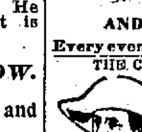
Amusements.

Manhattan Beach.
To-day, Afternoon and Evening.
Sousa's Band.
The Charming Young Artiste,
LA REGALONCITA,
accompanied by her sisters,
LA GRACIOSO AND LA PRECIOSO,
will give selections from a varied repertoire
Every Evening, also Saturday and Sunday Matinees.

HAGENBECK'S TRAINED ANIMALS
To-day, Afternoon and Evening.
MENAGERIE AND MONKEY PARADISE.

PAIN'S ENTRANCING SPECTACLE,
LALLA ROOKH
AND GRAND FIREWORKS,
Every evening except Sunday and Monday.

THE COOLEST PLACE ON THE BAY!
Cheapest Excursion — Grandest Exhibition is



BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST
AND CONGRESS OF ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD.
Ambrose Park, South Brooklyn.
Most direct route from New York to camp gates is by 39th st. ferry, foot of Whitehall st., Battery. Fare five cents.
TWICE DAILY, RAIN OR SHINE, 3 & 8.15 P. M.
Doors open at 1 and 6.30 P. M. All roads via Battery, Brooklyn Bridge, Hamilton, Wall, Fulton, 23d st. and other ferries make connection direct to the gates. Admission 50 cents. Central Grand Stand, 75 cents and $1. 20,000 seats.

MADISON SQUARE ROOF GARDEN
EVERY EVENING FROM 8 TO 12.
The largest and handsomest garden in the world.
Bessie Bonehill, Grace Gaylor, Adrienne Lariva, Al. H. Wilson, the Evans, Lottie Moore, Caron & Herbert, Seeley & West, Consuelo Tortajada & Troupe, Fannie Leslie, Cushman and Holcombe.
On rainy nights performance in amphitheatre.
Admission, 50c.; reserved seats, 75c.; boxes, $5.

ELDORADO. SCHAFFER, SAMPSON, SAMORA.
Elaborate Vaudeville Performance.
GIANT LIVING PICTURES.
Gilmore's Band at 5 P. M. Balloon Race Sunday.
Grand Display of Fireworks Sat. Eve.

KOSTER & BIAL'S. ADM. 50c.
MUSIC HALL AND ROOF GARDEN,
LIVING PICTURES.
VAUDEVILLE, SPECIALTIES, NOVELTIES.

AMERICAN ROOF GARDEN ADMISSION 50c. COOLEST GARDEN & BEST BILL IN TOWN.
RAINY NIGHTS IN THE THEATRE.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.
MAMMOTH SCENOGRAPH
WORLD'S FAIR.
CONCERTS AFTERNOON & EVENING.
Open from 1 to 6 and 8 to 11.
Admission—Afternoons, 25c.; Evenings, 50c.

CASINO. Admission to both Theatre and Roof. **50c.**
12TH WEEK.—THE PASSING SHOW, at 8.15.
ROOF GARDEN, 8 to 1—Grand Vaudeville Performance, including Eunice Vance.

THEISS'S 14TH ST. MUSIC HALL AND ALHAMBRA COURT,
134 and 136 East 14th st., near 3d ave.
THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION
Plays every afternoon and evening.

IMPERIAL MUSIC HALL. ADMISSION, 25c.
GREAT HONOLULU DANCERS
AND LIVING PICTURES.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. H. C. Miner, Prop. & Mgr.
5TH WEEK. THE MIKADO. Eve., 8.15. Mat. Sat., 2.15.
CONTINUED SUCCESS. Produced by the DUFF OPERA CO.

EDEN MUSEE. Open from 11 to 11.
WORLD IN WAX.
GRAND CONCERTS.
Afternoon 2.30. Admission, 50c. Evening 8.

ATLANTIC GARDEN, 50-54 BOWERY.
Every Evening.
Jerome, Fostell and Emmet, Martha George, Ella Atkinson, Rose Beaumont.

HUBER'S 14TH ST. MUSEUM. Sacred White Tattooed Bull, Performing Goats & Wolves. 100 others. Vaudeville.

TEETH MODEMANN.
Years 32—ESTABLISHED—32 Years.
[illegible]
$4. Elegant full gum set. $4.
$7. Rose Pearl (flesh colored). $7.
$10. Gold combination. $10.
Weighted lower sets for shallow jaws. Upper sets for wasted faces; gold crown, plate and bridge work. Painless extracting without charge if sets are inserted. Teeth filled; teeth repaired in 30 minutes; sets in three hours if required. [illegible] office a lady in attendance.
502 AND 504 3D AVE.
[illegible]