SAY GOOD-BY TO SEMBRICH

SINGER GUEST OF HONOR AT A FAREWELL DINNER.

Speeches of Praise and a Poem to Mark Her Departure From the Operatic Stage—Musicians and Music Critics Her Hosts—Modest Speech of Reply.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich cried a little and laughed a great deal last night at the dinner which the master musicians gave for her at the Hotel Astor. There was Paderewski, very enthusiastic in his quaint, cramped English, to tell her that she was the most musical of all the singers he had ever heard, and H. E. Krehbiel, who said she was a vocal sunbeam—no less, and W. J. Henderson, who read a poem composed especially for the farewell, and Signor Caruso and the Damroschs and Emma Eames and many, many more who waved their napkins and toasted her and uttered more bravas than one could easily keep the count of.

Mme. Sembrich came to the Metropolitan Opera House in 1884, and it was to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of her first season there, as well as to voice the regrets of the most distinguished men and women in the world of music that she has retired from grand opera, that the dinner was held last night. Next Wednesday Mme. Sembrich sails for Europe, where she will have another series of operatic farewells to make and to visit the town in Poland where she was born, Lemburg. She will return here for concert appearances, but the parts of "Don Pasquale," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" and "La Traviata" in which she was heard Saturday night at the Metropolitan marked her final appearance in this country in opera.

None but the master musicians and some of those who have had the management of musical affairs greeted Mme. Sembrich at the reception and dinner. Ignace J. Paderewski, the pianist, came all the way from Boston to add a note to the leave taking. Among those whom Mme. Sembrich received and who dined with her later were:

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Aldrich, Mr. and Mrs. Alessandro Bonci, Enrico Caruso, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Damrosch, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Damrosch, Mr. and Mrs. Andreas Dippel, Mme. Emma Eames, Miss Geraldine Farrar, Daniel Frohman, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Herbert, Alfred Hertz, Mr. and Mrs. Franz Kneisel, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Krehbiel, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Mahler, Mr. and Mrs. Ignace I. Paderewski, Antonio Scotti, Dr. Ludwig Wüllner, Sam Franko, Mr. and Mrs. Rafael Joseffy, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Chase, Modest Altschuler and Miss Adele Margulies.

Mr. Krehbiel, who is the dramatic critic of the *Tribune*, presided at the dinner and was the first to express to the prima donna something of what was felt by all who were there. He said:

"We take leave of Mme. Sembrich not without grief, not without sorrow, but with the comforting unction that going she yet leaves with us something of herself so precious that it will be cherished while we live and transmitted onward by a subtle alchemy to those who come after us. "So we be true to ourselves, nothing shall take from us the reverence for the lofty ideas of beauty which she has taught us by gracious example; nothing shall make us deaf to the evangel of truthfulness and loveliness and purity in us. And so Marcella Sembrich will be with us and our children and our children's children forever. She is an immortal, she was not made to die. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the toast—Marcella Sembrich, God bless her, give her health and happiness and speed her return to us." [Applause and a most enthusiastic toast, the company rising.]

Mme. Sembrich arose quickly, looking very little between the stout Mr. Krehbiel and the tall Mr. Paderewski. Also it seemed as if many of the fifty-one years which make up her age had disappeared somewhere. She was very youthful, as fresh and blooming, so it seemed to her friends as if she was inaugurating her career instead of closing it. There was a merry shout when she came to her feet, at which Mme. Sembrich bowed and smiled and bowed again. They drank a toast with glasses lifted high. Then, with a bit of a catch in her voice, speaking in English, she said:

"If I could sing my speech I would do so much better——"

"We don't mind!" they cried from all parts of the room.

"But I couldn't finish it," Mme. Sembrich added. "First, I want to thank Mr. Krehbiel, who has been a good and loyal friend to me since I came to the Metropolitan Opera House.

"Last night I had the honor of bidding good-by to the great public of the Metropolitan Opera House and the tribute they paid me deeply touched my heart. To-night I find myself among my colleagues, some of whom I am learning to know personally for the first time. I assure you that your invitation to come here as your guest is a distinction that I enjoy as greatly as any that has ever come to me. Between myself and those who said good-by to me last night there are the ties of friendship and affection, but between us there exists a still closer bond. We are companions in art, brothers and sisters in the beautiful world created by music which is the inspiration of all our lives. I thank my hosts, the musicians, the gentlemen of the press who have supported my efforts and all who have invited me to receive this honor at your hands."

Her voice soared suddenly in:

"Hoch soll sie leben!"

And after her they chorused in three times, but clear and bell-like above the rush of song one could hear Mme. Sembrich's voice.

Out in the hallway Nahan Franko with an orchestra from the Metropolitan swung his arms like a flailman, while the fiddlers and the pianist gave a salute of their own to the woman with the golden voice.

Mr. Krehbiel added a word here.

"Some of us," he said, "know what a daring little woman, what a brave little artist, Marcella Sembrich is. She has dared to speak well of the critics in this company."

He introduced W. J. Henderson, who said as an introductory to his poem that the only seasons of the Metropolitan he regretted were the ones in which Mme. Sembrich did not appear. Mr. Henderson read this poem which upon its conclusion evoked a great burst of applause:

AN EPILOGUE.

Come all ye lovers of the lyric muse,
Your sackcloth don, nor yet your sighs refuse.
"The Fist is um." The iron hand of Fate
Engraves across the years the cruel date
When music, locked within her silent cell,
Weeps for the echo of her olden spell.
The clarion trump may peal, the oboe cry,
The sad bassoon lament, the clar'net sigh,
And all the vibrant choir of strings and brass
Sweep dismal dissonances, dark and crass,
While stentor voices, from the trembling stage,
In cackling recitation shout and rage,
And stormy passions make the theatre ring
With waves of horrid sound; but who will SING?
The day goes down, the dusk draws slowly near,
For old time art's adieu let fall a tear;
Let all the cloisters sob, the highways grieve,
For great Marcella Sembrich takes her leave.
No more shall Gilda hymn the dearest name
In song as lambent as her candle's flame.
No more shall "una voce poco fa"
Spell R-O-S-I-N-A, Rosina.
The primavera voce dumb shall grow,
And all the theatre droop in deepest woe.
No more Norina flouts the ancient bore,
Elvira bids Ernani fly no more.
No more Marie shall wake the martial drum,
Nor fair Lisa to the lakeside come.
No more shall Marta rustic fates dispose,
Nor praise the beauty of the virgin rose.
But we shall sing, "Ti colgo giovin fior
Su questo core cosi morral d'amor,"
Susanna's plots no more shall bring delight,
Nor Astrafiammante rule the night.
Zerlina takes from Time the proffered hand,
And turns her back forever on our land.
While Violetta comes, of all the last,
To sing "Addio" to the wondrous past.
And shall these dear ones come again no more
To glad the heart or make the tear outpour?
Must silence fall across the lyric stage
While memory feeds upon a bygone age?
Not so; for new fledged birds will swiftly wing
Their infant flights into the budding spring,
And blithely pipe the old time roundelays
For those who heard them not in other days.
But not for us! For she hath struck the knell;
To her creations all we bid farewell.
To younger hearts, to younger ears and eyes,
With other voices, thought and style they'll rise;
And they shall have their bravos and their toasts;
But ah! for us they'll evermore be ghosts.
Summoned to walk, with vital essence fled,
The hollow stage, vain shadows of the dead.
So take our salutation, we who stay,
To face the dawning of a darker day:
Queen of the Night, queen of the singer's art,
Queen of the stage, queen of the public heart,
Hail and farewell! Your name is writ above,
Supreme in song, still more supreme in love.

Mme. Sembrich called Mr. Henderson to her side and kissed him on the cheek. She had already embraced Mr. Krehbiel.

"What a wonderful woman this is!" said Mr. Krehbiel. "She not only produces music herself, but she is the cause of music in—critics."

Mr. Krehbiel lifted a menu upon which was printed the titles of the operas in which Mme. Sembrich has sung in the course of twenty-five years at the Metropolitan.

"Don-Pas-qual-le," he sang, to the first bars of "The Merry Widow," and instantly the voice of Enrico Caruso responded with "Rig-o-let-to," after which Mme. Eames trilled laughingly "Il-Flau-to-Mag-i-co," and one by one the singers in the company followed the music with the names of the operas. Once there was a break. Somebody forgot to fill in the pause, but Mme. Sembrich, quick to catch the omission, sang it herself. And there were more bravas and much more laughing, and Mme. Sembrich looked very happy indeed.

Mr. Krehbiel called on Mr. Paderewski to say something, and Mr. Paderewski with a doubtful expression, which he confessed was due to an uncertainty of English, stood up by Mme. Sembrich.

"I do not find it so very nice," he said, "that you call on a poor piano playing immigrant and make him speak in a language which is almost unknown to him. [Laughter.]

"I tell you frankly I was under a wrong impression. I have heard my good friend Herr Stengel-Sembrich speak so much about singing and having sung and being about to sing that I thought all this was in his honor. [Laughter.] I thought it was he who was so great. But I am wrong. I see it now.

"It is not Prof. Stengel who has grown tired of the footlights and the drama, but his very much better half. [Laughter and applause]. My friends, she it is who is the incomparable interpreter of the immortal masters. [Applause]. She is the most musical of all the singers I have ever known. [Applause.]

"With her voice fresher than ever she retires in her golden glory after having written a wonderful chapter in the book of art. Not only as an artist and a friend do I greet her, but as a Pole. I am happy that her pure and great work has been rewarded with the generosity that is so characteristic of the American people. Her own country rejoices over the crowning triumph of her career. The mother country sends greetings to her and thanks to you for the honor which you have done her."

Then Mme. Sembrich put out both arms, drew Mr. Paderewski to her and kissed him on both cheeks.

After which Walter Damrosch and Caruso and Mr. Joseffy told Mme. Sembrich how much her work has been appreciated and how difficult it was for all lovers of music to witness her departure from grand opera.

Afterward Mme. Sembrich and her friends left the pink roses and the lilies of the valley and violets of the banquet room and danced as gayly as they had talked.

BIGGEST OF BANDS.

Leader Henneberg to Have One of More Than 200 Instruments.

Bandmaster Paul Henneberg of the Twenty-second Regiment is to assemble the biggest band that has ever been gotten together in this country. The band will consist of more than 200 pieces. A public concert will be given in the armory, at Broadway and Sixty-eighth street, at 3 o'clock on March 7, when the band will play.

The instruments which will make up the band are as follows: 53 clarionettes, 14 flutes and piccolos, 10 oboes, 8 bassoons, 20 cornets, 4 fluegel horns, 8 trumpets, 24 French horns, 12 barytones, 20 trombones, 12 tubas, 4 bass viols, 3 bass drums, 5 snare drums, 2 sets of tympani and 2 harps.

The rehearsals of this band have already been begun and Victor Herbert, formerly leader of the regiment's band, is helping to drill the men.

URGE DIAZ TO RUN AGAIN.

Non-Partisan Movement for an Appeal to Mexico's President.

MEXICO CITY, Feb. 7.—A popular movement has been inaugurated by many leading business men here which has for its object to induce President Diaz to serve another term as Chief Executive of Mexico. At a meeting last night of the chief promoters steps were taken toward organizing non-political clubs throughout the country to urge President Diaz's candidacy.

It is planned that delegates from these clubs shall appear here in a body on April 2 and make a personal appeal to President Diaz to reconsider his announced determination to retire from office when his present term expires next fall.

He Saved the Life of King Edward.

Charles Frazer, who arrived yesterday with his wife and boy by the White Star liner Celtic and who after taking a look around New York will seek a job in vaudeville with his wife as an "illusionist," told the reporters who came up from Quarantine with him that he once had the honor of saving the life of King Edward. It was at Newmarket, Mr. Frazer says, in 1871, when the King was the Prince of Wales. He was out riding and his horse bolted. The Prince was thrown and was tumbling on his head when Mr. Frazer ran alongside the horse and received the head of the Prince in his hands much like a football player might catch a descending pigskin. The Prince thanked Mr. Frazer, who was not then an illusionist, and after being assisted to remount rode on. Mr. Frazer has no press agent.

Benefit at the New York Theatre.

A benefit performance for the New York Home for Destitute and Crippled Children of which Mrs. Abraham Erlanger is founder and president, was held last night at the New York Theatre. Show girls from many of the Broadway plays sold programmes in the theatre lobby. In all $4,500 was taken in. Many of the theatrical lights along Broadway were on hand.

Cooked Fruit
with
Grape-Nuts
food sprinkled over, makes a delicious, wholesome breakfast or luncheon—Try it!
"There's a Reason"

BABY AND BALLOT, BOTH

MRS. DI RIVERA SAYS THEY'RE NOT ANTAGONISTIC.

Speaks at a Women's Meeting Nominally in Memory of Lincoln—Socialists and Single Taxers Take a Hand—Talk as to What Lincoln Would Have Done.

The ballot is no enemy of the baby and there is no reason why the gocart should not be as large a feature of the landscape outside polling places as the busy auto of the district leader. Such, at least, were the words of rejoinder to those objecting to women's suffrage that were passed over the stage of the Berkeley Lyceum yesterday afternoon by Mrs. Belle di Rivera of the Equal Suffrage League of New York and the newly elected president of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs.

The occasion was a meeting in commemoration of Abraham Lincoln by some of the women's clubs of New York. The portrait of the great Emancipator stood upon the stage behind the row of speakers and each in turn made opening allusion to the memory of the man. That was about all the attention devoted to Abraham Lincoln, however, for besides Mrs. di Rivera there were speakers representing single tax clubs, socialistic clubs and the industrial reform of women.

After Miss Amy Mali Hicks of the Women's Henry George League had opened the meeting as chairman and Mr. John Sherwin Crosby had read in a resonant voice Lincoln's Gettysburg address Mrs. di Rivera gained the precedence attaching to her recently gained position and took the floor first on the subject "The Next Steps in Political Reform."

The president of the City Federation stated it as her belief that had Abraham Lincoln lived long enough to see the rise of the suffragists he, who had not been behind the progress of his generation, would not have failed to ally himself with the cause of the women.

"Were it possible that Abraham Lincoln could return to earth to-day," said Mrs. di Rivera, "though he might be surprised at our material progress, he could not be otherwise than shocked at the lack of progress we have made along the very lines of freedom which he championed. What would he think of our political inequality? What would he think of our economic slavery, which enslaves the women even as human chattels were enslaved before his proclamation of emancipation?"

The new woman, who is held up to derision by the scoffers who take lightly the efforts of the suffragists, is not a new woman, said the president of the City Federation. "But she is the oldest woman in the world, who simply has fitted herself by a process of evolution for the new and changed conditions that the evolution of society has brought about. After theorists have finished preparing their maps and charts delineating just what is the sphere of this new woman, and even after Presidents and Kings have approved these charts, this glorified new woman, with one sweep of her strong right arm, marks off those charts every line of demarcation between man and woman."

Somebody who opposed votes for women had once asked the speaker, so she said, what would happen to a woman left alone with her baby in her home on election day—how was she going to vote?

"This question was put up to me as one of the unassailable arguments against woman's going to the polls. But I said to that questioner that if it was not an unpleasant day there was no reason why mamma could not put baby in his go-cart and take him along to the polls while she cast her vote. Would there be anything more incongruous in leaving baby in his go-cart outside of the polls than in leaving him outside the department stores?

"The baby and the ballot are not opposing factions. It is strange that the same people who throughout 364 days of the year say not a word about the unclean milk that baby drinks, the crowded schools he will have to attend when he grows old enough, suddenly think of the shocking inhumanity that will be done to him if his mother goes to cast her ballot.

"But supposing that the day is wet and that this particular mamma cannot go to the polls with baby; is that baby to be the tyrant that his papa presumes to be all the time? Is it fair that he should keep from the polls every other woman on his block who has no baby? I cannot believe so."

Anna T. Maley, representing the Socialist Women's Society, next spoke on what ought to be the next steps in economic freedom. She gave a detailed exposition of the tenets of socialism and closed by quoting Jack London's belief that if the world is to continue under the present industrial and economic régime he was sorry that he had ever believed there was such a thing as good in the universe.

Miss Charlotte Schetter of the Women's Single Tax Club of Orange told how Henry George's ideas were calculated to clear the economic atmosphere of some of its clouds, and Mrs. Raymond Robins of the Women's Trade Union League spoke upon the needed emancipation of women workers.

DEEP WATER FOR HAVRE.

New French Liner La France, 35,000 Tons, Can Then Dock There.

Paul Faguet, agent of the French Line at this port, announced yesterday that there was a strong probability that the harbor of Havre would be made ready for the greatest French merchantman in the world, the line's projected 35,000 steamship La France. The French Senate has approved the project of deepening the channel and has appropriated $20,000,000 for the work. The scheme is to have a uniform depth of not less than forty feet.

Exactly what the motive power of La France will be has not been decided on, but it is likely that it will be a combination of turbine and reciprocating engines. She will be faster than the Provence, swiftest of the French Line fleet.

Charles Roux, president of the French Line, who is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, has been urging the deepening of the harbor of Havre for several years, and it is chiefly due to his efforts that the Government has decided to do it. The only reason the French Line has not built bigger ships is because the waters of Havre are not deep enough to admit them.

Mr. Faguet has received word from the Havre office that Salvy-Ketley, purser of La Provence and a native of the Isle of Wight, has been appointed an officier d'Académie.

PEIRCE IN MEXICAN MERGER.

Election as Director Throws Doubt Upon Quarrel With Standard Oil.

MEXICO CITY, Feb. 7.—The election of H. Clay Pierce and several of his business associates as members of the minority group in the board of directors of the National Railways of Mexico is looked upon here as disproving the report that the Pierce interests and the Standard Oil Company are at outs.

It is stated here that Mr. Pierce and associates were placed upon the board of the National Railways of Mexico at the instance of the Standard Oil interests, which are indirect owners of much of the minority stock of the Government merger system.

SOME OPERATIC DOINGS.

Mme. Destinn's Admirable Singing in "Madama Butterfly" on Saturday.

The musical doings of Saturday afternoon, obscured as they were by the brilliancy of Mme. Sembrich's farewell, are not too old to receive a passing mention now. "Madama Butterfly" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House to an audience of typical matinée size, which is about all that the theatre can contain. The occasion was made interesting by the first appearance here of Mme. Destinn in the title rôle, which she sang five years ago at Covent Garden, London, with such remarkable popular success. Her performance of Saturday disclosed to local music lovers the reason for this success.

While it must be conceded that Mme. Destinn does not look the childish *Cio-Cio-San*, the artistic glory of her impersonation is found in her wonderfully eloquent singing of the music, to which her dramatic voice is perfectly suited. The content of the tragedy was fully revealed by her on Saturday and her assumption added another to her list of triumphs in New York.

A young tenor, Mr. Grassi, made his American début as *Pinkerton*. He has voice of agreeable quality in the upper scale, but the lower register is deficient in character and carrying power. He sang with a good deal of earnestness, but with little finish of style or dramatic insight. He is young enough, however, to have plenty of time to improve before he reaches the standard demanded by the traditions of the Metropolitan.

At the Manhattan Opera House the matinée opera was "La Bohème," in which Lina Cavalieri was the *Mimi* and Florencio Constantino the *Rodolfo*. The tenor sang with much grace and fervor, but his impersonation of the Bohemian was most decorous. Miss Cavalieri sang *Mimi's* music with great decision but little eloquence. Alice Zeplilli was a polite *Musetta*, and Mr. Sammarco, as usual, sang *Marcello's* music delightfully and left his personality to take care of itself. But the audience was very large and very vociferous.

CROCODILE IN HIS BERTH.

Passenger on the Columbia Takes the Whole Ship Into His Confidence.

Quarantine was solemnly informed yesterday morning by the purser of the Anchor liner Columbia, in from Glasgow, that W. A. Ross of Livingston, Staten Island, a passenger, had brought with him a "young crocodile from the Blue Nile." Quarantine, with equal solemnity, transmitted the news to the ultramarines and they went hunting for the saurian. The rumor that Mr. Ross, who believes in temperance drinks and who really has been to the Blue Nile, had the crocodile locked in his berth and that it was a very fierce creature to strangers was all over the ship the first day she was out from Glasgow.

Dr. Sieger and the ship purser insisted that they should be introduced to the crocodile. Mr. Ross gave them a private view. They came out and gave such curious and conflicting testimony about the crocodile that all the women in the first cabin wanted to see it for themselves. The doctor said it would be positively dangerous, as the crocodile had a special antipathy to women; but that he would give it a hypodermic injection of morphine and render it harmless for a time. The women were taken in in groups, and each group that came out said they would not have missed seeing the Blue Nile marvel for another trip to Glasgow. Naturally all those that had not been in were eager to take a peep at the crocodile.

At last everybody aboard ship had seen it. The ship news men at Quarantine did not have time to take a look and they trusted to the guileless purser. Capt. Conrow of the customs boarding force heard everybody talking about the crocodile, and he also got a view of it. When the ship docked Capt. Conrow told C. C. Riley, the acting agent of the line, who was at the pier to greet the ship, that she had a dangerous passenger aboard, no less than a ferocious Blue Nile crocodile. Mr. Riley decided that he would see how it was that dangerous creatures were permitted to take passage on the Anchor Line ships. He was invited to inspect the crocodile. Mr. Ross unrolled several shawls and blankets and disclosed a black crocodile about twelve inches long. It refused to respond to Mr. Ross's command to "sick him." Mr. Riley pinched the crocodile and found that it was made of wood.

Then Mr. Riley passed the warning along to the customs man who inspected Mr. Ross's trunk. A large number of other customs men and passengers enjoyed the inspector's nervousness. He handled the baggage of Mr. Ross as if it were all the most fragile bric-à-brac. He was the last man to get the laugh when he unrolled the Blue Nile mystery. Mr. Ross bought the image from a native who made a business of carving crododiles.

HIP SINGS ENTERTAIN.

Visit to the Theatre as Part of a Supper of Thirty Courses.

The Hip Sing Tong entertained friends at supper in the Chinese Delmonico last night. About seventy of the Hip Sing Tong and thirty American guests, including policemen and reporters, were present. The first part of the supper began at 5 o'clock and by half past 7 the diners had finished fifteen courses.

Then every one walked around to the Chinese theatre, saw the show, which lasted until 11 o'clock, and marched back to finish supper, fifteen more courses which took nearly three hours.

John Lin Hung presided and the first thing he did was to wish all kinds of good luck to the Chinese women present, who were all togged out in their Oriental costumes. Among the Americans present were Dr. George R. Wilson and Capt. Edward Brindley, U. S. N.; John Roberts of the District Attorney's office, and Mrs. Roberts and Frederick A. Ware.

HARBURGER'S SUNDAY LAW.

He's Going to Albany to Father a Bill for Unrestricted Amusements.

Coroner Harburger is going to Albany to father a bill providing for unmolested entertainment between the hours of 8 and 11 on Sunday nights.

The Coroner said yesterday that his move was prompted by the fact that on Sunday evening a week ago the police interfered with his evening at Terrace Garden, where 4,000 persons of all shades of religious belief had gathered in the name of the Tammany Club of the Tenth Assembly district, of which the Coroner is the leader.

"The days of ultrapuritanical ideas have passed," said the Coroner. "Persons living in the Fifth avenue and Riverside Drive sections enjoy themselves seven days in the week, and that is all the more reason why the people of my section, who are compelled to work six days a week, should have the privilege of being entertained on one day."

The Coroner expects that his move will create criticism in some quarters, but he is of the opinion that in the end his bill will be passed.

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ATHLETES AND SEA GULLS

HAVE GOT TO BE A PEST AT LOWER PARK RESERVOIR.

Watchmen Shoot at the Birds and Shoo Away Men Who Use Embankment as a Running Track—Women Runners Not Barred—One Man Arrested.

The Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, which has jurisdiction over the reservoir, has been bothered by two small armies—one of athletes of both sexes and the other of sea gulls. The gulls pollute the city's drinking water and some of the athletes annoy the ordinary park visitor by bumping into anyone who gets in the way.

There is a fine level path on the top of the embankment that runs around the lower reservoir. The course is just a mile and a half long. The discovery that it makes an excellent running path seems to have been made by professional as well as amateur athletes, and many of them train there every day.

The policemen on post near the reservoir noticed that the number of women who showed up for a run around the reservoir had greatly increased of late. Some of them were dressed in ordinary street clothes, but many of them wore a divided skirt and running shoes.

It often happenrd that an automobile or a carriage would stop near the Museum of Art and a woman would go to the reservoir path accompanied by a maid. Upon reaching the path the woman would shed her cloak and display a costume suited to running. The maid would remain near the southeastern gate while her employer was making the circuit. Once around the reservoir seemed to be enough for most of these women, but a few go over the course twice.

Some of these women, the police say, take this exercise for their health or to reduce their weight. The policemen learned from the chauffeurs that some of the women came from the Plaza, the Savoy and the Netherland hotels. Others looked as if they might be school teachers and had taken up running as a fad.

Lieut. Arneth of the park squad said yesterday that one of the women athletes wrote a letter to the police recently in which she complained that bold men stared at her and one brute even laughed outright when she was doing her little stunt in the park.

"A cat may look at a king and a man may look at a pretty woman and the law cannot interfere," said the lieutenant when he explained why he did not arrest any one.

A detective was sent to investigate and saw the complaining woman doing a sprint over the course in a costume that would cause almost any man to look twice at her.

There is no objection on the part of the authorities to the women making use of the park course. There is objection to the young men who go there in large numbers and who are rude to ordinary visitors. They often collide with women who are walking leisurely.

Accordingly orders were issued to stop the men from using the path as an athletic field.

Thomas McEvoy, a watchman employed by the Water Department, had a busy time yesterday shooing off the men athletes and in the intervals banging away with his double barrel shotgun at the flock of gulls. One young man, Samuel Levy of 50 East 115th street, refused to be shooed away.

"No running here, young man," said McEvoy. "It's prohibited," he said.

"Ah, go on. I'm running for the Marathon. Get out o' me way!" responded Levy. He tried to pass McEvoy, and when the watchman got in front of him there was a collision. The watchman's shotgun bumped his own forehead and he called Policeman Flannery, who arrested the runner and took him to the Yorkville police court.

The watchman went along and explained matters to Magistrate Herrman.

"This watchman says he does not desire to see you punished, so I shall discharge you with a reprimand. In future do your training outside of the park," admonished the Court.

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