ELI SHAW HAS GONE, NO ONE KNOWS WHERE.

Maybelle Neilson and the Man She Saved but Will Not Marry.

Eli Shaw expected to wed Maybelle Neilson after his acquittal on the charge of slaying his mother and grandmother, but the girl whose devotion saved him has decided that it is better not. The wiseacres say she has discovered that he is a coward, that if he did not kill the women he ran away instead of staying and defending them.

A Cousin Says He May Wed Maybelle Neilsen Some Day.

A SURPRISE IN CAMDEN.

But the Wiseacres Say That Miss Neilsen Had Proved Shaw a Coward.

AND SHE WOULD WED NONE SUCH

They Say She Felt That He Should Have Defended His Mother and Grandmother When He Ran Away.

Camden, N. J., Dec. 17.—The announcement of Miss Maybelle Neilson that she would not marry Eli Shaw now that he is free created surprise here. Eli has left Camden and his relatives plead ignorance of his whereabouts.

Mrs .Foster Zane, a cousin, with whom Shaw has made his home since his acquittal, expressed surprise and doubt when she heardwhat Miss Neilson said:

"I can't believe that statements published in the papers are true," she said.

"Do you mean that Eli will marry Miss Neilson?" was asked.

"I shouldn't be surprised if he did, some day," she replied. "He went away this morning early and said he would not be home earlier than Monday. Maybe he went to Woodbury."

When told he was not in Woodbury this afternoon she said she didn't know, then, where he was gone.

Maybelle Neilson is not to become Eli Shaw's wife, as the Journal told yesterday. She defended him, as his sweetheart, against advice, against evidence, against the world. If he had not killed his mother and grandmother, he had not defended them against their murderer. He had gone into hiding. There is a cowardice that is infinite.

She saved him. Nothing could have prevented his condemnation by the juries of earnest, matter-of-fact men who listened to the evidence against him twice except the serene faith of Maybelle Neilson, the ardor of her devotion.

It was incomprehensible if it was not deserved. There is nothing so disconcerting as the objects of a woman's love. Those who write epigrams make of it a perpetual theme. But it was cruel to believe that Maybelle Neilson's love could be misplaced. Eli Shaw was acquitted.

He was to become her husband, every one thought. The sceptics about his cowardice were grieved; the sceptics about his being a murderer were grieved. They spoke of the marriage in an anxiety that could not be exaggerated. They had no arguments against it, since the man was acquitted, but they prayed that it would not happen.

She has agreeably surprised them. The wisest village philosopher said in Camden yesterday:

"Perhaps she had ceased to love him even before the man was tried. Perhaps she had gone deeper than any one into the darkness of Eli Shaw's character before the prosecuting attorney cast his terrible light into it.

What Was It—Pity?

"She defended him, of course. Why? Because there is something that never dies in a woman, something that survives even love. That is pity. A woman may be deceived, abused, maltreated by a man whom she has loved. She may detest him. She is incapable of refusing pity to him if he claims it. And pity is a very beautiful sentiment."

Miss Neilson says simply: "I have done everything that it was my duty to do. I have defended him. I have made enemies of my friends who spoke ill of him. But I cannot marry him. Why? I have felt for some time—I have become certain—that it is better for us not to be married.

"It was a painful task to tell him that. He thought that I had not changed. Perhaps you do not know how difficult it is to persuade oneself to do a thing that displeases others, even when that thing is the right. He will be happier. I will be happier.

"No. My mother did not try to make me do this. My sisters and brothers said nothing. Eli and I are friends. He is grateful for what I have done. I regret nothing."

Story of the Strange Case.

Eli Shaw was arrested in October, last year, charged with the murder of his grandmother and of his mother. They were killed at night. The elder was seventy years of age, crippled by rheumatism and hard of hearing.

The other was forty-five years of age and her mother's companion in all her walks through the streets of the little town. They lived in a little three-story frame house, and Eli Shaw lived with them.

His grandmother was the widow of Zane, chief engineer of the Boston & Philadelphia Steamship line. She owned two houses besides the one she lived in, and her daughter, her only child, was her only heir.

The two women were found dead on the morning of October 12, with bullets in their brains. Shaw said that his mother had been shot from behind while searching for a burglar who was supposed to have entered the house. Shaw could not say how his grandmother had died.

He threw himself upon his mother's coffin and called upon God to witness his innocence, hysterically. A revolver with two chambers discharged was found in the chimney. Eli Shaw was engaged to be married to Maybelle Neilson. The date for the wedding had been set.

He had told Miss Neilson that he was earning in his place as a bookkeeper $18 a week, and saving $10 of the money regularly. He was earning in reality only $12 and giving $5 to his mother for his board. He had no money saved.

It seemed to the prosecuting attorney that his need of the inheritance that would come to him after his grandmother and mother died was a clear motive for the murder. The circumstantial evidence against him was strong. Maybelle Neilson refused to believe in it.

She was twenty-two years of age, fragile and extremely sensitive. Her refinement was exquisite, her education intense. She had $10,000, inherited from her father; jewels, books, friends. She placed everything at Eli Shaw's service. She said:

"I never saw anybody who touched my heart until I met Mr. Shaw. I have known him for two years. eW knew we loved eac hother dearly months aog, although the announcement of our enaggement was recent. But he is so proud and sensitive! He was afraid that the world would think he was marrying me for my money.

Said Then That She Loved Him.

"He had come here to talk over the terrible tragedy when he was arrested. He was so devoted to his mother! Why should I not defend him and cling to him? If I were his wife I should be expected to do that, and I could not love him more faithfully than I do now."

She was the idol of her friends. She had always been a leader in the acts of charity of her church, and her commiseration when Shaw was arrested was not astonishing to those who knew her. But she gave to that commiseration the name of love always and others rebelled at it.

She wore black gowns instead of the bright colors that her perfect taste knew how to blend. She spent all her time in working for Eli Shaw's defence. She was in his cell to encourage him. She was at his side to cheer during the entire agony of his two trials. She was a witness in his favor. It was extremely pathetic.

"Our wedding was to have taken place very soon," she said, "but—but—the murders—Eli's arrest—it is all changed!"

"Who was to buy the little home in which you were to live?" she was asked.

"I was," she replied.

"Who was to buy the furniture?"

"I was, Mr. Scovel. I was to buy everything, everything!"

Shaw fixed his eyes on the floor while she told how entirely dependent upon her he had been for the means to establish himself as a householder.

"You were to pay all the expenses of the wedding?" asked Mr. Scovel.

"Yes, sir."

"What had you said to Eli about his wedding expenses?"

"I told him that if he wanted any help I would let him have the money. Our wedding was to be a very quiet one."

"Did Eli ever tell you that he had money?"

"No, sir, he always said he was poor, and had nothing at all in the world."

"Were you familiar with his habits?"

"Yes, sir; I knew all about him—how much he made and everything else."

"Where were you on the morning of the murder?"

"My mother and I had an appointment with Eli to look at a house I was going to buy. When I heard about the murder, we hurried to find Eli. He was at his uncle's house, lying on a sofa, crying most pitifully."

Her cross-examination was severe, almost cruel. At the end of it she rose with an air of absolute confidence and said to those who questioned, "I am sure that Eli will be here to-morrow night for supper. Oh, what a welcome he will have!"

He was released last October, a year after the murder of his mother and grandmother. Maybelle Neilson was happier and wearier even than he seemed to be in the light that fell on his pale face.

JURY ACQUITS CATTLE MEN.

Thirty-two Tried for Heckman Murder Found Not Guilty.

Chadron, Neb., Dec. 17.—The thirty-two prominent cattlemen of South Dakota who were indicted by a Grand Jury in Fall River County, South Dakota, for manslaughter, have been tried at Hot Springs. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty after deliberating fifteen minutes.

The case was the outcome of the murder of John Heckman, a well-known sheepman of this city, who was killed last September by a band of cattlemen while moving his sheep into South Dakota. 0201

Colonel Badger's Body Cremated.

The funeral services over the body of the late Colonel William Whittlesey Badger were held at the late residence of the deceased, No. 326 West Eighty-fifth street, yesterday afternoon. The Rev. Dr. Collyer officiated. A committee from Lafayette Post, G. A. R., No. 140, was present. The committee consisted of J. C. Long, chaplain; Dr. J. L. Beyes, J. C. Saxton, eGorge W. Jones, Benjamin Lodor, J. E. Banks, H. P. Butler, R. E. Evans. A number of members of Hancock Post, G. A. R., No. 250, of which the deceased was at one time commander, was also present. The body was taken to Fresh Pond, L. I., to be cremated.

Multi-Millionaire Chapin Dead.

Niles, Mich., Dec. 17.—Henry A. Chapin, the multi-millionaire mine owner and richest man in Michigan, died late last night at his home in this city. He was estimated to be worth at the least $10,000,000.

WHY MILES WON ALGER'S ENMITY.

Official Secret That Has Leaked from War Department.

ALGER'S BIG AMBITION.

He Wanted the General of the Army to Act Solely in His Interest.

Washington, Dec. 17.—The Journal is enabled to explain the reason for the trouble between Alger and Miles. This information comes from a most trustworthy source in the War Department.

General Alger at the beginning of the war desired to utilize the brains of General Schofield and General Miles without intending to give either credit for his services. He expected these two brilliant organizers and tacticians to remain behind the scenes for the purpose of assisting in the inflation of the Secretary of War for political effect in 1900.

Secretary Alger has long believed that he is a Presidential possibility, and when the war broke out he was convinced that he would be the next President.

Upon the declaration of war, which General Alger had opposed, he saw that the great popular military hero was General Miles. He decided to reduce Miles to zero, and sent for General Schofield, expecting him to prove the instrument for compressing Miles's popularity. The Secretary wanted General Schofield as his military adviser. General Schofield was assigned to a plush velvet chair in the office of the Inspector-General.

In a few days he saw the drift. As the retired General of the army, called into active service for his country, he had expected to receive the consideration and credit his position and advice entitled him to.

Didn't Suit General Schofield.

After a few confidential talks with Secretary Alger, General Schofield, with dignity and politeness, declined to act as Secretary of War in a great war with a minimum of honor.

He resigned his velvet chair, and Secretary Alger, still needing military brains and experience, turned cordially to General Miles. The latter was expected to act as a sort of a military secretary. He was to plan campaigns for the Secretary, devise orders and preplans of oeffnce and defence; but they were all to emanate from the Secretary of aWr.

General Miles could not see the benefit of this arrangement to himself. He was willing to advise with the Secretary, but he wished it distinctly understood that he was advising as the General commanding the army, not as the Secretary's factotum. Campaign plans and orders were to come from the military headquarters, not from the Secretary's office.

Mr .Alger was, of course, surprised that a commanding general who could have no political aspirations should object to contributing to the political fortunes of a Secretary of War. The upshot was the savage retreat of General Miles to his quarters, and the turning of Secretary Alger to Adjutant-General Corbin, whose position is in theory merely clerical, and who is not expected to evolve and direct plans, but whose official function is merely the transmission of the orders issued by the Secretary of War and the Commanding-General.

Corbin Filled the Bill.

Thus Corbin, officially the clerk of General Miles, became the confidential adviser of the Secretary of War, and was cut loose illegally from the army branch of the service.

Therefore the combination was Alger and Corbin against the field. The blundering that marred the conduct of the war came through the servile obedience to the unmilitary and irrational orders from the Secretary of War. The only heroic doings to the Secretary's credit were his offer to pay a bill of $3,000 for chickens at Santiago and $500 for camp stools at Montauk Point, but both of these expenses were paid out of the general army fund.

It is pointed out that Secretary Alger in his effort to usurp the functions of the commanding general, imitated the political tactics of Secretaries Cameron, McCreary and Ramsey.

"The scheme in the case of Cameron, McCreary, Ramsey and Alger had for its main purpose the centralizing of all authority in the person of the Secretary of War," is was said at army headquarters to-day.

All the plans failed disastrously. Alger's case being conspicuously disastrous, a fact evidenced by the appointment of an investigating commission.

Fond of Books, So Stole Them.

John Winslow, arrested in the American Baptist Publishing Company's store, for stealing a book, was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday morning. He pleaded guilty and was held in $200 bail. The book he stole is "The Life of Queen Anne." The only explanation that the prisoner would vouchsafe was that he was fond of books.

FAYNE MOORE IS READY FOR JURY.

Wants Jurors to Consider Her "Character," Not Her Face.

HANNA SPEAKS OF MOORE

"If He Is Smith Moore's Son, I Recommended Him, but I Never Saw Him."

CONVICTED "BADGER" TALKS.

Says He Is Worth $50,000 and That Friends in Cleveland Will Help Him—Rages at the District-Attorney.

Senator Hanna, to whom W. A. E. Moore, the convicted "badger," referred as "my friend," said at the Waldorf-Astoria yesterday:

"If Moore is the son of Smith Moore, of Cleveland, with whom I was in partnership at one time in the building of lake transports, I must have recommended him for the position of Consul in Durban, South Africa. But I do not remember it. I do not know Moore, nor do I think I have ever seen him."

Fayne Strahan Moore will be tried before Recorder Goff to-morrow for the offence of "badgering," or, as the law has it, robbery in the first degree. Her husband, William A. E. Moore, after the best efforts of able lawyers had been expended in his behalf, was convicted on Friday night, and now comes the woman's turn. She is charged with the same crime, indicted under the same laws, is to be tried by the same processes and must face twelve men presumably of the same fibre as the twelve who convicted the man.

What will happen to the woman? What will be wrought by the quality of beauty? What change will take place in the unseeing, stern front of justice, in the presence of this comely prisoner? Justice has eyes, but is blindfolded. Are the eyes of a woman potential, and do they, like X-rays, dispel into thin air the bandage about the orbs of justice?

These are questions that many lawyers and laymen are asking themselves with much interest.

There will be no change in the charge that ended in Moore's conviction. Martin Mahon will say that this young woman lured him to the Hotel Grenoble; that she cajoled him; that she gave a signal cough; that her husband ran in, struck him on the forehead with a pistol; that Moore made him sign a confession; that Moore filched money from him, and forced, at the pistol's point, his signature to a note for $5,000. Mahon will say that Fayne (whose friends used to call her "Pet") conspired to bring this robbery about; that with her own hand she wrote the confession, proof of her guilt and Mahon's folly; that her acts, before and after the commission of the robbery, showed her equal with Moore in knowledge and consummation of the crime.

The Woman Is Pale, but Confident.

The court room will be crowded, of course, and in the meantime the young woman about whom all this curiosity is rampant awaits her ordeal in a small cell in the Tombs. She has lost some of the color that glowed above the cold bottles Mahon said he bought her, and much of the vivacity that made men turn and look at her when she walked along upper Broadway has been palsied by the chill and monotony of her prison life.

But according to her lawyer, Benjamin H. Hill, of Atlanta, Ga., sent hither by Mrs. Moore's mother to defend the daughter, she is earnestly hopeful, and does not believe that she is destined to join those who live in the long, gray sepulchre at Sing Sing.

Mr. Hill has a reputation in Georgia for oratory. He was once United States District-Attorney in that State. He has, since he left that office, defended many persons accused of crime. He will exert himself to his utmost to save his client and his townswoman from the penitentiary. Abraham Levy, who secured a mistrial for Moore on the first occasion, will sit in the case with Mr. Hill.

Mrs. Moore said in her cell yesterday:

"I wish the papers would cease referring to my personal appearance. Ugly or pretty, I am innocent. I do not want to put my face on trial, but my character. I believe that if the trial is had on the merits of the case I shall be acquitted.

"This talk about hypnotic eyes annoys me very greatly. I hope there will be no more references to it. I fancy that I know how to behave myself in the court room and elsewhere, and I am certain that the jurors, even if I had this supposed gift, would resent any effort that I might make to influence them."

Fayne Will Take the Stand.

Mrs. Moore will, according to the present plans of Mr. Hill, be placed upon the stand, and will be the chief witness in her own behalf. It is not likely that Moore will be a witness.

It is impossible to forecast the story that Mrs. Moore will relate in the witness chair. She has already declared that her husband is innocent, like herself. Her lawyer has told her that if she would turn State's evidence she would be released. She answered:

"I could not turn State's evidence, because if I said I were guilty I would be telling a falsehood."

But Mahon, the victim, will be the victim again. The jury will learn from the defence's lawyers of what manner of man Mahon, the hotel keeper, is. He will be repainted and retouched as a traducer; and again the woman's counsel will call to the jury's mind that "snivelling, effeminate voice."

Moore Breaks His Silence.

Moore, for the first time since the end of the trial, made a statement yesterday in his cell in the Tombs. He was, by the way, sharply reprimanded by Lawyer Levy later in the afternoon for having spoken. Moore walked up and down rapidly when talking, and spoke after the manner of a man highly indignant. He said:

"My conviction was the result of a diabolical effort of John McIntyre to prejudice the jury against me. He gave statements to the newspapers of testimony which never reached the jury, but which nevertheless could have gotten to them through the newspapers.

"They have got me this time, but I shall appeal and I shall win out in the end.

"Why should I rob Mahon? I am worth $50,000. I have friends in Cleveland, and they will help me in the matter of the appeal. The alleged robbery at the Waldorf will fall. The vase was given to my wife by an employe of the hotel, which I shall be able to prove.

"As for the charge of bigamy, it is also false.

"I wanted to go on the stand and tell my story, but Mr. Levy would not let me. That Johnson confession and the whole prosecution is a damnable plot of the District-Attorney's office."

The maximum penalty for Moore's crime is twenty years. He was recommended to the mercy of the court.

It was learned yesterday that the Moore jury on Friday evening took only four ballots. The first was ten to two for conviction. Jurors Schoor and Blank voted for acquittal, but on the fourth ballot were won over by the majority.

WHO AM I? SHE ASKED IN VAIN.

She Didn't Know Who She Was.

Her Name, Her Home, Her Identity Had Slipped from Her.

POLICE COULDN'T HELP.

At a Hospital a Strange Young Man Appeared with a Child, Whom She Recognized.

DROVE AWAY IN A BROUGHAM.

But if She Has Found Out Who She Is No One Else Has, Though Detectives and Reporters Tried Very Hard.

This young woman, well dressed, with plenty of money and some fine jewels, lost her own identity yesterday. The young man whose picture appears above, called at St. Vincent's Hospital with a child named Florence. He said his name was R. M. Smith. The strange woman did not know him, but welcomed the child and drove away with her in a brougham, without disclosing her identity—if she had discovered it, which is by no means certain.

Into St. Vincent's Hospital there came yesterday morning a young woman whose past life was a blank. She could not remember her full name, or the name of her husband or friends. All the joys and sorrows, laughter and tears of childhood, maidenhood, wifehood and motherhood were blotted out on Friday afternoon, when she went shopping to buy Christmas presents for her husband and little daughter, whom the police could not find.

Later on, there came, yesterday afternoon, a little girl in a cab, who drove up to the door of St. Vincent's Hospital with a pale-faced young man, giving the name of R. H. Smith. She asked for her mamma. Dr. Maloney took her in to see the pale, unhappy woman, who had lost her memory.

There were mutual shrieks of recognition:

"Oh, mamma! Mamma!"

"Oh, Florence; my darling, my baby!"

Then the hospital physicians turned their backs. The carriage drove up to the back door. Mother and daughter ran hastily down the steps, jumped into the vehicle, and were driven away, and the strange drama of city life was over.

Who she was or what she was, may never be known.

At 3 o'clock yesterday morning she stood at Forty-second street and Broadway, dazed and unable to remember her name. Late Tenderloiners came by an accosted her. She pressed her hand to her forehead and did not reply.

Suddenly she walked over to the Metropole Hotel, rang the telephone for Police Headquarters, and asked if there had been any inquiries for a missing woman. She was referred to the Information Bureau.

When she called up that bureau, she was told that several missing women had been reported.

"Have you had any inquiries," she asked, "concerning a woman thirty-two years old, with dark hair and blue eyes, wearing a sealskin sack, red silk waist, black cloth skirt and a black velvet hat, trimmed with ostrich feathers?"

Couldn't Remember Her Name.

"What is her name?" asked Roundsman Brady.

"I cannot remember the name," replied the woman. "I have described myself, but have forgotten my name and address."

Roundsman Brady said something like "chestnuts." Then he told the woman to come down to Police Headquarters for identification.

The policemen were surprised when she put in an appearance at 3:30 in a cab. She was well dressed and apparently refined. She was rather good looking, wore a fashionable sealskin sacque and a big, black-feathered hat. Her gown was of dark blue silk.

Roundsman Brady asked her name.

"That is what I came here for," said the woman. "As nearly as I can remember I left my home at 10 o'clock on Friday morning to buy some Christmas presents for my little daughter"——

"What is her name?" asked the roundsman suddenly.

The woman pressed her hand to her forehead in a perplexed way and tried to remember.

"It is Florence, I think," she said hesitatingly, "but I cannot remember her last name. I went downtown on a cable car at 10 o'clock and went into a store in Twenty-third street and bought some things.

"When I started for home I could not remember where to go. I kept trying and trying until finally I was forced to give it up.

"I remember that my name was Smith before I was married. It was Marie Smith. I don't know what it is now. I think my husband is a Wall Street broker."

Had Money and Jewels.

The woman had a large roll of money in her pocketbook, and wore handsome diamonds.

All her efforts to remember her name were futile, and Roundsman Brady sent to St. Vincent's Hospital for an ambulance. The hospital doctor said that the woman had not been drugged.

"I am dying for sleep," she said, as she was being driven to the hospital. Here several sleeping potions were given her, but at 7 o'clock in the morning she was still awake. Dr. Maloney, of the hospital staff, was of the opinion that the woman was suffering from a form of hysteria, the result of some great mental strain.

She was taken into a private room, at her own request. Under the shrewd questioning of the doctor her mind seemed to return to her little by little.

"I remember," said she, "that nine years ago I was divorced from my husband. I think I was married again, but cannot remember for sure.

"I had a little daughter, who returned to our home two weeks ago. I had her picture taken last January at a photograph gallery between Fifth and Sixth avenues."

This was all the information the hospital physicians could obtain. After telling her story the woman sank back in her chair and wept.

A thorough search was made of her effects. There were no initials on her clothing. Upon her purse of yellow leather were the letters "M. F—ton."

She said that her name was "Marie," and that before her marriage her name was "Smith."

Some Great Trouble.

She gave the hospital doctors the impression that she was suffering from some great trouble, the nature of which she could not divulge. The physicians were sure that no drugs had been used by her.

"Her case," said Dr. Maloney, "is one of hysteria, caused by some serious mental trouble."

At 1 o'clock a young man, wearing a black mustache and red necktie, called at the hospital. He protested loudly that he knew nothing of the woman. "My name is "R. H. Smith," he said.

At the same time he went privately to one of the hospital sisters and gave her a card, whereon was his first name.

"Give this to the woman," said he.

The nurse took the card meekly and gave it to the woman. "I don't know him," said she.

"All right," responded the young man when the sister came back; "I'll bring down her little girl."

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon he reappeared leading a pretty child about eleven years old. She wore a nice olive green cloak and a red felt hat.

The young man and the child remained in the hospital about two hours.

At 5 o'clock there drove to the back door of the hospital a brougham with a wise driver. Newspaper men, dectectives and policemen were on the watch.

Nevertheless the woman who had lost hr memory came running out of the hospital with her little girl,ff sprang into the cab and was driven rapidly away.

A dozen newspaper men rushed over to the adjoining livery stable only to find that all the cabs had been temporarily chartered by a mysterious unknown.

It is likely, therefore, that the identity of the woman who lost her memory will never come to light.

The cab stopped at Thirty-seventh street and Sixth avenue, the woman, the man and the child got out and took a cable car bound uptown.

NEWARK COMPANY'S AFFAIRS STILL MIXED.

American Building Association Officers Head a New Concern There.

The affairs of the American Building & Loan Association, which went into the hands of a receiver in Newark three weeks ago, are not nearly settled up yet.

A deficiency of $16,000 was reported at the time, and $6,000 of this amount, which had been paid in by shareholders, is unaccounted for.

Notwithstanding this another association has sprung up in the same city, which calls itself the Empire Building and Loan Association. The officers of the company, as published in the literature sent out by them, are: A. B. Cornell, president; G. W. Crossman, first vice-president and general manager; John R. Loomis, secretary; James Gilfillan, treasurer; De Forest P. Lozier, auditor; John Scattergood, manager of agents; Frank C. Wilcox, general counsel.

These officers and those of the defunct company are identical.

Man Found in Ice Not Identified.

The body of the man found under the ice on the meadows at Florence and Montgomery streets, Jersey City, Friday night by boys while skating, is still unidentified. It was thought that possibly the man, who was about thirty-five years old, might be a Harrison policeman, as shield No. 18 of that city's Police Department was found pinned to his suspenders. Chief of Police Callaghan, of Harrison, who visited the Jersey City Morgue yesterday, could not identify the man.

Watch Dog Plunged Through Plate Glass.

A large Newfoundland dog, on guard in the harness shop of Henry Schwarz, No. 772 Ocean avenue, Jersey City, leaped through a pane of glass and made for Sergeant McLaughlin, of the Fifth Precinct police, late Friday night, when the latter, on his rounds, tried the shop door to see if it was securely locked. The dog's owner heard the crash of glass and called off his dog.

GEORGIA CAYVAN VICTIM OF "LAW."

Her Case May Bring About a Long Desired Change in Divorce Procedure.

HIT AT FAIR REPUTATION.

Though Innocent, Wakes Up to Find Herself Infamous in the Eyes of the World.

MAY HAPPEN TO ANY WOMAN.

Her Lawyer and Mr. Oliver S. Teall Pledge Themselves to Punish, if Possible, Those Who Have Defamed the Actress.

The harrowing experience of Miss Georgia Cayvan in being held up to the world yesterday as a co-respondent in the suit for absolute divorce brought against Oliver Sumner Teall by his wife, in Providence, is the latest strong argument in the effort that reputable lawyers have been making since 1892 for a divorce law national in its scope and fair in its provisions.

Although Miss Cayvan is a member of the much discussed theatrical profession, and has been since her first great success ten years ago continually held up to the white light of publicity, there has never been a word said against her character.

Her life has been as an open book. Her mother and sister have been always with her at home and back of the stage, and her dinners and entertainments at her house, No. 351 West One Hundred and Twenty-second street, have been attended by the very nicest men and women in social and professional life.

And yet yesterday morning she found herself blazoned throughout the country as a factor in an unsavory divorce suit. Her name had not been used in the papers of the suit brought by Mrs. Teall; she had not been notified that she was to appear in the case in any way; the only evidence given concerning her was by a negro servant, whose testimony had no corroboration, and all he could say was that Mr. Teall had called on her and had once made a Welch rarebit at her home at 3 a. m. The fact that the servant gave Miss Cayvan's address as No. 129 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street, when she lives at No. 351 West One Hundred and Twenty-second street, furnishes a line as to the accuracy of his other statements.

Can Happen to Any Woman.

Miss Cayvan's misfortune can come to any woman in the United States. It has come to innocent women time and again, but it has become too common to attract much attention except when it comes to a woman of Miss Cayvan's prominence.

Here is an opinion of Friend, House & Grossman, a firm recognized as an authority in divorce law:

The unfortunate position in which Miss Georgia Cayvan finds herself by reason of the unwarranted use of her name in the case of Teall vs. Teall, in the Rhode Island courts, is a common one, and, as is usual, one from which the person wrongfully charged with being a companion to a quasi crime cannot find any relief. The English practice in divorce cases permitting third persons charged as being companions to the defendant in the commission of a wrongful act, to intervene in the divorce suit as parties defendant, is fixed and settled, but such practice has not been adopted in this country.

In uncontested divorce suits only, and then only as a special favor to such third persons, is he or she permitted to be present at the trial of the case in this State, and to cross-examine witnesses who may give testimony which involved him or her, and sometimes, too, to offer testimony to contradict that offered by the plaintiff.

There is no law which requires that notice of the pendency of a divorce suit should be given to an alleged co-respondent, and unless by accident, such co-respondent acquires information of the pendency of the suit his name may be wrongfully besmirched by a permanent record of the commission of an offence without having been given the opportunity of being heard concerning it.

Miss Cayvan in Tears.

Miss Cayvan's eyes were swollen with weeping when she was seen at her home yesterday afternoon.

"I can say nothing," said she, "except that there was no excuse for bringing me into the case. Of course, it is unnecessary for me to say this to my friends, and I firmly believe it is not necessary for me to say it to the public. See my lawyer, please. He will do everything possible to punish the persons that have perpetrated this outrage."

Miss Cayvan's lawyer, Henry Melville, of No. 120 Broadway, said: "I cannot speak about the case at present. Wait until I get hold of the exact proceedings at Providence. I can only say now that I will use every endeavor to send to prison every one who has had a hand in this dastardly matter. I don't know now what I can do, but I hope I shall find a way. This case of itself should get every reputable lawyer and statesman in the country together to push through an equitable and national divorce statute."

Mr. Teall would only say this:

"I was going to let my wife get her divorce by default. Now I shall fight, and I swear that those who have wilfully assailed a good woman's character shall suffer for it."

Letter Came After Four Years.

Former Finance Commissioner John E. Edelstein, of Jersey City, yesterday received a letter sent him nearly four years ago. It was sent to Mr. Edelstein in Constantinople in 1895, by James McGrath, now Water Assessor of Jersey City, but when the letter reached there Mr. Edelstein had left for other parts of the Turkish Empire. The letter was finally returned to the Washington post office, and from there it reached Mr. Edelstein yesterday.

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