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ANARCH MOST IN THE JUG.

DETECTIVES FIND HIM SITTING BY A HALF GALLON BEER CAN.

Indicted for his Speech on Saturday Evening—Detectives who Took Mental Notes the Witnesses Against him—He Denies Their Story—To be Arraigned this Morning.

John Most, the ugly Anarchist bugle blower, and the editor of *Freiheit*, is once more in a cell at Police Headquarters. The Grand Jury came to the conclusion yesterday that the said Most was an evil-disposed and pernicious person, of wicked and turbulent disposition, and that he unlawfully and maliciously endeavored to excite the good citizens of the State of New York to hatred and contempt of government, and to make insurrection against the whole country.

JOHN MOST.

Inspector Byrnes had Most arrested a little in advance of the indictment, so as to make sure of him, and locked him up over night on the strength of it.

The arrest is the result of Herr Most's speech at the Anarchist meeting of mourning at Kraemer's saloon, 134 Seventh avenue, last Saturday night. Last Friday Superintendent Murray ordered the police Captains to ascertain the dates and places of all the Anarchist meetings which were to take place in their precincts for an indefinite length of time, and to send German officers, capable of reporting speeches correctly, to these meetings, for the purpose of obtaining accurate information of what took place.

The chosen nest of anarchism is in the elder Capt. McCullagh's precinct, south of East Fourteenth street, east of Third avenue, and the upper Bowery. Capt. McCullagh sent to the Saturday night meeting at Kraemer's Hall, at which it was known that Most would make the leading speech, his detectives, Sachs and Rott. Rott dressed himself up in a rig which he wore on a "chowder party" last summer. The dress consisted of a long, shabby coat, blue overalls, and a big black slouched hat. Sachs was equally anarchistic in dress. Detective Rott told a SUN reporter last night that he and Sachs took no notes of what Most said. They reported verbally to Capt. McCullagh that Most declared to his hearers that a day of reckoning for the capitalists was nigh, and that Anarchists need not fear the soldiers and the police, for anarchism's weapon was more terrible than the rifles. The hirelings should beware at present were Grinnell, the Chicago prosecutor; then in order, Judge Gary, the United States Supreme Court Judges, and finally Gov. Oglesby. Most said he wanted to strangle the executioner who hung their brethren.

"In conclusion," he said, "I tell you, brothers, to arm yourselves, and not be asleep at the present time—to resist and kill these scoundrels of capitalists and of the press."

Capt. McCullagh reported this version of the speech to Inspector Byrnes. The Inspector, after consultation with Superintendent Murray and the Police Commissioners, laid the facts of the meeting before District Attorney Martine last Monday. The District Attorney said that Most's speech was plainly indictable under section 451 of the Penal Code. The section is headed "Unlawful Assemblies," and reads:

"Whenever three or more persons assemble with intent to commit any unlawful act by force, or assemble with intent to carry out any purpose in such a manner as to disturb the public peace, or being assembled, attempt or threaten any act tending toward a breach of the peace or an injury to person or property, or any unlawful act, such an assembly is unlawful, and every person participating therein by his presence, aid, or instigation is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Mr. Martine told the Inspector to appear before the Grand Jury with his witnesses. Inspector Byrnes and Detectives Sachs and Rott marched into Indictment Clerk John D. Lindsay's room, in the District Attorney's office at 11½ o'clock yesterday morning. They had a short consultation with Mr. Lindsay, and then went into the Grand Jury room, where Mr. Martine was. The detectives told all about the meeting and what Herr Most had said. The Grand Jury at 12½ o'clock voted an indictment against Most, and Inspector Byrnes ordered Capt. McCullagh's men to arrest Most at once.

Sachs and Rott went over to the office of Most's paper at 167 William street. Both of them know Most perfectly. They climbed up the dark, winding stairway which leads to Most's garret, pushed open the thin board door which has painted on it a glaring red flag and a caution to the hirelings of the capitalistic press to "beware," and rushed into Most's sanctum. Four Anarchs were sticking type, and the archfiend himself was not writing furiously away, with a scowl upon his brow at the little deal table at the western end of the room, as usual, but was seated on a stool at the table on which the forms of *Freiheit* are made up. He was eating a dinner of roast beef, cabbage, and boiled potatoes, and was drinking from a two-quart can of beer.

The boss Anarchist set down the can of beer and glared at the detectives. The compositors looked up placidly at the strangers.

"What do you want?" said Most.

"How do you do, Mr. Most?" said Detective Rott. "The Grand Jury has indicted you, sir, and I am a detective. I have orders to arrest you."

As he said this the detective displayed his shield.

"All right," said Most, and then, after a pause, he added: "It is nothing but the lying newspapers that has done this. I am a slandered man. May I finish my dinner?"

The detectives assented, and Herr Most went on eating. In a minute or so Detectives Crowley and McGuire of Inspector Byrnes's staff, whom the Inspector had detailed to wait at the District Attorney's office and get the bench warrant for Most's arrest, came into the room. They had the necessary document, signed by Judge Cowing. Most did not ask to see the warrant.

The compositors gathered around the chief and looked a great deal of sympathy. One of them asked if he should send for lawyers.

"I paid those scoundrels a lot of useless money the last time," answered Most, savagely. "This time I am going to be my own counsel."

Most got through with his dinner a little after 1 o'clock, and went down stairs with the four "cruel giants," as the *Freiheit* compositors declared the detectives to be. The detectives led the chieftain down William street to Spruce, and up Spruce to the Franklin statue, where they boarded a Third avenue car and went to Police Headquarters.

"There goes Herr Most!" cried a street gamin, as the party got on the car. But otherwise the fact that Most was under arrest was not known. Most was not handcuffed. The detectives took him into Police Headquarters by the Aldermen's gate on Mott street, and let him into Inspector Byrnes's room. Most took off his hat here, somewhat as a Chinaman would take off his shoes in a temple.

"Most, when did you become an Anarchist?" said the Inspector, in a judicial tone.

"When I was a boy I worked in a bookbindery in Germany," Most answered. "I saw the iniquity of all the money going to the bosses while the employees got little for their labors. I saw that the capitalists were the curse of the country and prevented a just equalization of the profits of business. The hanging of the Chicago Anarchists was an outrage. So far as regards dynamite, we don't use it ourselves, but when poor workingmen use it as what they think is a last resort, why we don't scold them. I know I am looked upon as a leader of Anarchists in the East, and this prosecution is a conspiracy to get rid of me for a time."

The Inspector asked Most if it was true that Lingg and Spies, who were hanged at Chicago, had been made Anarchists by reading his works.

"It is not true," said Most. "They were Anarchists long before I knew them. They were born Anarchists. They had great souls."

Asked about his views of marriage, Most said that he believed in a man's living with a woman as long as they both were satisfied, and that if the union ceased to be satisfied he or she was at liberty to live with some one else.

Later in the afternoon the Inspector had Detective Mangin bring up Most from the cells for the reporters to talk to him. Most smiled amiably when he saw the hirelings of the capitalistic press. Inspector Byrnes warned him to be careful what he said.

"I will say this," yelled Most, shaking his fist in the air after he had looked at the reporter for some time. "I will say this, that the *World's* account of my speech is a vile lie. I never said that I wanted to strangle anybody. I never——"

"There, there, Most," said the Inspector, soothingly. "I wouldn't say any more. It might be used against you."

Then Detective Mangin took Most down stairs again, searched him to see that he didn't have any bombs about him, and locked him up. Lawyer William F. Howe came to see Most along toward evening, and Most received him cordially despite the poor opinion of lawyers which he had expressed at an earlier hour. Most said that it was best not to bother about bail as he was to appear before Judge Cowing on the bench warrant this morning.

District Attorney Martine said yesterday that Most's arrest without a warrant after an indictment had been ordered was entirely legal. The prosecution may have some difficulty, though, in proving that the words of Most, on which the indictment is founded, were really spoken by him. The detectives upon whose testimony Most must be convicted did not take notes of his speech, and the newspaper accounts of the speech differ widely.

Most will probably be tried promptly. He is indicted for a misdemeanor, and may be punished if he is found guilty, by imprisonment for not more than one year and by a fine of $500.

Most was arrested on April 30 last year, and indicted for making a speech in which he said that good rifles could be purchased for $10 each, and that he advised his hearers each to buy a rifle and learn how to use it, in preparation for the social revolution which was coming. Most was found guilty upon the indictment, and was, with Braunschweig and Schenk, brother Anarchists, sentenced on June 2 to pay a fine of $250 and be imprisoned a year on Blackwell's Island. The Anarchists raised money by subscription and paid the fine.

Most has been living on the third floor of the tenement 464 Second avenue under the name of Miller. Lately he has been sleeping nights in New Jersey, and has been keeping quiet generally so as to avoid arrest. A report was around town yesterday afternoon that he committed suicide when arrested, but the rumor doubtless arose from the fact that a potato choked him while he was eating dinner rapidly when the detectives were waiting for him.

Herr Most's newspaper, the *Freiheit*, of the date of Nov. 19, has the entire first page, in mourning rules, devoted to a review of the hanging of the Anarchists. The article is headed "It is Finished!" Most, who is presumably the author of the article, begins with these words:

"That which was deemed impossible by multitudes of men a few days ago has happened. The premeditated, cold-blooded, assassin-like butchery of our Chicago comrades has taken place."

Further on he says:

"Woe, a thousand times woe, to the community whose king is the hangman, whose morality is murder, whose right is might, and whose understanding is foolishness. On the graves of the fallen will the laurel spring whose sprays are destined soon to adorn the brows of an enfranchised people."

A column is devoted to a eulogy of Lingg, the suicide. At the end Most writes as follows:

"Ye men of the people never forget what Lingg has done for you! Seek to emulate him; become what he was! Rally around the banner of the vanguard of the social revolution! Then, and only thus, can you show yourselves worthy of him! Thus, and only thus, can you avenge him!"

Another column discusses the question whether anarchy is dead, and these words are double-leaded: "Instead of strangling anarchy on the gallows, the hangman of Chicago played the part of a man midwife for anarchy." Continuing, Most says:

"As the cross is the symbol of Christianity, so will the gallows be the emblem of anarchy. If we should stigmatize as guilty those who have begun to commit gallows murders in Chicago, we would have to stop with Grinnell, Gilmer, and their accomplices. We must point first to ex-Powderly. It is well known how he has vented his rage against anarchy in general and the Chicago Anarchists in particular. He has turned away from the people and seeks to be a politician. The blood of our murdered brothers clings to his hands forever. And the gold which he undoubtedly received from the monopolists for his treachery leaves a blot never to be hidden."

Herr Most gives Henry George a dig for forgetting "the interests of the people," and adds: "In the end, however, every workingman who remained at home in cowardly fear when the time had come to prevent the fearful crime,

"Let us think of the future," he says. "The dead have left us their last will and testament, and we must execute it. A literature remains which will win to the new evangel hundreds of thousands of the wavering. Then comes organization, for had we been better organized then might not the hangman have been able to accomplish his work. The social revolution hastens. Woe to us if we are found wanting on the critical day! It were a waste of our force if we should now surrender to the enemy. We must get by cunning what we can't get in any other way. The battle shall be fought not by half measures. And if we are tempted to yield through weakness, let us remember the gallows of Chicago. Never forget Nov. 11, 1887."

In a long report of the parade of Anarchists in Broadway on Nov. 10 the writer says that never in America has a public demonstration been seen which was so truly revolutionary in character. "On the next morning," the report continues, "Mayor Hewitt, the night owl of the City Hall, was furious. He reprimanded the police because they had not forbidden the demonstration, and he blustered against the red flags."

MRS. STEVENS'S CASE IN COURT.

Some Hot Retorts Exchanged Between the Lawyers.

Yesterday was the day set for the beginning of the hearing before the Surrogate in the suit of Mrs. Paron Stevens to have John L. Welcher, Charles G. Stevens, and George B. Richardson, the executors of her husband's estate, removed on account of incompetency and improper management. Ex-Judge Noah Davis appeared for Mrs. Stevens, ex-Surrogate Delano C. Calvin for Lundy Paget, and John E. Burrell for the executors.

Judge Davis opened the case by asking an adjournment for two weeks in order that he might reply to the affidavits of the executors, alleging that Mrs. Stevens was responsible herself for what was wrong about the estate.

Mr. Burrill objected and declared that a party who came into court with such charges should be prepared to support them properly. "There is not one charge here that has not been made years ago, tried and passed upon in every court, in every instance adversely to Mrs. Stevens. They are untrue and cannot be sustained. She has engaged numerous counsel of prominence, but has overthrown their efforts at settlement. She has frequently consented to settlement of the various phases of litigation and has as often overthrown such consent and settlement. In one instance some fifteen months was spent in arranging a basis of settlement, but she returned from Europe, objected to it, although she knew it had been in progress, employed new counsel, and started on a new career of litigation." Mr. Burrill reviewed the different features of the fifteen years of litigation of the estate, and declared that her charges should be sustained and the executors removed or she should be compelled to abandoned her petition.

Judge Davis asserted that for fifteen years these parties had been kept in litigation, which to him seemed entirely unnecessary. "They have continued this protracted litigation until they have driven the woman, I think, almost to insanity. The constant friend or foe—the gout—of my opponent has postponed this case time and time again."

"You have been laboring under the same difficulty, I fear," said Mr. Burrill, smiling.

"Not since I have been in this case," was the rejoinder of the ex-Judge. "It seems to me to be a suspicious circumstance that the desire of these executors has been to keep this woman out of this property for the purpose of leaving something more for the enjoyment of somebody else. There are really live issues in this matter touching the distress which has been heaped down upon one whom, in my opinion, notwithstanding her faults, has been sadly and grievously wronged. Such things have been done in this proceeding that your Honor will lay your judicial hand upon with a grasp that will not be readily relaxed. If it turns out that the rest of this woman's life must be harassed by such conduct as these executors and trustees have compelled her to submit to—if that turns out to be the case we must submit, and we ask the right to make the issue and to meet it."

Ex-Surrogate Calvin supported the claim of ex-Judge Davis, and Mr. Burrill, in answering their remarks, took occasion to say that Calvin was the occasion of a great deal of the litigation. "I can hardly keep my temper when he comes into court and seeks to undo what has been done in this litigation for fifteen years." He charged the fact to be that all the litigation for some years past was due to the fact that Mr. Calvin, while Surrogate, had decided the case, but that none of the parties had any faith in the decision, and never took it up for a decree until two years after, and then ex-Judge Choate, the referee, in the suit for an accounting over the estate, refused to recognize it.

Mr. Calvin replied to this personal attack by saying: "While Mr. Burrill has been pretending to represent Mrs. Stevens and her interests he has been her traducer from beginning to end."

Mr. Burrill's retort was: "That statement is entirely unfounded."

"That we will meet at Philippi or elsewhere," replied the ex-Surrogate.

"We will attend to that outside," interjected Mr. Burrill.

Surrogate Rollins stopped further personalities by saying that if there was any dispute as to the facts, he did not have any time to take testimony in the case because it is now so near the end of his term. He postponed the motion until the 30th inst., and directed that the reply of Mrs. Stevens to the affidavits of the executors be furnished within the coming week.

It's Laughable—This "Slinging of Mud" At Pearline. Consider its immense success.—406

THERE'LL BE NO SHOOTING.

FRED GEBHARD SENDS FRIENDS TO EXPLAIN TO HILLIARD.

But the Lily Sends Mr. Hilliard Away Forever—He Pestered her, She Says, and it is Said that he Kissed her Unoccupied Shoes.

Bob Hilliard and Fred Gebhard are not going to shoot each other. A peace has been patched up between them, but Mrs. Langtry has parted with Hilliard forever.

The letter written by Mr. Gebhard on Wednesday, in answer to the written demand of Mr. Hilliard for the names of the former's friends who had insulted Mrs. Hilliard and Mrs. Dixey at Mrs. Langtry's play in the Harlem Theatre Comique on Monday night, was a flat denial that his friends had acted in the manner charged. This looked like a reflection on the veracity of the ladies, and only tended to incense Mr. Hilliard the more. He started out yesterday morning to get satisfaction. He wore a ruby tie and a blood-red rose. Mr. Hilliard went straight to the Mohican Club in West Twenty-seventh street, and was overjoyed to find Gebhard's card awaiting him. The steward said the card had been left there at 6 o'clock on Tuesday evening by Mr. Gebhard, who was in charge of a friend.

"The gents said," continued the steward, "that they would be here again at 12½ o'clock to-day, and would Mr. Hilliard meet them?"

Mr. Hilliard snapped his teeth and said he would. Then he went out and hunted up Ed Aronson and Col. Charles Rice, who represented Mr. Dixey in the trouble, and at 12½ o'clock sharp these gentlemen were imploring Mr. Hilliard to keep calm and to meet Gebhard as tenderly as he could.

They strode about the parlors of the club until 1 o'clock, when Hilliard seized a pen and dashed off this lurid note:

MOHEGAN CLUB, Nov. 17.

DEAR SIR: As I have received your note of last night and have not been able to see you, I would like to meet you as soon as convenient. I must either see you or receive an apology from you or your friends unless I shall have a satisfactory meeting with them. I hold you responsible for the outrageous manner in which my wife and Mrs. Henry E. Dixey were treated by your friends on Monday night. I will wait here until half past 1 for an answer, or to meet you in person. If I do not hear from you by that time I will be here again between 4 and 5 o'clock this afternoon. Yours,

ROBERT C. HILLIARD.

It will be observed that "Mohican" is spelled "Mohegan," and this is put down to intense excitement. The letter was enclosed and addressed to

Fred Gebhard, or Ned Wight, or George De Forrest Grant, Union Club.

The letter was sent by a special messenger, and then Mr. Hilliard and his friends strolled about the neighborhood of the Mohican Club for two hours. No answer arriving in this time, Mr. Hilliard eased his mind by writing another note, similar to the first, and sending it to the Union Club.

The three gentlemen worried around until 4 o'clock, at which hour they were trying to cool off in the club by indulging in uncomplimentary comments regarding Gebhard and by occasionally indulging in draughts of rye. Blakely Hall was deeply engaged in urging Hilliard to take no apology, but to wipe out the insult with her-lud, when a steward rushed in and gasped:

"There's two gents in the hall what wants to see you suddent."

Heavy feet were heard without, struggling slowly up the carpeted stairs. A minute later a benign old gentleman faced the angry group in the parlor and introduced himself as Mr. Leonard Jerome, and his companion as Mr. De Courcy Forbes. He also stated that they had called in behalf of Mr. Gebhard, and were painfully anxious to discuss the misunderstanding that evidently existed between those gentlemen and Mr. Hilliard. Mr. Jerome was quite surprised to find him wrought up that the trouble was but a little cloud that could be wafted away with an exceedingly small expenditure of breath.

"I hope so," said Mr. Hilliard in a tone that froze the water in the pitcher.

The whole crowd then retired to a small room and ranged themselves about a table. Blakely Hall was selected as Chairman of the Board of Arbitration. On one side of the table were Messrs. Hilliard and Aronson. Facing them were Messrs. Jerome and Forbes. "Proceed, gentlemen," said the Chairman.

Mr. Jerome said impressively that his friend, Mr. Gebhard, and Mr. Gebhard's friends, Mr. Wight and Mr. Grant, were the guests of the Baron and Baroness Blanc on Monday night. Through the courtesy of Mrs. Langtry a box was set apart for the occupancy of the Baron and Baroness. The box was the lower one on the right-hand side of the entrance, and was the one nearest the stage. During the performance of "A Wife's Peril" Mr. Gebhard's attention was attracted by a quarrel that a man and woman were indulging in a short distance from the box. While he was viewing this trouble his eye alighted upon two servants of his who were occupying seats in the orchestra with female companions. This amused Mr. Gebhard so that he called the attention of Mr. Wight and Mr. Grant to it, and they were even more amused. They looked at the little group through their opera glasses and laughed, but they never—no, never—ogled the ladies in the adjoining box.

No explanation was given of the lifting of the curtain between the two boxes, or of the clause in the declaration of war which says that Mr. Wright and Mr. Grant followed Mrs. Hilliard and Mrs. Dixey out into the aisle after the performance was over.

"I want a written statement of this explanation for the public," said Mr. Hilliard, jabbing the table with his fingers.

Mr. Jerome was satisfied that he should have it as soon as he could get it, and he sincerely hoped nothing would be said about Mr. Gebhard's servants being in the theatre. This was agreed to, and this was written by Blakeley Hall:

This morning I wrote to Mr. Gebhard, demanding an explanation or an apology for his contradiction of the statement of Mrs. Hilliard and Mrs. Dixey, concerning the occurrence at the Harlem Comique on Monday night. I appointed 4 o'clock as the hour for the explanation. At that time Mr. Leonard Jerome and Mr. DeCourcy Forbes called at my club on behalf of Mr. Gebhard and his friends, and gave an explanation, which was accepted as satisfactory by me and by my friends, Mr. Blakely Hall, and Mr. Edward Aronson, who were present during the interview. Mr. Jerome and Mr. Forbes assured me that the whole affair originated in an unfortunate misapprehension; that there was no intention of showing the slightest disrespect to the ladies in the adjoining box, and that the "remarks and ogling" were directed to some people in the audience beyond the box occupied by Mrs. Hilliard and Mrs. Dixey, but in the line of vision of the Gebhard party.

I write this letter in justice to all parties concerned. Yours truly, ROBERT HILLIARD.

Mr. Hilliard immediately went up to the theatre to prepare for his part of *Dolly Daysay* in "A Hot Scotch." Looking at her lovely face played last night. He said to a reporter on Wednesday that he feared Mrs. Langtry would not permit him to play after the publication of the stories that appeared yesterday, and he was right. Mrs. Langtry, who is pronounced "Longtry" by theatrical people, was on hand early. The moment she saw Mr. Hilliard she approached him and said, tetly:

"Your connection with this company will terminate *at once*. You will receive your salary for two weeks."

Mr. Hilliard hurried out with the remark to a reporter that at the end of the two weeks he would sue Mrs. Langtry for his salary for the entire season.

Five reporters marched solemnly down the side aisle of the Harlem Theatre last night and took seats in the box that was occupied by Mrs. Hilliard and Mrs. Dixey on Monday night. The reporters had in the meanwhile sent several messages to Mrs. Langtry that an interview with her would be deemed a favor of the greatest magnitude. At the conclusion of the second act, Mr. Townsend, a personal friend of Mrs. Langtry, hustled into the box with the information that the actress would see THE SUN reporter. The other reporters turned green. THE SUN reporter wended his way through an interminable labyrinth of armor, bogus moons, and rusty furniture, until he met an elderly English lady, who placed her finger upon her lips and whispered:

"Mrs. Langtry will see you in a minute." In a minute the reporter entered her dressing room. It was a pretty little box hung round with lace curtains and heavy with perfume. A big mirror hung on the wall, and near this stood the handsome English actress. She was dressed for her part. A shimmering robe of silk, barred with stripes of old gold and green, draped her form. A basque of velvet stretched across her beautiful shoulders. Her shapely head was bare. She shook the reporter's hand heartily, and said:

"This SUN has treated me very cruelly."

"I discharged Mr. Hilliard," she said, "because he was so inattentive and was not subject to discipline. He would not take proper care of his part and failed to prepare himself carefully. I had made up my mind some time ago to dispense with his services. It is untrue that this step was taken just now, but it had to be taken, and why not now as well as at any other time? Mr. Hilliard used to pester me with gifts of flowers, and by seeking many unnecessary interviews, and by doing many other absurd things. [It is said that Mr. Hilliard once kissed Mrs. Langtry's shoes, the shoes being at the time unoccupied.] I do not deny that Mr. Hilliard has many qualities that go to make a good actor, but he is so very careless. That is his greatest fault."

A messenger interrupted Mrs. Langtry by hurrying in and saying that she was wanted for the third act. The play was going on, and in the first scene of this act *Lord Udolpho Dayspy* says: "Where is Mrs. Despard?" *Mrs. Despard* is Mrs. Langtry. When this question was asked, one of the jealous reporters in the box leaned out and hoarsely whispered: "She is being interviewed by a SUN reporter."

The whisper reached the stage and caused some slight embarrassment, for the part of *Dolly Daysay* was being played by Mr. Sidney Herbert, Mr. Hilliard's understudy, and he was not familiar with all its little points.

THE SUN has received this letter:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: In your issue of to-day you print an interview with Mr. Hilliard, at present a member of my company, which contains many misstatements. I conceive, however, that it is becoming in me to take notice of only one of these. Mr. Hilliard asserts that in speaking to him I coupled the name of Mme. Modjeska with terms of the most vulgar abuse. That I should formally deny such a ridiculous statement is due only to my feeling of irritation and surprise at the cowardly blow struck so admirable an actress and so estimable a woman, through me. I therefore beg explicitly to say that at no time and in no place have I spoken of Modjeska save as one who honored the profession of which I am a member. LOTTIE LANGTRY.

301 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, Nov. 17.

All the trouble is over, and the public can please itself in deciding just why Mr. Hilliard was discharged, and who came out ahead in the fight, Mr. Hilliard or Mr. Gebhard.

AN ENGLISH YACHT TO CHALLENGE.

Mr. Sweet Won't Race for the America Cup Under the New Deed.

The topic among yachtsmen last night was a despatch from London announcing that the Royal Clyde Yacht Club had decided not to challenge for the America cup on behalf of Mr. Charles Sweet, on the ground that the conditions, as changed by the New York Yacht Club, are "unjust and unsportsmanlike."

The secretary of the Royal Clyde, under date of Oct. 29, notified the New York Yacht Club that Mr. Sweet would try to capture the cup with a cutter 69 or 70 feet on the water line. Mr. Sweet said last night that the provisions of the new deed of gift, made on Oct. 28, had decided him to write to the Royal Clyde Yacht Club that he did not consider that a seventy-foot boat would have a fair show in a contest for the cup. Besides, Mr. Sweet said, the sentiment of American yachtsmen was opposed to the racing of second-class boats for the cup. Members of the Royal Clyde, after reading a copy of the new deed of gift which Mr. Sweet sent to the club, were unanimous in declaring that the club should withdraw the notification of its intention to challenge for Mr. Sweet.

The New York Yacht Club has not received any official notice to this effect, but Superintendent Nelis Olsen said the notice was doubtless on its way here. Commodore Gerry said he failed to see the justice of the criticism of the new deed. It was true that the club preferred to see a race for the cup between yachts of the first class.

"It would not be pitting the best yachts in the world against each other if two catboats were the contestants for the cup," said the Commodore, "and the same objection is applicable to a race between cutters of the second class. It was the intention of the club to give an inducement to foreign yachtsmen to build a first-class boat. But even if a second-class boat were sent over it is very probable that the challenging club and the challenged club would make their own conditions, as provided in the new deed, as to the races. It is only in case they fail to come to terms that the challenger is obliged to sail two (or three, if necessary) outside races, without time allowance, with any yacht the challenged club may select. The terms of the deed of gift are just as fair to a big foreign yacht as a big Yankee yacht."

Mr. Sweet said the failure of the two clubs to agree about the races would place his 70-foot cutter at the mercy of a boat like the Volunteer. He said he believed that no cutter of the water-line length of the Volunteer could be made to beat the centreboarder. Designer Watson was inclined to share this belief, and he therefore advised Mr. Sweet to build a 54-foot cutter. Mr. Sweet thought he could do as well, if not better, with a 70-foot keel. This length was determined upon by Mr. Sweet and the designer. Mr. Sweet said that no Scotch club would challenge next year, but that an English one would, and that the cutter representing it would be of the narrow type and 90 feet on the water line. This is the limit of length allowed to single stickers in the deed of gift. Mr. Sweet said that we would soon hear from the new cup hunter.

CIGAR MANUFACTURERS EAT.

Two Hundred of Them Dined in Delmonico's Banquet Hall.

The delegates to the Third National Convention of Cigar Manufacturers that has been in session two days in a big parlor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel were in Delmonico's big banquet hall last night, filling the room with wreaths of fragrant smoke, and as happy and jolly as any 200 men who ever gathered in that hospitable place. The occasion was a banquet given by the Gotham cigar men to the visiting manufacturers.

As soon as the diners arrived, a bright-faced little lad fixed in the lapel of each man a daisy in full bloom. Each daisy was imported from Italy expressly for the banquet. Each was made of silver filigree, with a centre of pure gold. About the banquet table were grouped designs in confection suggesting the progress of the cigar industry.

Edward Heyman presided. About him sat Judge John R. Brady, ex-Senator F. A. Schroeder of Brooklyn, F. B. Thurber, David Hirsh, the man with six grandchildren and the "Nestor" of the cigar trade, and Charles Fuller of Springfield, Mass., the permanent Chairman of the Convention. M. S. Wise, and Joseph Oppenheim, the famous advocate of "bunching by machinery." Others who helped to eat the dinner were S. Shauss, F. Jacoby, E. Kaufmann, F. Hirsh, S. Heyman, A. Lichtenstein, M. Monne, F. A. Ford, E. Seidenberg, Siegfried Levy, J. M. Ron, I. Haya, and M. S. Bondy.

Ice cream was served in tiny cigar boxes or moulded into the form of a bunch of cigars and tied with silk ribbon, and when coffee was served each man got a morocco case full of cigars.

After the toast, "Our Common Country," ex-Senator Shroeder offered the sentiment that the cigarmakers loved America even better than their native country of Germany, and the whole 200 feasters gave three cheers for America and President Cleveland, and rising in a body sang together "The Star Spangled Banner."

Manufacturer Joe Oppenheim roused enthusiasm by declaring that "the cigar industry" gave employment to 400,000 men and women, and everybody cheered anew when he said that the day was coming when cigars would be made entirely by machinery. There was another outburst of cheers when Merchant Thurber said that the welfare of the cigar manufacturers was bound up and decendent upon the welfare of the 400,000 men and women to whom the industry gave employment.

TWO GIRL BURGLARS.

Captured and Locked Up After Taking Clothing from a Tenement Room.

Mary P. Delaney, a bright girl, 15 years old, and Mamie Archibald, aged 11 years, who live in the tenement house 296 East Eightieth street, were arrested last night on a charge of burglary. The arrest was made on the complaint of Thomas Gould, a laborer, who lives in the same tenement. When Mr. Gould came home from work last night, his seven-year-old son Tommy told his father that he had seen the two girls coming out of their room with a bundle of wearing apparel in their arms. Mr. Gould valued the clothing which was stolen at $40. The little girls were arrested and taken to the Eighty-eighth street station.

The girls' parents are respectable laboring people, and protested when their children were arrested that there must be some mistake, but the little girls said nothing. Capt. O'Connor closely questioned them at the station house and then they began to cry.

"We don't know nothing about no robbery," Mary Delaney sobbed. "We never stole nothing."

Little Mamie Archibald was equally emphatic in denying all knowledge of the robbery. The police look on the children as Fagins, and believe that they have robbed other rooms in the neighborhood at the instigation of some one older than themselves.

Funeral of "Old January."

Precisely at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon the coffin containing the remains of Ira Janree was removed from the undertaking establishment of Charles A. Senior, 1,269 Broadway, and was taken to Greenwood Cemetery for interment. There were no services at the place and only about twenty-five of the dead gambler's acquaintances were present. At Greenwood the body was met by a Masonic lodge of which Janree was a member, and the burial was conducted according to the Masonic rites.

A UNION LEAGUE SCANDAL.

MONEY RAISED FOR TOM PLATT RETURNED TO SUBSCRIBERS.

In the Ardor of Piling Up an Enormous Republican Election Fund 300 Candidates for Admission to the Club were Asked to Chip In, and That Looked Very Bad.

For the first time in many years the conduct of a member of the Union League Club has occasioned comment and criticism in that august body, and, wonderful to relate, the stir is over the practice, hoary and sacred in the club, of raising a plethoric campaign fund to help the Republican machine to get votes in the general elections. The disturbance among the members has been going on since election day, when the State, county, and city Republican tickets were defeated by the grand rally of the straight Democracy; but not until yesterday was it generally known that Mr. Alfred R. Whitney, the iron merchant at 17 Broadway, and a prominent member of the club, was the cause of all the rumpus. It is declared that Mr. Whitney displayed such zeal in collecting funds to back up the Republican nominees in the recent campaign that the Executive Committee of the club was compelled to check him.

Mr. Whitney is credited with having sent not only to members of the club, but to the long list of men nominated for membership and awaiting election, the circular asking for contributions to meet the large expenses of the Republican campaign. This, it was declared, was contrary to all previous customs in the club, and, furthermore, Mr. Whitney's action was wholly unauthorized by the club.

During the heat of the campaign a committee of fifty was appointed to corral subscriptions from good Republicans outside of the club. Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, is a prominent member of the Union League, and he, as well as other members, contributed liberally at club meetings to the campaign fund. It was thought advisable, however, to ask outsiders to join in the noble work of reform, and Mr. Whitney was made Chairman of the committee of fifty appointed for that purpose. Mr. Whitney and his committee dunned everybody in and out of the club, and a couple of hundred got together, but the exigencies of the occasion must have been considered startling, for three hundred outsiders, nominated for membership in the club and awaiting admission or blackballing, received the circular, and over that fact has sprung the trouble. Of course the club men don't imagine that Mr. Whitney intended to hold out to the waiting ones hopes of an earlier election if they contributed. He was credited simply with an ardent desire to save the State for the Republican party and with taking it for granted that men who desired to join the club would undoubtedly be willing to help the party. But they said that Mr. Whitney had not been empowered to break one of the oldest customs in the club and tax the waiting men. It would be time enough to draw on their pocketbooks after they were admitted members.

The Executive Committee learned after the election that the circulars had been sent out among the waiting men, and they promptly directed Mr. Whitney to notify those who had contributed that their money would be returned to them. Acting on these instructions, Mr. Whitney sent a copy of this letter to all of the waiting men who had contributed:

NEW YORK, Nov. 10, 1887.

DEAR SIR: By direction of the Executive Committee of the Union League Club, I beg to say that the circular of date Nov. 2, 1887, signed by me as Chairman of the "Committee of Fifty," was intended for members of the club only.

Its transmission to candidates for admission was unauthorized, and is disapproved by the club. Respectfully yours, A. R. WHITNEY.

P.S.—Checks will be returned to all those who contributed.

Mr. Whitney was quite disturbed when speaking last night in his home, 850 Madison avenue, about the breeze. He said:

"I sent the circular to the waiting men on my own responsibility. Neither the club nor the Committee of Fifty, of which I was Chairman, knew that I had asked for contributions from the men nominated for membership in the club. The club is not at all to blame. I simply asked the waiting men to contribute if they wished to. Whether they complied with the request or not would not affect their chances of election. I sent the circular to about 300 of the waiting ones. About fifteen responded. They sent $450 altogether. Every cent has been returned. I have not a copy of the circular sent out handy or I would willingly give you one."

Several members of the club were asked how much altogether the club raised, but they wouldn't tell whether it was $50,000 or $100,000.

MR. FOX WILL BE PRESIDENT.

The Canal Street Clothier Gets Control of a Swell Fifth Avenue Bank.

Mr. Joseph Fox will be the President of the Columbia Bank, at Fifth avenue and Forty-second street, after Jan. 1. Two weeks ago he bought out the interest of President John H. Watson of 671 Fifth avenue, and enough other stock to give him a controlling interest. On Friday he was elected a director, taking the place of Theodore E. Smith.

Mr. Smith hypothecated his 150 shares of stock, par value $15,000, for $10,000, and this small block was put up at auction recently. The sale was advertised only once in one morning newspaper, and only two persons besides the auctioneer, it is said, were present at the sale. One of them, Mr. D. H. Rowland, the cashier, says, was Mr. Fox, or his representative, who bought the stock at $68.75 a share.

The bank was organized several years ago by Elliott F. Shepard, son-in-law of the late William H. Vanderbilt. Mr. Shepard said last night that three years ago, when he went to Europe, he sold out his interest in the bank to Mr. Watson. Mr. Shepard said that Mr. Fox had bought a controlling interest in the bank at an average of par, and would be the next President, but that Mr. Watson would remain there until Mr. Fox had become familiar with the business of the bank. Whoever bought stock at $68.75 a share, Mr. Shepard said, got a big bargain.

Mr. Benjamin Griffen, the Vice-President, said that he had sold out his stock at par to a broker. He could not say whether or not Mr. Fox had bought the stock from the broker.

Mr. Fox is of the clothing firm of Fox, Mendel & Brother, 265 Canal street.

"I wanted to leave the clothing business for the banking business," said Mr. Fox last night, looking as fresh and innocent as a daisy. "I saw a chance to buy the controlling interest in the Columbia Bank. I paid 115. I did not buy any of the hypothecated stock. I don't know who bought that. I was welcomed to the bank because of my business integrity and high social standing. When Mr. Watson introduced me he told the directors that as I held the controlling interest I should be elected President, and that my friends would not come there until I was President. Some of my friends have bought stock in the bank. There will be no other change in the officers of the bank if the gentlemen performed their duties satisfactorily."

Mr. Fox was a member of a similar syndicate that a few years ago acquired possession of the Mechanics' and Traders' Bank in the Bowery, the stock of which Mr. Fox says has gone up in two years fifty points.

A Season of Gloom.

The County General Committee of the United Labor party met last night in a small room over Clarendon Hall. Gloom prevailed. Fred C. Leubuscher was elected Secretary.

The Executive Committee recommended the expulsion of John Nelson Bogart for supporting Steckler for Civil Justice and for publishing the *Labor Unionist* and aiding and giving comfort to the Progressive Labor party. Mr. Bogart was expelled.

Then the Chairman, John McMackin, asked the different leaders in the Assembly districts how they liked being snowed under. They said they would try and dig themselves out by next year.

Patrick J. Kelly, Chairman of the Eighteenth district, said that it was admitted by the Alderman who was elected in his district that the election cost him $23,000, while the money paid out for the entire ticket was $33,000. He thought that another such victory would bankrupt the old parties.

Senator Sloan Not a Candidate.

Senator George B. Sloan is not a candidate for President pro tempore of the next Senate. He said yesterday that he preferred the