

NEWS OF ONE DAY FROM ALL OVER THE GREAT NEW YORK.

CARBOLIC ACID SCARED HER NOT.

Mrs. Nally Took It By Mistake and Walked to Bellevue.

Mrs. Minnie Nally, of No. 303 East Twelfth street, kept her bottle of whiskey in a dark closet. It was this circumstance that makes her somewhat of a fine this morning.

It seems that Mrs. Nally felt the need of two or more fingers of stimulant yesterday afternoon, and with a view of satisfying the need she made her way to the dark closet aforesaid.

It need scarcely be said that she got the carbolic acid bottle, and in her haste took a cool mouthful. But there is a difference even between East Side whiskey and carbolic acid, which Mrs. Nally discovered before she had swallowed the poison.

With great presence of mind she spat out the fiery mixture, put on her Sunday hat and her best wrap and strolled over to Bellevue Hospital.

Entering the gate unobserved she walked about the lawn until she met a physician, to whom she told her story.

She was amazed at her nerve and hustled her into the building, to her surprise and against her protests.

"I'm not hurt much," said Mrs. Nally. "I'm not hurt much." Soothing lotions were applied to her scorched tongue and cheeks, and she was put to bed. She is the only woman on record who ever took carbolic acid, accidentally or otherwise, and failed to make a fuss about it.

FROHMAN ACTORS INTERCHANGEABLE.

By a further amalgamation of interests between the brothers Frohman the players employed by them individually will be interchangeable between the various companies controlled by both. Charles Frohman leaves the Lyceum Theatre from his brother, and the latter says that he will extend his productions, with Charles Frohman's aid, to the Lyric, Garden and Garrick theatres.

The Lyceum stock company will continue to appear at that theatre, and will be re-inforced by John B. Mason, Campbell Gollub, May, Stephen Wright and others. James K. Brackett has been engaged to play at the Garden Theatre in September, and when the holidays are over a new play will be presented at the Lyric, the name of which is to be changed. E. H. Sothern's season will open at the Lyceum in September.

In addition to leasing the Lyceum Charles Frohman will continue to manage the Empire, Garrick, Garden, Madison Square and New Lyric theatres.

WHO WILL SUCCEED CHIEF BONNER?

Commissioner Scannell Has No Favorite for the Place at Present.

Fire Commissioner John J. Scannell said yesterday that the new chief of the Fire Department will not be appointed for at least a month. Chief Bonner will retire on Monday, and one of the deputy chiefs will be appointed acting chief, but the permanent appointment will not be made until later.

Commissioner Scannell says that he has not yet decided who will be either acting or permanent chief. The choice will be made from one of the New York deputy chiefs, as Commissioner Scannell says none but the Manhattan Island deputies could stand the examination. A rigid examination is to be given by the Civil Service Board, and the award of the Board must then be submitted to the State Board. From the three men who survive the fall test the chief will be appointed.

WONT BE FORGIVEN TILL HE OWNS UP.

"Mother Plea" Will Succeed in Fendler's Case if He Really Repents.

"I will not suspend sentence in the case of Edward L. Fendler until he has admitted his guilt and repented," said Judge Cowing yesterday.

The man, who is thirty-two years old and lives at No. 207 West Thirty-eighth street, was convicted of grand larceny in the second degree. He entered the house of Mrs. Elizabeth Slade, of No. 104 West Fourth street, disguised as a Health Inspector, and stole \$500 worth of jewelry.

Judge Cowing said he was bothered at his name, his title and the streets by persons who wanted forgiveness for a clerk. The applicants included Mrs. Clark Bell, Dr. Cyrus Edson and Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst. The defendant's mother founded the Women's Health Protective Association, and it was on her account that leniency was asked, although the previous day the Court said it would not again recognize the "mother plea."

LAWYER SAT ON BY MAGISTRATE CRANE.

He Excused Drunkenness on the Ground That a City Official Was Arrested for It.

Lawyer Benjamin L. Ludington was sat upon by Magistrate Crane in the Yorkville Court yesterday in a manner that made him bluish fery red.

He was defending Jeffrey B. Bristol, a colored man, charged with drunkenness and beating his wife and children at their home, No. 224 East Seventieth street. Ludington said that the best people in New York got drunk occasionally and he said the case of a high official who, he said, was once arrested.

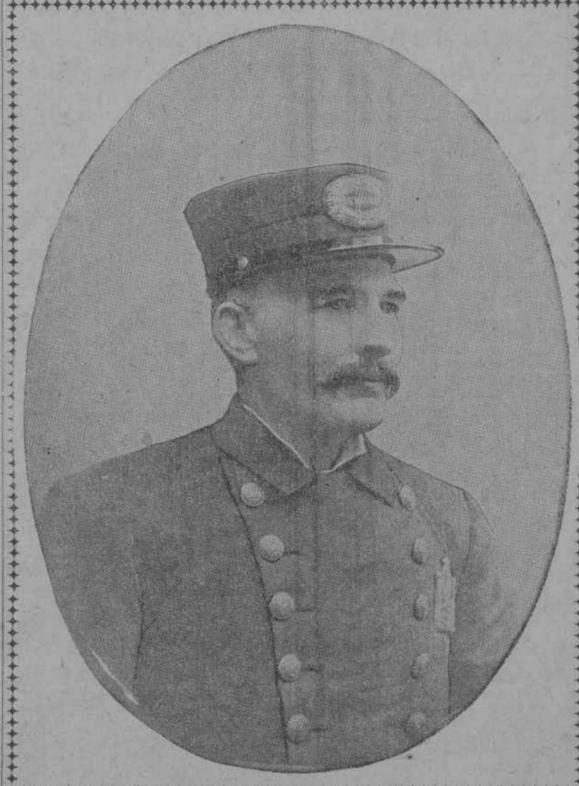
"I consider that language unfair," said the Court, indignantly, "and extremely ill-advised."

The ill-tempered lawyer apologized and his client was held in \$500 bonds to keep the peace for six months.

AN IDYLIC HONEYMOON.

The novel and altogether delightful way in which a young millionaire and his bride are spending their honeymoon will be revealed in next Sunday's Journal.

30 YEARS A POLICEMAN IN NEW YORK CITY.



John M. Ryan, Thirty Years a Policeman.

Sergeant John M. Ryan, who has been thirty years in the Police Department, received a present of a handsome loving cup from his friends on the force.

In all his thirty years on the force, Sergeant John M. Ryan never had such an exciting experience as befell him last night. Most persons, indeed, would find it alarming as well as exciting to be visited in their homes by fifty policemen of all ranks. A stranger might well have thought that No. 825 Eagle avenue, Bronx Borough, was being raided.

It was, in fact, a raid, but a pacific one. The veteran sergeant's comrades from all over the city brought him a valuable loving cup, and joined in wishing him thirty more years in the Police Department. Patrolman Pessant made the presentation, and said many appreciative things about Sergeant Ryan's kindness of heart and his willingness to help his less fortunate comrades to bear their troubles.

Sergeant Ryan's good natured face beamed as he grasped the hands of those nearest him, and thanked them all, in tones that were spontaneously husky, for having remembered the thirtieth anniversary of his appointment on the force. The cup was inscribed:

"Presented to SERGEANT JOHN M. RYAN, on the thirtieth anniversary of his appointment to the Police Department of the City of New York, April 29, 1869-1899."

The sergeant entertained his friends handsomely, and they stayed late. The occasion was a happy one, and the sergeant was asked to tell about his exciting experiences during his thirty years as a policeman.

"This is the only one," he said. "I never had any others. I've never been shot, and I've never been out of a burning building and I've never stopped a runaway. I've never jumped into the water to save a millionaire's only child, and I've never carried anybody out of a burning building and I've never carried a runaway. I've never jumped into the water to save a millionaire's only child, and I've never carried anybody out of a burning building and I've never carried a runaway."

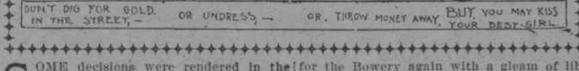
"It's true that I've served in some of the toughest districts in the city, but I've always got on well with the worst characters, and by treating them with confidence have generally enlisted them on my side."

Mr. Ryan is at the Delancey street police station. He fought through the civil war, was wounded, and is a member of the G. A. R.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists retail the medicine. 25c. The medicine has L. E. Q. on each tablet.

THINGS YOU MAY DO ON THE STREETS.



SOME decisions were rendered in the city courts yesterday that instruct citizens as to their rights in public places. Some of the points passed upon will be novel to many persons. It might be a good idea for those with poor memories to paste these decisions in their hats.

It is not legal to stake out a gold mining claim in the streets of New York City and dig for gold. That was settled by Magistrate Cornell in the West Side Court. Charles H. Igo, thirty-six years old, of Brighton, Mass., armed with a penknife, stood at the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Eighth avenue on Thursday night and tried to dig through a dogstone. "People owe me money," said he to Policeman Shorten, "and I'm going to dig it up. It's buried around here somewhere." He was sent to the insane pavilion at Bellevue Hospital.

It is illegal to stand on the street corner in the case of Luigi Vertosso, of Taxedo Park, who was distributing cash to newsboys on the Bowery. He said that he had got rid of \$500 and had not half finished. In the Centre Street Court Magistrate Pool lectured him severely and then let him go. He has \$112 left and he headed straight

IT'S DEWEY DAY.

New Yorkers Prepare to Celebrate the Anniversary of Manila Bay.

Next Monday, the first of May, known unofficially as "Dewey Day," will be celebrated from one end of the country to the other almost as though it were a national holiday. Some States, notably Pennsylvania and California, have made the day a legal one. In future years Congress may follow suit.

The action of California in making Dewey Day a holiday is peculiarly fitting, because, had the Admiral of the American navy suffered a defeat, the Pacific coast would have been at Spain's mercy. The other leader, Pennsylvania, however, had no motive for its act other than pure patriotism.

New York State, unfortunately—thanks to the Republican members of the Judiciary Committee—has decided that May 1 shall not be Dewey Day officially this year. A bill was introduced making the day a holiday. It went to the Judiciary Committee. It has never been reported. It is there still. The reason given that New York has already eight holidays, and the Republicans do not think it wise to add another at the present time.

Thousands of messages have been received by the Journal urging in the strongest terms a general observance of next Monday as a holiday. The wishes expressed by these messages will be regarded generally all through this land. But the particular celebrations will be in the hands of the school children.

From the Navy Department in Washington the orders have been sent to the various navy yards commanding the firing of an admiral's salute on May 1. This salute calls for seventeen guns. The forts about New York Harbor, too, will fire salutes of honor.

In this city there will be a tremendous display of flags and bunting. Not only will every public building fly its flag, but an amount of private bunting and decorations on view bids fair to make a record. Superintendent Jasper announced before him yesterday morning the principals of the public schools, primary and grammar grades. He gave them instructions touching the proper celebration of the day.

"The children," said Superintendent Jasper afterward, "will salute the flag. They will sing the Star Spangled Banner, the Columbia and other patriotic hymns. The remainder of the programme will be decided by the principals, each one for himself."

GOELET'S YACHT TO BRING BODY HOME.

Word has been received from Naples, where Robert Goelet died on Thursday, aboard his steam yacht, Nahma, that the body has not been taken ashore, but will be allowed to remain aboard. The Nahma will soon start from Naples for this port, carrying the body of her owner with his family. Thus, what was designed to be a pleasure trip for the millionaire, has turned out to be a funeral voyage.

Mr. Goelet, who was fifty-five years of age, had been illing for some time when he sailed from New York on February 12 to go aboard the Nahma at Gibraltar. It was thought that a long voyage in the Mediterranean Sea would restore his shattered health, but the contrary proved to be the case. About the middle of March the yacht put in at Cannes, and it was then reported that Mr. Goelet's condition was very serious. Subsequent reports concerning his health were more, but what was the cause of the trouble who has just died and the news of his death, called from Naples on Thursday night, was not a surprise.

The famous millionaire, Peter Goelet, was the founder of the Goelet family fortune in this city, and the grandnucleus of Robert Goelet. The first of Goelet's to accumulate a great amount of money in New York saw the possibilities of the city and had already secured an excellent property and unimproved property, making his selections with rare judgment. Both he and his brother, Robert Goelet—who was the father of the one who has just died and of Ogden Goelet—had inherited money from their father, but it was Peter Goelet who did the lion's share of the money drawn in the vast Goelet fortune of to-day.

Peter Goelet and his brother Robert died within a few minutes in 1877, Peter leaving a fortune estimated at \$2,000,000. The bulk of this went to young Robert and Ogden Goelet, who continued the policy of the family of accumulating desirable real estate and improving their holdings. Ogden Goelet died in August, 1897, on board his yacht, the Nahma, and it was then reported that Mr. Goelet's condition was very serious. Subsequent reports concerning his health were more, but what was the cause of the trouble who has just died and the news of his death, called from Naples on Thursday night, was not a surprise.

The day's work had been marked out with care on a map. It covered the district bounded by Surf avenue, Jones's Walk, Thompson's Walk, the Steeplechase Walk and the beach. Among the other important thoroughfares included within these bounds were the far-famed Bowers. The thirty-one Health Board inspectors and thirty-one sanitary policemen under the command of Dr. Albert Metcalf descended upon it like a swarm of locusts, and in the course of an hour or so it was as bare of smells and disease bacilli as the keel of an ocean steamer. This was not superficial work. Every board was torn up. Every spadeful of organic matter was removed. The very earth was saturated with disinfectants.

Not a beach nor a saloon was left unvisited or uncleaned. Some of the diseases made were highly interesting from scientific and sociological points of view, but unsuitable as subjects for treatment in popular literature. Some of the most interesting talked of writing papers on the astounding indifference to hygiene in the end-of-the-century watering place. These inspectors were Drs. Covey, Hill, Curran, De Forrest, Newman, Berry and Purdy.

The important result of the expedition is that in future no comestibles, from peanuts to frankfurters, will be exposed in the open air.

STRONG, WURSTER AND GLEASON GET TOGETHER.

Ex-Mayors Convene to Straighten Out Some Tangled Appointments.

Ex-Mayors Strong, of New York; Wurster, of Brooklyn, and Gleason, of Long Island City, got together yesterday and talked of anti-charter days.

They were called to a conference by order of the Supreme Court directing them to assign to duty in the Dock Department Charles Alsbarger and ten other dockmasters of the former city of Brooklyn who were left jobless when the cities consolidated. Alsbarger and the others were sent to places in the Department of Docks and Ferries.

MUST BE CALLED A "MASTADON" IN NEW YORK.

President Little's Libel Charge Falls on a Technicality.

The indictment against Professor Nicholas Murray Butler and Charles and Henry Holt, editor and publisher of the Educational Review, was dismissed by Judge Cowing yesterday because it omitted to say that the alleged crime was done within the jurisdiction of the court. The defendants were charged with calling President Joseph J. Little of the Board of Education "the old educational mastodon." The evidence showed that they did this, but it did not assert that they did it in New York County.

District-Attorney Gardner says that the indictment will be amended and resubmitted to the Grand Jury.

Sunday Journal "Wants" Bring Monday morning results. Send them in to-day before 6 p. m.

INGERSOLL SUEED BECAUSE OF DICKENS.



ROBT. INGERSOLL.

Not figuratively, but literally, Dickens is a shattered idol to Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. At least a statuette of Dickens was unfortunately broken, and the shattering of that statuette is costing the Colonel a lawsuit.

Dr. Bristol, who rented Colonel Ingersoll the home at No. 230 Madison avenue, where he lived until recently, is the claimant. The house was rented furnished, and on the Colonel's departure the statuette was found to be broken.

Colonel Ingersoll offered to pay \$20, and declared this was twice as much as the statuette was worth. Dr. Bristol claimed \$135.

Colonel Ingersoll offered to duplicate the statuette. Dr. Bristol said it would be impossible to duplicate it.

Colonel Ingersoll tucked the statuette under his arm and went from store to store in vain. When tired out he sent his private secretary on the same errand, but the secretary also failed.

"It can't be duplicated, but I can get you a far better one," said the Colonel to the Doctor.

"It can't be duplicated and you will pay me \$135," said the Doctor to the Colonel. The Colonel feels angry. He offered to have a committee of art dealers pass on the value of the broken statuette, but this offer was refused.

Dr. Bristol insists that the value be decided legally, and an action Wednesday morning the case will come up in the Municipal Court of the Sixth District.

GERM CATCHERS AT CONEY ISLE.

With all the zeal of a party of naturalists ridding the fauna of an unexplored country, the brigade of sanitary experts who have awakened the antagonism of Coney Island continued yesterday their pursuit of the bacteria that thrive in that noted health resort. Perhaps it is fortunate for them that the inhabitants of the place have not wholly awakened from their winter torpor, for their methods are high handed in the extreme.

There was no end of tearing up and tearing down, no end of ejaculations of surprise and disgust, no end of threats and remonstrances. Pugnacious colonies of bacteria that had rested in well nourished idleness for years and years were routed out, drenched with nauseating antiseptics, and left to die in the pitiless Spring sunshine. The odor of lime and carbolic acid was abroad in the air, and the permanent residents of Coney Island held their noses, with airs of disdain.

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TOMBS RECOMMENDED AS SUMMER RESORT.

What's the use of going away and "going broke" for the Summer when right up in Elm street, between Leonard and Franklin streets, there is an ideal resort where one may stop so long as one likes without paying a cent?

This question is asked on the authority of inspectors talked of writing papers on the astounding indifference to hygiene in the end-of-the-century watering place. These inspectors were Drs. Covey, Hill, Curran, De Forrest, Newman, Berry and Purdy.

MAD DOG SCARE IN CITY HALL PARK.

Crowd Chased Poor, Scared Animal Clear to the Court House.

A small black and white dog, evidently of fox terrier breed, ran around in a circle in City Hall Park near the corner of Broadway and Mall street shortly after 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The animal was barking continuously and was undoubtedly badly scared. A man walked on the grass plot and kicked at the dog, which ran into Broadway.

Ten men then kicked at the now thoroughly terrified animal, a newsboy yelled "mad dog" and there was a mad-dog scare on that attracted thousands.

The yelping animal dashed through the Park to Chambers street, pursued by a howling mob of men and boys. Through Chambers street and up the north side of the courthouse it made its way, finally cowering down in a corner on the high portico and whining pitifully.

An Italian bootblack and the driver of a truck secured the creature and held it high in the air by the scruff of its neck while 2,000 men and boys on the steps and in the street howled: "Kill him! Kill him!"

A man who knows something about dogs advised that the sufferer be tied slightly and doused in cold water. The crowd yelled in derision.

The man insisted that the cringing, whining animal was not mad, but the killing sentiment was strong. The bootblack and the truckman took the dog to the engine room of the courthouse and drowned it in a barrel of water and the crowd dispersed.

JACK'S THEATRE MUST CLOSE TO-DAY.

Police Board Refuse a License on the Ground That the Show Is Not Refined.

The old proverb that "It never rains but it pours" is being proved sadly true in the case of "Sam T. Jack's House of Burlesque." On Thursday Sam T. Jack died in the height of his glory as the successful manager of a number of burlesque companies whose school of art had been founded by Mr. Jack himself.

May 1 is the day on which, according to the charter of Greater New York, all theatre licenses expire. The charter does not permit of their being revoked, but if the Police Board believe a resort objectionable or immoral they have the privilege of refusing to renew the license.

On a recent afternoon the Police Commissioners refused to grant a further license to Sam T. Jack's Theatre.

"I know it's pretty hard to close Jack's Theatre on the day after his death," said President Bernard York yesterday. "But it's a step we have been considering for a long time. We have had any number of complaints against the performances in Jack's Theatre, and in some cases the police, at our direction, have really had to prevent the limits of their authority in preventing and interfering with shows there."

The Police Board also refused to renew the license of Appell's Music Hall, No. 420 Eighth avenue, and "The Oregon," at No. 83 Bowery, as well as a number of cheap concert halls where they decided improper performances were given.

Negligee MADRAS SHIRTS, tartans—stripes, \$1.00 to \$2.50.

Critical buyers will find all the choice color combinations among them.

Golf Hose, latest color ideas, just from the knitters' hands, 50c. to \$2.50.

Business Suits, fancy chevrons and worsteds, \$10 to \$20. Spring Overcoats, \$10 to \$30. Derby Hats, \$2 & \$3. Alpine Hats, \$2 & \$3.

Open Late This Evening. Hackett, Carhart & Co.

Broadway, Cor. 13th St., Cor. Canal St., Near Chambers.

DON'T TIRE EASILY WHEN YOU EAT Grape-Nuts.

There's a reason TRY THEM.

Carpet Cleansing LARGEST IN THE WORLD. EVERY DETAIL. Thos. J. Stewart Co., 125 W. B'way, N. Y. 1228 BEDFORD AVE., B'klyn. 27th St., JERSEY CITY, N. J. Warehouses and Moving. INTERESTING CIRCULAR.