

BOY VIOLINIST IS IN FREBING.

Harold Fields, Accused of Arson, Promptly Released by the Grand Jury.

A LEVEE AT HIS HOME.

Women Kiss the Little Fellow and All Rejoice at His Deliverance.

FRIGHTENED INTO CONFESSION.

Officials Made Out of the Innocent Boy a Youthful Nero Who Would Fiddle While His Home Burned.

After having made him spend five nights away from the mother whom he adores, confined in a room with boys, many of whom are known to be vicious characters, the law at length discovers that Harold Fields is not a bad boy at all, but a victim of undue haste to call it by its mildest name—of certain zealous officials of the city.

Dragged from his school room, shut up with three officers of the law for several hours, where he was put through what is known to the criminal classes as the "Third Degree," taken to a police court and arraigned before the bar with drunkards, thieves and disorderly persons, and finally led away to a prison house, it is at length discovered that this tender, sensitive lad is innocent of the grave crime of arson, of which he was accused.

It took the Grand Jury but a few minutes to come to this conclusion yesterday. The Journal reached the same conclusion the day after the boy's arrest, and, although, of all the papers in New York, championed the little fellow's case.

A Sensitive Nature. The story of Harold Fields should be familiar to newspaper readers. The only child of a widowed mother, he resided with her and his grandmother in a modest flat at No. 625 Amsterdam avenue. His father, a native of Vienna, had been a well-known musician, as is his mother. Upon the death of her husband she supported her aged mother and her boy by giving music lessons.

The son inherited the musical talent of his parents. At an early age he showed great proficiency on the piano and harp, but more especially with the violin. His love for the latter instrument was most marked, and at the Conservatory, which he attended, he was easily the peer of any of the older pupils.

It was this boy—essentially a home-loving child—who was accused of arson in having attempted to fire a dwelling house in which resided over two scores of human beings, including the only two near relatives he has on earth. There had been two or more small fires in the house, none of which had done any particular damage. The last fire occurred Sunday afternoon. Policeman Roloff, of the Twenty-fifth Precinct, investigated, but discovered nothing.

Then Fire Headquarters Detective Henry Hackett was called in. He discovered a tenant of the house who had seen Harold leaving the cellar fifteen minutes before the blaze broke out. That settled it. He reported his startling discovery to Fire Marshal Mitchell.

"This dangerous frebug must be apprehended at any cost," was the edict, so the next morning, bright and early, the little child was dragged from his school desk by the three officials and taken to a room at Fire Headquarters. There he was plied with question after question.

Frightened Into Confession. "Did you not take a piece of paper, light it and throw it into the woodbin?" he was asked, time and again. "Now, own up," he says he was advised, "for, if you do, then we will make it easy for you." Immediately afterward, and still maintains, he, in his fright, said "yes" to the solicitation, whereupon he was taken to the room of the chief of police, where he had been put side by side with the criminals of the Yorkville Police Court.

For five days the boy was kept in confinement. The officers of the society were kind to him, for they agreed with the Journal that he was innocent, but the boy was kind enough to realize that he was a prisoner, held for the Grand Jury in the large sum of \$1,000, and that he could not see his mother.

Yesterday the end came. His story, Morris Zukor, was indefatigable, and, aided by the district attorney's office, the matter thus speedily reached the attention of the Grand Jury. That body heard the evidence of Tenant St. John, and also heard the story of the alleged confession of guilt. It was not necessary for the defence to put in any evidence.

Back to His Home. So they dressed Harold in clean clothes, and with his hand in that of Gerry Agent Watson they boarded a train for the boy's Harlem home. The agent has legs not dissimilar to those of Ichabod Crane, while those of Harold are very short, and also they were it was all the agent could do to keep pace with the little fellow when the vicinity of the mother's home was reached.

She saw them coming, and could scarce believe her eyes. But it was her boy sure enough, and so she ran down the stairs and met him in the vestibule. When she saw him, she cried softly as she kissed him again and again, and from the open window above the grandmother mingled her tears with those of her daughter.

By this time the news had spread throughout the apartment house, and the neighbors gathered about the mother and son, and the women kissed him, while the men patted him on the back and said, "Good boy, don't you care."

And afterward a sort of unofficial levee was held in the little flat, in which his playmates came in and looked at him as if he were one who had returned from a long journey. And he took his violin and played for them all.

"No," said the mother, "we have no complaint to make, now that I have my boy back again to me. I cannot tell what effect this experience will have upon Harold. He has cried constantly since he was taken from me, and his health may be impaired, but we hope not."

Among those who called upon Harold to offer congratulations was his school teacher, Miss Curtis, of Grammar School No. 71. She kissed the boy affectionately, saying, "You are a good little boy, and I know you couldn't have done it, and we all knew it."

Rev. Mr. Matthews Paid His Brother. Rev. E. E. Matthews informs the Journal that he has in his possession a release signed by his brother, Percy E. Matthews, in which the latter acknowledges that his brother in April last paid the money that was due to him. The case was decided in favor of Rev. Mr. Matthews.

It Amazed New Yorkers—Twenty Immense Airships Shooting Skyward. On Saturday people in the downtown district watched the ascension of a lot of airships. Each one had a big balloon, and the balloons, in the Great Cloister, cor. Broadway and Park place. Men's suits, \$4.00. It was a novel sight. Kings say that a number of new corners are being to inaugurate—unusually. Kings inform the public that their only New York store is corner Broadway and Park place, cor. Post Office. Monday Sale—Men's accessories \$2.00 to \$4.00; worth \$12.



Me is 68. She 64, but They Were Happily Married at Hickville.

RUSSELL SAGE ADMITS THE ROW.

His Feud with Gould Is Felt in the London Market.

JAY GOULD'S MEMORY.

It Is This His Eldest Son Is Striving So Strenuously to Protect.

The history of the Sage-Gould row is gradually coming to light. Russell Sage told some of it yesterday, confirming what the Journal had already printed, and going a step further.

Mr. Sage said he had given Gould a chance to clear up doubtful points regarding the Louisiana Construction Company, and that he was now waiting with patience for him to do so.

"About a year ago," said Mr. Sage, "I asked Mr. Gould to appoint a committee to examine transactions involving the construction of the Louisiana line. I wanted this committee to make a report that could be spread on the minutes. Mr. Gould has not appointed the committee, but he has promised me that he will do so."

It is on this promise, communicated to the Missouri Pacific bondholders by Sage, that an armed neutrality has been maintained for eight months between the Sage and Gould interests.

There is, however, no indication that Mr. Gould is in a yielding mood. Mr. Sage's investigations were carried on secretly during the Winter of 1896-96. In April, 1896, Mr. Sage reported his findings to Mr. Gould, and then the storm broke.

According to Mr. Sage, influenced by the terms of the contract for the Iron Mountain extension to a company which he had secretly organized, which corporation built the road for \$8,000,000 and charged at the rate of \$16,000,000, entailing a loss of \$24,000,000 to the Missouri Pacific Company.

Mr. Gould warmly defended the honor of his father and flatly refused to admit the liability of the Gould estate. It is a matter of common knowledge that Mr. Gould bitterly resents Mr. Sage's insistence on an accounting of his father's business, but the tenacity of Mr. Sage has not been abated on that account. The friction has manifested itself in conversations with friends and in board meetings. It is believed Mr. Gould's sales of joint securities are likely to continue until the Gould fortune is removed from the Sage influence.

Uncertainty still characterizes the movement of Gould stocks. Western Union dropped from 70 1/2 to 76 yesterday. The Supreme Court is expected to hand down a decision in the Berliner patent case tomorrow. Missouri Pacific opened at 12 1/2 and closed at 12 1/2. Manhattan opened at 82 and closed at 82 1/2.

A private dispatch from London yesterday said: "The American market was at a standstill because of published statements of a quarrel between George J. Gould and Russell Sage. It had the effect of curtailing speculation and was a damper on the growing interest in American securities."

SAVED FROM A SEA TOMB.

Fitz Brown of the Venezuela Would Have Been Buried in the Ocean, but a Protest Was Potent.

The body of Fitz Brown, a sailor on the steamship Venezuela, had a narrow escape from being buried at sea off Barnegat yesterday. He was said to have been suffering from heart trouble, and after passing two weeks in a Curacao hospital decided that he would come home to die. For this reason he embarked on the Venezuela when she touched at Dutch Island, and begged to be carried to New York.

The medical authorities having given a certificate that the man was suffering from heart disease, and had neither an infectious nor contagious sickness, Captain Warren M. Hopkins took him on board. Notwithstanding all the attention he received, the poor fellow died last Friday night, when the vessel was about 200 miles southeast of Sandy Hook.

Bury the body at sea? That was the question, and it was answered in the affirmative, and only twelve hours after death. Before 5 o'clock all the passengers and crew were on deck and a clergyman, a passenger, was ready with book and gown to read the burial service of the Episcopal Church.

One passenger, however, protested against the burial with land almost in sight. He wished to have the body carried into port. "The only unmistakable evidence of death," he said, "none of us has perceived. The day is cold and the lives of the passengers would be in no danger by carrying the body into port."

The passenger's protests prevailed. The body was not committed to the water, but was taken ashore after the Venezuela reached New York by the Quarantine boat. It will have a decent burial.

GOT A FARM FOR WORTHLESS STOCKS.

Charles J. Howard Arrested on a Charge of Grand Larceny.

BALTIMORE MAN VICTIM.

Prisoner Denies That He Knew Securities Were Valueless at the Time of Transfer.

On the charge of having disposed of stocks purporting to be worth \$50,000, but which turned out to be practically worthless, Charles J. Howard was arraigned in the Centre Street Police Court yesterday and held in \$10,000 bail to await the action of the Grand Jury. The man who claims to have been swindled is Charles J. Hartman, of Baltimore. Both he and the prisoner unite in saying that the stocks were of very little or no value at the time of the transfer. Hartman claims that Howard was aware of their worthlessness, but the prisoner denies having had that knowledge.

The stocks consisted of 5,000 shares of a Denver mining company and were turned over by Howard in exchange for some valuable farm property and stock farm at Lock's Run, near Baltimore. The property is estimated by Hartman to be worth \$100,000, and there is a mortgage on it for about half that amount.

President W. C. Dornin, of the Mining Exchange, of this city, has taken a personal interest in the case, and joined with Hartman in swearing out a warrant for Howard's arrest.

Howard has been living at No. 255 West Fourteenth street, but the landlady, Mrs. Rollins, says that he left very suddenly two weeks ago, saying that he was wanted as a witness in a case, and preferred not to be found. He told Mrs. Rollins that he had a wife and child in Harlem, but in the Tombs yesterday he stated that he was unmarried. He is thirty-seven years old. His only office in this city was at his lodgings.

The warrant for his arrest was issued on May 4, but he was not found till Friday night, in the reading room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, by Detective McNaught. He was arraigned before Magistrate Braun yesterday on a charge of grand larceny, and was locked up, as he was unable to find a bondsman.

When seen in the Tombs Howard declared that he had owned the stock in question only two weeks and that Hartman had gone into the deal with his eyes open. He added that he had not really supposed the stock to be worth any great sum, but that it was worth fully as much as the farm, which was mortgaged, he claimed, for all of its value. "Neither of us ought to kick," he said.

RECTOR NOT UP IN LAW.

Dr. Mottet, Acting as Prosecutor, Found Himself Entangled in Legal Technicalities.

Gustavo Weinberg and Rector Henry Mottet, of the Sixth Avenue Church of the Holy Communion, who lives at No. 47 West Twentieth street, quarrelled bitterly over some money matters. Weinberg was arraigned in Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday charged with having sent a threatening letter to the pastor. He pleaded not guilty, and the rector, who conducted the prosecution, was unable to show that Weinberg had written or mailed the letter in question.

The rector asked Magistrate Mott how to proceed, being thoroughly confused by the technicalities of the law, and was told that the Magistrate could not advise him.

"I will adjourn the case until Monday to give you an opportunity to prepare your evidence," the Magistrate said.

Henry Weinberg on May 4 made an affidavit that his brother, Gustavo, was not in his right mind and wanted him restrained. Subsequently Henry asked to have the warrant that had been issued withdrawn, claiming he had made the affidavit at Dr. Mottet's request, and fearing that, because of the quarrel, his brother might do violence to his enemy.

SCOTT'S DEATH SENTENCE TO-MORROW.

Howard A. Scott, who shot and killed his wife on October 26 last, will be sentenced to death by Recorder Goff to-morrow. Scott's case was appealed, and the judgment of the Court of General Sessions sustained by the Appellate Court.

DRUNKARDS CAN BE SAVED.

The craving for drink is a disease, a marvelous cure for which has been discovered called 'Anti-Jag,' which makes the inebriate lose all taste for strong drink without showing why, as it can be given secretly in tea, coffee, soup and the like.

Little Neck Clams. Chicken Gumbo au Tapoc. Bachelors au Petrus. Praline. Broiled Soft Shell Crabs. Tartar Cucumber Salad. Mignon Steaks. New Peas Pysanne. Spring Duckling Fried au Cresson. English Solipe Sur Gratin. Cold Asparagus, French Dressing. Biscuits. Newmarket. Strawberries au Marasquin. Fancy Cakes. Cheese. Demi-Tasse.

FAIR ARCHITECTS TO SHOW WORK.

School of Applied Design for Women Produces Fine Designs.

FIRST PUBLIC DISPLAY.

Institution Fostered by Society Women Interested in Developing Talents of Girls.

Skeptics concerning the ability of women as architects should visit the exhibition now being arranged by the New York School of Applied Design for Women, at No. 328 Fifth avenue. There they will see a bevy of enthusiastic and talented young women mounting their work for the first exhibition given by the school since its organization, five years ago, and which will be open to those holding invitations to the reception, from 3 to 6 o'clock, on Tuesday afternoon. After that day it will be open free to the public daily until Saturday evening.

The School of Applied Design for Women was established as a philanthropic enterprise by Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins in 1892, its object being to afford women an opportunity to gain instruction that would enable them to earn a livelihood by the employment of their tastes and talents in the application of ornamental design to manufacture and the arts.

"I should urge all women to bend mind and energy to that concentration which best prepares them for the struggle for excellence, and let concentration become the banner word of women of the twentieth century," was a sentiment that Mrs. Hopkins gave expression to at the time of founding the school. It has since served as a guide and watchword to the aspiring young women pupils, now numbering nearly 400.

"I shall pass thro' this world but once" is the language of the school motto. "Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

And the young women of this artistic and industrial seminary have, with their deft fingers, gone on working on these lines.

The institution is self-supporting, each pupil contributing a certain sum for tuition. It is located at No. 200 West Twenty-third street, and has for its instructors some of the most skillful architects and designers in New York. It has won eight gold medals in five years, having sent exhibits to the World's Fair at Chicago, the Midwinter Fair at San Francisco and the Atlanta and other exhibitions.

The school offers remunerative employment for women of talent by supplying their work to the manufacturers of designs in this and other cities. It is believed from the experience of the promoters of the school that women are destined to become great designers, just as many of them have become successful in other branches of art and industry, and critics say that the work turned out by the school fully solves the problem as to woman's ability and skill in this particular field.

"It is the desire of those at the head of the school," said Mrs. Hopkins yesterday, "to give our less fortunate sisters an opportunity to study and develop any particular artistic talent they may possess."

"The time is coming when we will have great designers among women. They will stand in the same place as great portrait painters. This is our first exhibition. We have kept silent, working quietly and faithfully for five years. Now we want the critics and the public to come and see what we have accomplished."

The display of architecture will be very extensive, including the orders Corinthian, Greek, Doric, Ionic, Roman and Composite.

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WHAT TO DO. There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfils every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following the use of brandy, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet both sent free by mail. Mention this paper and facts following the use of Swamp-Root, send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

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FROM 8 TO 10 P. M. TABLES MAY BE SECURED BY ADVANCE. TELEPHONE 1,402 18TH ST. CHAS. BALMES, Proprietor. Re-engage of the Philharmonic Trio, under the Direction of Mr. Louis Kapp.

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Among the work to be shown will be designs that have already been accepted and the buildings erected, showing that the enterprise of the school is by no means limited. Designs of hospital buildings, cathedrals, chapels and clergy houses, public buildings, schools and great columns will be shown, as well as work in the elementary department, which includes object drawing, perspective and geometrical designs, construction of curves and natural forms. It will show the application of design to the manufacture of carpets, silks, wall paper, architecture, illustration and lithography, book covers, stained glass, water colors, historic ornaments and animal drawings for illustration.

Many of the most philanthropic and fashionable people of New York, students of economics and sociology, are interested in the school and are devoting their time to make the exhibition a great object lesson, proving to the world what women can accomplish in pursuits from which she has heretofore been excluded.

Thos. B. Clarke, chairman of the Art Committee of the Union League Club, is president of the Board of Directors, which includes such people as Dr. John Wesley Brown, rector of St. Thomas Church; Mr. Justice Ingraham, of the Supreme Court; Benedict Porter, J. Carroll Beckwith, Francis Lathrop, Clarence H. Hyde, John Gray, Fredrick Overholtsed, Mrs. Calvin S. Buck, Mrs. L. A. Carroll, Mrs. James Harriman, Countess di Brazza, Mrs. Donald McLean, Mrs. Louisa Colgate, Miss Treilchovsky, Miss Elizabeth Remsen, Mrs. Edward R. Merritt, Mrs. Harry W. Watrous, Mrs. Walter D. Watrous, Mrs. S. V. White, Mrs. Janet Le Duc, Mrs. Lathrop, Miss Ellen J. Pond, Mrs. Hopkins, Rev. Canon Knowles and others.

The faculty of the school is composed of the following: Elementary Department—Miss Charlotte Overbury, Miss Grace Deane, Miss Sara Larrach, Miss Ida Rosenquist, Miss Grace E. Weston.

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