THE NEW JOURNALISM.

LIGHT ON "HOW TO MAKE A BANKRUPT NEWSPAPER PAY."

Development of the Ancient "Commercial Advertiser" in the Hands of Stillman & Hubbard—Print an Interview with a Banker, Send a Bill for $25, and Get Kicked—All of the Principal Banks "Struck," as Well as Postmaster Dayton and the Collector of the Port.

"How to make a bankrupt newspaper pay" is the subject of this little history, which became public property last Saturday by reason of the attempt of one Gomez of the *Commercial Advertiser* to get $300 from Collector Kilbreth for an article on the Custom House. Gomez not only attempted to get the money, but he tried to bamboozle the Collector as to the amount at the same time. Gomez frankly acknowledged that he came from the *Commercial Advertiser*, and he demanded $300 for a page "write up" of the Custom House. The article appeared in the *Commercial Advertiser* on Jan. 30. There are seven columns to the page, but only one column is devoted to the Custom House article. In order to have done his collecting judiciously Gomez should have demanded only $42.85 5-10, which represents the actual charge per column of that sort of matter in the *Commercial Advertiser* in that number.

The persons who control the *Commercial Advertiser* are Stillman & Hubbard, lawyers, with offices in the Mills building, Broad street, and at 54 Wall street.

Thomas E. Stillman lives at 95 Joralemon street, Brooklyn. He is a member of the following respectable organizations: The Bar Association of New York, the New York Yacht Club, the Down Town Association, the New England Society, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Hamilton Club of Brooklyn.

Thomas H. Hubbard lives at 16 West Fifty-eighth street, New York city. He is a member of the following respectable organizations: The Bar Association of New York, the City Club, the Union League Club, the Lawyers' Club, the Down Town Association, the Riding Club, the Republican Club, the American Museum of Natural History, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the New England Society. Neither of these club men presented in person his bill for the unsolicited puffs of Federal officials and bankers contained in the *Commercial Advertiser* of Jan. 30, but many of those who refused to pay the bills have been compelled to meet Stillman and Hubbard in the clubs and organizations of which they are members. Lawyers, bankers, merchants, traction companies, paint makers, cordial distillers, were all tackled by Gomez, the man with the shoe-brush moustache, who failed to get $300 out of Collector Kilbreth, and said on departing, "Well, the Post Office paid $300."

In speaking of the statement made by Gomez to Collector Kilbreth at the Custom House on Saturday to the effect that the Post Office had paid $300 for the complimentary notice published in the issue of Jan. 30, Postmaster Dayton said:

"I am very much confused over this matter, and don't quite understand what it all means. This man Gomez brought a bill here for $300, which amount he said was due to the *Commercial Advertiser* for the story he had published about the Post Office. When I got the bill I told him that it was preposterous, and that I knew nothing about it, and certainly had not ordered any story of the kind published. Then he said that he had made an arrangement with some of the Post Office officials to publish the story and that compensation for it had been promised. I asked him why he had made the bill out in my name, and he said that he did so because I was the only one he could think of. Well, I told him I'd look into the matter, and I did so. Then I learned that the man had approached the postal clerks and had arranged with them for a sum considerably less than $300 to publish something about the Postal Clerks' Mutual Aid Association. He did publish something about them in the story he wrote, but only a few lines, while he devoted several columns of space to a description of the Post Office and the heads of the departments. I have not bothered much about the matter, because the claim is too absurd. They may have written a most beautiful story about us; but if they did, they did it without any orders, and there was certainly no arrangement made whereby they were to receive money. That is all I can say, excepting that the *Commercial Advertiser* will not get $300 or any money at all from me for writing up stories about the Post Office. I have sent their bill back to them with words to that effect, and I cannot understand why the man Gomez should tell Collector Kilbreth that we paid him. The Clerks' Association may have given him something, but no Post Office Official did, and I, for one, didn't even read the story that was published."

Alvin L. Macnab, Postmaster Dayton's private secretary, said to THE SUN reporter: "From what I have heard around the building this man Gomez went to the officers of the Postal Clerks' Association and made arrangements with them to publish a story about them in the *Commercial Advertiser*. They agreed to pay him some small sum for doing it, and one of the officers wrote out a long account of the organization, how it was founded, and its objects, and took it to Gomez, and it was understood that he was to publish this. But he didn't. Instead he published a page or more about the office and a paragraph about the association in the shape of a notice of an entertainment which was to be given in its behalf. When the postal clerks protested about this, I understand Gomez told them that he had unfortunately lost the account they had given him. That is all I know about the matter, excepting that I received a bill for Mr. Dayton for $300 from the *Commercial Advertiser*."

Assistant Postmaster Gayler told a SUN reporter that a man, who he supposed was Gomez, came to him and asked him for his picture to put in a story about the Post Office. Mr. Gayler understood that every one else in the building had given his picture to the man, and so gave his. The man said nothing to him about payment for the story, and he supposed that it was a complimentary article. He was very much surprised to hear that a bill had been sent in for the story.

The surprise which Mr. Dayton experienced when got his bill for $300 was nothing, however, compared to the surprise of the Presidents of the different banking institutions which were mentioned in the supplement of the *Commercial Advertiser*, published on Jan. 30. Each and every one of them received a bill for $25, and one of them was personally visited by a man who demanded $100 for the notice given to the bank of which he is President. Every one of the banks which were so beautifully eulogized was visited by a SUN reporter yesterday, and only three were found whose officers declined to admit that they had received bills from the *Commercial Advertiser*. The officers of these three banks would not deny that they had received bills, still they would not admit it.

The officers of the other banks were more than willing to tell about receiving bills for what they had supposed to be a gratuitous puff. Most of them had either thrown the bills in their waste baskets or had sent them back to the *Commercial Advertiser*, with a request for an explanation. A SUN reporter saw several of the bills. The bills are on the registration *Commercial Advertiser* bill-heads, and pasted to each is one was a clipping from the number of Jan. 30.

President George F. Baker of the First National Bank laughed heartily yesterday when a SUN reporter asked him if he had received his bill for $25.

"Yes, we got one several days ago," he said, "and, of course, were very much surprised. We certainly made no arrangement with them to pay for advertising. We don't care to advertise at all; at the same time we didn't object when asked to allowing the paper to say something about our institution in its story about the banks of New York. I have been away several days and the bill came in some days ago. Every one here looked it over, but no one could account for it. So it was laid on my desk and yesterday when I came in I found it there. I was amazed and simply threw the thing away. It was too absurd. Shall I pay it? No, indeed, I will not. We thought we were doing the paper a favor in allowing it to incorporate a history of our bank in its story, and now we find ourselves charged for it. Well, they may send bills from now until doomsday and we will not pay them."

President Frederick D. Tappen of the Gallatin National Bank was the one bank President from whom $100 was demanded. Mr. Tappen's experience had the flavor of novelty about it, not only because four times as much was demanded from him as from any other bank, but also because when he declined to pay, his caller—none of the other banks was favored with a personal visit—left a bill for $100, on regular *Commercial Advertiser* paper. Then two days later a man came around and saw Mr. Tappen, and said he was one of the editors of the *Commercial Advertiser*, and that he was sorry a man had asked him for money for advertising his bank in the number of Jan. 30. The man had no right to make any such demand, said Mr. Tappen's caller, and did not do it under orders from the *Commercial Advertiser*. Then he went away, and Mr. Tappen did what he had meant to do any way—threw the bill in his waste basket.

"I certainly never ordered anything put in that paper," said Mr. Tappen yesterday, "and the bill when it came sort of phased me. I could not understand its meaning, and knew there must be some mistake. A clipping from the *Commercial Advertiser* was pasted on the bill, but we never ordered the publication and consequently we ignored the bill."

President Alvin S. Carter of the Bank of the Republic got a bill for $25 from the *Commercial Advertiser* "for advertising," and he chuckled as he told a SUN reporter how he didn't pay it.

"We're not in the habit of paying for advertising we never ordered," said Mr. Carter, "and when that bill came in why we just laid it on the table. We knew the *Commercial Advertiser* was going to write a nice story about the banks, and that we were going to be noticed, but we didn't make any arrangement to pay for such as an advertisement. I've still got the bill and no further demand has been made upon us. We certainly shall not pay anything to the *Commercial Advertiser*."

President Isaac Rosenwaik of the Southern National Bank was highly indignant when he received a bill for $25 "for advertising." He consulted with the cashier and other officers of the bank and they all denied that they had ordered any such story published. Up to this time Mr. Rosenwald had only glanced at the clipping which was attached to the bill. Then he read it carefully and saw that it consisted mainly of an interview with himself on the present financial situation in the United States. The only mention made of the Southern National Bank was in describing him as the President of that institution. There was something very familiar about the interview, and as it exactly expressed Mr. Rosenwald's sentiments, he was considerably surprised, until he suddenly remembered that some weeks before a man had come in to see him, described himself as a reporter without mentioning what paper he was employed by, and had asked for an interview on the financial situation. Mr. Rosenwald, anxious to do the reporter a service, gladly complied with his request.

"And now," he said to a reporter, "I get a bill for it. They want $25 for printing this interview with me, which I gave as a favor. This is too much to ask of a man and expect him to remain patient. I shall not pay this bill and that is all there is about it."

President R. M. Gallaway of the Merchants' National Bank could not be seen yesterday, but Cashier Banta told the reporter that a bill for $25 had been sent to the institution on a *Commercial Advertiser* bill-head "for advertising."

"Of course there's some mistake," said Mr. Banta. "Probably somebody is imposing on that paper. We didn't order any advertising, although the paper published something about us in a big number devoted to banks and public institutions. Of course we won't pay the bill; in fact I think we sent it back to the *Commercial Advertiser*, although I may have thrown it in the waste basket. There certainly must have been a mistake somewhere, or that bill would not have been sent to us."

President John T. Willetts of the Leather Manufacturers' Bank was one of those who declined to say anything about the matter. He seemed very much surprised when THE SUN reporter asked him if he had received a bill from the *Commercial Advertiser*, and said: "That is a subject which I do not care to talk about."

The representative of the *Commercial Advertiser's* peculiar business methods wrote quite an interview with President Richard L. Edwards of the Bank of the State of New York, which appeared in the peculiar business supplement of Jan. 30. Most of this interview was quite new to Mr. Edwards, particularly certain columns of figures with mathematical deductions which must have come from the brain of the ingenious Gomez, for the bank President is sure that he never made any such statements. He was surprised when he saw them in print. Surprise deepened to amazement, and amazement changed to amusement, not unmingled with anger, when a bill for $25 was brought to the bank. This bill was on *Commercial Advertiser* bill paper, and it stated in unmistakable terms that the Bank of the State of New York was indebted in the sum of $25 to the *Commercial Advertiser* "for advertising, Jan. 30." The bill was dated Jan. 30, and the unauthorized interview was pasted on it. President Edwards called in the other officials and asked if they had authorized any such advertising, to which each of them returned a negative reply. President Edwards paid no attention to the bill, and no further notice has been sent to him by the paper.

"Certainly I never said many of the things which were attributed to me in the interview," said he yesterday to a SUN reporter. "I do not remember having been interviewed recently by any person on those subjects, except on one occasion, when a young man, who said he was getting up a book about banks, called here and submitted a manuscript about the bank and about me which he wished me to approve for print. I glanced it over and told him I preferred not to appear in print, and he went away. That may possibly have been the basis of this extraordinary demand. Certainly I never agreed to pay anything for such a notice as was printed. When this bank advertises it signs written contracts in the usual way."

At the National Bank of North America the blackmailing scheme failed quite as dismally as it did with President Edwards. When the bill for $25 as in other cases, presented on the official bill head of the *Commercial Advertiser*, was handed to President Van Norden he promptly declined to pay it.

"I have no recollection of having ever given out such an interview as was termed 'advertising' in the bill," said President Van Norden. "I may have at some time made some such statements, and I certainly never authorized the printing of them as advertising matter."

Late yesterday afternoon one of the bank officials met a representative of the *Commercial Advertiser* and mentioned the matter of the bill to him. A short time afterward a communication came from the newspaper to the bank denying any responsibility for the attempted swindle.

At the Third National Bank President A. B. Hepburn said that he had seen in the *Commercial Advertiser* of Jan. 30 an article purporting to come from him, containing statements which he did not remember to have made; but he had received no bill from the paper. President Edmund Randolph of the Continental National Bank was not at the bank yesterday, and none of the other officials knew anything about the matter. At the Hanover National Bank, President Woodward would not be interviewed on the subject, and an official at the gate assured THE SUN reporter that no bill from the *Commercial Advertiser* had been sent to the bank.

"What's that?" said another official, walking over to the gate; "*Commercial Advertiser*? Here's their bill now for $25 for that article. It won't be paid. I'll see them in—first."

"Sh!" interrupted the first official, growing very red; "don't say anything about that. There's nothing to be said on the subject, I assure you," he added, turning to the reporter, and then made some remarks to his companion about the unwisdom of being drawn into any newspaper controversy.

When the reporter called upon President John McAnerney of the Seventh National Bank and stated his errand that gentleman said:

"Yes; I got a bill for $25, but I sent it back marked, 'The Seventh National knows nothing of this.' It was entirely unauthorized, and we don't pay that kind of bills. As to the statements attributed to me by the article, they do not recur to my memory as ever having been made by me in that form. The man who interviewed me said that it was for a special edition of the paper, but he said nothing about any charge for it as advertising."

President Dumont Clarke of the American Exchange National Bank was not in, and the cashier, in reply to the reporter's question, said that he knew of the article referred to.

"Did you get the same bill that the other banks got?" asked the reporter.

"A bill for $25?" inquired the cashier, and then he smiled and added, "I would rather not say anything for publication about that."

President Langdon of the Central National Bank declined to say anything about the matter. At first President St. John of the Mercantile National Bank was loath to speak of the matter, saying he believed it to be an attempted fraud on the newspaper as well as upon the banks. Afterward he admitted having received a bill for $25 "for advertising."

"But we didn't pay the bill," he added.

President George M. Hard of the Chatham National Bank said:

"They printed some things which were ascribed to me that I never said in any interview. In fact, I was not interviewed at all on the subject. Then came the bill. It was simply disregarded, and I've heard nothing further about it."

When the collector called at the Merchants' Exchange Bank to collect the amount of the bill he greatly surprised the cashier, who said:

"I haven't even seen the article to which you refer."

"Well, here it is; $25 to pay," said the collector.

"There was no contract made for that," returned the cashier after reading it. "That isn't advertising, and we certainly shan't pay the bill."

"That's what they told me at the National Shoe and Leather Bank," said the collector as he walked out.

A copy of the *Commercial Advertiser's* bank issue lay before President John M. Crane of the National Shoe and Leather Bank when the reporter called on him.

"What kind of newspaper work do you call that?" asked Mr. Crane, pointing to the article. "On top of the printing of that we get a bill for $25. Pay it? Well, no; we're not that kind of a charitable institution."

The four exchanges which were liberally noticed in the supplement of the *Commercial Advertiser* of Jan. 30 seem to have been among the few institutions that were eulogized by that paper and did not receive a bill for the same.

Assistant Secretary Burnham of the Stock Exchange says that no bill was sent there and that none of the officers was approached for payment for the article about that institution.

Lester B. Howe, the Superintendent of the Produce Exchange, said the same thing, and Secretary Huson of the Consolidated Exchange told the reporter that no attempt had been made to collect money from him for the story in the *Commercial Advertiser* of Jan. 30.

The Cotton Exchange also, so Superintendent Powers says, escaped without a bill or personal demand for money.

This Stranger Tackled the Wrong Man.

SOUTH ORANGE, Feb. 11.—John McNellis was attacked by a stranger near Seton Hall College on Friday night. He was waiting for a South Orange electric car when a man approached and inquired the distance to Newark. Mr. McNellis told him, and also said that he was going to Newark as soon as a car came along. The stranger suddenly asked: "Say, young fellow, what is your nationality?"

The question was answered, and, without a word of warning, the man tripped McNellis, threw him violently to the ground and began to pummel him. Mr. McNellis, who has plenty of muscle, succeeded in regaining his feet and then thrashed his assailant until he begged for mercy. McNellis then took him by the collar and walked him to Charles W. Smalley's South Orange Hotel, where he held the man up to ridicule and let him go.

PRESBYTERY DOORS SHUT.

OFFICERS OF DR. PARKHURST'S CHURCH PROTEST.

Want to Stand by the Agreement to Aid the Church of Sea and Land, Which the Presbytery Has Voted Should be Sold—Talk of a Mortgage Is Hushed Up.

The principal feature of the meeting held yesterday afternoon by the New York Presbytery at the First Presbyterian Church, Fifth avenue and Eleventh street, was a discussion over a resolution passed by the Presbytery at their meeting on Jan. 21, that the Church of the Sea and Land, at 61 Henry street, should be sold to the highest bidder. The controversy yesterday was practically between the trustees of Dr. Parkhurst's church on the one side and certain members of the Presbytery on the other.

A long memorial signed by Dr. Parkhurst and the trustees of his church was read by Mr. H. W. Humphrey, one of the elders. The memorial strongly remonstrated against the action of the Presbytery, and said that the officers of the Madison Square Church were satisfied that no grounds existed which would justify the Presbytery in carrying out their resolution. The discussion became so warm that the ministers decided to go into executive session.

The trouble over the Church of the Sea and Land has existed for ten or twelve years. In 1868 H. K. Corning gave the property at 61 Henry street to the Presbytery on condition that it should be used as a place for religious worship, and that it should not be sold until it became evident that missionary efforts were no longer required or successful in that locality. In June, 1893, the pastor, the Rev. A. W. Sprout, was forced to resign for lack of funds to pay his salary. The property was offered for sale at auction, but a satisfactory bid was not obtained. Last fall an agreement was made by the Madison Square Church, the Presbytery, and the Church of Sea and Land by which the Madison Square Church was to help the Henry street church for a year, with the privilege of renewing the agreement for five years if the missionary work warranted such renewal.

The year's agreement has yet five or six months to run. Dr. Parkhurst's church is satisfied with the work done, and when the Presbytery's resolution was passed, no one connected with the church was present. The action of the Presbytery was not learned by the church's officers until two days later. They say that the church is in such good condition that on the day following the passing of the resolution a call was sent to the Rev. Mr. S. S. McClenahan of Orange. Officers of the Henry street church called upon Dr. Parkhurst and his trustees, who promised that a protest would be made to the Presbytery.

An elder of the Church of the Sea and Land said, in the discussion, that a man officially connected with the Presbytery had proposed to the Church that if it would assume a mortgage of $50,000 and allow this sum to be applied to raising the mortgage on the New York Presbyterian church, which the Bowery Bank threatens to foreclose, the Presbytery would allow the agreement made four months ago to stand.

The Moderator, interposing—That never should have been mentioned here.

Col. Ketchum, Presbytery's lawyer—No such statement was ever made. I am the gentleman referred to.

A voice from the corner—No, you're not; I am.

The Rev. Dr. Robinson of the New York Presbyterian Church—I move that Presbytery go into executive session and withhold the discussion of this matter from the public.

After an hour's discussion in secret session it was decided to bring the matter again before the Presbytery next week.

Among the other matters brought up yesterday was a resolution to establish a colored Presbyterian church in West Thirty-second street. The Rev. Dr. J. J. Lampe and others strongly opposed the idea, and the Rev. Dr. John Hall among others, favored it. The matter was put in the hands of a committee who will probably act favorably in the matter.

The Rev. J. B. Devins offered a resolution that a committee be appointed to look into the matter of carrying on Protestant missionary work among the 40,000 Hungarians in this city, and that a minister be secured who should hold special religious meetings in the Hungarian language. The resolution was adopted.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

Additions in the Past Year—Proposed Exhibit of Early American Paintings.

The annual meeting of the corporation of the Metropolitan Museum of Art was held yesterday afternoon at the museum. Daniel Huntington, Second Vice-President, presided, and among the corporators present were Hiram Hitchcock, Treasurer; Salem H. Wales, Thomas W. Wood, Richard M. Hunt, J. W. and Mrs. Pinchot, Charles H. Ludington, Carl Beckwith, John Bigelow, and the Secretary, L. P. di Cesnola. The meeting was held behind closed doors.

The Treasurer's statement showed that of the "special funds" the balance in bank Jan. 1, 1894, amounted to $7,601, and the total receipts, inclusive of this, to $42,668.72. The administrative receipts amounted to $139,852.38 and the payments to $139,488.74, leaving a surplus of $363.64. The funds in the hands of the Finance Committee on Dec. 31, 1894, amounted to $399,204.14.

The report of the trustees said that during the year there were 511,881 visitors, of whom 176,588 attended on Sunday afternoons. The number was diminished by the fact that at no time during the summer was the entire museum open. The lectures are very popular and the attendance is large. The number of copyists in the department of painting was 161, and 57 copied in other departments. Sixty sketches for design of illustration had also been made.

Among the acquisitions are collections of European porcelain presented by Henry G. Marquand, Japanese pottery by Samuel Colman, a Shrine of Buddha by Mrs. H. S. Ladew, H. P. Gray's painting, "Cleopatra Dissolving the Pearl," presented by Cortlandt de Peyster Field; W. W. Story's "Medea," by H. Chauncey. The executors of the late Hamilton Fish presented several pieces of marble statuary in accordance with his will. Among them is the "Babes in the Wood," by Thomas Crawford. Mrs. Alexander Crosby Brown increased her gift of musical instruments, which has been the subject of a winter course of illustrated lectures by her son, the Rev. William Adams Brown. Many valuable loans were made.

A circular is about to be issued setting forth that the trustees desire to form a representative collection of paintings illustrative of early American art, and soliciting the coöperation of all persons owning or having knowledge of paintings, portraits in oil, or ivory miniatures representing men and women of distinction in the early history of the country. An exhibition of this character, the trustees believe, would be of great interest. A special room will be devoted to the display of such historic pictures. Communications in this regard should be made to Edward S. Stoy, curator of the museum.

At the quarterly meeting to be held next Monday the election of officers will take place.

TWELFTH'S MEDALS LOCKED UP.

The Regimental Clerk, Who Has the Keys to the Safe, Missing.

Frederick E. Conkling, regimental clerk of the Twelfth Regiment, is missing. He was last at the armory, at Columbus avenue and Sixty-first street, on Thursday. Mrs. Nona A. Conkling, the missing man's wife, went to Police Headquarters yesterday afternoon and had a general alarm sent out by Sergeant Harley of the Information Bureau. She said that she and her husband lived at Bayside, L. I. Her husband, who is 37 years old, left home on Thursday, she said, when she has not seen him. He was seen in this city on Saturday by William Smith, a truckman. Mrs. Conkling could give no reason for her husband's absence. She said he had no money with him.

At the Twelfth Regiment armory it was said that Conkling had been employed as clerk of the regiment since last fall. He had charge of the books and accounts of the regiment. When he went away he took along with him the keys of the safe in the armory, and also had in his possession some of the regiment's books. The officers of the regiment are anxious to find Conkling so as to get the keys of the safe from him. Before he went away there was placed in the safe twenty-five or more long service medals. These are to be presented to members of the regiment by Gen. Miles on Thursday night. The medals are said to be worth about $75 each. There is nothing else of value in the safe. Conkling is not found before Thursday night the safe will have to be broken open.

The Validity of Rubber Stamp Signatures.

WHITE PLAINS, Feb. 11.—The decision of Justice Gaynor of the Supreme Court that rubber stamp signatures are not legal has caused some consternation in this county. Ex-Surrogate Owen T. Coffin of Westchester county had for years signed his name on all official papers with a rubber stamp. Among the documents on which he stamped his name were the wills of S. J. Tilden, I. M. Singer, Orlando B. Potter, and those connected with the Roosevelt estate of Pelham.

East Orange Pool Room Raided.

EAST ORANGE, Feb. 11.—The police on Saturday raided a pool and billiard room at 99 Main street, East Orange, kept by Louis Mausback, and arrested nine colored men and a white man they found shooting craps. Justice Elliott fined the colored men $3 each and suspended sentence upon John Henry, the white man. While the hearing was in progress Mausback walked into the station and was fined $10.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Before the French ball got under way last night the people in charge were reduced to a degree of trepidation bordering on collapse. Mr. Sanger quit at 5 o'clock and went home, refusing to have anything more to do with the small army of moralists, who had apparently decided that the French ball should be suppressed at all hazards. The wave of reform has created almost as many cranks in New York as the Anarchist craze did a few years ago, and nearly all the reformatory cranks descended in one way or another upon Madison Square Garden yesterday. A body of women reformers announced that they were going in dominos, which would effectually disguise them, and that they would see that no impropriety whatever occurred upon the floor or in the boxes. Notice was given from the Catholic Society by an anonymous letter that twenty young men would be on hand to note any violations of decency, and that any women caught drinking without escorts would be immediately apprehended. Parkhurst agents were pretty much all over the place and the Vigilance League people arrived early in the afternoon for the purpose of prodding up the police. There were enough detectives—amateur, professional, and bogus—about the place to form a small sized ball alone. It might easily have been imagined that a great conspiracy against the Government was on hand, instead of the annual effort of the members of an estimable French society to forget the dullness of the town by a little fun and frivolity.

An official of the Pennsylvania Railroad said yesterday that he doubted if a mystery of the recent blizzard would ever be solved. "I have been concerned with railway tracks in one way or another for upwards of twenty years, and I must admit that this snow was a complete mystery to me. At one time on a short section of the road, just this side of Stelton, we had five engines hitched one ahead of the other, and backed up by a heavy train of seven coaches. The snow in front of us was less than three feet deep, and in ordinary circumstances two engines could have forced their way through without any difficulty. We might just as well have run against a sand bank as against that snow. The enormous force of the engines, together with the momentum of the entire train were stopped by the impact of the snow, and if it had been earth packed down solid at a similar height it could not have offered a greater resistance. During the second attempt to move the train one of the engines was derailed, and we found that nothing but shovels would be effective in clearing the way. The packed snow was of an altogether extraordinary character."

There has been a remarkable increase in the number of artists' models in this city during the past three years. The majority of the weekly and monthly publications now devote a considerable portion of their space to illustrations, and the staff of artists is quite as important in the production of the periodical as are the story writers. Nearly all of the artists' work is done with the aid of models, who pose for the various figures in the pictures. This use of living models is carried to a greater extent than is generally supposed. The remarkable variety of "portraits of Napoleon" that have appeared in a number of the magazines has attracted the notice of many readers by reason of the great diversity of features presented by the different portraits. The Napoleon portraits are quite as numerous and as varied in appearance as the portraits of Washington in the Metropolitan Museum. A favorite male model who is in considerable demand among artists, is a man of medium height and spare build, clear cut features, prominent nose, and massive jaws, who has posed in the studios of a dozen or more New York artists for portraits of Napoleon, Columbus, and even Washington. One artist also used this model's features in drawing the head of a monk. The suspicion is therefore well grounded that some of the alleged portraits of noted characters in the magazines ancient, that appear in the popular magazines of the day are in reality the faces of professional artists' models, who have some of the features but none of the genius of the characters they represent.

The cheap table d'hôte restaurants are mainly responsible for the large number of furnished-room houses in the district lying between Fourteenth and Forty-second streets, west of Fourth avenue. The clerks and young married couples whose incomes do not permit the expense of a high-priced boarding house, after trying a number of the cheaper boarding houses, generally end by renting one or two furnished rooms and taking their meals at nearby restaurants. The cost of this mode of living is usually no greater than the expense of living in the cheaper class of boarding houses. The 50-cent table d'hôte dinner served at many of the French and Italian restaurants is favorable to the idea. The dinner which is set before the inmates of the average boarding house. There is not only a greater variety of food, but it is generally of better quality. At most places a small bottle of cheap California claret is included in the fare. The number of these table d'hôte restaurants has increased very rapidly of late, and the competition for business is so strong that the cuisine in many of these places is surprisingly good considering the price.

There seems to be a lack of news of late concerning the end-of-the-century manners of the New York woman. News of this character usually comes from the West, though it is occasionally blazoned forth in the columns of sensational New York papers. For many years the winter season has been ushered in by elaborate stories about the manner in which New York women drive four-in-hand sleighs up Broadway at midnight, maintain enormous and elaborate "gambling hells" on Fifth avenue, smoke cigarettes in the windows of their clubs, and have their boots polished while sitting elevated on the stands of shoeblacks on street corners, with their skirts blowing in the wind. The annual story of the tobacco merchant explaining how many thousand cigarettes New York women smoke in a day is also behind time, and the theory is gradually gaining ground that it has at last become recognized that the New York woman is, after all, about as well-bred and quite as conventional and sedate as her sisters of similar circumstances in the other towns in this country.

A familiar figure in New York life has apparently departed forever. This was the heavy, round-shouldered, bewhiskered man who was the forerunner of all building operations in town, and whose duty it was to smoke a pipe and occasionally stir a mortar bed whenever any repairs were going on in the neighborhood. It was the custom to mix the mortar and get it in shape at least eight or ten days before building operations were begun, and the mortar man and his assistant, with their whitened overalls, long hoes and tranquil manners, always preceded the energetic masons and stonecutters. Recently, however, a big monopoly has taken hold of the mortar business, and it is mixed in remote yards, where ten days' attention is duly given to it, and when the builders are ready for the mortar it is carried to them in carts, poured into the heart of the building, and does not touch the sidewalk at all.

College students in the vicinity of New York make a good deal of money during the season by the skilful manner in which they arrange their concert tours. Every college of any prominence has a glee club, and the entertainments given by the college boys are carefully worked up, and in some instances are very elaborate. They have professional instructors, and give a two hours' entertainment which attracts all the lovers of music. Saturday night, and often on Wednesday, they take short runs to neighboring cities, and if their class duties allow it they give a "matinée musicale," as they call it, in some of the small towns near the college. When this custom began the only patronage the collegians looked for was that of the friends of the college. The parents of some of the students generally lived in the towns where the concerts were to be given, and these were named as patrons and patronesses, and tickets were sent them two or three weeks in advance. Little by little the general public has fallen into the habit of attending these concerts, however, and now there is a substantial patronage all over the country whenever the collegians announce their appearance. These announcements, by the way, are managed just as those of theatrical shows, by means of display printing and newspaper advertising. The money taken in is devoted to college athletics. Upon the glee clubs and the football teams the colleges depend for their income to support their extensive system of training.

There has been considerable talk about the name of the gifted English actor who is now at Abbey's Theatre. Beerbohm is said to be twisted from the German name, Birnbaum, which means pear tree. To make it in a measure explanatory the Tree was added. The authority for these assertions says he knows relatives of the actor who still bear the family name.

CHIMMIE FADDEN'S FALSE START.

He Expected to Be Off on Thursday Last, but Was Pleasantly Delayed.

The publishers of "Chimmie Fadden, Major Max, and Other Stories," announced the issue of the first edition of that book to the trade for Thursday last, but there was a delay. It was found on that day that the advance orders for the book had so far exceeded the first edition, and the order was increased by 5,000, so that all the trade, out of town as well as local, might be supplied on the first day of issue. That accounts for "Chimmie's" non-appearance on schedule time.

A RETREAT FOR OUTLAWS.

TRAIN ROBBERS CARRY THEIR BOOTY INTO MEXICAN WILDS.

The Cowboys Who Captured $10,000 at Wilcox Tracked Into the Chiricahua Mountains—They Are Expected to Sally Out Upon Another Looting Expedition.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 11.—The two Texas cowboys who robbed the Southern Pacific express train near Wilcox, Ariz., on Jan. 30, and secured $10,000, are camped in the Chiricahua Mountains, from which retreat they are expected soon to sally forth and loot another train. They have two companions, are heavily armed, and know all the passes and trails in these almost inaccessible mountains. That three or four desperadoes expect to repeat the train robberies of Evans and Sontag in the San Joaquin Valley is evident from a letter received by Chief Detective Noble of Wells, Fargo & Co. This letter was slipped into the mail car near Tucson recently. It reads as follows:

"IN CAMP, Feb. 2.—We are comfortably located and all right for funds, thanks to Wells, Fargo & Co.

W., S. & Co."

This signature stands for Grant Wheeler and Joe Sizer, alias George, the two principals in the Wilcox train robbery. Their companions are Jeff Yates and Matt Trainer. All are crack shots, expert horsemen, and reckless desperadoes. Those who know Wheeler say that for several years he has read nothing but train robbery literature. He was always talking of Jesse James's fine nerve and saying that if he had three good pals he would start into the train-robbing industry in Arizona, as the Chiricahua Mountains furnish better hiding places than Jesse James ever had.

Wheeler planned the Wilcox train robbery last month, and railroad men admit that the job was neatly done and had some original features.

Wheeler and George boarded the blind postal car of the west-bound overland train as soon as it left Wilcox and offered the brakeman a dollar for a ride. He refused, whereupon they pulled their guns, made him order the train to slow down, detached the passenger cars, and then ran on for two miles with the engines, baggage, and express car. On the way the express messenger, who had been recently robbed, jumped off and escaped with the local express packages. The robbers forced the brakeman to blow open the express car; and dynamite the big safe. In the car were eighteen bags containing $1,000 each in Mexican silver dollars. These bags weighed sixty pounds each, so they were too bulky to handle. The robbers had to sel off four heavy cartridges before the safe yielded. They piled Mexican silver on the safe in order to give the dynamite greater effect, and the result was that the walls and roof of the car were blown full of silver coins.

The bandits gathered up all the coin and currency packages, and departed on horses. They struck off toward the Chiricahua Mountains, where their trail was lost in a rocky canon. The railroad and express companies have offered a reward of $500 for the capture of each of the robbers, dead or alive, and ex-Marshal Gard of Los Angeles, who ran down Evans and Sontag in the mountains back of Visalia, is on their track. He has his full descriptions of the four desperadoes, but he has no man who knows the mountain trails as well as the robbers.

It was in these mountains Geronimo defied the whole United States army, and was only captured through strategy of Gen. Miles. Here also is the home of Apache Kid, who has over thirty murders of Americans and Mexicans to his credit, and who for five years has evaded pursuit.

A GANG OF TRAIN ROBBERS.

Five Men Arrested and a Large Amount of Goods Recovered.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Feb. 11.—A raid was made yesterday on an organized gang which has been robbing freight trains as they entered this city. Edward Hannon, Edward Karch, Arthur Snyder, John Dodge, and William Berkley were arrested and locked up. In their possession was found a large amount of stolen goods, which had been taken from the Burlington, the Missouri Pacific, and Santa Fé Railroad companies.

The method employed by the gang was for one of their number to break into a car of merchandise at Atchison or Kansas City, and as the train pulled into St. Joseph to throw the goods out at a certain point, where they would be picked up by confederates. The gang was bound by oath to kill any member who confessed, and since their arrest four of them have threatened to get even with the man who confessed.

PHILADELPHIA'S SCANDAL.

More Than a Hundred Common Councilmen Deny That They Were Bribed.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 11.—Over 100 of the 123 members of Common Council, the remainder either having previously testified, or being absent, stated at this afternoon's session of the Councilmen's Investigation Committee that they were not bribed to vote for the Mutual Automatic Telephone Company's right of way ordinance. The only Councilmen who materially deviated from the stereotyped "I received no consideration," were Thomas Meehan, a member from the Twenty-second ward, and Fred C. Simon, a Twenty-fifth ward member. The examination of the Councilmen occupied the entire time of the meeting.

Mr. Meehan testified that he did not vote for the ordinance because he was suspicious of it.

"When I saw a large number of members flocking in when the bill was called up," he said, "I thought there was some private interests at stake. For this reason and because the debate upon the measure did not satisfy me, I did not vote at all."

Mr. Meehan further stated, like the other Councilmen, that he did not receive any of the stock of the company, $302,000 worth of which is alleged to have been distributed.

Mr. Simon, who is also an attorney, after denying that he had received any consideration for his vote, admitted that he bought six shares of the telephone company's stock for Mr. Pigott, administrator of the estate of Hugh T. Pigott, the latter being a member of the Common Council when the ordinance passed. Mr. Simon declared that he had acted in a professional capacity in so doing, and refused to divulge the name of his client. Counsellor Ettinge, who is nominally the prosecutor, suggested that Chairman Robers of the committee submit to the court, for legal settlement, the question of compelling Mr. Simon to reveal the identity of his client. This the Chairman, with the concurrence of the committee, decided to do.

Lawyer Simon supplemented his testimony with a statement that his client was not a councilman nor an officer of the Mutual Automatic Telephone Company, and that the Pigott administrator, who was a brother of the deceased councilman, was the only person whom he had approached for the purpose of getting the stock.

The committee will meet again to-morrow afternoon.

YOUNG MR. LARRISEY'S STORY.

Made Acquaintances on a Train and Lost His Watch and $2,000.

A young man who said his name was Robert Larrisey took a room at the Eagle Hotel on the Bowery a week ago, and as time has hung heavy on his hands he has told some of the other lodgers the story of his life. Larrisey is about 22 years old, and he talks with a slight Southern accent. He may be truthful and, in fact, the clerk of the Eagle Hotel doesn't know to the contrary.

Larrisey says that his father was a well-to-do business man in Louisville. Nine months ago he died, and about ten days ago the son started North with some money to see what he could do in business. Before the train had left Louisville very far behind, Larrisey, says a man who said he was Mr. Roberts of New York, and who occupied the seat behind him, invited him to take a drink. Larrisey says that he accepted the invitation and that it was decent whiskey. Then Mr. Roberts introduced Mr. Larrisey to his sister, a pretty blonde with big blue eyes and many diamonds. Larrisey got very chummy with his new friends and with Mr. Roberts's bottle. They had the section adjoining his.

Larrisey says that when he retired he put his ring and his watch and a pocketbook containing over $2,000 under his pillow. When he woke up in Cincinnati all was gone. He visited Roberts and his sister, but they were gone also. He says the conductor told him that they had left the train at Buffalo.

Larrisey has a card on which is written W. C. Roberts and an address in West Forty-fourth street. As soon as he came to town he went to this address and found that no one named Roberts lived there. He says that this discovery didn't surprise him much, for he had been thinking over his new friends and had reached some uncomplimentary conclusions about them. He sent home for money, which had to arrive, and in the mean time he is living on the Bowery and threatening to cut the heart out of Mr. Roberts when he meets him.

Bellevue Hotel in West Hoboken Burned.

The Bellevue Hotel, which has stood for many years on the bluff at Palisade avenue and the Hillside road, West Hoboken, was destroyed by fire at 3