ODDITIES OF THE THEATRE.

AN ACTOR WHO GETS ALONG VERY WELL WITHOUT ARMS.

Unexpected Incidents in the Course of Stage Performances—A Dancer Who Fell Into the Orchestra and a Singer Who Had a Bad Spell—The Pray Pirates.

There are actors who, in a mental sense, get along without heads, and pass for clever players, but an armless entertainer, possessing marked ability, is an oddity. Such a man is at Koster & Bial's Music Hall. His name is Unthan. He comes forward in full dress, and explains that having been born without arms he has always depended upon his feet for the aid hands render to ordinary folk. The exhibition which follows shows wonderful development of the performer's toes, feet, and legs, and in many uses they are so deft as to closely resemble fingers, hands, and arms, the main evidence of difference being the angle at which the foot stands from the limb. In playing the violin all the toes are used on the frets of the instrument, and every one is capable of individual motion and control. In a game of cards, the pasteboards are shuffled and dealt left-footed, while in opening a bottle of wine the right toes turn the corkscrew. A cornet solo is better done than that on the violin, and some marksmanship follows that is much more difficult than that usually attempted in stage sharpshooting, and consists of cutting cards in two edgewise and hitting like small marks. The position assumed in these acts is that of a man who slouchily slips down in his chair. In the last described, one foot holds the gun stock and works the trigger, while the other limb is extended so that the barrel rests, three inches from its end, between the shooter's toes.

Unexpected incidents, here and there, vary the theatrical performances. At Memphis, while an actress was dancing with unusual abandon, she tripped over the guard chain and fell sprawling into the orchestra. She was lamed, but, being helped back to the stage and generously applauded, she finished the dance. Less indulgent was the San Francisco audience before which Effie Stewart had a mishap. The Iowa State band is on a concert tour, and Miss Stewart was with it as a vocalist. On this occasion the manager apologized in advance for what he said was an impairment of her voice by a cold, but she soon proved that he was not right, for she had an uncommon amount of vocal power, along with much excitement and an inability to control herself. The people laughed, and, when she indulged in some resentful antics, they hissed. She said afterward that cocaine had caused the trouble, but the band leader had accepted her resignation. In the same city, the other day, two wolves in Daniel Boone's show sprang upon a trainer, and then upon the attendant who went to his assistance, biting them so seriously that they will take a vacation in a hospital. Add to those incidents the one in which Lottie Collins was hooted from the stage because she wouldn't sing "Tara-ra-boom-de-ay," and it seems as though San Francisco audiences are getting more than the advertisements promise.

There is an imitator of Joseph Jefferson named Thomas Shea, and when he was playing in "Rip Van Winkle" at Mahanoy City, Pa., a sympathetic and jolly fellow in the audience pulled out a flask every time *Rip* said "May you live long and prosper," and drank with a responsive toast. The convivialist had to be forcibly ejected, and he declared that he really did feel "put out" by such inhospitality on the part of the stage tippler.

A burlesque that had been boldly advertised as indecent in its dances at a Boston theatre proved as demure as a Sunday school picnic, and the disappointed audience raised a row; but the manager had fully intended to give a pernicious show, and only a notification that his license was in danger had prevented him from keeping his promise.

The Tabor Opera House, in Denver, celebrated for its architectural beauty, has been getting along during the hard times with a single pianist in the orchestra. Lately a big comic opera came along and late in the afternoon the manager of the travelling company learned that only two fiddlers and one cornet player had been added to the band. That night's performance was omitted, and next day the opera was transferred to another theatre. The courts will have to settle the question whether the local manager has a good claim for damages.

Boston's Aldermen have consented to restrict their deadheadism to tickets used by them personally. In this city the annual tax of $500 imposed on every theatre stands in lieu of official free admission—in theory, if not always in practice.

One Philadelphia manager of a cheap theatre gives a lot in a planned but unbuilt city to every buyer of a parquet seat, and at arrival flings handfuls of coin into the street before every performance. A Chicago advertiser sends up a daily rocket and gives a box to the person who brings back the stick. The old-time devices of a lottery nature in connection with the show business have been crushed out by the anti-gambling laws generally, but violations of the statutes are to be noted here and there this winter.

The dramatic times are not so degenerate that Shakespeare is to be let alone. Baltimore is to have a Shakespeare festival in April, and the principal heroines in the plays will be enacted by Martha Ford, a young relative of John T. Ford, with Creston Clarke as the leading actor. Walker Whiteside, whose performances in this city last year were a revelation of much more than mediocre talent, is sticking to it on a Western tour, and the veteran Thomas W. Keene is a robust Shakespearean tragedian on the circuits. Stuart Robson's principal piece this year is "The Comedy of Errors." Members of the Professional Woman's League expect to repeat "As you like It" in several cities. William Jefferson Fife, whose forthcoming advent as a tragedian has been announced, is a wealthy and solid citizen of Tacoma, conspicuous in the politics, business, and military affairs of Washington, and locally celebrated as an amateur actor. It is likely that he will boldly make his professional début in this city late this spring or early next fall, with an elaborate production of a Shakespearean play.

The piracy of plays has long been practised with impunity in the smaller cities. The laws are amply protective in theory, but have not been so in fact. In old times authors generally copyrighted their works, and the Federal statutes were supposably adequate to prevent any unauthorized use of such pieces on the stage; but the processes of the United States courts were too slow and complicated to afford real relief from the thieves. Later, it became the rule to avoid both copyrighting and publication, and, instead, to keep plays in manuscript, trusting to the common law to restrict them, as ordinary property, to the control of their owners. That wrought considerable improvement, since a quickly obtained injunction is sufficient to stop the acting of any unpublished play without the permission of its owner. In no large city, therefore, can piracy be practised successfully. But in more obscure territory, where what are called "repertory companies" travel, it has been common to perform stolen plays under new titles. But sometimes a pirate does not even take the pains to try concealment, but audaciously appropriates the plays' titles along with the matter. For example, the Kansas newspapers just now contain advertisements of Sadie Raymond, "a little streak of sunshine," who is streaking it through the border towns with a repertory consisting of "The Old Homestead," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "A Texas Steer," and "The New South," and presenting them, no doubt, in a manner that would make their authors' blood run cold to see. All the marked successes of the stage were thus seized upon. The necessary copies were easily and cheaply obtained from stenographers, who contrived to take down the words as spoken in a regular performance, and who brazenly advertised the manuscripts in the dramatic media. One of them was arrested, but it was found impossible to punish him or break up his nefarious business. Now Charles Frohman has undertaken a crusade against the pirates on a new plan. He says that at one time recently four of the twelve plays which his companies were acting were also being used surreptitiously in the southwest and Canada. He made a contract with the Pinkertons to detect and prosecute these and other thieves who steal his property. The regular agents of the Pinkertons are instructed to keep themselves informed on the subject and to enjoin every piratical attempt to perform a Frohman play. Already the results have been satisfactory, and other managers are expected to go into the same method of self-protection.

The Boston Symphony Concert.

The principal interest of the fourth Boston Symphony Concert, given last evening in Carnegie Hall, lay in Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony, and in Wagner's finale of "Die Walküre." In the first of these the exquisite finish of Mr. Paur's orchestra was shown in its greatest perfection. Berlioz himself speaks of the immense difficulties of this remarkable work, and of the immense labor it is for a conductor to lead it properly. Nothing but smoothness and ease was, however, apparent last night in the movements either of maestro or players. The three movements—"The Fête," "The Love Scene," and "Queen Mab Scherzo"—were done without a flaw, with charming taste, and a legato that would have delighted any old master of the Italian school from Boccherinin down to Botta. For the "Wotan's Abschied," that excellent musician, Max Heinrich, lent his aid, bringing his rare intelligence and clever phrasing to bear most potentially upon the well-known lines that have never been else than admirably sung to our audiences. His voice was at better advantage in this than in Schubert's song, "Allmacht," where richness and beauty of tone is a necessity. Heinrich's voice is larger and more powerful than of old, but still lacking in charm of quality. Without it he attracts, when other singers would fail, simply by his artistic acquirements in the æsthetics of his art, by his earnestness and his enthusiasm.

Paur shows immense skill in his interpretation of Wagner. He makes his music free, buoyant, and powerfully worked up to the climaxes, as well as clear and unmistakable in its subtle language. Chabrier's "Entr'acte from Gwendoline" had little force or meaning compared with the other compositions. It was unobjectionable, and might have been anything made by anybody. The "Feramors Ballet" evidently charmed the audience by its brightness, for Mr. Paur was induced to accept its encore.

IN THE WORLD OF FASHION.

The Engagement of Miss Bessie Whiting to Launcelot Cavendish-Taylor Broken Off.

A dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. John J. Wysong in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kessler was the leading incident in the social life of New York yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. William Burden, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Irvin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Suydam, Mr. and Mrs. James Hude Beekman, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Dillon Ripley, Miss Remsen, Miss McAllister, Mr. Whitehouse, and Mr. Brown were among the guests.

Mrs. Basil Hall, one of the wealthiest widows who entertained here this season, has gone to California to remain about two months and incidentally to visit the Winter Fair. Basil Hall, a Southerner, died a few years ago, leaving his wife properties in this country, England, and France from which she receives an immense income. Mrs. Hall spends much of her time in Europe, whence she returned recently after a two years' stay there. When Mrs. Hall returns from California to her suite in the Murray Hill Hotel her acquaintances may expect some gorgeous entertainments.

The friends of Miss Bessie Whiting learned with surprise yesterday that her engagement to Launcelot Cavendish-Taylor of England had been broken off by mutual consent. Miss Whiting is an accomplished young lady and has just returned from Paris, where she finished her education. She is as pretty as she is clever. Mrs. Whiting was Miss Carroll of Carrollton, Md. She is a cousin of Royal Phelps Carroll and of Miss Carroll of Washington, who has an income of $40,000 a year and is the richest woman in the national capital. Mrs. Whiting is also a cousin of Charles Carroll and Gov. John Carroll of Maryland. Mr. Cavendish-Taylor is an Englishman of good family, but of small means.

There are three charming California widows in town at present—Mrs. Amy Crocker Gillig, Mrs. Rutherford, and Mrs. Robert Hastings—all of whom are reckoned as being very wealthy. The best known of them is Mrs. Amy Crocker Gillig, who has taken the Peter Townsend Barlow house for the winter. Mrs. Gillig is a member of the Crocker family of San Francisco. It is said that Mrs. Gillig is now receiving much attention from Edgar Saltus. Mrs. Rutherford has a handsome suite of apartments in a fashionable apartment house, and entertains generously. There has been some talk of her engagement to George Crocker, brother of Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay. The third California widow, Mrs. Robert Hastings, is spending a few weeks in this city preparatory to a European trip.

In contradiction of the statements made recently, William Harriman said yesterday that he had made no arrangements for his marriage to Miss Anna Gould.

PLEADING FOR WORKING WOMEN.

Laws for Their Protection and Free Employment Bureaus Asked.

More than 600 men and women listened, with frequent applause, in Cooper Institute last night, to pleas by Bishop Potter, Joseph H. Choate, Prof. Felix Adler, and others in behalf of the bills now before the Legislature regulating the employment of women and children in mercantile houses, and providing for the establishment of free employment bureaus by the State. Thirty clergymen were among the forty Vice-Presidents.

Bishop Potter, who presided, said that the bills were to shorten the hours of women and children in manufacturing and mercantile houses to sixty a week, to secure the enforcement of the old law, now a dead letter, requiring employers to provide seats for women employees; to provide for the regular inspection of all these business houses, and to secure the establishment of free-employment bureaus patterned after the Bureau in Paris.

Mornay Williams read a letter from Mayor Gilroy commending the bills as being calculated to secure "a great benefit to public interests." Mr. Choate brought forth a great burst of applause by saying in the opening sentence of his speech that he felt more honored by the invitation to speak in behalf of the Working Women's Society than if the ex-Queen of Hawaii had asked him to present her to the chief President of the United States.

He deprecated the fact that ever since the story got out that Eve was made from a rib taken from Adam's side, woman had been treated as a side issue. There was no more logical reason why woman should receive only half a man's wages for work done as well as any man could do it than there was why she should not be allowed to vote. Although woman in the higher realms of art and literature had largely swept away the unfair discrimination, in manual labor the old unjust oppression of the sex remained.

Prof. Adler pleaded especially for the protection of the children employed in mercantile houses. He was followed by Jacob A. Riis and Father Ducey. Samuel Gompers endorsed the bills on behalf of the Federation of Labor.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPELLED

By Mayor Schieren's New $5,000 "Efficient" City Clerk.

"Regenerated Brooklyn" is the title of an article by Mayor Schieren in the February number of the *City Vigilant*, the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst's publication. Mayor Schieren says:

"This city is once more under the control of an independent administration. It will strive to reorganize every department. Efficiency and good character will be made the principal requisite for obtaining employment under the present city Government."

A verbatim copy of the minutes of the last meeting of the Brooklyn Board of Aldermen, as prepared by Joseph Benjamin, the new Republican City Clerk, who gets $5,000 a year for his services, would doubtless shock Dr. Parkhurst, if put side by side with Mayor Schieren's little essay. It would show that "efficiency" in the English language at least was not a prime factor in getting a fat job under the reform administration.

This sort of spelling appears in the official minutes: Propper for proper, recomited for recommitted, relieving for relieving, respectufully for respectfully, credict for credit, salries for salaries, colord for colored, and so on.

It is said that the Civil Service Commissioners are shocked at the exhibition of ignorance in the high-priced clerical force in the City Hall, and may ask the Mayor to order an investigation.

A NEGRO THE FOREMAN

On the Jury that is Trying John A. Dunphy for Election Frauds.

The trial of John A. Dunphy, the second of the alleged election fraud cases, was begun in the Court of Over and Terminer yesterday morning. W. H. Anthony, foreman of the jury, is a colored man, a janitor at 104 John street.

Assistant District Attorney Wellman, in opening the case for the people, said that the defendant had acted as Chairman of the Board of Inspectors in the Twenty-sixth election district in the Eighth Assembly district last election day, and that he was indicted for neglect of duty in allowing men to go into the booths with voters when the latter were not blind or physically disabled. This neglect was so flagrant, said Mr. Wellman, that the people in the polling place joked about the number of blind men in the district.

W. H. Culyer, one of the poll clerks, who is under indictment for neglect of duty, too, told of the oath administered by Dunphy to the "blind men," which was not at all the statutory oath. He said Dunphy had told the "blind men" that this would keep them from getting into trouble. Culyer also said that he had been threatened by outsiders when it became known that he was to testify at this trial.

The case goes on to-day at 10½ o'clock.

Reduction in East-bound Rates on Hay.

The railroads in the Trunk Line and Central Traffic associations refused to make the proposed reduction in east-bound rates on corn from points in the joint territory. They consented to make a commodity rate on hay effective until April 30, which reduces that article from the fifth to the sixth class for the period named.

ARRESTED MR. ANDREWS.

AN END TO TRIFLING WITH THE SOFT COAL SMOKE BUSINESS.

President Andrews and Secretary St. John of the New York Steam Company Arrested at the Instance of the Board of Health.

On the blotter in the court police station in the Tombs last night were made these two entries:

Name, Wallace C. Andrews; color, white; age, 59; born, United States; residence, 854 Fifth avenue; occupation, President New York Steam Company; charge, violating sections 117 and 118 of the Sanitary Code; disposition, out on his own recognizance; examination 2, Feb. 9.

Name, Gamaliel C. St. John; color, white; age, 42; born, United States; occupation, Secretary New York Steam Company; charge, violating sections 117 and 118 of the Sanitary Code; disposition, out on his own recognizance; examination 2, Feb. 9.

These two entries are the evidence that the New York Board of Health proposes to stop the soft coal smoke nuisance, even if they have to put somebody in jail for it. They are also evidence that if you disobey the edict of the Board of Health you will get into serious trouble, for at the time these entries were made on the blotter the nuisance complained of had already stopped. It was for violating the Health Board order for two days that the arrests were made. Chemist Martin of the Health Department and a lawyer visited Justice Taintor at the Tombs Court yesterday morning. Mr. Martin, by order of President Wilson, had kept a watch on the Steam Heating Company's big chimneys in Cortlandt street, and every time they belched out black smoke he made a note of it. He had seen two coal carts loaded with soft coal back up at the Washington street entrance to the company's plant and dump their loads. Under instructions from President Wilson he had put all these facts in an affidavit. He had this affidavit with him when he called on Justice Taintor, and the lawyer drew up a complaint accusing the New York Steam Company of violating the smoke suppressing section of the code. This and the affidavit were presented to the Justice with a request for a warrant. The Justice was inclined to find fault, and finally he said he could not issue a warrant against a corporation. The complaint alleged an offence on the part of the company and not of individuals. The Justice offered to issue a summons against President Andrews, returnable on Feb. 21, and because he wouldn't do any better Chemist Martin took that and went to headquarters with it.

Neither President Wilson nor Commissioner Edson was satisfied with it, and Chemist Martin sat down and made out a new affidavit accusing President Andrews and Secretary St. John of maintaining the nuisance. President Wilson told Mr. Martin to go to Justice Taintor again and ask a warrant. If it was again refused he said he would issue the warrant himself. The new papers were satisfactory to the Justice, and at 2 o'clock he issued the warrants. They read that "said persons have violated sections 117 and 118 of the Sanitary Code by permitting smoke to issue from the chimneys of their property in Cortlandt and Greenwich streets." These warrants were turned over to the Sergeant of the court squad, who gave them to Detective Phillips to serve. They were made returnable at 2 o'clock this afternoon. Philips started out to look for his men. They were not at the Steam Heating Company's office, and he waited around outside the building for them.

It was a day of some excitement in the Steam Heating Company's office. The fact that a warrant was to be issued was known early in the day, and half a dozen reporters were at the office early in the morning. Mr. St. John and Mr. Andrews laughed at them.

"Why," said Mr. St. John, "there is no smoking this morning. What would be the idea of arresting us?" Then he told how it had come to pass that the company had used soft coal for two days. "You see," he said, "we use about 400 tons of coal a day, and we keep about three days' supply on hand. At the time that we were compelled to shut down below we had a number of hundred tons of soft coal in our bunkers. These bunkers contain our reserve supply. As coal is delivered to us what we can use of it at once is sent by machinery right to the big furnaces, and what isn't needed goes into the bunkers. When it happens, as it very often does, that we can't get coal delivered to us we must keep supply the furnaces we have to depend on the bunkers. This time we used all the hard coal that had been accumulating in the soft that was left in the bottom of the bunkers when we stopped before, and then we came to the soft. It was either use it or shut up shop, and we used it one day. The second day it was a sort of mixture of soft and hard that we kept the furnaces going with, and there really wasn't very much smoke. Now, you see, that was how it was. We couldn't help ourselves. We are not fighting the Health Board, and we want to abide by its rules."

President Andrews was even more emphatic about the good feeling of the company for the Board and vice versa. "There is no trouble between the company and the Board of Health at all," he said. "We wouldn't have used soft coal at all these last two days if it hadn't been necessary, and the Board knows that."

The reporter shared around. Half an hour after hour Mr. Andrews went out to lunch, and then Mr. St. John went out, and they both laughed at the idea of warrants. It was while they were at lunch that Philips came with the warrants. President Andrews was coming down Cortlandt street at 4 o'clock when Philips spied him. Neither Philips nor Andrews saw the other, but somehow the recognition was mutual, and Mr. Andrews said:

"Yes, yes; come right up stairs," and Philips got on the elevator with him and went up. They whispered in the corner by Mr. Andrews's desk a while, and then Philips apologized for having to serve the papers on him.

"Now, Mr. Andrews, you'll be sure and be on hand at 2 o'clock; you promise me faithfully, on your word of honor?" Mr. Andrews promised. "If he hadn't promised that I'd a-had to take him," said Philips later. The same formality was gone through with in Mr. St. John's case. Neither of them was put in a cell.

When Mr. Andrews and Mr. St. John go to court to-day the Justice will ask them whether they want to be tried before the Court of Special Sessions, or whether they will waive examination and let their cases go before the Grand Jury. If convicted it will be of a misdemeanor, and they may be punished by $500 fine and a year in prison.

WHERE'S JACOB OMNIUM, ESQUIRE?

To Write a Piece with His Iron Pen About the List of Reservees.

Judge Pryor's remarks in the Court of Common Pleas on Wednesday concerning the outrageous system which permitted a bill of $434 for costs in an action to recover $138.23 were thoroughly endorsed by Judge Bischoff. There are several instances to show the extent to which this abuse has been carried.

Over a year ago there was a case in Judge Bookstaver's court entitled La Maida against La Maida. The plaintiff sued for separation from her husband. Pending the decision she asked for alimony, which was granted to the amount of $6 a week. This did not satisfy her, and her attorneys moved for a reference to determine the defendant's ability to pay more. The motion was granted, and a referee and stenographer met for days to hear the evidence, only to hear that the attorneys for each side had agreed to a postponement. For each adjournment the referee and stenographer made charges. Finally the reports were ready, but were accompanied by a bill of $1,000 for the fees of the referee and stenographer for work which could have been done in two days. A motion by the plaintiff's counsel that the defendant be compelled to pay the bill was denied by Judge Bischoff and the case is still pending. This was all the result of a dispute over an alimony of $6, but Judge Bischoff says that there have been even more absurd abuses of a system which permits such careless a disregard of justice.

Custom Tailors Strike Again.

Another strike of the custom tailors in the employ of Ernest A. Bedfern was reported yesterday. A resolution was made by the shop union a few days ago according to which a member who accepted work when he already had clothing to make up and other members of the shop were awaiting their turn should be fined $10. On Monday, it is said, a man violated this rule and took a second job while other members were waiting. A protest was made to the manager and head cutter, but they replied by saying that some men were better adapted for the particular kind of work given this man than others. A strike then took place.

A Young Wife's Divorce Suit.

Judge Andrews of the Supreme Court has appointed Daniel R. Van Nostrand of 211 Hancock street, Brooklyn, guardian of his daughter, Mrs. Josie F. Trowbridge, who is about to bring an action for divorce from her husband, R. Raymond Trowbridge of this city. Mrs. Trowbridge is but 19 years of age. She was married in 1892, but lived only a short time with her husband. Mr. Van Nostrand is a wealthy Brooklyn merchant.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The potency of such names as William Jay, J. G. K. Lawrence, Frank Sturgis, Frederick Benson, and Perry Belmont is already manifest in the affairs of the Jerome Park Jockey Club. It is generally believed, though promises of no sort have thus far been made, that the ultra-fashionable pony races which have heretofore taken place at Coney Island will be held at the Jerome Park track when the club is in good working order. A rumor started in some indefinable way last week that the project of reviving the Jerome Park Club has been abandoned. This is not true. When the project was first made public of reviving the prosperity of the old club it was decided that there should be a membership of 250 men, selected from the various clubs in this city. A circular was prepared with great care and sent out to the selected list, and considerably over 100 men have already joined the organization. Under the constitution of the club no member is liable for more than his annual dues of $25 a year. There is a fine club house and stabling, and the drive from New York to the club is unquestionably the most attractive in this vicinity. Some decisive action on the part of the Executive Committee will be taken on the 12th of this month concerning the new organization.

A rumor that Jean de Reszke is not coming back next year has been in circulation for some weeks. The tenor is a man of peculiar stability of purpose, and when he makes up his mind decisively on a subject it is extremely difficult to move him. For some reason he has taken a violent dislike to Tamagno, who made a distinguished success when he sang the first time, and who will probably be engaged by Mr. Grau for next season. Jean de Reszke, as soon as he heard of the probability of Tamagno's engagement for next season, went to Mr. Grau and refused to return next year if Tamagno was in the organization. Mr. Grau pointed out to De Reszke that Tamagno would only sing in the robust and heroic roles, and would only appear in the operas which De Reszke never sang. He was willing to enter into an agreement not to let Tamagno interfere in any way with De Reszke's repertory. All arguments, however, were wasted on the tenor. It is said that tenors and prima donne are the only persons on earth who are impervious to reason. At no time in his life has De Reszke made such an income as he has commanded this season. He likes New York and is at the zenith of his success. Yet he will not tolerate Tamagno. This is one of the incidents that go to make the direction of opera more or less baffling.

The soot from the soft coal used by the Steam Heating Company permeates through the windows of every office within twenty blocks of the big chimney. The persistency with which the soot makes its way through the windows which are apparently closed at every point is remarkable, and as open windows are necessary when the steam heat is used the business men in the lower part of New York are raising their voices in a manner that cannot be misunderstood. It is altogether the most remarkable and universal nuisance that the city has known of recent years.

Dore Lyon, whose failure was announced in the papers yesterday, is a thick set, heavily built man, of tranquil manners, who has been a familiar figure around town for a great many years. He was usually looked upon as a shrewd real estate speculator, and was credited with having a very large and well-established fortune. His failure was largely brought about by the collapse of three mercantile houses in rapid succession, with all of whom he had dealings. It is worth noting just now that the hard times have come to the conservative and long-established houses, such as those which effected Mr. Lyon's failure.

The carriage calling nuisance exists in other parts of New York than Murray Hill, as nearly all the unfortunates who live near the theatres, public restaurants, and similar resorts can testify. A rule adopted by the police some years ago, and still kept in force at big public balls, is to form the carriages in line and force the people who wish to drive home to take the first carriage at the door. There were numerous complaints against this plan, but it proved to be efficacious, and saved not only confusion and delay, but obviated the necessary noise of calling out the carriages. A rule is in force in London which would simplify matters greatly. After the close of the performance the public hacks are kept at a distance until the private carriages have been driven away. It is not necessary to own a carriage to get into this line. One may go to the theatre in a hack if he has engaged it for the evening, and to the driver is given a ticket which secures him a place in the line after the performance. After all the carriages which are entitled to be in the line have been disposed of the public hacks are allowed to drive up, and are taken in the order of their arrival. This plan has proved entirely effective in London.

The raiding of a pool room which was kept by an old woman for the convenience of women bettors has started up a good deal of comment upon this particular subject. It seems to be regarded as an altogether exceptional case, though, as a matter of fact, such pool rooms are numerous, and have been for many years, in the upper section of New York. The police have never become particularly excited about them, however, as, as a rule, they are small concerns, managed in a peculiarly feminine way, and are so lightly patronized that they do very little damage. The theory that they are patronized exclusively by "society belles" and other persons of exalted social position is amusingly away from the truth. The bettors are, as a rule, poorly dressed, and more or less wretchedly conditioned women, who are acquainted with stable men, jockeys, and the cheaper class of racing touts, and who have acquired a passion for betting at the cheaper Jersey tracks. A two-dollar bet is regarded as a rather important one in these rooms, and some of them have formed for a long while upon a little coterie of less than a dozen bettors. Society has never been placed in any great peril by the gambling that goes on in the women's pool rooms.

In an experiment with the new and terrible rifle with which the European armies are to be equipped, a man was recently shot accidentally. He was nearly half a mile from the gun, and one of the new explosive bullets passed into his body. One of his ribs was struck by the bullet and the missile exploded. When the post mortem examination was held it was found that the bullet had split into fourteen pieces, which had penetrated the man's body in as many different directions. It would have been impossible for surgical skill to have accomplished any relief if the man had not died instantly, as the different parts of the bullet could not have been probed for from the exterior of the body. This was the rifle which can kill a man at a distance of three-quarters of a mile, and a bullet from which went through the bodies of three men, one placed behind the other, the shot being fired from a distance of a quarter of a mile. Just now the European authorities, having become satisfied as to the murderous execution of the new rifle, have fallen into a condition of doubt as to what will be the hospital corps. It is generally understood that the new tierman rifle will have a range of nearly two miles. In previous wars the hospital corps has moved perhaps an eighth of a mile in the rear of the line, and at times much nearer than this. As the men were wounded they were carried back and placed in the hands of the surgeons, where their sufferings were relieved, and all that humanity could do was done in their behalf. The hospital corps in this instance was out of range of the enemy, and could work successfully. The question now is where can the surgeons be placed safely from danger of the new rifles having a range of two miles. It is impracticable to carry the wounded a mile and a half back of the line, and if the forces approach within half a mile of one another, and the whole question resolves itself into a discussion upon the terrible results which must attend the next meeting of hostile forces in Europe, armed with the new rifles.

"Oh, look there," said a young girl in a rather country bonnet to her citified escort in a cable car yesterday. "See them winding up that load of coal on that wagon. How high do they put it up and what do they do it for?" The young man thought for a moment. "That is the way we deliver coal in apartment houses," said he; "they can wind the load up as high as the sixth floor and dump it right where it is wanted—or the fourth floor, or any distance they like." The other passengers in the cable car wondered what sort of ideas about New York the country maid would have if she spent much time with that particular young man.

The appearance of a very large burglar-proof safe in one of the suburbs within a day or two excited a great deal of attention, and drew out the information that it was being carted to the country house of a very wealthy New York woman, who means to use it for the safe keeping of her silver plate and jewelry. In New York there is no need for such a cumbrous article of furniture. Some families with great wealth use small safes for very precious articles, but the safe deposit companies turn many an honest dollar by storing jewels and plate in their steel vaults between the times when those articles are in use. In one safe deposit company visitors may see the trunks and boxes in which the valuables of some of the wealthiest families in town are guarded and carried to and from the vaults. As a rule they are the shabbiest sort of old receptacles—chosen for their bad appearance, perhaps, so as to give no hint of their precious contents as they are carted through the streets.

MR. BAYER MIGHT DIE, BUT

WHILE HE LIVED HE'D PLAY PINOCHLE, POISON OR NO POISON.

If It Hadn't Been for Pinochle He Wouldn't Have Mistaken the Carbolic Acid Bottle for the Whiskey Bottle, Any Way.

When he is not eating or sleeping, Henry Bayer spends his time playing pinochle. For the greater part of his sixty years of life, the latter part of which has been spent in that part of Williamsburgh known as Dutchtown, pinochle has been his only amusement. In adversity and poverty, in sickness and health, for better for worse, Mr. Bayer has stuck to his pinochle deck, and even with the prospect of impending death staring him in the face, he turned to his favorite amusement, and now all Seigel street and the surrounding German districts are ringing with the fame of Bayer, who, when guarded by the police and supposed to be at the point of death, arose in his bed and played pinochle all night with the guardian of the peace, and afterward was discharged in police court.

The occasion of Bayer's arrest was indirectly traceable to a game of pinochle. Another factor was a sick horse belonging to Bayer's brother, who lives at 156 Seigel street, and for whom Bayer works. A veterinary surgeon called on Tuesday and left a quart of ointment, chiefly carbolic acid, for the horse. Charles Bayer, the brother, rubbed half the ointment on the horse and put the other half on a stand in the sitting room, where he, Henry, and two neighbors sat down in the afternoon to a game of pinochle. Before the game had progressed very far one of the players handed Henry a quart bottle of whiskey, which Henry sampled and set behind him on the stand where the horse ointment stood.

Then it came Henry's turn to deal. He dealt, and after some minutes of play he declared game. The others counted his points and found only 400, instead of 1,000, which constitutes a game. Therefore they declared Henry a loser, according to rules. There was great jubilation, for Henry is a famous player, and was never before caught in such an error. With a look of pained surprise, the loser sought consolation from the whiskey bottle, but made a wrong connection and got carbolic acid from the horse ointment bottle instead. Just as the others were about to take the stakes, Henry gave a loud yell, kicked over the table and rolled upon the floor.

One player ran for the police, another for a doctor, and a third poured water over the sufferer. An ambulance took him unconscious to St. Catharine's Hospital, and after working over him for hours the doctors declared that he had a good chance for recovery. Policeman Charles Hoefling of the Sixth precinct was sent to the hospital to stay with the patient, who was put under arrest for attempted suicide. The policeman was to watch and see that he did not try to kill himself again. It was weary business for the policeman, who had to pinch himself to keep awake. The patient lay very quiet, and from time to time Hoefling would lean over and look at him to make sure that he still breathed. On one of these occasions Bayer suddenly opened his eyes and said abruptly:

"You play penuckle?"

"Wh-wh-what?" gasped the startled policeman. "You mustn't talk. You'll die if you talk. Keep still."

"I ask you if you play penuckle," persisted the German, raising himself on one elbow.

"Do lie down," implored Hoefling. "You're under arrest, and if you move around you won't get well. Go to sleep."

"I asked you to play a game of penuckle," observed Bayer, calmly. "If you won't play penuckle with me, I'll jump out of the window."

"Oh," gasped the policeman; "don't do that; just keep still. I have'nt got a deck of cards here, but I'll get 'em. Just you lie still and don't bother; I'll play pinochle with you."

After some trouble Hoefling got a boy to find some cards, hoping that after a game or two the patient would quiet down. Vain hope. Bayer won the first two games, and called for more. They played and played until the officer's fingers ached from handling the cards, and Bayer won every game. Finally, when the twenty-second game had been played, the sufferer lay back and remarked:

"You play a rotten game of penuckle. So long. I'll be all right in the morning."

Next day he was much better, and yesterday he was arraigned in the Ewen Street Police Court on a charge of attempted suicide, where the whole matter was satisfactorily adjusted. Justice Watson and was discharged. Hoefling told the Judge that he played pinochle with the patient for fear he would have a relapse if deprived of his favorite amusement. He also remarked that he lost every game, not to mention other things, and that if Bayer ever requires a recommendation as a pinochle expert he can get it by applying at the Sixth precinct police station.

FOND OF HAVING TRANCES.

But Mary Jennings Would Rather Wake Up than Take Ether or Sniff Hartshorn.

The hospital doctors who for three weeks have been puzzling their brains over Mary Jennings's trances have come to the conclusion that they are not genuine.

Her last exploit was on Wednesday night, when a policeman of the Charles street station sent a hurry call from Tenth street and Sixth avenue to St. Vincent's Hospital for an ambulance. When Surgeon Kerrigan got there he found Miss Jennings lying apparently dead upon a doorstep and hurried her to the hospital. There a whiff of strong ammonia dispelled the trance with surprising rapidity. The young woman didn't wake another step, and left the hospital yesterday morning. She told one of the nurses that if any one wanted to find her she would probably be in the New York Hospital.

The young woman was transferred from the Chambers Street Hospital to Bellevue on Monday morning. The ambulance surgeon stated that she was suffering from hysteria, and the ambulance surgeon told about the trance act. Miss Jennings declared that she was suffering from a fractured skull, the result of an accident. From the patient's symptoms it was thought that a particle of bone might be pressing on the brain. Bellevue surgeons washed her for surgical ward. On Tuesday morning an examination showed that there was nothing the matter with her skull. Then the doctors watched for a return of the trance. It came on shortly after 7 o'clock on Tuesday night. A proposition, made in a loud voice, to give her ether resulted in a rapid recovery. "I don't want you to give me any ether," she said. "I've had it before."

On Thursday morning Miss Jennings was discharged from the hospital as cured. The doctors say that she has chronic hysteria, and that her trances are simulated.

WANTS TO BE AN ACTRESS.

Missing Mamie Sherred Leaves a Distressing Note for Her Parents.

A search is being made for fifteen-year-old Mamie Sherred, a daughter of Hotel Keeper Peter Sherred of Valley Stream. This note was found in her bureau:

DEAR MAMMA AND PAPA: Don't worry about me. I am safe and happy, and expect to marry Mr. Cotter in a few days. Your daughter, MAMIE S.

Miss Sherred was bent on going on the stage, and her parents look on this note as a ruse to throw them off the track. They do not believe she has eloped with Mr. Cotter, who is 40 years old, and is said to have a wife living. She was a good musician and something of an elocutionist, and frequently informed her companions that she was going to become an actress.

August Cotter bears a good reputation in Valley Stream and vicinity, and his friends will not believe he has gone off with Miss Sherred, despite the letter. Mrs. Sherred was absent from the hotel yesterday. It was said she had obtained a clue to her daughter's whereabouts and had gone to seek her.

To-night's Reception to Edward Blake, M. P.

A reception will be tendered to Edward Blake, M. P., at the Hoffman House to-night by the Irish National Federation of this city. Mr. Blake arrived yesterday morning from Montreal, where he has been staying for the past few weeks. Mr. Blake, who represents South Longford in the House of Commons, has made addresses in several of the large cities of the United States, and in Boston alone he collected $5,000 for the Irish members of Parliament who follow the leadership of Justin McCarthy. Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, President of the Irish National Federation, has issued circulars requesting all the members of the association to be present at to-night's reception.

Two Deaths from Smallpox.

Five new cases and two deaths from smallpox were reported yesterday. John Copeland, 45 years old, of 94 Division street, and Annie O'Brien, 21, of 397 Pearl street, died at North Brother Island. The new cases were: Loretta Cadigah, 1 year old, of 66 Market street; Patrick Casey, 33, of 150 Park row; James Clark of 11 Bowery; Frank Lyons, 22, taken from Bellevue Hospital, and Joseph Lane, 27, of 5 Elizabeth street.

Brooklyn's Special Policemen.

Police Commissioner Welles of Brooklyn has directed all special policemen to hand in their shields. There is to be a pruning down in the number of specials.

MISS HALL'S HALLUCINATIONS.

Thought Her Brother's Death Due to a Conspiracy in the Union League Club.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Feb. 8.—Ex-Senator Charles P. McClelland of Dobbs Ferry and Dr. H. Ernest Schmid of White Plains, a commission appointed by the Supreme Court to examine into the sanity of Miss Martha Jane Hall of Tarrytown, took evidence in the case before a Sheriff's jury of sixteen at the county Court House here to-day. Miss Hall is a sister of the late John Hudson Hall of New York city, who died in March, 1891, at Thomasville, Ga., where he had gone for his health. Mr. Hall was a member of the Union League Club, and besides his country residence at Tarrytown had a town house at 350 Fifth avenue, New York. At his death Mr. Hall's estate was worth from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000. The executors under his will were Salem H. Wales, Mrs. Hall, and Miss Hall. They had equal powers as executors and co-trustees of the estate. In order to transact the business of the estate Mrs. Hall's signature was consequently necessary. This application was made by the heirs under the will for the purpose of determining whether she was competent to make her signature.

The testimony taken to-day showed that Miss Hall shortly after her brother's death became afflicted with hallucin