# KENNEDY'S EMPTY TIN BOX.

## THAT WAS ALL HE HAD TO SHOW FOR HIS $2,500.

**Now, the Question Is, Was He Hypnotized by the Sharpers?—Mr. Kennedy Is Silent on That Point, as on Other Points in the Transaction—His Neighbors' Views.**

Down Putnam way all they know about it is that the two slick gentlemen got old man Kennedy's $2,500. Exactly when they got it, how they got it, and what they got it for does not appear, but down Putnam way everybody smiles when the subject is broached, and with the "tee-hee" they say:

"He brought home a tin box, and when he looked in it he found it was empty."

Old Mr. Kennedy is 85. He is one of the most prosperous and most respected citizens of that part of Windham county, Connecticut, that lies close to the Massachusetts border. Putnam is the nearest big town. Mr. Kennedy lives in one of the Woodstocks. There are four of them, North, East, South, and Woodstock. East Woodstock is the abiding place of Mr. Kennedy, but he owns property all around there.

With advancing age there came a desire to Mr. Kennedy to get out of the eternal quietness of the Woodstocks and plunge into the excitement of town life at Putnam. It was this desire that was primarily responsible for the loss of Mr. Kennedy's $2,500. If he hadn't turned a part of his property into money he wouldn't have had the $2,500 cash to lose. They wouldn't be laughing in their sleeves to-day down Putnam way.

The loss occurred on Oct. 22, and it wasn't the news of the affair that led a reporter of THE SUN to travel down Putnam way, for that had been printed. It was a feature of the affair that hadn't been touched on. Somebody had started the story that Mr. Kennedy had been hypnotized or mesmerized, or something or other, and by the superior will of the two slick ones had been induced to go to the bank in Putnam, draw out his money, and give it to them without even a thought of asking the reason why. If that was so nobody with money in a bank could feel safe, and it was absolutely necessary to investigate the truth of such a story.

There was a bitterness of spirit in the smile of one of Mr. Kennedy's daughters, who conducts a prosperous millinery business in Putnam, when THE SUN reporter approached her on the subject.

"There's nothing to say," she said, further than what has already been said."

"But was he mesmerized or hypnotized or anything like that? How did he come to give up the $2,500?" asked the reporter.

Then it was that the bitterness of spirit showed in the smile, and she answered:

"Oh, I suppose it was the same old game."

"But there is nothing discreditable in losing $2,500 by hypnotism," suggested the reporter.

"Well," sae said, "he doesn't tell how he lost it. If you want a description of the men, go down Woodstock way and see Mr. Potter or Mr. Skinner. They both saw the men. I can't tell you anything more about it."

"Goin' out to Kennedy's, hey?" asked the livery stable man, when the reporter went to hire a horse, and said in answer to a question that he was going to East Woodstock. "Kennedy's, hey?

There was an unpleasant harshness in the voice, and the livery stable man wanted pay in advance, and added:

"They ain't much use in your goin', I guess."

The livery stable man offered no explanation of this remark, but took a $5 gold piece tendered as payment for the rig and gasped as he said:

"Gold! Good Lord! I ain't seen one o' them in a month o' Sundays. Is it r-e-a-l?" He chewed the edge of it, hefted it, and handed back $3 change, remarking:

"There may be some jays amongst us, but this here brown give McKinley 600 to the other feller's 200, 'n they did better'n that down Woodstock way. I'll keep this here as a souvenir. So you're goin' t' Kennedy's, hey. They ain't much use in your goin', I guess, if you're dealin' 'n this stuff er'n it's in."

East Woodstock was almost reached before the significance of part of these remarks was made plain. A little old fellow with a bunch of Connecticut whiskers, too big for a goatee but not big enough for a beard, had been hailed and the question put:

"Can you direct me to Kennedy's place?"

"Hah?" demanded the old man.

"Can you direct me to Kennedy's place?" repeated the reporter.

The old man grabbed the bunch of whiskers and twiddled them. His eyes twinkled, and he said:

"Y-e-s, I m-ou-g-h-t (a long pause) b-u-t I g-u-e-s-s y-o-u-e-r l-e-e-t-l-e l-a-t-e, m-i-s-t-e-r. There was a-n-o-t-h-e-r f-e-l-l-e-r up t-a-e-r-e 'bout t-w-o w-e-e-k-s a-g-o, 'n h-e g-o-t i-t."

The old man chuckled and chuckled, and walked on, calling back the direction:

"First to the right 'n first to the left 'n it's a big white house."

The driver chuckled, too, and drawled:

"T-h-e-y-e-r a l-e-e-t-l-e s-u-s-p-i-c-i-o-u-s o' s-t-r-an-g-e-r-s a-r-o-u-n-d h-e-r-e n-e-o-w; y-o-u w-a-s a n-o-t-i-c-i-n' th' b-o-s-s."

Of course, no further explanation was necessary. Mr. Kennedy's house is the biggest and the best and most prosperous-looking place in East Woodstock. The reporter knocked at all the doors, and then from across a little park in the front of the house and just back of the village cemetery there came a voice, "He ain't t' hum—hah! He went away—hah."

The owner of the voice stood in his shirt sleeves on the doorstep of his home directly opposite. The reporter went to him.

"Lookin' for Kennedy—hah. I guess 't ain't no use, hah. But you'er a likely lookin' fellow—hah, 'n I thought I'd tell you—hah. They went away yisterday—hah, 'n they said they'd be away a piece—hah; ain't come back—hah."

This gentleman, it was plain, and he afterward explained it, was the victim of a force of habit—"hah" concluded every sentence. He held his hands in his pockets as he talked.

"Away, is he?" said the reporter. "Well, when will he come back?"

"How do I know—hah?"

"I wanted to find out about the theft of $2,500."

"Y-e-s, I thought so—hah," said the neighbor. "Well, he admits that he lost it, don't he—hah? That's the main thing, ain't it—hah?"

"But how did he lose it—hah?" asked the reporter, becoming a victim of the force of habit himself for a moment.

"O-o-, that's the question—hah," said the neighbor. "The old man he tells some stories—hah. He does—hah. 'Twas my boy that found him down Putnam way—hah. My boy—hah. He met him in the road bewildered like—hah. He says, 'Hello, Mr. Kennedy—hah. Where ye goin' to?—hah.' 'n Mr. Kennedy he says, 'Goin' down Putnam way—hah.' My boy says, 'I'm goin' down Putnam way myself—hah. Git in 'n ride—hah.' Old Mr. Kennedy he got in, 'n after they'd been ridin' a while he says to my boy, 'Where y' goin'—hah?' My boy says, 'Putnam way—hah.' Mr. Kennedy he says, 'Well, I'll git out an' walk. I'm goin' home—hah.' So my boy hauls up 'n lets him out—hah. He didn't say anything about losin' $2,500 then—hah. But he had a tin box—hah. A tin box—hah in chuckles), 'n it was empty—hah. Empty—hah. Well, he got home 'n he hooked up—hah, 'n he drove over Quinnebaug way—hah. Why? Why, because he wasn't to open the box except in Quinnebaug—hah. See—hah? 'N it was empty—hah."

"Well, what was the game that they played? Was he hypnotized?" asked the reporter.

"That's the question. Hypnotized—hah. Well, he came home with a tin box, and it was empty—hah." (Chuckles in profusion.)

"That's so," said the reporter.

"Look here, stranger," said the neighbor. "There's the man you want to see—hah. That's Gifford—hah. He bought the old man's farm—hah. 'Twas the money he paid that they got—hah."

He pointed to a man driving down the road, and the reporter hailed him.

"Yes, I'm Gifford," said the new man. "Now before we begin business, do I know you?"

"I don't think you do," said the reporter.

"Well, it's all right, then. I'm willing to make your acquaintance."

"There's a story about old Mr. Kennedy's being hypnotized," started the reporter.

"Oh," said Mr. Gifford. "Well, he came home with a tin box."

"Oh," said the reporter.

"It was this way," said Mr. Gifford. "I bought his farm a year or so back, and, of course, I'm pretty well acquainted with him. Wall, he's got some lots up here, and he wants to sell them, and all his other property, and go live down Putnam way. This day it happened he was talkin' with me up the field a ways when this stranger came along. He had a mustache like yours, 'n he was about your build, 'n was fine lookin, 'n had store clothes like yours. He came up while we were talkin', 'n he called to Mr. Kennedy and said he'd like to speak to him when he had time. Mr. Kennedy finished his conversation with me and went to talk to him. The young man said that his name was Kingsbury, and he used to be a clerk in the Danielsonville Bank. He said he married Abner Young's daughter. The old man used to live down in Danielsonville, 'n he was well acquainted with Abner Young, who was, like himself, known by everybody in the country round, 'n of course old Mr. Kennedy was glad to see the man that had married Abner Young's daughter. The young man said he had bought some property adjoining the lots that Mr. Kennedy had to sell, and he wanted to buy those lots, too. It was about that time that the other fellow came up, and I went away. Well, that night Mr. Kennedy was found a bit mixed up walking toward Putnam. He got in one wagon and got out again. Then he got in another and came home. It isn't so about his opening the tin box in the barn, or about his driving down Quinnebaug way to open it. He did drive down Quinnebaug way. There was a box. That's all."

"Well, how did they get the $2,500?" asked the reporter.

"Now that's the question," said Mr. Gifford. "I understand how these things are worked. Of course, you understand them. When I was a boy and made my first visit to New York I remember I met a stranger. He knew I was from the country, and he met another man and he borrowed $7 of me. Of course, that was excusable, my lending it to him. I was a boy. But when men get to be as old as you are and as I am it isn't. And it isn't in Mr. Kennedy's case. That's the question: how did he lose it? Was it hypnotism? Well, he came home with a tin box. What was the game? Now, I talked with him. His son, who is the superintendent of the Lancaster Almshouse, sent for me to talk with him. I went over the whole ground. It was only one of 'em went down Putnam way with him to get the money. The other fellow waited near here and when he met them coming back Mr. Kennedy got out and the other fellow got in, and they drove off. Mr. Kennedy started to walk home, and started the wrong way. He was mixed, that was all."

"Well, how did he come to draw the money out of the bank in the first place?"

"He won't tell. He went and drew it. He insisted on getting it in cash. The cashier said to him, 'Now, Mr. Kennedy, it's a good deal safer, and just as good for you to get this in a check or a draft, and there's no danger of you losing it,' but Mr. Kennedy insisted that he get it in cash. The cashier gave it to him, and pinned it inside his pocket so it couldn't fall out. Between Putnam and the place he got out of the wagon he gave 'em the money. Was he hypnotized to do it? Well, he came home with a tin box. He won't say how he came to get it. It's just gone, and that's all. He tells me he drew the money out to give it to his son. But the son didn't want the money. He's a man that wouldn't lend a man $500 without good real estate security no matter how well he knew him. I think it was to get some big interest or something. That's all I know about it."

Some dozen of Mr. Kennedy's neighbors were then visited. They all told the same story. They all chuckled. They all said:

"He came home with a tin box. Was he hypnotized?"

They all said:

"Well, he admits he lost the money, don't he? That's the main thing, ain't it?"

Down North Woodstock way and South Woodstock way and Woodstock way they all said the same. They said it down Putnam way, too, and they chuckled. They chuckled when they said:

"He didn't say a word about it for a week after it happened. Not a word."

The evidence that Mr. Kennedy was hypnotized or mesmerized may be summed up thus: Mr. Kennedy drew $2,500 from a bank and lost it. The other evidence may be summed up thus: He had a tin box with him after the transaction, and it was empty.

But it was wrong to say that everybody down Putnam way and down Woodstock way chuckles. There are those who realize the seriousness of the crime that was committed, and the danger that the people down Putnam way and down Woodstock way are in. The *Windsor Times*, which is published down that way, relating the story, concludes:

"On reaching home he harnessed his horse and proceeded to Quinnebaug to find that he was the victim of as bold a swindling operation as has ever been known in this section. In amazement we ask, 'How could it ever be done?' and yet you or I may be the next victim. Would that hasty judgment might be visited upon the bold perpetrators of such a heartless deed."

## GEN. HARRISON TO FARMERS.

**He Says He Has No Patience with People Who Fight the Air.**

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 12.—The third day's session of the Farmers' National Congress had two important features. One was an address by Gen. Harrison and the other was the adoption of a memorial to Congress. Gen. Harrison was in a happy mood, and when he arose to speak he was greeted enthusiastically. He said:

"I came here to make an acknowledgment of the compliment you have shown me by inviting me to appear before this congress. I suppose that politics is barred, as this is an agricultural meeting. I'm not an agriculturist, though born and reared on a farm. My education was paid for by the proceeds of corn and hogs. It is a custom of the time for men of a particular occupation to associate themselves together to develop and cultivate mutual interests. Such organizations are to be encouraged, but we must not forget that lawyers, farmers, and laborers all have interests, and that no one class should try to get the better of the other classes. We are all rejoicing that you are getting a little more for your wheat and corn, though it is at the expense of us who have to pay a little more for the thing we consume."

Then the General ventured a little piece out into political waters.

"I have no patience with those people who are always fighting the air," he said. He advised men who believed that legislation is prejudicial to them to go about a fight in a systematic way, "not fighting the air." It was plain that the General was referring to a situation in the recent campaign. He advised that public sentiment be focused on whatever question of unusual import was brought before the people, and that men go straight after what they want.

Then he told how a brakeman came and sat down beside him in the train one day recently and told him that he did not like the idea of this thing of trying to array class against class. This remark of the brakeman of course pleased Gen. Harrison, for he added:

"Whatever they say about class interests, the great body of the American people will work for truth and right."

Gen. Harrison added:

"It is mischievous to denounce classes, and this thing and that. If there are trusts, let us know it, and bring legislation to bear upon them, and court decrees to bear upon them, and then we have accomplished something. If any man will make it plain to the American people that he is oppressed; that he is not getting his rights, then I undertake to say to you that the American people will be on his side, against whatever may oppress him.

"My thought is, if you think there are wrongs and grievances in the business condition or in legislation, hunt them out and specify them; hold them up to the public judgment and have faith in your fellow man. For I say to you that the great body of the people, an overwhelming majority, are always for justice and fairness, and if you make that appeal to them they will respond.

"I have rejoiced in all that has tended to make agriculture easier; to give leisure for thought and reading, for the cultivation of the intellect. I rejoice that the schoolhouse and the little church are found in every country neighborhood. I rejoice in the belief that our people are patriotic, and that never before in the history of our country was there a deeper and more universal love of the starry banner and the Constitution for which it stands.

## WAR OF THE STOKES COUSINS.

**Dear Ed Says Dear Will Said the Thing That Was Not—Where Claremont Tips West**

The action of William E. D. Stokes for an accounting by his cousin, Edward S. Stokes, of the affairs of the Hoffman House corporation, which has been in the courts in various shapes, came on for trial before Justice Truax of the Supreme Court yesterday. One witness for the plaintiff was Harry Fisher, who had been cashier and manager of the Claremont Hotel on Riverside Drive. He said that Edward S. used to go up to that hotel, which was then run by the Hoffman House corporation, and would get the witness to draw checks from the funds taken in there. Then followed:

Q.—Did Mr. E. S. Stokes get any cash from you? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—What was that? A.—What I received from the shed men.

Q.—What do you mean by the shed men? A.—The men who took charge of the horses as they came up to the hotel and remained there while their owners were inside.

Q.—Do you mean that he took the tips that were given to these men? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—How much did they amount to? A.—I cannot tell, I never kept account of them.

When Edward S. Stokes was called in his own behalf he testified that he had been President of the Hoffman House corporation until it went into the hands of a receiver.

Q.—You are intimately acquainted with your cousin, the plaintiff here. A.—Oh, yes, I know him.

Q.—Did you ever withdraw any money from the funds of the corporation and convert them to your own use? A.—I never did, and such accusations are malicious and false from beginning to end.

He said he had never taken any money from the Hoffman House, the Claremont Hotel, or the Beaver street restaurant with which he did not charge himself in the accounts. He said he had used his yacht for the accommodation of the guests of the hotel, and that was how the yacht charges came to be made. Among the guests on his yacht was E. D. Stokes. It appeared that the cousins wrote frequently to each other in 1891, and that they addressed each other as "Dear Ed" and "Dear Will," respectively.

Q.—Your cousin charged that you were insolvent when this suit was brought? A.—That was a malicious lie.

The case went over to to-day.

**Woman's Missionary Auxiliary Meeting in Brooklyn.**

The twenty-fourth annual convention of the Long Island branch of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions was held yesterday in St. Ann's Church in Brooklyn. Bishop Littlejohn presided at the opening session. Delegates representing thirty-nine parishes in Kings county, twenty-two in Queens county, and five in Suffolk county were present.

# MATTERS IN STAGELAND.

## WHAT JOHN HARE SAID UPON HIS ARRIVAL FROM LONDON.

**A Play Loaded with More Politics Than It Can Carry—Another Piece That Bulges with Vaudeville and Circus—Stage Notes.**

John Hare arrived in New York yesterday on the Majestic to commence his second tour in this country. Mr. Hare's experience here last winter was of a curious kind. He came here with a London reputation of many years' standing. He played at Abbey's Theatre in a drama which won little favor, and there were few indications at the outset of his visit here that he would ever find much popularity in this country. The succeeding play in which he acted was a piece already familiar to New York audiences, and there was little belief that he would succeed in gaining the approval that London had given to him for so many years. But the result proved how uncertain theatrical predictions are likely to be. From the night he acted first in "A Pair of Spectacles" his success here was assured. His audiences increased steadily in size, and he returned to New York later in the season, when his popularity proved even greater. On the night of his last appearance here the large audience remained in the theatre until he answered their applause with a speech. In it he referred to a caricature of him which Edwin Abbey had drawn at a dinner given to the actor on the eve of his departure from London. It was a picture of Mr. Hare walking down the gangplank of the steamer with a string of hearts and bags of American dollars over his shoulder, which he had brought back as the result of his visit to this country. "I may not be taking back so many of the dollars," Mr. Hare said in concluding his speech of thanks, "but I believe from the appreciation I have received here that I may be justified in claiming that I am carrying back some of the hearts with me." Mr. Hare was quite right, and he had gained here under the most unpromising circumstances a public which is glad to welcome him back.

"I shall act chiefly in Robertson's play, 'Caste,'" Mr. Hare said to THE SUN reporter yesterday. "If the Americans like it, I played *Sam Gerridge* in the original production of the piece twenty-nine years ago, but I had never thought of acting *Eccles*, the role which I am to play this year. I knew Robertson, and of course all his traditions of the play, and George Honey, who was the original *Eccles* afterward, played the part in this city at Wallack's old theatre. When I revised the piece in London several years ago somebody suggested that I play *Eccles*. But I kept out of the cast entirely. It was only when Charles Frohman heard of the suggestion and urged that I really try *Eccles* that I thought of it seriously. I was very successful at a special matinée in London at the Lyceum Theatre, which Sir Henry Irving placed at my disposal. Of course, I could never play *Eccles* in the usual way. I have quite a different conception of the part, and it is in no way the kind of *Eccles* that is generally seen. My son Gilbert will play *Sam Gerridge*, which I acted when the play was first seen."

Mr. Hare, who was in ill health during the greater part of his previous stay in America, looks more robust. He will appear first in Canada.

Few recent dramas have been so thoroughly political as Paul L. Ford's "Honors Are Easy," which is new this week in Brooklyn. Plays with politics in the background or serving as the motives for particular scenes have been frequent enough. But politics in every act and every scene and almost every line is an allowance too liberal to be entertaining. There is an aggravation in this abundance when it comes within a week after an absorbing election. The orchestra at the Montauk on Monday night played political marches between the acts, and the whole evening turned out to be about as imaginative and poetic as a district caucus. It may or may not be true that people love the theatre because it takes them into a realm of fancy away from the practical everyday events of life. Certainly there is no theme that lends itself to any such treatment with as little adaptability as our politics. It is difficult to make them appear anything but practical and real. Mr. Ford's play seemed not to have been written recently. Its types were more talked of five years ago than they are now. Even in fiction the political "boss" has about become a thing of the past. The comedy of ward heelers, one speaking a German dialect and the other an Irish one, have been old friends for some time. Evidently the author's idea in introducing the American politician in a country town was to show that whatever charges of corruption may be made against politicians here, the native born are as deserving of any blame as they imply as citizens of foreign birth. Whether this be true or not is not important, and, above all, such dogmatic deductions are not interesting on the stage, neither was the proof that the "boss" may not be so much of a villain as he is painted. The hero of Mr. Ford's play was a candidate for Congress and a politician who, despite what he said, did nothing to deny the impression that he was unscrupulous. He managed big "deals," looked after "jobs" of great magnitude, and was evidently up to his shoulders in the guilt he was accused of. But he was poor himself and had a blind mother who wanted him to marry a lame girl.

When these two characters appeared it began to be evident that Mr. Ford was uncertain as to what sort of a play he was going to write. The blind mother was introduced for the only purpose was to emphasize her son's virtues. The ward whom she wanted the son to marry limped around the stage and distressed the spectators. These were not figures for a comedy; nor was the scene of the third act, in which the heroine received the first half of a horsewhipping. The ridiculous disguise in which she was supposed to have deceived a group of men as to her sex was too completely farcical to have been seriously considered, and when it was concluded by a blow and the woman's pathetic appeal to her lover the audience became about as much confused as the author had been. Then the scene suddenly veered again around to farce. The woman was too late for her lover to win a victory over the man with whom she had been carrying on the struggle. One chance remained to her, and that was to telephone to the capital. She tried to reach the instrument, but her lover held her back. "I want the telephone," she cried to him. "Well, here it is," he said, and, pulling down the machine from the wall, he handed it to her. That joke had to counteract the horsewhipping episode, and it did not prove equal to it.

During the first of its three acts "A Night at the Circus," as played in revised form at the Standard, belies its outfit. To begin with, as much space in the programme is given over to description of the circus items as is devoted to the rest of the show, cast of characters and all. Eight specialties are thus outlined. Then the first act develops a scene and set of characters that combined are a trade mark of "farce-comedy," or, more accurately, variety-farce. There's an office, with desks on which the papers are not so thick but that the mature errand boy can stand on his head on them; an amanuensis, with skirt to her knees and the most comprehensive ignorance of the practicable typewriting machine before her; a safe whose top is a cooling place for beverages and from whose doors three men come later to sing and dance, and enough like paraphernalia of the ordinary business man's office to make the whole highly realistic—in variety farce. But in the first act the aging boy doesn't stand on his head. The girl at the typewriter doesn't lay aside her note book to strew sand on the floor and dance a jig. For one whole act it looks as if the circus was to have all the specialties; then the manner changes. It's a temperance hotel this time, and the big safe begins to give up its store of alcoholic comforts, the typewriter fingers a harp, and, hearing it, dances as if ten minutes were the whole day long; even the "star" and her first assistant join in a song and dialogue that is excellent diversion, but utterly extraneous. It's all entertaining, but it knocks into smithereens the promise of improvement on "farce-comedy" that that first half-hour bore. Still even without a specialty is an improvement, and there can be no doubt that many would regard it as an error to forbid Fanny Bloodgood to sing for a beau, and at the same time to dangle over the first three rows of orchestra chairs, from a fish pole, a bright red heart. At the end of the song she unties the heart and throws it to the man she has oiled most; and such a dainty specialty as that couldn't be made harmonious in the circus.

The afternoon performance given at the Fifth Avenue yesterday for the benefit of the Elks contained no novelty, the programme being made up of selections from current plays and vaudeville.

The names of Ada Deaves, Alfred Hickman, and Lelia Farrell are new in the list of recruits from drama to vaudeville.

Three well-known "leading men" have started out as "stars" this week. Maurice Barrymore began in Washington with his own "Roaring Dick and Company," of which New York will be able to judge in a few days. Henry Miller, at the head of a fairer company, opened Chicago's new great Western Theatre with "Heartsease," by Joseph I. C. Clarke and Charles Klein. The play seems to have made a favorable impression, and it may be brought to Palmer's next month. Wilton Lackaye made his venture in Chicago, too, and with "Dr. Fuligraff," described by the reviewers as an echo of "Trilby," the hero being a hypnotizer. Charles Klein is the author.

A dramatic version of Stanley Weyman's "Under the Red Robe" will be produced here by Charles Frohman, whose stage manager, Mr. Humphreys, went to London to see the performance of it there. R. N. Stephens drew matter from that novel to put into "An Enemy to the King," but not enough to damage the original work in value for our stage.

Mr. Willard will bring several new English dramas to us this winter, beginning with "The Rogue's Comedy," which is already in preparation by his stage director, Percy Winter.

The Dramatists' Club seems to have set out to do extensive honor to itself. A supper will be given on Saturday night, with William Gillette as the guest. As there are nearly a hundred authors of acted plays in this organization, and it would be manifestly unfair to adulate any one member and neglect any other, it looks like a very long series of suppers. David Belasco, who entertained the club a year or so ago, and Charles Barnard, who has been its Secretary and most laborious promoter since it was formed, are understood to be set down for early supper-table distinction.

## RUSH FOR OPERA TICKETS.

**Women, Who Brought Their Patience with Them, the Chief Buyers.**

The first day's sale of seats at the Metropolitan Opera House usually adds several gray hairs to Max Hirsch's premature crop, and yesterday was no exception to the rule. The crowd was on hand in considerable numbers as early as 7 o'clock, although the sale was not advertised to begin until an hour and a half later. The patient people who came first brought camp stools and sat on the stones in front of the main entrance. The crowd had grown to such size that, after several policemen had been secured, the doors were opened a quarter of an hour earlier than announced. Most of those who waited were women. When they had got into the lobby the long line was doubled until it looked serpentine.

The first purchaser of seats was a woman who said she had never missed a first night at the opera. She was disposed to be very particular and evidently intended to take her time in deciding just which of the few available seats she would take. But there was an ominous buzz of animated conversation from the women back of her. So she promptly decided and paid her money. One woman who got into line at 8:10 reached the box office two hours later. At noon there were only a few women in the line, which at one time had included several hundred. But all day there was a steady stream of new comers. One woman who wanted two one-dollar seats for the Saturday matinée nearly fainted when she found that they were all gone. The subscriptions are already larger than they ever were in any previous season.

## TOOK A DRINK OF TURPENTINE.

**It Was in a Play and the Property Man Had Put It Out in Place of Gin.**

Gregory Patti, who had a part in the Amaranth Dramatic Society's show, "Gloriana," at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, Wednesday, had to steal a drink. That is, it was in the play. It was a dinner scene. The property man had to put a glass of water to represent gin on the table for Patti to steal. He had got hold of the wrong bottle, however, and instead of water he had poured out turpentine. When it came Patti's time to steal the drink he did it and took it down in one gulp. Then he looked queer. He smacked his lips and got white around the corners of his mouth. He went through the act all right, and at the end he dashed off the stage yelling "Fire!" and jabbing his finger down his throat.

The company gathered around. A physician was sent for. He smelled of the bottle and said "turpentine." He advised a stomach pump and rolling on a barrel. Patti wouldn't have it. The whole company hustled for emetics and antidotes. As fast as they came he took them. There were warm mustard water, the white of eggs, syrup of squills, warm water, and a dozen others. After taking the lot Patti's stomach rebelled. The turpentine gave up.

The show proceeded to the end, Patti going on with his part. He said yesterday that he was all right, but his mouth was still hot.

**For Possession of the Casino.**

The Appellate Term of the Supreme Court has reversed an order of the Eighth District Court, dismissing a petition of Franklin Bien, receiver of the Casino Company, who sought to compel Robert F. Bixby, representing the owners, to restore to him the possession of the Casino Theatre. While the Appellate Term reverses the Eighth District Court, it does not give Receiver Bien repossession until he has complied with certain requirements of the lease of the Casino Theatre.

## S. H. ANDREWS SUES FOR DIVORCE.

**His Wife Was Once the Champion Roller Skater of Brooklyn.**

Samuel H. Andrews, chief clerk in the Brooklyn Board of Elections, who lives on Bedford avenue, near Greene avenue, is suing his wife, Minnie V. Andrews, for an absolute divorce. His wife went to South Dakota for the purpose of securing a divorce from her husband, but the case fell through and she has returned to Brooklyn. A witness against him, and Recorder McDonough discharged Wetzel on the promise that he would return to his parents.

**Lawyer Brooke Sues Mrs. Fleming for $12,500.**

Lawyer Charles W. Brooke is suing his client, Mary Alice Almont Livingston Fleming, for $12,500, the amount due him, Mr. Brooke says, for defending her when she was tried for poisoning her mother, Evelina M. Bliss. Lawyer Brooke says Mrs. Fleming agreed to pay him $20,000 if she was acquitted. The lawyer says that he has received only $7,500 and that he has been unable to collect the remainder. Mrs. Fleming was served with the papers in the suit on Wednesday at 121 Manhattan avenue. By the death of her mother Mrs. Fleming has come into about $82,000.

**Ex-Mayor Schieren Dined by His Successor.**

A dinner was tendered last night to ex-Mayor Charles A. Schieren of Brooklyn by Mayor Wurster, his successor. It took place at the Hamilton Club, and was of the nature of a happy official reunion. The guests included the heads of departments in the present and preceding administrations.

**Missing Man Found Drowned.**

Timothy Whalen, who disappeared from his home at 87 Warren street, Brooklyn, two weeks ago, was found drowned yesterday at Bay Ridge. The identification was made through the registration certificate found in his pocket.

# MADE LUCY PARSONS QUIT.

## CHICAGO POLICE STOP HER ANARCHISTIC HARANGUE.

**Led Off the Stage Twice by a Police Captain at the Anarchist Memorial Services in Chicago—Johann Most Introduced to Quiet the Excited Audience.**

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—Lucy Parsons, the Anarchist, was led off the stage at the West Twelfth street Turner Hall by Police Captain John Wheeler last night at the annual demonstration in memory of the Anarchists who were executed as a result of the Haymarket murder. Capt. Wheeler and several men were on the platform when she began to speak. There was nothing unusual in the opening words of Mrs. Parsons. Her son, she said, was like his father, and she was teaching him to take up the great struggle for which his father had laid down his life and where that father had left off. She predicted that the day would come when, although the feet of the executed men had ceased to travel the earth, a million bodies would move on their legs, and that then from the graves in Waldheim the social revolution would spring.

All the time Mrs. Parsons was getting more vehement. Arriving at a description of the manner in which the four men went to the scaffold, she declared that the men who had charge of the hanging hurried through with their work because they feared to look four honest men in the face. Raising her voice to its highest pitch, she said:

"I ask you for what they suffered? What crime had they committed? I ask you, hideous murderers, you gang of murderers, from Gary, Grinnell, and Gov. Oglesby down to the gang of hired police spies. I ask——"

Here Capt. Wheeler hastened across the stage, and before Mrs. Parsons could say any more, led her from the scene. Instantly the hall was in an uproar. Men shouted and gesticulated wildly, and for just a few seconds there was a move toward the stage.

Chairman Apple grasped the situation and called for order, and it was partially restored. Meantime Capt. Wheeler and Mrs. Parsons were exchanging courtesies in the wings.

"What are you trying to do to me?" demanded Mrs. Parsons, her eyes glistening. "Prevent me from telling the people why you murdered my husband? Well, I will tell them."

She hastened to the stage and shouted, while she shook her clenched fist in the direction of the back part of the hall:

"You murderers! I hurl it in your teeth."

Capt. Wheeler was soon at her side, and again led her away. Then the house was thrown into another uproar, and some one shouted, "Forward."

The good judgment of the Chairman was again exercised, and Johann Most, who had arrived, was introduced to gain the attention of the audience. After quiet had been restored Mrs. Parsons left the stage and took her seat in the centre of the hall.

Most gave a resuméation of the events from the time the first Anarchist meeting was disbanded by the police until the hanging of the four men in 1887. In closing he said that anarchy had not been killed by the hanging of the four men. "No, no," he continued, "anarchy is not dead, but is getting stronger each year, and will live on forever."

## K. OF L. GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

**A Graduated Income Tax Indorsed—Report of Its Executive Committee.**

ROCHESTER, Nov. 12.—At the morning session of the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor a resolution was adopted instructing the Secretary to telegraph fraternal greetings to the session of the Supreme Council of the Farmers' Alliance in progress at Indianapolis.

The committee reported favorably on the adoption of the following amendment to section 2 of the constitution proposed by District Assembly 75 of Brooklyn, composed of street and elevated railroad men:

"Provincial, State, national trade, and district assemblies are sovereign in their own jurisdiction, under the general laws of the order, and are empowered to decide all disputes arising within their jurisdiction, subject to appeal to the General Assembly."

The amendment is proposed so as to give the district assemblies a large measure of home rule power. Under the section as it now stands appeals are made to the General Executive Board. Discussion of the proposed amendment occupied the whole session, but no action was taken.

Among the papers presented to the distributing committee last night was a resolution indorsing a graduated income tax, which would apply to all incomes and would be laid with a per cent. that should increase as the amount of the income increased. The Committee on Laws took the question up, and there was a hot discussion, as it was felt that this was a radical step for the organization to take, but it was finally indorsed and presented to the General Assembly this morning and adopted. The Knights will do all in their power to have such a tax enacted by Congress, and, failing there, they will use their influence to have the tax incorporated into the platform of one of the great political parties.

Resolutions have been offered opposing the issue of national bank notes, and declaring that all money should be issued exclusively by the National Government, and taking a definite stand in regard to many matters from which the Knights have heretofore stood aloof.

The report of the Executive Committee has been made public. It details the part taken by the Knights of Labor in the Populist and Democratic National Conventions in an attempt to unite the two parties for the principles urged by the Knights, and concludes that the ground gained in issues these enumerated. Continuing it says:

"At last the time has come when the lines of battle are fairly drawn between the laborers of America on the one side and the implacable enemies, the money kings and their minions, on the other. Although a complete victory for the people was not won in this election, yet immense gains have been made. Six millions of American voters have arrayed themselves permanently under the banner of principles so long upheld by the Knights of Labor. At least two millions more would have done likewise but for the frightful forces of money and coercion used in this campaign by the plutocrats.

"This General Assembly should give the most thorough consideration to the question of how best to preserve the political advantages already gained for the masses. The lack of organization among the toilers is a grave menace to the republic. Not five per cent. of the working people of the United States are organized. It is imperative that something be done to organize them more rapidly than they have been in the past. Hasty and ill-advised strikes should be avoided as much as possible; every strike and lockout is incipient civil war. Those attacks and counter attacks often develop into civil war. The plutocracy is seeking an excuse to increase the standing army. The petty violence connected with strikes and lockouts is their most plausible excuse now. Let us not play into their hands."

No time has yet been set for the election of officers, as the Assembly has been so busy that it could not tell when it would get to this part of the programme.

To-morrow the General Assembly will hold two secret sessions, as has heretofore been held each day, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon.

## MANY MORE DEER KILLED.

**Yesterday Was the Second Day of the Open Season on Long Island.**

Long Island deer hunting appears to be at its height. William Alexander claims the credit of getting the first deer of the second day of the season. He was hunting with a big party. A big buck and two does raced by the party, and every man fired, but not one was hit. Alexander took a second shot and got the buck. This was at Sayville. Clifford Hawkins of Bayport found a deer tangled in William K. Vanderbilt's fence and cut its throat. About Sayville twenty-five or thirty deer were shot.

At Ronkonkoma the Rev. J. Howard Hand, pastor of the Methodist church at Riverhead, got a deer, and there were some twenty other successful hunters. Twenty more were got about Islip. Others were shot at Babylon and at Patchogue. Uncle Dan Homan, 84 years old, was the most successful hunter at Patchogue. He got a 165-pound deer with an old muzzle-loading gun.

**Killed by a Fall from a Scaffold.**

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Nov. 12.—William D. Hoar, a carpenter and builder of 136 Main avenue, Ocean Grove, was fatally injured this afternoon by falling from a scaffold where he was working. He dragged himself into a cottage and became unconscious. When Hoar did not come home to dinner at the usual hour Mrs. Hoar went out to look for him. She found a pool of blood under the scaffold and traced it into the house. The injured man was found and was removed to his home, where he died an hour later.

**A $300,000 Contract for P. J. Carlin & Co.**

The Board of Managers of the Long Island State Hospital has awarded the contract for constructing the new group of buildings at King's Park to P. J. Carlin and Co., at $311,323. The Board also exonerated Architect Furey from the charge of favoritism which had been made against him by some of the unsuccessful bidders for the contract.

## LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The fact that at the recent American Institute Fair a woman who has been farming on vacant lots in this city carried off eight first prizes, three second prizes, and two special prizes, amounting to $55, and that several men who have farms similar to hers took prizes amounting to $45, is looked upon by those interested in the vacant lot movement as proof of its success. When the vacant lot plan was suggested several years ago, it was said to be a visionary scheme, and it was urged that poor city people, without previous farming experience, could not cultivate land with any profit to themselves. The men who were interested in it, however, decided that it should have a fair trial, and they now believe that its success has been demonstrated. The expenses of the farms for the last year amounted to $4,500, and the receipts of the planters were $9,500. The Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, under whose management the farms were conducted, received several hundred bushels of potatoes, beets, and cabbages for distribution. This association says that an excellent showing was made this summer, despite the fact that it was a bad season for city farming, owing to the early wet weather and the extreme heat that came later.

When several of the English newspapers announced last March that Sarah Brown, the celebrated French model, was dead, the statement was followed by contradictory details as to how and where she died, but the six or seven artists in this city for whom she had posed in Paris had no reason to doubt that she was gone, and they united in saying nice things about her. They spoke regretfully of Sarah Brown's physical beauty, and of her cleverness as a model, and of her recklessness in the pursuit of whatever she thought to be pleasure. It is now said that Sarah Brown is not dead. THE EVENING SUN a few days ago quoted an artist who had just arrived from Paris as saying that Sarah Brown was still alive and well, and when last heard from she was living with a friend in Nice. New York has never had a model like Sarah Brown, and it is regarded as quite probable, from the stories that are told about her, that New York wouldn't suit her at all. It is very mysterious that if she really is dead something definite has not been published in the French newspapers about her death, for Sarah Brown's name is better known in the artist colony in Paris than was Trilby's. Whipple, the portrait artist, had a painting of Sarah Brown a few months ago in his studio in the Sherwood that he valued highly. He made it in Paris, and he esteemed himself fortunate in securing her for a model. The students' riots in Paris two years 