

What's in a Name? It Depends on the Name!



James L. Ford,
R. K. Munkittrick,
E. W. Townsend,
Williston Fish,
E. L. Thayer,
Manley H. Pike,
Ed Mott,
Archie Gunn,
Hy. Mayer,
E. W. Kemble, and
R. F. Outcault

ALL CONTRIBUTE to the
AMERICAN HUMORIST,
The Sunday Journal's Wonderful
Colored Supplement.

They Are Known! They Are Famous!

where through these regions: In 1865 a man who had served in the Union army through the war, bought a farm at Knowlesville, Orleans County, paying part cash and giving a note for the rest. The house did not suit his wife as the children grew up and he improved it. Up to this Spring he had paid more in interest on the mortgage than the amount that the mortgage itself called for. With the fall in the price of farm products he can pay no more. With the fall in the value of the land the farm itself, with all its improvements, is not worth the amount of the mortgage, and at sixty-five years of age he is being driven out, homeless and penniless.

At Oak Orchard, Orleans County, in April, 1873, the very same year in which the act demonizing silver was smuggled through Congress and received the signature of a President who did not know what it contained, a man and his wife bought as a provision for their old age, already beginning to come on, a farm of forty-nine acres at \$102 an acre, paying \$2,400 down and giving a mortgage for \$2,500. The farm has been improved and is in better condition than when they bought it, and on the mortgage some \$4,000 has been paid in interest. But applies this year will hardly pay for the gathering, unless you can do the work yourself, or your wife and children can do it. The poor old couple have no children; the man is now eighty, and the attempt to work beyond his time has brought running sores on his legs. His helpmate during all the long years is almost as old and almost as infirm. They can no longer pay interest, and their farm could not sell to-day for one-fourth of the principal of the mortgage.

week, and brought to the manufacturer's place a large gathering of farmers bringing pumpkins ranging as high as 135 pounds. After talking pumpkins they fell to talking politics, when it was discovered that more than two-thirds were free silver men and intended to vote for Bryan.

Bryan Cigars Sold Well.
A Rochester cigarmaker sent to a country village customer last week ten boxes of otherwise identical cigars, five of which were labeled "McKinley and Hobart," and five "Bryan and Sewall." In a few days the retailer sent for ten more boxes of the Bryan and Sewall cigars, saying that the last box was almost gone, but that of the McKinley and Hobart cigars he had sold only one and hardly broken open another.

It was near Medina that Bryan made his great speech on the old camping ground of the Farmers' Alliance, which, both for the numbers it gathered and the effect it produced, is spoken of among the farmers of that part of the country as "the greatest ever made." As for the temper of the workmen in the large industrial cities of Rochester and Syracuse, I have only left myself space to say that, as in Buffalo, I am told that it is almost unanimous for Bryan. Large numbers of these men have heretofore been Republicans from their belief in protection. But those who were still inclined to vote for McKinley are rapidly coming over to the majority as an effect of Governor Altgeld's speech in Cooper Union, which, through the "New York Times," was largely circulated, and is being passed from hand to hand with almost deadly effect upon Mr. Hanna's hopes of capturing the labor vote.

STILL NO ARREST FOR ANDRUS MURDER.

Coroner Miles Has Also Again Postponed the Holding of the Inquest.

Public Feeling Aroused to a High Degree in Yonkers and a Factional Spirit Stirred Up.

Almost an Open War Between the Coroner and the Disgusted Captain of Police.

YOUNG ANDRUS FINDS MANY FRIENDS. People Who Have Known the Family for Years Call It an Outrage That Vague Rumors Should Be Allowed to Float About Unchecked.

Never in the history of the city of Yonkers has that quiet place been so stirred up as it is now over the killing of Hamlin J. Andrus. The mystery that surrounds the whole affair has grown denser and denser with each passing day, and rumors, some of them of the most extravagant kind, have flown thick and fast. Factions have been formed, bad feeling engendered, and with it all wonder and indignation at the woful ignorance displayed by those whose business it is to detect the perpetrators of crime.

During the week the inhabitants had less time to discuss the matter in detail than yesterday. It was the first day since the explosion of the bomb, last Wednesday, that people had a chance to really go over the work that has been done toward solving the mystery. Little groups of men gathered on the street corners, men and women stopped in front of churches, and everywhere the killing of Mr. Andrus was the topic discussed.

The result was that at first the police were roundly condemned for their seeming indifference and incapacity. It did not take long, however, to remove this feeling, and when it was once understood that the hands of the police had been practically tied by the coroner, and that the latter had taken upon himself the responsibility of solving the mystery of Mr. Andrus's death, he was roundly denounced. Not only that, but his course in the whole matter was said to have been a selfish one. He is a candidate for re-election, and people, irrespective of party, implied that political ambitions had something to do with his course. If so, his course seems ill-advised.

Public Censure for the Coroner.

What appears to have injured the Coroner more than anything else, and what has aroused the indignation of the people, is that in some indefinable way rumors have arisen that Hiram J. Andrus, son of the dead man, was in some way connected with the killing of his father. The coroner never gave voice to such a charge; nevertheless, he is blamed for the existence of the rumor, and condemned for not making a statement that would effectually kill it. The Andrus family is one of the most highly respected in the city, and while Hiram is said to have been wild and impatient of parental control, he was never in the least violent. Every one joins in the assertion that his love for his father was beyond the ordinary, and those who saw his grief at the funeral can well believe this.

The oft-repeated assertion of the coroner that a murder was committed and that the evidence obtained so far points to one man, who is well known, is taken exception to. If the coroner is in possession of evidence that could tend to show the guilty party, it is his duty, it is argued, to make an arrest. His statement that his case is not quite completed is considered that of a man who is groping in the dark. If his case is incomplete, his critics say, he should have held his tongue until he gathered the required evidence. Once having said that he knew the guilty party, it became his duty to make an arrest.

Police Captain Very Indignant.

To all this criticism the coroner turns a deaf ear. He says he is the one who is working out the case and that its termination will justify every act of his. He still sticks to the statement that a murder was committed, that the murderer is known, and that when the proper time arrives he will be arrested. When this will be he declines to say. It may be in a day or two and it may be in a week or two.

Police Captain Very Indignant.

"I want to be distinctly quoted," he said to a room full of men, "in denying that Hiram is suspected in any way of having been guilty of his father's death, that is so far as my department is concerned. Late last night a man came to my house and asked me if it was true that Hiram had been arrested. This morning I have heard that he has been arrested, and I want to say that it is the greatest outrage I ever heard of to couple the boy's name with the death of his father.

Still Keeping McLeod Under Cover.

Just what was developed the coroner refused to say. His manner indicated something important, and the orders he gave in regard to the boy bore out this assumption. The orders were that under no circumstances was the youngster to be allowed to converse with any one, and the absolute fidelity with which these orders were carried out was illustrated at Police Headquarters, where McLeod was taken after the examination.

He was sitting behind the rail when a man entered and began to talk to him. "Stop that man!" yelled the captain, who witnessed the proceeding from his office. Three or four policemen took the man before the coroner, where he said his name was Thomas F. Parrell. He is an employe at the factory where the explosion occurred and had been told by Superintendent Patsche to report at Police Headquarters at 3 o'clock. For what purpose he did not know.

know. He knew the boy at the factory and had simply said hello to him. After waiting for Superintendent Patsche over an hour, he went to his home at No. 20 Vineyard street, Yonkers. The Superintendent could not be found to explain why he had ordered the man to go to Police Headquarters.

While Coroner Miles refused to tell what he had learned from McLeod, the police stated, so far as they were aware, it amounted to very little. The boy said he had seen William Andrus, a nephew of the dead man, and Hiram, string wires for electric bells, but he had never seen the wires that were connected with the battery that is supposed to have exploded the bomb. He also denied that he had ever used dead man's experiments with wires, batteries, chemicals or explosives of any kind. This is all the police know of his testimony. McLeod will be held in custody by the police until after the inquest, which, the coroner stated yesterday, would not be held to-day.

Strengthening Accident Theory.

Alderman C. F. Nugent, the electrician, who searched the factory for the wires, stated yesterday that he had noticed a number of carbons in the building, which he believed contained carbolic or nitric acid, or ammonia. He understood that glycerine was used in the manufacture of the batteries produced in the factory, and if so, it was possible Mr. Andrus might have been experimenting with a combination of these chemicals that formed an explosive when accidentally dropped them. Mr. Nugent does not think much of the theory, but simply advanced it as a possibility.

"WHITE WINGS" AT WORK.

A woman was found yesterday in the person of Mrs. Cora Stewart, wife of John F. Coyle, superintendent of the winding department of the carpet factory next door to the chemical works, who was supposed to know something that would help to solve the mystery. She lives in a terrace right opposite the chemical works, and when she heard the explosion ran to her front door. She saw smoke pouring out of the office windows, and at the same time a man in his shirt sleeves leisurely walking from the office and closed the gate leading to the yard. Then he went back again. She does not know who he was, but is positive it was not a workman, because he wore a white shirt, and none of the men in the factory wear that kind white at work.

Street Cleaning Resumed by All Except the Contractor Who Picks Up the Waste Paper.

With the exception of the men employed by Contractor Herbert Tate, the employes of the Street Cleaning Department resumed work yesterday morning. Commissioner Waring last night made the following statement: "Yesterday afternoon nearly all of the contractors who work for the Department of Street Cleaning and employ men, who, according to the Comptroller, ought to come under the civil service rules, voluntarily announced that they would not hold me responsible if their bills were not paid. 'Herbert Tate, who collects paper and rubbish, did not so release me, and he will not resume work under present conditions. 'Under these circumstances I ordered all work except the collection of paper and rubbish to be resumed this morning and it will be continued until interrupted. Until the Comptroller pays Mr. Tate, or until he refuses to pay him, no paper or rubbish will be collected. 'In the meantime no complaints on this subject will be read at the Department of Street Cleaning. All complaints should be addressed to the Hon. Ashbel P. Fitch, Comptroller. He alone is responsible for the interruption of the work and he alone can say when it will be resumed.' Commissioner Waring declined to say whether or not the resumption of work was the result of interference on the part of Mayor Strong, which was rumored during the day, and which view was generally accepted. Comptroller Fitch and Mayor Strong both declined to be seen.

WILL MARRY IN CLEVELAND.

Confirmation of the Rumor of Mrs. Cora G. Smith and Mr. Fred M. Rankin. The announcement telegraphed from Fort Scott, Kan., Saturday, that Mrs. Cora Gabriel Smith, divorced wife of W. Braum Smith, the actor, would soon wed Mr. Fred M. Rankin, of this city, is confirmed by friends of the prospective bride.

Mrs. Smith, a singer of some amity, talented first husband, has come to the theatrical profession from the McCullough Club, a high-class amateur organization which once enlisted in its membership all the beauty and talent of St. Louis society.

Two years ago she and her husband separated, and Mrs. Smith shortly after went to a divorce at Clayton, Mo. Smith married again, it is said, not long ago. "The wedding is set for October 27," said a friend of Mrs. Smith yesterday. "It will take place at the residence of Cora's aunt, Mrs. N. Cora Stewart, in Cleveland."

Mr. Fred M. Rankin is a manufacturer's agent in wicker goods. He has an office at No. 43 Leonard street, and lives at No. 36 East Twenty-first street. He is said to be wealthy.

Funny when you think of it.

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You need waste no time in hunting about. Come to us. We are building up a permanent business on a sound, healthy basis.

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Silk Tapestry Suit, over-stuffed, 5 pcs.
Cherry Pier Mirror.
Cherry Parlor Table.
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Silk Shade.
Oriental Rug, 7x10.6.
1 Pair Handsome Pictures.

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10 Yds. Chamb. pcs.
1 Spring Mattress.
1 Pr. Pill.
1 Comf.
1 Chair.
1 Toilet.
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1 Piece.
3 Chair.

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In exclusive designs and colorings.
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Oriental Rugs.
To close out at a sacrifice. Some large carpet sizes.
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SUITS, ODD PIECES AND COUCHES,
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BEAUTIFUL—CHEAP.
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18th and 30th West Broadway, New York.
For cool weather buy a "Miller" oil heater.

A Quarrel Over This Skirt.



Oscar Hammerstein to Camille D'Arville.

I must again ask you to discard the dress you wear in the second act. I direct you to wear a corset and petticoat. I must insist upon you following my directions.

Mr. Hammerstein Again.
As I am not yet prepared, physically, mentally or financially, to be managed by the artists in my employ, I once more ask you whether you intend to carry out my orders or not. I now for the last time request you to discard the wholly embarrassing and wholly inconsistent garment you wear in the second act, and to substitute for the same the plain corset and white petticoat without flowers, fringes or embroideries; you may embellish the corset with little colored ribbons in front, but the use of a broad ribbon or belt is out of place; you will also do away with any bows in the hair or in hand. If you should disregard these orders, I will be compelled to sever our connections. Why be pedantic about this matter? You certainly have no reason to hide anything in a costume, unbecoming if not ugly.

Camille D'Arville to Oscar Hammerstein.

With unusual interest I have perused your edict of the 21st inst. In the matter of feminine attire, you lack experience, though as a man of such vast attainments you should have made it subject a particular study. Close research and observation might remedy the defect, but nevertheless, I really ought to be grateful for the permission you extend to me to appear before the public clad in petticoat and corset. Magnanimous, you truly are. You might have gone further and prescribed the costume of the mother of the world, to whom we owe progression. Shoes and stockings you do not mention, as well as other articles necessary to make up a feminine toilet ensemble. The effect of cold and draught upon a singer appearing in the attire you demand, you obviously understand. No, no, Monsieur le Directeur; I have no ambition to shine as a Lady Godiva up to date, nor have I the slightest intention to ruin my voice at the altar of your whims and fancies. My attorney will attend to the rest.

Mr. Hammerstein to the Public.
I will give Mrs. D'Arville not as many of such vast attainments you should have made it subject a particular study. Close research and observation might remedy the defect, but nevertheless, I really ought to be grateful for the permission you extend to me to appear before the public clad in petticoat and corset. Magnanimous, you truly are. You might have gone further and prescribed the costume of the mother of the world, to whom we owe progression. Shoes and stockings you do not mention, as well as other articles necessary to make up a feminine toilet ensemble. The effect of cold and draught upon a singer appearing in the attire you demand, you obviously understand. No, no, Monsieur le Directeur; I have no ambition to shine as a Lady Godiva up to date, nor have I the slightest intention to ruin my voice at the altar of your whims and fancies. My attorney will attend to the rest.

Got a Share Respite.

The young country lawyer who related his story told us how the old couple in their extremity had come to him, and how the poor old wife had burst into tears as she insisted on rolling up the poor old husband's trousers to show that he was utterly unable to do such light work on a little farm that an old man might ordinarily do; and how he seen the mortgagee, a somewhat richer farmer, and had got him to make some remission of the bond of flesh that the strict letter of the law gave him the right to demand. The mortgagee, whom the lawyer described as really a merciful man, though hard pressed himself, agreed that if the old couple would execute a surrender that would save him the legal costs of foreclosing the mortgage, he would let them stay on the farm for another year. And there they remain to-day, waiting for death or the inevitable poorhouse, that they fear more than death, to which next April must remain them, if when the buds again begin to swell they are still alive.

Cases like this are too common through all this farming country to excite special notice. But is it any wonder that the young lawyer who told me this is out every night working for Bryan, and that of two Republicans to whom I was introduced by him as men who intended to vote for McKinley, the one has two sons and the other four, who are working for Bryan—facts of which they told me with ill-concealed satisfaction? Among a people like this the "crime of 1873" is a dreadful reality, and the full fledged corporation attorneys and hired spellbinders who are being set upon them to prate of national integrity and national honor produce an effect the direct opposite of what is intended.

Votes Changed in St. Barry.

In Medina I could readily believe stories such as I heard in plenty, of places, like one in St. Barry, where before there had been only two Democrats and all the rest of the voters Republicans, while now there are only two McKinley men and all the rest are for Bryan; and of places where, among the farmers, there are no McKinley men at all.

And testimony of the width and depth of the great change among the Republican farmers I had also in Rochester and in this place, as I had it before in Buffalo, from man who had good means of knowing the truth.

One curious yet significant bit of testimony was that resulting from the effort Rochester shoe manufacturer, who, whose goods known among the farmers, sent out seeds of the best Calumppins, with offers of prizes for the best pumpkins raised from them, were to be distributed this