NEW THEATRICAL MATTER.

JULIA ARTHUR'S FIRST TIME IN "PYGMALION AND GALATEA."

Isabelle Evesson in "Winifred's Husband," a New Farce, and Jennie Satterlee in Another, Called "Who's Safe?"—A Burlesque of the Moore Trial Was Dull.

Julia Arthur reached her highest point of excellence in her first performance of the graven woman in "Pygmalion and Galatea" at Wallack's Theatre last night in the last scene of that whimsical comedy. It was then, when the vivified statue was about to return voluntarily to stone, to give up the miraculous life which had brought misery to all she encountered, that the actress struck a chord of pitiful tenderness. Her farewell to the sculptor and her own mortal self was a feeling utterance, with a peculiar charm of unaffected sincerity. Not nearly all of Miss Arthur's portrayal can be praised so much. She was not satisfactory to the eye. Her beauty is not statuesque. It is that of flesh and blood warmth. Much of it was lost in the whiteness of marble, as she was disclosed on her pedestal, and little of it was regained when, with a faint pink in her face and arms, and a pale yellow in her hair, she stepped forth as a living woman. She did not when posed present classical outlines. Her stature was too short to produce the right effect, and her draperies were too voluminous. Nor was she sufficiently graceful in attitudes or movements throughout the play. Of course we may never again have a Mary Anderson to entrance our eyes in the guise of *Galatea*, and to delight our ears with the naive speech of the singular creature of the old fable as worded by Gilbert. It would be harsh and unreasonable to measure Miss Arthur by such a standard and condemn her because she fell below it. So has every other actress who has essayed the rôle since Miss Anderson applied her wonderful gifts to its illustration. Miss Arthur's essay had a respectable result. She neither failed nor succeeded positively. It was a middling achievement. She need not be ashamed of it nor very proud. It was in "Mercedes," that tragedy of a wronged girl's dreadful vengeance, that she demonstrated again her fitness for emotional parts with unidealized human nature in them. That Spanish drama, in the English version by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, filled out the last half of the evening admirably, so far as Miss Arthur was concerned in its representation. She here repeated her former triumph. None of her companions was to be commended without reserve in either piece.

The new short play that brought Jennie Satterlee to continuous vaudeville at Pastor's last night was interesting because of the suppositions with which its author started. He had the husband of a jealous wife newly established in his own business office. Desk, chairs, typewriter, and letter press were a conventional equipment, but the establishment's safe was many sizes larger than those that usually hold papers and gems in dramas, and over the door were three red electric light bulbs. The latter were so arranged that they were lit automatically whenever any one approached the office door from the outside. Their purpose was to announce to the husband his wife's coming. The safe was not so much to secure valuables as to hide the typewriter operator. She was fair and plump—altogether too pleasing in appearance to deserve such snuffing, but she was locked in. The lights had signalled the office boy's entrance several times, but there came a flash from them that recalled home to the husband. So the operator was hustled into the safe and told that only thus could she be saved from an insane woman. The wife's call lasted two minutes, in which her jealousy was so aroused that she planned to return disguised. It was as an Irish janitress that she viewed her husband flirting with his plump employee after the latter had been released. When the wife seemed about ready to break out angrily, the red lights signalled to the husband an important customer. So both women were hidden in the safe. The approaching person was the office boy on a trifling errand, but the spell of imprisonment had been long enough to complete the wife's revenge. She issued mints her disguising wig, and her culminate was in tatters, with her hair streaming down her back. In appearing as the janitress, the wife's silks gave way to calico, and there was shift to another color of hair. That was as thorough a disguise as usually accompanies such changes in farce, but the actress gave no hint that the Irish woman was not another person. She was so much more at home with rich brogue and violence that she made a dual rôle of it, and confused while she amused her hearers. C. W. Turner was the author of the piece. "Who's Safe?" was his title. It passed the Pastor's muster easily.

A capital new farce was the medium for Isabelle Evesson's appearance at Proctor's Theatre yesterday. She played the part of a minor whose ample legacy was controlled by a crusty guardian. He would not permit her to spend the money. Her maid told her to pretend that she had a husband and thus secure control of her fortune. The man chosen for this purpose was the first one to appear, a cheeky collector of names for a directory and a solicitor for subscriptions. Thus the guardian's desired signature was secured. Then the counterfeit husband refused to resume his own clothing and get out. An offer to double his pay did not move him. When threatened with force he replied that if a policeman were summoned he would declare himself master of the house. He was at length downed by a chance proof that he was a rascal looked for by the police. Before the curtain dropped the return to America of the ward's sweetheart was announced, with indications that the play's title, "Winifred's Husband," would fit the case truthfully. The maid and the guardian were minor characters, and most of the comicality fell to the canvasser. His brazen impudence was like that of the book agent as played formerly by Charles Evans. In an encounter with the maidservant his cheek won him kisses, which the girl, as in all farces, failed to resent. His attire for a formal dinner included a négligé shirt and a bathrobe, a get-up that was matched by his manners. At the height of his triumph he made his pretended wife attend to his small needs, though she wanted to throw in his face the dishes she served to him. To his boorishness Miss Evesson was in fine contrast. She seemed quite the wealthy fashionable belle that the play made her out to be, which is something rarely accomplished by vaudeville folk who strive to imitate swells. She wore two handsome gowns of the latest mode. John Saunders, the make-believe husband, seemed a bit nervous with his fun. Perhaps that was because he was the author who was on trial.

When the editors of *Life* gave a vaudeville show and the songs and conduct of some notorious women on the stage were so indecent that ladies quit the hall and gentlemen hissed it was satirically remarked that diversion would have condoned the offence. The shameful exploits were utterly devoid of cleverness. Something similar happened at Sam Jack's Theatre yesterday afternoon, when "The Badger Trial" was performed for the first time. The kind of audiences that assemble there couldn't be driven out by anything that women could do in living pictures, undressing acts, cootchie-coochie dancing or infamous ballads. The programme was as atrocious as ever in all those respects. The men present—no women were there except on the stage—seemed bored generally. Probably they had seen Mr. Jack's awful degradation of women too many times to be either shocked or pleased by it. They had come to be freshly entertained by an advertised burlesque of the trial of the Moore case. That was at the end of the bill. When the curtain went up for it they roused themselves from the lethargy into which they had sunk and stretched up expectantly. The piece was like one of those police court sketches that used to be regarded as funny in the days of negro minstrelsy. There was a judge who struck the lawyers with a blown-up rubber bag on a stick, a caricature of a policeman who chewed his Irish brogue, and lawyers who banged each other with books. It did not seem possible that anybody had ever laughed at such inane foolery. Nobody did on this occasion. But there was a revival of interest when twelve women in tights entered as the jury, and again when a lot more, in skirts that displayed high and manners that sagged low, filled the spectators' seats. But expectation was quickly discouraged. Actors without a grain of comic ability figured as the witnesses and what they said was so witless, so disappointing in raciness, that the bored men soon began to go out. By the time the short farce was over it had lost half its audience. It was like *Life's* notorious matinée, intolerably dull, besides being nasty.

Mr. and Mrs. Almeric Paget's Dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Almeric Paget of 11 East Sixty-first street have cards out for a dance which they will give on Friday night, Dec. 23, in honor of Payne Whitney. Mrs. Paget gave a similar affair last year for her brother during the holidays. During the cotillion favors appropriate to the season and others suggestive of college sports will be given out. Payne Whitney will be one of the ushers to-morrow at the Livermore-Brooks wedding.

ROGERS, THE MEDIUM, IN THE TOMBS.

Seer Who Married Mrs. Beach Caught at His First Wife's Second Husband's Home.

Henry Richardson Rogers, the "spirit medium," who conducted séances three years ago at 230 West Fifty-second street, and who, after being arrested on two charges—gaining money by fraud and assaulting Detective Browne with a hatchet—secured bail and fled to Europe, is now in the Tombs. He was arrested on Saturday night at 303 Hudson street, Hoboken, by Detective Sergeant Browne, with the assistance of Detective Weinthal of Hoboken, on a bench warrant. He was arraigned before Recorder Stanton in Hoboken yesterday. Simon Forst of 177 West Ninety-third street, Rogers's bondsman, appeared, and the prisoner, who, under the New Jersey law, cannot waive extradition proceedings, was discharged. He then came voluntarily with the detective and his bondsman to New York, where he was arrested. He was arraigned in the Supreme Court and remanded to the Tombs for trial.

Rogers was arrested at the home in Hoboken of Senator William Cauldwell of New York, whose present wife was Rogers's first wife. Rogers's second wife is the widow of Alfred C. Beach, editor of the *Scientific American*. Mrs. Beach was twice confined in insane asylums. She is said to be a monomaniac on the subject of spiritualism. Her husband died in January, 1893, leaving an estate valued at $225,000. She went abroad, and was soon followed by Rogers, who, her sons alleged, was seeking to defraud her of her property by questionable practices. Mrs. Beach and the medium travelled about Europe together, and on Jan. 20, 1896, were married at the Presbyterian Mission at Alexandria, Egypt. A few months later proceedings were begun in the Supreme Court by the Beach children to have a committee of her person appointed. This proceeding has been successful. Mrs. Rogers is 68 years old. Rogers is 53.

Just before the death of Mr. Beach, Rogers, his first wife, and a woman by the name of Chadwick were conducting séances. Detectives Browne and Foye and a newspaper reporter attended a séance. At a given signal Foye caught the "spirit" in his arms, the reporter turned on the gas, and Browne jumped for the cabinet where Rogers was in a "trance." Rogers attacked Browne with a hatchet, and was downed by the reporter. The "spirit" proved to be Mrs. Mathilda Chadwick. She made a full confession. Rogers was committed in $500 bail on the charge of getting money by trick and in $1,000 for assaulting the detective. Simon Forst became his bondsman.

While Rogers was in Europe with Mrs. Beach his wife, Mary Eleanor Rogers, brought a suit for divorce, and named a girl under age, Mary Edith Lewis, as co-respondent. The divorce was granted. Both the first Mrs Rogers and the Lewis girl, it is alleged, have been visitors at the house in Hoboken where Rogers was arrested.

THE PROSPECT PLACE FIRE.

Mrs. Tyler Says She Was Robbed of $600 Worth of Jewelry and $130 in Cash.

Fire Marshal Alonzo Brymer began an investigation yesterday of the fire in the five-story compressed brick flathouse at 134 Prospect place, Brooklyn, on Sunday night, in which four lives were lost. Deputy Fire Chief Dale is positive that the fire originated in the cellar, and said that when the firemen reached the house all the gas meters had been burned out. His opinion was that the overheated furnace had set fire to the woodwork in the cellar, and that the fire had obtained a good headway before it was discovered.

Mrs. Benjamin F. Tyler, who lives on the first floor of 132 Prospect place, reported to the police of the Sixth avenue station yesterday that a chamois bag containing $600 worth of jewelry and $130 in cash had been stolen from under the pillow of her bed. She said that when the fire started in 134 she and her husband, who is the President of the Bankers and Brokers' Messenger Company at 48 New street, ran out of the building. The fire insurance patrol arrived at this time, and the men ran into her apartments and began to cover the furniture with tarpaulins. Mrs. Tyler said she was sure no one entered her apartments but the men of the fire patrol. The police are investigating the alleged robbery.

The body of Thomas H. Wynne, the young man who was killed by falling down the airshaft while trying to rescue the Noblit family, was removed from the Sixth avenue police station to his father's house at 620 Carlton avenue, yesterday. Young Wynne served the neighbors with newspapers and was quite a favorite. He was a nephew of the late James D. Naughton, who was the architect of the Board of Education. Young Wynne's father is janitor of Public School No. 6 at Warren and Smith streets.

The bodies of Joseph W. Noblit, his wife Nellie, and his wife's mother, Mrs. Stothorn, were removed from the Sixth avenue police station to Farrell's undertaking establishment in Third avenue yesterday morning. The bodies will be taken to Wenonah, N. J., where Noblit's parents live. Mr. Noblit was 28 years old and was a salesman in the employ of James Thompson & Co., commission merchants, at 12 White street. It is said his father is a wealthy man. One of the tenants said that Mr. Noblit had expressed a wish to visit some friends in this city on Sunday night, but, as his wife was ill and could not accompany him, he remained at home. Mr. Noblit's body was found at the window, near the airshaft, and on the floor near him was the body of his wife. The body of Mrs. Stothorn was in the kitchen.

PERRY YARRINGTON IN TROUBLE.

Surrendered in Boston to New York Authorities on a Charge of Fraud.

BOSTON, Dec. 12.—Gov. Wolcott signed a requisition this morning from the Governor of New York for Perry Yarrington, detained in Charles Street Jail on a charge of grand larceny in the second degree. It is charged that he victimized New York city people by selling patent rights of no value. He was turned over to the custody of Officer Robert McNaught to-day. H. L. Stevens of New York, who lost $1,000 through Yarrington's operations, was the chief witness. He says Yarrington had an office at 120 Liberty street, New York, and said he had a machine which would generate hydrocarbon gas at a cost of 10 cents a thousand feet. He said he used zinc, sulphuric acid, water and crude oil. A gas produced by these elements by the machine really cost about $5 a thousand feet.

When he was showing his machine Yarrington, so Stevens says, exhibited what he asserted was crude oil, but which was really mostly gasoline. Into this he dropped some unknown chemical which he kept concealed in a phial in his vest pocket. Stevens bought a county right for $1,000. He says there are 1,000 of the machines stored in Boston, for which some man paid $10,000.

MAN KILLED BY AN ICE WAGON.

Driver Says Electric Car Hit Him First and the Motorman Is Also Arrested.

A man about 35 years old, who from papers found in his possession is supposed to be Patrick McKellan, a laborer employed by the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, was run over and killed yesterday while attempting to cross Madison avenue at Forty-ninth street. He got wedged in between an ice wagon and a north-bound Madison avenue electric car, and in some way was knocked down, the rear wheel of the ice wagon fracturing his skull.

Frederick Kaiser of 512 East Sixteenth street, the driver, and Timothy O'Donnell of 1848 Second avenue, the motorman, were arrested and arraigned before Coroner Fitzpatrick. Kaiser said that the car struck the man and pitched him under the ice wagon. O'Donnell was positive that his car did not touch the man, and he told the Coroner that Kaiser was driving fast and was entirely to blame for the accident. The Coroner paroled both men in the custody of their counsel pending the inquest, which will be held on Friday.

RAMMED BY A SPANISH STEAMER.

An American Schooner from Baracoa, Cuba, Gets Here Needing Repairs.

The little American schooner Willie A. McKay, in yesterday from Baracoa, Cuba, is the first sailing craft that has arrived here from the northeast coast of the island for several months. She intended to get here earlier, but couldn't because the Spanish steamship Reina de los Angelos rammed her on Nov. 10 while she was at anchor and made a rent in her port side to the water's edge. She made temporary repairs and sailed. She will be completely repaired here.

Mr. Nelson J. Gates Gets a Cane.

Mr. Nelson J. Gates, who was long a School Commissioner in Brooklyn and served for ten years as Chairman of the Local Committee of the Girls' High School, was the recipient yesterday of a handsome cane studded on the top with twenty-seven small diamonds presented by Principal Patterson and the teachers of the High school in appreciation of his devotion to the interests of the school. The presentation was made in the big assembly room, and was witnessed by the 2,000 pupils, with whom Mr. Gates is a great favorite.

QUEER BOX FOR A LAWYER

TO HAVE TO CROSS-EXAMINE THE WIFE OF HIS BIGAMOUS BOSOM.

Hallen, on Trial for Forgery, Confronted by the Woman He Married Under the Name of Hayne, Who Says He Robbed Her—Was He Also Don Jose de Herrera?

The taking of testimony was begun yesterday in the trial of Lawyer James D. Hallen in the General Sessions. Hallen is accused of having in 1892 defrauded Florence Cauldwell of $10,000 by giving her a forged mortgage. The feature of the case yesterday was the calling of a woman who declares that she was married to Hallen in Melbourne, Fla., in 1893, while he still had a living wife. He married her, she asserts, under the name of Julian D. Hayne, and called himself a rich coffee merchant of Honolulu. She was the widow of an Osage, Ia., bank President named Brush. They went to Hawaii in February, 1895, and lived there in luxury for some time. During that time Hayne borrowed $25,000 of her to invest in rice lands. According to her story, they finally came to this city, where Hayne left her to go West. That was the last she saw of him until she found him here after his arrest. She was asked in court yesterday if she identified the defendant as Hayne. Hallen, who is his own counsel, sprang to his feet, shouting, "I object!" but the witness had answered "Yes," before she could be stopped. Under a storm of objections it was brought out that she was familiar with Hayne's handwriting. She was not allowed to tell what her relations with him had been.

"Did you know this defendant in Florida, and under what name?" asked Mr. Osborne.

"John D. Hayne, in 1893, at Melbourne, Fla."

"Have you often seen him write?"

"Yes, in Melbourne, in Honolulu, and in whatever place we happened to be. He edited a magazine at Honolulu."

"I move to strike that out. He (Hayne) is a very versatile gentleman. I do not wish to be bound up with him entirely," interrupted the defendant.

The mortgage was shown to the witness and after a long examination of it she said the writing was that of Hallen.

At the cross-examination by Hallen the mortgage was again handed to her. "Do you know the handwriting in the body of that document?" he asked.

Mrs. Hayne held the instrument for a long time without answering, examining it all the time. "I insist upon an answer," said Hallen. Even Judge McMahon got tired of waiting for an answer. "If you don't answer that question," he said, "the counsel will have a right to have all the evidence you have given stricken out."

"Oh, she is nervous," put in Prosecutor Osborne.

"I object," shouted Hallen. "This is a matter of great importance to me and I ask that the witness be allowed to answer without coaching."

"I do recognize in that handwriting something like Hayne's," she said, finally.

"Whose is it?" asked Hallen. "Yours?"

He handed the witness more exhibits and asked in whose handwriting they were. After another long wait she said she did not know.

"Are you Mrs. Hayne?" he asked.

"Have you forgotten my name?" retorted the witness.

"No, I am not ill," said the lawyer. "Why did you hesitate so long about answering the question about the handwriting on the mortgage?"

"Because I am not sure about the writing. I said Mr. Hayne's, but I cannot be positive. It may or may not be."

Then Hallen asked her if she had ever been in a sanitarium in Chicago and she said she had.

"Was the trouble mental?" he asked.

"No, sir," she answered promptly.

"Were you ever accused of being crazy?"

"If I ever was it is news to me."

Paying Teller Bogart of the Gallatin National Bank and D. N. Carvalho testified that the signature on the mortgage was not that of Henry E. Jones, as it purported to be. Witness Carvalho said that in his opinion Hallen wrote the signature. The case goes on to-day.

WAS HAYNE EVER DON JOSÉ DE HERRERA?

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 12.—Many people of this city are satisfied that Hallen or Hayne is the man who masqueraded here last summer as Don José de Herrera, a distinguished South American. It will be observed that the initials are the same. Herrera first appeared at Mount Gretna during the mobilization of the National Guard previous to enlistment in the volunteer army. He was arrested as a Spanish suspect, but on exhibiting some letters and a poem, written by himself and dedicated to the Cuban cause, he was released. He then came to Harrisburg. Here he pretended to be a coffee planter of Guatemala who had come to Harrisburg to inspect improved machinery and observe the business methods of this country. He talked also of a great colonization scheme. He was made much of, dinners were given in his honor, and those who met him were fascinated by his tales of adventure. He had been everywhere and had seen everything worth seeing. His most recent trip, he said, had been to Honolulu, where he went to study the country and the customs of the people. He also said that he had once been a Catholic priest, but had been driven from his priestly office by ecclesiastical enemies. Last June he was indicted to deliver a lecture on Cuba for the benefit of a charitable institution. He was greeted by a fair audience at the opera house.

One day a young officer of the United States Navy came to Harrisburg to inspect some steel for the Government and it happened that Herrera had some friends who also knew the naval officer. One evening they met and the officer was introduced to Herrera. The officer refused the proffered hand of Don José and said:

"Herrera nothing. You mean that your name is Julian D. Hayne and that you are no Don."

There was an embarrassing pause and Herrera, excusing himself, left the party. Then the naval officer told the Harrisburg friends of the alleged South American that he had met Hayne in Honolulu and that Hayne was a New Yorker whose career would not bear investigation.

POWER-LIGHT COMBINE.

Whitney's Company Annexes the Mount Morris—Economy of Combination.

A representative of W. C. Whitney said yesterday that it was true that William C. Whitney was behind the New York Gas, Electric Light, Heat and Power Company, which was incorporated some time ago with $25,000,000 capital. This company, he said, has concluded its negotiations to acquire the Mount Morris Electric Light Company. In his opinion the tendency was for all the electric-lighting companies to come into the pending deal. It was a business proposition, he said, that business men would appreciate. As the matter now stands the greatest drain of electricity for traction purposes is in the late afternoon, the demand holding fairly uniform until then, when it increases rapidly, reaching its height at about 6 o'clock and then travelling down again. During the daytime the demand for electricity for lighting purposes is small, but after 6 P. M. it begins to increase rapidly, reaching its height at about 10 o'clock. The proposal is to effect a great economy by combining the traction and illuminating interests, so that the plant necessary to produce the maximum required at one time may be making as much profit as possible at other times.

CHINESE STUDENT POISONED.

Drank Pyrogallic Acid from His Photographing Outfit by Mistake.

Richard F. Bowe, a Chinese student, living at the Chinese Consulate, at 26 West Ninth street, died yesterday at the New York Hospital as the result of drinking pyrogallic acid by mistake. Bowe, whose Chinese name was Fung, had been in this country about eight years, and for the past three years had been attending the New York University, where he was studying civil engineering. On Wednesday he became sick with the grip and was attended by Dr. Wright of 55 West Tenth street. On Saturday Dr. Wright noticed a relapse in his condition, and Bowe then told him that he had got up in the dark to get some water and by mistake had drunk from a glass of pyrogallic acid, which he had used in developing photographs.

Bowe was sent to the New York Hospital, where an operation for peritonitis was performed. He was 27 years old.

New Equipment Storehouse at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Bids were opened at the Navy Department at Washington yesterday afternoon for the construction of an equipment storehouse at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The lowest bid was submitted by M. Gibbons & Son of Brooklyn, who offer to do the entire work for $62,975, or about $237 less than the next lowest bidder. The proposed structure will be built of fireproof materials. It will be three stories high with a ground measurement of 200x90 feet.

New Lighting Company.

ALBANY, Dec. 12.—The Manhattan Lighting Company of New York city was incorporated to-day with a capital of $250,000, to manufacture and supply gas and electricity for lighting, heating and power purposes in New York and Westchester counties. The directors are Henry D. Brenner of New York city, H. E. Bowen of Brooklyn, and Henry P. Kelly of Hempstead, L. I.

DISGRUNTLED YALE STUDENTS.

Thirty of Them Say They Are Going to Harvard—Two Sides to the Matter.

NEW HAVEN, Dec. 12.—Thirty Yale men packed their trunks this afternoon and say that they are all ready to go to Harvard. Whether they will prove acceptable members of the Cambridge University remains to be seen. The students about to make the change are those who gave out on last Saturday night that they were disgusted with Yale because they received no recognition by the secret societies. Failure to be elected at the annual recention of members at the chapter houses was the reason they assigned.

Director Brush of the Sheffield Scientific School this evening gave a different reason. He stated that these young men, as well as some others, had been dropped from college because of inferior scholarship. Never have so many members of the freshman class at the Scientific School been dropped for failure to keep abreast of their class. This is the season of the annual dropping of the "fledgelings" in all departments of Yale just before the semi-annual examinations. These will begin to-day. Several of the thirty still assert that they are leaving Yale because of society reasons, and that their plans are completed for entering Harvard.

THE REV. DR. KERR DEPOSED.

He Was Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church and Was Accused of Immorality.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Presbytery, held yesterday in the chapel of the First Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. Joseph R. Kerr of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, who was accused of having immoral relations with Rebecca Booth, a member of his congregation, was deposed from the Christian ministry. The Rev. Dr. N. W. Conklin was assigned to preach in the Fourth Presbyterian Church next Sunday morning and evening and to declare the pulpit vacant. He is also to inform the congregation that it is to select a new pastor and until such a selection has been made the Rev. George Alexander is to act as Moderator of the church.

The resolution deposing Dr. Kerr was adopted only after a session lasting four hours. Before the Presbytery met it was decided not to present the report of a committee from the Fourth Presbyterian Church on what it knew of Dr. Kerr's misconduct. The action subsequently taken was based on a letter from Dr. Kerr to the Presbytery, in which he asked to be deposed and made what is described as "a practical confession of guilt."

After considerable discussion a resolution deposing Dr. Kerr was passed by the Presbytery, then reconsidered and amended. What changes were made could not be ascertained. Before the amended resolution was carried, the Rev. Dr. Mullaly moved that, in view of the fact that Dr. Kerr's letter was not a complete confession of guilt, judgment be suspended and a committee be appointed to wait on him. This motion was lost, and then the resolution was carried by a vote of 90 to 4. Dr. Birch, the stated clerk, said after the meeting of the Presbytery that a resolution was passed to the effect that the judgment alone of that body in the Kerr case should be made public.

The Kerr case took up so much time that the Presbytery adjourned to meet again next Monday at 2 o'clock. The only other business that came before it was the acceptance of the Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton's letter to the New York Presbyterian Church. Dr. Paxton was called to the church in February last, after the Rev. Dr. Robinson had resigned under pressure. He did not accept the call, but agreed to occupy the pulpit until he made up his mind what to do. He notified the Presbytery yesterday and returned his letter. He is going abroad with his family.

CAGNEY FIGHTS EXTRADITION.

Calls a Host of Witnesses to Prove He Was Not in Omaha on Nov. 3.

TRENTON, N. J., Dec. 12.—For five hours today acting Gov. Watkins listened to testimony concerning the whereabouts of John J. Cagney on the 3d and 4th of November. Cagney is a railroad ticket broker at 301 Broadway, New York, and the authorities at Omaha, Neb., are seeking to have him extradited to answer a charge of having forged a ticket over the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad from Omaha to Portsmouth. The value of the forged ticket was about $2.50. Three witnesses were brought here from Omaha today to testify that Cagney is the John E. Cagney mentioned in the extradition papers, and that he was arrested on Nov. 3 and released on $700 bail to appear on Nov. 7.

W. P. Cowan, a lawyer, James I. Boyle, a court officer, and William C. Seabott; a detective, all positively identified Cagney as the man who was in the prisoner's dock at Omaha to answer the charge. Boyle said Cagney was in his custody for two hours. Seabott swore that he had visited Cagney at his Omaha office several times. On the other hand, the prisoner, John J. Cagney, swore that he had never been in Omaha or in Nebraska, and that he did not know John E. Cagney. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cagney of Jersey City, parents of the prisoner, testified that he lived with them and had not been absent from home in October or November. Jacob Harris, Samuel Bloom, Henry Bloom, Nathan Bogert, Reuben Frank, William H. Burroughs, Louis E. Newberger, T. N. Catrivas, and Marcus Marcoe, all doing business in the neighborhood of Cagney's Broadway office, testified that Cagney had not been absent from his office more than twenty-four hours at a time between the 1st of October and election day. Some of the witnesses remembered discussing the election with him, and the Blooms had had a check cashed by Cagney on Oct. 31. The check passed through the Clearing House that day, and was produced by Samuel Bloom.

Gov. Watkins announced that he would consider the evidence to-night and probably make known to-morrow whether Cagney should be sent to Nebraska. Should he decide to give Cagney up, the prisoner's lawyers will seek to hold him by means of a writ of habeas corpus.

CITY IS SLOW PAY.

Here It Is Snowing Again and the November Shovelling Not Paid For.

The Board of Estimate authorized yesterday the transfer of $50,000 from the sweeping fund of the Street Cleaning Department to the snow and ice account. Part of this sum will be used to pay the balance due for the removal of the snow which fell during the last storm and part for an emergency fund.

A delegation of the men who were hired at $2 a day to shovel snow two weeks ago complained to the Mayor yesterday that they had been unable to collect their wages. The Mayor was angry at the delay. He told the men to go to Commissioner McCartney in his name and ask why the money had been withheld. Commissioner McCartney told them that the work of making out the payrolls was proceeding as fast as possible and that the shovellers would probably be paid on Friday.

The Weather.

There was a storm of moderate energy central yesterday in a trough of low pressure stretching from Indiana over northern Ohio and New York to the lower New England coast.

Snow fell in Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Kentucky and Tennessee. Fair weather prevailed generally west of the Mississippi River. This storm may increase in force to-day and give a moderate snowfall in this section. The temperature was 10° to 30° lower in New England and touched zero at Northfield, Vt. In Canada it was 10° to 20° below zero.

Freezing temperatures covered all the country to the northern part of Florida.

In this city the day was cloudy and threatening, with snow beginning at 4:15 P. M.; highest temperature 37°, lowest 26°; average humidity 82 per cent.; wind northeast, average velocity eight miles an hour; barometer, corrected to read to sea level, at 8 A. M. 29.70, 3 P. M., 29.62.

The temperature as recorded by the official thermometer and also by THE SUN's thermometer at the street level is shown in the annexed table:

	Official. 1898.	Official. 1897.	Sun's 1898.		Official. 1898.	Official. 1897.	Sun's 1898.
9 A. M.	31°	43°	34°	6 P. M.	33°	42°	38°
12 M.	33°	44°	38°	9 P. M.	32°	39°	36°
3 P. M.	35°	45°	38°	12 Mid.	32°	39°	36°

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR TUESDAY.

For New England, snow, clearing Tuesday afternoon; decidedly colder, with a cold wave on Long Island Sound, which will continue till Thursday; fresh to brisk northerly winds, high on the coast.

For eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, snow, followed by clearing; decidedly colder; fresh to brisk westerly to northwesterly winds.

For eastern New York, snow, followed by clearing; decidedly colder, with a cold wave in extreme south portion; the cold weather will continue till Thursday; fresh to brisk westerly to northwesterly winds, high on the coast.

For the District of Columbia, Maryland and Virginia, threatening weather, followed by clearing; decidedly colder; southwesterly winds, becoming northwesterly and increasing.

For western New York, clearing in the early morning; much colder; northerly to northwesterly gales; the cold weather will continue till Wednesday night.

SHIVERING PORTO RICANS.

PAID OFF FROM THEIR SHIP IN FROZEN YANKEE-LAND.

They Appeal to the Illustrious Mariners of the Ship News Office, Who Appeal to Col. Kimball—And Back to Their Summer Clime the Lot Will Go—Not Yankees Yet.

Twenty-two Porto Ricans of a variety of complexions appeared at the Ship News office yesterday afternoon to find out whether or not they had a country. They were without overcoats, and, although some of them shivered, they presented a uniform smile to the Ship News reporters. Then they looked inquiringly at their interpreter, Balmon Roman, of 69 Oliver street, who thus unfolded their woes:

"Señores—As for me, I am an American citizen, having been here ten years. No; I will not return with my compatriots. How could I? I have an Irish wife, God bless her, and several American children, the last one only a week ago. How could I go back? But, to the point. My compatriots came here Saturday a week ago on the United States transport Rita. They were shipped as seamen and firemen. They are paid on Saturday, their wages including a week at harbor rates. They ask Capt. Laffan of the Rita where they shall go. It is bitter cold, and they speak not the language of my country. Where shall they go? They come to me, and I hear that there is justice at the Ship News office. So I come here. Meanwhile I find that my illustrious fellow citizens of Baxter street have pulled in my compatriots and sold them $10 summer suits that cost only $3. So be it. We are sure that we will get justice, and so we ask you, illustrious mariners, to help us."

The ultramarine reporters thereupon marched two abreast to the Army Building, leading the expatriated twenty-two.

Capt. Laffan had seen Major Summerhayes, who had told him that nothing could be done for the Porto Ricans, because they were American citizens. Capt. Laffan said he had no authority to keep the Porto Ricans aboard his ship, now in Erie Basin undergoing repairs, and he was, therefore, compelled to pay them off and turn them out into the cold. He didn't like it, but he couldn't help it.

The ultramarine reporters, Señor Roman, and the cheerful but shivering twenty-two Porto Ricans lined up before Col. Kimball, whose duty, among other duties, is to be Superintendent of Transportation of the United States Army. Col. Kimball is brief and businesslike. There is no red tape in his department. The spokesman for the ultramarines said:

"These men have no counsel. They say that they had an oral engagement for a return trip. The Rita came here and laid up for repairs. She formerly plied between Porto Rican ports in the service of the United States Government. The men do not know where to go for help."

"So," said Col. Kimball, "they come to me."

"What can you do for them?"

"Send them back?"

"When?"

"By the next transport leaving New York."

The Colonel then sent for Major Summerhayes. The Major, in response to the question, "How about these men?" answered:

"They are American citizens. We've got nothing to do with them."

Col. Kimball—We will send them back.

Major Summerhayes—What ship?

Col. Kimball—The Mississippi. [Due to sail to-morrow.]

So far as Col. Kimball and Major Summerhayes were concerned that closed the incident.

Capt. Laffan had a talk with Col. Kimball and the ultramarines and then made this declaration:

"There are lots of Porto Ricans who want to get to New York; but I think they'll stay at home when they learn the chances they have of freezing to death here in winter. I shall take the twenty-two Porto Ricans aboard the Rita and feed them until they sail on the Mississippi on Wednesday or Thursday. I've got lots of provisions, including turkey, some of which will go to waste unless they are eaten. You may be sure I'll treat them well until they sail. They were a good crew and never gave me any trouble."

$5,000 for a Crushed Foot.

Gregorio Mercurio, an Italian longshoreman, got a verdict of $5,000 in the United States District Court in Brooklyn yesterday in his suit against the owners of the steamer Cleveland for personal injuries. While he was at work on the steamer on July 1 a heavy block fell on his foot and crushed it so badly that he was crippled for life.

Newtown in Darkness.

NEWTOWN, L. I., Dec. 12.—By a break in the main of the company that supplies this village with gas last evening the place was left in darkness. Services were conducted by candle light in many of the churches, while houses and other places that depended upon gas for lighting purposes were left in darkness.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC—THIS DAY.

Sun rises ... 7 17 | Sun sets . 4 33 | Moon sets. 6 13

HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook. 6 43 | Gov.Isl'd. 7 15 | Hell Gate. 9 08

Arrived—MONDAY, Dec. 12.

Ss La Champagne, Poirot, Havre Dec. 3.
Ss La Campine, Oortgiese, Antwerp.
Ss Italia, Schlaefke, Antwerp.
Ss Manitoba, Smith, Buenos Ayres.
Ss Aragonia, Kuhlewein, Antwerp.
Ss Orinoco, Fraser, Bermuda.
Ss Caracas, Woodrick, San Juan.
Ss Bratten, Holm, Sagua.
Ss Orizaba, Downs, Havana.
Ss Mozart, Ellis, St. Lucia.
Ss Avalon, Orchard, Pilleys Island.
Ss Finance, Sukeforth, Colon.
Ss Guyandotte, Davis, Newport News.
Ss City of Philadelphia, Delano, Baltimore.
Ss Tunisian Chief, Horsefall, Halifax.
Ship John R. Kelly, Chapman, Yokohama.
Ship Sofala, Auld, Buenos Ayres.

[For later arrivals see First Page.]

ARRIVED OUT.

Ss Cufic, from New York, at Liverpool.
Ss Rotterdam, from New York, at Rotterdam.
Ss Gluden, from New York, at Amsterdam.

SAILED FROM FOREIGN PORTS.

Ss Pretoria, from Hamburg for New York.

SAILED FROM DOMESTIC PORTS.

Ss Iroquois, from Jacksonville for New York.

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

	Mails Close.	Vessel Sails.
Sail To-Day.		
Majestic, Liverpool	9 00 A M	12 00 M
Saale, Bremen	7 00 A M	10 00 A M
Algonquin, Charleston		3 00 P M
El Dorado, New Orleans		3 00 P M
Silvia, Newfoundland	12 00 P M	2 00 A M
Saginaw, Hayti	1 00 P M	3 00 P M
Sail To-Morrow.		
Paris, Southampton	7 00 A M	10 00 A M
Cymric, Liverpool	12 00 M	3 00 P M
Aragonia, Antwerp	10 30 A M	12 00 M
State of Nebraska, Glasgow		10 00 A M
Yucatan, Havana	1 00 P M	3 00 P M
Lampasas, Galveston		3 00 P M
Sail Thursday, Dec. 15.		
Amsterdam, Amsterdam	8 00 A M	10 00 A M
Cienfuegos, Manzanillo	1 00 P M	3 00 P M
Trinidad, Bermuda	8 00 A M	10 00 A M
R. F. Mathews, Para	1 00 P M	3 00 P M
El Monte, New Orleans		3 00 P M
Sail Friday, Dec. 16.		
Iroquois, Charleston		3 00 P M
Colorado, Brunswick		3 00 P M
Evelyn, Porto Rico	2 00 P M	
Holstein, Hayti	10 00 A M	12 00 M

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.

Due To-Day.		
Devonian	Oporto	Nov 24
L. P. Holmblad	Antwerp	Nov 23
Pawnee	Gibraltar	Nov 24
Heathfield	Hull	Nov 26
Critic	Gibraltar	Nov 20
Flowergate	Gibraltar	Nov 25