PATRIOT, SOLDIER, AND POET.

CEREMONIES IN EULOGY OF JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Gov. Hill and Judge Fitzgerald Address a Monster Audience Gathered in the Metropolitan Opera House to Honor the Memory of the Dead Irish-Americans.

The Metropolitan Opera House was crowded from orchestra railing to the fifth balcony last night with people who had gathered to do honor to the name of the dead poet and Irish patriot, John Boyle O'Reilly. It was a solemn gathering, yet an enthusiastic one, composed of men and women in about equal proportions. It gathered quickly the moment the doors were open, and applauded every period on the programme. The programme was long, but the enthusiasm lasted to the very end.

The Irish societies of the city have been preparing for several weeks for the meeting. A general committee was appointed with Gov. Hill as Chairman and 132 prominent citizens as Vice-Presidents. Gov. Hill arrived in town in the afternoon and went to the Hoffman House. He was met there at 7¾ o'clock by the Sixty-ninth Regiment, under Col. Cavanagh, which had assembled to act as his escort to the Opera House. The regiment were full dress uniforms, blue trousers, white helmets, and white gloves. Bayne's band preceded the procession to the Opera House. Arriving there shortly before 8 o'clock the Governor was escorted down the middle aisle by Col. Cavanagh, followed by the staff of the regiment and a large committee of civilians in double file. His appearance aroused storms of applause, which continued until he had taken his seat behind the speaker's desk upon the stage. The non-commissioned officers of the regiment had previously ascended the platform, and the rank and file had taken seats in the rear.

After the Governor's arrival the rows of chairs immediately behind him were filled with guests of the evening, among whom were Mayor Orestes Cleveland of Jersey City, Eugene Kelly, ex-Commissioner James P. Coleman, Richard M. Walters, E. L. Farrell, Col. William L. Brown, ex-Commissioner Thomas Brennan, Mayor Gleason of Long Island City, Major P. M. Haverty, Brother Anthony of the Christian Brothers, Assemblyman John Connolly, ex-Senator James Daly, Col. M. C. Murphy, John J. Rogers, James G. Breslin, Major Edward Duffy, James J. Phelan, Recorder Smyth, O'Donovan Rossa, George H. Hepworth, Patrick Ford, Gen. James R. O'Beirne, and William H. Murtha. Eugene Kelly sat upon Gov. Hill's left and ex-Judge Edward Browne upon his right. Cappa's band occupied the orchestra enclosure in front and played "The Harp that Rang through Tara's Halls" and other Irish airs.

The exercises of the evening after the performance of "The Exile of Erin," by the band, began with ex-Judge Browne's introduction of Gov. Hill as the Chairman of the meeting. He spoke very briefly, and Gov. Hill's appearance was greeted with another storm of applause. The Governor appeared in perfect health and spirits. He was dressed in a closely-buttoned black frock coat, with trousers a shade lighter. He wore a turn down collar and a black tie. He spoke with evident feeling. He said:

GOV. HILL'S SPEECH.

"Fellow Citizens, Ladies, and Gentlemen: For this friendly greeting permit me to return my heartiest thanks. I rejoice at this opportunity afforded of joining with the citizens of New York in expressing our admiration for the life and character of that distinguished patriot whose name is upon every lip to-night, and whose friend, the friend of humanity, John Boyle O'Reilly. His name needs no introduction to an American audience. It is known throughout the whole liberty-loving world. The best years of his young life were spent in his efforts for the amelioration of his native land, and his brave struggles and heroic service and sacrifices have made their mark on the history of his time. Coming to this country a little more than twenty years ago a young man, friendless and penniless, but filled with ambition, enthusiasm, energy, and pluck, and endowed with gifts of a high order, he soon arose to eminence and achieved distinction in the literary world.

"I do not mean to detain you with any elaborate eulogy upon his life and services. Permit me to say further, however, that although Mr. O'Reilly was not a resident of our own State, it is fitting that his memory should be honored and his deeds commemorated throughout every part of this great republic. His grand career and glorious achievement illustrate what America has done for the young men of the world, and especially for the young men of Ireland. His success is a tribute to the influence of the free institutions of this free land. He possessed all the true elements of greatness. He was simple, honest, patriotic, honest, true, generous, and able. His memory will be dear to his countrymen everywhere, and dear to all the American people.

"It is true in his brief life he did not conquer countries; he did not burn cities, he did not command great armies, but he loved his native land and sought to serve his fellow-men. A crown may not deck his brow, but his memory will live in the honest affections of liberty-loving people everywhere."

The brief address was loudly applauded. After the playing of "The Wearing of the Green" by the band Judge James Fitzgerald delivered the oration of the evening. Among other things he said:

"Born upon the verdure-clad shores of holy Ireland, John Boyle O'Reilly learned her checkered out proud story alike from book and converse, and his young heart became filled with the glorious traditions of faith and fatherland, filled with a poetic nature, he felt the spirit of the people breathing through the plaintive but defiant ballads of their bards. The struggles through which their sires had passed, the glories of their achievements, all these memories and hopes caused him to enroll himself in the ranks of the revolutionary brotherhood then being organized in Ireland to make another effort for the grand old cause—the cause for which, until victory crowns the effort, the blood of Ireland will battle in the future, undeterred by past disaster, unintimidated by present danger. Britain might as well realize that justice will alone satisfy the Irish people, and that as long as England is unjust Ireland will be disaffected.

"O'Reilly had learned the trade of a printer in the newspaper offices in his native county, and was for some time employed as a reporter. He travelled professionally through the country and realized the terrible disadvantage at which the undisciplined peasantry were placed. While O'Reilly was poetical, he was also practical. He knew that military experience and training were necessary to any kind of campaign. The use of arms was prohibited in the country, and the prospect of acquiring the knowledge even of elementary drill was not encouraging. But our young friend determined that he would secure the coveted training, and with this object in view he conceived the bold project of joining one of the crack regiments in her Majesty's service. Of the life of O'Reilly as a trooper there is not a great deal to be told. While he wore the uniform of the Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, his loyalty was not due to her, her sceptre, or her crown. No; his allegiance belonged unreservedly to that ideal maiden who so long has wept above the broken harp—the dark Rosalin figurative of his vanquished but undespairing country.

"This is not the occasion to speak particularly of the movement that followed. We remember the crushing disasters that succeeded each other in these trying times. O'Reilly's efforts to win over from the ranks of his country's enemies recruits for the army of Ireland were discovered. He was arrested, tried by court martial, convicted, and sentenced to be shot. This judgment was subsequently commuted to imprisonment for twenty years. The young patriot was then consigned to a convict prison, dressed in the garb of a felon and forced to work and toil among gangs of English criminals.

"After serving some time in English penal institutions O'Reilly was transported to Western Australia. The exile's lot is a hard one, even under the most favorable circumstances. But exile on a prison ship, under brutal guards, with murderers and thieves for mess mates, and a dungeon on a distant colony as the ship haven in view must have been to our poor departed friend the very refinement of torture. Little did the minister imagine that in that far-off land would be found faithful and true Irish hearts who knew the story of Boyle O'Reilly, and loved him because of their knowledge of his life. A good project conceived the plot; a couple of brave settlers aided in its execution; the daring and endurance of the captive accomplished the rest. While performing his usual convict duties O'Reilly, with his outside friends, was preparing for his escape. When the opportune night arrived he took to the bush. A number was missing at roll call in the Australian prison the following morning. A man of soul and genius, of stout heart and great intellect, was on his way to freedom; struggling in the southern wilds it is true, disappointed for days; pursued by bloodhounds and by mounted guards, often threatened by recapture yet fearless and resolute. Out in an open boat on the surging sea, rowed by strong and willing a one to the stanch New Bedford whaler, where welcome and liberty awaited him.

"O'Reilly's career in America was indeed a magnificent one, creditable to him and creditable to the republic. Arriving penniless upon our shores, he entered upon the open avenues that stretched before all in this happy land. He settled in the midst of a community famed for learning and culture, and by his industry and great talents soon earned for himself recognition and proud distinction. New England was proud of her adopted child, and Old Ireland gloried in her distinguished and devoted son. No better citizen ever lived. He loved America with all the ardor of his glowing nature. Her Government was to him an ideal one. Loyal to her laws, if her honor was insulted or her integrity imperilled, gladly and promptly would he have sprung to their defence. No American or Americans ever loved the Union of States with more intensity of feeling than did he. And yet he was always and ever true to the dear land of his birth and ancestry—the suffering land to whose freedom his youth was dedicated, and in whose cause he so bravely dared and suffered.

"To sum up the career of Boyle O'Reilly, he was true to every obligation of life, to his native land, to the land of his adoption, to his fellow man. Nor creed nor class had for him distinction, nor color nor clime. He was true to his God, to the old Church of his fathers he was devotedly attached. He was tolerant of the religious opinions of all. For his eternal peace we who follow the faith of Patrick will ever pray, and the poet and artist of all time when picturing the perfect man can only paint him with the life colors of John Boyle O'Reilly."

Mr. O'Mahoney then sang several Irish songs, and Miss Inez Carmai also sang patriotic Irish songs to a harp accompaniment, and Joseph I. C. Clarke read a poem to the dead poet-patriot, Alfred Young recited John Boyle O'Reilly's poem "The Patriot's Grave," which called forth loud and prolonged applause.

After the band had played "The Lost Chord," Secretary James J. Clancy read letters from Postmaster Van Cott, T. C. Platt, Senator Hiscock, Gen. Howard, and Collector Erhardt, expressing regret at their inability to attend the meeting.

Gen. James R. O'Beirne then read a set of resolutions, which were passed by the great assemblage with a hearty will. As the audience dispersed, the band played Siegfried's funeral march.

John Boyle O'Reilly's Will.

BOSTON, Sept. 8.—The will of the late John Boyle O'Reilly was admitted to probate to-day. James S. Murphy, brother of the widow, has been empowered by the court to act as guardian of the children and will also be deputized by the widow to attend to the details which pertain to her in her capacity of sole executrix.

THIS MURDER YET A MYSTERY.

The Walshes Did Not Kill Mallaschitz—Suspicions of the Widow.

The first inquest held in the new Coroners' office at 124 Second avenue resulted yesterday in the exoneration of Richard and Sarah Walsh from the legal suspicion of having murdered Franz Mallaschitz, at 313 East Seventy-first street, on Sept. 1, and in the shifting of the crime to the shoulders of "some person or persons unknown." Something more definite than this was brought out at the examination of the dead man's wife, and it is just possible that her testimony may lead to another arrest.

A peculiar scene at the arrest of Mrs. Walsh was described by Policeman Patrick Green. He said that when he reached the place eleven-year-old Julia Walsh exclaimed to him: "My papa did not do it." Then her mother said: "Shut up——" and turning to the officer: "She knows nothing about it." Referring to her husband, Mrs. Walsh told Green that "he couldn't help getting into trouble." This remark she explains by saying that she meant he was naturally unlucky.

Eda Marthy, a dressmaker of 320 East Seventy-first street, said that after being summoned by Mrs. Mallaschitz to the house she asked the dying man who had cut him. He did not tell her. He only moaned "Meitzel Meitzel" a pet name that Mrs. Mallaschitz says he applied to his stepdaughter, Marie Schestak. Marie Kodat, a Bohemian, stated that when she asked Mallaschitz who had stabbed him he answered, in Bohemian, "Ah! God——." Something followed in his Vienna dialect that she could not understand. She had previously said that he exclaimed, "Ah! God, the neighbor."

Mrs. Mallaschitz, the widow, was called, and Assistant District Attorney Grosse both examined and interpreted. Mrs. Mallaschitz admitted that she had been a midwife in Austria, and had got into trouble over a young girl on whom a criminal operation was performed. The dead man was her second husband. He was 86 years old, and she was nearly 52. When he first struck the bed she asked: "Dear husband, tell me one word at least. Who has injured you?" She says he groaned: "Oh, God! Oh, God!" and then followed two words which Mr. Grosse interpreted as "Neighbor, neighbor."

Mrs. Mallaschitz said that while two of the keys found in the hall were her husbands, a third and a leather pocketbook were missing. She didn't know how much money was in the pocketbook. There wasn't much. She was never jealous of her husband. Her husband had had some trouble with a young man who lived in the house about a disturbance made by him and a young girl he was with in the hallway. Sheetgir, the witness declared, was in league with Mrs. Walsh. After Mrs. Walsh left the house on Monday night, she (Mrs. Mallaschitz) could hear her husband's voice and more than two others. She had heard sounds as of a quarrel earlier in the evening, and about the time her husband came in stabbed, some door was slammed shut.

The detectives say that they know the young man mentioned in Mrs. Mallaschitz's testimony. They won't give his name yet. Detective Martin does not believe that he was concerned in the murder.

The Walshes got to the Yorkville Court too late to be liberated yesterday afternoon, and had to spend another night in confinement.

TRACKS TORN UP.

A Futile Attempt of the Central Railroad to Capture Jersey City Streets.

Mayor Cleveland of Jersey City spent Sunday at his summer residence in Morristown. Almost the first thing he did upon reaching his office yesterday morning was to pick up THE SUN. His eyes sparkled when he read the item telling how the Central Railroad authorities had attempted to run a spur from their depot at Communipaw to the Griffith Iron Works on the bank of the Morris Canal, about a half mile distant. He at once wrote a letter to Edward A. Dugan, Chairman of the Committee on Streets of the Board of Street and Water Commissioners, directing him to see that the tracks which had been placed across Van Horn and Woodward streets were promptly removed.

The Street and Water Board was in session when Commissioner Dugan received the Mayor's letter. He immediately had a resolution passed calling upon the Corporation Counsel to take the proper legal steps to prevent the company from stealing the streets. Later in the day the Commissioners decided to act in the matter at once, and let the railroad do the fighting in the courts. At 7:30 o'clock last night Street Commissioner Tumulty, backed up by seventy men, armed with shovels and picks, started for the scene. Upon arriving at Van Horn street they were met by Commissioners Dugan and Powers. Two sets of tracks covered the street, and in a jiffy the seventy shovels and picks were in motion. The tracks were torn from the ties, and soon the street was free from obstruction.

While the city employees were at work a tall man walked up to Commissioner Somers, who was superintending the job, and in the name of the railroad company protested against the removal of the tracks. He made no effort, however, to stop the work, and didn't tarry long. The laborers, after clearing Van Horn street, proceeded to Woodward street and tore up the tracks at this point. These were the only two streets on which the company had laid tracks. A squad of policemen stood guard over the laborers while they were working on the tracks, and they remained on the scene all night to see that the railroad people didn't attempt to lay the tracks over again. The railroad company will probably try and get an order restraining the city authorities from interfering with them in laying the spur.

He Took Laudanum.

There was a man found dead Saturday night at Patchogue. At first it was believed that he had been struck by lightning, but it was afterward learned that he had taken a dose of laudanum. Nothing was found on the body revealing the man's name. He was a German, and apparently about 50 years old. On a tract in his coat pocket was written the following addresses: "83 Irving place" and "1,083 DeKalb avenue." On a card was written "Mrs. Farrell, 462 West Thirty-fourth street," and "Capt. Sam Home."

Accidentally Shot while Gunning.

John Furey, aged 18, of Lewis street, and Charles Dawson of 62 Union street, Union Hill, went gunning on Sunday afternoon in the swamp land near Snake Hill. Dawson put Furey's gun to his shoulder to see how it fitted. It went off, and the shot entered Furey's neck and face. He fell to the ground unconscious. Dr. De Groof found that the shot had entered his left eye and destroyed the sight. He is in a precarious condition.

The Death of Benjamin A. Baker.

At a meeting of the trustees of the Actors' Fund yesterday resolutions of regret at the death of Benjamin A. Baker, Assistant Secretary of the Fund, were adopted. The trustees invite all members of the theatrical profession to attend the funeral of Mr. Baker at the Church of the Transfiguration at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning.

Chicago, via Detroit.

The elegant North Shore Limited—the only afternoon limited train out of New York—leaves Grand Central Station every day at 4:30 P. M. for Detroit, Chicago and the West, via the New York Central, "America's greatest railroad."—adv.

A SUCCESSFUL CLUB FOR WOMEN.

Four Hundred Members—New and Its Old Quarters Outgrown.

Ten months ago the Ladies' New York Club was started at 154 Lexington avenue with thirty-five members; yesterday it began another period in new and better quarters at 28 East Twenty-second street with 400 members. The increase in membership is due to the fact that the club in Lexington avenue furnished something that a large class of women in and around New York had long wanted. The quarters in Lexington avenue were not adequate in accommodation nor sufficiently central.

When the club was started at the beginning of last winter it was explained that the object was not to make the house a home for a few and a gathering place for social purposes for many, just as are most men's clubs; the scheme was rather that the house should be a place where women out shopping might drop in for luncheon, or to meet some other woman or for similar purposes. It was also intended that a woman whose town home might be closed could find in the club a resting and sleeping place in her occasional visits to the city from her temporary home in the country. Another cause for the forming of the club was the need felt by women residing in other towns of some place in New York that would serve them instead of a hotel.

The membership of the club is about equally divided between women living in New York and women from other places. There are on the roll names from many towns on Long Island, in New Jersey, and up the Hudson. Some women are from Boston, Stamford, New Haven, and other New England cities; from Rochester, Buffalo, and other Western towns, and one comes from as far away as Pass Christian, Miss. These non-resident members go to the club instead of a hotel, and if the sleeping rooms are not all engaged they find in the club a pleasanter place to tarry than any hotel would be. As one visitor from Long Island said yesterday:

"I am stopping in our country place and had to come to the city for two days. My home here is locked up and the servants are away. If it weren't for the club I'd have to go to a hotel and have a maid with me. But being a member of the club, I can dispense with the maid and come here almost the same as if I were coming to the house of a friend."

The 400 who are now on the rolls of the organization are not the 400 of Ward McAllister solely, though his daughter is one of the members. In fact, the intention and desire is not to limit admission to those alone who form what is commonly denominated "society." The requisites are that applicants shall be gentlewomen—and this term does not exclude those who teach and otherwise work for their support—and that the applicant shall be known personally to three of the present members. A candidate is proposed by one, and seconded by another, while the third name on the paper of proposal must be that of some one who can confirm what the others say. City members pay an initiation fee of $20; non-residents pay no initiation fee; all members pay $30 each as yearly dues.

It will be a few days yet before the club rooms will be in complete order. The house is an English basement, the first floor being occupied by Mrs. Henry Wright Shelton, President of the club. The main floor above is divided into the drawing room, the dining room, and the library. The drawing room will be finished in gold and white, the dining room will have less color, while the library will be brilliant with sunshine from its southern exposure. The space above will be used for sleeping rooms, of which there will be five. No member may keep a room for more than two weeks at a time. In the other house the limit was one week, but that house had only three sleeping rooms.

Ever since its start the Ladies' Club has made a feature of its kitchen. The house is open from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. and at almost any hour it has been possible to get a good breakfast, luncheon, or dinner, according to the time of day. The service is à la carte, the cooking is reputed to be excellent, and the prices are moderate. The greatest number of women are present between noon and 3 P. M.

Each day at 5 o'clock, the hour for afternoon tea at the club, there are no men about the house. It is not even thought the proper thing for a woman to have her husband meet her there. As Mrs. President Shelton says: "Women don't go to men's clubs, so why should they come to ours?"

ONLY PRETTY SCHOOLMARMS WANTED.

That is the Announcement by the New Britain, Conn., Board of Education.

HARTFORD, Sept. 8.—That a school teacher should be regarded as an undesirable instructor because she is so unfortunate as not to be pretty is somewhat surprising, yet this is the position apparently taken by the principal of the State Normal School in New Britain. The facts in the case have recently been made public, and President Carroll of the Normal School has come in for much unfavorable comment. Last week Miss Carrie E. Wells of Youngstown, Ohio, was hired to teach gymnastics in the school, and on Tuesday she arrived in New Britain with her sister and reported for duty. She was shown over the buildings and her duties explained to her, and was told to report on Thursday.

The principal sent a note to her sister on the same day asking to see her at once, and the sister was told that the principal had decided not to keep Miss Wells in the place. The Board of Education would pay her a month's salary and her expenses and send her home. The only reason assigned was that she was too homely, as the professor expressed it. It was said by those who met her that while she was plain, she had engaging manners and she soon ingratiated herself with all who met her. Her fitness for the place professionally was not and could not be questioned.

When Prof. Carroll was seen he seemed disturbed that the facts had leaked out, and was displeased that what he called a personal matter had been dragged before the public. "The facts in the case," he continued, "are these: Miss Wells had been hired for three months, but when the authorities saw her they decided that for the best interests of all concerned she should not be permitted to begin her work. This is all I have to say. I know the decision was warranted, and that it will be the best in the end."

From another source it was learned that Miss Wells, who had engaged board with a family on Cedar street, was told by Mr. Hine, the Secretary of the State Board of Education, that the only objection to her was her personal defects. Mr. Hine admitted to her in conversation that she was fully competent for the place. The "defects" are scars on the teacher's face, the result of a kick from a horse in childhood. The Normal School authorities are much worried by the criticism to which they have been subjected.

Buried His Teeth in His Own Arm.

James McShane of 516 East Fifteenth street gave five policemen of the Eighteenth precinct and several attendants at the Bellevue Hospital a lively time last evening. At about 9 o'clock Policeman Patrick Cox was called into the house to arrest him, and McShane attacked him with an iron bar from a grating. The officer got hit or kicked badly in the leg, but managed with help to get McShane down and hold him until four more policemen arrived. He had delirium tremens and they deposited him in Bellevue. He went wild there, buried his teeth in his arm and filled the building with his cries. Dr. Peck managed to give him a morphine injection while he lay on the floor. He rolled over, caught in his teeth a pillow that had been under his head and worried it for fifteen minutes. He was finally secured with belt and handcuffs and carried on a stretcher to the cage.

Promise to Save Her from Potter's Field.

An inquest into the death of Lizzie Brown, who was burned to death on Sunday evening at 54 Lexington avenue, will be held to-day at 10 A. M. Mrs. Henrietta Hasbrouck, in whose house the girl lived, said yesterday that she would provide a private burial for the young woman, and a despatch from Providence, the girl's home, said the body would be buried in that city. Up to 10 o'clock last night, however, neither her parents nor Mrs. Hasbrouck had notified the authorities of Bellevue Hospital, where Miss Brown died. Mrs. Hasbrouck denies that any one was in the room with the girl when her dress caught fire from a cigarette, and says that the girl had set things afire before by her carelessness in smoking.

Arranged for Her Own Funeral.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 8.—On last Thursday Mrs. Frances Wiemer, 72 years of age, called on Undertaker Bebuh and said she had come to make arrangements for her funeral. She said she was feeling ill and had a presentiment that she was going to die. She said she had $25 in bank which the undertaker could have after decently interring her body. After giving all directions she left and was seen no more alive.

Last evening Mrs. Menzel, a friend of Mrs. Wiemer, called to see her and found her dead in bed. Her presentiment had been fulfilled. Coroner Cockrell investigated the case and found that death was due to natural causes. The undertaker at once proceeded to carry out the woman's orders.

Didn't Really Mean to Drown Herself.

When Mrs. Lillie Young, the chorus girl of the "Pearl of Pekin" opera company, who jumped overboard into the bay from the Iron Steamboat Cepheus on Sunday off Bay Ridge, was arraigned in the Tombs Police Court yesterday she told Justice Smith that she did not know what she was doing when she committed the rash act. She was discharged.

FOUR THEATRES COMMENCE.

GOOD FUN DOMINANT IN EACH OF THE NEW PERFORMANCES.

Gillette's Farce, "All the Comforts of Home," Played Finely at Proctor's by Some of Charles Frohman's Comedians.

The new season was commenced with fun at four of our theatres last evening, but the only novelty in all the merriment was at Proctor's, where "All the Comforts of Home" had its first New York performance. The occasion had a serious interest, notwithstanding that the play was only a farce. A contingent of the players engaged by Charles Frohman for an established company, of whom much is expected, made their appearance in this initiatory entertainment. The piece was the work of William H. Gillette, author of some very successful dramatic works, and who has been peculiarly happy in placing his own and other writers' humor on the stage. These facts were reasons enough for a large and representative assemblage of people who like to see the first, as well as the best, of all that is offered to the public. They made a fine audience to appeal to, and one whose laughter was not to be easily started or maintained. At the end of the third act they demanded a sight of the dramatist, not knowing that he was absent and very ill. They recalled the actors, they applauded as well as laughed at the especially good scenes, and they gave to the production the stamp of a success.

The basis of "All the Comforts of Home" is Carl Laufs German comedy, "Ein Toller Einfall," which was enacted at Amberg's Theatre two years ago. By way of a plot it has a jealous husband, who takes his family off on a tour, leaving a nephew in charge of a large and luxurious house. This fellow turns his temporary possessions to account by renting out the rooms. The tenants are an odd assortment of comic personages, to all of whom the fraudulent landlord promises "all the comforts of home." They produce all the discomforts of bedlam, however, for they annoy and assist one another, fall in love and into equally sincere hate, and become involved in a complexity of troubles. The evolution of fun is brisk from the start, yet it maintains a crescendo to the very end. Gillette has elaborated all that was laughable in Lauf's play, and has added much that was not even suggested therein. The process was the same as that by which the same hand transformed "The Private Secretary" from a slow, scant farce into a rapid and abundant one. The humor, both original and interpolated, is often extravagant and is hardly ever probable; it is not comedy in the slightest degree; but it is the best of farcicality, and it began last evening to serve its purpose well by keeping its audience hilarious incessantly.

Most of the actors had names so well known to this public that readers will associate their individuality with the characters here briefly mentioned. There were M. A. Kennedy and J. C. Buckstone, contrastingly juicy and dry, respectively as a henpecked husband and a hard-worked servant. There were Henry Miller and Maud Adams, so natural and engaging a pair of lovers that they made some of their scenes take on a manner of comedy; yet Mr. Miller was an important factor throughout the farce, and disclosed good accomplishments as a comic actor. Ida Vernon was like a burlesque Mrs. Borgia, so terrible was she in her as a domineering wife, and her impersonation was an extremely effective one it its way. Ian Robertson was equally ludicrous as a nervous man, but his suggestion of St. Vitus's dance was a less agreeable performance to see. That was too much like an exhibit from a hospital. Maud Haslem was more fortunate in giving no possible offence, but a great deal of diversion, as a comic opera singer who put on a stage prince's costume to show herself to an ardent admirer. Miss Haslem was pretty and piquant. Seventeen parts were played with an admirable average of ability, and, in the mentioned instances, with positive brilliancy.

One scene stirred the audience at the four acts, but it was a realistic construction, with doors that banged their actual wood into solid frames, a stairway that bore the tread of stamping feet without creak or shake, and furniture that was reasonable and plentiful. The production fully kept the promise that one score of our theatres may be outfitted with a stock company of the first class. If the ensuing serious play by Belasco and De Mille should be as suitably performed as was "All the Comforts of Home," a comparatively trivial affair, we would indeed have a second Frohman organization of which to be proud.

Three Revivals and the New Actors in Them.

At each of three important theatres last night there was a careful and altogether successful reproduction of a play that had earlier won long life here. The Star, with Crane in "The Senator;" the Union Square, with Nell Burgess in "The County Fair;" and the Bijou, with the Monroe & Rice comedians in "My Aunt Bridget," were these houses where the entertainment was familiar to perhaps one auditor in five; and yet it was not apparent that the performance at either theatre had ever before been witnessed, so hearty were the plaudits, so cordial was the welcome extended to all the actors. The Star was crowded and there was something like brilliancy in the aspect of the auditorium. Mr. Crane, coming forward again as *Senator Rivers*, found awaiting him a reception that must have delighted and thrilled him with the consciousness that this town's playgoers have grown to be very fond of him. He was in excellent acting mood. He may well have been, when no point, no witticism, no movement hardly, passed unrewarded. The excellent play in which he moved was benefited by the buoyancy of his spirits, and it was plain to see that there was in store for "The Senator" another long run on a Broadway stage. The supporting cast showed fewer changes than had been looked for. It was a surprise and a pleasure to find Georgie Drew Barrymore again giving rollicking expression to the minded worldliness and sound sense of *Mrs. Asbury*—a surprise because this valuable and admirable actress has of late been allying to such a degree as to cause her friends uneasiness. But there was no trace of impaired power in her performance last night. With Crane she shared in the applause, just as she did throughout last season's long run. Jane Stuart's refreshing artlessness again captivated her auditors, and the actors in the other roles were familiar, with three exceptions. One of these, Annie Ward O'Neill, made of *Mrs Armstrong* a most engaging and picturesque personage, while George W. Leslie, the new *Richard Vance*, was quite competent.

Around the corner another houseful of sympathetic spectators followed with the same old tribute of laughter, tears, and applause the simple story of *Bridget Aunt* and "The County Fair." The Union Square may, with sound reason, be called a house of good fortune, for Nell Burgess's triumphs began all over again last night. He carried his audience by the force of his quaint humor just as easily as he did in the very prime of his success, and, though his impersonation of the prudish old spinster *Bridget* on gross occasions as it grows older, it is still a piece of comedy as unique as it is elaborate and effective. In this company, too, the changes are wisely few. There is a new *Tagg* in Marietta Nash, who was immensely liked last night for her agility, her naturalness, her jolly face with its big roguish eyes, and her pleasing voice. Miss Nash will be a valuable assistant in the purely theatric elements that break into the pastoral course of "The County Fair." John B. Maher is the new *Tim*, who has to look lean and hungry like *Cassius*, and ride a race horse like Mr. Garrison. It is putting an actor to a severe test, but actors must live, and Mr. Maher is so clever that he will endure long with "The County Fair." The others in Burgess's support are as deserving of praise now as at any time within the past three years, for they have not changed. The *Otis Tucker* of Lobert Fischer and the *Solon Hammerhead* of Wallace D. Shaw seem good enough to be called the perfect character studies, so graphic and so striking are they. There is a plenty of fresh music in "The County Fair," and the voices that sing it are well trained.

The Bijou's large audience saw with palpable delight a very brisk performance of that absurd medley, "My Aunt Bridget." It was among last season's hits at the Fourteenth Street, and it was then discovered that, if its material was trivial, it was at least fit to be laughed at. The summit of farcicality is reached in this farrago, but shrewd stage management and clever specialty performers have always made it an entertainment entirely within the bounds of refinement. Its stars, George W. Monroe and John C. Rice, are character actors of considerable ability. They were effusively greeted by their friends at last night's performance, and they seemed to be proud of their personal success. In preparing the farce for another season's travel it had been refreshed with timely music and like diversions that were hugely appreciated by the Bijou's gathering. There were, too, several new comers among the company, and these, as in the manner of contemporaneous farces, did each his turn and strove to please. Most of them succeeded. None of them displayed lack of confidence, and, as a serenity of outward disposition on the performer's part goes a long way in these frisky shows, the results were generally satisfying. There was a great deal of the soubrette. Nellie Rosebud, who is petite and sometimes pleasing, and there was the usual vociferous recognition of the vocal talent displayed by Bernard Dyllyn and Catherine Linyard. But the new people were not a bit behind their predecessors as singers or as comedians.

"A STRAIGHT TIP."

A New Farce-Comedy, in which James T. Powers Makes a Hit.

BOSTON, Sept. 8.—Mr. James T. Powers, recently of the New York Casino, made his first appearance as a star in this city at the Hollis Street Theatre this evening, and won a remarkable success. The fact that Mr. Powers is popular in this city, and that his play, a farce-comedy called "A Straight Tip," was written expressly for him by John J. McNally, the dramatic editor of the Boston *Herald*, attracted an audience which the theatre was not large enough to hold, and hundreds were turned away. "A Straight Tip" is a decided advance on the kind of entertainment which has been given of late years under the elastic title farce-comedy. It has a slight and interesting plot, characters that are well drawn and clearly defined, and bright dialogue. Its success is due fully as much to the fun of its situations and the wit of its dialogue as to its specialties. These is not to fault with the people, or any mockabout business in the piece, and yet it keeps the audience laughing and applauding constantly for two hours and a half.

Mr. Powers has done nothing so well as his part in this piece, and his specialties are original and very clever. His dance in full costume in imitation of Carmencita, is one of his many big hits. Miss Emma Hapley, Mr. Peter F. Daly, Mr. John Sparks, Mr. Jere McAuliffe, Miss Delia Stacey, Miss Eloise Mortimer, and Miss Emily Stowe were all credited with successes. The Clipper Quartet, in a new musical specialty, received eight encores. The star, the entire company, and the author were called out amid great enthusiasm.

A FIRESIDE DEVIL.

Manager Lehman So Called by a Police Justice in Syracuse.

SYRACUSE, Sept. 8.—A stir was caused in Syracuse to-day when it became known that Philip H. Lehman, a well-known theatrical manager and owner of plays, was arrested last evening at his home on West Genesa street on a warrant charging him with beating his wife. The accused, who is the manager of the Wieting Opera House here, was locked up at the station house during the night, and this morning Coroner Smith and Dr. D. M. Tolman examined him as to his sanity. It is said by some that liquor has affected his mind. Dr. D. M. Tolman said that Mr. Lehman's excessive drinking has produced what appears to be insanity.

It appears that the assault took place on Saturday evening. It is said that Mr. Lehman then thrashed his wife and turned her and the servant girl out of the house. On Sunday evening Mr. Lehman returned home between 6 and 7 o'clock under the influence of liquor. Then he locked all the doors, closed the windows, pulled off his coat and rolled up his sleeves, and remarked, it is reported, that he was ready for fight, and that his wife's cries could not be heard on the street. While thus engaged the door-bell rang, and Capt. Quigley appeared at the door with the warrant that had been previously sworn out. The trouble in the Lehnen household dates back about five years, but it is said that recently he is becoming more violent. This illustration of Mr. Lehnen's treatment of his wife is given by a trustworthy informant. In July Mr. and Mrs. Lehnen went to New York and they occupied a berth in a sleeping car. Mr. Lehnen began to beat his wife and the porter had to come to her rescue. When at the hotel in New York Mr. Lehnen is said to have repeated the assault upon his wife, much to the indignation of the other guests, who complained to the porter.

"I don't think he is a safe man to be allowed his freedom," said Justice Mulholland to-day, "for he will certainly kill his wife if he is allowed to go on at this rate."

Lehney was arraigned in the police court this afternoon. Justice Mulholland said that according to the complaint the wife's body still shows marks of her husband's assault.

"Let me be plain with you, Phil," began the Court. "You are an outside angel and a fireside devil. Yes, you are a perfect demon. If the stories of your most intimate friends and neighbors are true. Drink has ruined you. The doctors tell me that you are not insane, but you are full of cussedness. The neighbors tell me that they are frequently awakened at night by your wife's screams, and that they can hear distinctly the blows. She trembles when she hears your footsteps."

The [illegible] is held open for settlement.

Pastor Coleman Vindicated.

ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS, Sept. 8.—The case of Jennie A. Smith, the colored girl who accused her pastor, the Rev. Robert Coleman of the A. M. E. Church of Navesink, of taking advantage of her while she was in his employ, has an unlooked for sequel. During the trial a witness testified that the girl had made a similar charge against another man. On Friday she was arrested for perjury and locked up in "the box" for a short time, when she voluntarily swore there was no truth to her charge against the pastor. Justice Ellis allowed her to depart upon her own recognizance in $100 until Saturday morning, as he did not consider "the box" a proper place to hold her in her present condition. She did not appear on Saturday, and has not been seen here since.

A Southern News Association.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Sept. 8.—Representatives of afternoon papers in nearly all the Southern cities met here to-day and organized the Southern Afternoon Press Bureau. The capital stock was fixed at $100,000, and the general offices will be at New Orleans. O. E. Gilbert of the Dallas *Herald* was elected President, J. Pinckney Smith of the New Orleans *States* Secretary and Manager, and J. C. Burch of the Nashville *Herald* Treasurer. A committee was appointed to make arrangements with a large cable company to handle the service, and with one of the regular press associations for an exchange of news. It is expected to have the service in operation in thirty days.

A Talk With Sir John Macdonald.

OTTAWA, Sept. 8.—Sir John Macdonald, in an interview, professes entire ignorance of any intention of holding an early session of Parliament. In the Behring Sea trouble Sir John thought there was nothing new to say, and said he believed the American Government had still under consideration Lord Salisbury's last proposal, but he did not know if the question would soon be settled. As to reciprocity, it was time enough to speak of it when it was adopted by the United States Senate.

The Federalists for a Straight Ticket.

The Federal Club held a meeting last night at its rooms, 645 Madison avenue. The committee appointed to report the sentiment of the club on the question of coalition, returned a written statement that the club favored the nomination of a straight Republican ticket and was opposed in toto to combinations and deals.

A Change in the Navy Yard.

Orders have been received that Pay Inspector Tolfree, the general storekeeper at the Navy Yard, is to be detached on Oct. 1, and his place given to Pay Inspector A. S. Kenny. Tolfree, after that date, is to settle accounts and await orders.

The very low prices for furniture at Geo. G. Flint Co.'s 14th st. and 6th av., are tempting many to select early.—adv.

This is 1890.

A Wise Choice.

NEW YORK, July 23, 1890.

All other reports on Baking Powders signed by me or purporting to be signed by me are based on investigations made several years ago.

In view of the present controversy as to the purity and wholesomeness of baking powders, I have been requested to make a chemical examination of the leading brands found in the market.

My analysis of Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder verifies the statement on the label, that the only ingredients used are cream of tartar, bicarbonate of soda (both of the highest purity), and a little flour to preserve the strength.

My analysis also shows that "Cleveland's Superior" is free from ammonia, alum, or other substitutes.

Owing to the purity, strength, effectiveness, and constancy of composition of Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, I have adopted the same for use in my home.

HENRY A. MOTT, Ph. D., LL. D.
Late U. S. Government Chemist.

STOPPED A RUNAWAY HORSE.

A Plucky Young Philadelphian has a Thrilling Adventure.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 8.—A large number of people who were passing the south front of the City Hall this morning were treated to an exhibition of pluck. A spirited brown colt attached to a light buggy became violently frightened when passing the Mint, and dashed at full speed toward Fifteenth street. The driver turned the fr