RICHARD CROKER TO RACE IN U. S.

Former Tammany Chief Is Anxious to See His Colors on American Turf.

MOVES SILENTLY AS EVER

At 75 He Looks 65 and Does Not Dye His Hair.

Throughout a long afternoon yesterday a reporter for THE SUN waited at the Hotel Savoy for Richard Croker, inquiring at the desk, after hourly intervals, if Mr. Croker had come in, and receiving the unvarying reply: "Mr. Croker has not yet returned."

At 7 P. M. suddenly the assurance came that Mr. Croker was at home in his apartment on the seventh floor—he had answered the telephone himself in requesting that the caller be sent at once to his suite. Now, no one in the lobby of the Savoy had observed Mr. Croker enter the hotel and proceed to the elevator. Clerks, doormen and hallboys were quite obviously sincere in saying they hadn't seen him. Yet all at once, very definitely, he was at home.

This was curiously in keeping with the Croker tradition, in harmony with the thousand and one stories of the cool, silent man who knew how to move so unobtrusively and yet so positively some twenty years ago, when all Tammany jumped to the glint of his eye. There is an old Tammany tale of a meeting of malcontents, a gathering of petty chiefs minded to overthrow the Boss. The rendezvous had been rigidly kept secret. Taper and outer guards had been posted. The plot was buzzing. Then Croker walked into the meeting, smiling that grim smile of his. The episode of yesterday recalled that half forgotten story.

He opened his own door at the first touch of the annunciator, grasped the visitor's hand, led the way to the light flooded drawing room, motioned toward a chair, found one himself and then courteously but impassively waited for the caller to open the conversation—another Croker characteristic. It was not easy, for the moment, to array topics upon which Mr. Croker's comment was desired. The personality of the man compelled attention.

Is 75 But Looks 65.

Richard Croker is 75. If he desired (which he does not) to lay claim to 65 there would be few to dispute the assertion. He stands erectly, walks springily, keeps his shoulders well back and his chin up. His face reveals few of age's lines. His complexion is clear, pinkish; the complexion of one that lives cleanly and spends much time in out of doors exercise. His eyes are the familiar Croker eyes, keen and glinting, sometimes harsh, sometimes twinkling with Irish humor.

The color of his hair would be apt to startle an acquaintance who hadn't seen him for several years and who remembered the perfectly white locks that decorated his short, heavy head not so long ago. For now Mr. Croker's hair is a light amber, growing darker toward the nape of his neck and above the ears. He explained the phenomenon:

"A year or so ago I was troubled by severe headaches. My hair fell out. The surgeons recommended an operation in the nasal passages. Subsequently the headaches disappeared and my hair reappeared—as you see it."

A tall, slender figure in evening frock, the young Mrs. Croker, to whom, it may be remarked, published portraits do very scant justice, came from a dressing room, greeted the visitor, patted Mr. Croker affectionately upon the shoulder and commented on Mr. Croker's explanation.

"Some persons have said that he dyed his hair—fancy!" she said. "Any one can see how real it is and how beautiful. It has a lovely sheen, like gold lightened with silver. I think it is charming!"

Mr. Croker Blushes.

Mr. Croker blushed slightly. One could see that the praise touched him. And then with the Croker gruffness he turned again to the visitor, talking about many things. His racing stable in Ireland was mentioned.

"I am inclined to think," he said, "that I will race in the United States this coming summer, or perhaps the year following, if the war continues abroad. I should like very much to see my Yale blue and gold tassel sweeping down the stretch of our fine courses here. It is no pleasure to race in the United Kingdom while the war is on. I have four horses that might fit in very nicely, and then there are half a dozen two-year-olds that could be sent to the starter shortly. We will see."

"It might interest you," the visitor suggested, "to match the sons and daughters of your Derby winner Orby against the best that Mr. Whitney, Mr. Belmont, Mr. Butler and others possess."

"Why, yes," said Mr. Croker, interestedly, "so it would. And I don't mind saying that I believe I would do well. Orby is the greatest sire in the United Kingdom."

Politics came into the talk, naturally, but Mr. Croker was not, it appeared, interested in the topic. It seemed obvious that his attitude was not so much that of a former leader who desired to avoid delicate matters or possible indiscretions, who sought to avoid even the appearance of offending any person, as it was that of a man who had contentedly become a bystander, who had really lost much of his interest in the hurly burly of the politician's game. The impression was strongly conveyed that Mr. Croker is vastly more interested in being Mrs. Croker's husband and also the playthings of his elderly years—his horses, his golf, his pleasant homes—than in the sharp, savage game which used to delight him and monopolize his interest. He leaves for Palm Beach with Mrs. Croker next Wednesday, to remain for the winter.

"Yes, yes," he said, perfunctorily, "I understand the Mayoralty race is to be a three cornered affair, with Tammany's chances excellent; but it would be too early, would it not, to say anything about that, and, besides, I don't know much about it. I have been too much away, too long out of the stir of events. I think the city will not fare badly whatever happens."

The Tammany of To-day.

"How does Tammany of to-day compare with the organization of which you were leader, Mr. Croker?"

"Frankly," he replied, "I scarcely know. Fairly well, I imagine. What comes home to me strongest of all is the disappearance of the sturdy Irishmen that used to be the backbone of the hall. There were 20,000 of them in my day who voted solidly and enthusiastically, who fought and worked as one man, and a pretty lively man, let me tell you! Where have those Irishmen gone? And I had many dear friends among them," he added with a touch of melancholy.

"They've talked of me coming back—yes, I know; but that was all nonsense, of course. I have said a thousand times that I was through—that life holds too many agreeable things for me now to make politics worth while. Maybe after a time people will come to believe it. Oh, I could fight if I had to, but"—and he grinned the Croker grin—"you see I don't have to."

"Do you think Mr. Murphy has made a capable leader?" he was asked. He paused for a few moments, as if weighing his answer, then replied:

"Yes, I consider that Murphy has done well, all things considered; quite well."

He said presently that he hoped Tammany was keeping up the social and philanthropic side of its organization, the side that interests itself daily and in detail in the well being of the poor, that gets jobs for deserving men and tides a widow over rent day and keeps thoughtless boys from becoming toughs.

"That was a big thing in my day, that work," said Mr. Croker. "I take it that the district leaders still give thought to that thing. It made the Hall great, that direct interest in the welfare of the poor. I should hate to see it neglected. But, as I said, I don't know much about these things any more."

Enthusiastic for Wilson.

He fired at the mention of Wilson's name, fired with enthusiasm and interest.

"Wilson was reelected simply because a majority of the people happen to have common sense," he said rapidly. "That's all there was to the election. I can't understand yet what was the matter with this State and with some other States that gave Hughes their vote. I guess it was because the Republicans had a better organization in those States and had a lot more money. I am told that the Republicans spent $20,000,000. I am in no position to assert that as a fact, you understand. I am merely repeating what I heard from good sources. I should say that there must be legislation to limit campaign expenditures. That sort of thing won't do, you know.

"I would have thought that every State in the Union would vote for Wilson. If they, the people in these States, had seen what I have seen in Ireland—men with one eye, one arm, one leg, hopeless cripples, no longer able to earn a living, miserable themselves and making others miserable, they would never dream of urging the United States to go to war. Words are useless in trying to describe the horrors that one sees daily on the other side. America must come to understand how fortunate she is.

"There are a few big domestic problems to be settled here as quickly as possible and the biggest I know of is cutting down the cost of living. I have made up my mind that the railroads and the middlemen are to blame. There is no legitimate reason for prices to climb so high as articles go from producer to consumer. The reason is that the railroads are allowed to charge too much in freight rates and that the various kinds of middlemen are allowed to pile up profits to which they are not entitled. I received a box of oranges from Florida the other day and I had to pay a freight charge of $3.50. I consider that outrageous. It's a sample of what's going on. Perhaps a rigid Government inquiry followed by really drastic legislation will bring relief."

About that time Mrs. Croker began to tap her foot upon the floor slightly, a feminine manifestation usually taken to mean the oncoming of impatience. Mr. Croker smiled and seemed to wink just perceptibly.

"One would think, now, that some of us believe the interview is at an end," he said, with a glance at Mrs. Croker, who began to laugh.

"One would," she said.

One did.

Aimaro Sato, the New Japanese Ambassador.

Ambassador Sato, one of the newer school of Japanese statesmen, knows the United States well. He was graduated at Indiana University and served for a time as secretary of legation in Washington. He has also had diplomatic experience in Englnad, Russia, Germany and Mexico and sat in council room at Portsmouth, N. H., when the Russo-Japanese peace treaty was drafted.

JEALOUSY CAUSES KILLING.

Edward Sheer Shoots Girl and Then Ends Life.

Jealousy was the motive that prompted Edward Sheer, 29 Brooklyn avenue, Brooklyn, to call yesterday upon Gretta Kapsa, 24 years, at 234 Warren street, Brooklyn, where the young woman has been living with Mrs. Abba Vollokner, 18 years old, a bride of three weeks. Sheer and Miss Kapsa were employed as helpers in the hospital at Ellis Island, and Mrs. Vollokner worked there until her marriage.

Sheer taxed Miss Kapsa with having "gone out" one night recently with another man. There were words and then Sheer walked to the door, turned and fired four shots at the girl, all of which took effect, and any one of which would have been fatal. Then he fired one bullet into his heart. Both were dead when an ambulance arrived.

EIGHT HOUR LAW ENJOINED.

Temporary Injunction Granted by U. S. Courts Against 2 Railroads.

SYRACUSE, Dec. 9.—Temporary injunctions restraining Federal and railroad officers from enforcing the Adamson eight hour law on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western and Delaware and Hudson railroads were continued to-day by Judge Ray of the United States District Court.

Judge Ray said he would make no final decision in the matter until the United States Supreme Court has decided the constitutionality of the law in the test case of Francis M. Wilson, United States Attorney, against Alexander New and Henry C. Ferris, receivers of the Missouri, Oklahoma and Gulf Railroad. The court directed that books and accounts be kept after January 1 in order that if the law is held conetitutional the amount due employees may be determined.

$700,000 POLICIES ON LIFE OF BOLDT

Fortune of Waldorf Founder Estimated at $20,000,000 to $80,000,000.

SON LIKELY TO SUCCEED

"The Junior" Taught Details of Hotel Business Under Eye of Father.

Conjecture as to the amount of the fortune left by George C. Boldt, founder of the Waldorf-Astoria, is still a matter of guesswork, the estimates of those close to the hotel man ranging from $20,000,000 to $30,000,000, but no doubt remained as to the total of his life insurance after the insurance underwriters yesterday checked up their reports.

The underwriters reported that Mr. Boldt had policies aggregating about $700,000. Mr. Boldt, it was known to his friends, had been buying life insurance systematically during recent years, scattering his policies among various insurance firms. It was said his total of insurance includes more than fifty policies in various companies.

Interest in the amount of insurance carried by the late John D. Archbold of the Standard Oil has been quite as keen, but in the case of Mr. Archbold's insurance exact figures are not so easily arrived at. Some years ago Mr. Archbold insured himself heavily, but he favored endowment forms. Some of these policies matured and were paid in cash before he died, and some time must pass necessarily before the amount of his insurance in force when he died is made public.

Son Likely to Succeed

Conjecture enters largely also into the disposition of Mr. Boldt's estate, but his friends say they have reason for believing that almost all of it will go to Mr. Boldt's son and daughter, George Boldt, Jr., and Mrs. Alfred Graham Miles.

It is taken for granted in hotel circles that George Boldt, Jr., will henceforth be in full charge of the destinies of the Waldorf, the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia and the other properties left by his father, the hotels and corporations being conducted precisely along the well defined lines laid out by the master hotel man who died last week.

With an enterprise such as the Waldorf-Astoria, which every year turns over a business of more than $4,000,000, suddenly put into the hands of a young man whose personality and business ability is almost unknown outside of the hotel, there have been pertinent questions asked repeatedly during the last few days about "the Junior," as the younger Mr. Boldt has been known to the hotel employees for a long time.

When "the Junior" came to the Waldorf in 1906, a year after he had been graduated in the engineering course at Cornell, he knew little about running a hotel. Immediately there was a change in the arrangement of the furniture in the private office of George C. Boldt. One had seen upon entering the office only the desk of Mr. Boldt, next to the door of the small office. But when "the Junior" came home another desk was installed just back of Mr. Boldt's revolving chair. The new desk was for his son and from that time on Mr. Boldt literally had his son at his elbow while teaching him the hotel business.

Taught Hotel Business.

And at the very beginning the younger Mr. Boldt underwent an apprenticeship that was anything but theoretical. He was sent to the hotel steward by his father and was taught the fine points of foods and their choice, the intricacies of marketing. As early as 4:30 o'clock, often at 4 o'clock in the morning, "the Junior," whether he liked it or not, was out of bed and visiting the markets.

Then the Waldorf chef, Rene Anjard, took him in hand and taught him the lore of the kitchens. Young Mr. Boldt then in turn worked as timekeeper in the basement and saw that the time clock was properly appreciated by employees; he was schooled in the important banqueting department of hotel work and in he arrangement of social entertainments.

When these more or less elemental lessons had been mastered Mr. Boldt took his son out of the below stairs regions and brought him to the main floor. Here he was initiated into the managerial work of the establishment. Assistant managers were told by Mr. Boldt, Sr., to take days off in turn and enjoy themselves while Mr. Boldt, Jr., took the place of whatever assistant manager had been excused for the day.

"Trouble Adjuster."

For some years young Mr. Boldt has been the unofficial "trouble adjuster" of the Waldorf. Every morning there has been placed on his desk a list of all the complaints made during the previous day, be they complaints by patrons, casual visitors to the restaurants, employees or by any one else under the hotel roof. In this work his main concern has been to follow the plan which was next to a religion with his father—to take it for granted that the patron was "always right," whether he was or not, and satisfy the kicker regardless of the justice of the kick.

MOYER IS BLAMED FOR PRISON ABUSES

New Warden of Sing Sing Accused of Harsh Administration at Atlanta.

MEN TELL OF TORTURES

Despite Unanswered Charges Gov. Whitman Approves His Appointment.

A possibility that Sing Sing prison in losing the gentle discipline of Thomas Mott Osborne, one of the easiest of wardens, may get a harsh touch of the other extreme in prison administration through the appointment of William H. Moyer as warden is forcibly suggested by an inquiry made by THE SUN concerning the charges which preceded Moyer's resignation from the Federal penitentiary in Atlanta on March 31, 1915.

THE SUN'S investigation has shown that stories of cruelties and abuses in the Atlanta prison told by ex-guards as well as by released convicts never have received categorical denials, whether from the inability of Moyer successfully to deny or from his desire not to enter into an unpleasant controversy.

Tortures and punishments hardly conceivable under the more humane penological principles of modern days were described by guards, some of whom were discharged and others of whom resigned their positions, as they said, because they refused longer to have a part in the abuse of the convicts.

Horrors of Prison "Hole."

Men shackled to the walls of a dungeon for days, their only fare a slice of bread and a glass of water; weakened inmates dying of tuberculosis with no medical care, and others going mad from the horrors of "the hole" into which they were thrust for discipline form only a part of the not pleasant picture painted of the Atlanta prison under Moyer's administration.

Probably the most circumstantial as well as the most harrowing of the charges against the Atlanta warden were contained in a series of questions propounded to him by seven guards whom he had discharged because, they intimated, they had discouraged a petition among the prison employees for his retention. They allude ironically to Moyer's frequent statement in public addresses that he considered the prisoners as his "children."

Questions for Moyer to Answer.

The guards were Oliver Grimes, M. R. Cobb, Benjamin Dunn, J. A. Baugh, J. N. McClure, G. M. Rasson and Charles Evans. Their questions, which so far as can be learned never were given a public and detailed answer by the warden, follow:

"If you are a humanitarian why was Tucker, No. 26, a prisoner who had become weak minded, chained in the intolerable heat in the tunnel leading from the power house to the main building instead of being sent to the asylum at St. Elizabeth?

"Would a 'good father' allow one of his 'children' to be chained among the steam pipes with only a blanket on the concrete floor to sleep upon—treatment which, in Tucker's case, was followed by death after his belated removal to the asylum?

"Were you so ignorant of conditions in the prison that you did not know that Leander Reed lay dying in his cell while repeated calls for medical attention were being made by the guards? Did you not know that medical attention was withheld from Reed for so long a time that when he finally was carried to the hospital on a stretcher he died within a day after being received?

Dying in His Cell Three Weeks.

"Do you remember Smith, No. 2046, one of your negro 'children,' who was so sick when he was received at the prison that he was unable to go to the deputy warden's office to be assigned to duty? Did you know that he lay in his cell three weeks suffering from Bright's disease and that, although the deputy warden's office was notified of his condition by the guard in charge, the guard was utterly unable to get a doctor to see the poor man? Did you know that when he was in a dying condition he was carried on a stretcher to the hospital and was carried away dead within twenty minutes after getting there?

"Please explain, as the humanitarian you profess to be, why the little old Italian in B-19 died without medical treatment although he reported at sick call every morning?

"Do you remember that Kobolt, No. 1346, became demented from his term in solitary and that on his release one of the guards clubbed him over the head brutally for making a remark for which, as a crazy man, he could not be held responsible?

"Why did you allow Rogers, No. 430, who was virtually a maniac, to be kept in your prison instead of sending him to the asylum? Did you not know that Rogers kept a tenpenny nail imbedded in his side, that he pressed pieces of glass in the wound to keep it open and that he made jagged wounds in his own throat because of his peculiar mania?

"Was it an example of your humanitarianism that Black, No. 308, was kept in the 'solitary' two or three weeks chained to the wall until his legs were swollen twice or three times their natural size and it was necessary to bring him out on a litter?

"Did you know that a guard was reprimanded for having enough humanity to lift Black, who was lying helpless on the concrete floor, on to his bunk?

"Do you wish to parade the case of Young, No. 180, as another example of your consideration for the convicts in your care?

"Do you regard the fact that he went into the dungeon as fine a specimen of manhood as one could wish to see and came out a wreck, and died soon after, a pleasing commentary on your treatment of prisoners? Do you defend the chaining of Young to the wall for twelve hours a day—fourteen or fifteen hours when he was forgotten—throughout the forty-five days that he was in the dungeon?

"And how about Lang, No. 561, from South Carolina, who was hung up to the wall for 145 days and emerged from his terrible torture broken down mentally and physically? Were you trying for a new record, warden, or did you really believe that such Middle Age barbarity was no violation of your humanitarian principles? Please explain why men have been so punished during your administration?

"Do you recall the case of the prisoner who was made to stand all day with his face to the wall and of the guard who, seeing him waver and fall to the floor, was touched with pity and went to raise him up and give him a cup of water? Did you know that this guard was threatened with dismissal for his kindly act and later was one of those discharged?

Only 35 of 950 Voted for Moyer.

"Is it not a fact that out of the 950 prisoners there at the time the petition was passed among them asking President Wilson to retain you as Warden of the penitentiary only thirty-five put their signatures to the document, this in spite of the circumstance that it had been published abroad that every convict would vote for your retention?

"You had advertised Sam Moore as a reformed criminal and a model prisoner, but is it not true that Moore had lost caste with you and was being punished since he discouraged the petition and remarked in so doing that his horror of hell lay in his fear that you would be there also?

"If the seven guards that you discharged were guilty of inciting to mutiny, as you alleged, why did you not prosecute them, this being a prison offence? Why has there been no investigation of their case, as they have demanded? Was their dismissal due more to the fact that they were among those who discouraged the petition circulated among the prison attaches asking for your retention?"

Ridicule Denial of "Hole."

The guards ridiculed Moyer's denial of the existence of a "hole" at the Federal prison, and declared that there were 1,000 persons in and out of prison who could be found to give personal testimony that it was there and in use at that time.

J. H. Archer, who explained his resignation as guard was due to his unwillingness longer to witness the acts of cruelty against the convicts, gave further testimony of the conditions in the penitentiary.

"You never hear of 'the hole' when you visit the prison," he said. "The first instruction that a guard gets is that he must not talk of 'the hole,' and the prisoners can't talk until they are released, and then no one believes them. I believe every word of the men who have been telling these almost incredible tales, for I've been there and I've helped chain the poor devils to the wall. I've unlocked the shackles and seen them drop to the floor dead asleep from exhaustion."

Air Terribly Foul in Dungeon.

Archer said the air was so foul within that five minutes inside "the hole" gave one a splitting headache. Handcuffs were fastened by rusty staples to the wall at a height a few inches above the head of an average man, according to his description. The prisoner's hands were clamped in these throughout his imprisonment in "the hole."

"A visitor couldn't even find 'the hole,'" Archer asserted. "It's away off in the corner of the basement of the isolated building where no visitors are allowed. When you inspect the prison you are shown the clean dining room, the chapel where they pray for men's souls on Sunday. On Monday those who did the praying the day before take the prisoners into 'the hole' and subject them to the tortures of the damned.

"A solid door more than a foot thick shuts 'the hole' from the rest of the building. You could stand outside the door and discharge a revolver and it hardly could be heard inside. Entering the place, you find yourself in a narrow passageway banked on each side by a half dozen narrow cells not more than five by seven feet and hardly high enough to allow a man to stand erect."

Attempts to Oust Moyer Failed.

Several attempts to procure the removal of Moyer failed. A description of conditions at the Atlanta penitentiary was laid before James C. McReynolds, then United States Attorney-General, Julian Hawthorne, who was sent to Atlanta with Dr. W. J. Morton on the charge of misusing the mails, wrote a severe arraignment of the practices and methods at the prison. It appeared that none of these things would accomplish a change in the administration.

But ex-guards and ex-convicts continued telling their stories of abuse that dated from the time Moyer was made warden, twelve years before, the prolonged agitation finally bringing the announcement March 15, 1915, that Frederick Zerbst, formerly deputy warden at Leavenworth, had been appointed to succeed Moyer. Moyer tendered his resignation, effective March 31. He was appointed Warden of Sing Sing last Wednesday.

Governor Discredits Reports.

When Gov. Whitman was seen in the St. Regis yesterday he glanced through the Atlanta reports hastily; he made no effort to read them.

"I am sorry that THE SUN finds it necessary to print these at this time," he said. "God knows he will have a hard enough time as Warden of Sing Sing. This publication will make it harder for him."

THE SUN reporter gave him the gist of the accusations of the guards. The Governor said:

"The appointment of Mr. Moyer was made after the most careful investigation and the most thorough indorsement. John Byers of Philadelphia, secretary of the National Prison Board, who has been acquainted with his work, indorsed the choice. Philander C. Knox, who appointed him warden of Atlanta penitentiary, spoke highly of him.

"The most thorough approval of his selection was given by George W. Wickersham, formerly Attorney-General, under whose administration so much was done for the improvement of Federal prison conditions.

Says He Rules by Kindness.

"In my talks with Mr. Moyer he manifested every sympathy with the work of unlifting prisoners; he is an earnest advocate of the principle of ruling prisoners through kindness rather than harshness. Had he not been so warmly indorsed by men in a position to know his work I never would have appointed him."

The result of THE SUN'S inquiry was shown to former Attorney-General Wickersham at his home, 30 East Seventieth street. He declined to read it. He would discuss only the charges of which Moyer was exonerated.

"The original charges against Mr. Moyer," he said, "were instigated by Julian Hawthorne, a man who fooled the public through the sale of bogus mining stock. They were investigated and the warden was exonerated.

"Because I was completely satisfied with Mr. Moyer's conduct of his office during the four years he was my subordinate, because he was one of the best men in the service, I recommended his appointment. Needless to say, if there had been the slightest question of his humane treatment of prisoners I would not have indorsed him.

"As to subsequent charges I know nothing about them. I do not believe them. I do not care to read what discharged guards accuse him of; I am satisfied with Mr. Moyer."

Efforts were made by a SUN correspondent to find Mr. Moyer in his Philadelphia home to give him an opportunity to make reply. His brother reported he had left either for Washington or New York. He could not be located in Manhattan last night.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Saturday Evening Popular Series Begun With Success.

The Philharmonic Society gave the first in its series this season of Saturday evening concerts at popular prices in Carnegie Hall last night. A Tschaikowsky-Grieg programme was offered, with Francis Alda, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, as the soloist. The orchestral numbers were Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony, Grieg's "Heart Wounds" and "The Last Spring" for strings, and the theme and variations from Tschaikowsky's third suite, opus 55.

Mme. Alda sang an aria from Tschaikowsky's opera "Jeanne d'Arc," and again later three songs of Grieg, "Margaretlein," "Erstes Begegnen" and "Auf der Welt," with piano accompaniments by Frank La Forge. The audience was large and evidently well pleased.

SCHOOLBOY ENDS HIS LIFE.

Lad Takes Gas When He Is Summoned to Court.

Rather than answer a summons to court served on him yesterday by William J. Coughlan, Chief of Police, Frank Werner, a schoolboy, 13 years old, of 26 East Clifton avenue, Clifton, N. J., committed suicide in his home by inhaling gas.

With other schoolboys Werner entered an abandoned house on the Nash estate and took out some old books. All were served with summonses to court. Werner's parents did not know of the occurrence, as they were out when the Chief visited the house. When they returned home they found the boy dead in the bathroom. He had locked himself in, stuffed the cracks with paper, turned on the gas full force and then sat reading a book, waiting for death. The book, still opened, was found at his side.

BEETHOVEN OPERA HEARD ONCE MORE

"Fidelio" Revival Wins Applause of Large Audience at Metropolitan Matinee.

Beethoven's only opera, "Fidelio," was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon for the first time this season. The work had not been heard since April 22, 1915, when the same cast was concerned in its presentation except Miss Mason as *Marcelline*. It is a very serious and indeed sombre opera, not at all of the character to court the favor of a matinee audience, yet the house was full and the representation undoubtedly met with favor.

There should be no difficulty in accounting for this. The conversation in the corridors between the acts was largely German. If "Madama Butterfly" had been given the talk would have been well sprinkled with Italian. In so far as opera is concerned, the melting pot does not operate with much rapidity. The born Americans have the advantage of a disinterested outlook.

When "Fidelio" was given several times in the season of 1914-15 it was not well done. Yesterday's performance had some noteworthy merits. The chief of these was the well balanced ensemble. All the singers rose to a high level of sincerity, and if the vocal art was not always of the finest type, the underlying spirit of devotion brought to the surface a strong and often moving dramatic expression.

Mme. Kurt's *Leonora* was much better than it was in 1915. Her delivery of the great scene, "Abscheulicher," lacking as it was in some smoothness, was nevertheless emotional and in most of its passages vocally effective. Her impersonation of the role displayed the same tenderness and pathos that ennobled it before. It is one of her best achievements.

Mr. Goritz might have dispensed with some of his explosiveness in *Pizarro*. Mr. Braun as *Rocco*, Mr. Sembach as *Florestan*, Mr. Reiss as *Jacquelino* and Miss Mason as *Marcelline* were acceptable. The choruses were well sung, that of the prisoners in the first act having its usual touching appeal. Mr. Hodanzky conducted with judgment. It is a pity the opera contains spoken dialogue. The singers delivered it in a sadly artificial manner.

PLEASING RECITAL.

Caroline Hudson-Alexander, a soprano who was heard in a recital here last season and is well known to local concertgoers as a singer in oratorio, gave a song recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme was miscellaneous in selection. It began with two songs by Dvorak and included further d'Indy's "Ma Lisette," old English and Scotch airs, Rossini's aria, "Bel raggio," and a song by Hanson, "Joy, Shipmate, Joy," which is dedicated to the recital giver.

The singer's performance seemed to afford much pleasure to her audience. She could easily have repeated many of her numbers. Her voice showed in general a pleasing quality and she used it with a skill that was commendable if not always of the highest order. Her taste and feeling shown were excellent. Bruno Huhn, whose "Cradle Song" was in the list, played the accompaniments with admirable skill.

MR. ALEXANDER PLEASES

Arthur Alexander, an American singer who has spent considerable time abroad, was heard in a recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. Mr. Alexander offers his entertainment in a form little known since George Henschel made it a familiar occupant of local concert rooms. He sits at the piano and accompanies himself in his songs.

There was every evidence last evening that the newcomer courted and should receive recognition as an artist of high aims. His voice is a tenor, somewhat hard when given forte, but generally smooth and pleasing, and especially so in mezza voce. Mr. Alexander played his accompaniments very well indeed.

The programme comprised old Italian airs and modern French songs, while the central group was Schumann's lovely cycle, "Dichterliebe." Mr. Alexander showed himself an artist in vocal technic, in command of styles, and in diction. Better still, he disclosed fine and imaginative powers in his delivery of the Schumann lyrics. He should easily win for himself a place among the favored contributors to the pleasure of the musical public.

MISCHA ELMAN HEARD.

Mischa Elman, who had been heard here before this season as soloist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. He played Spohr's D minor concerto, the Nardini sonata in D, the "Poème" of Chausson, Rode's "Air Melodique" and Sarasate's "Caprice Basque." Philip Gordon was at the piano.

Mr. Elman was in his best form. A string caused him to leave the stage early in the Spohr concerto, but this interruption in no way interfered with the continued beauty of style and tone with which he played the work.

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