THEATRICAL AMUSEMENTS.

A REPRODUCTION OF "SECRET SERVICE" AT THE EMPIRE.

Gillette and His Companions Welcomed Home from London—Bancroft's Entertainment of Illusions—Moving Photographs in "The Good Mr. Best"—The Bills of the Week.

At last night's opening of the Empire Theatre for the season "Secret Service" was performed by its author, William Gillette, and substantially the same company that made the noteworthy visit to London with him. It was natural enough that Charles Frohman felt proud of the first successful exportation of American actors in an American play, and that, upon their return, he placed them on exhibition at his Broadway house. A large audience was present, and it was a good-looking one, although the distinctly fashionable following of the Empire had not yet come back to town. Mr. Gillette was roundly applauded upon his first entrance, as were some of his stage companions, and at the end of the third act he responded to calls for a speech. He spoke of English hospitality and American kindness quite impartially and said nothing that is worth quoting for either wisdom or foolishness. What he did do that requires reporting was to play the hero of his drama much better than he had been able to in the first New York performance. At that time he had acted stolidly and inexpressively. He was now more animate in the passages of personal peril, although maintaining the spy's characteristic of coolness in great emergencies, while in his love scenes with the heroine he was sufficiently fervid and tender. As to "Secret Service," there was no change in the play itself or the general manner of playing it. Hardly a more adroitly theatric melodrama has ever been written, and none has been more judiciously performed. There are many impossibilities in the episodes, but they are so cleverly arranged by the author and so naturally represented by the actors that only a hypercritical auditor bothers himself about the faults, and people in general are engrossed and thrilled by the merits. Last night's assemblage was made up to a considerable extent of strangers, and the situations which had been contrived for thrilling purposes had fully their intended effect upon those to whom they were new and unexpected. The cast had not been materially changed in London. Blanche Walsh is less feminimely charming than Amy Busby, but more dramatic. Harry Woodruff lacks Walter Thomas's vigor, but is more polished. Hope Booth is a marvellously close likeness to Odette Tyler in speech and manner. It is altogether a fine performance, and worthy of its place on the Empire stage.

This is the final week of the Klaw & Erlanger company in "One Round of Pleasure" at the Knickerbocker and of the Bostonians in "Robin Hood" at Manhattan Beach, where the Sousa music and the Pain fireworks are also drawing to a close. The concerts of the Metropolitan Orchestra are maintained at the Madison Square Garden. The continuances include "Nature" at the Academy of Music, "Never Again" at Hoyt's, "The Girl from Paris" at the Herald Square, "The Circus Girl" at Daly's, "Very Little Faust" at the Olympia, "The Privateer" at the Star, "A Bachelor's Baby" at the Murray Hill, "The Good Mr. Best" at the Garrick, and "The Whirl of the Town" at the Casino. Play news this week are "What Happened to Jones" at the Manhattan, and "Shall We Forgive Her?" at the Fourteenth Street.

The visitors at the week stands are "A Black Sheep," with nearly the original cast, at the Grand Opera House; Mr. Bancroft with his illusions at the Harlem Opera House, "The Span of Life" at the Third Avenue, "New York Day by Day" at the People's, and "McGinty the Sport" at the Columbus.

The Fifth Avenue will be reopened on Saturday night with "A Southern Romance." On the ensuing Monday the Lyceum will begin the season with Edward H. Sothern in "Change Alley," and the Bijou with Roland Reed in "The Wrong Mr. Wright."

Indoor continuous programmes and roof shows make up the current supply of vaudeville, though beginning with to-night, when Weber & Fields's opens with a new burlesque, "The Glad Hand," there will be one Broadway music hall in use. The only floating roof garden is the steamboat Grand Republic, whose present entertainers are George Fuller Golden, May Mooney, and Barney Reynolds. Of anchored roofs are Koster & Bial's and the Olympia, the former retaining Hodges and Launchmere, the Pantzers, and O'Brien and Havel, Cook and Sonora and Williams and Walker top leaders at the latter.

C. J. Morris is a conspicuous figure in continuous vaudeville, and the Union Square Theatre never furnished for her more cordial treatment than that given this week at Keith's. Ben Harney, Hayes and Lytton, and Albertus and Bartram are some of the specialists here. Pastor's lists the Morrisons, McAvoy and May, and the Olympia quartet among many others.

"It is the ingratitude of the public," said the Trick Staircase after the first act of "The Good Mr. Best" had been played, "which is really the most trying part of this business. You are mighty soon forgotten. There was Mrs. Yeamans, who was applauded on the first night until tears came into her eyes, and I could feel myself blushing with mortification. I was in the business when Annie Yeamans was a child. I made my début with Dan Bryant, and did black-face work with him for years. Then a lot of people started to imitate me, and there was scarcely a show that hadn't its slipperyday act. Then I came back here and was flattered by Ned Harrigan in 'Waddy Googan.' Talk of your old Harrigan favorites, if I haven't done good work in that company I would like to know who has. Yet I didn't get a call on the first night, while Mrs. Yeamans couldn't speak for five minutes. It was dreadfully mortifying."

If the trick staircase was really an old friend who had not been seen for some time, there was one mechanical feature of Mr. McNally's farce which is entirely new. This is the use of the cinematograph in the last act. The extent to which this instrument figures is enough to show that at some time, in its more perfected form, the moving photograph may take an important part in the development of plays in which effects rather than means are chiefly regarded. The incidents in which they figure in "The Good Mr. Best" show how readily they could be used. In the last act one of the characters enters the room and expresses curiosity as to his wife's whereabouts at that moment. He extinguishes the electric light, presumably by accident, and as soon as the stage is dark a moving picture of his wife and her room is shown. Subsequently, several other characters appear, and every one turns off the light and sees the scenes in which they are especially interested. The actors in the play are the same that figure in the cinematograph views, and in this way the moving picture is made almost as impressive as the actual sight of the individuals. They are good animated pictures. They lack the colors of the original subjects, but in other respects they are as strikingly true to life as the best of these animated scenes could be.

It will be seen that some scenes hitherto represented by human beings might be made much more effective with photography. Visions, for instance, and especially those in which quick action is required, could be represented with greater verisimilitude. Only speech is lacking. The pantomimic indication of the sense is lacking. The developments of this process may make the reproduction of color possible, and that would add a beauty which they now lack. Any one who saw the Empire State express on the biograph knows what a thrilling scene that was. It would have been none the less exciting if it had come at the end of the fourth act in a melodrama and the villain's bones had been crushed under the wheels. The charges of cavalry as they have been exhibited by these machines would make thrilling incidents in a play to which they were appropriate. At present the necessity of making the rest of the stage totally dark is an objection, and the vibration is another fault. But improvements may come that will remove every drawback to the use of instruments that would be valuable to certain kinds of plays.

Bancroft, the fall's first tenant of the Harlem Opera House, is displaying his skill at sleight of hand and at conducting large illusions, for the first time in this city. His outfit is very large and varied, including several times as much paraphernalia as other magicians use in any one performance. Then there are three complete sets of fine scenery. The first of these presents a fine winding staircase, at the foot of which the magician's three assistants are disclosed, and then he comes down the stairs, removing his gloves and rubbing them into nothing, as was a habit with the late Alexander Herrmann. Of the matter that follows there is a very large amount. Except for a fine specialty of juggling by a picturesquely unhandsome Japanese and an inning by some "sisters," who mercifully do not sing, Bancroft is in charge of the stage all the evening. Most of his material is familiar, but most of it is touched up toward newness either by novel treatment or by showy framing. One of his mystifying tricks has three men in the audience put some figures on a card. While a fourth man adds these their sum is found on the stage. On a horizontal plate of glass is put a human skull that seems to have no connection with anything else. One wag of the skull's jaw signifies "no," two such raps on the glass mean "yes," and numerals are readily indicated. Those given are the sum of the figures put upon the card. A word whose position as to page and line in a book is based on these volunteered figures, is spelled out by the skull, just as if the magician had memorized the volume's order of words.

In the way of large illusions Bancroft has several of a familiar sort, but each made effective by spectacular treatment. Their unfamiliar names, that suggest a Rider Haggard vocabulary, further disguise them. Thus "Midnight Mystery of the Yogi" is what is commonly known as black art; that is, the stage is draped in black, and the proscenium is framed with bright lights. The result is that anything on the stage that is black is invisible, and white articles take on most eccentric behavior. "The Mystery of Mesrour" is a trunk trick, in which a woman is tied in a bag and put inside two trunks—one trunk within the other. The trunks are left inside a cabinet with a man standing near, and in a few seconds after closing the cabinet the man and woman have exchanged places. "The Miracles of Thunder Hula," too, are well known by other names, though they have never been done in such a spectacular way. Black art, with the Bancroft treatment, ends in a transformation, in which is seen, gay in fine raiment and brilliantly lighted as a park bench, the young woman who a moment before seemed to have stepped off the earth. A foreign accent has been considered a help to performers in these lines; Bancroft hasn't one. Instead there is that snubbing of the letter "r" that prevails in Dixie's land. Thus the prestidigitateur says: "Excuse me; yo' have an o'ange in yoah eah;" and then he proves his statement by producing the fruit.

COUNTERFEIT SILVER COINS.

The Trio Who Made Them in a Pennsylvania Sawmill Are in Jail.

BINGHAMTON, Sept. 1.—James Baker of this city is one of the counterfeiters arrested in Susquehanna county, Pa. Baker left this city about five years ago and went to Pennsylvania to go in business. Friends who took the trouble to inquire after him were informed that he was running a sawmill in the woods near Springville, Pa., and that he was doing well. He came back here a few months ago and spent money with a lavish hand. He only stayed a short time. After he disappeared it was discovered that one of the coins he passed here was counterfeit. It had the proper ring, but it did not have the weight. He passed several of the shining dollars and half dollars in a saloon, and the bartender noticed that one of the coins was rather light. He jingled it on the counter and was partly reassured. Then he bit into it, but it was hard. He then called in United States Marshal Black, who had a test made of the coin, and found it was made of something besides silver.

"It's a counterfeit," said the officer. "Have you any more of them?"

"I think so," replied the barkeeper ruefully, and he handed out several of the coins.

The detective put them in his pocket, and a search was made for Jim, but he had disappeared. The detective spent several weeks in the search for Baker, but with no success. He also notified the authorities at Washington, and Secret Service Officer W. J. McManus of Philadelphia took the case. As a result of his investigations James Baker, "Lise" Button, and Simon Button are in jail in Scranton, Pa.

The coins were made of block tin and antimony. About one year ago portions of Wyoming and Susquehanna counties were flooded with them. When the people became alarmed the supply suddenly ceased. About a month ago the counterfeit coins appeared again in several places at the same time. This city was one of the places where they were passed, but Baker, who put them in circulation here, left the city after he had put out about $10 worth. The coins were made at the sawmill, but the plates have not been found. The mill is in a desolate part of the mountains in Susquehanna county.

MADE THE BROKERS MOVE.

Acting Captain Brennan Said the "Outsiders" Blocked Up the Street.

Trading in outside securities, that is, those not listed on the Stock Exchange, including "rights" to subscribe to new securities and those "deliverable when issued," has become such a feature of Wall street business that the number of outside brokers has largely increased. They formerly were to be found in front of Delmonico's old restaurant at 22 Broad street, but when that was torn down to make room for a new building they moved up to the front of the southern entrance of the Stock Exchange on Broad street, and then sought the morning shade in front of the Mills building.

Here they continued their barters and sales without interruption until one day recently they obstructed the march along the sidewalk of Acting Captain George Brennan, in charge of the Old slip police. The result was an admonition from the acting Captain delivered by a roundsman that the sidewalk must be kept clear. The brokers now, therefore, are careful to keep within the stoop line and occupy the open space in front of the entrance steps to the Mills building. At times the scene is a busy one, and no objection has been made by the owner of the building to their using the entrance as a meeting place. Most of the transactions in Standard Oil certificates, Glucose, Electro-Pneumatic, East River Gas, Equitable Gas, and a number of other stocks are made there.

PRESIDENT PARTRIDGE OUT.

The De Kalb Avenue Road Will Now Consolidate with the Coney Island and Brooklyn Roads.

Col. John N. Partridge tendered his resignation as President of the Brooklyn City and Newtown Railroad Company, better known as the De Kalb avenue road, yesterday. It was promptly accepted by the directors, and John I. Heins, the general superintendent, was elected President. Col. Partridge assigned his contemplated departure on an extended European trip as the cause of his resignation, but it is believed that it was really due to his opposition to the proposed consolidation of the De Kalb avenue and the Coney Island and Brooklyn roads, which has been favored by a majority of the directors. He was kept in ignorance of the negotiations for the consolidation of the roads, it is said, until the deal had been almost completed. Now that Col. Partridge has been eliminated, it is expected that the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company will soon acquire a controlling interest in the De Kalb avenue and the Coney Island and Brooklyn trolley systems. Work has already been begun looking to the combined operations of the two latter roads.

Justice Dickey of the Supreme Court dissolved yesterday the temporary injunction obtained by Patrick H. Flynn to block the proposed consolidation. Mr. Flynn withdrew the proceedings on being assured that while the two roads will be jointly operated no actual consolidation was contemplated.

JAMES TERRY'S SUIT.

The Museum of Natural History Ordered to Particularize in Its Answer.

The suit of James Terry against the American Museum of Natural History to recover $4,612.75, which he claims as the balance due for an archæological and ethnological collection sold by him to that institution on June 5, 1891, was before Judge Lacombe in the United States Circuit Court yesterday. Mr. Terry says that his collection consisted of about 26,000 pieces, for which the museum authorities agreed to pay him $38,000. He received ten installments and then they refused to pay more to him on the ground that the articles covered by the balance had been donated to the museum through him as its agent.

Some time ago Judge Lacombe signed an order requiring the museum authorities to furnish a bill of particulars enumerating the articles said to have been donated and the donors. Yesterday Mr. Terry's counsel told Judge Lacombe that a bill of particulars had been sent to him, but that it was incomplete.

"It was evidently copied from the catalogue," said the lawyer, "but the numbers were omitted, so that we are not able to identify the articles alleged to have been donated."

Judge Lacombe directed that the catalogue numbers be entered upon the bill of particulars.

PAVING BETWEEN CAR TRACKS.

Gen. Collis Thinks Granite Blocks Are Used Because an All-Asphalt Roadway Is Dangerous.

The following letter was received by THE SUN yesterday:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The Metropolitan syndicate is building a trolley road on Madison avenue, and it was necessary to tear up the asphalt in every body this. The work from Seventy-ninth to Eighty-fifth street has advanced to the point of relaying the pavement, but instead of replacing the asphalt, these people are putting in granite blocks between the tracks. On Lexington and Lenox avenues the tracks are laid with asphalt, and a glance at the appearance of these thoroughfares and the different aspect presented by the Third avenue tracks would be argument enough to convince everybody that asphalt should be laid between the tracks. This is a matter which concerns Gen. Collis and Col. Waring, and should be brought to their notice publicly. WILLIAM HENRY.

Gen. Collis said yesterday that it had been his idea ever since he took office as Commissioner of Public Works to have the space between car tracks on asphalted streets paved with Belgian or granite blocks. He said that an all-asphalt pavement was undesirable because in winter when there was snow or ice on the ground the pavement became slippery and a menace to life. He said that the Belgian pavement on the car tracks provided a sure foothold for horses. Col. Waring has nothing to do with the pavement of streets.

ARONSONS GET THE CASINO

RECEIVER BIEN'S REDEMPTION PROCEEDINGS SUCCEED.

Canary & Lederer's Lease Does Not Hold—Civil Justice Stiner Issues a Final Order Directing That They Must Vacate on May 1 Next Year Instead of in 1900.

Decision was rendered yesterday by Civil Justice Stiner in the redemption proceedings brought in the Eighth District Court by Franklin Bien as receiver of the Casino Company against Robert F. Hixby, owner of the Casino building. The order practically terminates the lease of the present tenants of the Casino, Canary & Lederer, which was to run till 1900, and restores possession of the property to the Aronson people, who constitute the Casino Company, and who were ejected from it over two years ago.

The Casino Company leased the Casino property in September, 1894, for ten years, at an annual rental of $12,000. The company agreed to pay all the taxes, assessments, &c., and make all repairs. The rent was payable quarterly in advance. In May, 1895, the landlord alleged that the company was behind $3,000 for rent, and began dispossess proceedings in the Eighth District Court, which resulted in the issuance of a warrant and the ejectment from the premises of the Casino Company. A few weeks later the building was leased to Thomas Canary, the present tenant, for five years, at $35,000 a year, the landlord to pay all taxes, &c.

The law provides that where a special proceeding is founded upon an allegation that a lessee holds over after a default in payment of rent, and the unexpired term of the lease exceeds five years at the time the warrant is issued, the lessee may within a year after the execution of the warrant pay or tender to the landlord all the arrears of rent with the interest, costs, and charges incurred by the landlord. Thereupon the lessee shall be entitled to the possession of the premises under the original lease.

In accordance with this provision, Franklin Bien, who was appointed receiver of the Casino Company in November, 1895, commenced redemption proceedings in the Eighth District Court in April of the following year to regain possession of the property. He tendered $13,500, which included the accrued rent and costs and charges of the dispossess proceedings. The landlord contended that the tender was insufficient, as it did not cover the taxes in arrears, which was a lien upon the property and which the tenant had agreed to pay, and certain expenses incurred by the landlord subsequent to the dispossess proceedings, in making necessary alterations upon the premises required by the Building Department.

Justice Stiner agreed with the landlord and decided against the receiver, who appealed to the Appellate Term, which reversed the trial Judge, and returned the case to Justice Stiner, directing him to make an order which would establish the rights and liabilities of the parties upon the redemption and such an order as justice required. In conformity with the opinion of the Appellate Term Justice Stiner handed down a final order yesterday, holding that the Casino Company was entitled to all the rents collected by the landlord from the present tenants since the company was dispossessed down to Sept. 1, 1897, amounting to $67,000, which should constitute the Casino Company's offset to the expenditures of the landlord, which foot up $83,000. These expenses included taxes, water rents, assessments, rental value of the furniture and furnishings of the theatre, insurance, the cost of repairs, &c.

The final order directs the Casino Company to pay the landlord $16,000, the difference between the $83,000 and $67,000. If this is done within twenty days the Casino Company shall be entitled to the possession of the premises under the original lease, which expires in 1904. It further directs that the present tenants, Canary & Lederer, must vacate by noon on the 1st of next May, notwithstanding the fact that they hold a lease which they thought good until 1900.

KILLED ERECTING A FIRE-ESCAPE.

A Board on Which Farbermann Stood Dislodged—His Assistant Falls from Fright.

Max Farbermann, a blacksmith, of 25 Canal street, was killed yesterday afternoon while at work at a synagogue at 209 Madison street. Dalenitz Wolff of 101 Monroe street, who was assisting him, was also badly injured, but will probably recover.

An old mission house at 209 Madison street is being remodelled with a view to using it as a synagogue. Farbermann had the job of putting in the fire-escapes. He began his work yesterday morning, and had screwed to the wall of the adjacent building, in the rear of the synagogue, a long iron pillar. Across the top of this, and extending to another upright on the other side of the building, an iron bar was run.

In order to oversee the work Farbermann ran a board from the second-story back window to this bar, which was on a level with a window. On this he stood while directing his men. In the placing of the iron support against the brick wall it had been brought too close to the rear wall of the synagogue, and it became necessary to move it several inches further inward. Farbermann stood on his improvised scaffolding and ordered Wolff to go up a ladder, remove the bolts, and pull the support out a few inches.

Wolff did exactly as he was told. He pulled the support out, and the board on which Farbermann was standing slipped off the top bar. The blacksmith plunged into the sement beneath. His head was crushed and he died in a few minutes. Wolff was so frightened by Farbermann's fall that he tumbled from the ladder and was badly cut on the bricks in the yard. He was removed to Gouverneur Hospital. Farbermann was married and had a large family.

THOMAS TENNANT KILLED.

Had Been a Railroad Trackmaster for 45 Years—Cut to Pieces by an Engine.

Thomas Tennant, 70 years old, of 208 Fourth street, Jersey City, a trackmaster on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was struck by a drill engine about 8 o'clock yesterday morning and instantly killed. Mr. Tennant was superintending some repairs which a gang of his men were making at Brunswick street. He had applied a spirit level to the track to test it and stepped back to the other track. A moment later a New York, Susquehanna and Western Railroad train came along and Mr. Tennant stepped to another track, having failed to notice the drill engine. The workmen shouted to him and the engineer of the drill engine blew his whistle, but Mr. Tennant apparently became bewildered and stood where he was until the engine struck him. He was tossed about ten feet, and then the engine ran over him, cutting him to pieces.

Mr. Tennant had been employed on the railroad for more than forty-five years and had walked on the tracks superintending repairs nearly every day during that time. News of Mr. Tennant's death was telegraphed to his son, Lawyer George G. Tennant, who is spending the summer at Stockholm, N. J. Mr. Tennant was a widower. Several children survive him. He had been thrifty and had accumulated a comfortable fortune.

THE FAYERWEATHER WILL CASE.

Two Suits Entered in the Federal Courts Complicate the Matter.

The suit of John B. Reynolds, as sole executor of the will of Mrs. Lucy Fayerweather, against Justus L. Bulkley and others, executors of the will and codicils and trustees of the estate of Daniel B. Fayerweather, has been on the docket in the United States Circuit Court for some time. The plaintiff asks for an accounting for $3,100,000, alleged to be due the heirs-at-law of Mrs. Fayerweather and other kin of Daniel B. Fayerweather, less $335,000 said to have been paid to them under releases of their claims upon the estate, which releases are alleged to have been improperly obtained. Another suit has been brought in behalf of two of these heirs, Mrs. Mary Wachter and Miss Emma S. Fayerweather of Iowa, in which Justus L. Bulkley, Thomas G. Ritch, and Henry D. Vaughan, as executors and trustees, and a number of colleges and charitable institutions, beneficiaries under Daniel B. Fayerweather's will, are made defendants. Judge Lacombe has granted an order for service of summons on the various institutions legatees under the will.

HUNTED TEN YEARS FOR HIS WIFE.

Then Mr. Bailey Sues Mr. King for $10,000 for Alienating Her Affections.

TORONTO, Sept. 1.—A writ was issued to-day at the instance of Charles Bailey of Doncaster, England, against A. J. King, a prominent provision dealer here, for $10,000 for the alienation of the affections of the plaintiff's wife. Fifteen years ago Bailey was a young business man of Doncaster, and married an English girl. In 1885, the plaintiff says, he had in his employ Albert J. King, 23 years old, and soon after Mrs. Bailey and King left England and came to Toronto. Bailey spent ten years searching for his wife before he found the couple.

Before his wife left him Bailey came to Toronto and arranged to go into business here. When he returned his wife refused to go to Canada, but later she eloped with King and they came to Toronto, carrying out to the letter the plans Bailey had made to engage in business here.

Brooklyn's City Hall Cupola Might Collapse.

The architects who have supervision of the erection of the new City Hall cupola in Brooklyn have complained that the contractors are putting in plates that may collapse, and City Works Commissioner Willis has ordered an investigation.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

One of the curious sights in the residence portions of the city is supplied by the peddlers who are to be seen standing at the area doors of many of the houses in the most expensive parts of the city. They call to see the servants, as it is plain that nothing in their baskets could appeal to the persons who live in such houses. A few small articles such as pins, shoestrings, and short pieces of cheap cotton goods make up their stock in trade. They have nothing to offer that could not be bought at a lower price in the department stores, but they have learned that important principle of economics which says that the propinquity and convenience of an article sometimes give it a value which it would never have otherwise. So a great many of these peddlers manage to make a good living in the tenement districts as well as in the regions where only well-to-do people live. They all look prosperous and some of them are women, although there is perhaps a majority of men and boys. This means of making a living might seem precarious to one not aware of the surprisingly large profits that come from such small tradings. When an Italian in a police court the other day said that he had made $60 in one day in selling fruit from a street stand, it may well be understood that there are greater opportunities in similar occupations than one would expect to find. Even these street peddlers going from door to door with articles that could be had of better quality and at cheaper price elsewhere are among the most prosperous of their race in that part of the city in which they live. For they are all of one race and come from their own quarter of the city.

"It is a mark of the growth of New York city," a man said yesterday at the Manhattan Club, "that there is nobody in the city who is looked upon to-day as a leader among well-dressed men. It was common enough ten or twelve years ago to give that name to one man who, whether he really ever dressed to be called the best-dressed man in town, certainly made a hard struggle to be. The advent of a shaggy Westerner here several months ago, who for his own purposes tried to figure as the best-dressed man in New York, created no interest not only because he was a particularly poorly got up specimen himself, but also because the public to-day will take no interest in any pretensions to eminence in that line. Couldn't name any one man who seems entitled to the distinction of being the best-dressed man. When I see Hamilton Cary I think he is the best-dressed man I know until I meet Stanley Mortimer, and then I conclude that the latter ought to receive that title if any man in New York deserves it. There are half a dozen others who have been dressing well all their lives and making a study of it until there is scarcely a choice to be made among them. John Drew is the best-dressed man on the stage and he represents the well-dressed American who wears English clothes. Henry Miller was always about as well dressed, although it was plain that his tailor was a local product. There are no other actors that occurred to me who approached these two, although Richard Mansfield had to wear a frock coat in a play several years ago and he did it well. But among the New York men who are included to day among the best dressed it would be practically impossible to pick out one who is really superior to the others. This might have been done some years ago. But there are too many men that dress well in New York to-day."

As Remenyi lost $4,000 through the dishonesty of a servant, there must be more profit in not playing the violin than the general public would suppose. Mr. Remenyi has not been much heard of lately, and it has been a long time since he was heard in public here. His last appearance in a notable way happened, indeed, in a police court a short time ago during the trial of the famous Stradivarius case in which Victor Flechter was involved. Remenyi was one of the experts called for the defence, and he was asked to play upon the violin to prove that it was not a Stradivarius. He took the instrument, and, glancing around at the small audience, delivered a remark which was very characteristic of his profession. "I can make even a cheap violin," he said modestly "sound as well as a Stradivarius, so that must be taken into account." Then he played for a few minutes and sat down with as much satisfaction as though he had faced 1,000 people. He has been in this country now for a number of years, and he has not appeared very frequently of late. It is a well-recognized fact that the popularity of a performer diminishes in exact ratio to the length of time he remains here. It is all right to return frequently, but to live here is fatal.

The impression that the pullers-in, for so many years historic adjuncts to the Park row clothing houses, had entirely disappeared was disproved yesterday by the publication of the woes of a man who was beaten because he refused to pay for a coat that had been forced on his back. But while they may have been less conspicuous than formerly, it has always been evident to people passing along Park row and Baxter street that they were still on deck. The old game of yanking a man by a button or by main force is still in use, although something of the old-time vigor may be lacking. The surprising part of the business is that the victims so rarely revolt. Yesterday a large, red-faced man was seen right in the grasp of another man not half his size. The big man struggled violently and finally escaped. He could have knocked the little man down in a minute, but he never seemed to think of doing so, and the puller-in escaped injury where any other man who attempted the same liberties would have come to grief.

It was a well-known fact that the disagreements between Mrs. Paran Stevens and John S. Melchor, one of the trustees of her husband's estate, were frequent and sometimes attended by exciting incidents. Mr. Melchor is normally a quiet man. Mrs. Stevens was noted for her vigorous use of English when she wanted to find fault or make a point. Mr. Melchor had an office on Broadway half a dozen years ago to which an acquaintance went one day in search of him. The door was locked, and his first knock brought no response. He knocked again, and a noise inside indicated that some one was moving. There was a great rattling of bolts, and then the door opened about two inches on a chain, and Mr. Melchor called out:

"Who is there?"

"This is Mr. Blank," said the visitor, "and I want to see you a moment on business."

"Is Mrs. Stevens with you?"

"No."

"Then come in," said Mr. Melchor, unhitching the chain. The visitor expressed surprise at Mr. Melchor's precautions and the confusion in the office. A vase had been knocked off the mantelpiece and the papers on the desk had been brushed off on the floor.

"Oh, it's all right," said Mr. Melchor; "Mrs. Stevens has just been here disagreeing with me about the management of the estate."

It is an interesting comment on Mrs. Stevens's business judgment that now, after a prolonged legal fight, during which she died, the Court of Appeals has ruled that many of her contentions were well founded.

Francis Wilson's much-discussed fort at New Rochelle owed its inception to Mr. Wilson's pride in his own town and his laudable desire to beautify it, and the storm that has raged about it has surprised him and his friends. In speaking of it several days ago Mr. Wilson said that he had offered to build the fort because it had been proposed to put a wooden fence around the monument and paint it green. The plans for the fort were inspected by the proper committee and passed, and Mr. Wilson's offer was received with thanks. It now appears that some of the trustees of the First Presbyterian Church, who as a board protested that the fort encroached on their property, are also members of the Soldiers' Memorial Committee which accepted the fort. Mr. Wilson has been as much amused as his neighbors at the criticism of his gift, though he didn't anticipate such a reception of it when he offered to build the fort. It looks now as if the men who are members of both the Memorial Committee and the Board of Trustees of the church would have to hedge in some way.

Thompson—Blight.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 1.—William P. Thompson and Miss Edith Blight were married at Trinity Church to-day. The bride was given away by her father, Atherton Blight, and the best man was Louis S. Thompson, brother of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were Miss Blight and Miss Evelyn Blight, sisters of the bride; Miss Virginia Fair, and Miss Edith Hall. The ushers were Edward H. Bulkley, George Work, Joseph Stevens, L. R. Beeckman, Andrew Sage, and George Bachelior. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Potter, assisted by the Rev. George J. Magill, rector of Trinity. It was followed by a wedding breakfast at the summer home of the bride's parents on Bellevue avenue, where only the bridal party, the relatives of the bride and bridegroom, and immediate friends to the number of about seventy were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson left on their wedding trip at 2 o'clock. The bride wore a gown of white satin, tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids wore rose-pink crêpe de Chine, with accordion-pleated skirts, high belts of pink satin, with lace, and large white lace hats, with pink bows. They carried light pink roses.

Mr. Thompson is one of the owners of L'Alouette, the Futurity winner.

LO, THE DAY OF THE OYSTER!

MAN AND BIVALVE GREET THE GLAD MONTH OF THE R.

Thousands and Thousands of Bushels of the Dwellers in Briny Mud Come to Town for the "Table Delights of Merry Old Nights When Jolly Old Cronies Meet."

Embargo on oysters was raised yesterday. The superstition, more widespread than any other known in this country, that oysters are good only in the months which sport an r, has kept the bivalves under the ban for four full months and the public appetite for these delicacies is whetted. Every hotel and restaurant bill of fare bristled with oysters yesterday, and all the street stands hung out large signs in which the letter r was made to do duty as a verb. The season, which will last until next May, came in with a rush.

New York eats more and better oysters than any other city in the country. Between 4,000 and 5,000 bushels a day, running 250 oysters to the bushel, is the regular quantity. These are mostly the high-grade oysters. Those that aren't quite so good are shipped to the West. For a time this shipment will reach 20,000 bushels per day; but within six weeks or two months the Western appetite will be satiated to such an extent that it will demand only 10,000 bushels for its daily food. Besides this, 6,000 barrels of bivalves will go abroad every week, mostly to England. Formerly American oysters were not regarded with enthusiasm by Englishmen. The first shipload sent over fell into the hands of the health authorities. The health authorities sat in solemn conclave upon those oysters and condemned them to be returned to the deep whence they came. So they were thrown overboard. More shiploads came, some of which got past the health authorities and into the hotels and restaurants, achieving such an instant and general popularity that there was a strenuous demand for the American shellfish, which has endured ever since.

To dredge the oysters, transport them, open them, pack them for shipment, and distribute them gives employment to something like 25,000 men in and about this city. Some idea of the magnitude of the work could be obtained yesterday from the size of the fleet of scows and oyster sloops, loaded to the fullest capacity, which arrived early in the morning and lined all the available piers. It was a good time for the oyster openers, "shuckers" as they are called. Nearly all the bivalves sent to the West from here are first opened and packed. A good opener can pry out about 6,500 oysters by a hard day's work, and, as he gets $1 a thousand, he is a pretty well paid laborer. The record for ten hours' shucking is 8,500 oysters. After being opened the bivalves are washed and packed in ice. Under ordinary conditions they will keep eatable for a week. Every day after the opening, however, they lose a little in flavor, until about the seventh day when they begin to gain in flavor, quite undesirably.

That is one reason why our oysters are superior to those in other cities, except, perhaps, Philadelphia and Baltimore; we get them fresher from the beds. Moreover, New York pays the highest prices and has more oyster connoisseurs than other cities.

All down Long Island the oyster grows in profusion under the fostering care of the State Fish Commission, part of whose duties it is to supervise the oyster beds and see that they are properly kept up. The bottom of Great South Bay is paved with the succulent Oak Islands and Rockaways, and the delicate Blue Points; and on the north shore of Long Island at Huntington Bay, Oyster Bay, Cold Spring Harbor, and Glen Cove flourish the East River oysters. These are planted, 250 bushels to the acre, and in three years they yield about 2,000 bushels. The oysters' chief enemies are the starfish, who seize them in a pentagonal embrace and slowly devour them, and the borer, a highly objectionable form of shellfish which bores through the oyster shell with its gimlet-like point and destroys the inhabitant. To keep the oyster beds as free as possible of these two pests is the principal problem of the oyster business.

"This is good oyster weather every year," said one of the big Fulton Market dealers yesterday. "There is a good crop and the trade has started in briskly. As yet the oyster is not quite at his best flavor. Being so far out of the world, you see, he doesn't realize that the month with the R has come again, and so he really hasn't got into his best condition yet; but he gives promise of first-rate flavor, and with the first of the cold weather he will be as excellent as ever. This year's trade will be more than ever in local oysters. There will be fewer in proportion from Buzzard's Bay and Chesapeake Bay than in former years. A considerable importation of Lynnhavens from Virginia is expected. This is a large, high-priced oyster, bringing $10 a thousand.

"Of the local species the Blue Points are probably the most popular, chiefly because they are the best known. They are the favorites for serving raw, while the larger sorts, such as the Rockaways, are chiefly used for fries, scallops, or soup. The Rockaways and Blue Points give promise of exceptionally fine flavor this year."

A restaurant keeper who makes a specialty of sea food, and whose oyster season opening sign is one of the most conspicuous downtown, has this to say about the season:

"All the hotels and restaurants will make a special rush on oysters to-day. I've got in a big consignment, and they're a fine lot. People are getting so now that they know the difference in oysters. I have officer or nurse customers, each of whom has his own particular taste, and won't have any kind but one. One man wants Glenwoods. If he can't get them he won't take any, and you can't fool him with any other variety. Another man won't have Glenwoods at any price, but wants Millponds, and if there aren't any in stock off he goes to wait until a batch arrives. When this ability to distinguish between varieties becomes more general you will probably see different kinds of oysters quoted at different prices. At present all high-class oysters bring the same price at retail, and about the same at wholesale, with one or two exceptions. We have oysters here that are just as good in June or July as in September, but you can't get people to believe it. That R superstition is too firmly rooted."

There were more men with bandaged hands going about in the region of the big markets yesterday than have been seen there for many a day. They were oyster shuckers. Knives will slip sometimes, and even an expert is likely to lay himself off for a few days with an ill-considered jab at a particularly obstinate shell.

A THIEF IN MR. PATTEN'S HOUSE.

A Reward of $500 Offered for the Detection of a Pleasure Bay Robber.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Sept. 1.—The cottage of Thomas G. Patten at Pleasure Bay was entered by a thief this morning at half past 2 o'clock. Entrance was gained through a second-story window by means of a shade tree. Before entering Mr. Patten's bedroom the thief went downstairs and opened the front door in order to be ready for a hasty exit.

Mrs. Patten was awakened by the barking of their watchdog. Shortly afterward she discovered a man in her bedroom, and her screams awoke her husband. Before Mr. Patten had time to act, the robber had flown.

Mr. Patten when seen to-night declined to state the value of the goods of which he was robbed, but it is believed that the sum is considerable, as Mr. Patten offers a reward of $500 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the guilty person.

Chief of Police Layton sent a special officer to guard the cottage to-night and a New York detective is working on the case.

MRS. EDWARDS'S SUIT FOR DIVORCE.

In the Petition She Names Dora Clark as One of the Co-respondents.

Hattie S. Edwards has obtained an order from Justice Beach of the Supreme Court to serve a summons by publication on Guy Edwards in an action for absolute divorce. The action is a sequel to difficulties which resulted in the closing of the Argyle Hotel at Babylon early in the season. The clerk of the hotel was Claude Homiston, 18 years old, and he has boarded with Mrs. Edwards at her house, 127 West Seventy-second street, since the separation. The plaintiff was a divorced woman when she married Edwards on April 22, 1896, and had a daughter by a former marriage to whom Edwards says he was paying attention. Her father got a decree giving him the custody of his daughter, and Edwards turned his attention to her mother.

In the action for divorce Mrs. Edwards accuses her husband of intimacy with Dora Clark of 275 West Thirty-eighth street, and with Stella Evans of 118 West Thirty-ninth street.

ALARM AT ESSEX MARKET COURT.

Falling of an Iron Smokestack Interrupts the Proceedings.

An iron smokestack, twenty-five feet long, four feet wide, and weighing six tons, fell yesterday afternoon from the top of the old Essex Market building, which is being converted into a schoolhouse. The building is only a few feet distant from the Essex Market Police Court, and the smokestack fell with such a loud crash that there was much excitement in the court room. Magistrate Kudlich and the clerks rushed to the side door, and the court audience fled from the room under the impression that the building had caved in. The accident was caused by the breaking of a rope attached to a derrick with which the smokestack was being hoisted.

MR. TOY'S WEDDING FEAST.

He Didn't Let His Bride Attend Because So Many Good-Looking Men Were There.

Mr. Lee Toy, who is known as the Mayor of Philadelphia's Chinese settlement, gave a wedding dinner to his friends in this city yesterday, having just arrived here on his wedding tour. The bride is a Chinese belle with small feet. She had made arrangements to give a dinner to the