"TITANIA" KILLS HERSELF.

A WOMAN FOUND DROWNED IN THE CENTRAL PARK RESERVOIR.

Scraps of Poetry and Letters Asking That She Be Cremated Signed Only with the Pseudonym—Coroner Hoeber Has a Visitor Who Thinks He Can Identify the Suicide.

The body of a woman, whose identity remained a mystery last night, was found floating in the Central Park reservoir early yesterday morning. A number of letters and papers in her pocket showed that she had committed suicide, and that her death had been planned some time in advance. Quotations from poets and philosophers, written, mainly in pencil, upon half sheets of letter paper and smaller scraps, showed that the deed was induced by disappointed love and a morbid sentimentality bordering upon mental aberration. Other papers contained directions as to the disposal of her body, which she desired to have cremated. All of the papers which are signed at all bear the pseudonym "Titania."

The woman was well though not richly dressed. She wore a silk waist, a crêpon skirt, and kid gloves, all of black, a white ruching around the throat, and russet shoes of a peculiar style. The underclothing was of a good quality. The only mark upon any of the clothing was the tab of Schlesinger & Mayer of Chicago on one of the undergarments. This firm has an agency in New York, so that the mark is of little use for fixing the place of the woman's residence. The suicide was about 35 years old, 5 feet 6 inches in height, and had dark hair. She had a full upper set of false teeth. The face and upper part of the body were so discolored as to render identification difficult. Coroner's Physician Schulz, after examining the body yesterday afternoon, said that, in spite of the discoloration, it was probable that the suicide was committed some time Sunday night.

The body was found about 5 o'clock yesterday morning by Watchman Gavin of the Department of Public Works. It was floating at a point opposite Ninety-sixth street. He called John Wolf to his assistance, and the two rowed out and brought the body to land. After an examination of the clothing had been made, the body was sent to the Morgue. The papers were sent down to the Coroners' office. One of them was a note in an envelope addressed to Coroner Hoeber, and inclosed with it was a postal telegraph blank, on which was scrawled in pencil:

"Never mind who I am nor why this is done. It will hardly ever be found out. I hope not.

"TITANIA."

When Coroner Hoeber saw this he thought the woman might be some one who knew him. He had in mind a woman in unhappy circumstances, who had been to see him as a patient several times. He went to the Morgue late in the afternoon and looked at the body. He found that it was not that of the woman who had called on him.

Last night a man visited Coroner Hoeber at his residence and declared that he thought he knew who the suicide was. He told the Coroner of a woman, who, he said, was well connected, who lived in this city up to about a year ago. Then she married a man of wealth and moved to St. Louis. One of the papers found upon the suicide's body is part of a St. Louis hotel letterhead. The woman known by the Coroner's informant also had an upper set of false teeth, and for some time past, he said, he had received letters from her, declaring that she should either become insane or commit suicide. The Coroner's visitor desired to compare her writing with the letters left by the suicide, but most of the latter were locked up in the Criminal Court building and could not be reached until to-day. The Coroner had only one of the scraps of paper. It was a small piece the police had overlooked, which had been found inside the corsets after the body had been taken to the Morgue. It read: "Good-by, Titania." On the back were two or three lines of characters, which may have been shorthand or may have been random marks. A shorthand expert was unable to gather any coherent meaning from the marks. This paper Coroner Hoeber showed to the man who called on him last night, and the writing seemed to correspond to the letters received by the visitor. The more comprehensive test will be made to-day. In the mean time Coroner Hoeber has agreed not to make public his informant's name, but he said last night that he was convinced of his responsibility.

Besides the information which may be furnished by this visitor of the Coroner, there are three clues which may ultimately lead to the woman's identification. One of these is the upper left hand corner of a Postal Telegraph blank, the rest of which has been torn off. This was found upon the body. It is not of the kind upon which telegrams are written for sending, but of the kind upon which those received are written. In the space marked off for the number of the telegram are the figures 59; under the heading "Sent by" are the letters "Th" and under "Received by," the letter "L." In this scrap of paper was wrapped a violet, still comparatively fresh when it was found, so that the telegram was probably sent within a short time. Coroner Hoeber sent the paper down to Superintendent Bradley of the Postal Telegraph Company, and in all likelihood the record of the telegram will be traced. The second possible clue is contained in the note addressed to Coroner Hoeber, providing for the disposal of the body, which is as follows:

"Coroner, New York City:

"I hereby express my earnest desire to have my body cremated. If money arrives before my right eye $51 fifty-one dolls will be found in my right shoe. If not, it will, I hope, arrive in due time before incineration at Coroner Hoeber's office, N. Y. city. Respectfully, TITANIA.

"P. S.—Trust all will be done right. Am sorry I cannot delay this matter.

A second postscript is added, and the considerably fresher appearance of the ink shows that it must have been written later than the rest of the letter and probably just before the suicide. It reads:

"2d P. S.—Money not arrived. Will be sent to Coroner, N. Y. city. TITANIA."

There was no money at all upon the body, and none had been found up to late last night at the Coroner's office. Coroner Hoeber thinks that if any comes the communication may lead to an identification.

A third clue is in connection with the desired incineration of the body. One of the notes found reads:

"To Fresh Pond Crematory, N. Y.:

"Kindly deliver my ashes to the person presenting other half of enclosed paper slip, to be disposed of according to my wishes. No services desired at incineration, unless indeed Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March' or 'Midsummer Night's Dream' may be allowed to be played as a favor to my last wish. Sincerely,

"TITANIA."

The slip of paper apparently referred to is a small square sheet consisting of about a quarter of a page of hotel paper. On the front of it is the beginning of the date line consisting of the words "St. Louis." In the corner is a picture resembling the Southern Hotel in St. Louis. There is but one word in writing on this side of the paper and that is the word "The." On the back are these words, the first half of the lines being on the missing part of the sheet:

it.
am writing this
parlor floor
asute River waltz.
is over
"1,001 nights."

If the other half of this paper is presented at the crematory it will naturally lead to an identification. There is a prospect, however, that the body will not be cremated at all. The money for the purpose has not been received, and the body cannot be kept at the Morgue more than a day or two longer. The body will then be sent to the Potter's Field if the dead woman's friends are not heard from.

A man called at the Morgue yesterday afternoon, but, as he could not identify the body, he did not leave his name. Two men called last night. They looked at the body, but did not say whether they recognized it or not. They did not leave their names. It is not known whether either of them was Coroner Hoeber's visitor. The writing on the half sheets of letter paper found on the woman's body is very faint owing to the action of the water. Some of it can be deciphered only with difficulty, and many of the words are doubtful. One of the sheets reads:

"O, Demosthenes, I give up the task unfinished. Thy devout follower will in—finis—be lit. the—Felo de se—the difference but 2284 years—alas for all those true and noble thoughts—and now the Angel standing close, his name is Death—He says to me, I am the perfect thing you sought—am I real mean to quote you, T. F. T., or don't you mind one little bit?"

On the other side of the same paper is written:

"If the soul should have departed from the body, polluted and impure in consequence of its subservience and attachment to this, and begets desires and pleasures, so far as to imagine there is nothing real except what is corporeal, which one may touch and see, eat and drink, and make use of for sensual purposes, think you that a soul which is so disposed would be likely to depart independent and uncommiserated?

"PLATO."

Another sheet, part of which is torn off, has these lines:

My house of love was builded on the sand
* * *
Promise me nothing. That the heart will rain
An eyes whose tears are done
Lips that will not kiss you back again
Never say more, I know, for one.
—Mrs. PRATT.

Some of the other selections are as follows:

How do I love thee! Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
Of the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle light;
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely as they turn from praise.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my old saints; I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears of all my life and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.
—Mrs. BROWNING.

* * *

How wonderful is death,
The wakener of the soul;
His eyes are full of sleep,
His heart is full of love,
His touch is full of peace;
Gentle the languid motion
Of every pulse subsides,
Gliding out from the bodies we have worn
Without a jar to break
The mystic strain of harmony that winds
With sense dissolving music through the soul,
We are at liberty.
—SHELLEY.

I strew these opiate flowers
On my restless pillow.
—SHELLEY.

Beyond Death's cloudy portal
Is there a land where beauty never dies
And love becomes immortal?

These are all in pencil. On another sheet is this in ink:

If it indeed be life
Even so resigning to sit patiences mad,
To feel the zephyrs burn, the sunlight sad,
The place of holy heaven a restless strife,
No! What words are these,
How can I live and lose him? How not go
Whither love knows me for a soul loved so?
How yet endure such sorrow or cease?
—LYDIAN SONG OF SONGS.

Below this is written in pencil:

Alone and with a heart both old and sad.
TITANIA.

Among the papers was a clipping on which were printed two stanzas of "In Andalusia." A small penknife was also in one of the pockets. On one of the pieces of paper are these words, which were apparently written just before the woman jumped into the water:

"Above yonder tree a bird is singing my swan song. Good-by."

GOSPEL AND DUMBBELLS.

Some Presbyterian Ministers Believe in Church Gymnasiums—Some Don't. Decidedly.

The Rev. Archibald H. Bradshaw of Vermilye Chapel read to the Presbyterian ministers' meeting at the Fourth avenue church yesterday a paper defending "institutional work" by churches. He believes in church gymnasiums, baths, reading rooms, and so on. The Rev. G. W. F. Birch, the stated clerk of the New York Presbytery and a prosecutor in the trial of Dr. Briggs, doesn't.

"I believe," he said, "that to go into purely secular concerns, such as gymnasiums, reading rooms, and libraries, is an unworthy concession to people who are not possessed of sufficient Christianity to find in the church satisfaction for their needs. A true church of Christ should not need to go beyond Christ in its organization."

The Rev. Dr. John Hall said he thought there was much danger that institutional work in churches would lead the thoughts and souls of the congregations away from heavenly things to things earthly. Every reading room, club, or library had that sort of tendency. "But," he concluded, "I have those things in my own church."

Just before the closing hymn was sung Miss Katharine Oliver was brought in, and recited three Scotch dialect poems. One of them made the ministers weep.

The meetings of the association are held behind closed doors. When the reporters entered the room after the meeting was over there was a group around the desk of Mr. Bradshaw, talking over his paper with him. The venerable Dr. Saxton approached the group in some excitement and, pointing to Miss Oliver, who stood talking with Dr. John Hall, said:

"There you are! This sort of thing is just what your institutional work leads to."

SHE RAN AWAY AND HIRED OUT.

How Little Christina Martini Resented a Whipping Her Mother Gave Her.

Little Christina Martini was whipped by her mother last Friday because she deserved it. Christina, however, took a different view of the matter, for, having attained the mature age of 13 years, she felt that whipping was derogatory to her dignity and she forthwith decided to run away. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Martini, the child's parents, live at 13 Beach street. Christina was whipped in the morning. While the sting was still acute she looked in a morning paper to see if any one wanted to hire a little girl. She saw an advertisement which said that a nurse girl was wanted at 56 East 101st street, and that afternoon she gathered together a few pennies and went up to Harlem.

She found that the person who wanted a nurse girl was Mrs. Milligen, a dressmaker, who, liking Christina's appearance, offered food and lodging and $4 a month to take care of the baby. Christina accepted the offer and went to work on the spot. In the mean time there was sorrow in the house in Beach street. Christina had been missed and the police were notified. The Italian quarters were searched high and low, but the child could not be found. On Saturday a postal card came from her saying that she was tired of staying at home and would not return. On Monday the papers printed the fact that Christina was missing. Mrs. Milligen saw it. She had suspected that there was something wrong about the little girl and subjected her to a cross-examination. The child confessed.

Then Mrs. Milligen took her home, and joy reigned once more in the Martini household.

BIG DEPARTMENT STORE SUED.

Bicycle Company Says Its Wheels Were Sold Under False Pretences.

An Illinois manufacturing company is suing the proprietor of a department store in this city for $50,000 damages in the United States Circuit Court. The complaint charges that the defendants advertised 1,500 of the plaintiff's standard bicycles, the market price of which is $100 each, for sale at $34.50 each, with "a false and fraudulent guarantee under the name of the plaintiff." The bicycle company declares that it never sold any bicycles whatsoever to the defendants with the aforesaid guarantee, and that the defendants did not have at the time they advertised them 1,500 bicycles of the plaintiff's manufacture.

It appears from the complaint that the company sold 150 bicycles of a make not up to their standard to a firm which agreed that the machines should not be sold in this country. The department store firm bought these bicycles, it is alleged, and made them the basis of the advertisement of 1,500 standard wheels. The bicycle company admits that it gave a guarantee for the 150 wheels, but it did not describe nor was it intended to apply to the standard machines.

WILL OF CHARLES E. BUTLER.

$49,500 in Legacies and the Rest to His Six Children.

The will of Lawyer Charles E. Butler, founder of the law firm which is now Evarts, Choate & Beaman, was filed in the Surrogate's Court yesterday. He leaves to his sister, Virginia Butler, $10,000; to his sister, Lucy Butler, $5,000; to his sister, Henrietta Butler, $10,000; to the children of his deceased sister, Rebecca, among them, $5,000; to his niece, Louisa Butler, $2,500, and to Mary Evarts, daughter of William M. Evarts, $10,000.

The residue of his estate is to go to his children—Prescott Hall Butler, Maxwell Evarts Butler, Lillian L. Swan, Rosalie Butler, Virginia Butler, and Helen Butler. The executors are his children Prescott, Maxwell, Rosalie, and Helen.

Decision of a Hot Springs Land Case.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—The long protracted litigation over the title to six lots in Hot Springs was ended by a decision of the Supreme Court to-day in favor of the estate of William H. Gaines, after having been defeated in the Circuit Court and Court of Appeals of the United States. The decree in each case is that the title to the lots be vested in the Gaines estate, and that it recover rent from each claimant at the rate of $10 a front foot per annum during the period occupied from May 23, 1884, and that the claimants recover from the estate the amount of taxes paid by them since that date and the cost of all improvements made by them. All these amounts on both sides bear interest at 6 per cent.

Justice Keogh Decides Against Fairchild.

Justice Keogh of the Supreme Court handed down a decision yesterday in the matter of the application made to him at White Plains on Thursday last for a mandamus, addressed to the Police Commissioners of this city, instructing them to open the ballot boxes in the Sixteenth Congress district, and to inspect the contents of the boxes. The application also asked that in the event that the mandamus was not granted an order be issued to preserve the contents of the ballot boxes. The application was made as a part of the contest made by Benjamin L. Fairchild against William L. Ward. Justice Keogh refuses the mandamus but issues the other order.

Burial of Fireman Reinhardt.

The funeral services of John G. Reinhardt, the fireman of Engine Company No. 7 who lost his life at the Chambers street fire, were held yesterday at Grace Chapel, in East Fourteenth street, the Rev. James Le Baron Johnson officiating. Engine Company No. 7 escorted the body from the house, at 435 Sixth avenue, to the church, and thence to the Lutheran Cemetery.

M. D.'S WEALTH-SHOP SHUT.

POLICE COURT SUMMONSES FOR DR. FOREST AND OTHERS.

The Wealth Maker Sends Out a Circular Notifying His Customers in Syndicate Speculation That He Has Quit—Invites Them All to Take Stock in His New Company He Has in Hand.

W. E. Forest, who was formerly a practising physician in the old Ninth ward, but who has for over a year past advertised that he was an "investment agent," has suspended payment at his office in the Tower building, at 50 Broadway, and has announced through a circular letter sent out on Saturday to the 700 persons who had accounts with him that his affairs are now in the hands of his attorneys. Who these attorneys are he does not mention.

The office yesterday was in charge of Charles Rumrill, the bookkeeper. It is on the fifth floor. On the eighth floor the doctor had another private office, but it was locked. Rumrill said he did not know where Forest was, and hadn't seen him since Thursday last. The doctor's confidential man, whose name is Bachus, had not been at the office for some days.

There were a great many callers yesterday. One man said that he had invested $5,000 with the doctor; another that he had put up $8,000. Most of the amounts, however, were much smaller.

The business which the doctor has conducted has been of the speculative syndicate order. Lots of circulars telling of the big profits made in the Forest stock and wheat syndicates are piled up in the office. One of the latest, dated May 3, announced that there was to be a change from syndicate trading to a joint corporation to be called the Forest Investment Company. "The position assumed by the Post Office Department renders this step absolutely necessary," the circular said. The Forest Investment Company was stated to have been incorporated under the laws of this State, the capital stock to be $150,000 in preferred stock and the same amount in common stock, all fully paid and non-assessable. The circular incidentally remarked that Dr. Forest had "paid cash dividends to his clients of more than 150 per cent. in the past nine months." Here is the last circular, which was sent out on Saturday:

DEAR SIR: One man cannot fight alone, especially when he is refused the aid of those who he is trying to save. I shall retire from the field for a rest unless my clients wish me to continue and so signify. If any loss comes upon any of them by their short-sightedness I shall regret it. But, however great it may be to any one of them, it will not be one-tenth as great as that which will come upon myself. No man can truthfully say that I have ever made a dollar by another man's loss. On the contrary, I have tried faithfully to make money for others and to protect them from any possible loss. I have turned over to my attorneys for the benefit of those who may have any claims against me, whatever property I have. If I live, I can easily pay, in a short time, any losses that may appear against you now. I am not legally or morally bound in any way to make up losses, as I have never used your money for myself, and have invariably sought your interests in all my transactions. Many of you, also, have received back, by far, more than you ever invested. By the coöperation of all, every individual can yet come out without the loss of a cent in a very short time, but it is evident now that this coöperation cannot be secured while certain short-sighted ones see a chance to harass and hinder, in the hope that they may have some preference and secure in advance of others something for themselves. These parties will not agree to let me have their interests until they are forced to. The good of the majority compels me to stop for the present until an agreement can be arrived at. Whenever all agree either to assign any claims they may have to me, so that the attorneys can adjust them, or when all take stock in the new company, we can go on with a successful business. Until this is done I shall do nothing further. I am sure that no loss will come on any of you, but, on the contrary, you will largely profit by following my advice. But from the present attitude of the minority, vexatious and dangerous delay is necessary. Such minority seem to forget the fact that their obstruction will destroy the business. Awaiting a positive expression of opinion from every individual, I remain respectfully yours, W. E. FOREST.

The law firm of Johnes & Travis, as representatives of several hundred dollars in claims, secured summonses yesterday requiring W. E. Forest, A. H. Spencer, and J. D. Whitney of the firm of J. D. Whitney & Co., which firm has offices on the fifth floor, across the hall from Dr. Forest, to appear this morning before Magistrate Brann in the Centre Street Police Court. J. D. Whitney & Co. are said to have acted as brokers for Dr. Forest.

"We did represent," said Lawyer Charles E. Travis yesterday, "several thousands of dollars in claims against Forest and Whitney & Co., but we made them pay up something like $3,000. We have received these other claims since then. We have kept the money which was placed with them or the commodities, stocks or grain, which should have been bought with the money."

LOST MAN WITHOUT A MEMORY.

This Hero of Romance Was a Grocer's Clerk Who Smoked Too Many Cigarettes.

A heavy loss has fallen upon the infant department of the new journalism. Their man without a memory has disappeared from Bellevue Hospital, where, under the name of Ernest Kaufmann, he has been living for several weeks, during which time the new journalism has been making use of him. Last Friday Anton A. Heimsoth, a grocer of 542 Palisade avenue, Hoboken Heights, sent word to the police that the man was Bernard Rettberg, who was in his employ up to March 11 and left him to go to England. When he disappeared the infants said with characteristic modesty:

"It is peculiarly pathetic that just when the goal was in sight and a sure haven found for him Rettberg should have suffered another relapse."

Beyond the fact of the man's departure from the hospital, however, there is nothing to show that he suffered any relapse. Since his arrival at Bellevue he had been permitted to wander about, in the hope that some place or building or person would recall to him his lost identity. On Saturday morning, the day after Mr. Heimsoth reported to the police, he went out, and he has not returned.

Since his arrival at the hospital the infants have taken a great interest in him. Here was the very man for them! His memory was gone. They could exploit him as they pleased. They might even get testimonials from him. Next to a man without a mind, a man without a memory is the most promising subject from whom to extract testimonials. A new-journalistic woman visited him, and there appeared last Sunday a picture of a man with a face which was a compromise between that of a bloodthirsty ghoul and a complacent codfish. Around it were frescoes of supposed scenes in the former life of "Kaufmann," a battle scene, a young and beautiful wife, and so forth. The text was a fitting accompaniment to the pictures. It alternately dripped with grief and exploded in hysterical sympathy for the unfortunate man, who had bravely gone through a carnage-strewn battlefield, and who was pining for the wife whose name he could not remember. It is, of course, a minor consideration, yet perhaps worth mentioning, that the man hasn't a wife and never saw a battle.

"I think his mental condition was due to over-indulgence in cigarettes," said Mr. Heimsoth yesterday. "He would smoke eight or ten packs a day. Until he took to this habit he was a fine man, but it made a wreck of him."

WHO WILL PAY FOR THE COWS?

An Infected Herd Killed at Glen Head—The Owner Will Sue the Town Health Board.

GLEN COVE, L. I., May 10.—Seventeen cows affected with tuberculosis were killed to-day on the Underhill farm, at Glen Head, by order of the S. P. C. A. The cows had been quarantined by the town Health Board, but neither the town nor State Board of Health would assume the responsibility of ordering the animals killed.

Mr. T. J. Underhill presented a bill to the Town Board of Oyster Bay for $1,000 for feed and care of the cows and loss of their services. One of the Underhill heirs said to-day: "We shall bring suit against the town Health Board for the value of the cattle and make a test case of it."

Home for the Friendless Anniversary.

The sixty-third anniversary of the American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless will be held at the Home, 29 East Twenty-ninth street and 30 East Thirtieth street, to-day. The exercises will begin at 11 o'clock this morning and continue through the day. Mrs. G. H. McGrew of the Tenement House Chapter of the King's Daughters and Mrs. F. W. Perry of Plainfield, N. J., will deliver addresses. In the afternoon the 177 children in the Home will entertain the visitors with songs, recitations, and kindergarten plays, and the girls of the cooking school will give a practical exhibition of their progress. Mrs. Henry C. Houghton, the President, will superintend the exercises, assisted by Mrs. Charles H. Knox, the Treasurer.

James B. Reynolds's Engagement Announced.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Florence Dike of this city to James B. Reynolds, superintendent of the University Settlement at 26 Delancey street. Mr. Reynolds succeeded Dr. Stanton Coit as the superintendent of the society, and has been in that place for several years.

This Drowned Man Had Beads and a Cross.

A drowned man, about 40 years old, of medium height, and having on a dark waistcoat and trousers and no coat, was found yesterday in the river at the foot of Conover street, Brooklyn. A string of beads, a cross, and $1.10 were in the pockets.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The interest that New York displayed in the first horseless carriage seen here was speedily satisfied, and the appearance of such a vehicle now attracts no more attention than a bicycle girl in bloomers. Several of these horseless carriages roll up and down the Boulevard every day, and over the smooth asphalt pavement their progress is swift and noiseless. The people who ride in them, however, do not seem to have become accustomed to them. They invariably look self-conscious, and their expression suggests that of the staid father of a family who finds himself unwillingly on a merry-go-round.

"It was the brazen effrontery of the thing that annoyed me," said a man who tried one of these vehicles. "There is no horse in front of you to shield you from the gaze of the multitude. You feel as if you were being projected right into their faces. Every one on the street seems to be glaring at you."

Some of the London papers just received in this city discuss more or less seriously a recent letter in the London *Times* signed "Gracchus," in which it is proposed that one of the features of the Diamond Jubilee shall be the discarding of the "unsightly pot hat." This is merely a new suggestion in an old discussion. During the last two years the London and Paris papers have discussed with more or less zeal the propriety of discarding the high hat, but apparently the discussion has had no effect. The chimney-pot hat is just as conspicuous in London now as it ever has been, and the occasional announcements that the Prince of Wales, as the official leader of fashion, had declared against the silk hat have been contradicted by his appearance under just such headgear. New York has taken the silk hat and developed its possibilities. Although the season is slightly backward just now, even a casual observer may see silk hats on Broadway towering over short coats and russet leather shoes. When the negro minstrel season ends there will be more such illustrations of the various ways in which a chimney-pot may contribute to picturesqueness in dress.

New Yorkers rarely hiss at the theatre under any circumstances, and they are accustomed to tolerate without protest occasional grievous inflictions that would provoke a less self-contained community to a violent outbreak. But a curious disposition to exercise the privilege has lately manifested itself, and in at least one music hall there has been hissing when it was not in the least expected. An English performer appearing at this hall has of late been hissed on several evenings, and on at least one evening the audience appeared to enjoy the new practice so much that it hissed nearly everything and everybody in the show. It was also another English music hall singer who moved several towns to hissing when they had never before been known to express disapproval in such a way. There have been several occasions this winter when the announcement of a change of programme at the Opera House concerts has been greeted with very vigorous hissing, but that would not have been taken as indicating the same frame of mind that a hiss at a performer on the stage expresses. If New Yorkers continue to make progress in this art as they have been doing during the past year or two it will be a long time before hissing becomes as recognized a privilege in the theatres and music halls as applause.

Two notable New York houses have lately become clubs, and it is only by this means that the well-known residences are preserved in the uptown progress of business. The University Athletic Club, which has lately taken the old Loomis house in West Thirty-fourth street, will devote the two upper stories of that building to lodgings, which may be rented by the club members, and another college element will thus be added to the club. The extent to which large residences are in demand for clubhouses is shown by the fact that so soon as the head of a family dies, or the house is about to be vacated, there is at least a rumor that such a club is to move in, whether it does or not. The practice is one of which nobody complains, as the residences that have become familiar are preserved from demolition or from being converted into stores.

The concert tour which Calvé is now making through New England seems to be more of a success than some persons had expected, and the enterprising manager who engaged her at a salary of $2,000 or $2,500 for this series of concerts will probably surprise these critics by making a pecuniary success of the undertaking. It will, indeed, have been accomplished in the fall, prophecies to the contrary, for it was believed not only that the sum paid to the singer would prove to be too great, but also that her strength would have been exhausted by the long and arduous work she had done here and on the road. The audience that heard Mlle. Calvé's first concert in Boston is said to have been enormous. It included many persons who came from the country in the neighborhood of the city, and it is to this element that Mlle. Calvé's concerts will be made to appeal. The effect of some of them must be somewhat incongruous, for the programmes always contain one selection from an opera, sung in costume. In Boston there was the mad scene from "Hamlet," and Mlle. Calvé is said to have been a rather more startling than artistic sight as she appeared on the empty stage of a great concert hall dressed in Ophelia's robes, and began to sing the famous scene. Only a few minutes before, the musicians had clambered down from the stage and taken their seats in the orchestra. But the audience was large and enthusiastic, and it is expected that the tour will be successful throughout.

If the precautions taken in New York by the firemen are always as thorough as they seem to be, such a catastrophe as that which occurred in Paris would never be possible here. Not long ago it was thought necessary, in making preparations for a certain social event, to enlarge an uptown dwelling house by building a temporary extension. This was done by covering the entire yard with a structure made of wood. It was, of course, substantial enough to support the weight of the several hundred people who gathered in it. The walls were hung with satin and decorated with flowers, and the temporary room was lit by electricity. The precautions against fire in this case were so thorough that a member of the department remained constantly in the room from the time the first guest arrived until all the lights in the pavilion were extinguished. During all this time the fireman kept a watchful eye on the temporary structure, and every feature of it that might have led to a fire was very carefully guarded.

The reappearance of the Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton in a New York pulpit on Sunday was an event of interest to all who knew him in the days when his church, the West Presbyterian, in Forty-second street, was one of the show places for strangers on Sunday. There was no more conspicuous clergyman in New York half a dozen years ago than Dr. Paxton. His church was sometimes called "the Millionaires' Gate to Heaven" because its congregation included Jay Gould, Russell Sage, and several other men of great wealth. It was in 1893 that Dr. Paxton broke down in health and left his church. He dropped out of sight for several months, and none of his old acquaintances in New York knew what had become of him. In view of the fact that Dr. Paxton had been in pulpit before the New York public for ten years or more his disappearance was sensational. His intimate friends here probably knew where he had gone, but they didn't tell. One morning THE SUN printed an interview with Dr. Paxton from Pennsylvania, and this was the first that the public had heard from him since he left New York. Soon afterward Dr. Paxton returned to New York, but not to stay. He had not recovered his health, and for the next two years his friends heard from him in roundabout ways at long intervals. It was reported a year ago that he had fully recovered his health, but, despite the prophecy of his admirers, he has shown no inclination to return to a New York pulpit. Dr. Paxton made strong friends and a few bitter enemies in this city, and it has been said recently that there were enough of the former in New York to provide him with a church here whenever he might want it.

Members of the Union Club in favor of an uptown move will probably attempt to force decisive action on this question at the club's annual meeting on Tuesday evening. The uptown party has been beaten at the annual meetings for several years, but its members allege that it is now stronger than ever. The Union is one of the most conservative clubs in New York, and among its members are many who have strongly opposed moving the club uptown. It was said that the Metropolitan Club was organized because many of the members of the Union Club who lived uptown and thought that there was little chance of the Union's moving up, decided that they wanted a club nearer their homes. The conditions downtown, or rather in that portion of downtown of which the Union Club is the centre, have changed very much in the last few years. Some of the side streets that were fashionable residence quarters are now given up to boarding houses. That portion of Fifth avenue that may be seen from the club's windows is entirely given up to business, and even the street itself is no longer a fashionable promenade. The members of the club who are adverse to an uptown move say, in behalf of the present location, that it is still near enough to the theatre district and that it is much more accessible than, for instance, the location of the Metropolitan or the new site of the University Club. The uptown exodus of the clubs has left the Union behind, and it is now the only big club below Twenty-third street. The University is building a new uptown house and the Century, Lotos, and Racquet and Tennis are established themselves above Forty-second street.

CORNELL CO-EDS PROTEST.

ROW BETWEEN PRES'T SCHURMAN AND SAGE COLLEGE WOMEN.

It Was Over the Enforced Resignation of Its Principal, Mrs. Hooker—They Said He Had Never Done Anything but Insult Cornell Women and They Were Tired of It.

ITHACA, May 10.—A series of quarrels between President Schurman and the co-eds at Cornell has just culminated in what the women term an "open insult" delivered to 200 of them at a mass meeting in Sage College. Last night the women met to take some formal action on the alleged mismanagement of Sage College and the enforced resignation of Mrs. Ellen Kelly Hooker, its principal. President Schurman, it is said, suddenly burst upon the meeting unawares and offered insulting remarks to the complainants. He told them that "if they didn't like the management of Sage College he would be glad to have them get out and he could fill their places with men."

Several women from the law school were present, and for a few moments they had it hot and heavy with Dr. Schurman. They told him that in the past their complaints had been ignored, and that now they proposed to make him hear them. It has even been rumored that the ladies used violence, seating him by force upon a piano stool and standing on both sides of him like sentinels to prevent his escape before they had finished what they had to say to him. Meanwhile, it is alleged that the Doctor of Philosophy made grimaces that were more or less unbecoming and expressive of contempt, and took out his watch perpetually to time the women while they spoke.

"Dr. Schurman," said one of them, "a committee of the women of Sage College has investigated the business plan on which the board and dormitories are managed, and their report has been approved. We want a fairer method of appropriating the liberal sum paid in by the ladies, so that the management may be improved. Many of our number are suffering in health because the food provided is deficient and unwholesome. We also protest against the treatment which the university, represented by you, has offered to our esteemed principal, Mrs. Hooker, and we——"

But here the President escaped—fled beyond the reach of their reproaches—and silence fell upon the multitude; but soon it was broken by fierce ejaculations. The angry and thwarted co-eds did not hesitate to call him "monster" and "wretch." They said he had never done anything but insult the Cornell women, and that they were tired of it. Then committees were appointed to answer letters which Dr. Schurman is said to have sent to the Ithaca press casting reflections on Mrs. Hooker's scholarly character and announcing the appointment of Miss Elizabeth Brownell, P. P. D., in her place. Ithaca people, it was said, united in the opinion that Dr. Schurman had damaged Mrs. Hooker by what his communications implied, and regarded it as another blow aimed at co-education. The students felt that Miss Brownell's appointment was a step toward restricting co-education, as she would only lecture to the women students. There were so many other grievances against the President that a mass meeting was called again for to-morrow.

THE PHONOGRAPH IN CHURCH.

Criticised for Its Use, the Rev. Mr. Sammis Says Phonograph Choirs Don't Quarrel.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., May 10.—The Rev. C. A. Jenkens, pastor of the Livingston avenue Baptist church, in his sermon yesterday morning, denounced sensational methods in the pulpit and criticised the use of such devices as the phonograph. He mentioned no names, but it was understood that he referred to the Rev. S. D. Sammis, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist church, in the village o South River. Mr. Sammis contends that the Rev. Mr. Jenkens has taken too much upon himself in speaking for the Baptist denomination.

The remarks to which the Rev. Mr. Sammis especially objects are these: "The man who depends upon such methods to hold his congregation is not worthy of his high calling, and if the phonograph is to be used to sing hymns and pronounce the benediction, why not fill the cylinder with sermons and dispense with the preacher entirely?"

Mr. Sammis said: "I fail to see the difference between a phonograph and an organ or other mechanical device used in church services. I have used the phonograph to deliver productions of famous choirs. My little church could not afford to have great choirs at its services. Instead we get the records of those choirs at no cost whatever. Choirs are apt to include quarrelsome persons. In the phonograph we have a choir which can't quarrel, a decided benefit I think."

CAPT. JOSEPH KING DEAD.

On Wednesday Last He Celebrated the 106th Anniversary of His Birth.

LANSINGBURG, N. Y., May 10.—Capt. Joseph King, who celebrated his 106th birthday anniversary at his home, in this village, on Wednesday last, died this morning. He was born on Peeble's Island, then Hoever's Island, south of Waterford, on the Hudson, on May 5, 1791. His ancestors on the maternal side were German. His father was an officer in the army which was brought from France by Gen. Lafayette to aid in securing the independence of the American colonies.

At the age of 21 Capt. King began his career as a riverman, and was soon in command of a sloop, the Lafayette, running between Troy and New York. It was from his command of the Lafayette that he acquired his title. For the past five years he had been gradually losing strength. During the past winter his death was expected at any time, but the spring sunshine seemed to give him renewed youth, and at his anniversary celebration he boasted that he never felt so well before. He ate well and rested quietly on Sunday, and, though his death was expected, it was sudden.

Mr. King was the oldest resident in the county and probably the oldest in the State. He is survived by four sons and two daughters.

FEARED HER HUSBAND.

Mrs. Faas Jumps Out of a Window and Is Badly Hurt.

Mrs. Annie Faas, wife of William Faas, a printer, jumped from a rear third-story window of her home at 105 Garden street, Hoboken, yesterday morning. She fell on an extension, one story below, and then jumped to the yard. Her head was cut, both legs were badly bruised, and her spine was injured. She was taken to St. Mary's Hospital.

"My husband was drunk," Mrs. Faas said, "and he beat me awfully. When he went to get his revolver and threatened to shoot me I jumped out of the window to get away from him."

Faas says his wife is demented.

HALL OF RECORDS ARCHITECT.

Alderman Parker Protests Against the Arbitrary Selection of Mr. Thomas.

Alderman Charles A. Parker sent a letter yesterday to the Board of Estimate protesting against the selection of John R. Thomas without competition as the architect of the new Hall of Records. The Alderman says that for a building which is to cost so much money the board should not arbitrarily have selected a single architect and directed him to submit designs, but should at least have invited the best known of the architects of the city to compete by submitting designs for the building. In his letter he names twenty architects who might have been requested to enter the competition.

Salvation Army to Aid Waring's Paper Chasers.

The Salvation Army has opened a branch of its Salvage Brigade at 26 Cherry street, under the direction of Ensign Johnson. The branch will collect all such miscellaneous articles as are usually understood by the word "junk," especially waste paper. Ensign Johnson will send men to any address to collect the stuff. Waste paper is sought after, as it has been found that a moderate profit out of this commodity furnishes useful occupation to unskilled men who are not strong enough to do hard manual labor.

Found His Wife with His Friend and Fired.

DANBURY, Conn., May 10.—James Freer found his wife with David Williams, his friend, this evening. He shot Williams, who is now in the hospital with a bullet wound in his breast. Freer was locked up on the charge of attempted murder. When Freer went home his wife was not there, and he heard that she had been seen going into Williams's house. The moment he saw his wife in Williams's company he pulled a revolver and began firing.

ART NOTES.

An East Side Picture Show—Summer Art Schools—The St. Louis Exhibition.

The third annual loan art exhibition under the auspices of the Educational Alliance has a daily attendance of about 5,000. It is held in a large meeting hall in the building of the alliance at East Broadway and Jefferson street, and is open every afternoon and evening. On Saturdays and Sundays it is open in the morning also, from 10 to half-past 12. The turnstiles at the entrance click constantly as visitors pass through, and when children arrive, as they do in troops, they go in in a flood. The little ones dodge under the revolving cross and slip in beside the larger children two or three together at each turn of the gate. When the gong sounds for closing the large room empties itself as water pours out of a mill dam when the sluice is opened. Nearly everybody holds up a hand to the eye to look at the pictures, making an improvised tube to sight through and excluding the view of surrounding canvases. Groups form before the most striking pictures, and discussions on points of nature and art are frequent and animated. The managers of the exhibition have provided this year for their east side constituency a collection of pictures of interest and value. There are some German names among the artists represented, painters of the Munich, Berlin, and Dusseldorf schools, but there are more of the French and a sprinkling of Americans. There is no catalogue, but each frame bears a large tablet on which is inscribed the title of the picture and the name of the artist. Detaille's "The Skirmishers," Van Marcke's "Pastoral," Mauve's "Cattle," Madrazo's "Madame La Marquise," Gérôme's "Les Augures," and works by Daubigny, George Inness, F. D. Millet, Gallegos, Rico, and Worms are prominent among the exhibits. "The Promised