THOSE VREELAND TWINS.

EIGHT YEARS OLD AND THE RAWSON TWINS NOT IN IT WITH THEM.

Burglary of a Candy Store Their Last Exploit—Their Short Lives Checkered with Mischief—Their Patient Father at Last Gives Up and They Are Now in Jail.

Nowadays whenever anything goes wrong in the ancient town of Passaic, there is one all-sufficient explanation. If property mysteriously disappears, if the peace of the community is disturbed by nocturnal outbursts of uproar, if the elderly and unsuspecting citizen walking homeward in the evening encounters the invisible but potent twine stretched across the pathway ankle-high and precipitates himself with violence, leaving the impress of his features upon the sidewalk, if the complaining feline is discovered reluctantly but swiftly towing about town some respectable family's supply of tinware, if the perambulatory peddler mourns the overturning of his perambulator and the uncommercial distribution of his wares, if the week's wash, hung out upon the line to dry, develops rents and slashes, or Aubrey Beardsley designs in mud, in short, if anything animate or inanimate is stolen, defaced, ruined, destroyed, despoiled, maimed, or maltreated, the entire community lifts up hands of indignant remonstrance and exclaims:

"It's the twins again!"

By this is meant George and David, the sons of John Vreeland, a respectable citizen of Passaic. Hereditary influences do not seem to have developed in these two, for though they number but sixteen years between them, equally divided, they have been in more scrapes than all the rest of Passaic's youthful populace put together. Nobody seems to know just how many times they have been arrested, individually and collectively (generally the latter, as they prefer to work in partnership), but the police history of the town for the last year and a half is principally a record of their exploits. Now they are in jail again, and it is probable that they will stay there for a time while the Grand Jury, now in session, meditates upon their misdeeds.

In appearance they give no hint of their real nature. Either of them would do equally well (for it is almost impossible to distinguish between them) as a model for the good little boy of the Sunday school story, who dies of consumption and goes to heaven after a masterpiece of valedictory rhetoric to his weeping family. Together they might possibly tip seventy-five pounds on the scales. Moreover, they have a meek and pious expression, and mild deprecating voices, admirable stock in trade for such a pair. These attributes are notably prominent when they are meditating some devilishness. They looked so particularly angelic, and bade their mother good-night with such affecting sweetness when she tucked them up in their bed on Monday night, that she would, if she had been guided by former experiences, have tied them fast to the bed posts and then watched over them with a club. But she only said, "Go to sleep, now," and went down stairs. No sooner had her footsteps died away than the twins rose up, tied their bed clothes into ropes, slid to the ground, and were off.

Half an hour later Mrs. Lena Orthwein of 100 Passaic street heard a noise in her candy store. Receiving no answer to the question which was specially designed to cover such cases, "Who's there?" she went to investigate. As she appeared in the doorway with a lamp, she saw two small, gnome-like figures before the candy counter.

"Soak her and run," cried one of them.

A hail of chocolate drops, sugar plums, jawbreakers, Jackson balls, lollipops, lemon drops, and "best mixed" rained upon her, until finally she turned and fled, getting a huge chunk of molasses candy full in the back of her neck as she went. Out went the invaders through the back window as they had come in, and out went Mrs. Orthwein through the front door screaming for the police. The rest of it was simple. The policeman on that beat, having heard that two small boys had broken into the store, knew all that he needed to know. He hurried to the Vreeland house at Ann and State streets, got there first, and collared the twins when they arrived. On them was found 23 cents and an exhaustive collection of candy and chewing gum. They took their arrest very coolly, and went to jail without a murmur. In the police court on the following day they faced Justice Bowker without a tremor, and when he asked him what they had it for, said in duet:

"Oh, I do' know."

Thereupon they were held in $150 bail each for the Grand Jury. Their father, who was in court, asked that they be put in jail, as he believed that to be the best place for them.

"Your Honor," said he in a trembling voice, "I'd rather those boys were dead than what they are. I can't do anything with them. All their brothers and sisters are good children and never make me any trouble, but these two have almost ruined my life. I can't keep them in school, and they're always in disgrace. I've stood it as long as I can."

The twins have a record which even that great criminologist and master of police fiction, Mr. Stephen O'Brien of 300 Mulberry street, could scarcely furnish a parallel with. It does not appear in its entirety on the police station register, but a neighbor of the Vreelands has it pretty complete for the last six months in a book which he has been keeping and which he may hand over to the Public Prosecutor if desired. The record begins with an entry which explains the author's interest in the career of the twins. Following are extracts, somewhat condensed:

Nov. 23—Vreeland twins stretched string across sidewalk of State street to fence, six inches from ground. Writer sustained contusion on forehead and sprained arm. Three other neighbors also somersaulted. Writer pursued twins, caught one, and compelled with a fence picket wrenched loose for the occasion. Damage to fence, 50 cents; paid. Damage to twin, 0, as he was out with his brother next night doing the same trick on Ann street.

Dec. 1—Doctor's horse left standing on Passaic street, seen by twins. They changed lines on bit. Doctor greatly surprised because horse turned up on sidewalk and tried to climb fence. Rig overturned. Doctor licked horse furiously. Threatened with arrest for cruelty. Doctor delayed so long that he lost a surgical case, a rival being called in. Loss unknown. N. B.—Don't forget to tell doctor in case he is ever called in for illness in Vreeland family.

Dec. 7—Twins rigged up dummy man, put on steps of ——'s house, and when Bridget opened the door, threw it in on her. Bridget yelled, fainted, and afterward told police terrible story. * * * Also said that man demanded that she deliver up all silver in house. Dummy disappeared immediately after assault. Clothing afterward found up a tree. Belonged to lawyer who had missed it from his ground floor room two nights previous.

Dec. 16—One Vreeland devil in trouble, thank God! George Vreeland arrested for stealing tools from unfinished building on Main street. Same day and same hour policeman walking along Passaic street hit on the shoulder by brick mysteriously falling from roof of a deserted house. Suspect I know why other twin wasn't arrested stealing tools. More congenial occupation. George held for Grand Jury. Released only.

N. B.—Should like to be drawn on Grand Jury.

Dec. 25—Merry Xmas to peddler from Vreeland twins. Peddler selling holiday goods from cart. Twin No. 1 climbed on back of cart and stole box of toys. Peddler stopped horse and chased. No. 2 whacked horse with shinny stick. Horse ran away. Wagon wrecked and toys spilled. Both devils escaped.

Jan. 1—Opened New Year in style. Rigged tick-lack on Widow ——'s window. Widow's maiden sister had hysterics. Doctor summoned, and Vreeland twins spoiled silk hat with snowballs. Later, fire alarm box broken open and alarm sent in. Great excitement. No proof of guilty persons, but have my own suspicions.

Jan. 26—Gate mysteriously disappeared. Later on bonfire up street, twins officiating. Hinges of suspiciously familiar pattern found in ashes afterward.

Jan. 31—Got even with one twin. Don't know which one. Caught on street about dusk stretching twine for hats. Held until milkman went by. Borrowed his whip. Milkman offered to help. Knew twins from experience. Had enjoyable time with twin and whip. Twin retired howling.

Feb. 1—Doctor says may remove bandage from head in a week. Says no eight-year-old boy could throw rock with sufficient force to cause such bruise. Can't fool me. Buy a pistol to-morrow.

N. B.—Inquire of lawyer if justifiable homicide to shoot Vreeland twin on sight.

Feb. 17—Gang of small boys led by twins piled rocks and log on trolley track on Nutley road. Hid behind trees and pelted motorman with stones when car ran off track. Western train robber methods faithfully imitated. Chased away by police.

Feb. 24—Raid on stores by Vreelands. Shoes, toys, and ginger ale bottles stolen. Threw bottles at pursuing storekeepers. Loss made good and alibis let go.

March 7—Vreeland twins gone to hunt Indians. Hope they'll find 'em.

March 11—Twins must have returned. Three stray dogs lassoed and hauled up on electric light pole in front of church. Kite discovered flying from barn roof with cat attached to its tail. Widow ——'s cow painted green.

April 1—Hell broke loose all over. Committee of citizens hunting twins with clubs. Probably taken to woods. Hope to live to see both lynched.

April 10—Public School No. 1 had visit from twins last night. Teacher of room where twins used to be opened desk and found dead cat with motto "Your I your own self." Strings in piano cut. Blackboard streaked with paint. Small articles stolen. Twins arrested and held for Grand Jury on bail. Released. Bail ought to have been $10,000 each.

April 29—All doctors' bells in town violently rung last night. Also three ice cream wagons painted "Poyzen" on outside. Twins went to Sunday school last Sunday. Probably have designs on church.

May 4—Piety of twins sufficiently explained. Were studying plans of church. Seen in vestibule just before finish of service. Four big rats ran down aisle immediately following Doxology ended in riot. Twins disappeared.

May 5—Twins got bicycle habit. Knocked Restaurant Keeper Wilson's two little sons off wheels and stole wheels. Wilson chased, caught, and was going to kill them, but bystanders interfered. Bystanders altogether too officious.

May 12—Hurrah! Got the twins at last. Broke into candy store. No bail. In jail to stay. Have looked up law. Statutes far too limited. Death penalty too light for this case. Shall take steps to obtain front seat at trial. Would give $500 to be Judge for a little while.

Here ends the journal, because the twins are beyond harm, active or passive, for the present, in the county jail. It is probable that the Grand Jury now sitting will consider their cases. There will be no lack of evidence, as every policeman in town has chased the twins any number of times and then let them go.

"They're too little to pull in," said one of the policemen yesterday, "and if you fanned them they'd break in two."

With the arrest and probable retirement from public life of the Vreelands, "them Rawson kids," Woodcliff's famous pair, chiefs of the band of Kickapoo Indians, become the undisputed champion twins of New Jersey. The Rawsons' most famous exploits were the slaying of all "Pop" Rawson's chickens, their expedition to Hohokus in search of grizzly bears and Indians, and their slaying of the fatted calf (the property of their father) on their return, to "save the old man the trouble," as they said. Latest of their achievements is the dangling ghost, consisting of a jack-o-lantern, with a sheet attachment, suspended from a tree limb and moved up and down in realistic fashion by a rope. This got them into jail. The difference between the Rawsons and the Vreelands is the difference between mischief and crime.

Some States offer a premium on twins. It would pay New Jersey to penalize their production.

THE LIGHT OF GENIUS.

Thomas Nast's Allegorical Picture Painted for Sir Henry Irving.

When Thomas Nast, the artist, went to the front in the late war as pictorial correspondent for *Harper's Weekly* he achieved immediate distinction by a series of allegorical drawings that pictured powerfully the advantages of Union, the horrors of bloodshed, and the blessings of peace. The whole country was moved by the powers of the young artist's pencil and then it was that he cherished the high ideal of becoming a historical painter. The subsequent developments of the Tweed ring developed his genius for caricature and changed the bent of his life.

Of recent years Mr. Nast has turned again to his first love, and several large historical paintings from his brush give evidence of his qualifications for this field of art. He has now completed a painting for Sir Henry Irving, which is on view for a few days at Kraushaar's gallery in Broadway, where Mr. Irving viewed the picture yesterday. The subject is "The Immortal Light of Genius," represented by a bust of Shakespeare, before which the armored warrior and the clown, each with a wreath of laurel, bow in reverence, one to the master of tragedy and the other to the master of comedy. An aureole about the head of the bust illuminates the bending figures and penetrates the shadows of the room in which the poet was born.

This room is faithfully studied from the original at Stratford as it appears today. There is the old chimney place with its dead embers, the low ceiling held in place by rafters, and beside the stand which supports the bust is Shakespeare's large armchair in stamped leather.

The illumination of the head is dazzling in effect and admirably suggestive of incandescence. It is reflected in the steel armor of the kneeling soldier and brightens the parti-colored habiliments of the jester. These two figures are suggestively transparent, as befits the ghostlike forms come back from the centuries long past, and, except for a possible stiffness in the pose of the clown, the composition is full of grace.

In its color scheme the painting is especially agreeable. The tone of the picture is low, excepting, of course, in the beautiful radiation of the nimbus, and there is a fine play of grays and browns about the old chimney piece.

The painting will be sent to London in a few days.

JUDGE FITZSIMONS'S STATEMENT.

He Says Mr. Perkins's Accusation Is Beneath His Contempt.

Judge Fitzsimons made this statement yesterday in regard to the effort made by E. C. Perkins at the meeting of the Bar Association on Tuesday night to have the Grievance Committee inquire into charges Mr. Perkins had made against Judge Fitzsimons:

"I almost feel that to answer this man's statement is beneath my dignity. But for the fact that I do not desire the public to be misled I would not discuss the matter. The short-cause calendar of the City Court is a creation of mine, and was adopted solely for the purpose of trying cases that would not consume more than one hour of the court's time. I think I am about as considerate, if not more so, than any other Judge of this court in giving lawyers latitude when sitting in the part where short-cause cases are being heard, and in hundreds of cases I have allowed lawyers to go beyond the one-hour limit.

"There are times, however, when this calendar is crowded and the Judge cannot be indulgent to the extent of allowing witnesses to be examined and the time they will consume, it becomes apparent that the case should never have been put on the short-cause calendar, but in one of the parts where plenty of time would be allowed. Then, in many of the cases tried on the short-cause calendar the lawyers deliberately try to harass witnesses with idle questions and prolong the trial beyond the one-hour limit for the purpose of having it thrown out of court.

"In the case in question I simply acted within my prerogative when I found this case of Perkins's could not be tried in an hour, and when he says it had consumed but three-quarters of an hour when I sent it back to the general calendar and then I made an order saying that it took more than an hour, I can only treat his assertions with contempt. He is merely acting like many defeated attorneys anxious to vent their spleen. Old Judge Grover used to say their attorneys was to go out in the corridors and swear at the Judge. This is changed. Now such lawyers go to the Bar Association with imaginary grievances."

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For the First Time in Its History the Metropolitan Has a Surplus.

The annual meeting for the election of officers of the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company was held at the opera house yesterday afternoon. George G. Haven presided, and the old Board of Directors was reelected. Its members are: Samuel D. Babcock, George F. Baker, George S. Boudoin, Robert Goelet, George G. Haven, Adrian Iselin, Augustus D. Juilliard, Luther Kountze, D. O. Mills, J. Pierpont Morgan, George Peabody Wetmore, William C. Whitney, and H. McKay Twombly. Thirty-six votes, representing 9,050 shares, were cast, personally and by proxy. The report of the Treasurer, George S. Boudoin, who is now in Europe, was read by his secretary, and it said that at the end of the present fiscal year in November next, the company would be between $10,000 and $12,000 ahead, a result which is unprecedented. More than $15,000 was expended during the past year in improving the ventilation of the opera house.

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A Receiver for Actor J. K. Emmet.

J. K. Emmet, the actor, was examined in supplementary proceedings before Justice O'Dwyer of the City Court yesterday in an effort of Edward R. Schneider to collect a judgment for $87.17. He testified that he lives at 303 Manhattan avenue and has been playing in the John J. Sullivan company at $100 a week. His personal expenses were $125 a week, and he had to borrow the difference.

He said that he owed for sixty weeks at $10 a week for the support of his child by his first wife, and that he was not paying the latter any alimony. He said that he has an action pending for a divorce from his second wife. His father died in 1891, leaving about $200,000, which was divided between young Emmet and his first wife. He has spent all of his share, he said. He admitted that $15,000 was owing him from different persons, and, in view of this admission, Justice O'Dwyer said he would appoint a receiver.

A $5,000 Trolley Verdict.

A jury in the Supreme Court in Brooklyn has given Philip Halpern a verdict for $5,000 in his suit against the Nassau Electric Railroad Company for the loss of his wife, who was killed in a trolley accident on Aug. 24 last.

TOPICS OF THE THEATRE.

A PARADISE ALLEY TENEMENT AS SHOWN ON THE STAGE.

Quiet Dramatic Art Applied in a Slum Play—Notes Among the Playwrights and Actors—A Museum Man with Muscles and a Woman with Remarkable Teeth.

The peculiarity of the second act, or "picture," in "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley," at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, is that it is the only one of the four in which no vaudeville is introduced. It is the only one in which the story progresses in the manner of straightforward drama, without ex-corked minstrel balladists, or expert dancing, or music hall quartets, or character songs. From this act, therefore, it is possible to derive an idea of just what the dramatic quality of this production is, aside from its popular adjuncts. The scene is the *Widow McNally's* home on the top floor of a tenement house in Paradise alley. *Nellie*, who had rescued an unknown young woman from suicide by plunging into the water after her in the dock scene of the first act, is lying asleep on a couch at the back of the stage. The widow is moving about the room, busied with household matters, and is apparently solicitous about *Nellie*. Soon *Mrs. John James O'Grady* enters, flushed and noisy, and the widow frequently cautions her against waking *Nellie*. *Mrs. O'Grady* is a comical type of the tenement house woman given to whiskey. The conversation reveals the fact that the young lady whom *Nellie* rescued is rich, and *Mrs. O'Grady* insists on the propriety of a reward, a gold watch, perhaps, which *Mrs. McNally* declares she would never consent to. Enter *John James O'Grady*, also containing a little whiskey, who commands *Mrs. O'Grady* to come home with him, and as they go out sounds of physical correction are heard. *Nellie* has wakened and sits by an open fire. *Jimmie Powers*, a watchman on the docks, comes in to see *Nellie* and to bring her some oranges, and goes out. A little boy comes in, greets "Sunshine" affectionately, and asks permission to come over and sleep in case he is "fired" at night, his father being on a spree and like enough to clean out the place when he gets home. The little boy cries because his mother is crying. A piece of cake is given to him, and he departs. Then the doctor calls, fat and good natured, and wearing a very brilliant silk hat. We learn from him that *Nellie* has been having pneumonia and bronchitis and a few other things, but is doing nicely, and that *Helen Rich* jumped into the river because her father would not let her marry a poor but honest young man. The doctor leaves a letter for *Nellie*, in which her "partner" in charity, *Miss Rich*, proposes pleasant things for the inhabitants of Paradise alley, including turkeys all round on Christmas. A moment later, *Eddie Duke* calls. He is "one o' the gang" and is *Nellie's* steady company. He has stopped drinking for her sake, wears clean clothes, has bought his mother a new carpet and a set of furniture, and she leaves the door open so that the neighbors can see it. *Nellie* puts a flower in *Eddie's* coat, but he surreptitiously puts it in his pocket when he goes out, as he is already being guyed by the gang all he cares to be. *Uncle Dan* is the next caller, and he preaches a little about the virtues and about drink and the good being done by the sunshine in Paradise Alley. Finally, the little *Mora* boy comes back and his older sister comes with him. Their father has been arrested again for beating their mother, and she, poor woman, is gone to the jail with a blanket to keep him warm. The children confess that they have no night clothes, to the good *Widow McNally's* amazement, and are thereupon put to bed as they are. Left alone for an interval, they leap out of bed, drop on their knees, say their prayers, and go back to bed. *Nellie* comes back from the dance, gives them cheery "good nights," and the children are left to go to sleep in the glow of the fire, with snow beginning to fall in large flakes outside the window, and the curtain slowly descends.

Henry Irving will close his American tour at Abbey's to-morrow night, and his company will sail for England next morning, but he and Ellen Terry will remain in town until next week. Georgia Cayvan has gone to Europe for the summer and expects to return with a play to use next winter. Marshall P. Wilder started for London yesterday on his annual mission to amuse the British aristocracy. Benefit entertainments are to be given for Percey E. Matthews at the Berkeley Lyceum to-night, for Leander Thompson at the Fourteenth Street next Sunday night, for Edward Rice and John J. Donnelly at the Standard, also on Sunday night, and for Julia H. Wyatt at Koster & Bial's to-morrow. The annual public gambol of the Lambs Club will be held at the Broadway next Thursday afternoon with "The Guy of Dames" as the principal travesty. The last matinee of the season by the Empire School will occur to-day at the Empire, a comic performance of "The Rivals," by Willie Collier, Dan Daly, Otis Harlan, John C. Rice, Peter F. Dailey, Andrew Mack, Mark Sullivan, James Russell, Marie Dressler, and Maggie Cline, will soon be given at the Garrick in aid of the *Herald* Fresh Air Fund. Thomas Hardy has dramatized his novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and it may be that Olga Nethersole will appear in it. Max O'Rell has written a piece called "Heartease," and Rose Coghlan has the option on it. Lady Sheila Dunlass, the California concert hall vocalist whom a younger son of the Marquis of Queensberry married, is to appear soon at Tony Pastor's. George H. Jessop will return to America with his "Shamus O'Brien," a comic opera which the Bostonians produced last season, and he will collaborate with Augustus Pitou in a play for Chauncey Olcott. Joseph Arthur's forthcoming drama is called "The Cherry Pickers." Minnie Maddern Fiske will enlarge her repertory next season to five witnesses to be examined and the time they will consume, it becomes apparent that the case should never have been put on the short-cause calendar, but in one of the parts where plenty of time would be allowed. Then, in many of the cases tried on the short-cause calendar the lawyers deliberately try to harass witnesses with idle questions and prolong the trial beyond the one-hour limit for the purpose of having it thrown out of court.

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THEY WERE PARKHURST WOMEN.

Detective Waldman's Testimony in Bernard Cohen's Divorce Suit.

Elliott Sandford, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in Utah in 1888 and 1889 under appointment of President Cleveland, had an action on trial before Justice Smyth of the Supreme Court yesterday for an absolute divorce. Mr. Sandford, who was years ago chief clerk in the law office of Abraham R. Lawrence, now Justice of the Supreme Court, has had a large business in reference cases. He was arrested in May, 1894, in the monkey house in Central Park on a complaint of Policeman Higgins of assault, but he was discharged by the Police Justice and subsequently had Higgins "broken."

Sandford was a widower when on June 15, 1887, he married the defendant, who was Sarah G. Saltaire. She procured a divorce from him in Massachusetts on the ground of desertion, on his default, and married Elias Milliken on Aug. 10, 1895. She is living with Milliken in Augusta, Me. Sandford was served by publication only in that action and as he did not appear in it he contends that the decree is not binding upon him in this State.

In the present action he charged the defendant with intimacy with Elias Milliken. The defendant did not appear in the action. Sandford's grown son, Edward R., by his first marriage testified for him yesterday. Young Sandford said that the defendant is his cousin. He testified that he had visited the defendant in November, 1895, at Augusta, where he found her living with Milliken. Decision was reserved.

Mary N. Meeker, who is playing a statuesque part at Keith's, and who got permission to get her case in ahead so she could go to the afternoon performance, was plaintiff before Justice Smyth in an action for an absolute divorce from George Meeker of the song and dance team of Meeker and McKittrick. One of the witnesses was McKittrick, who testified that his partner had lived for a week at Hurley's Hotel, Philadelphia, with Minnie Girvin. His wife stopped at the hotel soon afterward, and when Meeker heard she was there he tore the leaf out of the hotel register on which his name appeared as registered with Minnie Girvin. Proprietor Hurley also gave evidence. A decree was granted.

Bernard Cohen, a furrier, sought a divorce before Justice Giegerich, from his wife Carrie, who says that he got some woman to impersonate her so as to get evidence for a divorce. They were married in 1885. He accused her of intimacy with Alphonse L. Durane, also known as W. W. Wolff, an electrical engineer, at the Hotel Princess, on March 16, 1895. In a counter claim she charged him with intimacy with Emilie Von Kattengell, an opera singer, whom Mrs. Cohen has sued for $25,000 for alienating the affections of her husband.

A hall boy testified that she was at the hotel with Durane that night, and so did Nathan J. Waldman, a travelling salesman, who said that he had worked for Recorder Goff and Dr. Parkhurst in the Lexow investigation as a detective. Waldman said that the plaintiff was with him at the hotel that night, and that when Mrs. Cohen came down stairs, Durane rushed at his wife. She exclaimed: "for God's sake, save me." Waldman interposed and assured her he would protect her from her husband.

On cross-examination Waldman admitted that he had obtained evidence against this hotel for Dr. Parkhurst. When counsel for Mrs. Cohen remarked that it was strange that he should go to the hotel with strange women, even to oblige John W. Goff or Dr. Parkhurst, he said:

"I did not go to the hotel with strange women. I went with Dr. Parkhurst women."

The case went over until to day.

BARBER COHEN WANTS HIS WIFE.

She Is on the Inside and Won't Open the Door to Tobias.

Tobias Cohen, a journeyman barber, of 256 Delancey street, this city, was on guard last night in front of a small frame house at 98 North Third street, Williamsburgh. He said his wife was there and he wanted to see her. The woman is 28 years old, and was married to Cohen three years ago. He says that he then had $630 in a savings bank, and that he signed it over to her a few months ago. Cohen has been out of work for a month. He says that during his absence on Friday last his wife left home, taking her clothes. His trunk had been broken open and nearly all his best clothes and jewelry were gone. So were his bank books. He says he learned that after he left his home a young man called on Mrs. Cohen. A few minutes later a truckman drove up. Then Mrs. Cohen and the visitor superintended the removal of the Cohen goods and chattels.

Cohen says that at the bank he was told that his wife and a stranger had withdrawn the Cohen money. He was told yesterday that Mrs. Cohen was living in a furnished room at 98 North Third street. He went there last night and the front door was opened by his wife. She slammed the door shut and shouted that she didn't want anything to do or be with him. Cohen sat down on the doorstoop and a crowd collected. He told his story to the crowd and said he was willing to forgive his wife. To a policeman the barber repeated his tale, and declared he would remain on the stoop a week in order to become reconciled to the woman. An hour later Cohen was still on guard. He was advised to keep awake as the "Rainmaker" gang infested the neighborhood and might strip him.

CARPENTER'S PRISON LIFE.

The Ex-Police Captain Has Been Placed in Charge of the Prison Library.

Ex-Police Captain Edward B. Carpenter, who was sentenced by Justice Keogh of the Supreme Court to serve three months in the penitentiary and to pay a fine of $1,500 for accepting a bribe of $1,000 while he was in command of the East Eighty-eighth street station, reached Blackwell's Island at 3 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon in charge of a deputy sheriff. He was immediately taken to the office of the prison, where Warden Pillsbury had a long talk with him. While the Warden was reciting the rules of the institution to him Carpenter was almost overcome with emotion, and his eyes filled with tears. He said nothing, however, and when the Warden had finished the prisoner was led to the barber shop, where his hair and moustache were cut off.

A suit of regulation penitentiary clothes was given him, and after putting it on he was assigned to a cell for the night. Yesterday morning Warden Pillsbury put Carpenter in charge of the penitentiary library, and it is likely that he will keep that job during his stay on the Island. At his own request no visitors are allowed to see him except the members of his own family.

PRAISE FROM THE BENCH.

An Alleged Firebug's Lawyer Commended by Justice Gaynor.

Jacob Klein, the alleged Brooklyn firebug, was before Justice Gaynor yesterday on a writ of habeas corpus. He has been in jail several months and wants to be tried or released. District Attorney Backus said that he was acting in good faith in the case, and that the accused would have an opportunity of facing a jury next month. In reserving his decision Justice Gaynor thus complimented Robert H. Elder, Klein's counsel, who has been in the legal harness less than a year:

"This case has been presented with commendable zeal and ability on the part of the counsel for the accused. I must say that. It is a pleasure to listen to him."

MRS. CLEVELAND DID NOT COME.

She Was Expected at a Wells College Reunion in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Cleveland is a graduate of Wells College and was expected to come on from Washington yesterday and participate at a musicale given under the direction of the alumnæ of the college at the home of Mrs. Charles M. Bellows at 149 Hancock street, Brooklyn. The entertainment was a very delightful one, but Mrs. Cleveland did not put in an appearance. Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Bellows were classmates and have since been warm friends.

Weather Prophet Dunn's Distinguished Visitors.

Probably no man in New York, barring the Mayor, has so many distinguished visitors come to him unsolicited as Sergeant Dunn of the Weather Bureau. Yesterday Mayor Strong's son, P. Bradlee Strong, brought to the bureau a Spanish party, consisting of the Infanta Elvira Marie Therese Henriette de Bourbon, daughter of Don Carlos; the Countess de Lasuir, Mr. M. Ortigosa, and Mr. R. D. de la Corina. The party came about 2:30 o'clock and stayed for three-quarters of an hour, looking at Sergeant Dunn's maps, charts, and instruments, and enjoying the fine view of the city. They climbed up the tower and went out upon the little balcony upon the top, but the Infanta was made dizzy by the height and had to come in. A second attempt with the same result convinced her that she would better do her viewing from Sergeant Dunn's studio below. All the party expressed themselves as greatly pleased with what they saw, and before going asked Sergeant Dunn for his autograph. He gave them also views of the tower and of the Weather Bureau's quarters.

CYCLISTS' IDEAL CHURCH.

A LIGHT STRUCTURE THAT MAY EASILY BE TAKEN DOWN.

Wheelmen May Ride 15 Miles in One Direction to a Service One Sunday and 15 Miles in Another the Next—Religious Exercises and Variety Combined.

Those clergymen who have sought to induce wheelmen to come to their churches by preaching special sermons and introducing special features in their services to interest them have not met with much success. Now comes a new scheme. The Church Club of Brooklyn is an organization composed of laymen in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Its President is A. A. Low, a brother of President Seth Low of Columbia University. Many of the members are enthusiastic wheelmen, and when Henry M. Calvert proposed a bicycle church his remarks elicited great interest. The club regarded the scheme so favorably that Mr. Low appointed Mr. Calvert Chairman of a committee to make further inquiries into the feasibility of the plan and report to the club in the fall. Mr. Calvert said yesterday to a reporter:

"It is proposed to have a short, attractive service at some point frequented by wheelmen. The ideal spot would be at the end of some fifteen or twenty mile ride over good roads. The Garden City cathedral would have many cyclists within its doors every Sunday were it not for the fact that the roads to Garden City from Brooklyn are wretched. Our plan is to hold our services at first in some rented hall or rooms, but eventually we hope to erect a building which shall be used solely as a worshipping place for wheelmen.

"Perhaps it is too extreme a development of a scheme which is as yet wholly in the air, but it has been proposed to have our edifice so constructed that it may easily be taken down and put up again. This is certainly practicable, as the bicycle church would be used only in the summer, and the congregation could easily get along with such protection as would be afforded by a very light frame structure.

"The portable house would certainly be a great feature in any such undertaking as this, for the true wheelman is always seeking new fields, and he might not like to ride over the same road every Sunday, whether there was a church at the end of it or not. But if we could hold services one Sunday in one place, and the following Sunday at a place ten or fifteen miles in another direction, I'll venture to say that the congregation would not fall off in numbers. Of course there would be suitable sheds constructed in which the bicycles could be left during the services.

"There's no sense," continued Mr. Calvert, "in church people trying to override or dictate to the wheelmen. The wheelmen will ride, and on Sunday, too. Furthermore, there are hundreds of good churchgoers who ride on Sunday. There's nothing incompatible about bicycling and religion, but if the Church wants the bicycle riders it must meet them half way. I think the wheelmen will come their half of the way.

"Our committee will make numerous prospecting tours, and we hope to have the matter in such shape by fall that the construction of the church may begin early next spring."

GIRL PICKPOCKET NABBED.

She Is Said to Have Worn Her Confirmation Gown While Stealing.

Louise Behnstedt, 12 years old, of 142 East Eighty-ninth street, was charged before Magistrate Cornell in the Yorkville Police Court yesterday morning with being a pickpocket. When arrested by Detective Oestreicher of Bloomingdale Brothers of Fifty-ninth street and Third avenue, the child was dressed in what was said to be a white confirmation gown, white stockings, and low white slippers

During the past few weeks the customers at the Bloomingdale store have made frequent complaints that their pockets had been picked while in the place. It was also said that a girl dressed in white had been noticed mingling with the crowd of shoppers. The detective decided to watch the child, and shortly after 5 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon he saw her take a pair of stockings from the hosiery counter and drop them into a small wicker basket which she carried on one arm. After stowing away the stockings the child crowded against a woman who was standing near and thrust her hand in the woman's pocket. There was nothing there, however. Then the little girl turned her attention to the jewelry counter, from which she took two rings and three pins.

Before the detective accosted her, the child had picked two more pockets and taken a bundle of whalebone from a counter. She was arrested as she was leaving the store.

When on the way to the Superintendent's room she managed to get rid of part of the stolen property. On her being searched, two pocketbooks and about $25 worth of knick-knacks were found in her possession.

When arraigned in the Yorkville Court yesterday the little prisoner acknowledged that she had stolen, but refused to tell anything about herself. Magistrate Cornell committed her to the care of the Gerry society pending an investigation.

RAN A BAIL JUMPER DOWN.

Clarence Barnett So Closely Pressed that He Surrendered.

Clarence Barnett, who is alleged to be the ringleader of a conspiracy to forge railroad tickets on the Southern Pacific Railway Company, surrendered yesterday to the District Attorney. When his case was called for trial in the General Sessions two weeks ago he did not appear, and it was discovered that he had given straw bail. The bail bond was forfeited and a bench warrant was issued for him. His brother, Eugene Barnett, and Joseph Wenar, who are indicted with him, were watched, and on Sunday last detectives McNaught, Cuff, and Farley followed them to Taylor's Hotel in Jersey City. They saw the pair meet Clarence Barnett, and they kept the latter under surveillance until yesterday, when his lawyer, Frederick B. House, arranged for his surrender.

Warrants were issued for Eugene Barnett and Wenar, and they were arraigned at the same time in the General Sessions before Judge Fitzgerald. They pleaded not guilty to the indictments, and were held in $3,500 bail each. Afterward they were taken before Judge Benedict in the United States Circuit Court and arraigned to answer a charge of violating the postal laws. Wenar and Eugene Barnett were held in $2,000 bail each, and Clarence Barnett in $4,000 bail. The latter furnished bail, but the others were locked up in the Ludlow street jail.

MANUFACTURER COOPER DRUGGED.

Found in a Paterson Street with His Pockets Turned Inside Out.

PATERSON, May 13.—Arthur Cooper of the bicycle manufacturing firm of A. & J. Cooper was drugged and robbed while on his way home last night. The first he knew of it was when he awoke in a cell in the police station this morning, where he had been committed as a drunken man. While on his way home he stopped in a few saloons, but, it is said, did not drink excessively. At 4 o'clock Policeman Nolan found him in front of a saloon in Market and Seeley streets, lying apparently in a drunken stupor.

In the police court this morning Cooper said that he did not know the last place he was in, but when he woke up he found his pockets turned inside out and $16 in United States money and three English sovereigns missing. Judge Senior believed that Cooper had been drugged and robbed, and on hearing his story dismissed him.

Called to a Williamsburgh Church.

A unanimous call has been extended to the Rev. William T. McElveen of the North Congregational Church in Morrisania by the New England Congregational Church Society, Williamsburgh, whose church is in South Ninth street. The pulpit has been vacant since the resignation of the Rev. Alexander Lewis last winter. Mr. McElveen is 28 years old