

DAN CUPID'S JOKE PUTS A GROUCHIER GROUCH ON JUDGE

Chapman Swore He'd Never Perform Ceremony but He Was Willing.

Something terrible is going to happen to Frank M. Patterson, attorney for the State Banking Department. Something heavy is about to drop on him from a great height, or a trap door is apt to open under him almost any time and drop him to China. He has been letting his sense of humor out to grass and he is going to pay the consequences if D. N. Chapman, Justice of the Peace in the State of Connecticut, knows anything about it.

Mr. Chapman is a member of the New York Stock Exchange house of Chase and Chapman. Life is a serious thing to Mr. Chapman; his friends, including Mr. Patterson, have been trying to make him see things in a different light. This is one of the reasons why life is going to be particularly rough for Mr. Patterson.

Two years ago a number of people of Greenwich thought it would possibly cure Mr. Chapman of his ingrowing grouch if he were to be elected Justice of the Peace. He did not campaign. He did not even send a letter of acceptance when he was nominated. But he was elected and when he revived he laid his right hand on the blue plush photograph album on the onyx table in his front parlor and with his eyes firmly fixed on the photograph of the "Lovers Quarrel" over the mantel, swore that they might make him Justice of the Peace, but never would he perform a marriage ceremony. Never! JUDGE CHAPMAN WAS WANTED IN A HURRY.

Mr. Chapman and his wife were dining with the E. Dimon Birds last night. About coffee time came a message asking for Judge Chapman to come to the phone. Now, that in itself was tactless; nobody who wants to put Mr. Chapman in a good humor ever calls him "Judge."

The man on the other end of the telephone was Mr. Storm, the treasurer of the \$25,000,000 United Cigar Manufacturers Company. Mr. Storm was in an almost hysterical state. His friend, Counselor Patterson of New York, general legal adviser to various Democratic politicians, protégé of the late David B. Hill and younger statesman in the law councils in and about Times Square, had just called and said he had a perfectly lovely young girl and they had to be married right away and would Mr. Chapman come right over and get on the job.

Mr. Chapman tucked his rapkin back in his collar and went back to the dinner table. "Somebody trying to be funny," he growled to his wife and the Birds, as he poured his coffee out into the saucer to cool.

In three minutes and again in two minutes and once more in a minute and then still another time, Mr. Storm, a minute Mr. Storm was back at that telephone. Mr. Chapman began to get uneasy. He knew Mr. Patterson was a very important man. It did not seem quite right to offend him. Besides, Mr. Storm said that Colby M. Chester Jr., son of Rear-Admiral Chester, and himself treasurer of the syndicate for the exploitation of American trade in Turkey, was much interested in the romance.

JUDGE CALLED UP THE TOWN CLERK ABOUT IT.

Mr. Chapman called up Town Clerk Westwood and asked him if a marriage license had been granted to a man named Patterson during the day. Mr. Westwood had issued no such license. Mr. Chapman called up Editor Talcott of the Greenwich Press. Would Mr. Talcott please call up Mr. Storm and Mr. Westwood and find out for Mr. Chapman whether this thing was a fool joke or whether it was serious? Greenwich weddings are just enough for Talcott's keenest and kindest interest. In ten minutes he was back at the telephone informing Mr. Chapman that the emergency seemed to be very real and urgent.

The Chapmans and the Dimon Birds went over to the Storms. They found Mr. Patterson there, beads of perspiration forming on his forehead, his hands twitching with nervousness. Clutching his arm was a fair young thing who giggled two seconds and then sobbed two seconds with great intensity. She wore a pink automobile wheel which fell below her waist. She was introduced to Mr. Chapman as Miss Amy Stewart-Stewart of New Haven. She was almost fainting with fright. She had run away from New Haven and she knew her father would kill

FRANK AND HER MOTHER WOULD NEVER FORGIVE HER AND SHE WOULD BE DISGRACED FOR LIFE IF FRANK WERE MARRIED TO HER RIGHT AWAY, THIS MORNING.

Mr. Chapman and his wife and the Birds tried to calm the poor young thing. Mr. Chapman tried to explain that it wouldn't be possible for him to perform a wedding ceremony until a license had been issued, and there couldn't possibly be a license issued before morning.

BRIDE-TO-BE FELL INTO JUDGE'S ARMS. The bride-to-be heaved over with a gasp. "Never mind, my dear," said Mr. Chapman, supporting the fair golden head on his shoulder, while Mrs. Chapman tried to hold the mother's hands, but couldn't find them. "Never mind! You shall stay at our home tonight and Mr. Patterson can stay here with the Storms and I shall marry you the first thing in the morning."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Chapman, "you come with me."

"He will not!" rasped Mrs. Colby M. Chester Jr. from behind a partition, and strode into the room and seized the veil and wig from the head of the supposed bride and disclosed the features of her own husband.

Judge Chapman is not a swerving his teeming today. Central says she has not been able to get him all morning, though lots of people have been calling him. She thinks he must be gone out something or else he must have gone out of town.

HEAVY SENTENCES FOR AGED WOMAN'S ASSAILANTS. Man and Woman Get From Nine to Twelve Years for Brutal Robbery.

William Brassfield and Molly Clark, two negroes, who on March 14 assaulted and robbed Mrs. Jennie B. Davis of No. 531 West One Hundred and Eighty-seventh street, were today sentenced by Judge O'Sullivan in the Court of General Sessions to nine to twelve years each. The two had pleaded guilty to the charge of robbery in the first degree.

The assault on Mrs. Davis was one of the most brutal attacks the police of New York have had to deal with. Molly Clark was employed by Mrs. Davis as a maid. She knew where her employer kept her money and jewelry and sent for Brassfield. She led him into the apartment and together they assaulted Mrs. Davis. After beating her half to death they proceeded to place a gag in her mouth, during which they almost tore her tongue out by the roots.

Mrs. Davis, after the two had demanded \$1,600 worth of jewelry and \$200 in cash, crawled to a telephone, she having managed to get the gag out of her mouth and called up relatives who notified the police. The Police Department was not prompt enough in getting the couple, so Mrs. Davis wrote a letter to Mayor Gaynor, who in turn notified Commissioner Woods. Acting Capt. Tunney and seven detectives were set to work on the case.

Molly Clark was found at No. 30 Sixth avenue and confessed. She implicated Brassfield and together they pleaded guilty to the charge of robbery in the first degree. The police trailed Brassfield to Fort Slocom, where they found him a prisoner in the guard house, the army authorities having detained him through the finger print system of identification that the negro had court-martialed and given a dishonorable discharge from the army while serving in the Philippines. Brassfield confessed his part in the crime. He will go to Sing Sing and the woman to Auburn.

ARREST FOLLOWS DEATHS IN SPANISH THEATRE FIRE. Manager Held by Authorities on Two Charges—Four More Victims Die.

VILLARREAL, Spain, May 29.—Four more deaths have occurred among those injured in the fire which burned down a cinematograph theatre here yesterday, bringing the total of the fatalities up to eighty-four. The proprietor of the theatre has been arrested on the charge of giving performances without a license and without submitting his apparatus to examination by the authorities.

PAINÉ ANNIVERSARY FEST. Historical Association Will Celebrate at New Rochelle.

The One Hundred and Twenty-fifth anniversary of the departure of Thomas Paine from America to Europe to wage his "war for reason" will be celebrated at New Rochelle to-morrow by the Thomas Paine National Historical Association. Henry Rowley will preside. Among the speakers will be Theodore Burr Wilcox, President of the association; Chief Justice Isaac Franklin Russell, Esq. Conway, James P. Morton Jr. and W. M. Van der Weide.

MYSTERY STORY BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN Will be a feature of next Sunday's World. Also a "Ritty Cobb" drawing by James Montgomery Flagg, an 8-page May Manton Fashion Supplement in colors, a new story by Jack London, a rattling edition of "Fun," the Sunday World's Weekly Joke Book, and the words and music of "Poor Wandering One" from the "Pirates of Penzance." Order next Sunday's World from your newsdealer in advance.

\$20,000 BURGLAR'S MERRY HA! HA! ON POLICE IS FOILED

Freed a Minute, He Is Arrested Again and Will Be Tried in Brooklyn.

For a few minutes this afternoon Bert Curtis, called "the gentleman burglar," who was caught at No. 295 West One Hundred and Eleventh street on May 18, and subsequently relieved of \$20,000 worth of loot, thought he had outgeneraled the New York Police Department. He laughed a low, mocking laugh, like the villain laughs in the show, and then his laugh faded because of quickly accumulating developments.

It appears that the detectives who watched Curtis for many days before arresting him had no actual burglary charge against him. But they found in his flat a quantity of burglar's tools, and they had evidence that he had forced an entrance to an outside vestibule in a Lenox avenue jewelry store. Accordingly the Grand Jury was asked to indict him for having burglar's tools in his possession, and an information was lodged against him in the Court of Special Sessions charging unlawful entry.

Today the Grand Jury dismissed the burglary tool complaint. Also the Court of Special Sessions discharged Curtis on the unlawful entry complaint. Curtis was then taken before Judge O'Sullivan in the Court of General Sessions and discharged from the custody of the police.

ARRESTED BEFORE HE GOT TO THE FRESH AIR. Somewhat surprised but none the less elated Curtis started from the Criminal Courts Building. Before he had proceeded far enough to get into the fresh air he collided with Acting Captain Tunney of the detective bureau, who promptly arrested him on a warrant issued by the County Court in Brooklyn.

The Kings County Grand Jury has found an indictment against Curtis charging burglary in the second degree, second offense. According to the police, the case is as good as settled. It was decided that Curtis should be tried in Brooklyn and for this reason the Manhattan prosecutions were allowed to lapse for the present.

GAYNOR BEFORE CONGRESS ASKS \$8,000,000 FOR NEW POST-OFFICE SITE. Mayor Heading Delegation Urges That Land Now Occupied, Be Turned Over to the City.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—Headed by a score of city officials and representatives of civic and business organizations of New York to-day advocated before the Senate Public Buildings Committee Senator O'Gorman's bill for the purchase of an \$8,000,000 site for a new post-office and court house building in the southern part of Manhattan.

"It can be summed up in a very few words," said Mayor Gaynor. "New York will remove from City Hall Park the old court house, which is obsolete and unsanitary, and erect a new building on another site."

"It would be a very graceful act to the people of New York if the Government should tear down the old court and post-office building and return the site to the park."

President George McAneny of Manhattan Borough said there was national as well as city interest in the park, because in revolutionary days it was a military camping ground.

Fined 1-4-Cents for Beating Wife; Nothing for Mother-in-Law. Joseph Nolejki, a machinist of Pittsburgh, was fined 1-4-cents and ordered to serve thirty days in jail on this verdict:

"For beating his wife, guilty as indicted; for beating his mother-in-law, recommended to the mercy of the court."

CARPET J. & J. W. WILLIAMS Tel. 300 Columbia, Est. 1873. CLEANING 353 West 54th St.

PINK ELEPHANTS PUT STOP TO NED'S 3-WEEKS' JOY RIDE

Young Mr. Marshall Is Now in Bellevue, Counting the Green Tom Cats.

There is a line in one of the sparkling odes of Horace, suggesting that when a pink elephant ascends from the foam of your cup of grape, perches himself on the rim and grins at you in a very friendly way, the while wagging his trunk, it is time to take the rest cure.

"Neddie" Marshall, bilkhead of all the multi-millionaire mining Marseniks, may or may not have read this line, but the fact remains that he is resting now in Bellevue Hospital, where he was borne from Riverside Park and Seventy-fifth street last evening following his discovery of a highly interesting troupe of pink elephants, sky-blue hippos and pale green tomatoes.

The young man made the journey from the East Sixty-eighth street station in an ambulance, after he had given battle to a dozen or more policemen, when they refused to believe he owned Central Park and Governor's Island.

Edward R. much better known to a multitude of friends as "Neddie" Marshall, came out of the West, three weeks ago, arriving first at the Waldorf-Astoria. From the Waldorf, he went to the Ritz-Carlton, from the Ritz to the Tourenee Hotel in Boston, then back to New York for a brief stay at the St. Regis and from the latter hotel to Breton Hall.

"Neddie" is a nephew of the rich E. Marshall, former president of the Phoenix National Bank, now the Chatham-Phoenix National Bank. "Neddie" did not find time, in his brief sojourn, to call on his uncle, though he did call several times at his uncle's bank to be identified. He had many checks to cash had "Neddie" for New York is an expensive place to breeze through at four speeds forward and no reverse.

AND THE COLONEL! MY WORD, HOW HE CAN SLEEP! Judging from the evidence obtainable at divers and sundry hotels and labor palaces to-day, "Neddie" did not reverse during any moment of the three weeks he has been with us. It would seem he threw away his reverend gear and set the throttle at the top notch, shouting merrily all the while, "Let-tergo!"

Nor was this young sylvanitic descendant of Chief Justice John Marshall of the United States Supreme Court driving a lone chaparral on his coruscating career. He carried at least one passenger, as he winged hither and yon up and down the line, back and forth and occasionally in sweeping circles. This "at least one" passenger was none other than Col. C. W. Hayes of Kansas City, Goldfield and Reno, owner of divers and sundry gold and silver mines, a handsome gentleman of middle age, known far and wide for his benign smile.

The Colonel is stopping at the Waldorf and wishing "Neddie" had remained away from New York. Close pals of the Colonel shook their heads to-day and said it was really marvellous how the Colonel could sleep. The Colonel, it was related, was still sleeping at noon and had then hung up a

A sanitary transparent Dust-Cap over the bristles BRISCO-KLEANWELL "The toothbrush that holds its bristles"

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FOUND FOR SOME TWENTY HOURS. HE WAS STILL GOING SO STRONG IT LOOKED AS IF HE MIGHT GO RIGHT ALONG FOR ANOTHER TWENTY MORE.

"Neddie" did not give the Colonel much time to sleep while they wandered together in pleasant places or drove about in taxicabs until the gasoline gave out and the Colonel patiently refused, however, to visit Phantasmagoric Park, where the pink elephants are kept, and that is how he got "Neddie" happened to park yesterday. "Neddie" kept on and was taking a full course in impressionistic natural history when Patrolman Baxter of the West Sixty-eighth street station met him.

"NEDDIE" HAS HAD SOME EXPERIENCES, BELIEVE US! Patrolman Baxter was first attracted to the young man. Three hours ago he was grappling with a quantity of atmosphere and calling it harsh names. Suddenly "Neddie" let go his hold and ran, crying, "Save me!" Baxter went to his rescue, could make neither head nor tail of his descriptions of the remarkable creatures that people Phantasmagoric Park, and decided to take him to the police station. Dr. Mills came from Bellevue Hospital and advised the rest cure, and to-day "Neddie" is taking it.

During the last ten years "Neddie" Marshall has occasionally exhibited a strenuous bent. Three years ago he visited Europe and his people got many reports from him. He telegraphed his family from the Riviera that he had been beaten to death in a madhouse by an attendant. He coursed through the day of Nice like a blue streak, until the seamstresses caught up with him and paid great tomcats.

The young man made the journey from the East Sixty-eighth street station in an ambulance, after he had given battle to a dozen or more policemen, when they refused to believe he owned Central Park and Governor's Island.

EDWARD R. MUCH BETTER KNOWN TO A MULTITUDE OF FRIENDS AS "NEDDIE" MARSHALL, CAME OUT OF THE WEST, THREE WEEKS AGO, ARRIVING FIRST AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA.

FROM THE WALDORF, HE WENT TO THE RITZ-CARLTON, FROM THE RITZ TO THE TOURENEE HOTEL IN BOSTON, THEN BACK TO NEW YORK FOR A BRIEF STAY AT THE ST. REGIS AND FROM THE LATTER HOTEL TO BRETON HALL.

"NEDDIE" IS A NEPHEW OF THE RICH E. MARSHALL, FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE PHOENIX NATIONAL BANK, NOW THE CHATHAM-PHOENIX NATIONAL BANK.

"NEDDIE" DID NOT FIND TIME, IN HIS BRIEF SOJOURN, TO CALL ON HIS UNCLE, THOUGH HE DID CALL SEVERAL TIMES AT HIS UNCLE'S BANK TO BE IDENTIFIED.

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AND EVER SO MANY OTHER FEATURES WITH NEXT SUNDAY'S WORLD

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