

SEA DOGS MAKE 1,000 LEAGUES OF TROUBLE

Kroonland Passengers Take Sides as to Pets Aboard.

LITTLE TO-TO STARTED WAR

Then Mr. Van der Velde's Retriever Wanted a Stroll, Too—Willie Coburn's Heinie in the Mix-Up.

The Red Star liner Kroonland arrived yesterday from Antwerp after a stormy voyage of nine days over smooth seas, in gentle breezes, and under blue skies. The atmospheric disturbances were evolved wholly from the liner's passenger list, and a party of seagoing dogs was responsible for the troubles. These who figured as storm centres were Algernon Boyesen, son of the author, and Mrs. Boyesen; the Rev. Dr. J. N. Blanchard of Trinity Church, Boston, and his wife; Willie Coburn, jockey for Baron Weinberg of Germany, and Mrs. Willie; Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. W. Palmer of Chicago, and Emile Van der Velde, a member of the Belgian Chamber of Deputies.

The Red Star Line ships boast accommodations for canine passengers. They have, as Purser Chrisstoffels puts it, "cages big enough for lions," in the deckhouse, aft, which shelters the steering gear. "Why, there was a wolf in one of the kennels one trip," said a steward, after the Kroonland was safely in, "but the biggest kennel on this trip wasn't big enough for the littlest dog. The first day out from Dover the trouble began, and it kept on getting worse and worse. There were six dogs, and each dog made as much worry as six people."

The first sign of impending hostilities manifested itself shortly before the Kroonland began her voyage. When Mrs. Palmer came aboard at Antwerp To-To was tucked under her arm—To-To, the prettiest, fluffiest little piece of prize-winning dogflesh to be found in a month of new moons. To-To went to the Palmer cabin with her mistress. Soon there followed aboard Mr. Van der Velde with a magnificent retriever of goodly size tagging along behind him. After the Belgian arrival came Willie Coburn leading Heinie, Mrs. Coburn's dachshund, which looked like a link of wienerwurst.

At Dover Mr. and Mrs. Boyesen, who had engaged passage on another boat, but had changed to the Kroonland when they learned the canine comforts of that vessel, came aboard with two blue ribbon black spaniels, Lolott and Pompon, and an English bull pup, London Boy. Back to the kennels with Willie Coburn's Heinie they went. The second day out To-To managed to escape for a stroll. The Belgian retriever happened to pass at the same time. They met on the forward deck, and the big Belgian made a grab for Mrs. Palmer's pet. It was well the pet dodged. Her frightened yelp brought her mistress, and To-To lived to tell the tale.

The chance encounter opened the eyes of Mr. Van der Velde and the jockey. They discovered that the room in which their dogs were imprisoned was outrageously hot. A steward, passing, averted an open declaration of mutiny by hustling To-To and her assailant to the steering room.

Mrs. Boyesen, who was a looker-on, did not attempt to conceal her conviction that it "served To-To right." She was sure "that little snip of a dog was no more entitled to the freedom of the ship than Lolott and Pompon." Right then and there Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Boyesen quit speaking. As the day wore on they gathered about them sympathizers, and the first cabin soon was taking sides.

The very next day To-To was seen in Mrs. Palmer's cabin again. The news spread over the ship in an instant. In two more instants Mr. Boyesen was on the promenade deck leading London Boy, and Willie Coburn appeared in the office with Heinie in leash. Capt. Doxrud ordered Mr. Boyesen to have London Boy taken below. Mr. Boyesen's retort was unparliamentary. Mr. Coburn ranged alongside, and for a moment things looked squally. Finally both dogs vanished.

Talk of "partiality" began to be heard. There were various insurrections and numerous stolen canine outings, all of which were cut short. The passengers declared fealty to one or the other faction. Mrs. Coburn declared that some deckhand had been feeding Heinie on cheese. This was denied by the entire ship, and the war went on.

When the Kroonland tied up at the Red Star dock yesterday and the passengers said their farewells, many partings were tearless.

SAY HOSPITAL IS ALL RIGHT.

Old Directors of the Sydenham Meet—Court Investigation.

The Board of Directors of the Sydenham Hospital on East One Hundred and Sixteenth Street met last night to consider the charges made against the institution by four physicians, ex-members of the medical staff, in a petition to the State Board of Charities for the annulment of the hospital's charter. The meeting was held in the dispensary building, and was attended by all of the members of the old Board of Directors. After its close President William L. Spiegelberg said:

"The Directors took up these charges, one by one, as they have appeared in the newspapers—this being our only knowledge of them—and we find that they are absolutely untrue and unfounded. We have shown several disinterested persons through the hospital and they all agree with us that the place is clean and sanitary.

"We wish it to be clearly understood that we court the fullest inspection of the hospital by any one, and particularly by the State Board of Charities. We desire the public to know that it is what we claim it to be. As to fighting the case, we will do that when the proper time comes.

"We would like to know why these charges were not brought before the Directors when the irregularities existed, if they did exist. Nothing was ever said about them."

WEDDING SASH A DEATH NOOSE

Woman Seventy Years Old Hangs Herself with Treasured Memento.

Mrs. Elizabeth Renoss, seventy years old, of 79 Grace Street, Jersey City, committed suicide some time Sunday night by hanging herself to a hook in the wall of her room. In lieu of a rope she used a white silk sash that she had worn at her wedding. This sash she had carefully preserved.

"It is all I have left to remind me of my wedding day," she told Mrs. Russ, a neighbor, two weeks ago, "and if I am found dead some day I want you to see that it is buried with me. I have no children, no relatives, and nothing left to live for."

It was Mrs. Russ who discovered the old woman's death. She will see that the request is carried out. She says that Mrs. Renoss had been very despondent since the death of her husband, four years ago. After his death she was obliged to support herself by doing washing for neighbors.

IRISH LEAGUE MEETS TO-DAY.

Mayor McClellan to Welcome Members—Many Prominent Speakers.

Nearly 3,000 delegates and alternates are expected to assemble in the Lexington Avenue Opera House when the second annual convention of the United Irish League of America begins its sessions there at 10 o'clock this morning. The President of the organization, John F. Finerty, of Chicago, met several of the delegates in the Hoffman House last night and arranged for the meetings, which are to continue for two days. Mayor McClellan will welcome the members. All of the galleries are to be open to the public.

Among those who have come here for the gathering are four Irish leaders of the British Parliament, John E. Redmond, Patrick O'Brien, A. J. C. Donelson, and Conor O'Kelly. The prominent members who are to speak during the convention are Archbishop Farley and Auxiliary Bishop Cusack of the Roman Catholic Church, Supreme Court Justices O'Brien, McCall, Keogh, and Fitzgerald, Congressman W. Bourke Cockran, Thomas Addis Emmet, T. St. John Gaffney, Corporation Counsel Delany, and President Haffen of the Bronx.