A MAY NIGHT'S NEW PLAYS.

FIVE PRODUCTIONS LATE IN THE THEATRICAL SEASON.

Plenty of Dramatic Novelty in the Broadway Houses—James O'Neill and Louis James in "The Envoy"—The Other Fresh Material Described and Criticised.

Five new plays were given to New York audiences last evening. That was remarkable for a Monday as late in the dramatic season as May 4. Theatres in or adjacent to Broadway had all these novelties save one. Besides, the Bijou offered a jolly variety-show farce in "O'Dowd's Neighbors," which had been played in tours only obscurely by way of rehearsal; Richard Mansfield began, with the contrasting refinement of "Beau Brummell," a season at the Garden; a revision of "The Millionaire" was presented by Daniel Sully at the Standard, and so it was a distractingly lively night in footlighted entertainment.

Perhaps the new venture from which most had been expected, in the way of artistic purpose in the work itself and effectiveness in the representation, was "The Envoy," by Edward J. Swartz, at the Star. But the record must be one of disappointment. Some of the matter was of a strongly dramatic quality, but the manner of its use by the playright was generally feeble. Not enough was done on the spot. Too much was narrated. The plot was revealed by means of many stories, told without coherence by different characters, and under circumstances which deprived them of impressiveness. It is doubtful if any considerable number of auditors joined those pieces of biography together so as to comprehend their connection with one another. However, after two acts of inconsequential talk, of constant coming in and going out of personages, and of a great deal of awkward standing around, it transpired that *Count Perotti*, an Italian tourist in New York, had contracted a habit of secretly assassinating the individuals who had done him a grievous injury. Their harm to him had consisted of sending him undeservedly to prison and driving his wife to suicide while he was incarcerated.

James O'Neill, the star actor of the occasion and presumably the chooser of the drama, played the rôle of this implacable murderer. The third act was devoted to an illustration of his method of vengeance. His victim was the British Consul at this port, a man who had been a factor in the Italian's misfortune.

He had taken precautions of defence, but that old device of melodrama, a secret panel, defeated his measures of safety. The assassin stabbed him to death, and left him to be discovered with a certain mysterious insignia of the Count's vendetta affixed to his breast.

All this was done in the style of the old Bowery, but an audience of the new Broadway was disposed to snicker at it.

A fourth act contained more merit than the preceding three had possessed altogether. The man who had suspected and was resolved to expose the Italian, and who was the beloved of that friend's daughter, was prepared to do his duty in the cause of justice, at the sacrifice of his own heart. Louis James had not been able to save heart from the general disaster up to this point, but in this scene he got into a really good dramatic situation. The girl was well acted by Grace Raven, too, and Mr. O'Neill was at last making a little bit of headway in rendering the dreadful criminal a sympathetic character. There was a passage of conflicting emotions and impulses, and then, for a climax, the *Count* committed suicide by poison. So the curtain fell upon the least unsuccessful episode in "The Envoy," and the audience dispersed respectfully. Most of the evening the people had been somewhat derisive, although kindly disposed toward Mr. O'Neill and Mr. James.

"The Merchant" at the Madison Square.

At the end of the second act of "The Merchant," at the Madison Square Theatre last evening, there was an honest and loud call for the author. To answer this tribute there came upon the stage a young woman, Miss Martha Morton, who seemed to have numerous personal friends in the audience, for they applauded her with a great deal of fervor, and they followed her play with almost rapt interest. Miss Morton had not come as a novice before the playgoing community with "The Merchant." An earlier drama from her pen, "Helene," several years ago compelled thoughtful attention to her ingenuity and skill in the handling of conventional dramatic material. "The Merchant" was so much of an improvement over its predecessor as to surprise Miss Morton's most sanguine friends.

It was admirably acted and picturesquely staged, and it was valuably aided by other adjuncts of a good performance. It fell short of achieving an actually brilliant success, however, though at times it missed that triumph only by the narrowest of margins.

"The Merchant" is a view of American life, according to Miss Morton, who is a clever and original young woman with keen eyes, an extensive reading of current literature, and a fairly accurate, if slightly cynical, idea of contemporaneous finance. She has an excellent wit.

The old college *Professor* in "The Merchant," echoes it when he declares that he is wedded to his books—the best of wives, he adds, since they are the only ones man can shut up when he likes. Miss Morton's play, indeed, is most enjoyable in its moments of persiflage. She makes young people love and quarrel, kiss and part, with charming ingenuousness and refreshing naturalness. Her young girls say really clever *mots*; her elderly female, even, is endurable for all the conventionality of the character. In short, a brisker female writer of comedy than Martha Morton has not come to the public view within reasonable memory.

"The Merchant" is a sandwich of delightful levity and depressing melancholy. The streak of sombreness is alternate with the streak of frivolity, and the mathematical regularity of the arrangement is the surest token that Miss Morton is not yet to be regarded as an original dramatist.

She preaches a sermon in "The Merchant." A young merchant's desire to attain great wealth in a brief time is the theme, and the moral results from his unsuccessful speculations in Wall street and with cards. Fortunately, he has a wife, and it is to her influence that he owes his rescue from disgrace and suicide. An friend of the fallen merchant, carried away by admiration for the young wife, seeks at first to win her love, and later, by a tender of a large check to the husband, this friend plans a revenge. But here again the wife's intuition aids in bringing about a reasonable and peaceful climax.

Miss Morton tells an interesting story with an uncommon degree of technical skill. "The Merchant" is sure to hold the eager attention of the average audience because of its smooth dialogues, its effective climaxes, and its honest sentiment.

Too much of the play is theatric, and there are obvious artifices in the details of the plot; but the demerits are not to be estimated as outweighing the play's general excellences. It will have a respectably long and prosperous run at the Madison Square.

In the cast last night were E. J. Henley, Charles Dickson, Henry Miller, Viola Allen, Mary Hampton, and other actors well known on the city stage. Mr. Miller was an acceptable *Merchant*, but Miss Allen missed her usual success as the wife.

Miss Hamnton's soubrette was a delightful performance, and Mr. Henley's work, as it usually does, ranged from positive excellence to utter mediocrity.

De Wolf Hopper in "Wang."

De Wolf Hopper and his opera company began their second annual engagement last evening at the Broadway Theatre in the operatic burlletta in two acts entitled "Wang."

The scene is laid in Siam, and the theme is a simple one, but the unravelling of the story is ingeniously delayed until the curtain is about to fall. *Wang* is the Regent of Siam until *Mataya*, the Crown Prince, comes to the throne.

The curtain rises with Hopper as *Wang*. His purse is empty, yet he is forced to be magnificent. He buys a white elephant and is harassed through the play by the persistent creditors. He makes love to *La Veuve Frimousse*, Marion Singer, widow of a French Consul, supposing she has possession of a chest containing the treasure of the late King of Siam.

The widow has all the pretty girls in the company for her daughters, and *Wang's* despair over the maintenance of his family is expressed in a good many ways, enabling Hopper to display his ability to make fun. It turns out after the marriage of *Wang* to *La Veuve* that the trunk was empty, and that the late King, suspecting *Wang*, had concealed his treasure in the royal robe.

Malaya, Della Fox, who stands at the throne to be crowned, discovers the treasure there, and then abdicates the throne in favor of *Wang*, while he chooses to wed *Marie*, Jeannette St. Henry, stepdaughter of *La Veuve*.

Such is a brief sketch of the theme, but this does not describe the elaborate mounting of the play or the Oriental richness of the jokes of De Wolf Hopper. The white elephant is a skilful mechanism, even though the siphon in its trunk that was to have consumed a "three-masted schooner of beer," as *Wang* called it, failed to do its work. There is an opulence of Oriental costuming, and originality was not wanting in devising minor amusing devices.

The chorus, all of them young and pretty, exhibited their versatility in many ways, one being in playing the banjo. Very fetching, too, was a doll song for little tots, two of them apparently not over 6 years old. The music is very sweet and graceful, and several of the airs will be popular, especially Hopper's patter song, "An Elephant on His Hands." Hopper was called out between the acts, and again with J. Cheever Goodwin, the maker of the libretto, at the close of the entertainment. The music is by Mr. Woolson Morse.

"Home, Sweet Home."

The well-disposed audience which nearly filled the Academy last night received this latest addition to the school of Yankee dialect drama with many manifestations of pleasure, and it must be confessed that scattered here and there through this rather diffuse and incoherent presentation of New England life, there is much to please and not a little entitled to downright admiration. But in saying this, it is only just to add that this dramatic composition is not lightened up by a single flash of genuine novelty, either from a poetic or realistic standpoint.

The old, old chords are touched, the old, old characters play their brief parts. There is Jeremiah and Josiah and Ebenezer and Amanda and Jerusha. These are all there as big as life and twice as natural. It is the "Old Homestead," the "County Fair," the "Midnight Bell," mixed together and rolled out to an almost dangerous tenuity. "One hundred supernumeraries" may make it more noisy than the "Old Homestead," but they do nothing more.

While it is true that "Home, Sweet Home" is a broader, wider canvass of New England life, it lacks almost entirely the pathos, the delicious coloring, the sparkle, and the delicate tones of the "Old Homestead."

Manifestly the authors, Messrs. John Fowler and Ernest Whitton, cast away all hope of attaining so sweet a harmony as is brought forth by the players in the "Old Homestead," for they openly and boldly called attention to the realistic effects of their piece, and herein they gave an earnest of their wisdom.

If "Home, Sweet Home" is to catch public favor it will be almost wholly by means of its scenic effects. Its vast outdoor set in the first act and the excellent reproductions of an old grist mill and cider mill.

These are very clever and very true to nature, although it may be that the generation which would be really able to judge of their merits has long since ceased to frequent the playhouse. To the authors, no doubt, as well as to the audience, the "absolutely startling and thrilling climax" of the third act proved a most surprising failure. It could not be otherwise, it would seem, for it lacked in every respect the needful elements of a genuine accident. There was not thinnest disguise of art to conceal art. It was plain from the outset that the detective would start the first circular sawblade down the grain flume and be rescued before he reached the mill stones, which were far from deserving the terrible reputation so often bestowed upon them by the miller, as boding instant destruction to the hapless individual falling under them.

In like manner the horse race of the second act fails largely of its purpose, as no machinery is used and there is not apparent any real speeding of the horses. Of plot this new play has little or none, and what little it has is that old, old device of fastening guilt upon an innocent person by thrusting stolen papers into his pocket, a device which was far from new when the goblet was hidden in Benjamin's sack.

The acting which is made necessary by this new drama is at times commendably vigorous and spirited, but in no one instance does it rise above mediocrity.

The tedious drawl of Robert Fisher, which, in his subsidiary part in the "County Fair" served a good enough purpose, becomes in this drama, in which he is cast for the leading character, intolerably tiresome and rasping.

George A. Deane as the *Sheriff* adds greatly to the interest of this panorama of New England life, for such it is, rather than a well-constructed and logical drama unfolding itself to an inevitable climax.

Mrs. Louisa Morse, as *Amanda Makepeace*, and Louise Sylvester, as *Jerusha Smith*, also deserve special mention for their painstaking and withal amusing presentment of Yankee female eccentricity.

There is a vast deal of incidental business—singing, dancing, cider-making, courting, and horse play—which caused much laughter, and may give "Home Sweet Home" such an impetus as to carry it well on into the summer, if not longer.

"Work and Wages."

An English melodrama, entitled "Work and Wages," was produced newly at the Grand Opera House last evening. The author was named as William Bourne. The theme was the labor question viewed from the labor side, and the evident purpose was to gain the favor of hard workers who get low wages.

The doctrines, dramatically advocated, were that the toiler's day should consist of eight hours for work, eight hours for play, and eight hours for sleep; that all differences between employees and employers should be settled by arbitration, and that the true solution of the quarrels between capital and labor lies in admitting the laborers to a share in the profits. *Tom Wentworth* was a foreman at *Radford's* steel works, where a strike was in progress at the opening of the play. He espoused the cause of the starving workmen, and thereby incurred the enmity of his employer's son, *Paul Radford*. This man had a wife living in poverty, while he was squandering the elder *Radford's* fortune; but this did not prevent his being favored rival for *Olivia Graham's* favor. *Tom* was on the eve of perfecting a new method of making steel that would revolutionize the business and place him where he could hope to sue for the girl's hand. *Paul* contrived an explosion of molten steel that was intended to kill *Tom*, but it only temporarily blinded him. He recovered, and searched out the deserted wife in London, only to reach her just after her husband had killed her, and to be arrested under suspicion of being the murderer.

He succeeded in clearing himself, and in fastening the killing upon the real murderer by the help of *Bob Dormer*, one of the hands at *Radford's*. In the mean time his discovery had been perfected, and he had become the owner of the works and was able to put in practice his scheme of profit sharing with the hands. *Paul*, convicted of murder, took poison and died in the prisoner's pen in court.

The scenery for the third act showed the steel factory in full blast after the strike had ended. The whole right side of the stage was taken up with glowing, flaming furnaces, and the left and centre were filled with cranes, presses, and smithy tools.

With twenty to thirty workmen in sight, all busy, and with the fires spouting flame, the result was as realistic and productive of enthusiastic applause.

John E. Kelleard was a manly, honest looking, and acting *Tom Wentworth*, Charles G. Craig was a first-class villain, and Ralph Delmore was a pursued and persecuted non-union man. Beatrice Lieb was commendable as *Olivia Graham*.

JOHN DREW LEAVES DALY.

The Popular Comedian has Signed with Charles Frohman and will Become a Star.

Mr. John Drew, the leading man of Daly's company, signed a contract with Mr. Charles Frohman last Saturday by which he leaves Daly at the end of next season and becomes a star under Mr. Frohman's direction. For ten years Mr. Drew has been the leading man at Daly's, supporting Miss Rehan and playing the part of the lover. But Mr. Drew himself has long been dissatisfied with the state of affairs. He is only 35 years old and has strong ambition. He felt that his place in the profession should be rather higher than a state of perpetual and forced eclipse to Miss Rehan and Mr. Daly. Mr. Charles Frohman has been looking around for some time for a young actor of talent, and he finally decided that John Drew was about the right man. But everyone to whom Mr. Frohman mentioned his plans laughed at the idea of his trying to get Drew.

Mr. Frohman offered to make Drew a star, and Drew agreed to consider the proposition. The time set for renewing his contract with Daly was Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. On Saturday morning at 11 o'clock Mr. Drew came into Mr. Frohman's office and signed with him. In the afternoon he told Mr Daly.

Mr. Frohman was in fine humor yesterday. He said: "Of course I was delighted to get hold of so good an actor. I shall surround him with a good company and shall supply him with a number of new plays. I have promised him a good long stay in New York to start with. Then we will make a tour of the large cities of this country. And after that I intend to arrange a tour of the large cities of Europe where his success was so marked when he went over with Miss Rehan."

It is said that Mr. Daly in all probability will not wait until next season's end to sever connections with Mr. Drew, but will give him his commission to report at once. It is further said that Mr. Frohman would take this as a personal favor from Mr. Daly, because it would the sooner begin the money making for both himself and his new star.

The Daly company was at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, last night, and neither Mr. Daly nor Mr. Drew could be seen here. Mr. Farrington, the treasurer of the theatre, was astounded—it seemed to be—when a Sun reporter asked him about Mr. Drew's new arrangements.

"Has he signed with Frohman?" said Mr. Farrington. "Well, that's new to me. We don't any of us know of it. You'll have to see Mr. Daly."

GREAT EXCITEMENT AT FOURMIES.

The People Will Go to Arms to Avenge Themselves on the Soldiery.

FOURMIES, May 4.—The situation of affairs here to-day is one of great gravity, and may induce the Government to postpone further the funeral of the men, women, and children who were killed by the troops on Labor Day. The greatest excitement prevails. Many of the leaders of the popular movement have started for Belgium to collect arms and dynamite for use against the troops stationed here, and especially against the infantry regiment which used its rifles with such fatal effect. Three hundred kilogrammes of dynamite, destined for the people of this town, has been seized while being smuggled across the frontier from Belgium.

Cavalry pickets will be stationed all along the route of the funeral procession of the victims of the May Day massacre. The cavalry along the route will receive instructions to act promptly and effectively in the event of any trouble arising.

The Government has sent two delegates here with instructions to make a thorough inquiry into the causes which led to the disturbance.

The funeral procession was very long, being participated in by a large number of workmen's clubs, with red and black flags draped. The nine coffins were surrounded by the relatives of the victims. After the religious service the clergy left and the socialists took charge, some violent addresses being delivered. Many women carrying banners placed wreaths upon the graves. The troops keeping order in the streets shouldered arms while the coffins were passing.

PARIS, May 4.—It was announced yesterday that a section of the Left would join with the Socialist and Boulangist Deputies in demanding a vote of censure to-day against M. Constans, the Minister of the Interior, on the ground that the latter was responsible for the slaughter of the men, women, and children shot down at Fourmies. M. Constans to-day, after giving his version of the matter, holding that neither the Government nor the troops were to blame for the disaster, was astonished to see M. Roche, the Deputy representing the Seventeenth electoral district of the Seine, spring to his feet and shout fiercely, "Murderer."

A tremendous sensation followed. Members shouted at and threatened each other vigorously. Finally order was restored, and the Chamber voted to censure M. Roche should be excluded from any further participation in to-day's session, and that he should be declared censured by the Chamber for the term he had applied to the Minister of the Interior.

No sooner was this course of action decided upon than M. Roche again sprang to his feet and, shaking his fists at his associates yelled: "You are a lot of varlets worthy of your master."

The presiding officer ordered M. Roche to be removed by force from the Chamber. This was eventually done amid the wildest excitement ever witnessed in the Chamber of Deputies.

OTHER LABOR TROUBLES ABROAD.

LONDON, May 4.—The bricklayers in most of the centres of England have gone on strike. The men demand an increase in wages. The strike is causing much annoyance to contractors and others and has also thrown out of work large numbers of men belonging to the associated trades, who are compelled to remain idle as long as the bricklayers refuse to work.

VIENNA, May 4.—Despatches from Bekes, Hungary, say that there were renewed scenes of disorder there yesterday. Immense crowds surrounded the prison and demanded the release of the imprisoned Socialists. The police were unable to control the crowds and sent for troops. The military soon cleared the streets, many of the leaders of the people being arrested.

The miners' and ironworkers' strike in the Liege and Charleroi districts is complete and is spreading rapidly to the Borinage district in the province of Hainaut. Fifty thousand men are out of work in Central Belgium. There has been more rioting at Liege. Several more people have been injured.

COERCING NEWFOUNDLAND.

The House of Lords Refuses to Drop the Knutsford Bill.

LONDON, May 4.—Lord Kimberley in the House of Lords to-day moved that, in view of the assurances which the Government had received from the Newfoundland delegates that the colony would immediately pass an act which would provide for the due enforcement of the treaty stipulations existing between France and Great Britain, the House ought not to go into committee on the Knutsford coercive bill until time had been given to Newfoundland to pass the necessary legislation.

After some discussion Lord Kimberley's motion was rejected by a vote of 113 to 30.

Private Secretary Halford in England.

LONDON, May 4.—Consul-General New and his staff met Col. Halford, President Harrison's private secretary, and his daughter, on their arrival last evening at Southampton, and accompanied them to London. To-day Mr. and Miss Halford went to Nottingham. They expect to embark for New York on the Saale Thursday. Both are looking well.

Great Revelations Promised.

LONDON, May 5.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* this afternoon announces that important information has been given by outside persons to the Queen's Proctor, Sir Augustus Keppel Stephenson, in regard to the O'Shea divorce case. The *Gazette* adds that if the information turns out to be correct it is sufficient to call for the intervention of the Queen's Proctor.

Notes of Foreign Happenings.

The Archbishop of York, England, who is suffering from influenza, is said to be dying.

SEVENTH REGIMENT ACTORS.

Under the Crescent Athletic Club's Direction, Present "Asyoulikeit."

A tradition among the wearers of the Seventh Regiment gray is "that what the Seventh does, it does well." This axiom of Gotham's pet militiamen was never more aptly demonstrated than on last evening, when those skilled thespians, the members of the Dramatic Association of the Ninth Company, presented "Asyoulikeit," an original travesty of Shakespeare's comedy, "As You Like It," by William Duncan Preston, under the auspices of the Crescent Athletic Club, at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn.

The performance, both from an artistic and social standpoint, surpassed any previous effort of the Crescent Athletic Club or the famous actors of the Seventh. The floral offerings were elaborate and very extensive, every member of the cast being remembered.

Nearly every seat in the big play house was filled.

Previous to the performance the cast was dined by the club at the club house, and after the performance the Crescent's home at 71 Pierrepont street was again visited, where, until early this morning, the toasts were given and responded to with the heartiness that only the members of the two famous organizations seem capable of producing on such occasions.

The decorations were superb and quite in keeping with the affair, athletic and rowing trophies being freely used, together with the championship emblems won by the sturdy champion football teams of the Crescent Athletic Club. It was a gala night for our big sister city's premier athletic organization.

Man and Wife Perished in the Flames.

ROCHESTER, May 4.—At 3 o'clock this morning Edward Shafer discovered flames in a two-story frame building at 148 Nassau street, occupied by Nellie Rosenbloom. The flames had enveloped the entire interior of the building before discovered. Mrs. Muntski and her son, who lived in the rear part of the upper story of the building, were awakened by the dense smoke, and with much difficulty reached the street clad only in their night clothes. The front part of the upper story was occupied by Herman Stephanski. When the firemen had subdued the flames enough to enter the upper part of the building with ladders they found the bodies of a man and a woman lying near together on the floor. Neighbors identified the man as Herman Stephanski, but the name of the woman could not be ascertained, though it is supposed that she was his wife. They had evidently tried to escape, but their progress was cut off by the stairway being in flames, and for some unknown reason they did not succeed in raising the only window in the room. The fire originated from a lamp explosion.

Messenger Boys on Strike.

PORTLAND, Me., May 4.—The messenger boys of the Western Union and Commercial Union telegraphic companies to the number of twenty-eight, and including all the messengers in the city, struck this morning for an advance in wages. They have been getting 2½ cents per message and want 3½ cents. The boys make from $4 to $5 a week and in summer make as high as $7 a week. Men in teams are now doing the messenger service. The strikers will be paid off and other boys engaged in their places unless they return to work.

New York Central Dining Cars.

Dining cars are now attached to all principal through trains of the New York Central. The service in these cars is elegant and seat in all respects to that of a first-class restaurant.—Adv.

That Tired Feeling

Is Overcome by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

BORN IN SQUALOR.

Sarah Clifford's Ten-day-old Baby Taken from Its Drunken Mother.

Sarah Clifford, aged 33, lived at 52 Willett street until Sunday. Mary McCullough, aged 42, a boon companion, had made her headquarters there for a few weeks previous. The Clifford woman lived apart from her husband, and Mrs. McCullough is a widow, whose children had put her out of doors. For weeks the two had been upon an almost uninterrupted spree. Sarah Clifford gave birth to a girl baby ten days ago. Margaret Grob, the housekeeper, learned of this on Sunday, and went to the woman's room. She found the baby and its mother quite unclothed. The McCullough woman was there and so was a man. All except the baby were drunk. That the child had lived through this sort of thing for eight days speaks volumes for its constitution. Everything in the way of clothing had been put in hock for drink. Pawn tickets were scattered about everywhere. Agent Finn of Mr. Gerry's society arrested the women. Sarah Clifford was fined $5 in the Essex Market Court yesterday and Mary McCullough was fined $3.

Former Bank Officials Arrested.

PHILADELPHIA, May 4.—Gideon W. Marsh, who was President of the Keystone National Bank at the time of its suspension in March last, and Charles Lawrence, ex-cashier of the bank, were arrested to-day charged by Bank Examiner Drew with conspiring together to make false reports of the condition of the bank to Comptroller of the Currency Lacy by means of false entries in the bank's books.

The two ex-officials, after a hearing before United States Commissioner Bell, were held in $30,000 bail each for a further hearing, in his testimony before the Commissioner, Bank Examiner Drew testified that the estate of John C. Lucas, deceased, former President of the bank, was credited on the books with an indebtedness of $75,000 to the bank, whereas the full indebtedness of the estate of Mr. Lucas had been about $900,000, of which amount about $700,000 had been returned.

More Italian Knives.

Tony Roner, an Italian barber of Navy street, Brooklyn, while drunk on Sunday night accosted William Ward of 293 Hudson avenue, who was passing quietly through Johnson street. Ward tried to avoid any trouble, but Roner followed him up, and drawing a stiletto stabbed him in the left arm, inflicting a severe wound. Roner made his escape, but he was found in a cellar at 181 Navy street and arrested. Justice Kenna has held him for examination.

James Avach on returning to his home in Adams street, near Front, on Sunday night got into a dispute with an unknown Italian, who stabbed him three times in the arm. The Italian made his escape before the arrival of the police.

W. Shakespeare's Quick Time to the Island.

A young man, who gave his name as William Shakespeare, was arrested on Sunday night in the Grand Central station by Detective McMahon, who had seen him steal a coat and satchel which Louis A. Mitride of 111 Madison street, a commercial traveller, had left in a seat in the parlor car of a train that was about to leave the station.

The thief was held for trial in the Yorkville Court yesterday morning. Mitrige, who had put off his trip, told Mr. Murray that he must leave the city in the afternoon, so the prisoner was sent to the Court of Special Sessions. Before noon he had been convicted of petty larceny and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He was on the way to the Island in less than twenty-four hours from the time the crime was committed.

Father Drunk, Mother Insane, Children Hungry.

Officers of the Brooklyn Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children visited the tenement, 32 Whitley place, on Sunday, and discovered a wretched condition of things on the floor occupied by Peter Farrell and his family. Farrell was lying on the floor in a drunken stupor, his invalid wife was insane, and their four daughters, the eldest aged 14, were almost naked and suffering from hunger, all the articles of furniture having been pawned by Farrell during the past three months to supply him with rum. Farrell was arrested and sent yesterday to the Penitentiary for six months. His wife has been removed to the Flatbush Hospital and the daughters have been placed in St. John's Home.

A Precocious Young Gallant.

Eight-year-old Christian Ruff came to grief on Sunday, as many an older lad has, through possessing a sweetheart but no money. With commendable manliness he refused to give his sweetheart's name. Christian lives at 2,703 Eighth avenue. On Sunday he stole $5 from his father and took the young lady to Central Park, where they listened to the music and ate ice cream. Then Christian spent 50 cents for elevated railroad tickets, and used them all up in riding up and down the Eighth avenue road. When he got home his father had him locked up to scare him. Yesterday in the Harlem Court Justice Weide lectured the young prisoner and discharged him.

Officers of the Marble Cemetery.

The annual meeting of the vault owners of the Marble Cemetery in Second street, between First and Second avenues, was held yesterday afternoon at Cooper Union. About forty vault owners, nearly one-third of whom were women, were present. The Treasurer's report showed a balance of $1,900. James Fraser, who was appointed a year ago a special committee to raise a fund for the maintenance of the cemetery, reported that he had collected $9,600. Mr. Fraser was authorized to continue his work until he had raised $12,000. This Board of Trustees was elected: Alexander Maitland, Henry L. Boorsem, Dr. E. Guernsey Rankin, Erasmus Sterling, and James H. Benedict.

Requiem Mass for Brother Patrick.

A requiem mass was celebrated yesterday morning at the Church of the Nativity, Second street and Second avenue, in memory of the late Rev. Brother Patrick, assistant Superior-General of the Christian Brothers, who died in Paris on April 24. The celebrant of the mass was the Rev. J. Lennon, with the Revs. J. Murphy as deacon and D. McNichol as sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were the Rev. Messrs. Dougherty, O'Keefe, and Sheehan. The mass sung was the Gregorian chant, rendered by a choir of sixty boys from La Salle Academy, under the direction of Brother Arthemian, assisted by selected voices from among the Christian Brothers.

Four Men Burned to Death.

CHATTANOOGA, May 4.—At a railroad camp on the Chattanooga Southern road, twenty miles below Chattanooga, four negro laborers were burned to death on Sunday night. The laborers had been drinking and gambling in a box car until thirty minutes before the fire was discovered. They were in a drunken stupor, and the car was destroyed before the camp realized the disaster. The origin of the fire is unknown, but charges are made that the car was fired by companions of the burned men for the purpose of robbery, as one of the occupants had been winning in a big game of crap.

Just a Joke.

The Produce Exchange is all stirred up over a report which is being circulated in the West that it does not view hospitably the Millers' National Association, which is to meet here. The report out West is that the Exchange would rather pay money and have the Millers entertain themselves when they get here. Granville Ferrin, secretary of the Produce Exchange's Entertainment Committee, denies the statement, and adds that the remark was made in a jocular spirit at a trade meeting. Mr. Ferrin and all the Produce Exchange people want the Millers to come here and have a good time, as they always have.

Becomes Insane Over a Shortage of $3.60 in His Accounts.

LOWELL, Mass., May 4.—Capt. Martin V. B Davis, keeper of the Edson Cemetery, found a shortage of $3.60 in his accounts recently, and brooded over the matter until his mind became unbalanced. He tried to commit suicide this morning by cutting his hand, but was discovered before he could bleed to death. He fought desperately after getting into the ambulance, and threw Surgeon Hicker bodily into the street. Four policemen tackled him, but did not secure him until he had given them a hard battle.

THE COAST MANŒUVRES.

Practice in Defending the Great Seaports.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—The present year may perhaps witness a series of naval practice evolutions along the coast between Cape Henry and Buzzard's Bay of a sort quite noticeable in extent and in the number and efficiency of the ships participating in it.

That such a project is under consideration is certain; and there are strong arguments in its favor. Regarded simply as a training for the fleet exercises that may be expected in the spring of 1893, at the great review ordered by Congress, it might be useful. But the main point is that the steady addition of new ships to the navy, including also new types and classes of fighting craft, makes it important for them to become accustomed to act together. When the former series of important fleet manœuvres was conducted by the North Atlantic squadron, under Rear Admiral Luce, a few steel cruisers had been added to the wooden vessels. Since then not only have other and much faster vessels become available, but such different types as the torpedo boat Cushing, the gun-cotton thrower Vesuvius, and the monitor Miantonomoh. It is certainly desirable to ascertain how the various vessels of the new navy, of different speeds and different uses, can cooperate.

There have been, it is true, certain manœuvres, fleet exercises, and individual ship drills by the squadron of evolution and by the North Atlantic squadron during the last two years; and the cruise of the former, which has just ended, yielded not a little target practice and training in squadron tactics at Galveston, New Orleans, Pensacola, and Tampa Bay, besides a subsequent junction with Admiral Gherardi's fleet at Port-au-Prince. But manœuvres with a view to coast defence are of much importance in more northerly latitudes. Apart from the larger amount of shipping and other property exposed to hostile attack north of Cape Hatteras, the distance to be run by a European fleet for an attack there would be much less than for an attack in Gulf waters. Accordingly, while for winter cruising and practice the coasts of Texas and Louisiana have an obvious advantage, this fact furnishes no ground for neglecting the continuation of such exercises and manœuvres further north as the season advances.

If at the present time the country were involved in war with a maritime power of Europe which should undertake to make an attack on our shores, probably most of our naval officers would look for the appearance of a hostile fleet at the eastern end of Long Island Sound. It was therefore with good reason that Newport was selected as the general rendezvous for the naval manœuvres under Admiral Luce; and the scene of operations for the present year might be expected to be around Gardiner's Island and bay, at the eastern end of Long Island, have a strategic importance, and our vessels cannot be too familiar with the region adjoining. If the manœuvres should take the form adopted by the British year before last, Narragansett Bay and the eastern portion of the Sound would be a suitable field for a portion of the manœuvres. Joined with them could be others at the southern entrance of New York and off Delaware Bay and Chesapeake Bay.

The vessels available for this service would comprise those of the North Atlantic station, under Admiral Gherardi, the eastern section of evolution under Admiral Walker, and half a dozen vessels now in home waters on special service or awaiting assignment. This would give for the purpose ten steel cruisers, differing greatly in speed and battery power, but capable of being grouped to advantage. The Dolphin, also a modern vessel, has been put out of commission, but might be available after her improvements have been made. There are also the Kearsarge and the Enterprise of the North Atlantic squadron, not to count the Despatch and the training vessels, or the Yantic, which although now at hand, is under orders for the South Atlantic station. Then there is the double-turret monitor Miantonomoh, so that there would be a dozen or more ships that could be relied upon for such manœuvres.

Since from one cause or another so large a proportion of the new navy is now in home waters, it may wisely be employed in the way proposed. If the coöperation of marines from the navy yards, artillery men from the forts, and portions of the militia can be secured, these summer or autumn manœuvres would be of increased interest and value.

AN AMERICAN PIANO PITCH.

A Committee Investigating the Subject Exhaustively.

A committee of seven piano manufacturers, with William Steinway Chairman, appointed on March 31, to report to Nahum Stetson, Secretary of the meeting of American piano manufacturers on a standard pitch, has been acquiring information by taking evidence in New York and by correspondence with European manufacturers, and finds the task so big that it will be several weeks before it will be able to conclude its labors. It is now investigating the history of the Philharmonic Club's pitch since its founding in 1841. The pitch in which the early composers wrote, that of the Wagner Festival in London in 1877, of the tonic sol-fa, of modern orchestral and medium church music, of the French system throughout Europe, and of pianos in England and the United States has been tabulated with important results.

These tables illustrate the fact that the great composers wrote for a standard pitch much lower than that now in use; that saints such as Patti prefer a standard more nearly like that of the great musical masters, and that in Europe now the pitch is tending toward the French pitch of A 435 with a greater rapidity than it has risen. The highest pitch anywhere reached in this direction is used in this city.

In this country C is the usual starting point in tuning organs and pianos, and A for orchestral instruments. The same is true in England, but in Europe generally A is usually taken as the point of beginning. The committee will probably recommend that a uniform practice should prevail.

There will also be a clause concerning tuning-forks. It is well known that commercial forks do not always vibrate at the exact rate stamped upon them. Even the standard fork deposited by the French Commission with the Conservatory of Paris, A 435, is now found to be A 435.4, while forks recently received by Secretary Levi K. Fuller, of the Estey Piano Company, from Germany, representing the French pitch, as decreed by the Vienna Musical Congress, are somewhat lower. A tuning fork properly kept after the initial disturbance has been corrected does not change its rate if the conditions remain the same, but if the tuning fork is held in the closed hand for one minute its pitch will be lowered a half of one vibration in a second, but will soon return to its former rate. If, however, the fork is warmed through so that it is lowered, it will require an hour for it to return to its normal state of vibration. This, it is believed, will account for the variation in the pitch of forks carried in the pocket, where they absorb the heat of the body. To solve the question of the tuning fork, standard manufacturers of musical instruments, artists, orchestra leaders, and teachers in America are invited to tune a fork to their standard, correct it daily for three days, and send it, properly tagged, to Mr. Fuller at Brattleboro, Vt.

Baltimore Beauty on the Stage.

BALTIMORE, May 4.—"The Pirates of Penzance" was produced at the Academy this evening by members of Baltimore's 400. So large was the demand for admission that all the seats were sold out a week ago, and for the benefit of those who were not able to secure tickets a full dress rehearsal was given on Friday. To-night the house was packed. The performance was a brilliant success and the proceeds will bring to the Baltimore Day Nursery, for whose benefit it was given, more than $5,000. The role of Mabel was sung by Miss Nellie Robinson, one of the prettiest of Baltimore's blonde belles.

BROOKLYN.

The police parade will take place on June 2.

George W. Seeley, a feed merchant of 86 Putnam avenue, is foreman of the May Grand Jury.

According to the new civil list, the total number of city employees on Jan. 1 was 5,960, including 2,631 under the Board of Education.

Daniel Smith, a Fourteenth ward Democrat, has been appointed Chief Clerk in the Bureau of Sewers, in place of James J. Prentice, deceased.

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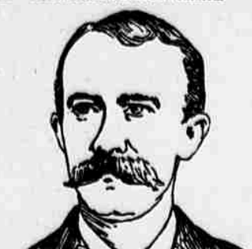
HE CAME VERY NEAR GOING CRAZY.

JOSEPH ALLUISI SUFFERED SO BECAUSE HE COULDN'T BREATHE THROUGH HIS NOSE.

He Hadn't Been Able to Breathe Through It Since 1876 Until Recently—Drs. McCoy, Wildman and Blair Removed Thirty-two Tumors from His Nose—Their Growth was Due to Catarrh—A Wonderful Story.

"I suffered so from not being able to breathe through my nose that I almost went crazy," said Joseph Alluisi to a reporter. Mr. Alluisi lives at 211 East 56th st. Continuing, he said: "I hadn't breathed through my nose since 1876 until a short time ago. Three months ago. Let's see, 1876, that's fifteen years that I couldn't breathe through my nose. My nose was full of small tumors. Their growth was due to catarrh.



JOSEPH ALLUISI, 211 EAST 56TH ST.

"They kept the mucus back and made it drop into my throat. I couldn't sleep at night. I was full of pains in my chest and back. I was spitting all the time to get rid of the mucus. I went to several physicians. They relieved me for a short time only. One doctor told me I had consumption. I bought lots of patent medicines, too, but they didn't do me any good. Finally about three months ago I went to Drs. McCoy, Wildman and Blair. They removed thirty-two tumors from my nose. They were as thick as a bunch of grapes. Doctors McCoy, Wildman and Blair have cured me completely. I can breathe through my nose nicely. Nobody knows what suffering I went through in all those years and what a relief it is to be able to breathe naturally