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SOME HUMORS OF THE WATERBURY STRIKE.

NO SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION OF THE RIOTING—EXPERIENCES OF TROOPS IN CITY.

The street railway strike and military occupation of Waterbury, Conn., last week had a humorous side not less interesting than the more serious aspect. One of the most amusing features of the situation was the attempt of the local newspapers and politicians to fix the responsibility for the riot of the week previous. There was no question concerning the striking motormen and conductors. Everybody, even the men who occupied their places on the cars, agreed that the strikers were not a part of the riotous element. The Mayor and police were roundly upbraided for their alleged apathy and slowness. The new motormen and conductors

he should confine his attention to the railroad bridge, and let motormen, conductors and passengers on cars alone even on that. An excited conductor came into the barn demanding a detail of troops for his car, which he said had been stoned. He was closely questioned by the captain of the company stationed there, who seemed to entertain a momentarily increasing doubt of the story. Finally the officer walked to the front of the car and began questioning the motorman, a phlegmatic German, who seemed reasonably able to take care of himself and the car. "Did you see any stones thrown?"

obliged to come down to the centre of town patrolled the cars. When a Waterville car came into the centre in the afternoon three women alighted, looked sheepishly at the crowd on the corner and hurried to get away from the scrutinizing eyes of the strikers' pickets. A well dressed young man of perhaps twenty-five years old stepped up to the youngest of the women and doffed his hat. "I did not think you would do it, May," he said. "Why, what have I done?" she asked, feigning surprise. "None? Why, you have ridden on a car, haven't you? And you know all your family are members of the union," he replied. "Well, you wouldn't have me walk from Waterville, would you, on such a day, just because there is a strike?" said the young woman, rather snappishly.



MILITIA COOKING DINNER IN FRONT OF A WATERBURY THEATRE.

were accused of insolence toward passengers, and the management of the street railway was said by some persons to have provoked violence by its alleged arrogance and greed.

Finally, as the discussion narrowed in the usual course of events of that kind, there was a general acceptance of the theory that the riot was due to something somebody had not done, rather than to anything anybody had done. The Mayor, it was said, had not been firm enough. The police, it was asserted, had not been sufficiently prompt. The windows of the cars had not been built strong enough for such emergencies. And, finally, the strikers, it was claimed, had not arrayed their little band of eighty against the mob of perhaps four thousand rioters and put it to flight. To that extent, at least, there was a general disposition for a day or two to hold the strikers responsible for the riot. Then somebody asked why the many thousands of good citizens who also did not come to the front and put down the riot were not responsible for it, and, that being generally pooh-poohed, the argument started all over again, ran through the same changes, and brought up where it started, with the proposition that there was no doubt whatever that the riot could have been avoided if the rioters had not rioted, and if the somebody who didn't do something had thrown himself or themselves into the breach at precisely the right moment and with sufficient force.

One of the funny incidents of the first day the militia were in Waterbury attracted considerable attention. The Hartford companies of the 1st Regiment were quartered in the Auditorium, in South Main-st., and camp kettles and copper boilers were soon steaming away merrily in the roadway in front. Some of the vessels were covered, but the contents of others were exposed to the weather and accidents. A wag who stood among the crowd of curiosity seekers was heard to remark:

"It would be easy to throw an ounce or two of strychnine into one of them boilers." An infantryman who overheard the remark looked startled, and disappeared between the sentinels at the door. In about five minutes the hoarse voice of command was heard within, and a detail of troops, with fixed bayonets, emerged from the door. The ominous command "Charge!" was heard, and the crowd scattered. A line of troops was placed a, the curb on both sides of the street, and from that time the order to strangers was, "Move on, there; don't block the way."

At the car barns, in West Main-st., a green sentinel was posted, with orders to allow nobody on the bridge. There were two bridges across the Naugatuck at that point—one the bridge of the street railway company and the other a public bridge, on which there were no railway tracks. The guard saw this just after the relief squad had passed on. He scratched his head, and, seeing a team coming over the wagon bridge, he prepared for action.

"Halt!" he shouted, planting himself squarely in front of the team and lowering his bayonet. "Nobody's allowed on the bridge. Get off, now, an' be after don't it sudden." The driver was quick witted, and replied:

"Well, just step aside, and I'll drive off. If I turn round, I'll be after goin' back on again." The dauntless warrior saw the point and stepped aside. The officer of the guard came up to that moment and instructed the picket that

"Nein," said the motorman. "Did you count 'em?" "Nein," said the motorman again, with a broad grin. "Officer of the guard," called the captain, "detail a corporal and eight men to guard this car on its next trip."

This incident was the foundation for a report that a car was stoned in the outskirts on Monday night.

On Monday night most of the out of town reporters had retired to their rooms in the Hotel Waterville, when a series of explosions resembling a discharge of musketry was heard. There was a general rush for the street. Investigation showed that one of the new style gasoline motors which exhaust only when the speed of the flywheel is reduced sufficiently to admit the fluid to the vaporizing chest had just been started in a neighboring factory, but the story got into some of the sensational newspapers in a different form from that in which it is here told.

When the troops first came to town they acted much the same as they do when going on their yearly encampment at Niantic, and seemed to consider it a vacation, with the chance for a bit of a lark, perhaps. They were all smiles and jovial when they first got into quarters, but a change came when the commanding officer ordered each man to receive three rounds of ball cartridges. This was different from shooting blanks. This meant bloodshed, perhaps. From a smiling, singing body of bluecoats these troopers became serious eyed. They looked at each other meaningly, but did not speak. They understood, and there were no more jokes cracked nor any further popular songs sung that night.

"I never knew ball cartridges would have such an effect on soldiers," remarked one of the officers in speaking of the matter. "Really, I felt sorry for the boys, for they looked so sad and friendless. If crape had been placed on the armory door the effect could not have been more sudden. And it all goes to show that the average man is in general principles opposed to taking human life."

Gerald Mayne is one of the men who came here to take the places of the striking trolley-men. One evening the mob crowded in around the car on which he was conductor. He knew he would be nearly killed if the frenzied strike sympathizers could get hold of him. Without a moment's hesitation he drew a revolver and flourished it vigorously in the air. Almost before he could return the weapon to his pocket a policeman had taken him from the car and locked him up. The next morning in court he was fined \$5 and costs for carrying concealed weapons.

"I can't understand why I was fined. Of course I did not pay it myself, and it is nothing out of my pocket," said Mayne, "but I always thought the Constitution of the United States gave a man the right to carry weapons for his own protection in time of riots. If this isn't such a time, I don't know what it is."

"But this is Waterbury," remarked a business man. "For the time being the Constitution of the United States is suspended in this city." And there was a general smile all around. "I guess that's so," said Mayne as he walked away toward the car barns where the strike breakers are lodged. Wednesday was a day of drizzling rain. It was not much wonder that the women who were



DINNER "A LA CARTEBARN," AS THE SOLDIER BOYS CALLED IT.

"May, I guess I don't blame you after all. It is a nasty day. Goodby."

"There," remarked a lawyer who overheard the dialogue, "that just illustrates how a man can let his feelings get the better of his judgment. Now, I'll wager that that young man is sorry he took that young woman to task for riding on the car, but he simply forgot himself. And there are a lot of others in the same boat with him, too."

Since the strike was started one man has deserted from the union. He is Frank Miller, who, a little over a week ago, went back to work for the trolley company in the place of inspector. Last Saturday night, when the mob of three thousand frenzied human beings surged back and forth through the centre of the city, some one called out, "Where is Frank Miller?" "To his house!" came a yell, and a thousand persons started on the run for Frank Miller's house. "Kill the deserter!" "He's a traitor!" issued from the mouths of the rushing mob. Frank Miller expected trouble that night. He had done what he could to calm his wife and sister-in-law, but when that mob of a thousand came rushing up the hill, breathing curses and shrieking at the tops of their voices, even he was terror stricken. Every one in that mob held a stone, and when within striking distance those stones were hurled at the windows of the house. In a minute not a whole window pane remained in Frank Miller's tenement house. He and his wife and sister-in-law fled to a back room, and there they remained until a squad of police arrived and dispersed the mob. An hour later Frank Miller, his wife and sister-in-law tremblingly entered the police station and asked for permission to remain over night.

"I never thought human beings were so awful

until he knows he can't get out when he wants to."

"I never fully realized the respect the crowd has for gold buttons," remarked Chief Egan of the Police Department, "until the night we first dealt with that mob. I was in plain clothes at first, and, though I thought every one in Waterbury knew me, when I attempted to order the crowd back they simply hooted at me, and actually hit me with stones. Then I put on my uniform and the crowd obeyed. I guess brass buttons are pretty useful sometimes."

Almost since the inception of the strike large white buttons with "We Walk" on them in letters of black have been conspicuous on the persons of those who sympathize with the striking trolley-men. One day during the week a quartet of young school girls, with dresses to their knees, came through Exchange Place with one of these buttons pinned to each stocking. The effect was startling, and caused much comment. In one of the bakeries pies were made for a time with the words "We Walk" baked in the dough. There was no question about the bakers in that store being union men.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

From The American Inventor. The aurora borealis is imitated on a small scale by Professor W. Ramsay, whose experiment has been exhibited to the London Royal Society. A powerful electromagnet, placed vertically, has pole and the lower ends, and between these pole pieces is an exhaust tube containing in its upper part a metallic ring. A powerful alternating current passed through this ring produces an annular glow discharge. On passing a current through the coils of the magnet the glow discharge is deflected downward, producing streamers closely resembling those of the sky, and highly rarefied air in the globe gave the lines of krypton that appear in the spectrum of the aurora.

Don't Drink Labels

All of the Bass's Ale is made by Bass, Ratcliff & Gretton at Burton-on-Trent, England. They never bottle it; but sell it in bulk to various dealers and bottlers. The labels, then, are of no consequence. What IS of consequence is that the handling and rehandling of Ale cannot help it—can only harm it.

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The present members of the firm of Evans & Sons are of the third generation engaged in the brewing of Ale at Hudson, N. Y. The methods pursued in the Brewery have been steadily improved until no Ale in the world can compare with the product of the Evans' Brewery. Moreover, it is bottled at the Brewery.

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PROGRESSIVE DINNERS IN NEW-HAVEN.

THE IDEA A POPULAR ONE, AS AFFORDING A NOVEL SOCIAL FEATURE.

New-Haven, Conn., Feb. 7 (Special).—At the suggestion of a young woman from the West who is passing the winter with friends in Hamden, and who soon tired of the progressive whists and euchres which had long constituted the chief form of entertainment for the smart set in that suburb of New-Haven, the progressive dinner idea has spread and become a veritable craze in this region within the last few weeks. In fact, this latest gastronomic fad has established itself so securely in the favor of Connecticut society that it is supplanting the conventional diversions and dooming them apparently to exclusion, at least until after Lent. Every person's neighbor is planning to be one of a progressive dinner party, and as a consequence every person who insists upon doing unto himself as his neighbor does is devising ways and means for a like trip. This obvious popularity of the progressive dinner is due doubtless in a large measure to the fact that it presents more novelty and variety than any other wrinkle that has caught the fancy of Connecticut society for many a year. Its sphere on a given occasion is not restricted to a single house or hall, as is the case with progressive whist or euchre, but is limited only to as many houses as there are courses, thus affording a kaleidoscopic change of scene and environment, which is described delightfully by the votaries of this active diversion.

ing few out in the cold in a double sense. With appetites sharpened by the activity of the walk and the frosty air, the guests there sat down to fried oysters, pickles and watercress, which were served by Mrs. Joslin, the Misses Joslin and Mrs. Robert Sanford. Loath to leave the fires which blazed on open hearths, the party again went forth under the open sky, but this time they had only a few minutes' battle with the cold, for an eighth of a mile walk brought them to the home of Leverett Dickerman, where the Misses Emma and Laura Dickerman, assisted by Mrs. Lyman Bassett and the Misses Bassett, put every one in good humor with crisp croquettes, French peas and sandwiches. Another walk of an eighth of a mile brought the party to Mrs. Arthur Woodruff's home, where the fourth course, consisting of salads, was served by Mrs. Woodruff and Miss Helen Woodruff. Here the parlors, brilliantly lighted, were a strong temptation to the guests to linger, but they stuck resolutely to their purpose, and at the end of a three-minute walk reached the house of John Dickerman. Here Miss Caroline Dickerman, Mrs. Homer Tuttle, Mrs. Friend Peck and Miss A. R. Peck served lemon ice and cake. For the sixth and last course a walk of a third of a mile was necessary, at the end of which the hospitalities of the old Colonial mansion of Mrs. George A. Morton were indeed welcome. Here, after coffee, wafers and cheese, a social hour was passed before the guests departed for their respective homes.

The first progressive dinner in this vicinity

The menu for this progressive dinner was printed on ordinary shipping tags, the peculiar appropriateness of which was obvious. Just three hours and a half elapsed from the beginning of the first course to the end of the last. Despite the fact that several of the young women sat down unexpectedly in snowdrifts, in some cases pulling their escorts down with them, and that not a few in the party came near to having their ears, noses, fingers or toes frozen, one and all voted the affair an unqualified success, and tendered a formal vote of thanks to the young woman who had suggested the idea, and who, by the way, was a leading spirit in carrying it out. Of the hostesses only those who served the first course partook of the whole dinner, the others taking no part in the progress. Although this first progressive dinner was given only a short time before Christmas, Hamden has had a dozen since, and the new gastronomic fever gives no sign of abating.

The progressive dinner idea was not long reaching this city, and already the members of the smart set are vying with one another in an effort to make every succeeding event of the kind eclipse its predecessor. Here, however, the parties are smaller and the distances travelled not so far as those in Hamden and some of the outlying cities and towns, the houses where the various courses are served all lying, as a rule, within a radius of a mile. The first progressive dinner party in New-Haven was given a fortnight ago, and was enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Flickering, Mr. and Mrs. Louis C. Cowles, Mrs. Charles A. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Kennedy, Mrs. P. B. Buckingham, Frederick Bradley, Miss Harriet Bradley, Miss Annie Browning, Miss Della Browning and Albert Rice. A regulation five course dinner was served in as many separate homes, the party walking from one house to the other, altogether about three miles. The soup was served at Mrs. Baldwin's apartments, in the Osmond; fish at Mrs. Buckingham's home in Chapel-st., the roasts at Mr. Cowles's home in Chapel-st., salads at Mr. Flickering's home in Broadway, and dessert at the Kennedys' residence in Winthrop-ave. From first course to last was a matter of four hours, but considerable time was passed at Mr. Cowles's home, where a musical programme was made a feature of the third course. This same party, at times slightly enlarged, will continue to give progressive dinners throughout the season, now being out for one to take place next week.

The progressive dinner enthusiasts assert that as a constitutional and an appetite deceiver they oper and restorer there is no other with many times the relishes because of rain or snow. Although one party braved a snowstorm and insisted that they enjoyed it all the more. It would seem that the progressive dinner would be more likely to survive in the city than in the country, where topographical conditions are adverse much of the time. In any event plenty of enthusiasm and a good stock of endurance and patience are necessary qualifications for the moving diner on a blustering winter night.