

FIRST BALMY DAY DRAWS THROUGH CONEY ISLAND

Three Hundred Thousand Visitors Invade Resort, Lured by Weather Man's Wiles.

EATABLES SOON RUN SHORT

'Turkey Trot' and 'Kiss Waltz' Features of Luna This Year—Only a Few Try Ocean Dip.

It seemed perfectly fitting that on the day following the police parade and the assumption of white duck uniforms by the subway guards the weather man should coax Coney Island into full bloom.

The mistress of a thousand delights responded generously, but in spite of every temptation she did heed the advice which some time ago Socrates whispered in the ear of a Greek lady of his acquaintance.

But in holding Luna back the old coquette permitted every one to realize the heaven that lay in store. She opened the gates that he who could might inspect her idea of the "turkey trot" and the "kiss waltz."

Her lovers may hope to indulge in these liberties on the formal opening of Luna next Saturday.

Yesterday was really not only the best day which Coney Island has had in the year 1912, but it was the first good Sunday in a month or more of rainy days.

It was so good to see the ocean smiling once more and to bathe in prospect that most of the 300,000 visitors felt content to walk slowly from one end of the boardwalk to the other, gazing over toward Sandy Hook, and stopping, when they did stop, to sip beer or eat a bite.

Of course the transit facilities were overwhelmed, but then the struggle to get down and back with the clothes still on your back has become so much a part of the traditional Coney Island outing that its absence would have been sadly missed.

Early this morning the returning crowds continued pouring from the Brooklyn Bridge terminal, exhausted, unkempt and thoroughly satisfied.

Police Inspector Robert E. Donley recently drafted fifty extra men from adjacent precincts yesterday morning to help Captain Murphy and his men handle the trainloads of pleasure seekers which such a perfect day was bound to send to the island.

Mystery for the Police. Ralph Nero, who lives at No. 2815 West 14th street, Coney Island, created a mild diversion for the police at 6:30 o'clock in the morning by discovering the body of a man floating off the beach in front of the Atlantic Yacht Club, on the Gravesend Bay side of Sea Gate.

On the man's breast there peered forth the human sized features of the devil. All over him were trunk, arms and legs, appeared stilettoes, buttonholes and bracelets.

An ambulance case was that of little Paul Arndt, thirteen years old, who tried to walk the trestle spanning Coney Island Creek, at Gravesend avenue, and lusted the regular summer retail of a hundred extra patrolmen will invade the resort looking for trouble.

Slight Traffic Mix-up. The only traffic mix-up reported up to a late hour was a rear end collision in Ocean Boulevard at Twenty-second avenue, between a one-horse buggy and an automobile.

Thomas Comfort, of No. 37 Grand street, Manhattan, had the distinction of representing the active merry-makers at the hospital. He stuck his foot over the side of a roller coaster car, at Surface avenue and West 16th street, and received a Pott fracture of the left leg when it hit a barrier that zipped by on the journey.

Chicago Judge Gives Advice to Husband and Continues Case. (By Telegraph to The Tribune.)

Chicago, May 19.—A man never gets too old to kiss his wife, according to the official ruling of Judge Goodnow, in the domestic relations court, yesterday.

Palisades Park Opens Gates. At Least Twenty Thousand People Visit New Jersey Resort.

CONEY ISLAND HAD A BIG, WARM CROWD YESTERDAY.

A section of the Bowery in the afternoon. It looked like midsummer to the happy vendors of food and enjoyment.



Palisades Amusement Park on Saturday, when thousands availed themselves of the first opportunity to see what chances had been made during the winter months at the big New Jersey pleasure resort, perched on the Palisades, opposite West 125th street.

MARS ROMANCE: ENDS LIFE

Hungarian Woman Despondent Over Sister's Love Affair.

In a second attempt at suicide within the last few months, Mrs. Anna Kline, a young Hungarian, of No. 343 East 8th street, killed herself yesterday at her home by means of gas while her husband and ten-year-old daughter lay asleep in another room.

Many Have to Go Hungry. It was so good to see the ocean smiling once more and to bathe in prospect that most of the 300,000 visitors felt content to walk slowly from one end of the boardwalk to the other, gazing over toward Sandy Hook, and stopping, when they did stop, to sip beer or eat a bite.

Chinese Can't Wed White Girl. License Refused Him at Seattle, He Starts for Tacoma.

Seattle, May 19.—Lew Gum, Chinese foreman of a canning company's warehouse at Oakland, was greatly surprised yesterday when he led Miss Mary Tscholka, a white girl, to the marriage license window at the auditor's office and a license to marry was refused.

Wedding Guests as in 1862. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Blyn Celebrate Half-Century of Married Life.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Blyn, of No. 22 Morris Park West, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary last night at the Hotel Astor, where 150 relatives and guests sat down to a feast after witnessing the golden wedding ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Edward Liesman, following a bridal procession led by the children of the aged couple and their wives and husbands.

Sought Prize and Divorce. Mrs. Wildman Entered University While Waiting to Ask for Decree.

Never Too Old to Kiss Wife. Chicago Judge Gives Advice to Husband and Continues Case.

Wins Model Plane Contest. Armour Sully, a Brooklyn boy, proved the winner in the model airplane contest for the Hamburger Cup in East Orange yesterday.

Woman to Bring Peace. Suffragist Leader Asserts It Is Superior to Man's.

Their Influence Growing. Head of German Peace Society Speaks—Columbia Man Urges Merchant Ship Protection.

New York Girl Tries Suicide. Leaps to Elevated Tracks in Philadelphia After Broken Engagement.

Woman Scorns Court Order. Walks Off with Man from Whom Judge Would Separate Her.

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STRIKING WAITERS CHEER ROSE PASTOR STOKES

Settlement Leader Tells Hotel Workers They Should Organize to Get What Is Right.

SOCIALISM STIRS AUDIENCE

Big Meeting at Amsterdam Opera House Hears How Waiters Are 'Mistreated' and 'Held in Contempt.'

The waiters of the Belmont Hotel who are out on strike and almost two thousand of their sympathizers, including several hundred women, packed the Amsterdam Opera House in West 4th street, last night, to hear Rose Pastor Stokes tell how first-class hotel waiters in New York earn \$1 cents a day and how they work long hours, eat miserable food and crowd into unsanitary quarters.

The waiters and their sympathizers broke in on Mrs. Stokes every few minutes to applaud, but when she mentioned socialism the house went wild. Men all over the floor, some of them elderly men, too, jumped up and down and threw their hats into the air.

Joseph Elster, who spent some time in a police cell for his activity in strike demonstrations outside the Hotel Belmont two weeks ago, introduced Mrs. Stokes as the great friend of the working people. Elster is the organizer of the International Hotel Workers' Union, which takes in waiters, cooks, chambermaids, the boys, etc.

After telling in a pathetic way how the Belmont waiters were treated the speaker ventured to say that most of the hotel people despised the men who slaved under them. In proof of the assertion she produced a letter written by one of them to a friend of hers. Under the agreement not to divulge the name of the writer she read the letter to Mrs. Stokes to read at the meeting, which in part she did.

Urged to Keep Out of Fight. "I am sorry to see that Mrs. Stokes has taken up with these fellows," it read. "If she knew what a contemptible man he is, I doubt if there are fifty honest men in the whole lot. They are a lot of contemptible, low-lived thieves. They are organized indignantly and collectively for thievery. It is simply sickening the way they live on thievery. I hope she will drop the whole bunch."

Mrs. Stokes paused to pay her compliments to certain judges of human nature. "He doubts whether there are fifty honest men in the bunch," she said. "One would almost think he was talking of a lot of Wall Street manipulators and the like." The speaker met by a lot of good-natured applause, but two or three resentful calls out a few times for the name of "the man who wrote that letter."

Mrs. Stokes read from the Belmont's "book of fines" imposed on waiters. She said as high as \$200 a month was gathered in from the waiters. One fine of \$5 was for drinking the dregs from a coffee cup in the kitchen. "I want to ask you people here to-night if you can find anywhere in the annals of chattel slavery before the Civil War a parallel of this heartless cruelty?" she asked. "The hotel men say that they do not always keep this 'fine' money, but give it to charity. We ask them to do a grain of justice first before they speak of charity, and the person who accepts a cent of money whipped out of underpaid and underfed waiters deserves to be shot," she said.

One of the speakers was Henry Schwamm, a lawyer, of No. 89 Maiden Lane. Schwamm said he was a waiter for the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel before he studied law ten years ago. In those palmy days, a sirloin steak, he said, cost just 70 cents. "Can any one tell me what they cost there now?" he asked.

"A dollar and a half," a voice cried from the hall. Schwamm said his wages as a waiter were \$5 a month, and a dozen of his erstwhile brothers shouted that wages hadn't increased a cent since. Schwamm vowed that the hotelkeepers had looked out for their own interests.

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ROSE PASTOR STOKES. Who encouraged the hotel waiters in their strike at a meeting held last night.

is going on in the other camp." As a militant socialist, she declared, she read the socialist paper to get the correct news of the waiters' strike.

Looking down on the reporters' table, Mrs. Stokes absolved them from all blame. "They mean to do the right thing. They are fellow laborers in the field, underpaid as well, and often they are men who have paid for a college education. But under the present capitalistic system they are working for papers which are friendly to you when they can afford to be. The capitalistic press of New York cannot afford to be your friends," she said. "So they treat the news flippantly. With them your strike is a joke. The reporters see the things straight, but the city editors and the editorial writers, who have their orders, make their reports read otherwise. Don't be misled by the capitalistic press," she cried.

The peroration of the address likened the individual laborer to the finest wire in the smallest cable that helped to support Brooklyn Bridge. By uniting the workers they would sustain the bridge of civilization so that the generations of the near future might pass over into the promised land, she said.

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