# SOME WOMEN OF THE PLAY.

*A CLUSTER OF BEAUTIES IN THE COMPANY AT THE LYCEUM.*

**Julie Opp in New Association with Mary Mannering—Ada Rehan Reappears in Broken Health—Elita Proctor Otis in the Guise of a Fortune Teller—News of Players Abroad.**

Ada Rehan comes back to New York in poor health and unfit to reappear on the stage, but she will resolutely do so, though she will try to stand it one week only, and then will rest a month or more. Miss Rehan has been working hard in England and not under buoyant conditions. Daly's Theatre in London retains his name, but he has not of late found it expedient to place his own company in it. Except for a brief engagement in a London suburb, his players' tour in England was confined to the smaller towns. The changes of bill were frequent, and the hard work of "one night" stands tired her out. Beerbohm Tree offered a respite and refuge in a short engagement at his theatre, but did not extend the same hospitality to her companions, and Mr. Daly seemed to resent the advance as unkindly meant.

Elita Proctor Otis, who went rather notably from drawing room to stage, and subsequently played several rôles with strong distinction, has of late been the leading actress of a Western stock company; but she resigns that place in order to take a part in "A Ward of France," the forthcoming production at Wallack's. The piece is a semi-historical representation of old creole days in New Orleans nearly a century ago, and one of the characters is an octoroon fortune teller. That is the part which Miss Otis is to characterize, and, as the woman is said to be not the conventional hag of stage necromancy, but a handsome, opulent and powerful factor in the affairs of the Louisiana colony at that period, it may be that the actress will distinguish herself.

Elsie De Wolfe, who stepped from fashionable society directly into stage life under favorable circumstances, is playing the part of the maid servant in "A Marriage of Convenience" at the Empire, and is doing it with exceptional cleverness. It is a part yet clever creature whom she impersonates, and, mental with the graces of a fine lady, and the technical difficulties of the part are overcome admirably. Miss De Wolfe has hitherto appeared in raiment more modish than almost any other actress on the New York stage. She came to be regarded rather as a displayer of toilets than of talent, but she now acquits herself differently.

Daniel Frohman has gathered some exceptionally interesting actors in his company at the Lyceum this season, and among them is a quartet of beauties that would be a delight to the eye in whatever play they appeared. Julie Opp's beauty is so closely associated with the English type that, considered in connection with her English accent and her way of dressing, it is nearly impossible to realize that she is a New York product with a London veneer that was acquired in a very brief period. But she is positively charming in her lithe comeliness, whatever its kind may be, and there is already a grace in her statuesqueness which is certain to increase with further experience. The suggestion of sensitive and tender womanhood is not in the least affected by her uncommon height. Mary Manering's dainty beauty is shown in a fashion which gains intensity as the play proceeds, with the momentary interruption of the masquerade scene, in which as a *Harlequin* her best qualities are not shown. But in the last act she is a picture of loveliness which, contrasted with the blonde beauty of Katharine Florence, gives to both the most favorable circumstance for their display. Allison Skipworth is a blonde now, although as the unidentified charm of "An Artist's Model," her effective locks were of a darker hue. But she is as placidly and immovably handsome as ever, and seems not nearly so English as Miss Opp. This comely quartet of actresses does not include the only sightly ones in the Lyceum's new play. Helen Macbeth has a girlish attractiveness, and Nina Morris is luxuriant enough in dress and figure to give an especial point to her remarks on the delights of eating. Miss Lamison, who has taken Miss Tyree's part temporarily, acts with discretion and authority, and wears her gowns with distinction. Grace Root has only to play an incidental rôle well, and she accomplishes that with unusual skill. She is the companion to the *Princess*, and shows that the character is a gentlewoman reduced to the necessity of her position. This she keeps continuously in mind, and never once does a false touch destroy the proportions of the scenes in which she appears is indeed, the *Princess* is fortunate in the selection of her domestic associates, and her maid, as Evelyn Carter embodies her, is as acceptable a figure in the brilliant episodes of the play.

All the honors in the acting of the new play are not on the spindle side. Edward Morgan's ardent love making has a telling depth of feeling and intensity. William Courtleigh sacrifices the proprieties to his profile when he appears as a French diplomat with a cleanly shaven face. Such a phenomenon is not often met with, but good looks are universally understood, whereas the manners of the French aristocracy have a less general recognition. He acts with ease, and the few episodes in which he figures gain force from his participation in them. Mr. Hackett has always had attractiveness of youth, and Felix Morris plays a character part with all of his excellences and none of his faults in view. He figures in a type of the play's lighter phases. His wife is indifferent to him, and, indeed, unfaithfulness seems certainly imputed to her. The unfaithful party that came from the theatre for supper have one by one taken their leave. Finally the husband and wife are left alone. He pours out a whiskey and soda for her. She takes it, and while holding it in her hand looks contemplatively before her for a few moments. She has just been rather brutally treated by her lover. While her husband chatters in a way which shows how deceived he is, the woman makes no answer. Suddenly she arises, carrying her drink along with her, sweeps across the room, and starts up the stairway. Just as she disappears from view her husband's presence occurs to her. Without pausing she says "good night" in the most indifferent manner possible. The husband, left to himself, looks about the deserted room, and then turns out the electric lights. He opens the door leading to his apartments and stares out for a moment. Then he goes out, and the door swings shut behind him. Mr. Morris might have tortured and dragged himself along in his old manner until the scene endured half an hour. But he withstood the temptation and acted it at just the right tempo. May he not backslide.

Two characters in "The Princess and the Butterfly" are unusual enough to impart a rare charm to the play. One of these is the *Princess Pannonia*, a figure so little touched by the realities of life that she might have stepped from the pages of some fairy story. There are no defining outlines about her. The character is blurred and misty in the ether of a modern romanticism which is delicate and subtle as the air in which an earlier *Princess Loiniaine* might have lived—far away in a land of loving and singing. This Pinero Princess was born in England, and when she was only 20 years old went to live in a castle in Hungary with a husband twice her own age. There she remained with him until at 40 he left her a widow. In all those years there had been no diversions in her life beyond an occasional visit to Budapest or Vienna. With the husband's death her life of exile ends. The play introduces her in London prodigal with her great wealth and luxuriantly surrounded by the best of the high life that London affords. Her life with these people, as well as her seeming seclusion and protection in the circumstance which surrounds her, helps to make the *Princess Pannonia* more like a fairy Princess than any that ever lived. It is only a wonder that no hero stole into that Hungarian palace and took her away under the old Prince's eyes. Nearly as picturesque is the character of *Fay Zuliani*, the Italian girl who is relieved for a while to be the daughter of an English gentleman. As a matter of fact she comes from low Italian stock. Her history includes as a child an undisciplined life in the gutters of Milan, as much freedom in cheap New York life and then a sudden transfer to the severity and restlessness of an English gentlewoman's school. It is supposed that she is the daughter of an Englishman of title who died leaving the child in the care of her mother, who took another husband and then died herself. But *Fay Zuliani* is in reality only an impposture supplied from a scheming Italian family to keep the allowance that comes from England. When the audience sees her first she is just from school, and she is wilful, vulgar, according to English ideals, and devoted to the society of fast people. She is selfish toward persons who would be kindest to her and brings this phase of her career to an end by going to a masked ball and remaining there until 4:30 in the morning. She speaks a curious dialect, written very precisely by the author, which is supposed to indicate her cosmopolitan life. The Italian girl is without the least suggestion of the cheap or flashy interest which might be expected from hands less skilful than Mr. Pinero's. There is a reference to a letter expected from a certain Padre Antonio in Milan who is to clear up the mystery of the girl's life, but this element adds only a greater picturesqueness and strangeness to the character. In these two types Mr. Pinero has added two delightful women to the gallery of the stage.

There are other figures in the play that stand out distinctly against the background of London drawing rooms and Paris salons. One of these is *Mrs. Saint-Roche*, and another is her husband. But of the two, *Mrs. Saint-Roche* is more important. She is the one woman in the social lot that is plainly shown to be guilty. Yet her horror at the thought of having received into her house an avowedly discreditable woman is so great that she refuses to hear anything about her beyond that mere fact; and the person who would tell her is her husband. He is a comic figure of perplexity and confidence amid the life of his wife and her friends, who have come to view the whole business with an evident resignation to his inability ever to understand what it all means. Young *Edward Oriel* is not an interesting figure, and for that reason Mr. Morgan's acting seems more than ever to be praised, for he wins a certain involuntary sympathy for him from the spectators. The woman who hates to go to the theatre because it hurries her dinner; the old couple who at the age of 60 and more are still in the honeymoon begun so many years before; the slight sketch of the young French diplomat living in London, and the two or three studies of English girlhood are the more or less striking personages that move through the serious and incidental figures of the play. And a diversely interesting, truthfully drawn and admirably selected lot they are. In the mere matter of its character study, the second act, which has little or no bearing on the rest of the play, is possibly the most interesting.

The circus which is housed now in Forty-second street conforms to the traditional idea of a circus more closely than the usual circus which finds its way to New York. There are not the grandeur and bewilderment of the three-ring affairs, but the quality of the performance is good, and the circus atmosphere of the kind that is learned in childhood is strong. There are clowns, for instance, who talk quite as the first clowns one can remember did, while the young ladies on horseback ride slowly around the ring trying not to look bored to death, and escaping it only as much as a periodic and mirthless smile suddenly turned on the spectators can help them to. There is one clown at Doris's who describes himself as Shakespearean, and sets the spectators to guessing what that term can possibly refer to. It is only when he comes to the end of his jokes and repeats a long list of the names of Shakespeare's plays that they realize what there is about him to justify any mention of the great poet. One difficulty with a "permanent" circus lies in the fact that the prevailing vaudeville exhibits nearly all of the performers who used to be chiefly associated with the sawdust ring, and all that the acrobats and tumblers can do is usually to be seen in the music halls. By that means New York, without having a permanent circus, usually has more of the features of view which go to make up a circus programme. That element is missing only in the riding, and this is wisely made a particular feature of the programme uptown. There is so much in the idea of the circus appealing to everybody that there seems no good reason why New York should have had to wait so long before some attempt was made to found one here. Paris has two circuses that are rarely if ever closed, and Berlin has two. One of them is quite pretentious. During a long period of every year Vienna has its permanent circus as well. Some of the other European cities are never bereft of the enjoyment that can be got out of the ring. In the past we have been accustomed to take our share of the circus intensively and not extensively, crowding it all into a few brief weeks, but then it was very liberally supplied. Quite the other plan is that of the Forty-second street circus, which will distribute the pleasures over the whole year. Persons who like any circus ought to like that one, as it has many of the qualities that make them popular. There are some good riders among the men and women, as well as some acrobats who do their work with experience and grace. The place is well ventilated and comfortable.

Some of the actors to play in Beerbohm Tree's forthcoming production of "Julius Cæsar" are well known here. Mr. Tree is to play *Brutus*, Frank McLeay, who was seen here with Wilson Barrett, will be the *Cassius* and Lily Hanbury is to act *Calpurnia*. Mrs. Tree has selected the small part of *Brutus's* page. The delay in the production of Sir Henry Irving's new play, "Peter the Great," may make "Julius Cæsar" the first of the important winter performances in London.

"The Scarlet Feather," which was lately given with only fairly successful results in London, is taken from an old operetta of Lecocq's which had never been given much outside of France. One of the Americans who has been a well-received feature of the cast of this play is Thomas Seabrooke, who introduced himself to London audiences in this play. Helen Bertram has also been praised for singing and acting in comic opera, where she supplanted Florence St. John. It is seriously announced that the new version of "The Grand Duchess" prepared for London does not contain either the second song or the famous "Say to him."

Eleanora Duse has not been received with the same favor that was shown to her in several Italian towns before she went to Paris. Some of the Italian critics have complained that she has gained in art at the cost of her naturalness and now seeks to hide by artificiality the decline in the loss of her former inspiration.

Arthur Pinero's new comedy will be given in London at the beginning of January.

The Italian actors are highly popular in Germany to-day. Four different companies will play during the winter in Berlin.

Mme. Réjane has been successful enough in Russia to compensate for the lack of appreciation she encountered in this country. Her audiences in St. Petersburg were as large as the theatre would hold and she was honored by the presence of the Czar and Czarina at several performances.

The population of Marseilles has lately rebelled violently against the withdrawal of the subvention paid annually to the principal theatre in the city. No satisfactory reason was given for the act and the public decided to make a demonstration against the municipal Government. This was held in the theatre during a performance, and the uproar was attended with such emphatic incidents as torpedoes and small bombs. But nobody was killed.

*THE SUNDAY EVENING CONCERT.*

**Pol Plancon's Reappearance a Triumphal One—A Large Audience.**

The programme of the fourth concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last night contained some rather striking numbers, although as a whole the quality was high, and the large audience must have felt, with the number of encores and the character of the artists—Pol Plançon, Eugene Ysaye, and Raoul Pugno, were the principal ones—that it had little cause to complain. Raoul Pugno played Mendelssohn's concerto in C minor with great delicacy of shading, with fine touch, and with an appreciation that lent a fresh charm to the work. His other number was Liszt's eleventh rhapsody. His success with the audience was remarkable, in view of the little patience which these Sunday audiences have for the piano. But probably that came from the fact that such artists as M. Pugno have never been offered to them before.

Eugene Ysaye's numbers were Vieuxtemps's "Fantasia Appasionata" and compositions by Kess and Guiraud. He played superbly with the spirit and fire of the artist, just as evident in his work as the natural genius of the musician. Only in the opening phrases of the first number was there to be noticed any of the carelessness which has occasionally marred his playing this winter.

Pol Plançon made his reappearance after an absence of six months. He was received with the customary enthusiasm, which he is certain to arouse, even before he sings "Les Rameaux" or "The Two Grenadiers."

The audiences know, possibly, that the preliminary enthusiasm is the best way to bring out these popular numbers. He sang also the drum major's song from "Le Cîd" and the air of "Pygmalion" by Victor Masse.

There was one regrettable feature of the programme, and its equal has scarcely ever been seen on the stage of the Metropolitan—if, indeed, it was ever witnessed. The audience was moved to laughter by the failure of a misguided young woman who was put before a public accustomed to hear the best artists of the opera company. She failed completely, and it was a curious thing to hear the uncontrolled laughter of some persons in the audience over a matter which seemed almost wholly pathetic. Anton Seidl directed his orchestra in the overture to "William Tell" and Liszt's Third Rhapsody.

*DEATH CRIPPLES A SHOW.*

**Two Valued Members of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company Probably Poisoned.**

TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 28.—Two important members of A. W. Martin's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company were found dead in their beds yesterday morning, and Mr. Martin suspects that they were poisoned. The dead actors are Bounce, a great Dane, and Kokomo, a Siberian bloodhound, 14 months old. Bounce was 27 months old, of affectionate disposition, and very popular with the other members of the company. Mr. Martin suspects that the animals were poisoned by a former employee, who was recently discharged for drunkenness.

**Knocked Down by Ex-Assemblyman Redmond's Horse.**

While ex-Assemblyman Michael Redmond of Woodlawn was driving south on the White Plains road at Fourth street, Williamsbridge, yesterday afternoon, Todd Hallack of Third street, Williamsbridge, tried to run across the street in front of his horse. The boy was knocked down and received a bruise on his ankle. He was taken to his home.

# AN ARCH SWINDLER AT BAY

*THOUGHTS OF WILLIAM CARROLL WOODWARD IN THE TOMBS.*

**His Conviction an Insidious Blow at Freedom—Revilings for His Judge and Accusers—Reflections Inspired by the Fate of His Companions in Crime—His Bearing.**

William Carroll Woodward, the famous card sharper, who is now in the Tombs awaiting sentence for attempting to blackmail a New York man, continues to assert his innocence to every one who calls upon him. Woodward is not so prepossessing a man in jail as when he is pursuing his astonishingly varied methods of earning a dishonest livelihood. It is the fashion in the men's prison to wear neither collar nor necktie, and he has fallen in with the fashion. He wears a closely cropped beard on the end of his chin; with this, and his slightly prominent eyes, he looks very much like the thin type of German saloonkeeper who is pictured in the comic weeklies. This, it is hardly necessary to say, is not the traditionally proper aspect for one who has cheated his fellow men on every continent.

Never before has he been convicted of any of the crimes of which he has been accused by the police of many lands. Claude Duval and the classic scoundrels of the Middle Ages make a mean and paltry showing for audacious villainy when their deeds are compared with those of Woodward, the nineteenth century American. His art has been finer than theirs. Where they had recourse to bludgeons and the show of pistols, Woodward has relied on the deftness of his fingers in handling cards and exchanging packages; he has used the facial control of an actor in simulating and concealing emotions. Some of his feats have suggested hypnotism, but he laughs at the intimation that he possesses anything of hypnotic power.

He came down the winding stairs from his cell with the peculiar swinging stride that is the most marked characteristic of the man. He changes his face, his manners, and his mode of speech at will. But of the peculiar swing in his walk he has never rid himself. It is not the strut of a braggart, but rather the confident, certain swing of one who despises his fellow men because all his life long he has been able to fool them to the uttermost. The blow of his conviction has knocked some of the offhand jauntiness out of him. In place of the sneering, almost open ridicule with which he has regarded the law and the courts heretofore, there has come over him a sullen defiance that is very near to suggesting fear. He has not lost his nerve. He is as brazen in his assertions of innocence and of contempt for his accusers as ever. He is not afraid of the law, he says, but he is horrified by the maladministration of it.

"My father and my grandfather," he said with angry indignation, "fought and bled for this country that liberty might not perish from the earth. Now I am deprived of my liberty by a jury of my peers on the evidence of an expert witness—there are liars, you know, and damned liars, and expert witnesses—on the evidence of an expert witness, who, by the very fact of his employment, must manifestly have been prejudiced against me. Because he thought, or said he thought, that I had written a certain letter, I am to go to Sing Sing. I am no angel, but I tell you honestly that I am absolutely innocent of this thing. It cost my accusers $50,000 to get me here, but some day," and his voice grew as cold and stern as that of a Judge pronouncing sentence, "my turn will come. I will take my place beside the man who accuses me before that heavenly court of justice, where St. Peter is the keeper and God Almighty is the Judge. There will be justice without expert witnesses—they will all be in hell! Why, think of it! Expert witnesses are permitted to do their miserable work under a constitutional form of government! Isn't it a ridiculous farce? But it is more than ridiculous. It is an insidious blow at the freedom of the republic."

Woodward was very solemn; he did not seem to be looking at his interviewer at all, but at a point half way through the prison walls. When he spoke of St. Peter and the judgment seat, there was not a trace of irreverence in his voice; it was rather as if he were talking to himself without caring whether any one else took note of what he was saying. It was not as if he were striving to make an impression, but as if his religious views fell naturally into the general line of his talk, which was altogether of the shameful injustice of his conviction. He was convicted, be it remembered, of manufacturing a scandal about a reputable citizen, in the hope that the citizen would pay him to keep the scandal quiet than go to the pains of disproving it. Mrs. Steele, in "On the Face of the Waters," in describing the methods of the actor-fakirs of India, "the many-faced men," tells how these men, when assuming any particular disguise, transform themselves not only outwardly, but mentally and spiritually, into the characters they would imitate. In other words, they make themselves believe, for the time being, in their own impersonations, just as a little than boy, after telling the same fib ten or fifteen times, comes to believe that he is telling the truth. Their extraordinary success in fooling people, Mrs. Steele says, they believe to be the result of the psychological influence of their own self-deception. When they are completely unconscious of deceiving anybody, but are simply living out a character they have assumed, they awaken no suspicion in those whom they would deceive. So far as one can tell anything at all about the inner consciousness of William Carroll Woodward, he uses the methods of the men of many faces.

Apparently, as he sits in the Tombs lamenting his conviction, he is quite convinced that he is a martyr to expert testimony, and that he is a God-fearing, reverent man. In court the other day, during a lull in the proceedings, he rose, put his hands into his trousers pockets, and sauntered out toward the gate that leads to the street. So natural was the action, so free from any apparent consciousness of irregularity, that the guard stationed beside Woodward to watch him did not notice it. The guard at the gate, however, makes it an invariable rule to stop every man whose face and business he does not know and to call the attention of the court officers to him before opening the gate. Without any apparent suspicion that Woodward ought not to pass through, the gateman stopped him and called to the court officers, as usual. They saw the prisoner waiting with grave, courteous impatience for the gate to be opened; they leaped at him. Woodward's face did not fall. He lifted his eyebrows as if surprised at their excitement.

"Why," he said, in the most matter-of-fact way in the world, "what a ridiculous mistake. I thought it was the way to the prison."

But it is fair to assume that for once at least a glimmering of respect for the cold, formal machinery of law found its way into Woodward's mind. Twenty years or so ago law was an open mockery to him. He was one of forty notorious swindlers and robbers who met nightly in a saloon near Sixth avenue and Twenty-fifth street. They openly derided the judiciary and the police; a man who went to jail, they said, was either a fool or was "dopey" under the influence of drugs. They made a mutual agreement that if by any slip or mischance the law should lay its hands on them, they would help one another out. Of that queer company, according to the records of the police, Handsome Joe Howe is in Moyamensing prison for bunoing a farmer out of $50,000. He is said to have $1,000,000 laid aw y, the savings of years of bunco steering. His accomplice, Harry Witherole, is with him. John Sweeney, who made a great fortune by selling old red bricks to the unsuspecting, was committed to Dannemora on evidence questionably gathered by a private detective. Gov. Hill gave Sweeney the benefit of the doubt and pardoned him, and Sweeney dropped dead as he was leaving the prison. Tom O'Brien killed Kid Warren in Rochester in a quarrel over a division of spoils, and is now serving a life sentence in New Caledonia. Frank Tarbo, who was the most trusted confederate of Woodward and the arch swindler's companion on the famous trip to England and Paris, and Joe Elton, Lionel Mingrave, was arrested in the Hinterland, and, it is said, has gone mad in Holloway Prison, London. Alonzo Hand, the bank thief, after spending more than two millions of dollars picked up in the pursuit of his vocation, is serving a term of twenty years in Berlin for stealing a pitiful 1,000 marks ($250). So the list runs, through the names of Jim McNally, the swindler; Billy Porter, the bank burglar; Danny Dougherty, George Levy, and George Haight, the bunco men; old Van Tripp, another bunco man, and Johnny Irving, all of whom are in penitentiaries serving long terms or have died in prison, down to Eddie Parnlee, the self-styled "King of Green Goods Men," who made a million dollars, turned it over to his sister and died, broken-hearted, because his sister would not give it back to him, "not wishing," as she said, "to encourage his wicked mode of life." These forty, banded together to stand by one another against the world, have gone by one to fill an early grave, which they laughed. Woodward is the last. It was proper that he should be the last. He was the most skilful scoundrel of them all, and it is a notable example of the power of the law that he has at last been brought under its stern control.

The reporter asked him about his association with the modern "Forty Thieves."

"It's a queer list, isn't it?" he said. "Did you notice how fate ran through it as you read it? It is an awful list. Was I one of them?" He frowned. "That is not a very nice question to ask a man who is locked up awaiting sentence. No, I was not one of them. But I was acquainted with some of them. The so-called criminal classes are an interesting people to study, and they aren't a bad set, either if you treat them right. It only goes to show that the law of the land is stronger than the will of any one man who fails to agree with it. There's one man you haven't got in that list. That's Boston Charley. I didn't know him, of course, but I have heard that he's gone wrong worse than all. He is a policeman in Portland, Oregon. It seems to me that a man who will turn around and make his living by hounding men who have been his friends is more dangerous to society and more to be despised by all mankind than an out-and-out murderer. Another that ought to be on that list that I have heard of is Bill Train. He sold gold bricks, they say. He died of paresis in New Rochelle. There were 500 crooks at his funeral. Where did they come from? New Rochelle, mostly. There ain't a man in the town who ain't crooked. I ought to know. I lived there myself."

He took the list of the forty criminals from the reporter's hand and ran his eye over it.

"They're got them all," he said sorrowfully, "all but me. And now they've got me. Got me by an expert witness and a country Judge. Do you want a really good story? That Judge Fursman is a mark. He is the softest thing that ever came out of a hayfield. Why, say, what he knows about the world wouldn't hurt a girl's boarding school. He's too soft. He sat up there on the bench and looked at me just scandalized by the idea of my existing, and he had a package of green goods in his back pocket all the time. And what's more, he has got a gold brick buried in the back yard of his house up in the country, where he hopes no one will ever find it and know that he bought it. That's no joke, either. I know the man who sold it to him, and I know how much he paid for it. When I say green goods have been sold to that man, I mean what I say."

While he was talking through the bars of the little pen where prisoners must stand when they speak with the outside world, he was continually jostled by other prisoners who were talking with their friends. The crowd was changing constantly, and the iron gates slammed again and again.

"This slamming," he said nervously, "is enough to drive a man crazy. A fellow who has any refinement of nervous organization ought not to be subjected to it. I would like to talk with you about a lot of things, but I can't do it in these surroundings."

No one in the world could have spoken with a greater appearance of well-bred annoyance or with a more sincere air of apologizing for not being able to speak as fluently as he would have liked. It was as if the reporter were interviewing some distinguished man of letters in his a udy while workmen were hammering away at a fireplace. The reporter himself quite forgot that he was in a jail.

"It is really unbearable," Woodward continued, "and there is so much I would like to say, too. Just ask them, won't you, if I can't talk to you out there, where there isn't so much of a crowd." The reporter couldn't reasonably refuse. He went to the keepers and said:

"Mr. Woodward doesn't like to talk through the bars. He says he would like to get out here where he isn't so crowded. I told him that I would tell you about it."

The keepers looked at one another and grinned, and they laughed out loud. One of them said:

"I guess he's talked long enough, anyway."

With the same easy, confident, careless swing he walked across the floor and turned in to the winding stairway that led up to his cell.

"Good afternoon," he said, and bowed.

*MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN, SR., DEAD.*

**The Funeral to Be Held To-Morrow from St. Gabriel's, New Rochelle.**

The funeral of Mrs. Adrian Iselin, Sr., will take place to-morrow forenoon at 11 o'clock from St. Gabriel's Church, New Rochelle. Mrs. Iselin died at her home, 23 East Twenty-sixth street, on Saturday night of a complication of diseases. She had been in ill health for several years, and her condition had been serious since September. A week ago yesterday it improved sufficiently to warrant her removal from the country home of Mr. Iselin near New Rochelle to his town house in this city, in anticipation of a trip to the South.

Mrs. Iselin was born in Baltimore in 1820, and was the daughter of Columbus O'Donnell. She was married on Dec. 11, 1845, at the Catholic Cathedral in Baltimore. Her children are Adrian Iselin, Jr., C. Oliver Iselin, William E. Iselin, Columbus O'Donnell Iselin, Mrs. Delancey Astor Kane, and the Misses Emily and Georgiana Iselin. Mrs. Iselin was a devout Catholic, being related to John Carroll, first Roman Catholic Archbishop of the United States. She gave liberally in support of the Catholic Church, but her gifts to other denominations were also numerous. Four years ago she built St. Gabriel's Roman Catholic Church at New Rochelle, at a cost of $150,000. In December, 1895, at the celebration of Mr. and Mrs. Iselin's golden wedding, Mrs. Iselin gave a memorial window to this church representing the espousal of Joseph and Mary. The Iselin family has also made many gifts to the parish, and last summer gave a building valued at $150,000, to be used as a school for the children of the parish. Mrs. Iselin's son, Columbus O'Donnell Iselin, transferred Leland Castle, his property in Residence Park, to the church recently, for a nominal consideration, to be used as an academy by the Ursuline nuns.

At New Rochelle yesterday morning St. Gabriel's bell was tolled seventy-seven times in notice of Mrs. Iselin's death, and Father John Fox of Fordham delivered a short eulogy. The body will be taken to New Rochelle by special train, and after the church ceremonies to Woodlawn Cemetery, where it will be interred in the family plot.

*JOSEPH KIRCHNER DEAD.*

**One of the Leaders with Gen. Sigel in the Revolution of 1849 Dies in a State Hospital.**

NEWBURG, Nov. 28.—Joseph Kirchner died at the State Hospital in Middletown yesterday morning at the age of 89 years. He had been dependent and in the hospital for years. Kirchner was a Prussian, born in 1808, in Breslau. In 1843 he was a convert to the Liberal Church, under the leadership of Johannes Ronge and Archpriest Regenbrecht, and in 1848 was one of three who were the first to hold meetings in Breslau to discuss the political situation. From these discussions the spirit of revolution spread which culminated in hostilities known as the Baden insurrection of July, 1849, under Gen. Sigel. Defeated in the revolution, the forces escaped to Switzerland, and from there Kirchner and five others made their way to Paris, and thence to New York. After a few weeks in New York Kirchner came to Newburg, where he organized the first Turnerbund and was the first speaker of the society. He married in Newburg and had several children. His wife died many years ago. He lost his business here and became dependent. In early youth he learned the cabinet-maker's trade. He is survived by one son, Rudolph, of Middletown, and two daughters, Mrs. Bertha Johnson and Mrs. Emma Siddle of New York. Kirchner was a poet and speaker as well as a soldier, and led his followers with songs and music of his own composition.

*SUDDEN DEATH OF R. H. ROCHESTER.*

**Grandson of the Man from Whom the City of Rochester Was Named.**

Roswell Hart Rochester, the Treasurer of the Western Union Telegraph Company, fell dead from aneurism of the heart while sitting with his family at his home in Englewood, N. J., at 10 o'clock on Saturday night. Mr. Rochester was a descendant of Nicholas Rochester, who emigrated to Virginia in 1689, and a grandson of Col. Nathaniel Rochester, the Revolutionary soldier, legislator, and Judge, who gave name to the city of Rochester.

He inherited the sturdy characteristics of his ancestors. No man in business and financial circles was more respected. For many years he had enjoyed the unquestioning confidence of the corporations he represented. He was a nephew of Roswell Hart, formerly a member of Congress from Rochester, and his eldest sister married a nephew of Edward Everett. He was born in Rochester in 1838. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

**Obituary Notes.**

Peter Underhill Morgan died at the residence of his son, William M. Morgan, 156 West Seventy-ninth street, on Saturday morning, in the ninetieth year of his age. He was born in Tuckahoe in 1808 and was educated in the Yonkers High School. When he had arrived at the age of 21 he went into marble quarrying with his grandfather, who owned a quarry at Tuckahoe. He superintended the building of the Assay Office and the Sub-Treasury building in this city, and furnished the stone from his quarry. In 1858 he came to New York, and up to twenty-five years ago he was widely known as a wholesale dealer in tea and coffee, being the senior partner in the firm of Morgan & Farrington.

Walter A. Mitchell, one of the oldest reporters in Newark, was found dead in bed yesterday morning at 186 Market street, where he lodged. He had been ill for some months, but was in an unusually cheerful mood when he retired at 2 o'clock in the morning. Epilepsy was the cause of death. He was 47 years old, and was not married.

Malachi Taylor, a member of the sect known as Plymouth Brethren, died on Saturday at his home, 1403 Pacific avenue, Brooklyn. He was 70 years old, and was well known as a student of the Bible. He had been ill for some weeks with jaundice.

Mrs. Mabel Bayard Bird, wife of Levi C. Bird, a leading lawyer of Wilmington, Del., died last evening in that city. She was the widow of Dr. John K. Kane, brother of Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic explorer. Her father was James A. Bayard.

# WALL MOVED IN THE NIGHT

*WALSH WAKED REDDELL UP, AND BOTH GOT OUT IN A HURRY.*

**Then They Roused the Other Boarders and a Light Was Brought—The Part of the Wall That Moved Was a Papered-Over Door, and Two Alleged Burglars Were on the Other Side**

They all tried to tell the story last night, but there were only a few of the twenty boarders who could tell exactly what happened yesterday morning in the boarding house at 202 East Twentieth street. They all knew that it happened at 2 o'clock, for they all had clocks in their rooms. They all knew they did something when it happened, but they couldn't remember just what they did.

Up on the top floor, in a room occupied jointly by the two Franks, as the other boarders call them, Mr. Walsh and Mr. Reddell, sat smoking pipes last night and tried to get at the beginning of the story.

"You see," said Frank Reddell, "I'm a machinist, and I know that everything that moves has got to have motive power to make it move. That's where I got puzzled in the start-off."

"Well, I'm a laundryman," said Frank Walsh, "but I know as much as that myself. Nothing can move unless it is pushed or unless it is moved by a ghost, and then it can be dragged by invisible hands."

"Get down to the beginning of the story," said the landlady, Mrs. Taylor.

"Get down to it," said the other boarders in chorus.

"Well," said Walsh, "me and me roommate Mr. Reddell, went to bed early. Neither of us are drinking men. Just as me clock struck two I heard a squeak that woke me up. Then I listened. I heard another squeak. I listened again, and heard 'Squeak, squeak, squeak.' So I turned over on me other side and look toward the wall where the squeaks were coming from. We had a light burning dimly in the room. 'Squeak, squeak, squeak,' it came again. Then I sat up in bed, and by the dim light I saw my hat move. I had hung it on a peg on the wall. I saw it shiver and then jump down from the peg and roll under the bed. I sat up on me pillow. A minute later the wall shook and moved a little, and then the bureau turned around and moved a couple of feet toward the door. I was sure I was awake, but I began to feel shaky. Then the washstand began to move. It got up on one leg and then on the other and sort of waltzed toward the foot of the bed. Just then a big section of the wall came walking toward the bed, and I couldn't stand it any longer. I just dug Mr. Reddell in the ribs and whispered: 'For God's sake, get up, the room is dancing around.' He woke up, rubbed his eyes, and asked what was the matter. I said, 'The wall is moving, don't you see it?' Then he jumped out of bed, and we saw a live hand reach over toward the bureau. Both of us ran into the hall and darted downstairs shouting. All the other boarders woke up and flocked into the hall on every landing. Toby Green on the floor below, came out in his nightshirt with a lamp in one hand and a revolver in the other."

"There's where I come into the story," said Mr. Reddell. "I told Mr Green that something had happened up on our floor and asked him for the revolver. He handed it to me and I led the way back to shoot the ghosts. All the other boarders were out in their night clothes shouting. The lady boarders got in the front rooms and shouted 'Help! Murder! Police!' While they were shouting I went back upstairs, followed by all the men in the house. Then we went into our room to see who moved the wall. We found that the section of the wall that had moved was an old door leading to another room. It had been nailed up for years and had been plastered over by wall paper, so that it looked like a portion of the wall. Going around through the hall I opened the door leading to the room that adjoined our room. I found two men in there. One was hiding on the foot of the bed and the other was crouched in the corner behind a bed sheet. The bed in the room had not been occupied. Then I concluded that the two men had broken into our room by forcing back the nailed door and pushing aside the bureau and washstand in our room. So I covered both men with the revolver and accused them of burglary. One of them said he wasn't afraid of no gun and challenged me to shoot. The other said if I dared shoot his pal he'd kill me. Well, Mr. Green, Mr. Walsh and the other boarders crowded into the room and we all finally jumped on the two men. Then we had a circus of a struggle. In the meantime the lady boarders were shouting out of the windows, yelling 'Murder! Police!' We were all rushing around with lamps and knocking things with the furniture, while the landlady stood in the hall with a lamp, exclaiming: 'My gracious! My gracious!' Then in rushed a cop."

The cop was Policeman Edward O'Neill of the East Twenty-second street station. He was standing at Gramercy Park, a block away, when he heard the women boarders shout "Murder! Police!"

"I just ran as quick as a cop could run," said the policeman, in telling his end of the story. "I didn't even stop to breathe. I got into the hall of the house and through the line of night-shirted boarders till I got to the top floor, where all the noise was. I found the two burglars being pummelled, and all the boarders so excited that they were knocking the men about, so I just nailed the two of them and that settled it. They showed me how the two men had moved the wall, which was really a door with big nails in it, and charged the men with burglary. Then I marched them down to the station house. The landlady identified one of them as a man who had recently come to board there. He said his name was John McEnroe. She had never seen his companion before, but he said his name was John Norton and gave his address as the Old Tree Inn, house No. 242 East Twenty-third street. Norton said that he had gone to the house for the purpose of sharing McEnroe's bed, but neither he nor McEnroe had slept in the bed, because the bed clothing was not disturbed. Walsh and Reddell made complaint of burglary against them in the Yorkville Court to-day, and they were held for examination. I know one of them to be an ex-convict, and they evidently hired the room in the boarding house for the purpose of robbery."

"Yes," said Mr. Walsh, "All of the boarders have been robbed during the last few days. I had my week's wages stolen from my room, together with a revolver."

"And night before last I had a gold ring stolen," said Mr. Reddell.

"And last week I had my gold watch and chain stolen," said Mr. Green.

"But I thought I was in a trance when I saw the wall move," added Mr. Walsh, "and any one would think that way if he woke out of his sleep and saw the furniture waltzing 'round the room, while the wall was doing a two-step."

*AN ASTONISHED BULLDOG.*

**It Bites on a Cycling Soldier's Revolver and Loses Its Voice.**

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Nov. 28.—T. Dart Walker, the artist, owns an English bulldog of excellent breed, uninviting appearance, and playful disposition, which for a long time has provided amusement for spectators at a safe distance by chasing those persons who passed Mr. Walker's home at 17 Parkview avenue. The dog has or had a deep bass voice and he delights in causing an icy sensation to run along the spine of any person he may see, but for bicyclists he reserves his most enthusiastic efforts. When a wheelman rides past Mr. Walker's house the dog, whose name is Pet, makes so much noise that all the neighbors crowd to the windows to see what is up, and the bicyclist violates the ordinance against scorching.

On Saturday afternoon a soldier from Fort Slocum rode up Parkview avenue. Pet saw him and set after him with as much noise as he could make. The neighbors hurried to the windows, expecting to see the bicyclist bent double over his bandle bars. Instead the soldier rode at an ordinary gait, apparently inviting the dog to catch up to him. Pet accepted the invitation and approached the soldier. When the dog was at a proper distance the soldier drew his pistol and waved it in the air. Pet was not frightened by the display of firearms, and went nearer to the soldier, so close, in fact, that the soldier, in waving his revolver, struck the muzzle against Pet's nose. The dog opened its mouth and tried to bite off the end of the pistol. All this time the dog had been making enough noise for forty.

When Pet closed his jaws on the soldier's revolver, the soldier pulled the trigger. The sound of the explosion was followed by silence. The ball had cut the dog's vocal cords. The soldier rode away smiling. Mr. Walker, disturbed by the unusual quiet, ran out and