### A CHAT WITH M. MOISSAN THE FRENCH CHEMIST ON HIS

VISIT AND HIS DISCOVERIES. Things That Impressed Illim at American Colleges—The Future and the Danger of Acctylenc - Fields in Which He Is Investigating the Electric Furnace, Before leaving for Europe on Saturday on the French liner La Bretagne with Mme. Moissan and his boy Prof. Henri Moissan, the great French chemist, the most learned man of science that has visited this country from France in many years, was able to give a short interview to a SUN reporter between a visit to a laboratory and a dinner party. He was delighted with his visit to America.

"What can I say about it?" said he, "Everywhere I met with the most cordial hospitality. The only drawback to his enjoyment was his inability to speak English. He first went to Boston, where he visited the laboratories of Harvard University, but was rather disappointed, as the college work had not yet begun. He then visited Yale, after the opening of the term, and spoke very highly of Prof. Dana's great collection of minerals. From New Haven he proceeded to Chicago to Inspect the university there, and he stopped at Niagara on the way to look at the great plant for generating electricity, and the carborundum works. He was much impressed by the collections of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. and by the spirit of research which was manifest at Johns Hopkins University. Princeton he visited officially at the time of its celebration as the representative of the Institute of France. and during the past few days he has examined the laboratory equipment of the colleges in New York city. Hesides the lecture he gave at the College of Physicians and Surgeons last Tuesday night he delivered one before the University of Chicago. On both occasions, of course, he spoke

M. Moissan has thus made a pretty complete survey of the colleges and universities in the northeastern part of the United States. He spoke highly of their equipment. But what seems to have made the deepest impression upon him is the munificent manner in which the institutions of learning in this country have been endowed by private benefactors. In France, though gifts from private individuals are not unknown, it is the State that provides the means for the higher education and for the support of the great laboratories in which the discoveries of French scientific men have been made. M. Moissan himself is professor of toxicology in the Collège de Pharmacie in l'aris, au institution supported by the State. He is obliged to devote a certain amount of time to the routine of instruction. while his spare moments are devoted to the re searches which have made him famous.

For the last few years M. Molssan has devoted his time to investigating the properties and the possible practical uses of the carbides of many chemical elements. The list of these is a lone one, consisting of about twenty new compounds some of which have come almost immediately into practical use, while others are likely to do so in the future. His success in obtaining diamonds chemically by the aid of the electric furnace appeals best to the popular imagination, but one of the most interesting of his discoveries, and one whose practical uses have of late been brought prominently before the public, is that of the properties of acetylene gas and the possibility of producing the calcium carbide from which it properties of acetylene gas and the possibility of producing the calcium carbide from which it is made in commercial quantities at a moderate cost. He was asked whether any improvement in the manufacture of the carbide had been made of late that would reduce the amount of electrical energy needed to produce it, and consequently reduce its cost, and whether such improvement was likely to be made.

"Who will dare to say that anything is impossible with electricity nowadays?" he replied. "Acettlene gas is a good gas, a brilliant gas, but it is not a cheap gas. The calcium carbide can be produced now for \$50 aton. Lime is cheap and electrical power is cheap, there may be some reduction in the price, but hardly a very great one. We could not help smiling in Europe when it was announced that the carbide could be produced in America for \$25 aton. It seemed very improbable."

In answer to the question whether the calcium carbide could be put to commercial uses other than the production of an illuminating gas, he replied that it had been tried for the production of alcohol and for other purposes, but that its cost would doubtless prevent its use, as the substances in question could be obtained in cheaper ways.

M. Moisson had not heard of the recent ex-

ways.

M. Moisson had not heard of the recent explosion at M. Raoui Pictet's acetylene works a plosion at M. Raoul Pictett's acetylene works at Montmarte in Paris. The Sun reporter was able to give bim the details. During the proc-ess of unscrewing the cover of a nickel-steel can, into which the liquid acetylene is put in order to be transported, the can exploded, blowing to pieces two workmen who were engaged in the operation, wrecking the whole building, and painfully mutilating an engineer in the engine room, some distance away. The loss of many lives was only escaped by the accident's happening at the dinner hour, while the other workmen were away. Curiously enough, that very day Le Fouro, in one of the editorial advertisements peculiar to French newspapers, had carefully demonstrated that the acception. had carefully demonstrated that the acetylene in M. Pictet's nickel-steel cans could not possi-bly explode. The inquest showed that the can returned to be filled had not been completely emptied of the liquid, and that the friction genreturned to be filed had not been completely emptied of the liquid, and that the friction generated in turning the steel cover of the can, probably sufficed to bring about the explosion. On hearing this story M. Moisson exclaimed:

"Je m'gatlendais (lexpected as much). Acetylene should not be used in commerce except in the shape of gas. In the liquid form it is extremely dangerous, and it is criminally careless to subject it to the accidents of commerce."

About another of the carbides discovered by him, that of aluminum, M. Moisson suggested in his lecture last Tuesday that its coming into contact with water in nature might be the origin of the petroleum and the natural gas found in the West.

M. Moisson said that he has got through with the carbides. When asked, perhaps indiscreetly, what direction his future investigations would take, he said, smiling:

"You will hear of my discoveries after they have been made. One thing I can assure you of—I am going to find out what I can get out of the electric furnace."

Out of the electric furnace M. Moisson has already obtained metallic chromium, tungsten, moilybdenum, titanum, zirconium, tranium, and silicon, not to speak of his diamonds. It will be a recalcitrant oxide indeed that will resist his persistence. He is at present the leading investigator in chemical research by means of very high temperatures, and one peculiarity of his discoveries hitherto has been that the commercial possibilities they have opened up have been simost immediately followed by other persons with success and profit to themselves.

#### GOT A NORTH DAKOTA DIVORCE. Auerbach Said His Wife Threw Kulves at Him and Treated Him Cruelly

Reinhardt A. Auerbach, a weil-to-do tinemith of 51 North Sixth street, Williamsburgh, has secured a North Dakota divorce from his wife Annie, who lives with her parents at Ewen and Withers streets, Brooklyn. The decree also gives him the custody of his seven-year-old daughter. The Auerbachs were married eight years ago, and, according to the tinsmith, his mother-in-law's interference caused a separation between him and his wife. Two years ago Mrs. Auerbach instituted a suit for separation

Mrs. Auerbach instituted a suit for separation from her husband in the Supreme Court of Kings county. She accused Auerbach of having treated her in a cruei manner, and of shooting her pet cat before her eyes.

Justice Gaynor dismissed the action and directed Mrs. Auerbach to return to her husband, which she declined to do. Auerbach joined the divorce colony at Fargo, N. D., in May last. He began action for a divorce in August before Justice Charles F. Templeton of the First District Court of Cass county. Mrs. Auerbach filed an answer, but Auerbach received the decree on Sept. 14. He obtained the divorce on the ground of cruel and inhuman treatment, declaring in his complaint that his wife frequently graphed him by the cheeks, and at other times threw knives at him. Auerbach remained in Fargo until a few days ago, when he returned to Williamsburgh.

A Jersey City Fire Chief's Unincky Ron. A fire broke out yesterday afternoon in Fischer's wholesale liquor store in Railroad avenue. Jersey City, and an alarm was sent out from box 16. Assistant Chief Engineer Denmead mistook the box for 162 and started from Fire took the box for 162 and started from Fire Headquarters in his gig up Newark avenue toward the Hill. A trolley car was coming down rapidly and before bennead could pull out of the track his gig and the car were in collision. Denmead and his attendant, James Riddle, were thrown aut on the pavement, but were not seriously injured. The cig was badly damaged. On the way to the fire one of the hind wheels was caught in the railroad track and in turning out the axle was broken. The loss resulting from the fire was triding.

### Bora Clark Fined.

Dora Clark, the Tenderloin woman who gained notoriety through the espousal of her cause by Noveilst Stephen Crane the last time she was arrested, was fined \$5 in Jefferson Market tourt yesterday for assaulting May Kane, known as Hig Chicago May, at Broadway and Thirty-first street on Saturday evening.

HAS LOST HIS OWN IDENTITY. Clergyman Calls Attention to a Curion

Case of Misfortune, In a letter to members of the clergy in th East the Rev. George H. Davis, rector of St John's Protestant Episconal Church in Mankate. Minn,, tells of the strange case of a man wh has so completely lost all sense of his own identity as to make it wholly impossible for him to give his name, birthplace, or other facts con cerning his personal history. Mr. Davis he written the letter in the hope that certain shadows of facts which appear to be in the un fortunate stranger's mind may lead some par ticipants in events doubtfully narrated to unravel the mystery. Mr. Davis's account of the incidents is as follows:

"On Oct, 16 a well-dressed, gentlemanly ap pearing man celled upon the undersigned, announced himself as a churchman, and asked to be introduced to-some physician with whom he might confer as to his mental condition. He claimed to have lost all knowledge as to his personal identity, of which fact he had become conscious within a few days.

"The stranger was taken to one of the leading physicians, and after a careful examination placed in the City Hospital, where he still remains. He thinks he has gone from place to place for a considerable time, but cannot tell now long. Nothing about him gives any clue to his identity. Some of his linen is marked 'J. H. H., and he registered at a hotel as 'J. Har rison, St. Paul,' but he thinks this is neither his

"He is an Englishman by birth, about 50 years of age, well educated, and thinks he has travelled extensively in this country and broad. He recalls that on one Easter, probably within the past two or three years, seven young ladies belonging to his Sunday school class were confirmed. At the early celebration of the sac entire class, which, he thinks, numbered about twenty, went to the holy communion. He also thinks he has, at some time, acted as a lay

# MOTHER AND SON DEAD.

The Illness of One Thought to Have Caused That of the Other. The following death notices appeared in yes-

The following death notices appeared in yesterday morning's papers:

FOX.—On Oct. 29, Abraham L. Fox, beloved son of Jacob and Ernestina Fox, aged 28.

Funeral from his late residence, 1756 Madison av., Dostponed to Monday, Nov. 2, 12 o'clock, noon.

FOX.—On Oct. 31, Ernestina Fox, beloved wife of Jacob Fox, in her 60th year.

Funeral from her fate residence, 1756 Madison av., Monday, Nov. 2, 12 o'clock, noon.

These notices tell of the death of a mother and son which occurred within two days of each other. Two months ago Mrs. Fox was taken ill of diabetes. Her condition became so serious that it was thought best to remove her to the German Hospital. An operation was decided upon and performed. Her son Abraham was allowed to visit her at first, and was very constant in his devotion to her. He saw the patient for the last time on Oct. 3. Her condition then was not alarming, but the young man was considerably disturbed. He began to grow ill himself, and three weeks ago he took to his bed. The doctor said it was consumption. The mother was not informed of her son's lilness, and wondered why his visits to the hospital had ceased. She was told that he had gone to the country.

The operation, which was at first thought to be successful turned out otherwise. They told cided upon and performed. Her son Abraham

The operation, which was at first thought to be successful, turned out otherwise. They told her husband at the hospital that Mrs. Fox's death was a question of a short while, and he brought her home on Thursday. The son thought her still in the hospital and improving. He died that afternoon. Two days after his mother died. Mother and son will be buried together in Cypress Hills Cemetery.

## MARSHAL HANAN MAY DIE.

He Was Shot by an Italian Whom He Was Trying to Arrest,

Marshal James Hanan of Hudson Heights. Bergen county, who was shot on Saturday in the woods at Clifton Park by Gursette Salvanni, whom he was trying to arrest, is in a critical condition. Dr. Justin of Guttenburg who is attending him, has doubts of his re covery.

The story of the shooting, as told by William

who was with Hanan at the time, is as follows: Naedler and Hanan, who is the only narshal in the borough, were walking through the Clifton Park woods on Saturday when they met Salvanni and another Italian. They had been shooting robins in violation of the game been shooting robins in violation of the game laws. Fearing arrest on seeing Hanan and Naedler. Salvanni and his companion pointed their guns at the men and shouted to them not to come near. Naedler stopped, but Hanan started for Salvanni. Salvanni fired and Hanan fell, the charge taking effect in his left breast and penetrating his left lung. The Italians fled, and Naedler carried the marshal to his home, which is a short distance away.

When the news of the shooting reached the borough the residents of Clifton, Fairview, Fort Lee, and other neighboring towns turned out in pursuit of the Italians. The woods were searched, but the Italians have not yet been arrested. Dr. Justin said the gun used by Salrested. Dr. Justin said the gun used by Sal-vanni was loaded with bird shot. He extracted vanni was loaded with bird shot. He extracted ten of the shot from Hanni's breast. A wooden pipe, which the marshal carried in his top-coat pocket, was riddled with shot. This probably prevented him from being killed instantly. Salvanni is said to have been employed in a quarry near Clifton. The name of his com-panion is not known.

### TOUTHFUL DRUNKARDS.

A Girl of 14 and a Youth of 16 Arraigned

in a Police Court. Lena Brownell, 14 years old, was charged n Jefferson Market Court yesterday with being drunk at Thirty-second street and Eighth avenue in company with her mother, Mary Browneli, who is 20, and her cousin, James Hayes, who s 20. All live at 548 Ninth avenue. women cried in court, and said that they had been injudicious in celebrating the sound-

been injudicious in celebrating the soundmoney parade. Each was fined \$3. John Dolan, a cabman, wanted to collect \$3 from Hayes
for a broken window in his cab.

"I don't think this gentleman did it," he explained, pointing to Hayes. "I think it was one
or the ladies, but he said he would pay for it."

Hayes agreed to carry out his promise.

John Siron, 10 years old, of 430 West Seventeenth street, was charged by his father,
Thomas Siron, with being an habitual drunkard.
The father said his son had been discharged
from ten places which he had obtained for him
and was in the habit of coming home drunk and
smashing the furniture. He was committed to
the House of Refuge on Randall's Island.

#### WINDSOR TERRACE WARFARE. It May be Suspended Now That the Lind-

blands Have Disappeared. Charles W. Lindbland and his family have moved away from their old home at 150 Vanderbilt street. Brooklyn, and it will be sold at cost. The Lindblands and their neighbors in the Windsor Terrace district had been at war for over a year, and their differences have, from time to time, been aired in the police courts. A few weeks ago the Lindbland barn was mysteriously burned down, and the head of the family regarded the incidentas a direct warning to him to get out. "Next," he said. "they would have put a torch to my house at night and rossted us all alive. Now when we are gone the neighbors can make a target of some one else for persecution." the Windsor Terrace district had been at war

### ROBBED NEAR MORRIS PARK.

All Reach's Money Taken by the Men He Was About to Give a Dime. John Roach, who works at Morris Park, was held up by two men on Main street near the race track at 9 o'clock yesterday morning. They race track at 9 o'clock yesterday morning. They demanded 10 cents, and he pulled out all the money he had to select a dime.

The men promptly knocked him down, teok all the money, kicked him because there was only \$1.75, and, taking to the fields, escaped. Roach complained to Capt. Frees at West Chester station, and Michael Kelly of 430 fast 113m s-recs, and Alexander O'Connor, who works at the Morris Park track, were arrested on suspicion and were partly identified by Roach. They will be arraigned in Morrisania court to-day.

#### Hung Ling Objects to Being Robbed. While Hung Ling was making up his accounts in a room back of his laundry at 574 Willoughby avenue, Brooklyn, early vesterday morning. the alarm beil in his money drawer rang. He ran into the laundry, where August Kessler, 18 years old, of Melrose street and Morgan avenue, confronted him. Ling tried to hold the boy, but Kessler ran out of the place. The laundry man pursued him and shouted for help. Policeman Grasel captured Kessler and took him to the Verroge section.

Vernon avenue station, where he was Brooklyn Vital Statistics. Deaths in Brooklyn last week, 373; a death rate of 17.1 in each 1,000 of the estimated population of 1,140,000. There were 414 births and 101 marriages.

# A YOGI VEXES THEOSOPHS.

ADVERTISES FOR MAHATMA KITTI TINGLEY'S CHILD. An Enemy Hath Done This, Say the Mystic

Brotherhood-Mrs. Elity and Her Pil-grims Are in Far Bombay and Mrs. Sec-ant Is Breadfully Hostile and Vexations. A yogi is loose in New York. The horrid thing is trying to make trouble for the beatific chelas, gurus, adopts, and mahatmas of 144 Madison avenue, and for those now triumphantly prancing through India and Afghanistan The yogi now among us used a newspaper advertisement to create spiritual indigestion in

the mahatmistic midst. This is the advertisement printed yesterday morning: \$10 REWARD for information as to present whereabouts of Florida Tingley, recently of \$73 West End av., or her father.

Mrs. Kitty A. Tingley, the adept upon whom American Theosophists believe the mantles of Blavataky and W. Q. Judge have fallen, lived at 373 West End avenue before she started on a theosophical pilgrimage around the world with Claude Falls Wright and his wife; Ernest T. Hargrove, President of the Theosophical Society of America, and Henry T. Patterson, an esoterio hardware merchant of this city. On May 18 last the Inner Circle announced that they had detected the spiritual attributes of H. F. B. and W. Q. J. in the person of Mrs. Tingley, who was, not to enter into a too carefully detailed personal description, fair and forty and learned in theosophical complications. Only a short time previous to the announcement of Only a short K. T.'s supremacy Claude Falls Wright had been joined in marriage to Miss Leonard (with whom he had philandered in the desert wilds of Gobl 5,000 long years and more ago) by Velled Mahatma," who was supposed to the successor of Blavatsky. The Veiled Mahatma turned out to be Mistress Kitty. But the mystic folk of the Inner Circle vehemently denied that Kitty was a mahatma. She was the head of the esoteric section of the Inner Circle all right. But though there were mahatmas in America, Mr. Hargrove explained to reporters she was not one of them. He even said that Blavatsky herself was not a mahatma, but only a second-class adept, only one remove from a common chela, who, as everybody knows, is r mere pupil of those really learned in the mysteries of the brotherhood.

Now, across the sea, while the pilgrims are in Bombay, Mrs. Annie Besant has been going further, and has denied the legitlmacy of the fall of Blavatsky's mantle. Mrs. Besant and the Adyar Society, which supports her, declare that an adept may nominate a chela as a successor. But they say it is absurd to believe that H. P. B. would go to the trouble before dying of "preparing a body for her incarnation," if it was to be only the "worn-out body of a middle-aged woman for carrying on the work which the chela's old body had been unable to do." These were Mrs. A. B.'s own cruel words, and they were understood as portending heaps

and they were understood as portending heaps of theosophic trouble.

"Annie Besant," said Adept Fussell yesterday, "is a jealous, bitter old woman who hates—there, I didn't mean to use that word hate, for it has no meaning in the science of brotherhood, We sacrifice and labor and love. Beautiful is the soul that has received into itself the sweetest of all knowledge." Mr. Fussell gazed moistly out at the glowing evening sky. "Everything is so beautiful about us." "Pardon ms." said the reporter, "but about Mrs. Besant?"

Mr. Fussell plumped back to the mean, material world.

Everything is so beautiful about us."

"Pardon me," said the reporter, "but about Mrs. Besant?"

Mr. Ftassell plumped back to the mean, material world.

"Nobody cares what she said," he snapped, "and I'm sure I have nothing to say about her or her titerances. As for that advertisement about Flossie Tingley and her father, it is the work of mischievous persons who want to make trouble for Mrs. Tingley. Flossie is an adopted child who was for many years under Mrs. Tingley's care—adopted when she was very little—who was little? The little one, of course—and brought up by Mrs. Tingley to be a—ch—ah—"

"Cheis ?" suggested the reporter.

"M-m-m?" observed Mr. Fussell with great non-committal effect. "The whole thing was sufficiently aired in the papers last June."

At that time Mrs. Tingley told reporters that she had sent the child back to a relative at the advice of friends.

"Flossie's father, referred to in the advertisement," said Mr. Fussell, "means Mr. Tingley undoubtedly. I'm sure I do not know where he is. He went as far as Paris with the pilgrimage, but be came back on Aug. 25, and I believe is in Philadelphia now. He travels a great deal. He used to live at 373 West End avenue with his wife and the rest of us. I live there now, you know."

"It was said this afternoon at 373 West End

rou know."
"It was said this afternoon at 373 West End
avenue," said the reporter, "that Mr. Tingler

that no such person as Fivesia.

There, The great Theosophist bit his lip.

"Who told you that?" he said. Then he ceased to talk. In conference with expert theosophical observers it was developed that, in the light of the contradictory information as to the present abiding place of Flossic and the husband of the Velled Adept, it was extremely likely that Mrs. Besant had caused the two to be levitated to the snow line of the Himalayas, or, worse yet, had projected them into unbounded space by the united will of the unsympathetic Adyars. Then they had sent a vogito the United States to taunt the faithful with the pathetic Adyars. Then they had sent a yogi to the United States to taunt the faithful with the jeering advertisement offering an reward of \$10 to the adent, mahatma, guru, or chela that could find them. No one but a yogi, it was asserted, would be.

### A BEGGAR HELD UP.

Three Alleged Jalibirds Object to His Parsimony and Get 35 Cents,

Joseph Harding, a beggar, lodges in the Montanak House in Montgomery street, Jersey City. About midnight on Saturday he had 35 cents. and as he had filled up with beer and free lunch he decided to retire. Three of his pals objected, and urged him to spend the 35 cents, but he refused. Then they held him up. One pinned his hands behind his back, another took him by the throat and choked him, and the third rifled his pockets. Harding went to the Gregory atreet police station and reported the robbery. About 2 A. M. three men were arrested on suspicion and taken to the Oakland avenue police station. They gave their names as James Wilson of New Haven, Conn.; William Briggs of Fifth street, Jersey City, and Michael Featherstone of 301 Railroad avenue, Jersey City. The police say that the prisoners have recently been released from State prison. Featherstone was alreading spirit in the notorious "Lava Bed." gang, and has just completed a term of five years. throat and choked him, and the third rifled his

### New Parish School Building to West Ho-

St. Michael's parish. West Hoboken, is deeply interested in the early opening of the new St. Michael's school building upon the corner of Clinton avenue and High street. The structure embodies a cherished idea of the Rev. Father Philip Birk of the Passionist monastery. For years it has been his hope to supply under one roof for parish benefit, religious instruction, the education of youth, and facilities for wholesome recreation, together with social intercourse The building is situated upon an extreme height of the Pallsades, the cross on the top of the tower being 120 feet above the foundation and

tower being 120 feet above the foundation and fifty-four feet above the roof. The length over all is 118 feet. The proportions of the main building are eighty by seventy-eight feet. There are three stories above the basement. The walls are of brick, with trimmings of cut stone and terrar cotta; the double floors are of maple, the roof of slate, the interior finishing hard wood, the doors and casing of North Carolina pine. In the west end of the basement is a play room and a bowling alley.

The grand entrance upon the first floor, with broad, double stairway, insures a safe and speedy exit. East of it are the parior, the reading room, and the billiard room attached to the parish Young Men's Lyceum. To the west are the symnasium and apartments for the janitor. The second floor affords space for eight achool rooms, all steam heated. The lecture room, upon the third floor, is 80 by 78 feet, excluding stage and lobbies. The building has cost about \$50,000. Ground was broken upon the second Monday after Easter, but the contractor expects to have the structure ready for occupancy by Nov. 15. Upon Sunday, Nov. 8, it will be dedicated by Bishop Wigger of the diocese of Newark. On Saturday, Nov. 14, a bazaar in aid of the building fund will be obened in the lecture room.

HORNELLSVILLE, Nov. 1 .- W. H. Reynolds, D. E. Fleming, and Bart Howard, three wellknown gentlemen of this city, left here about two weeks ago for St. Louis, from which place they will leave about Jan. 1 for Venezuela. where they will start a colony in that rich gold where they will start a colony in that rich gold and coffee country. The society, which will be known as the Venezuela Colonization Society, has received a large grant of land from that Government, besides free transportation to their new home and food for thirty days after arriving there. Gen. William F. Hull, Superintendent of Police of Buffalo, is the President, and W. H. Reynolds the Secretary. Mr. Reynolds the Secretary Mr. Reynolds about five years ago started a colony in Costa Rica, which is now in a flourishing condition. It is expected that nearly two hundred men and their families will leave for the new Eidorado. LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The crowd that stood in front of the Union League Club all day to watch the great parade on Saturday was scarcely more interesting than the residue which remained there late into the night, long after the marchers had ceased to pass, and there was nothing to be seen but the decorations of the club The decorations were beautiful, and there was a steady stream of pedestrians who stoppe to look at them and then passed on. By them and then passed on. But those of the crowd who had come to stay really the curious features of it. For hours men, women, and children leaned on the fences, sat on the stoops, and stood on the fences, sat on the stoops, and stood on the curbstones opposite the club. They had undeubtedly come there with the intention of remaining permanenty. They settled themselves comfortably on the steps of the houses in the neighborhood, and ast there. On one stoop was a group of six old negro women, who patiently stayed in their places either waiting for something to happen or content to observe what was already to be seen. They were there at 7 o'clock and they were still there at 11. One woman with four children of whom the oldest could not have been seven, kept three of them clinging to her skirts while she held the youngest in her arms and stared at the colored electric lights on the façade of the club as if they were some mysterious display which might at any minute do such marvellous things that it was risky to take one's eyes off them. Old men leaned against the railings for hours, and young women with their escorts stood about in groups. It was midnight before the last of the matient watchers disappeared. None of them had seen anything that had not been visible as soon as the lamps of the building were lighted. But they clung to their places in the lope that something might happen. curbstones opposite the club. They had un-

There was an incident at a dance given at

country club last week which has not yet been explained to the persons who happened to witness it. This private club has the reputation of being especially impenetrable when its guests decide that they will not welcome outsiders who may not happen to have a large acquintance among the club's members. At the dance last week a man and his wife, who are better known in New York than they are at the exclusive country clubs near the city, were among the guests. When the members of this club feel inclined to exhibit a degree of chilliness which might in other places be called the"marble heart," they have splendid called the marble heart," they have splendld opportunities to do so in the most effective way. One person who has suffered from this experience there said after he came away that he was certain the architects had planned the club house with this idea in view. The entrance hall is like a large drawing room, and when a stranger enters it suddenly the effect is about as disconcerting as if he had been suddenly projected into a private house. Many a man and woman have never been able to survive that first shock and have beat a hasty retreat after once having received the stony stare of that apparently genial, pleasant collection of guests who could appear to be snjoying themselves so much, and yet remember their duty as members of the club toward any aspiring outsiders. Last week the New Yorker and his wife came down the steps into the large hall when it was crowded with people alting for the commencement of the coultion in the ball room. Some of them had just fluished dining, and while the women were occupied with their coffee, the men were smoking. The strangers appeared on the scene at this inopportune juncture. The woman, who is very handsome, was in ball dress, prepared for the dance. Nearly every person—and there were 100 or more—in the room looked up as the couple approached. Then they looked down again. The clatter of conversation went on as the man and woman stood in the centre of the room, looking as much alone as if they had been in the Sainara Desert. They stood it bravely for several minutes. They saided together and tried nobly to pretend that they had never felt more at home in their lives. At the end of the conversation between them, which had looked very labored, indeed, the crowd started to move toward the ball-room. After that nothing more was seen of the two New Yorkers. The cotilien lasted until 4 o'clock in the moning, but the black satin hall gown was not seen in the dance. Nor was there any sight of the husband. The next morning the couple responsared at breakfast and took an early train bac opportunities to do so in the most effective way. One person who has suffered from this experience there said after he came away

Young Umberto Giordano, who has come to this country to attend the first performance of his opera, "Andrea Chenier," at the Academy of Music here, is a familiar figure in the lobbles of the old house, and at the opening performance of the Mapleson company he was standing near a knot of men who discussed in Italian the merits of the new performin Italian the merits of the new performers. One of the speakers was an American, thoroughly acquainted with the opera in this country for several decades, and he gave it as his opinion that the performance was about such a one as rould have been seen in an italian provincial town, and he mentioned Rimini as an instance of the kind of a city he meant. This may have been severe. The speaker started to walk back to his place, but he had gone only a few steps when he was stopped by a man in evening dress who explained with considerable politeness that as long as he understood Italian, he should like to have the privilege of a few words with him. "You said these artists came from Rimini," he said, "and I should like you to understand that they are not from that small town, but from La Scaia, in Milan." The New Yorker answered that he had not said the singers came from Rimini, and was, moreover, quite well acquainted with their history. "Well, I am prepared at any time to explain to you fully where they came from, whatever you happen to know about them," was the Italian's answer, "and I am always at your disposition to make it clear just who they are." Then the speaker withdrew without having explained who he was, evidently under the impression that everybody knew his identity. Hut probably not twenty in the rather short, heavily built Italian with the upturned mustache was Giordano, the composer. So his offer to receive the New Yorker at any time quite lost its effect on him, although he recognized that it was given in terms that plainly meant the session might not be an altogethor peaceful one.

A Frenchman who represents a large Paris ers. One of the speakers was an Ameri-

A Frenchman who represents a large Paris establishment, and has passed much of his time during the last ten years in New York, told a Sun reporter yesterday that politics seemed to him to be a necessary element in a public holiday in this country. "I have seen public holiday in this country. "I have seen a great many American holidays, such as Washington's Birthday, the Fourth of July, and Decoration Day, and it always appeared to me that their effect was to depress rather than enliven your people. They always take these occasions very seriously, and beyond the military displays there is never any holiday atmosphere in the air such as we have in France, or the Germans have on their holidays. Even the English holidays have always appeared to me more lively than those I have seen in this country. But Saturday, with its political element, was entirely different. Then the city really accend in a gala mood, which was due to something more than the decorations and the music. The real spirit of the occasion seemed to have taken hold of everybody. I made it a point on Saturday night to visit different parts of the city, and I found that the same air was everywhere. I have never seen the Howery, for instance, appear quite so lively, and it was like one of the old-time nights. It needs only a good strong dose of political interest to make Americans enjoy a holiday, or what practically amounts to one, as demonstratively as any other people in the world. Just give them that and there will be no lack of enthusiasm

There is already speculation whether or not Rosenthal will enjoy in this country anything like the great vogue of Paderewaki. Those who are best acquainted with the situation be-lieve that this is impossible, not only for who are best acquainted with the situation believe that this is impossible, not only for
Rosenthal, but for every other planist excepting Paderswski. The remarkable feature of
this musician's success here lay in the fact
that he was able to return and not only renew
his former popularity, but gain still greater
triumphs. This experience is rare, not only
fore musicians, but for all artists, particularly
foreigners, and it is one of the beliefs of theatrical managers that a great triumph can
nover be repeated in its original score. There
have been exceptions to this rule, of course, and
Dune was one of them. She came here unknown
on her first visit, but returned to find herself
airealy established. But it is rather a significant fact that with all the following she
is supposed to have gained in New York and
in this country, there are still no definite clans
for her return here this season, and that
might be taken to indicate that after all her
success was possibly not so meat. Otherwise
managers would be more anxious for her services. But Paderewski has met with steadily
increasing success every year he has come
here. Rosenthal played in this country
eight years ago before he had made his present
reputation, and to-day he stands practically
at the head of the list of European planists.
He is still young and unmarried, but he has
none of the striking physical qualities that none of the striking physical qualities that accounted for so much of the rage over Paderewski. He is understred and stockly built, and his appearance will not prove nearly so suggestive of genius to the malinee giri as the pale, wasted look of his countryman, for Markiz Rosenthal also is a Pols.

## A MODEST MAN BEWRAYED.

HAD TO SIT FOR HIS PICTURE ONCE, MUCH AGAINST HIS WILL. Only One Photograph Printed, for Rie Chief, Col. Fellows Twas a Beauti-ful Negative, and the Photographer Promptly Sold It for an Advertisement, The Hon, Terrence McManus has long enjoyed the reputation of being the handsomest man in the District Attorney's office. Mr. McManus, or as the boys call him, Terry, is so good looking that it is the custom of the attaches of the Criminal Courts building to inwite him out into the corridor whenever their women folk call, so that the women may not miss the finest sight of all in their general inspection of the building. Mr. McManus, too, is the man who inspires Col. Fellow's now famous remark: "Come out on Broadway, my boy, and give the girls a treat," which makes it all the more remarkable that he should be entirely in seent of his own fascinating qualities. For it is a fact that the Hon. Terrence is so wrapped up in his legal duties that he never thinks of himself. This may be one of the rea-sons why he is popular. He doesn't keep a looking glass in his office, and only once in ince he was out of leading strings, has he had his picture taken. If he had not had this picture taken this story would never have been About three months ago Col. Fellows an

reached Mr. McManus.
"Terry," he said, "I have pictures of all the nen who have belped me in my duties in this office for years. But I haven't got yours and I want it. I wanta good centre picture in case I ever decide to frame my collection, and you now, Terry, avick, you're a pretty good looking fellow and the group wouldn't be complete with Mr. McManus blushed. "Oh really, Colonel," he said, "I never did such a thing in my life. Once, when I was a child, my parents ---" "Never too late to begin, Terry," insisted

Col. Fellows. "I must have that picture, so run, like a good bey, and have it taken."
"Never!" exciaimed Mr. McManus; but he changed his mind for the Colonel. The next morning he put on his frock coat and a white necktie, and, brushing his heir neatly, went to a photographer's on Sixth avenue and sat for a picture. The photographer was a German, "Himmel!" he exclaimed, when he came out of his dark room after consulting the negative, "dot bigjer is a nice one."

"dot bigjer is a nice one."
"Yes, yes, of course," said Mr. McManus,
"but listen to me. I want one of these pictures struck off Just one and no more. Now,
I'll pay for a dozen, but you must promise not
to print but one."
The photographer promised, and a week later
Mr. McManus got his one picture and took it to
Col. Fellows.

A day or two later Mr. McManus had entirely A day or two later Mr. McManus had entirely forgotten this interesting incident in his life. Cases came up and were disposed of in the building, and then came the trial of the Italian Marfini, who was charged with murder and convicted of manslaughter. The upper courts set the verdict saide on Friday last, and Assistant District Attorney McIntyre, who had handled the case for the people, went out to dig up fresh evidence.

handled the case for the people, went out to dig up fresh evidence.

It happened that in the course of his investi-gations Mr. McIntyre was obliged to interview the proprietor of a small grocery store in the basement of a Baxter street tenement. He transacted his business and was just about to go when his eye was attracted by a large poster containing two heads. One was that of a tramp, wearing a weekegone expression and looking so unhappy that Mr. McIntyre felt sorry for him. Over the picture was a sign bearing the words. so unhappy that Mr. McIntyre felt sorry for him. Over the picture was a sign bearing the words, "Before eating." The other picture was that of a remarkably handsome young man, and above that was another sign, "After eating." Below the picture was the following:

"An illustration from life. These pictures were actually taken for us, and represent the same man before eating the iamous Colander tripe, and six months after eating a half a pound a day."

same man before eating the lamous Colander tripe, and six months after eating a half a pound a day."

"It's Terry! it's Terry McManus, or I'm a sinner," exclaimed Mr. McIntyre when his eyes lighted on the "after eating." Hurrying back to the District Attorner's office with the poster he stopped all work, called clerks and assistants together and announced in grave tones:

"Gentlemen, I have called you together to tell you that we have in our office a man who is putting to a base use the things which as a servant of the city he should use only for the city's interests. A man's features if they be of the handsome, winning sort, should be worked only in the impressing of juries, if that man happens to be an Assistant District Attorney. And yet, my friends, we have in our midst a man who has sold his face out as an advertisement to the manufacturer of a patent kind of tripe. Gentlemen, behold!" and Mr. McIntyre suddenly unrolled the poster.

There was dead silence for a moment, then a roar of laughter, and finally a:

"Great Scott, where did you get that? Who is it?" from Mr. McManus.

"That's Terry, all right," came from the whole office at once a out then Mr. McManus.

is it?" from Mr. McManus.
"That's Terry, all right," came from the whole office at once, and then Mr. McManus took a good look at the picture, recognized it as the same one he had had taken for Col. Fellows, and in a broken voice said:
"It's me, boys, but I don't know how it got here," and then he confessed that he had had his picture taken. He made a call on the Sixtn avenue ubotographer, found out that he had sold the negative to the agent of a food company, and, after expressing his opinion of such

conduct in terms that would have meant fight had the photographer been able to understand them, returned to his office and wrote a letter to the tripe "manufacturers."

He got an apologetic letter on Saturday and a promise to call all the posters in ise to call all the posters in

### A BROOKLYN BOY KILLED.

Thomas Murphy Fatally Injured by an Italian Waffle Vender.

Twelve-year-old Thomas Murphy died yesterday morning at his home, 3 Conover street, Brooklyn, of concussion of the brain, resulting from the blow of a stone thrown at him by Genaro Fancons, an Italian peddler of wattles, of 48 President street. While Fancona was enand Coles street on Saturday afternoon some boys collected around him, and two or three of them, as alleged, picked up the waffles and ran away. Fancona picked up astone and hurled it after the boys. It atruck young Murphy on the head and knocked him senseless. An ambulance was summoned, but the boy's father insisted on taking him to his home, and would not allow him to be removed to the hospital. It was not supposed that the boy was seriously hurt, but about 7 o'clock yesterday morning he was found unconscious in bed, and died before the arrival of the doctor who had been summoned. Farcona was arrested, and Petro Keini of 48 President street has been held as a witness. and Coles street on Saturday afternoon some

A Trolley Car Passenger Catches a Pick.

While Walter J. Mills of 145 Forrest street, Jersey City, was riding on a Bayonne car at a late hour Saturday night, he saw a man take a watch out of the pocket of another passenger watch out of the pecket of another passenger who was dozing in a corner of the car. The pickpocket got off the car at the junction. Mills followed him and caused his arrest. The prisoner gave his name as tharles Weber, and said he lived in Rayonne. The watch was found in his possession, and he was locked up in the Communipaw avenue station. The police are waiting to hear from the owner of the watch.

Commander Emory Back from China. Commander Emory, for three years in charge of the United States gunboat Petrel, which wintered at New Chwang, Manchuria, during the China-Japan war, was among the passengers on the French liner La Bourgogne which arrived yesterday. He was accompanied by several members of his family. Commander Emory is on a long leave of absence, which he will spend in the Eastern States.



FIRE-TOUCHED FURNITURE. The fire in our store-rooms a few days ago only slightly scorehed and blistered the furniture but it was soaked with water, and, as wood once wet, we cannot guarantee, we will send it all to auction and not offer any for sale here.

Some of our carpets are more or less perfumed with smoke, but a good siring and beating will remove this, so we are gradually offering these at hair price. Further Ada will give further particulars, but all goods can be had for "Long Credit."

#### CASH OR CREDIT OWPERTHWAIT & O. 104, 106 and 108 West 14th St.

NEAR 6TR AV. Brooklyn Stores: Flatbush Av. near Fulton St. LIKES TO BREAK WINDOWS.

Clark's Loneliness Resulted in His Indulg lag His Glass-Smashing Propensities, John Clark, who has a weakness for breaking vindows, went early yesterday to get a steak at John Hickey's restaurant at 604 Second avenue where he had once indulged his glass-smashing propensities. "Tables Reserved for Ladies" was announced by a polite tin sign that hung in the window. So Clark seated himself on the aids of the room opposite to those exclusive tables. Two women sat at one of them, and after he had ordered the steak and it had been put on the table, the loneliness of his position became unbearable.

There were not many people in the restaurant The proprietor was in the bar adjoining the eating room. The waiter was looking into Second avenue ruminating on the vicissitudes of workers in an all-night hotel. The oysterman was polishing up the backs of the boiled lobsters for the Sunday trade. Clark got desperately lone

the Sunday trade. Clark got desperately lonesome. There were the two women eating sociably and chatting confidentially. Clark's
loneliness became intelerable. He picked up
the steak and walked across to their table.

Before be could put it down they both protested. It was after 2 o'clock in the morning,
and they were alone, but they could still protest
when it was necessary. But Clark put down the
steak. Then he sat down himself. The women
were equal to protesting even twice, and this
tims they did it in such a loud tone that the
waiter was surprised into turning toward the
customers; the oysterman dropped a lobster,
and the proprietor came running into the room.
But before all these things had happened the
two women had fied to another table and Clark,
with the steak in his hand, was after them.
The proprietor recognized him as the man with
the taste for broken glass, who had smashed
the window of the restaurant several months
before.

By the time he had got a policeman Clark.

the window of the restaurant several months before.

By the time he had got a policeman, Clark, still hungry but no longer ionesome, was on the sidewalk in the company of the oysterman, the waiter, and the two women. When he swing his cane around his head the group fell back, Hickey, who was coming up the street with a policeman, knew what to expect.

"There it goes! there it goes!" he yelled.

"Now just listen to that window."

The officer listened, and saw Clark duck his head as the glass fell in little pieces to the sidewalk. Then Clark threw back his shoulders, He surveyed the little crowd proudly.

B" Did you hear that?" he asked. "Great, wasn't it?"

He said nothing in the Yorkville Police Court

wasn't it?"

He said nothing in the Yerkville Police Court
yesterday morning about his fondness for the
sound of broken glass, but he did not deny
Hickey's charge of having broken his glass befora. So Magistrate Cornell held him for trial.

#### MISS KATZ'S DATES GOT MIXED. As a Result One Admirer Is Now in a Hospital and the Other in Jall.

That Jeannette Katz is attractive is attested by the fact that she had two earnest and steady admirers in Jacob Ackerman, who lives at 170 Alien street, and Morris Shapiro of 19 Forsyth street. Just now one of her admirers is in the hospital and the other is in prison, so that Jeannette has to pay attentions to them instead of receiving them, as formerly. The whole trouble was caused by the pretty Jeannette's "getting mixed in her dates," which is a serious thing in the Ghetto, where young men do not stand any trifling in affairs of the heart. On Saturday night Ackerman called on her.

While he was being entertained by her in the parlor suddenly there was a ring at the bell and Shapiro appeared. "Oh, gracious! I'm not at home," said the astonished Jeannette, as she opened the door and saw Shapiro. "That is-I mean-I'm going

"Well, can't I accompany you?" asked Shapiro. "Oh! I-I-I-I-I'm going with mother," she replied, confusedly.

"I have no objection to her coming along,
too," said the gailant Shapiro,

"Who is it, Jeannette?" asked Ackerman,
who was becoming anxious at her delay at the
door. Excuse me a moment." said Jeannette hur-dly to Shapiro as she closed the door to. riedly to Shapiro as she closed "It's a-a-a-a friend of mine."

Ackerman got out to the door just in time to open it and confront Shapiro, who exclaimed: open it and confront Shapiro, who exclaimed:

"Why, Jeannette—"

There was a clinch, and after it was over Shapiro found that he was stabbed in the side, and hurried to the Eidridge street police station. Acting Captain Hogan had him sent to the Gooverneur Hospital, and went out for a hunt for Ackerman. He found him and locked him up. In the Essex Market Police Court yesterday morning Ackerman was held in \$1,500 basil for trial. Shapiro's injuries are not serious, Jeannette now fetches flowers and smiles to the Gouverneur Hospital and ple and cakes to the Essex Market prison.

## AGAIN NABBED ONLY TO BE LET GO.

Once More Ose of Capt. O'Brien's Detectives Arrests Murphy to No Purpose.

Thomas Murphy, the former pickpocket, whom Capt. O'Brien is believed to be trying to jail because he is said to have acted as a stool pigeon forex-Chief Byrnes, was arraigned in the Centre Street Court yesterday by Central Office Detective Rataone, who charged him with being a suspicious person. The detective said that he saw Murphy on Saturday standing at Broadway and Thirty-fourth street smoking a cigar way and Thirty-fourth street smoking a cigar and intently watching the crowded cable cars upward bound. After permitting quite a number to pass, Rataone says, Murphy finally ran out and boarded an especially crowded one. He was then arrested. The detective insisted that this was the method employed by professional pick; ockets and "holsters," and that, knowing Murphy's reputation and record, he had a reasonable right to suspect and believe that Murphy's purpose and intent were bad.
"Seven times within the past three weeks nave I been arrested," said the prisoner, "and each time discharged because there was no evidence against me. Only a few days ago I was before Magistrate Wentworth in Jefferson Mar-

before Magistrate Wentworth in Jefferson Mar-ket on similar evidence and discharged. Is it fair that I should be hounded just because I went wrong at one time? Lately I have been living an honest, respectable life, and it seems to me it would be but fair if the police, instead of persecuting me, would lend a helping hand, as long as I am trying to do what is right." In discharging the prisoner Magistrate Simms told the detective that Murphy's arrest had been unwarranted and without proper evidence,

#### HIS REASON FOR SELLING A WHEEL. Wanted Money to Pay His Little Girl's Funeral Expenses. As Henry A. Boyesen, a bicycle dealer, was go-

ing to a restaurant on Third avenue at 3 A. M. yesterday one of two men who were pushing a biercle between them said to him; "You're a bicycle dealer, aren't you? I'll sell you this \$100 wheel for \$10. My little girl has just died, and I must have the money to pay the

just died, and I must have the money to pay the undertaker. All I've got is the wheel, and I must sell that quick."

Boyesen looked at the wheel and saw that it was worth a great deal more than the speaker, who described himself as William Brower of 300 Hast Seventy-first street and said he could be found there at any time, asked for it. The dealer also happened to be acquainted with all the people in that house and knew Brower did not live there; so he called Policeman Curtis of the East Sixty-seventh street police station. At this the other fellow, who had been silent during the negotiations, took to his heels and escaped. But Brower had the wheel to look after and he was slower. Yesterday morning Magistrate Cornell held him in \$1,000 bail for examination, while the police try to find an owner for the wheel. Brower finally gave his address as 1500 Lexington avenue.

ings by Daubigney, Corot, and Rembrandt, There are also two landscapes painted by Mr. Jefferson himself.

Mrs. John Crosby Brown has added a hun-dred musical instruments to her collection in the nursem.

dred musical instruments to her concerns in the museum.

One of the most interesting collections is that presented by Mr. and Mrs. Henry O. Have-meyer, it consists of over two thousand Janan-ese silks of different patterns and colors. Among other Japanese antiques are three hundred vases loaned by V. E. Macy. A large number of Greek etruscan and Roman vases, bronzes, and terra cottas have been purchased by the museum and added to the permanent collections of classical antiquities.

#### Skull Fractured at a Hotel Opening. Arthur Lesbie, formerly a soldier at Fort

Schuyler, but now a teamster, living at 25 Country Club road, West Chester, was struck with a bottle in a row at the opening of Carl Schmidt's Raines law hotel at Throg's Neck on Saturday night. His skull was fractured. Nine participants in the row, all of whom showed signs of recent battle, were held rester-day in Murciannia Court for examination.

# THAT BOGUS HESS CHECK

CORNELL DISCHARGES THE MAN WHO PRESENTED IT.

Accepts the Explanation That McGuire Sent It as a Joke to Darby, Who Was Drunk When He Tried to Cash it-His Comments on the New Journalism Joseph Darby, the plumber who was held at the Yorkville Police Court on Saturday on a charge of forgery, in having presented a check purporting to be signed by Charles Hess, Republican candidate for Congress in the Twelftia district, at the Lincoln National Bank, was discharged yesterday by Magistrate Cornell. As Mr. Hess had no account at the bank, no financial injury could have resulted to him, so the charge fell through, and Darby was saced by the technicality. William McGuiro, who made an affidavit that he had signed the check as a joke and sent it to Darby, did not appear

in the proceedings.

This is the check that gave rise to the story that Mr. Hess was distributing checks liberal-ly to the voters in his district, the implication being that the checks were not given without the expectation of some reward on election day. When Mr. Hesa read this in some of the newspapers on Saturday, and saw in one of them a photographic reproduction of this particular check, he notified the Lincoln National Bank by telephone to hold anybody who came there to present a check bearing his name. Later in the day Darby came to the bank in a condition of great hilarity. He was arrested. and, despite his feeble but garrulous protests, was taken to the Yorkville Police ourt. Durby presently became sober enough to say that he had received the check by mail on Friday, but did not know who had sent it to him. He was then held by Magistrate Brann on a charge of

then held by Magistrate Brann on a charge of forgery.
Saturday afterneon W. J. McGuire or 237
East Thirty-ninth street, a saloon keeper, made an affidavit that he had sent the check to Darby as a joke, He said that Darby had been drinking for the past week, and he had expected to see him and explain the matter before the check was presented. He lot the blank from an old check book of the Lincoln National Bank, which he had had in his possession for several years.

which he had had in his possession for several years.

Mr. Hess entirely failed to see the humor of McGuire's little joke. He told Magistrate Corneil yesterday morning that no joke had been intended, but that an effort had been made to injure his canvass in the district. Henry S. Chark, paying teller of the Lincoln National Bank, was the first witness called, He said that he had Darby held in second ance with Mr. Hess's wishes. Hess, he said, had no account at the bank.

"Where did you get the check?" the Magistrate asked Darby. said, had no account at the bank.

"Where did you get the check?" the Magistrate asked Darby.

"When I got home on Friday afternoon," the prisoner s.id, "at about 5 o'cicek, my wile handed me the check and said it had come in an envelope an hour before, I didn's know but what it was good, so I went to the bank while I was still intexicated to get it cashed. It was only a joke, I think."

"Did you have anything to do with the joke?" Magistrate Cornell asked him.

Darby said that he had not, and when he was asked by the Magistrate bow the pleture of the check had got into a morning maper pefore it had been presented at the bank, the prisoner gave this explanation:

"I got the check at 5 o'clock," he said, "and at 7 two reporters came up to the house and said that they represented the paner. They asked me if I hadn't got a check for \$75 from Hess. At first I refused to talk to them. Then they fold me it made no difference whether I talked to them or not, as they already had a far-similar of the check at the check at the check of the

how I got it."

"It is very remarkable that the newspaper should have known all these facts in advance," was Magistrate Cornell's observation on the methods of the new journalism.

#### THE PRINCE DIDN'T COME. An Assemblage of Disappointed Italians at

Madison Square Garden. There was a large assemblace at Madison

Square Garden on Saturday night of Italians who had come expecting that they would have an opportunity of greeting Prince Louis of Sa-voy. Every person admitted to the Garden paid 50 cents. The affair was gotten up by the United Italian Societies. The managers anticipated that the Prince would arrive at the Garden at 30 o'clock, and the people waited until nearly 11, when word was received that he was (il and mable to come. There was a murmur of disappointment on all sides.

Capt. L. V. Ingazo, of the Italian cruiser Cris-

until after midnight.
The Prince will attend a banquet to be given in his honor at the Hoffman House next Saturday evening. Mayor Strong, Postmaster Dayenon, and Gen. Horace Porter are among those who have also promised to be present.

### DYING OF LOCKJAW.

Mrs. Mussig Refuses to Tell Who Per-formed the Operation Which Caused It. Late Saturday night Dr. G. H. McGuire of 37 East 145th street was summoned to attend Mrs. Margaret Mussig at her home at 681 East 152d street. He found her dying of locs jaw. A brief examination convinced him that the primary cause of her illness was peritonitis, brought on by malpractice. He notified the Coroners' office and Police Cantain Creeden. Coroner Dobbes called yesterday and found the woman unable to talk. Pencil and paper were given her, but she refused to tell who had treated her. She is 37 years old and the mother of two children. Her husband is a boss stone-cutter. cutter.

Mrs. Mussig was taken ill on Oct, 21. Her lilness followed the visit of a woman, whose name Mrs. Mussig refused to tell. Mrs. Mussig was not expected to survive through the night.

A Brooklyn Thief Makes a Big Haul. While Alfred Duge was over viewing the big sound-money parade in this city on Saturday a robber broke into the house at 15 Hanover place. Brooklyn, and going to his room on the second floor, burst open his trunk and took \$400. Clothing and jewelry were also bundled up, but the burglar evidently got scared, for he left them behind.

# Court Calcudars This Bay.

undertaker. All I've got is the wheel, and I must sell that quick."

Boyesen looked at the wheel and saw that it was worth a great deal more than the speaker, who described himself as William Brower of 300 East Seventy-first street and said he could be found there at any time, asked for it. The dealer also happened to be acquainted with all the people in that house and knew Brower did not live there; so he called Policeman Curtis of the East Sixty-seventh-street police station. At this the other fellow, who had been silent during the negotiations, took to his heels and escaced. But Brower had the wheel to look after and he was slower. Yesterday morning Magistrate Cornell held him in \$1,000 ball for eramination, while the police try to find an owner for the wheel. Brower finally gave his address as 1000 Lexington avenue.

A number of valuable additions have been made to the Metropolitan Museum.

A number of valuable additions have been made to the Metropolitan Museum of Art since last spring, and they will be placed on public view on Tuesday. The collection includes many interesting paintings, antique vases, and unique specimens of art. In the picture gallery there are a number of paintings loaned by Joseph Jefferson, among them two portraits of Sir Joshus Reynolds, painted by himself; a portrait of John Philip Kemble by Lawrence, and paintings by Daubigney, Corot, and Rembrandt, There are also two landscapes painted by Mr. Jefferson himself.

Mrs. John Crosby Brown has added a hunder musical instruments to her collection in the museum.

CARPET CLEANING 326 7th Av.,

T.M. STEWART,