Church Near Riot as Brady Defends Stage

(Continued from page one)

hands. It was a rare moment in New York's history.

"I realize I do not belong here," said Mr. Brady, his heels echoing hollowly on the trapdoor flooring over the baptisma pool. "I am perfectly willing to meet Dr. Straton in a public debate provided that the subject is not restricted to what Dr. Straton wants to talk about. This is an argument between church and stage. Dr. Straton wants to confine it to the stage.

"There are black sheep in every flock (Mr. Brady glared at Dr. Straton's) and I do not come to this church of God to defend the black sheep. I come to defend decent men and women of the theater. If there is to be a debate, let it be held in a neutral place. I prefer not to meet him in his church. Maybe I should wish to criticize Dr. Straton. But this is not the day, so far as I am concerned, nor the place."

Mr. Anderson Speaks

Mr. Brady unclenched his fists and retired to his place in the center of the church.

"Mr. Brady is under a misapprehension as to the question to be discussed," said Mr. Anderson then, "but I think a debate can be arranged on neutral ground. Ever since last May we've been trying"——

But the congregation hadn't come to hear Mr. Anderson. They got out on the edge of their chairs the very second Dr. Straton cleared his throat. Raising both arms high above his head, with forefingers extended like pistols in the hands of two-gun Bill Hart, he brought them down smartly—and shot his cuffs. Then he began:

"I am here as the champion of decent men and women on the stage. I have been a lover of the dramatic art. I confess I have enjoyed an occasional visit to the theater. I remember Joseph Jefferson"——

There were something over 17,000 words in Dr. Straton's address, and not all of it can be printed, for that would fill nearly two pages of The Tribune. But, after tracing the theater from its religious beginnings and talking a while about the beginnings of civilization, he got to a point where he said:

"Ten girls representing the Chorus Girls' Union told 'The New York Globe' that it is next to impossible for a girl to work in the chorus without leading a life of shame. It is altogether impossible for her to work without being insulted.'"

Three old men crowded on a narrow bench just under Dr. Straton's gaze cried out. One said: "Awful!" Another: "My gracious!" and the third: "Tut! Tut!"

"This last remark leads me to say that facts now prove that the price of promotion for many girls and women upon the stage to-day is that they shall surrender their virtue."

Indignation in Audience

Many persons among the congregation buzzed with indignation as they heard this.

"In fact, my friends," continued the preacher, "this condition has got to be a standing joke in the theatrical and movie world. A recent observer writing in 'The Chicago Tribune' and 'New York News' says: 'There is a lascivious maxim concerning the gateway to success in pictures known to every one who works in the studios.

"One of these so-called 'jokes' was the case of a certain manager who was greatly agitated and perplexed about what to do, when he suddenly remembered that he had absentmindedly promised the same position to two girls who had paid to him the personal price of promotion. We can well understand, too, how one of these managers occasionally turns up with a bullet through his brain. We can understand how wrecked virtue on one side and violated promises of 'promotion' on the other would result in stealthy but sure vengeance."

Dr. Straton talked on and on about naked (he pronounced it as though it was spelled neck-ed) women on New York stages, and when he denounced them he was applauded by young and old. The young included boys in short trousers and girls of sixteen and seventeen.

Then he quoted Dr. Stephen Wise, rabbi of the Free Synagogue, that meets just across Fifty-seventh street from Calvary Baptist Church, in Carnegie Hall. Dr. Wise, he said, had declared the theater was suffering from moral leprosy. He expressed thanks that there are prophets among the Jews, and then proceeded to rake over those Jews who, he said, controlled New York theaters.

Heckler Goes Into Action

"Why don't the people of the stage throw off this bondage in which they are held by Jews"——

"Is Mr. Brady a Jew?" A whiskered old man was dancing excitedly in the carpeted space just below the pulpit.

"It is amazing that any people should have permitted such control, and they ought to rise and cast off that bondage!"

"Is Mr. Brady a Jew?" The heckler was scribbling notes on a small pad in his hand. Dr. Straton ignored him, but a pompous man in a nearby pew rose and smote the interrupter on the shoulder, commanding him to sit down.

Dr. Straton arraigned Charlie Chaplin for his "sordid divorce." He spoke of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, declaring: "The Attorney General of Nevada believes he can convict these two of bigamy.

"Then there is Fatty Arbuckle." The congregation roared with laughter.

"The theater of to-day adds to temptations and increases the number of divorces, not only in the indirect ways before mentioned but also directly by leading married men, astray through the display of physical charms of women upon the stage."

Dr. Straton was mopping his brow then and William A. Brady rose and inquired:

"Doctor, may I answer you now?"

"You certainly may, Mr. Brady. Come forward."

There were no formalities this time when the theatrical producer mounted the pulpit. His bulging eyes glittered, but whether with tears or rage could not be determined by observers near by.

Quotes Scriptures—in a Way

"After hearing Dr. Straton's address," he began, "I can not leave the church until I say to him: 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.' I want to say to him also: 'Thou shalt not slander thy neighbor.'"

Mr. Brady took a long breath. Then he resumed:

"For one hour and a half I have listened to him and I haven't heard one fact."

Murmurs and cries came from the congregation, then "Oh, how can he say that?" was the indignant interrogation one woman addressed to those about her. Segregated male and female choristers in purple vestments leaned from their respective lofts and hissed their scorn at Brady.

"Why doesn't Dr. Straton (Mr. Brady pronounced it 'Strraaton,' with a very broad 'a') tell you about the things that happen in society?"

"That's right!" shouted an old woman in a side pew.

"Shame!" shouted the choristers.

"Why not the department stores, with their underpaid girls? Why doesn't he tell you about lots of things that happen wherever boys and girls are thrown together." Bending backward from the waist, Mr. Brady looked first at the female choir left and then at the male side. A perceptible shudder swept through the pews.

"Why (now Mr. Brady yelled) don't he tell you about the horrible crimes and degeneracies perpetrated by ministers!"

Dr. Straton, furiously scribbling notes, tapped his long foot on the thick red carpet of the pulpit. A woman with plump arms folded beneath her elbow-length mink cape rose majestically from the third pew.

"May I ask Mr. Brady about his wife and daughter. Do they"——

Mr. Brady ignored her. Perhaps he did not hear. "More murders are committed by churchmen than are done by stage people," he said.

Brady Adherents Heard

"May I ask Mr. Brady"—— but the woman's voice was drowned by hisses from other hecklers of Mr. Brady. Unafraid, he continued:

"There are more ministers in state prison than there are stage people."

"Make him stop," cried one, above the general hissing.

A few Brady adherents were doing their best to encourage him with yells of "Good!" and "Great stuff!"

"When Dr. Straton slanders poor little Mary Pickford"——

Yells, hisses and jeering laughter mounted to the greatest pitch of intensity there, but Mr. Brady with one fist held truculently back of him faced it out.

"When I said poor," he said, "I referred to her first marriage. Why don't he find out about that before he denounces her from this place. I claim he is wrong. Now, mark you, I'm not going to defend what is disreputable."

There was a great flash, an explosion just then. A newspaper photographer had set up his camera in the aisle a few yards from the pulpit. Relieved to discover he hadn't been shot Mr. Brady said, "Thank you," and continued. There was another flash.

"Dr. Straton attacks the critics. The critics, I tell you, deliberately refrain from saying a show is lascivious, because if they do say so the public flocks to see that show. It's the public that wants that stuff. He says nothing about the good shows in New York. Do you know any bad ones?"

Gets Plenty of Response

That was a tactical error. Probably Mr. Brady himself will admit it now. Immediately after he had asked the question he was bombarded with the names of shows.

"Up in the Clouds," shouted some.

"The Demi Virgin." Mr. Brady folded his arms and waited.

"Getting Gertie's Garter."

"If there are stage people here," said Mr. Brady, "I wish to call attention to the fact that they never for one instant interrupted Dr. Straton. What I was saying was: There are ten good plays for one bad one, and those bad ones would not prosper if the public did not want them. Dr. Straton talks of gypsies, strolling mountebanks, carnivals. I'm talking about the theater.

"He speaks of Overholzer, of the Pennsylvania censors. Hah! That is the same Overholzer who declared that before Camille could be shown in Pennsylvania movies she would have to marry Armand. Hah!

"Why talk of this or that divorce when I can parallel each one mentioned with another."

Mr. Brady paused for wind and arguments. He admitted it. Then he resumed:

"I would be proud to compare the record in France of the screen and theater people with the record there of the Young Men's Christian Association. The disreputable Charles Chaplin sold millions and millions of Liberty bonds."

"Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were big enough to travel this country from end to end selling more millions. John McCormack raised a million. Be charitable. Co-operate. Does Dr. Straton? No. He attacks all.

"In England the King knights his actors!

"Dr. Straton said that the price of promotion for an actress was the surrender of her virtue"——

"You know it's true, too," shrilled a woman, who waved both arms to get the attention of Mr. Brady.

"Bah! Then, are all the women in the theater who have been successful prostitutes?"

"Prostitutes" yelled from some pulpits would cause a gasp of apprehension from people fearful of lightning bolts, but Dr. Straton's congregation has heard the word before. Mr. Brady resumed:

"That's what he said. He's got no right to say it."

"Mr. Brady! Mr. Brady! I want to ask a question about your wife and daughter. Didn't they have you to help them?"

Defends Jews in Theater

"Dr. Straton," continued Brady, unmindful of the heckler, "brought up a very dangerous thing when he said the theater and screen are controlled by Jews. I'm not a Jew-baiter. Jews have been my partners all through my career."

"Oh my!" yelled an old man.

"Their home life would be a lesson to a lot of people."

Then Mr. Brady named a number of managers he said were Christians. Snapping his fingers to excite his memory, he named:

"Dillingham, George Cohan, Henry Savage, Florenz Ziegfeld, Arthur Hopkins, John Cort, John Golden—— "

"William A. Brady," was shouted from the audience.

"I named him first," retorted Brady. "He's the best of them all."

That won him a burst of applause in which Dr. Straton and William H. Anderson joined politely.

"If you are going to close up the movies on Sunday, then close up the golf courses forbid caddies to work, make the chauffeurs stop."

Then Mr. Brady closed with a final plea for tolerance.

"Back the Catholic Actors League," he said. "Form a Baptist Actor's League. Preach God to the actors then don't slander them."

Mr. Brady had finished, for the afternoon, anyway.

"First of all," said Dr. Straton, shaking his hand, "I want to congratulate Mr. Brady. We went up against a hard proposition. He showed that he's not Irish for nothing."

Mr. Straton then launched forth again. He talked until he was hoarse and then stopped because it was necessary, to feed the choir before the evening service began. Having the last word he said:

"Despite what Mr. Brady says, the big theatrical owners are Hebrew, beyond question."

They All Want to Speak

Then he announced himself ready to answer questions. Fifteen people arose in different parts of the church. Most had orations of their own. Some succeeded in delivering portions of them. Some wanted to speak out of turn and one was put forcibly into his seat by a neighbor. One fat woman, dressed in black, arose and announced that she was a doctor. Then she denounced the things that occur in the dark in moving picture shows.

A whiskered heckler, struggling into a fur-lined coat, interrupted her to ask: "You say you're a doctor?"

"Sit down!" yelled the congregation and besought the woman to continue her interesting revelations. And then Dr. Straton said that would be all, motioned to the organist and presently the congregation was thronging into the open air, their ears filled with the doxology.

Bishop Paddock of Oregon Addresses Reunion Meeting

Former Congregations Gather to Hear Prelate Tell of His Missionary Work in Desert Country East of Cascades

The Right Rev. Robert L. Paddock, Bishop of the Episcopal Missionary District of Eastern Oregon, was enthusiastically welcomed by a reunion of two former congregations last evening at the Church of the Holy Apostles, Ninth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street, where he was consecrated to the episcopate fourteen years ago. He is revisiting New York after a long absence.

There was a large attendance of the congregation of the old pro-cathedral at Stanton and Hester streets, where, twenty-five years ago, the Bishop, then a young priest, fought with "Big Bill" Devery over vice conditions, and later campaigned for William Travers Jerome for District Attorney in a hot political battle. Former communicants of the pro-cathedral and the Church of the Holy Apostles came from New Jersey, Long Island and above the Bronx to attend the service.

The rector, the Rev. L. A. Dix-Edelblute, extended a formal welcome, and the Bishop made an address, renewing his New York associations and giving some account of his work in Eastern Oregon.

If the congregation could travel with him to Cheyenne, Wyoming, the Bishop said, they would cover but one-half the mileage between New York and the place where he lives. His district lies in the desert country east of the Cascade Mountains, and has a population of but 150,000. There are only seven towns with a population of more than 2,000, and the largest has 7,000. It is the most rural district in the United States, the Bishop said. Communicants of the church number something more than 2,000. Four of these towns maintain self-supporting parishes, with their own rectors. In three others independent parishes will be organized in the next two or three years. Perhaps eastern Oregon will be the next missionary district to become an independent diocese, he said.

Of the advisability of establishing more churches immediately in these small communities Bishop Paddock spoke frankly and adversely.

"In some of these towns of 2,000 people and more there are five churches of different denominations maintaining five ministers, making for confusion, competition and duplication. These struggling congregations are almost fighting each other instead of the world, the flesh and the devil," he said. "Why, in this state of competition, there are ministers of the gospel who will not speak to each other. And the devil smiles and says: 'I have the churches and the ministers working for me.' I tell you bluntly that the system by which we would put in more churches and more local ministers would actually hinder the Kingdom of God."

By patient statesmanship, the Bishop said, some day there would be brought about a church that is at unity.

60,000 See Pius Crowned In St. Peter's

(Continued from page one)

St. Peter's, silent and reverential, with one hope moving all—that the man within the Vatican may yet enjoy that which was the recreation of young Ratti of Desio—climbing the Alpine mountains of his native land. To-day he is a prisoner within the Vatican walls, but to-morrow, the belief is freely expressed, he may be free to mingle among the crowds of the common people he loves so well.

The first message sent out broadcast over the world by Pope Pius expressed the wish for universal pacification and declared that while the Holy See should not abandon any of the Church's temporal prerogatives a satisfactory arrangement whereby the Vatican could rule spiritually only, would be welcome.

Standing upon the throne directly under the cupola of St. Peter's, Michael Angelo's masterpiece, Pius XI, with head adorned with the tiara, bestowed the blessing upon those below, in which many races and many creeds mingled. The Gregorian psalms and hymns of joy rendered by the choir were taken up by the assemblage in Latin in which various accents—Anglo-Saxon, German, French and Scandinavian—were noticeable.

The cortege from the Vatican to the Basilica was led by Monsignor Carlo Respighi, master of ceremonies, followed by the heads of the various Roman colleges and escorted by two Swiss Guards. The confessor of the Pontifical family, wearing the habit of his order, came next, then the servants, the "bussolanti," in their red uniforms. A chaplain ordinary wearing a purple cope and escorted by Swiss Guards bore the tiara on a velvet cushion. The jeweler to the Vatican walked alone behind the tiara.

Then in order came ordinary chaplains, carrying the precious miter, two apostolic couriers in violet colored uniforms, the secret camerieri, led by Monsignor Nasalli-Rocca; the honor chaplains and participants, wearing purple copes; the choir of the Pontifical chapel and the entire Pontifical household in multi-colored uniforms, including the "penetentiari" of St. Peter, wearing white chasubles.

The ushers of the "red mass," custodians of the Papal cross during the ceremony, were next in line, with bishops not attending the throne, archbishops and prelates from the Orient, bishops and archbishops attending the throne, patriarchs, cardinal deacons, cardinal-priests, cardinal-bishops and Princes Orsini and Colonna, assistants to the throne, following after.

Secret Camerieri of the Cape and Sword, led by Marquis Sacchetti, and the Forager Major and Palatine Guards, commanded by Baron Tabanelli, escorted the Papal chair, which was borne by Parafrenieri, wearing red uniforms. Eight prelates carried the canopy over the Pontiff's head.

Women Faint in Crush

Seated on the Papal chair, wearing a great white cope embroidered with gold and the precious miter, the newly elected Pope blessed the worshipers who lined the corridors of the Vatican and the entrances of St. Peter's. Surrounding the chair with drawn swords were Swiss Guards, commanded by Colonel Hirschbuhl. Officers of the Noble Guard and officials of the Pontifical court, with two huge Swiss Guards, closed the procession.

The crush inside the basilica was terrific, many women fainting. These were carried to the emergency hospital installed in a small chapel to the rear of St. Peter's, but there is no record of any one having been seriously injured.

Crowds thrice as large as that within the church filled the immense St. Peter's Square, and when the Pope came out on the balcony after the coronation ceremony it was estimated that nearly 200,000 persons had gathered in the immediate vicinity of St. Peter's.

The day broke clear and sharply cold, but long before sunrise the many who had remained around the Vatican throughout the night were seeking admittance to the church. The confusion increased as the morning advanced, and there was much crowding and pushing to the heavy bronze doors, giving the King's troops, who were trying to keep order, much trouble. Many thousands were refused admittance by the inscrutable Swiss Guards, and several laymen who had donned clerical garb but were without tickets also were denied entrance to the church, as they failed to pass the examination to which they were subjected by an ecclesiastic who was assisting the guards.

Many Cling to Statues

The huge church was already partly filled at 7 o'clock, and when the procession started from the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament at 8:30 and the doors were closed every available space was occupied and the bronze and marble figures of former pontiffs and saints afforded points of vantage. Hundreds of spectators, ten or twenty feet from the floor, clung to various parts of the statues and almost completely hid them from view. They resembled in the distance huge clusters of grapes.

The Pope appeared pale, ill at ease and nervous as he emerged from the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, seated high in the pontifical chair. But as the ceremony proceeded his face became flushed, beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead, when a few minutes after midday Cardinal Lega, in the absence of Cardinal Bisleti, dean of the cardinal deacons, placed the marvelous jeweled tiara on the Pontiff's head.

From the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament across the Basilica to the Chapel of St. Gregory the cortege proceeded in solemn silence, passing through the great assemblage, which for the moment seemed to have forgotten the religious symbol, for the human factor dominated, subdued cheering being heard now and then. With little gestures of his left hand, as on the day of his election, when he waved to the crowds outside of St. Peter's, Pius XI conveyed to the faithful that he was thoroughly democratic and one of them.

Quaint Symbolism in Ceremony

At the entrance of the Basilica the Pope was received by Cardinal Merry Del Val, Archpriest of St. Peter's, who rendered homage. The customary quaint ceremony of burning hemp was carried out during the progress across St. Peter's. One of the papal officials halted the chair and knelt three times before the Pontiff, on each occasion setting fire to a small bundle of oiled hemp, chanting "Pater Sancte, sic transit gloria mundi." ("Holy Father, thus passes the glory of the world.")

The first two of the little bundles burned with great rapidity, but the third failed to catch fire, an assistant thrice relighting it before it was finally consumed. Those given to signs interpreted this to mean that the Pope's glory would be lasting and his reign long.

Reaching the altar, the Pope intoned "Gloria in Excelsis" in a loud, clear voice, all trace of emotion having disappeared. His Holiness has a pleasant voice and he keeps the harmony of the music, which seems a difficult accomplishment for many cardinals. The responses were made by Cardinal Vanutelli, Cardinal Lega and Cardinal Gasquet, of England.

One of the assisting cardinals removed the mitre from the head of the Pontiff and placed around his head the pallium—a consecrated vestment in the form of a scarf of white wool, embroidered with purple crosses. The pallium was next fastened to a staff with three large pins, surmounted with precious stones. The dean kissed the Pope on the cheek, as did also the other two cardinals.

Cardinal Lega placed the tiara on the head of the Pontiff, and Cardinal Merry del Val, as archpriest, greeted him and welcomed the new Pontiff into the Catholic city's supreme church.

Uses Chaldean Language

Then, headed by Vanutelli and in order of seniority, the cardinals mounted the throne and kissed the Pope's hand; following them came the patriarchs, archbishops and bishops. The Patriarch of Syria, who speaks the Chaldean language, that in which Christ addressed the Disciples, spoke a few words to the Pope after rendering obeisance. Although one of the most accomplished of linguists, the Pontiff was unable to reply to the venerable patriarch in his own language and responded in Latin.

The special litany for the Pope was sung, in which the reply to the invocation of the name of every saint, instead of being "Ora pro nobis" is "Tu illum adjuva," meaning "Thou assist him." This was joined in by thousands, the volume of sound echoing through the cupola and high walls most impressively. Again the Pope displayed emotion.

Thus was crowned the 260th successor of St. Peter, and the bugles sounded the announcement to the world that a new Pope reigned in Rome.

The cortege passed through the aisle, under the flagstones of which Benedict XV is lying, proceeding to the tomb, where the new Pontiff pledged himself to continue pursuit of the ideals preconized by the dead Pontiff. The cortege also proceeded to the sepulcher of the first Pope. The Pontiff recited the prayer "Exaudi Domine," to which all responded, and after striking the tomb of St. Peter three sharp blows with a small stick covered with red velvet returned to the Vatican.

Pope's Brother Deeply Moved

During the ceremony in the Basilica, Francesco Ratti, the brother; Camilla, the sister; a nephew and four nieces, one with a Madonna-like face, sat in a small stand immediately to the right of the throne.

"How does it feel to be the Pope's brother on a day like this?" asked the correspondent in Italian as he stood near the seat occupied by Francesco.

"My feelings cannot be described. It is just impossible for me to find words with which to express what I feel at the present moment," the Pope's brother replied in perfect English.

The highest dignitaries of the Church and the members of the oldest Roman houses came to where the Pope's family were seated and congratulated brother and sister and the others. They modestly acknowledged these felicitations, while the Madonna-like niece wept softly throughout the ceremony.

A great crush again occurred as the crowds, tired by long standing, made a concerted rush for the exits. The Swiss Guards momentarily were unable to restrain those within the Basilica, while the soldiers found themselves in trouble in the square. The crowds at that time were beginning their prolonged cheering for the new Pope, pleading and urging that the Pontiff come out and bless them from the balcony.

By now it was warm and balmy, and the people considered that the plea of too severe weather was no longer justified. Then the Pope came forth, and the enthusiasm reached its highest pitch. There were cries of "Long live the Pope!" varied with cries of "Long live Ratti!" as the Pontiff, after bestowing the blessing, made his little familiar gesture of salutation with his hand.

Finally the vast assemblage dispersed in happy mood, while the Pope returned within the Vatican walls from which his predecessors since 1870 never emerged, even refraining from looking out upon Rome from the windows of their apartments.

Votive Mass for New Pope Is Offered in Cleveland

CLEVELAND, Feb. 12.—Observance of the coronation of Pope Pius XI. in Rome was held in Catholic churches of the Cleveland diocese to-day. By direction of Bishop Joseph Schrembs, solemn votive mass was offered for the welfare of the new Pontiff, and the prayer prescribed for the Sunday marking the coronation of a new Pope was read.

Sermons dealt with the office the Pope holds and its historic character.

Women to Vote in Primaries To-day for First Time in Maine

AUGUSTA, Me., Feb. 12.—Women will vote in primaries for the first time in Maine to-morrow, when candidates will be nominated for the special election on March 20 to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Representative John A. Peters, of the 3d District, to accept the Federal judgeship for Maine.

Former Mayor Blaine S. Viles, lumberman and manufacturer, and John E. Nelson, an attorney, both of this city, are candidates for the Republican nomination.

Ernest L. McLean, an Augusta attorney, has no opposition for the Democratic nomination.

Pope Aided in Founding Hospital in Pennsylvania

BLOOMSBURG, Pa., Feb. 12 (By The Associated Press).—It is believed here that Pope Pius XI indirectly was concerned in the founding of the Bloomsburg Hospital, one of the largest in this section of the state.

Several years ago Joseph Ratti, a paternal uncle of the Pope and a silk manufacturer of this city, cherished the hope of establishing a hospital in Bloomsburg, and went so far as to purchase the building, which he told friends he intended to turn over to the city for that purpose. Mr. Ratti, however, died in 1908 on a trip to Italy before his hopes were realized. His intentions were made known to his heirs, one of whom is believed here to have been Achille Ratti, now Pope Pius XI. The heirs subsequently deeded the building to a hospital association, formed after Mr. Ratti's death, and from it has grown the present institution.

'Veronica's Veil' Given Before Child Audience

St. Joseph's Auditorium in West Hoboken Is Thronged for America's Passion Play

The first special performance for children of "Veronica's Veil," America's Passion Play, was given yesterday afternoon at St. Joseph's Auditorium, Central Avenue and Traphagen Street, West Hoboken, N. J.

This is the opening performance of several given each year for school children in advance of opening the regular season, which begins February 26.

The Auditorium was crowded with boys and girls, many of whom were from Manhattan and Brooklyn. One delegation of two hundred attended the performance from Yonkers.

Included in the audience was a large body of Sunday School instructors. Each of the visiting classes from outside localities was escorted by a delegation of teachers, who were unanimous in praise of the production, declaring it an inspiration to serious Bible study.

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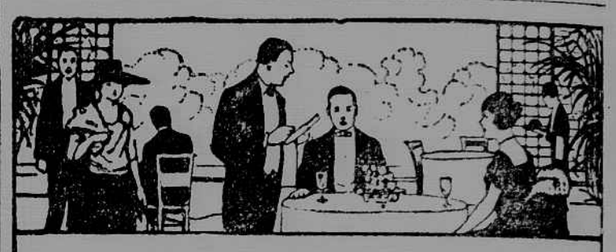
Many are in plain White, Helio, Blue, Rose; others in decidedly attractive striped effects.

Sale in Men's Furnishing Department—Main Floor



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Shredded Wheat

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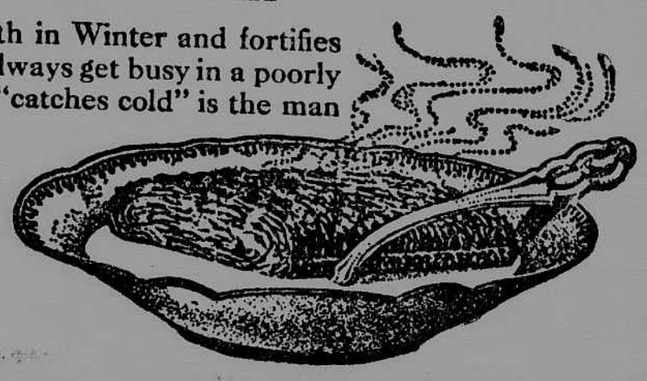
It brings the ruddy glow of health in Winter and fortifies you against the cold-germs that always get busy in a poorly nourished body. The man who "catches cold" is the man who doesn't know how to eat. Shredded Wheat is rich in tissue-building, heat-making elements—the ideal food for youngsters and grown-ups.



Heat the Biscuits in the oven to restore their crispness; pour hot milk over them, adding a little cream and a little salt. Better for children than mushy porridges—ready-cooked and ready-to-serve.

What Next in Europe?

by Frank A. Vanderlip

THE eminent American financier has written a series of ten articles in which he sets forth his observations during a four months' trip through fifteen countries of Europe.

In his travels Mr. Vanderlip talked intimately with heads of governments, cabinet ministers, great industrialists, leaders of labor and keen American observers abroad.

Mr. Vanderlip's qualifications for expert observation are well known. For thirty years, during frequent visits, he has studied European conditions. As president of the National City Bank and later as Chairman of the American International Corporation, he has had an unusual opportunity for the study of the economic problems of the world.

In view of the coming international conference at Genoa, where an effort will be made to find the way out of the economic maze in which Europe finds itself, Mr. Vanderlip's survey assumes great importance.

The Vanderlip articles will appear daily, beginning in—

To-morrow's—Tuesday

New York Tribune