COMEDY AND MELODRAMA.

A NEW EXAMPLE OF EACH BROUGHT TO THE NEW YORK STAGE.

Thomas's "The Hoosier Doctor," with Digby Bell in Its Principal Character — Campbell's "Gettysburg," Produced with a Representation of the Famous Battlefield.

New work by Augustus Thomas, the author, and Digby Bell, the actor, was submitted to New York observation at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last night. "The Hoosier Doctor" was rich in the felicitous character drawing in which Mr. Thomas excels, and which is here applied to typical Indiana men and women. It is also replete with the Thomas kind of unforced wit and spontaneous humor. In these respects it is like his first piece, "Alabama," and still more closely resembles "In Missoura." It is a homely, natural, comic, and pathetic showing of the plain and in some respects hard life of a poor family. The *Hoosier Doctor* has been a jack at all trades and a prosperer at none. He has contrived to get through a course of medical study, and has just received his diploma. He is a widower with three daughters and a mother-in-law. Indeed, this is a mother-in-law play, and to the extent of that woman being dominant in the family it is conventional. Her sovereignty is not rebelled against, and it is the severest kind of government. The son-in-law is the same as his many predecessors in comedy and farce in being too good natured to assert independence. The story of his submissiveness is the story of the play. He marries a comely and amiable widow secretly, because the scolding old woman would disapprove the match if she knew of it, and by thus becoming a surreptitious husband he brings down a band of whitecaps upon his bride. That episode is near the end of the play, and it is the only one that is meant to be at all exciting. All the rest is for laughter, except when an occasional touch of pathos bids for tears. The lack of a strong or novel theme is detrimental. There is nothing to make any impression not easily effaceable after quitting the theatre. But one goes away with an agreeable recollection of true portraiture by an artistic hand.

Mr. Bell has in "The Hoosier Doctor" transferred himself from comic opera, in which he is known to this public, to comedy, in which he has his way yet to win. He enacted the tender-hearted, shy-mannered, self-abnegatory physician last night with the right feeling, quietly and restrainedly, and with a quite sufficient success to warrant his continuance in the line of serio-comic characterization. His methods suggested those of Sol Smith Russell in the seriousness and N. C. Goodwin in the comicality. At times he seemed imitative of those actors. The audience expressed with considerable enthusiasm its opinion that Laura Joyce Bell was admirable as the mother-in-law, and so in fact she was. She gave an unflinching, faithful portrayal of an old termagent, as ugly in face as she was hateful in disposition, and with only a few faint outcroppings of womanliness to soften the harshness. The author had provided excellent material for Mrs. Bell to use in this delineation, and she used it with the skill of an artist. This mother-in-law was not a caricature, but a real and true character. There were nineteen rôles, and none was badly represented. Most of them were acted well enough to accentuate their points clearly, but without overemphasis, which would have done damage to Mr. Thomas's creations.

It must be the work of a skilful dramatist to treat his situations at their crucial point in a way that gives them an unexpected turn and yet does no damage to the probabilities. A concrete instance of this possible truth was noticeable last night in "Gettysburg," which was new at the Grand Opera House. The hero of that play lay under two suspicions when the action commenced at Richmond in 1861. That these two suspicions dwelt chiefly in the mind of the villain is usual but not relevant. One held him in love with the daughter of his employer, who owned a gun factory. The other, with some guile as well as perception in the villain's mind, pointed to him as a conspirator with the United States Government against his associates. Both of these depended on a letter which bore a special Government stamp. In the course of events it became necessary for him to prove his innocence through the contents of the letter which the same course of events put into the hands of the heroine, who was to read them, to the confusion of his accuser and the justification of the honest workman. She opened the letter. Her photograph fell out. Evidently, thought the excited spectators, that is the letter from the hero's mother. He had already referred to her. But no such satisfaction came to the audience. The young woman stared at the paper in wonder. She exclaimed that it was not written in English, French, or German. Her cultivation with its limitations was established by experience. But the heir's case seemed to have taken a bad turn. "As I thought," exclaimed the villain, "he is a spy, and writes in an unknown language." "Not at all," responded the hero, who was a loyal American, although he spoke with a brogue, "as I know it is from my mother. It is in Italian, and we always correspond in that tongue." The turn was certainly novel. There may have been some sacrifice of literal probability. Possibly if the letter had been written in Gaelic, the surprise would have been less. But, as it was, the idea was novel. As the letter dropped wholly out of sight at that juncture of the play it was not possible to learn any more about it, the hero's early education or his mother's ancestry. They were all interesting points.

But the play had enough more to keep the audience in an uproar. One of these was the explosion of the gun factory, which was noisy, although its bad effects were scarcely noticeable. If they had happened in the third act, and not the second, the dreadful mortality which struck the play at the close of the third act might have been more readily explained. It looked as if the victims of the accident had been laid out for identification when the scene was first divulged. But it appeared later that the dreadful results of the battle of Gettysburg were on view. The scene had a doubly pathetic significance to the audience, as only a few scenes back; these same maimed and lifeless fellows had been there in the sight of the audience as merry jubilee singers and industrious factory hands. But this was no violation of the best realism, for war in its ravages is known to spare few. So what is more probable than that these once joyous singers and faithful laborers should fall simultaneously on a particular regiment of the battlefield. There was plenty of stirring action to interest the spectators in the progress of the story. That dwelt on the struggle between honesty and love on one side and villainy in various forms on the other. These more serious elements were seasoned with the grateful intervals of humor that are appreciated in this life even outside of melodrama. Frank Campbell, who wrote the play, had added to the close of every act an allegorical tableau which illustrated the position in which the Government of the Confederates happened to be. Columbia stood between the blue and gray as they were represented by two young women in tunics and tights. Their positions after every one of the five acts had some bearing on the characters who were revealed in the play.

MRS. WHITNEY MOVED.

She is Coming North on a Special Train—Her Condition Improved.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 18.—The Whitney party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Whitney, Miss Dorothy Whitney, Miss Randolph Sidney Page, Dr. and Mrs. Valentine Mott, and Dr. C. F. McGahan, left Aiken at noon to-day on a special train for New York. Mrs. Whitney was brought to the station on a mattress, which was put through a window of the car without disturbing her. She seemed cheerful, telling her friends she would be back next fall. She has the free use of her left arm and partial control of the right, which is a marked improvement. The train will run very slowly.

Amerigo Vespucci Sails for Philadelphia.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., April 18.—The Italian schoolship Amerigo Vespucci left for Philadelphia this evening. To-day was observed as a semi-holiday, being the anniversary of the discovery of America by her namesake. When the Italian boat came ten days ago, she was asked if she was to be an asylum for Señor Polo. Her Captain said no, but would be glad to receive any one aboard. Since then the ship has been visited by thousands. Fully 10,000 were aboard yesterday. So great was the press, many ladies fainted and several men fell overboard. Several thousand persons gathered to see her depart.

Dr. C. N. Hoagland's Illness.

Dr. C. N. Hoagland, the baking powder manufacturer, is seriously ill with heart trouble and other complications at his home, 410 Clinton avenue, Brooklyn. Dr. Hoagland left Brooklyn on Jan. 21 for an extended European trip. He was taken sick while on the journey up the Nile and returned to this country, arriving in Brooklyn on April 5, since which time he has been confined to his bed. It was said at the house last night that there had been no change for the better in Dr. Hoagland's condition.

DYNAMITE FACTORY BLOWS UP.

Three Thousand Pounds of the Explosive Destroyed Six Miles from Ottawa.

OTTAWA, April 18.—Three thousand pounds of dynamite exploded at midnight last night at the Ottawa Powder Company's factory, six miles from this city, blowing the factory and five other factory buildings to atoms. The explosion tore a hole in the earth twenty feet deep and o rty feet wide, and trees for hundreds of yards around were torn to pieces. Eight tons of dynamite were stored in a magazine several hundred yards away, but, being situated on soft ground, the concussion was not severe enough to cause it to explode.

The city was lighted up by the great flame of the explosion, and the crashing of thousands of windows could be heard all over the principal business streets of Ottawa, causing great destruction to store fronts. The company's superintendent said he believed the explosion was caused by tramps. Three men had called at his office and wanted a quart of nitro-glycerine or some dynamite, but it was not given them. He thinks these men broke into the factory to get nitro-glycerine and the explosion resulted.

This makes the third time the company's works have been blown up. No one was seriously injured, although many houses not far away were shattered. But their occupants escaped.

This morning the police found a bottle of nitro-glycerine on the Parliament grounds, near the west departmental block. There was enough of the explosive to wreck the whole block. Suspicious looking strangers have recently been noticed about the Parliament buildings. The police patrol will be doubled.

KILLED BY FALL OF TRUSSES.

Fatal Accident at the State Armory at Newburg—Two Lives Lost.

NEWBURG, N. Y., April 18.—Two men were killed and five badly injured, three of whom are likely to die, at the State Armory this afternoon. The dead are Henry F. May, married, a carpenter, of 364 Liberty street, this city, and Charles Samuels of 154 York street, Jersey City. The injured are William Doyle of New York, back broken, wrist broken, skull fractured, and cut about face and body; a Swede, supposed to be Joe Peno, arm broken, face and body cut, skull probably fractured, and yet unconscious; James McCarey, married, laborer, of 714 Broadway, this city, spine injured and crushed from hips down; Karl Anderson of 111 East 126th street, New York, scalp wounds and bruised and cut about the body; Robert W. McMahon, blacksmith, of 311 Ann street, this city, skull fractured, ribs broken, and otherwise injured. Doyle, McMahon, and Peno have slight chances of recovering.

The cause of the accident was the falling of iron girders placed on the walls of the armory to support the roof over the drill shed. The Legislature appropriated several thousands of dollars for a roof at its last session, and the contract for the work was given to Johnson & Co., general contractors of New York, who sublet the work of placing the trusses to the Berlin Bridge Company of Connecticut. Anderson, who is injured, was the foreman for the subcontractors, and W. W. Dunning was foreman for Johnson & Co.

Seven of the big iron trusses were resting on the side walls when the crash took place. As one went over all the rest followed like a row of bricks. All of the trusses fell to the floor but one, which rested on the side wall. The only support the trusses had is said to have been a guy rope about one inch thick.

TAMMANY SACHEMS TURNED OUT.

Thirteen Grand New Ones Put in and Nobody Says Why.

The annual election of officers of the Tammany Society, Columbian Order, was held last night in Tammany Hall. The result was a surprise to every one not in the confidence of the leaders. Not a sachem was reelected, and the only officer that succeeded in keeping his job was Peter F. Meyer, the treasurer, who is Mr. Croker's business partner. The following were chosen:

Sachems: John Whalen, John F. Carroll, Daniel F. McMahon, William Astor Chanler, John J. Scannell, Charles F. Murphy, Randolph Guggenheimer, Maurice Featherson, Asa Bird Gardiner, John Kelly, George C. Clausen, John Fox and Thomas J. Dunn.
Secretary, Thomas F. Smith.
Treasurer, Peter F. Meyer.
Sagamore, Dr. John T. Nagle.
Wiskinkie, John A. Boyle.

Thomas F. Smith, the new secretary, succeeds John B. McGoldrick, whom he succeeded recently as Clerk of the City Courts. Dr. Nagle succeeds ex-Coroner Dobbs. The new Wiskinkie used to be a handy man in the old Eighteenth Assembly district. He is now a clerk in the Register's office. The man that held the job before him was Daniel M. Donegan, who threw up the place in disgust during the Bryan campaign because the contributions came in too slowly. The Sachems who went out of office are Hugh J. Grant, Charles Weide, Nathan Straus, George B. McClellan, Chamberlain Patrick Keenan, County Clerk Sohmer, John C. Sheehan, ex-Senator Plunkitt, J. Sergeant Cram, William Sulzer, John H. Patrick, Henry D. Hotchkiss, and A. W. Peters. The new Sachems will meet next month to select a Grand Sachem. Thos. L. Feltner, who now holds the office, will probably succeed himself. It is said that there are "no gold men" on the new ticket.

CROKER SAILS ON SATURDAY.

Will Come Back if His Country Calls Him—Opinion of the Primary Law.

Richard Croker said yesterday that he would sail for Europe on Saturday on the Cunarder Campania whether war is declared in the meantime or not. He had important interests in England which demanded his personal attention. "If my services are required by my country or party I can return in sixty days," he said, "but if there is no especial call for me I shall probably remain abroad three months. I shall certainly be back in time to take part in the next State campaign."

Mr. Croker had nothing good to say about the new Primary law. "The purpose for which this law was passed," he said, "is to drive Senator Platt out of the leadership of the Republican party. I don't think it will succeed, however, in accomplishing that object."

Mr. Croker announced to the Democratic Club last night his intention to sail this week and received their compliments on the flourishing condition he left the club in.

Primary Enrollment Slow as Cold Molasses.

The primary enrollment under the new law showed, up to the close of business hours yesterday, only 149 registered voters in the Greater New York. Forty-nine of the sixty-three enrolled in the borough of Manhattan were Republican voters in the Twenty-seventh Assembly district, the same name in one town. Brooklyn was ahead with eighty-two. In Richmond only four were enrolled, and none in Queens or the Bronx. The election officials have heard that the Democratic enrollment will be pushed along after next Thursday. They are anxious to have it without delay, so that they may have time to register the voters.

Says That Hay Said McKinley Wouldn't Run Again.

CLEVELAND, O., April 18.—Capt. F. A. Kendall, who has just come back from Europe, had an extended interview in London with Col. John Hay, the American Ambassador. Col. Hay said that he did not think McKinley would seek another term in the White House. The tremendous strain under which the Chief Executive is now laboring was given as the reason for the Ambassador's belief. Col. Hay also said, according to Capt. Kendall, that he did not see how war with Spain could be averted.

Wanamaker Gets Bucks County.

DOYLESTOWN, April 18.—The Republicans of Bucks county met in convention in Lenape Hall, this borough, to-day, to elect delegates to the State Convention to be held at Harrisburg June 2. The attendance was the largest of recent years. The resolutions indorse the national and State administrations and the candidacy of John Wanamaker for Governor. B. Frank Gilkeson said that he was in favor of Mr. Wanamaker for Governor, and if his life was spared he would vote for him.

Smith Cox Supervisor of Hempstead.

Justice Maddox of the Supreme Court gave yesterday a decision against John H. Carl, who claimed to have been elected Supervisor of Hempstead, L. I. Smith Cox, Republican, had been declared elected by 12 votes. There were 48 defective ballots, and Carl claimed that they ought to be counted and that they would elect him. Justice Maddox said that only six of them should have been counted, leaving Cox still six ahead.

James W. Kearney Gets an Office.

James W. Kearney, President of a Democratic association in the Fifth ward, Brooklyn, which bears his name has been appointed an inspector of streets at a salary of $1,400 a year.

FREAKS OF THE FAKIRS.

LONG LADIES, AFTER SARGENT, DOMINATE THIS FINE-ART PICNIC.

A Girl Wins Five Dollars, Three Cents, and a Mince Pie for the Worst Attempt at Humor—The Trousers Mr. Sargent Put On Robert Louis Stevenson Are Not Spared.

The Society of American Fakirs is on the warpath. Not being obliged to wait for action by Congress, it has recognized the independence of the Art Students' League and has trained its batteries on the elect whose masterpieces are reposing in the seclusion and peaceful half light of the exhibition of the Society of American Artists.

"The Art League and Cuba—both libre," ought to be the motto of the Fakir exhibition. Weyler shares the brunt of battle with Sargent and Alexander, and from the moment one begins to climb the stairs toward the Fakir room the war spirit is in evidence. On the first stair landing one is confronted by the inscription, "Gen. Weyler After the Ball—His Beer," and beneath lies an effigy of Gen. Weyler, with candles burning in beer bottles at his head and feet. His feet are not mates and neither are his hands; for the casts for drawing classes were not selected with a view to effigies, but the effect is gruesome and startling. The musical programme is full of anti-Spanish jokes, and the catalogues, which have nothing to do with the pictures, have war squibs exploding among the harmless league witticisms which are Greek to outsiders.

The Fakirs always find plenty of inspiration for burlesque in the Associated Artists' pictures, but the story goes that when the S. A. A. exhibition opened this year the Fakirs simply chortled in their glee for there were a few pictures that would have stirred a sense of humor in a hickory log and that fairly courted caricature. Moreover, those very pictures were of great prominence, and the general public would study them enough to appreciate the fine points of the Fakir reproductions. One unlucky result of the situation is that there is less variety than usual in the Fakir work. Too many of the bright lights have used the same subject. Still, there is more real humor in this exhibition than in many of the earlier ones—more cleverness of idea and treatment and less horse play.

Some of the prominent Fakirs assert that the pictures are "subtle" this year, but that is denying it strong. Even yet, "subtlety" isn't the predominant characteristic of the work.

Sargent's portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Phelps Stokes has inspired a host of Fakirs, and, on every side preternaturally long young women in white duck and attenuated giants in flopping linen dusters look down upon the crowd. The Phelps Stokes es really ought to buy in that collection of caricatures, at the Fakir auction. It would be cheerful thing to have in the family. The "Shure" first prize was given to Lewis Buddy, Jr., for a "decomposition" of the Phelps Stokes portrait painted in distorted lankiness upon a convex sheet of zinc, and labelled "As In a Convex Glass."

After the Sargent portrait, John W. Alexander's "Pot of Basil" was the picture that had appealed to the greatest number of Fakirs, and they had had all sorts of fun with Mr. Alexander. A remarkably clever sketch of an east side Isabella with a beer can substitute for the pot of basil won the second prize for Miss Alice Sargent, and the third prize went to Miss Constance Curtis for a portrait drawn from Carroll Beckwith's belligerent "1806." A girl also captured the Milhau consolation prize, which consists of $5, 3 cents, and a mince pie, and is awarded for the poorest attempt at humor. Miss Milhau, the donor of the fund, gets the picture, but the source winner is obliged to eat the pie, and the $5 and 3 cents go to the doctor and coroner.

Alexander's "Yellow Girl" has been sadly misused by the Fakirs, and Lockwood's bowlegged "Master of Hounds" has been worked into "A Master of Dachshunds" with telling effect. Whistler and William Chase have suffered, too, and J. M. Flagg's caricature of the Chase "Portrait of Young Miss C." is the most successful poster effect in the exhibition.

The students were torn by conflicting emotions in regard to Sargent's portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson. The idea of any indignity to "the dear" filled the souls of Stevensonians with horror, and even the Philistines felt that, in that case, reverence was more suitable than mirth, and yet there were those impossible trousers absolutely pleading for notice, refusing to be ignored. Sentiment prevailed with most of the Fakirs and they stoically refused to be moved to crime; but one of their number weakly succumbed to temptation and "Robert Louis Stevenson, His Trousers," would be exceedingly funny if it weren't sacrilegious. There is a world of meaning in the fact that, in spite of the cleverness of the caricatures, almost every one who looks at the picture murmurs a protest. There are some men whom the world loves and whom even the Society of Fakirs must needs treat gently.

$100 OF DICK CANFIELD'S GONE.

Story About an Open Safe and Two Women and a Trustful Manager.

About 7:30 yesterday morning a man ran out of Dick Canfield's clubhouse at 22 West Twenty-sixth street and told Policeman Lezenbee of the West Thirtieth street station that he had been robbed of $100. He was Joseph Bruce, the manager of the place, and he charged Agnes Morton and Margaret Duffy with the theft.

According to Bruce's story, he met the two women early yesterday morning in the Tenderloin. They went to the clubhouse to get some money. Bruce went into the back room and opened the safe. Taking out two packages, which contained 1,200 one-dollar bills and 20 fifty-dollar bills, he gave them to the women to hold a moment.

When Bruce asked for the money again the two women replied that they hadn't it. A scuffle ensued and Bruce ran to the street and called in Lezenbee. With his aid the two packages were found behind the safe. There were only eighteen of the $50 bills, however. At the police station both women were searched and the money was not found. Bruce then withdrew his charge and the prisoners were let go.

COLER FREEZES CONTRACTORS.

Not a Cent for Them Until He Finds Out That the City Can Pay It.

Twelve contractors engaged on municipal work had a talk with Comptroller Coler yesterday about the contracts which were recently held up by the Finance Department pending the settlement of the question as to whether or not the city has exceeded its constitutional debt limit. The contractors were anxious to know if the city would pay them the money now due them, and whether, if they should continue work, there were any prospects of getting paid. Mr. Coler gave them very little encouragement. He said that not a dollar would be paid out for any public improvement until the exact financial condition of the city was known. He told the contractors that expert accountants were still at work on the statement he was preparing, and that as he was personally liable for any payments made on contracts entered into after the debt limit was passed, he did not propose to take any more risks. Several of the contractors talked about resorting to the courts to get their money.

MOVED TO ESCAPE HER LOVER.

He Shot Her When They Met and Then Shot Himself—He Will Die.

Louise Bohlinger gave up her boarding house at 12 Stuyvesant street and sold her effects by auction yesterday to escape the attentions of Alfred Leitzinger, a machinist out of work, who was one of her boarders. Leitzinger, who was away during the auction, set out to look for her on learning on his return that she had moved. Meeting her in Henry Schoen's restaurant at 409½ Third avenue, he drew a revolver and fired at her. Without waiting to see the effect of the bullet he shot himself in the breast. At Bellevue Hospital, to which both were taken, it is thought that he will die. The woman, whose wound, which is in the shoulder, is superficial, went away after it had been dressed.

Ran Away to Enlist and Was Killed.

SHARON, Pa., April 18.—Lee Misner, aged 13 years, the son of L. C. Misner, a wealthy stock dealer, ran away from school to enlist in the navy at Pittsburg. To-day word was received that he had been killed while stealing a ride on a train at Elwood City, near Pittsburg.

Brooklyn's Mounted Police Inspected.

The four mounted police squads in Brooklyn had a two-hours' drill on the parade ground in Prospect Park yesterday. Chief McCullagh expressed himself as highly pleased with the efficiency displayed by the men. At the close of the drill there was an inspection of equipments.

Syracuse Journal Sold for $8,650.

SYRACUSE, April 18.—At receiver's sale today the Syracuse *Journal* was bought by Harvey D. Burrill, its city editor, acting, it is believed, for other parties, for $8,650. Carroll E. Smith, the veteran editor of the paper, resigned his editorial position to-day. His son, Charles C. Smith, retired at the same time from the editorial management.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The late William Barry was always a popular favorite in Brooklyn and his earlier history was connected with that city. Along with Hyde & Behman and Hugh Fay he occupied in a measure the same place that was once filled here by Harrigan & Hart, with the necessary allowance for the difference in the size of the two cities. Col. Sinn, now a Brooklyn manager, was one of the first to engage Barry, when, as a young man, the latter was singing and dancing in the South. The friendship between Barry and Behman continued for a long time, but was broken finally by some trivial dispute which led Barry to withdraw from the local company, which in those days prospered at the theatre. After his first appearance in Brooklyn, Behman asked Barry to remain with his company, but the actor, who was intimate at that time with Harry Kernell, preferred to try his luck as a star. Behman told him that he could return whenever he wanted to, and the two stars set out together on a career that was not destined to continue long. A few days after this conversation Mr. Behman received the telegram, "Stranded; send $100," and it was in New Haven that the company had come to grief. The manager went to New Haven instead of sending the money and took the actors out of town. Barry went back to Brooklyn and remained a member of the vaudeville stock company for some time. During many years of his career Barry made large profits, which are said to have reached 800,000 during one season; but like some of his professional associates, he was not prudent, and it is said that he left little behind him. The number of actors who seem to be earning large salaries and the number that die and leave nothing behind them as an evidence of having done so may well incline one to doubt the truth of the stories concerning actors' pay.

Anybody who put faith in the story that the Sunday after Easter brings to Fifth avenue a more exclusive parade than that which flocks to the avenue on Easter Sunday must have been disillusionized by the sight there last Sunday. The week before there was at least a crowd on the sidewalks to attract some attention from the bicyclists, but last Sunday the street was wholly given over to the wheelmen. The sidewalks contained only a small and shy company of promenaders who were no more impressive from a social point than those of the previous Sunday and not nearly so spectacular. They hurried along in a way which showed that business, not pleasure, was their mission, and there was not more than fifteen minutes in which the street presented any suggestion of the customary Sunday parade. That has now come to an end until next November. The persons who were accustomed to appear there are still in the city and probably will be for some time to come; but they will not be seen on Fifth avenue on Sundays any more this spring. One warm Sunday brings out a crowd and the next suddenly terminates the season. That is the yearly experience, and it varies only in the time of the year in which it happens. It may take place at the beginning of April or the middle of May; but the result is quick and decisive. In the same way the Sunday promenade season in Fifth avenue opens completely in the autumn with little or no preliminary warning. One Sunday morning in late November may find the street deserted and by the next it is crowded. That is the final evidence of the fact that the church parade has begun to move and will keep on moving until the spring.

Patriotism in connection with amusement has recently been aroused in various ways, and about every theatre in town has done something to take advantage of the public mood, whatever the effect may be on the performance generally. The little outburst, of course, is generally enough to compensate for the damage to the artistic features of a performance. Several weeks ago the obviously artificial nature of these episodes kept the public rather lukewarm, but it has been more enthusiastic lately, and it takes very slight provocation to arouse a stirring demonstration. There was ample evidence of this in the attitude of the persons gathered in the corridors of the largest hotel in New York on Sunday night. The halls were crowded, and so were the dining rooms when three "lady cornetists" started to play "The Star-Spangled Banner." There was no mistaking what they were playing, for the power of even one lady cornetist is well known by persons who have suffered from the efforts of these instrumentalists in music halls. The force of three of them in a hotel corridor can easily be imagined. If they had played the customary sentimental and pathetic repertoire of the lady cornetist, the guests of the hotel would probably have fled to their rooms. But they selected "The Star-Spangled Banner," and that set the enthusiasm loose. They were compelled to repeat the music many times.

Though Ada Rehan has acted constantly in New York for almost twenty years, there are probably few actresses of local celebrity so little known by sight. She is rarely seen on the street, was never known to take part in any of the entertainments organized by the women of her profession and is usually to be seen only on the stage. Miss Rehan is now entirely gray-haired, and few who saw her would realize that she is an actress who at present plays young women's rôles from time to time. Dust has one gray lock, of which she is said to be very proud, but Ada Rehan's hair is entirely gray and has been so for four years. It was during her visits to Europe that she became gray and her hair has grown steadily whiter since that time. She lives in a quiet neighborhood on the upper west side, and thither she is driven after the close of every performance. Her mother, who is very old, is living still in Brooklyn, and not long ago had a family gathering at her home, which included many actors well known on the stage. Oliver Doud Byron and his wife, who was Ada Rehan's sister, young Arthur Byron of John Drew's company, who is her nephew, Hattie Russell, and other relatives were present to celebrate the mother's birthday. It is said that Miss Rehan, in spite of long work, is not rich to-day. She has received probably the highest salary paid to an actress in any regular company for many years, but unfortunate business speculations are said to have made away with much of it.

During Li Hung Chang's visit to this country he met a young man who probably interested him as a specimen of the characteristics thought to be typical of Americanism. This young fellow had assurance enough to find his way into Li's presence with no greater right to that privilege than the desire to sell the diplomat some cigarettes of a brand which the American was engaged in "booming" at that time. The audacity of the business probably amused Li, and in addition to buying some of his cigarettes he invited the unabashed New Yorker to visit him in China, and there was some implication in his manner of a possible advantage to him from such a visit. It was only a few months ago that it became possible for the young man to accept the invitation, and he went to China to obtain certain concessions in behalf of the company which he represented here. He never got them, for the troubled condition of affairs in China prevented him from transacting business of any kind. But he brought back marvellous stories of the hospitality of Li, who had been quite as courteous to him as he had ever intimated that he would be, and treated him with an attention that was remarkable in view of the slight claim which the American had on him. Other Americans returning from China have had the same story to tell, and it is evident that there will never be any serious grounds for complaint against the Chinese that have been said to exist against the English. One hears to-day fewer stories of the Londoners who are entertained hospitably at New York clubs and houses who have very slight recollection of such matters when they are on their native heaths and the Americans are visitors. But these stories were told very frequently several years ago. They may have been discontinued because Englishmen have reformed or Americans have learned to expect anything from them when they go to London.

A Wall street broker added this reminiscence of the last war to several improbable stories that were told in a downtown office:

"Shortly after the first battle of Bull Run," he said, "I walked up Broadway and stopped at the saloon which was then running in the building once occupied by Phil Hone at the corner of Great Jones street and Broadway. The barroom was crowded with a miscellaneous lot of people, each one trying to outtalk some one else, and conspicuous in the crowd was a soldier in uniform who had been in the battle and evidently hadn't stopped retreating until he reached New York. His theme was his own valor, and he wasn't modest in his treatment of it. From his talk he had killed scores of the enemy, and if all of the other soldiers had been as brave the result would have been different. The crowd listened after he had once attracted their attention. A slight chap—perhaps he might have been 18 or 19 years old—worked his way up to the bar and offered to sell some parched corn to the bartender. The soldier had just finished a story of his own daring, and when he caught sight of the corn vender he drew himself up and said pompously:

"'Young man, you should be ashamed of selling corn in these times. Don't you know that every man owes it to his Government to go to the front!

"'Please, sir,' said the boy, who was evidently abashed at the rebuke, 'it isn't my fault, sir. I did want to be a soldier, sir. I went to the recruiting office, and when the doctor examined me he said that my heart was weak, and that I would not be accepted because I couldn't run.'

"The unconscious patness of the boy's reply struck the crowd, and a laugh went up that made the glasses behind the bar rattle. The boaster made his escape, and the corn vender, who didn't see the joke, hurried out after him."

PAPER LADIES MOVED ON.

DESCANT OF THE CORCORAN, DEAN OF THE PARK ROW SORORIS.

Cops Meddle with Her Who Owns Real Estate and Pays Taxes and Could Pay for a Bushel of Cops—Trouble So Dire That the Shea Feud Is Forgot and the Ladies Swap Condolences.

"Is this the United States of Amerriky I'm into or is it not? E-victed? Wirroo! It puts me in mind of the Ould Sod. E-victed, like me own grandfyther was out of his bit of a shanty wid all his family afther him, barrin' only the pig, the which had been sold to pay the rint. An' here is me, a lady what owns rale estate property an' pays taxes onto it, put out of the place where I've sold me papes this manny a year, me an' my dahter, an' Mrs. Shea wid us, ahl done that suddint that you cudn't get yer breath t' ask fer why. Divvle admire me! I'd as soon be a Cubeb an' live in Cuba!"

Thus, between the sale of many evening "papes," spake yesterday Mrs. Corcoran, dean of the faculty of Park row sidewalk news sellers, and there was wrath and sorrow in her tones. She stood on the extreme edge of the curb opposite the little open space at the foot of the covered side stairway to the Brooklyn Bridge, where aforetime her big clothes basket of papers stood guarded by herself and her daughter and flanked by Mrs. Shea's big clothes basket of papers guarded by Mrs. Shea and her daughter. They will stand there no more, for the police have banished the whole outfit. Hence the wail of the Corcoran.

"Once before they was at me, a fresh young cop, with the polish on his buttons hardly dry."

"'Move on, says he. 'Yo'll have to move on,' says he.

"'Will I so!' says I. 'I was here before you was born,' says I; 'an' I hope to be here after yer dead,' I says. 'G'wan now, before I putt the black curse onto ye. I'm a taxpayer, I am, an' I cud buy an' sell the likes of you in bushel baskets,' I says.

"'Nothin' kem of that, but I gets a tip of a Sat'day night to move the baskets, so the baskets goes. Along about 1 o'clock to-day there comes one of the big cops, a felly that I know, an' a decent man, an' says he:

"'Yo'll have to move out, Mrs. Corcoran. I'm sorry fer it,' says he, 'but them's the orders, an' you and Mrs. Shea has got to go.'

"Well, I was that flustered that I turned around to Mrs. Shea an' I says, 'Did you ever hear the likes of thatr' an' she was that parrylized that she turned around to me, an' says, 'Did ye ever hear the likes of that?' she says to me. An' before we knew it we was across the sidewalk an' doin' business within ten foot of the ould place with a line of three cops gyardin' it fer fear we'd be back. 'Twas an e-viction. That's what it was, an e-viction, like as if it was in ould Ireland. An' the Stars an' stripes flyin' all the time over on Cityall, the more shame to it.

"'Busybodies, busybodies! 'Twas them as done it. Them bridge fellies. 'Twas them tried to put us off before, an' wud have done it barrin' 'twas not bridge property we was sellin' onto. Then they puts in a complaint to the reg'lar po-lice to chase us away. An' that's what it was. Busybodies, busybodies! There was a while that the cops was busy somewhere else, an' I got edgin' over across to the place kind of unbeknownst to myself, whin up steps a felly with yaller whiskers an' begins movin' his hands at me most insultin'.

"'Scutt,' he says, or words to them effects.

"'Wud ye say that agin,' says I, very politelike, for I wanted time to di-gest it.

"'Scutt,' says he repitishously, wavin' his hands likewise.

"'Twas his own divil's luck that I had my han's full of papes. Business is business, but I was very nigh to droppin' me papes on the ground an' settlin' it then and there. But I only looked at him contemptuous an' I says:

"'I'm a lady,' I says, 'an' I pay taxes, an' I want to be treated as such,' I says. 'As fer bein' insulted,' I says, 'by annything like the likes of you,' I says, 'don't try it on'n,' I says, 'for if I get twisted up in them yaller whiskers,' I says, 'you won't never get me untwisted while there's one ot 'em left on yer smirkin' face,' I says.

"With that he called a cop an' I wint back with dignity. 'Twas not an hour after whin a little divvle of a kid slap right in me ould place sellin' his papes, an' the sight was like to have killed me, but the big cop come up an' kicked the kid clann out into the gutter. That was some satisfaction. But, sorr, the day they cahl this a free country. What good is them Stars an' Stripes on the Cityall an' everybody yellin' fer free Cuba when a lady that owns real estate property an' pays taxes onto it gits e-victed out of her honest livin' an' the place she's made it in. Sorra a bit, sorr, do you say so, Mrs. Shea? I'd sell me property an' go to Klondike. Here y'are! Ahl the extra!!"

THOMAS C. FELTON KILLS HIMSELF,

Son of a Former Harvard President Commits Suicide in a Hospital.

BOSTON, Mass., April 18.—Thomas Carey Felton of New York city, a son of the late Cornelius Felton, formerly President of Harvard University, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head in a private room of the Massachusetts General Hospital on April 13. He was 43 years old, and for several weeks had been undergoing a course of treatment at the hospital for a complication of diseases. He had attendants day and night, but procured a revolver by some means unknown and killed himself while the attendant was absent from the room for a moment. The death return to the Board of Health reads:

April 13, Thomas Carey Felton, died at Massachusetts General Hospital from organic disease of brain, cirrhosis of liver, &c., laceration of brain, and shock to nerves.

The record also says that Mr. Felton was the son of Cornelius C. and Mary Carey Felton, and was born in New York. The hospital authorities took measures to keep the facts from the public and succeeded until the death certificate was filed to-day by the undertaker. Cornelius Conway Felton, father of the suicide, died in 1862. He was university professor of Greek, Eliot professor of Greek literature at Harvard, and President of the university from 1860 to the time of his death.

POISONED HIMSELF WITH OPIUM.

Fell Unconscious After Telling a Policeman He Was from Ohio.

A young man staggered up to Policeman Markham of the West 152d street station at 155th street and Eighth avenue yesterday afternoon and said: "I'm George Towns of Zenia, O."

Before the policeman had time to answer he fell to the ground unconscious. He was removed in an ambulance to Manhattan Hospital. There it was said that he was suffering from opium poisoning. No money or papers were found in his pockets. The police believe that the man took the opium with the intention of killing himself. At a late hour last night he was still unconscious, and the doctors think that he will die.

Grand Union Hotel Suicide Identified.

The woman who killed herself with carbolic acid in the Grand Union Hotel last Saturday night was identified yesterday at the Morgue as Julia Sullivan of 423 West Forty-eighth street by her husband, Daniel Sullivan, a saloon keeper. The husband said that his wife, who was 55 years old, had lately showed signs of mental trouble. She left home on Saturday, saying she was going to call on friends. The dead woman registered at the hotel as "Mrs. Schurin of Newark, N. J."

Suicide at the Age of 70.

Mrs. Mary S. Wayt, 70 years old, committed suicide on Sunday night at her boarding house, 403 Macon street, Brooklyn, by inhaling gas through a rubber tube. One end of the tube was still grasped in her hand when she was found dead yesterday morning. She had been living apart from her husband, and her troubles, it is believed, led her to commit suicide.

Hanged Himself in a Barn.

Edward Sumborg of 674 East 161st street committed suicide yesterday by hanging himself to a rafter in a barn at 165th street and Fleetwood avenue. He had been drinking heavily of late.

Chisholm—Johnson.

Miss Edith Seymour Johnson and Edward de Clifford Chisholm were married yesterday afternoon at the bride's home, 11 East Sixty-third street. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Fisher Johnson and a granddaughter of the late David L. Seymour. The bridegroom is a son of the late Judge Chisholm of Savannah, Ga. The Rev. J. Wesley Brown, rector of St. Thomas's Church, officiated, and the bride was given away by her father. Miss Sara Louise Patterson of Troy, the cousin of the bride, attended her as maid of honor. Walter Scott Chisholm of Savannah, Ga., was his brother's best man. There were no bridesmaids or ushers. Only relatives and intimate friends were present at the ceremony, which was followed by a large general reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm will sail for Europe on April 28. They will travel for several months before returning to New York.

Shot Dead in a Courtroom.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., April 18.—Thomas Rowsey shot and killed Albert Kiser in the Court House at Danville, Ky., at noon to-day in the presence of a great crowd. They were neighbors, and had quarrelled in the courtroom. Kiser was killed without warning.

TO RED CROSS VOLUNTEERS.

Dr. George E. Shrady Delivers an Address on the Work They Have to Perform.

The young women who have volunteered for the Red Cross relief work in Cuba met at the Red Cross Hospital in West 100th street yesterday afternoon to hear Dr. George F. Shr