

AMERICANS AT THE ROYAL JUBILEE OPERA.

Glittering Throng Attends the Performance Given by "Royal Command."

Some of the Handsomest Costumes and Costliest
Jewels in Covent Garden Worn by
American Women.

Mrs. Bradley Martin, Blazing with Diamonds, and Mrs.
Astor Sit Together in the Same Box—The Prince of
Wales the Chief Figure of the Scene.

By Rudolph Block

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LONDON, June 23.—This night, by
royal command, a state performance
of grand opera was given at Covent
Garden to commemorate the sixtieth an-
niversary of the reign of Her Majesty the
Queen. From this performance the world
of London was excluded.



Mrs. May.

The interior of the
garden blazed and
glowed like a huge
bower in fairyland.
The Prince and Princess
of Wales and a
score of visiting heirs
to thrones and princes
and grand dukes, sashed, bejewelled and
amazingly medallioned, sat in a crimsoned
hollow where a few days before ten boxes
had been.

Around them, above them, and below
them sat the representatives of the wealth
and aristocracy of England, a clean, glitter-
ing and sweet smelling throng, and all
the rest was a sea of pink roses that hid
walls and roof.

Surrounded by Troops.

Outside the garden stretched a long row
of cavalry. Behind the cavalry, hemming
in the garden upon every side, was the
populace, the dense, sweating populace, in
uncountable thousands, waiting for
hours and hours, shifting, sweating and
struggling excitedly to catch a glimpse
of each lord and lady who passed through
the glowing doorway. This lasted six hours;
during that time this line of cavalry divided
Covent Garden from the rest of London,
forming an oasis of royalty and aristocracy
in a vast desert of ordinary human beings,
who could only feast their eyes and, if they
liked, shout for joy.



Duchess of Marlborough.

To reach the doors of the garden by
passing through this mass of humanity
was a herculean task. Beyond the cavalry
line none but the great folks who held
tickets were admitted, and unless the
applicant came sashed and medallioned,
or bore some unmistakable impress of
nobility upon his brow, this ticket had
to be produced for careful scrutiny.

Through a Swarming Mass.

For two hours your correspondent strug-
gled through this swarm of the common
people before a squad of policemen were
enabled to drag him, nigh exhausted, into
the glowing open circle of the aristocrats.
Then Maurice Grau opened several secret
doors, led the way through labyrinthine
passages roofward, and the next moment
I was in Covent Garden gazing upon a
scene whose brilliant beauty none who
witnessed will ever forget.



Lady Randolph Churchill.

The orchestra was playing and Melba
was singing. It was an act from Gounod's
opera, "Romeo et Juliette," and the music
was infinitely sweet, yet no one listened.
Every man and woman in that vast assem-
blage save one was gazing in admiration
to right and left, at pit and roof, each ad-
miring the splendid gathering of all the
others. Most of them were absorbed in contem-
plating not this one human being, who, heed-
less of the music and regardless of the re-
markable scene before him, sat gazing intently
at a window.

His Highness Was Bored.

It was His Highness, the Prince of
Wales. He looked intensely bored. Ten
boxes had been made into one to contain
him and his guests, of whom there were

some thirty odd. A canopy of heavy
crimson satin overhung this space, and all
around it were heaps of pink roses. The
Prince was in military uniform, glittering
with insignia of his orders. The Princess,
who sat beside him, wore a crown of di-
amonds and pearls. Every other man and
woman in that royal box wore either sash
or jewel as emblem of their nobility.

The Prince of Naples, who sat in the
most conspicuous place in the box, was
one shining mass of decorations. The
princess of Naples wore a crown of
black pearls so big that they could be
counted at a great distance.

Princes, princesses,
dukes, lords and ladies, all gazed at
the brilliant assemblage that surrounded
them. This brilliant assemblage, in turn,
gazed upon them and occasionally with
deep satisfaction upon itself, and Melba
sang divinely and un-
heard.

The Musical Programme.

The programme of the evening—it had
been arranged by royal command—con-
sisted of selections from three operas.
The first was act second of "Tannhauser,"
with Plancoen, Van Dyck and Emma
Eames, and Anton Seld as conductor.

The second was act third of "Romeo et
Juliette" with Jean and Edouard De
Reszke, Plancoen, Baumelster and Melba,
and Manclivell as conductor, and the last,
act fourth of "Les Huguenots" with Alva-
rez, Plancoen, and Miss MacIntyre, and
Flon as conductor.

The singers exerted themselves to their
utmost capacity. Under other circum-
stances such music as vibrated through
that vast hall to-night would have stirred
an audience of ice to enthusiasm.

Melba's Wonderful Singing.

Melba sang like a nightingale. The duet
of Van Dyck and Eames was divinely mel-
odious. The De Reszkes sang as they had
not sung in years. The very floodgates
of song seemed to have been opened wide,
and all that amphitheatre was filled
with glorious harmony, and all my
lords and ladies gazed, with supreme satis-
faction upon that group of royalty, of
which the Prince of Wales was the central
figure.

Following the example of this aristocratic
throne, I, too, gazed upon His Royal High-
ness. The Prince looked as if he had
stepped out of a picture book. He wore
two rows of variously colored ribbons and
medallions on his breast, his beard was
nicely trimmed and his hair was neatly
combed. He looked considerably younger
than he appears in his recent photographs.
He also looked more human. While Melba
was singing His Highness fixed his gaze
upon a corner of the ceiling. He kept his
eyes there until the singer was in the midst
of a beautiful, melodious climax, then he
looked down at his crimson sash, tucked it
around a little and fastened his eyes upon
another corner of the room.

Wales Leads the Applause.

When the song was finished he clapped
his hands; everybody clapped hands; then
he looked at the stage with an expression
that seemed to say: What, are they going
to sing another song?
Toward 11 o'clock many of the audience
grew tired of looking at one another and

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CROKER'S POWER TO BE CURBED BY TAMMANY.

Thirty-five Sachems, Instead of Thirteen, Means Inde- pendence In the Wigwam and His Downfall.

An Amendment
Backed by ex-
Congressman
Creamer Pro-
vides for the
Election of One
Man from each
Assembly Dis-
trict to the Wig-
wam's Highest
Council. Plan
Received with
Great Favor.



Triumph of the
Amendment
Would Secure
Representation
in the Wigwam's
Highest Council
for Men Respon-
sible to Constitu-
ents Only. This,
It Is Pointed Out,
Would Tend to
Make Party Men
Independent of
the Bosses.

A movement has just been begun
within the Tammany Society for
the liberation of the Democracy
next Fall from the secret dictation
of the Tammany Sachems. If suc-
cessful this movement will cripple
and ultimately destroy the hidden
control of that organization by the
absent boss, Richard Croker.

An earnest and complete reform of Tam-
many was temporarily effected after
the casting out of Tweed. It was led by Samuel
J. Tilden, a man of great tact and un-
rivalled energy. But the task of shaking
off the Croker yoke to-day is more difficult
because he has entrenched himself behind
thirteen sachems and one grand sachem
who blindly obey every expressed wish or
cabled direction.

This time also the reform begins within
the wigwam, and its success is exceedingly
promising because the rights of the As-
sembly district leaders will be restored to
them thereby. It is the first practical move
that has been made to destroy the one
man domination, and its attainment will
inaugurate a new era in the history of a
party that has been grossly imposed upon
by corrupt and unworthy bosses.

Tammany is about to shake itself, and if
by that act the central power that sells
judicial nominations, kills gas and telephone
bills at Albany, keeps down the taxable
valuation on the buildings of great corpora-
tions and indulges in everything discredi-
table in politics can be destroyed, the great
mass of Democratic voters may accept the
leadership of Tammany. To-day there are
big men everywhere except in Tammany
Hall!

Among the thirteen sachems now in
power, John C. Sheehan, William Schorer,
George W. Plunkett and Patrick Keenan
are the only four who control their Assem-
bly districts. The nine others are wholly
dependent upon the good will of Richard
Croker for their political futures. If they
oppose his will in the slightest degree they
feel the revenging of an unseen power. They
are thrown aside like old shoes, and their
utter personal worthlessness is taught them
in the most humiliating fashion.

Bringing on the People.
The destruction of the power of the
sachems will be the first move in the pro-
posed reform. Tammany will vote to
amend its constitution, increasing the num-

ber of sachems from thirteen to thirty-five,
or one for each Assembly district in the
boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx.
Each district shall elect its own sachem,
who will presumably be the district leader.
He will, therefore, be a man who depends
upon his constituents for his authority, not
upon the mere whim of an absent and ex-
acting boss like Richard Croker.

It is not generally known that the Tam-
many Society leads a double life. The
"Columbian Order" is a secret fraternity
that meets on stated occasions in the cellar
of the Tammany building. It has about
3,000 members, was organized in 1780 and
chartered in 1895.

The Tammany Society is also a political
body, allied, but quite dissimilar in mem-
bership. Its calling is wholly politics. To-
day several thousand members are on the
rolls of its Assembly District and General
Committees. Of course, the secret society
is the managing that imparts momentum
and a policy to the political organization.
It owns the Tammany building in Four-
teenth street, chooses the Grand Sachem
and the thirteen sachems, and most vital
of all, administers the funds of the society.
Its treasurer is a reputable man, but the
auditing committee that passes upon the
accounts is unknown and unknowable be-
yond the inner circle of the Wigwam.

Anybody who would have the audacity
to ask for an accounting would receive the
summary punishment that was accorded to
Purroy not long ago.

When the First Act Occurred.
The last meeting of Tammany Hall was
on June 7. It was held in the lodge room,
with all the formalities of passwork and
secret injunctions. About forty members
were present. At that meeting an amend-
ment to the Tammany constitution was
offered. It provided for this increase in
the number of sachems, the members in
each Assembly District to select their rep-
resentative around the council fire.

Grand Sachem Feltner presided, and
under the rules of procedure recognized
even in Tammany, he directed that the
amendment be received and lie upon the
table until the next meeting. All members
will be notified of the proposed amend-
ment—its movers will attend to that—and a vote will
be taken at one of the meetings early in
the campaign. It is believed that at least
two-thirds of the society are in favor of a
radical change. Many prominent men have

not participated in any of the meetings of
Tammany Hall for years, and will be glad
to return to active participation in the
organization.

The district leaders of Tammany are:
1. Colonel M. G. Murphy; 2. Nicholas T.
Brown; 3. John J. Purcell; 4. Edward T.
Fitzpatrick; 5. Bernard F. Martin; 6. Tim-
othy D. Sullivan; 7. James W. Boyley; 8.
Martin Engle; 9. John C. Sheehan; 10. Wil-
liam Schorer; 11. William Dalton; 12. Joseph
C. Sculley; 13. P. J. Dooling; 14. John T.
Oakley; 15. George W. Plunkett; 16. Pat-
rick Keenan; 17. Daniel T. McMahon; 18.
Charles Murphy; 19. John B. Sexton; 20.
James P. Keating; 21. William Donohue;
22. Frank J. Lantry; 23. William E. Stil-
lugs; 24. Victor E. Dowling; 25. John J.
Sonne; 26. Thomas J. Dunn; 27. James A.
Martin; 28. Maurice Featherston; 29. Rollin
M. Morgan; 30. Lawrence Delmore; 31.
Andrew J. White; 32. John J. Ryan; 33.
Nicholas Hines; 34. James F. Bishop; and
35. James McGarvey.

No better evidence that the majority of
the Sachems do not represent the voters
of their districts can be found than in the
rebuke to Grand Sachem Feltner admin-
istered not long ago. He was a candidate
for the leadership in the Twenty-third
District but he received only eight votes
against Stillugs.

This was because he was known to be
Croker's man.

The leaders represent the people, while
the Sachems only stand for Richard Cro-
ker.

The Sachem power is very arbitrary.
"Boss" Croker knows its value, and uses
it judiciously. Mr. McLaughlin, Brook-
lyn's Democratic leader, has to have a
majority of the General Committee behind
him. Croker doesn't possess that support,
and with the Sachems to do what they
are ordered he doesn't need it. He is
less hampered or embarrassed.

As it is generally understood that former
Congressman Thomas J. Creamer is the
mover in this new departure in Tammany,
a Journal reporter visited him last night,
but found him absolutely disinclined to dis-
cuss the scene at Tammany Hall.

The importance of this radical reform
within Tammany Hall is seen when it is
remembered that since 1857, in forty years,
Tammany has only elected five members
of its organization Mayor of New York.
These men were Hoffman, Hall, Wickham,
Grant and Gilroy.

History is a good guide, sometimes.

HOLLAND BOAT TESTED.

It Was Only Moved a Little Way, but the
Inventor Is Well Pleased at
Its Action.

The first practical test of the Holland
submarine boat took place yesterday, and
the inventor and those who have had a
hand in its construction feel absolutely cer-
tain of its success. The test was not an
extensive one by any means, for Mr. Hol-
land only started up the machinery for a
few minutes, moving forward and back-
ward about three feet, but it was enough
to assure him that his boat was practically
perfect.

The Holland has been fastened to a wharf
at Nixon's Crescent Shipyard since her
launching five weeks ago, and from two to
six men have been employed continuously
making minor alterations and additions to
the machinery.

While these men have been at work the
boat has been guarded carefully by armed
men, who have been patrolling the wharf
and ordering away any inquisitive persons.
Boys have been kept busy continuously
throwing water over the Holland in order
to afford some relief to the men who are
working in the little craft, where the ther-
mometer registers nearly 100.

FIGHT WITH SAFELOWERS.

Villagers and Burglars Have a Lively Encoun-
ter with Shotguns.

Cleveland, Ohio, June 23.—A running fight
between villagers and burglars occurred
at Falls Junction this morning. The burg-
lars broke into the office of the Austin
Powder Company and blew open the safe.

The residents heard the explosion, and
arming themselves with shotguns, opened
fire upon them. Dozens of shots were ex-
changed and the burglars finally escaped
by taking horses from a neighboring pas-
ture.

One of the burglars was badly wounded,
but escaped.

ED. STOKES'S HEALTH.

Not in a Critical Condition and Takes Daily
Horseback Rides.

Hot Springs, Va., June 23.—There are no
grounds for the report that Edward S.
Stokes is in a serious condition. Mr. Stokes
takes daily exercise on horseback, and
after a short stay here expects to go
abroad.

DYNAMITE FOR ASSESSORS

Crazed by Brooding Over His Taxes,
Brigantzer Tries to Massacre a Whole
Board of Review.

Indianapolis, Ind., June 23.—As County
Assessor Ryker, County Treasurer May-
field and other members of the Board of
Review of Jefferson County were seated
in the Commissioner's office to-day Joseph
Brigantzer, a wealthy citizen, suddenly
appeared before them with two revolvers
and two dynamite cartridges in his hands.
"You have ruined me," he exclaimed, and
at once began firing a revolver at them.

The officers were so amazed that Brigant-
zer fired three shots before they took in
the situation. Then, just as Brigantzer
was in the act of throwing a dynamite
cartridge the Treasurer seized him and
threw him upon the floor.

The other members of the Board came to
the Treasurer's assistance and Brigantzer
was disarmed and overpowered. It is sup-
posed that Brigantzer's mind became un-
balanced through brooding over what he
considered unjustly increased assessments on
his property.

YALE FRESHMEN CREW WAS FAR THE FASTEST.

Harvard Was Second and Cornell Third in the Two Mile Race at Poughkeepsie.

All of the Crews Broke the Best Previous Record,
Yale Covering the Course in 9.19 1-2, Har-
vard 9.26 1-2 and Cornell in 9.29 1-4.

Julian Hawthorne and Dr. Walter B. Peet Followed the
Crews on the Observation Train and Tell
Their Stories in the Journal.

Stroke and Positions at Half-Mile Points.

	Start	Str'k 1/2 M.	Str'k 1 M.	Str'k 1 1/2 M.	Str'k 2 M.	Str'k 3 M.
Yale.....	38	3	34	1	34	1 31 1 32
Harvard.....	36	1	36	2	31	2 32 2 31
Cornell.....	38	2	36	3	34	3 36 3 32

Statements from Yale Experts.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 23.—Captain Broch, of the Yale fresh-
men crew: "I was never more surprised than to see the way we
got off at the start. We have always been slow at the start and
have never started before at the shot of a pistol. I expected that
both Harvard and Cornell would pull right away from us at the start and
that we would not catch up until after the first mile. But instead of
that, the coxswain tells me that we started even with Harvard and got
ahead of Cornell. I was also surprised to see Harvard and Cornell at-
tempt to spurt when they did. We did not spurt until the last half mile,
and then we pulled right past them. Our boys were certainly not up to
their usual condition in the race, and for myself I felt weak, and had a
cramp in my stomach, but we saved ourselves as much as we could and
were able to pull out O. K. Yale started off with ten fast strokes and
rowed nineteen strokes the first half minute and seventeen the second,
after that we tried to keep thirty-four to the minute and spurted at thirty-
six on the last half. We were not at all worried at our long walk at the
start. In fact, it pleased us immensely, for we can't row in rough water,
and as we had the course furthest out I knew we were sure to have the
roughest water. As it was, when we finally did start, the water didn't
bother us at all."

Dr. John A. Hartwell, captain of the Yale crew of 1892: "I am mighty
glad for the sake of the freshmen, and I am more glad for the sake of
Yale. Mr. Cook and the navy management have paid as much attention
to the freshmen as they have to the varsity, and watched their progress
with almost equal interest. We regard this victory as the first fruit of our
lesson at Henley."

Walter Camp, Yale's football mentor: "I believe that the greater
steadiness of Yale's boat gave us a length's advantage over Harvard.
At times Harvard's boat rolled badly, and their men seemed to go to
pieces."

Robert J. Cook, coach of the Yale crews: "It was a beautiful race
and I am proud of the boys."

By Julian Hawthorne.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 23.—A sou'wester kept us in
doubt a long time, and twice was the race put off; but at
7 o'clock fate relented, and there ensued one of the most
beautiful races I ever saw. The only other one as good was the
Oxford-Cambridge from Putney to Mortlake some twenty years
ago, when the crew that was winning broke an oar within a
hundred yards of the finish, and the race was a dead heat.

Of course, the race to-day was between freshmen, and for
two miles only, and no accident occurred; but while it lasted—
however, I am running ahead of my ticket.

"We were on the west shore by 5 o'clock, and it looked then like no race. The
last quarter mile of the course was thronged with steam yachts, tugs,
launches and other craft, decked with flags and ornamented
with pretty girls, and vocal with enthusiastic college boys,
who vociferated their immoderate yelps as usual. I shall be
glad when we revert to a more harmonious method of ex-
pressing our college patriotism, but the feeling was all right.
Poughkeepsie was a Cornell town, and though I have no exact
information as to the betting, I think odds on Cornell were
easily and generally obtainable. There was no rational ex-
planation of this, unless it were ignorance, for no one who
had carefully watched the practice could have believed that
Cornell had a chance. Yale, to be sure, was a dark horse, inasmuch as nobody had
seen them row, and as a matter of fact, I believe they never did row over the whole
course. All we knew was that they were by far the most muscular freshmen on
the river. We had seen them pull short strokes, but all we could gather from them
was that their style was not so good as Harvard's, and we had to guess how far
their superior muscle would avail to offset this advantage.

Nobody Missed the Finish.
For my part, I was able to reach no certain conclusion; but
I was inclined to think they might win by a small margin, and
I expected to see Cornell a length behind Yale. But it is all
fully prophesying about a two-mile race, as the result showed.
I have not yet found any one who had guessed the order in
which the crews actually finished. In general Harvard was put
last.

The observation train had gone down to the start by the
time we were ashore, and we had to walk over it. All along
the railway, and on the margins of the shore, and up along the
high banks there were holiday people, and thousands more
were on the other side of the river. The train itself, of over
fifty cars, were comfortably filled, and the central cars were
crowded.

Round the start were several tugs and steamers, and the re-
feree's boat hovered about from one end to the other of the
course. Harvard's launch, with the shell in tow, was the first
to come down the river, and the men disembarked on the float,
moored two hundred yards from shore. The Yale launch came
next, but remained in the stream till just before the race. As
for Cornell, she stayed in her quarters across the river until
after everybody else was ready and waiting. At a quarter before
six the referee announced through his megaphone that the race
was postponed till 6:30. This news was received by the folks
on the train with a bowl of disappointment, and somebody asked:
"What for?"

"The water is too rough," was the referee's reply, eliciting
another howl. Then the referee's boat went across to confer
with Cornell, and then ran up past the bridge, and returning,
proclaimed another disappointment till 7. The water looked
smooth enough, and some of us began to suspect that the
swardice and cunning which have been two of the leading
features of Mr. Courtney's career from its beginning to its pre-
sent stage, was at the bottom of the trouble.

"Are you ready?" was asked of each crew twice, before the pistol was fired, and
the twenty-four boys were sent off on their journey. Harvard, who had the centre

Start.
Half Mile.
One Mile.
Finish.