LETS THE CHINESE BRIDE GO.

GERRY SOCIETY ADMITS THAT IT MADE A MISTAKE.

Little Moy, Prisoner for the First Nine Days of Her Honeymoon, Escapes Joyfully to Her Husband—Chinatown Will Celebrate—Any Apologies?

After Moy Hueng, the bride of Chinatown, had been held prisoner for nine days, put into "institution clothes" instead of her bridal robes; fed on Gerry diet instead of the dishes she was wont to; prevented, as if she were in a prison, from seeing her husband and her friends, and after a respectable missionary woman had been arrested with the bridegroom on the charge of abducting her, the Gerry society yesterday morning admitted that it had made a mistake.

"I wish to withdraw the charges, as we have not been able to obtain any evidence in this case," said Lawyer Townsend to Magistrate Cornell in the Tombs court yesterday morning. There was not even a hearing to show whether any evidence or mere whim was the basis of the proceedings.

Apparently, because Moy, like many of her countrywomen, is a little bit of a thing and didn't measure up to the ideas of a matron entertained by one of the wise men who are allowed to make summary arrests in the name of the Gerry society, she was taken into custody on the night of March 29, and her husband and the missionary, Mrs. Toy, who, acting for the bride's parents, brought her to New York to be married, were arrested on the charge of abduction.

Proof of a lawful marriage, according to both the American and the Chinese laws, was submitted to E. Fellows Jenkins, superintendent of the Gerry society, the following morning. This had no weight, because the Gerry society had heard that wives are sometimes bought by Chinamen as the novelists say they sometimes are by Americans and Britishers. Nor would the Gerry officers consider as factors in the case the affidavit from the father of Moy, showing that he had consented to the marriage, or the girl's manifest desire to return to her husband.

They obtained six postponements of the case in court, throwing out vague hints about important evidence. On Tuesday they produced in the Tombs court a letter from one of their agents promising that (maybe) he would have some important evidence for them. On the strength of this Magistrate Cornell put the case over until yesterday.

The rotunda and corridor of the Criminal Courts were crowded yesterday morning with residents of Chinatown. As many as could give a reasonable excuse for their presence there filed into the court room. Their stolid features expressed little until Thomas Dinneen, counsel for the defendants, announced that the prisoners had been exonerated. The sullen silence broke into a lively chatter and high keyed laughter. There was a pattering of soft shoes over the marble floor, and the news spread throughout the building in a few moments. Three automobiles and four carriages were lined up at the south door, and a crowd awaited the reappearance of Lee Hoy and his little bride.

"I have withdrawn my charges," said Mr. Townsend, "because out of this case has grown one much larger and more important. We will correct the whole system of doing these things in Chinatown."

"What is the nature of the 'larger and more important case' you refer to?" Mr. Townsend was asked.

"Well, I cannot speak of it," he replied.

"Have you found other young brides in Chinatown?" he was again asked.

"Well, no, I can't say we have. But if the missionary women will work with the Gerry society——" Mr. Townsend hesitated, and his questioner suggested:

"You think you might find some."

"Well, perhaps," was the reply. But the missionary women are rather human.

Moy was not taken into the court room, but remained in the Gerry room at the court house in the charge of an agent of that society. As soon as the case was dismissed Mrs. Toy was led out of the court room. The strain of the last nine days had told on her and in an almost fainting condition she was assisted away. She accompanied Lee Hoy to the Gerry room, where little Moy awaited them.

Agent Pisarra let Moy go and she pattered across the floor to Mrs. Toy, and burying the little jewelled head in the lap of the missionary, pleaded to be taken home at once. She had been a prisoner nine days for getting married without consulting some Tom Smith or other.

Hoy, who was just behind the missionary, lifted his little wife up in his arms and whispered something to her. Then they smiled at each other and Moy drew from somewhere in her silken robes a big official looking roll, tied with a scarlet and purple cord. Opening it she displayed with pride a much beflowered and cupid decked marriage certificate. Then she smiled at THE SUN reporter and said something which when translated meant that that was hers, and that as long as she kept it they could never take her away again.

Then Moy held out both her tiny olive hands adorned with jade rings and bracelets, to greet those of her friends who had been admitted to the reception room.

"Take me away," she said to Lee Hoy, and as soon as the papers were signed the bridal procession began.

Mr. Townsend came in and said to Lee Hoy, "You have one of the dearest children I have ever known for a wife."

"It's about time to acknowledge that you've been beaten on that racket," said Attorney Dinneen.

"We have become very fond of the little one at the Gerry society," replied Mr. Townsend, "and we hate to see her go back there."

When Hoy and his bride appeared at the entrance with Mrs. Toy there was a chatter of Chinese that drowned even the puffing of a lot of fire engines working in Centre street. Brown hands stretched out to touch the little bride, who clung to the hand of Mrs. Toy and the coat sleeve of her husband. According to the etiquette of the Chinese, which says that no lady shall appear in public without a chaperon, Mrs. Toy rode with the bride and bridegroom back to their little flat in Mott street. Three other carriages and as many automobiles carried a number of their friends back to Chinatown.

A large part of Chinatown will give up to-day and to-morrow to the celebration of the return of the bride. A reception will be given at the Morning Star Mission and Lee Hoy will arrange to feast all his friends.

Mrs. Legari, Miss Anna Schaefer, Mrs. Sarah Sweazy and Miss Adams, all missionary workers, were in court yesterday morning and expressed their disapproval of the Gerry society's sequestration of the bride for nine days.

Miss Alice Bradley to Marry R. T. Lynch.

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Alice C. Bradley, eldest daughter of William Bradley, the contractor, who has about completed one of the largest sections of the subway, to Richard Taylor Lynch, son of John Lynch, a retired lumber merchant of this city. Mr. Lynch is a graduate of New York University, a lawyer and member of the firm of James A. & Richard T. Lynch. The wedding will take place at the home of the bride's father, 320 West Eighty-sixth street, on Tuesday evening, April 26.

Miss Florence S. Kirby Engaged.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Kirby of 60 West Forty-fifth street announce the engagement of their daughter, Florence S. Kirby, to E. Craven Midgley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Midgley, of Hyde Park Gate, London.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

A Californian, after an unsuccessful attempt to get somebody on the telephone in one of the hotels the other night, unburdened himself in regard to New York's methods of doing things, and its telephone service in particular. These are some of his remarks, edited:

"This town thinks it's right up to the day after to-morrow in improvements. Is it? You ask for a number and the telephone girl says, 'Busy—I will call you.' Does she call you? Why, you could sit around till the red ball was up in every skate store in Hades before she'd call you. Who the last mentioned place are you that she should waste her good time calling you? Why, for you—to the nunnery.

"Out in San Francisco we do it like this: Suppose the number is busy; the girl presses a button. You are connected with a phonograph and it keeps telling you, "Busy—we will call you," till you hang up your receiver. When you do that the connection is broken, something else happens, and the minute that the number you wanted is through talking you are connected with it automatically; both bells ring, and you both advance and get occupied at once. New York? Huh! Why, I saw a horse car on the street here yesterday. There's only one horse car in California, and that's in a museum. New York? Not for me."

The proprietor of a fashionable restaurant, who is said to want the patronage of the elect only and to discourage other trade by intentionally poor service and by refusing credit to obnoxious persons, has surprised the believers in that notion by suing a notorious associate of crooks for food and wine served on tick.

It is not apparent from the papers in the case whether the associate of crooks is being sued for cold food which should have been hot or not.

In Chinatown they have a system of reckoning age which would not be relished by American women and seems to be in no greater favor among the Chinese women. According to their method a baby does not need to live a full year before it is a year old. It is called a year old as soon as it is born—starts off with a year credited to it, so to speak. As soon as the first day of the next year rolls around the baby is two years old.

Then if a baby should be born on the last day of the calendar year, he—supposing it was a boy—would be one year old. When the next day, the first day of the new year, came he would have another year added, so he would be two years of age, though as a matter of fact only forty-eight hours old. Since the Chinese months are all lunar months, of twenty-eight days each, their year is about a month shorter than ours, so that before one year of the time had rolled around, the baby would be three years old.

Though a fat Chinaman is seldom seen, the Chinese are as good trenchermen as American Aldermen. Perhaps they do not have so many banquets, but when they do have one the courses are endless and as hearty as they are numerous. But then while the Chinaman imbibes freely at his banquets, he rarely drinks anything more harmful than tea and rice wine. A drunken Chinaman is a rare sight.

One of the odd jobs of the town is that of the man who visits all the water front saloons on West and South streets in the course of a month and buys, for a collector, the foreign and rare coins that have found their way from sailors' pockets to the tills of the barkeeps. He collects so many in a day's round that it is worth while for him to carry a leather pouch. On the side he carries postage stamps to sell to the saloon proprietors. Of course, there is no financial profit in that feature of his business, but it is an accommodation to his customers and helps to preserve friendly relations.

A man who looked as if he had no time to waste slackened his pace long enough to read an advertising dodger which was thrust into his hand on Broadway.

"Why do you read that?" asked his companion.

"It's a habit of mine," replied the man. "In the first place there is perhaps one chance in ten thousand that the thing advertised may be something I'm interested in. Then I have another motive that you might call altruistic. The man who is responsible for the notice of what he has to sell is probably struggling like the rest of us to have his balance on the right side, and he's sitting up nights to figure how to catch you and me. So the least we can do is to read what he has to say."

At the opening of the present opera season, when Signor Caruso succumbed to the climate and one Angostino was corralled en route from San Francisco to act as a substitute in "La Bohème," it developed that a far more acceptable tenor might have been taken from the ranks of the chorus had it not been for one serious deficiency he had.

After Angostino had rent the ears and hearts of a fashionable audience at the Metropolitan Opera House, Signor Vigna learned that the chorus singer aforementioned had twice sung in Italy the role of the hero tenor of "La Bohème." Upon investigation he was found to possess a voice of fine quality, but it developed, too, that the moment he was removed from the protection of a sheltering chorus his courage oozed away, and his mellifluous tones stayed in a larnyx made rigid by stage fright. With all the qualifications of a tenor who might draw a liberal salary, this unconquerable terror of publicity keeps him in the background with a salary of a mere trifle a week.

"The church lost a great voice when that train announcer decided to be a railroad employee instead of a rector," a commuter waiting for his train at the Grand Central remarked the other day. "Now, listen to his calling off the departure of that Peekskill local. If there ever was a resonant voice, that man has one. It would be worth a fortune in a pulpit if the announcer knew as much about sermon writing as he does about trains and time tables."

PATCHING UP THE WIRES.

Little Trace Yesterday of the Conduit Fire of the Day Before.

Most of the telephone and telegraph wires put out of business by the little fire on Wednesday were working again yesterday and all will be in shape to use to-day.

The telephone company was hit the hardest, the whole Cortlandt district being cut off by the blaze, but all save 400 of the 1,626 subscribers were able to use their telephones yesterday. The others will be accommodated to-day. Besides this damage, 1,256 trunk lines and 250 long distance lines were cut off. These were repaired yesterday.

Very few if any of the Western Union's trunk lines were affected. The damage was chiefly to the loops, and all these were repaired yesterday. The Postal still lacks a few loops of its full complement.

The small fire caused so much inconvenience that it has revived the talk of establishing pipe galleries. An official of the Western Union said yesterday that in his opinion the inconvenience caused by the fire was the best sort of an argument for the pipe gallery.

J. J. Carty, the chief engineer of the telephone company, would not say that he believed in the pipe gallery scheme. Said he:

"People have assumed that the pipe gallery would put an end to the tearing up of the streets. May be it would, but there is another side to the question. Suppose a gas main sweats in your pipe gallery and the inevitable match comes along. Any-one can imagine what would happen. Then, again, a big water main might break. In your pipe gallery you have all the elements of a great disaster. I'm not in favor of pipe galleries, neither am I opposed to them. The pipe gallery question is a subject that will have to be wrestled with by our most eminent engineers."

AN APRIL CROP OF BREVITIES.

THREE IN A BUNCH AT A SPECIAL MATINEE AT THE GARRICK.

Displaying Ambitious Josephine Arthur as a Silly Wife, a Fierce Contadina and an Angel on the Threshold—Big Professional Attendance to See This.

Do theatrical people like special matinées? Well! There were people in Broadway yesterday afternoon who flocked to Thirty-fifth street merely to watch the mummers that rushed from the Garrick whenever the curtain fell. And it did not fall often enough for the ladies and gentlemen of the profession who went to the theatre at the invitation of Miss Josephine Arthur. This young woman has had some theatrical experience and was bent upon displaying her versatility to excellent advantage. She did so through the medium of three one act plays. Her friends were present and she was affectionately welcomed.

The performance began with that terrible mid-Victorian farce "My Milliner's Bill" in which Rosina Vokes formerly disported. Miss Arthur was the silly wife who owes a large milliner's bill and Edward Nicander was her stage husband. But these young persons sang and whatever friendly feeling might have been coaxed up for their efforts was dissipated by their vicious vocalism. It was all desperately bad. "Marietta" which followed proved to be "an episode of the Garibaldian Revolution" by Stanley Dark. It was passionately theatrical, and passionate with a passion that one would never have suspected from Mr. Dark, who has the slimmest and in appearance chastest legs on the boards. However, Mr. Dark may have dramatic ability, for he is said to have written in the part of the monocle in Mr. Sothern's "The Prevarication that Exudes from Woman's Eyes."

Dear old melodrama it is, with a betrayal—a perfectly proper one—a military execution and a horrid murder of a husband by a bilious young wife of the Italian *contadina* class, a fragment from Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," and a sinister red shirt furnished local color. Miss Arthur had shed her volatile spirits. She no longer sang. She said things in fierce, panting tones and she stabbed with the swift, nervous intuition of a woman who has handled hat pins. Alexander Frank, her No. 2 stage husband, fell earthward with a groan of relief. At least he was out of the scrape. Burns Gillam was the red shirt. While it was unboiled its wearer was not. A dangerous man when in action, this!

The bill of dear things closed with an ineffectual performance of William Butler Yeats's morality play, "The Hour Glass," printed some time ago in a well known monthly. It was written before the vogue of "Everyman" and while it is more sophisticated, yet its *naïveté* is surprising if one considers the difficulties which lie in wait for the daring poet. Yeats has shown that he has the *flair* for such a subject by making its theme one of universal interest—religious faith. His mediæval schoolmaster might be teaching dark heresies in Poughkeepsie as well as Donegal, in the twentieth as well as the fourteenth century. He has, by reason of his rationalistic heresies, turned his parish into agnostics.

Even Bridget, his fat wife, goes to sleep without prayer and his scholars laugh at hell, heaven, purgatory, and the idea of God. To him comes a fool who begs and says poetic lines. This fool carries a pair of shears, with which before dawn he snips the dark nets spread by malevolent peasants for the trusting toes of angels. The fool's fortitude in matters of faith irritates the philosopher-pedagogue, so he is driven forth. The next visitor is an angel with a fine head of hair and a halo. The unbeliever is gently chided and told that when the sand in the upper bulb of an hour glass has fallen into the lower, so will his sands of life have flown. Furthermore, his soul will be dipped in the lowest fire, the fire that consumes—unless he encounters one who has preserved faith in God and heaven and purgatory and hell.

It was not difficult to foresee that the schoolmaster's quest would be a vain one at first. His scholars, his wife, his children denied their religion and even suspected their master of trying to draw them into barren discussion. The fool, the beggar fool, proves the salvation of the persisting man, who dies with the affirmations of faith upon his lips. Dramatic movement was not to have been expected in an exotic composition of this sort, yet it "acted" better than we imagined, indifferent as it was enacted. John Malone did not know his lines and the prompter's voice was not in the right key. William Owen, the skilled veteran actor, gave a singularly credible representation of the Fool, and Miss Arthur was not an unbecoming angel—a rôle, indeed, for which, gossip avers, she was prepared by experience.

But it was the professional assemblage that proved more interesting than the doings on the stage. William Collier sat in a stage box with Mrs. Collier, and when the Only Pratt saw William, he asked if it was not William Butler Yeats. On being told that it was William Collier, the literary bookseller said:

"Ah, probably a descendant of Jeremy Collier, who wrote so entertainingly on stage matters!" Several mystics, Dr. James L. Ford among them, left the building and wept. Edward Abeles reposed sedately in the Collier box and Julian Mitchell was interviewed on the sidewalk as to the report that he had written a music drama with Louis Mann as *Parsifal* and Clara Lippman as *Kundry*. Every one looked for Ethel Barrymore until Horace McVicker explained that she was playing a three-hand game of Wagner on the keyboard at home. Music is now her passion.

Stanley Dark received the congratulations of his friends on his narrow escape from becoming the D'Annunzio of Gondola Row, and near him was a group composed of Playwright John Ernest McCann, Manager W. G. Smythe, Adolph Glose and a sprinkling of newspaper men—with their sprinklers. And later, as the poet Yeats says in his "Hour Glass," the crowd melted away for the strong drink to be taken when the sun is weak!

News of Plays and Players.

With Henrietta Crosman on one side of the footlights and Mrs. Leslie Carter on the other, at the Belasco Theatre yesterday afternoon, the professional matinée of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," was a sort of family reunion. Mrs. Carter and several members of the "Du Barry" company came from Bridgeport in a special car for the performance and occupied a box, to which her admirers sent many flowers.

Sidney Ayres is to head a company of his own next season in a drama of the plains written for him by J. M. Feigl.

"The Black Hand," a new play of Kentucky by William Broadhurst, will have its first performance on April 18 at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, with Willis Granger as the star.

Jeanette Bageard, the dancing waitress in "The Prince of Pilsen," went to a hospital yesterday to be operated on for mastoiditis. She hopes to be able to go to London with the company.

Virginia Harned will play "Camille" at te Harlem Opera House in the same week that Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller appear in the Dumas play at the Hudson.

Elizabeth Tyree is to star again. On April 25 she will appear at the Savoy in an adaptation of a French play to be called "Tit for Tat." Leo Dietrichstein made the adaptation and will be Miss Tyree's chief aid.

Theodore Burt Sayre Marries.

Theodore Burt Sayre, dramatist and play reader for Charles Frohman, was married on Wednesday to Laura Helen, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis de Gumoens of 350 McDonough street, Brooklyn. The marriage was performed at the bride's home.

HAWTREY OFF THE STAGE.

The English Actor Has Strained a Tendon and Can't Play for a Week.

Charles Hawtrey, the English actor and star of "Saucy Sally," strained a tendon in the calf of his left leg at the Wednesday night performance at the New Lyceum, and won't be able to play again this week. There was doubt until a late hour last night that he would be able to play here again this season. After a consultation between the actor's manager and physician it was announced that Mr. Hawtrey would positively be able to appear on Monday.

He hurt himself at the end of the second act by bumping into a trunk on the stage. After the accident he began to limp and his audience noticed it. Mr. Hawtrey made his exit leaning on Fanny Brough. A physician who happened to be in the house fixed him up between the acts and he was able to finish the performance.

Early yesterday it was announced that Mr. Hawtrey would not be able to play; but, as he has an understudy, last night's performance was not called off. E. W. Tarver played his rôle last night and will do so for the rest of this week. Daniel Frohman, owner of the Lyceum, announced last night that Mr. Hawtrey would be laid up for several weeks. That was before Mr. Hawtrey's manager and physician consulted.

The actor has had several accidents before. On the opening night of "A Message From Mars," in London, he sprained his shoulder and was prostrated for several weeks. On his way home to England after his season here last year he fell on the steamship and broke his ankle.

SKATER MAN TRIES VOLO'S JUMP.

Not Quite a Jump, but a Drop to the Arena—Lands on His Head.

Lincoln Mason of 455 Eighth street, Hoboken, went to the circus on Monday night and became greatly impressed with the stunt of Volo the Volitant, the bicyclist who jumps the gap. Mason was an enthusiastic roller skater when the skating rinks were popular, and he decided that if he could do Volo's stunt on skates instead of a bicycle his name would be the greatest in the circus land.

The press agent could not turn him from his determination to try it. So yesterday morning he was allowed to make the attempt before a small number of circus folks.

Mason went half way up Volo's incline and adjusted his skates. He thought it would be better, he said, to try half the distance at first. When he got a good look down the incline he decided that he wouldn't try the abyss on the first trip, but would ride directly on the ground. The second or third trial would do just as well for the real trick.

"Ready. Let 'er go!" shouted Mason, giving himself a push.

When he left the incline at its lowest point, about four feet from the ground, he alighted on the hippodrome track sure enough, but his feet didn't stay under him. He took a header from his skates, striking the ground about four feet beyond where his feet first hit.

Mr. Bailey prohibited further experiments and Mason was quite willing that he should. He said the trick looked different when he came to try it.

TWO ENRIGHT BENEFITS.

One Grew So Big That a Second Theatre Will Be Used.

The benefit for the family of Policeman Hugh J. Enright who was shot and killed by a thief in Third avenue has assumed such proportions that a second theatre had to be procured yesterday. The New York was the house first selected in which to hold the benefit performance, but the Broadway also will be used.

The benefit takes place on Monday afternoon. Fifteen thousand tickets have been issued and given to policemen to sell. The tickets cost $1 each, and there will be no reserved seats. The performance will begin at both houses at 2:15 P. M.

PAYNE STARTS ON SEA TRIP.

The Postmaster-General Goes to Galveston on a Revenue Cutter for His Health.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., April 7.—Postmaster-General Payne, Mrs. Payne, Miss Jones, his niece, and a physician left here to-day on the revenue cutter Onondaga for Galveston, Tex. The Postmaster-General's physician ordered him to take a rest and advised a sea trip.

On arrival at Galveston the Onondaga will take the revenue cutter Galveston in tow and bring her north for an extensive overhauling. The trip will necessarily be a slow one and this is very satisfactory to Mr. Payne, as it will give him a long rest and absolute freedom from all public and private cares.

WON'T BE ANNEXED.

Bloomfield Decides Not to Become a Part of Newark and Celebrates.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., April 7.—At the special election held here to-day, the proposition of annexation to Newark was defeated by a majority of 274 out of a total vote of 1,911. The vote was the largest polled in many years. The antis celebrated the victory with a street parade and the firing off of the old town cannon. Never in the history of the town was so much interest manifested. Many New York business men stayed home all day to take part in the fight.

Frothingham—Marvin.

Miss Florence Bianca Marvin, daughter of the late Tasker H. Marvin, was married yesterday to William L. Frothingham in St. George's Church in Stuyvesant Square. The Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford, the rector, performed the ceremony at 3 o'clock, and the bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Dr. Leale. Mrs. Medwin Leale, her sister, was the matron of honor and the Misses Anna M. Wilbur, Anna G. Chittenden, Florence Baylis and Juliet Baldwin of Baltimore were bridesmaids.

Clarence Hoyt Holmes assisted the bridegroom as best man, and Lawrence P. Frothingham and Channing Frothingham, Jr., brothers of the bridegroom; Clement S. Parsons, William H. Cary, E. E. D. Litchfield and William C. Gerrish were ushers.

The bride was in a costume of white satin and lace and a tulle veil caught with orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley.

Mrs. Leale was in white satin with Valenciennes lace and carried daisies and the bridesmaids were similiarly attired.

Dr. and Mrs. Medwin Leale gave a reception at their home, 1 West Sixty-eighth street, for the attendants and a few relatives and friends.

Tanner—Anderson.

Miss Eleanor Milbank Anderson was married to James S. Tanner yesterday afternoon in the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, at Madison avenue and Thirty-first street. The chancel was filled with spring blossoms and palms. The ceremony was performed by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer.

Miss Jean Clark attended her cousin, the bride, as maid of honor, and the Misses Edith Root and Elsie M. Schefer were bridesmaids. Brent Tanner was the best man for his brother, and C. Tiffany Richardson, Daniel Hamilton, H. C. Perrin, Albert J. Milbank, Dr. James D. Miller of this city and Charles Bateson of New Orleans were ushers.

The bride wore a gown of white crêpe de chine trimmed with Brussels lace and a veil of the same fabric, caught with orange blossoms. The maid of honor was in white chiffon and lace and a lace hat, and carried white roses. The bridesmaids were in white crêpe de chine with lace, wore white hats and carried pink roses.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham A. Anderson, the bride's parents, gave a reception for relatives and intimate friends at their home, 6 East Thirty-eighth street.

Banta—Grimshaw.

PATERSON, N. J., April 7.—After a courtship going through almost their entire school life Miss Mabel Grimshaw and John H. Banta, Jr., son of Health Commissioner Banta, were married here to-day at the First Baptist Church by the pastor, the Rev. A. A. DeLarme. Besides being classmates in one of the grammar schools of the city, Miss Grimshaw and Mr. Banta were graduated from the high school with the class of '01. After graduation the school friendship was continued. One of the wedding gifts was a small barrel of gold, given to Mr. Banta by his father, commemorating his abstinence from intoxicants until he became of age.

PUBLICATIONS.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will carry your advertisement to over 5,000,000 women every month. Through it you can reach more women more quickly, more effectively, than you can through any other three or four magazines—a plain statement proved by figures.

Intrinsic merit will sell some goods. A salesman can sell a certain amount of goods if they are up to a certain standard. In staple lines many makers produce goods of equal quality. They are all alike except the brand. Make one line different by advertising the brand, and women in front of the counter will save the salesman's labor. It's a simple, common-sensible proposition.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL monthly issue of more than one million copies is read by over 5,000,000 women. Familiarize them with a brand and a demand will spring up just as certainly as seed grows.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

BONDSMAN SPLIT WITH POLICE.

FROELICH SWEARS HE ALWAYS GAVE THE SERGEANT HALF.

On Trial for Perjury Because He Didn't Own Property on Which His Bond Was Based—Says He Didn't Fill Out the Description—Maybe the Sergeant Did.

Herman Froelich of 1877 Third avenue was on trial yesterday before Recorder Goff in General Sessions upon a charge of perjury. It is alleged that on April 11, 1903, Froelich in bailing out a woman from the Fifth street station swore falsely that he owned a house at 2050 Washington avenue. Sergt. Thomas Conboy took the bond.

Froelich, who was defended by Lawyer Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, told the jury that he did own the property, but sold it in 1901. After the sale he never again used it as security, he said.

When the woman wanted to get out he went around and signed a blank bond form, he said. Then Conboy sent for the woman, who put her name on the bond, and she and Froelich left. She gave him $4, he said, half of which he gave to Conboy. Assistant District Attorney Clarke questioned him.

Q. Who filled in that bond? A. I don't know.

Q. Did you authorize the sergeant to fill it in? A. No.

Q. You admit bribing him? A. Yes.

Q. Did you think he would fill it in? A. He might.

Q. How long have you been a professional bondsman? A. Four years.

Q. How many bonds have you gone on? A. About four thousand.

Q. Did you get $4 each time. A. I did.

Q. How much did you get out of it?. A. I got half.

Q. In many of your bonds the description of property was filled in. Did the sergeants do that? A. I suppose they did.

Q. Where did they get the description? A. From slips in their drawers that were passed along from sergeant to sergeant.

Q. Did you ever swear to your bonds? A. I never did.

Q. Not even when you owned the Washington avenue property? A. Not even then.

Q. Did you tell Sergt. Conboy you had sold it? A. No, I told Sergts. Brown, Place and Mahoney.

Q. Did you always give half to the sergeants? A. Certainly.

Q. You don't mean to tell this jury, do you, that any one could go into a station house and get a prisoner out simply by signing a blank bond form? A. I mean to say I could.

Froelich said that one night he bailed out eleven women.

Conboy denied Froelich's story and said that the defendant had sworn to the bond and had described the property. The trial will continue to-day.

JEALOUSY CAUSED MURDER.

Italian Boy Who Was Killed Attracted by Sweetheart of His Assassin.

Jealousy was the real motive for the murder on Wednesday night at Union avenue and Frost street, Williamsburg, of Amando Cappiolla, a seventeen-year-old Italian, by Enrico Canorsi, 22 years old. This became known when the murderer was arraigned in the Ewen street police court before Magistrate O'Reilly. Canorsi had told the police that he and Cappiolla had quarrelled over money matters.

From friends of the dead youth the police learned that on Tuesday night Cappiolla was introduced to Canorsi's sweetheart, a pretty sixteen-year-old Italian, whose Christian name, the police were told, is Rosa. Cappiolla told the girl he would like to meet her again. Canorsi learned of this and, when he met Cappiolla on Wednesday evening, he spoke angrily to him and demanded to be paid some money owing him. Cappiolla had just replied that he owed him nothing, when Canorsi whipped out a revolver and shot him through the heart.

Canorsi was committed without bail.

LADY WM. BERESFORD HERE

On a Business Trip—Another Phase of the Hamersley Fortunes Up.

Lady William Beresford, once Duchess of Marlborough, and before that Mrs. Louis Hamersley, arrived here yesterday on the Teutonic. She will return on the same steamer next Wednesday, her visit being chiefly on business.

James R. Ludlow, a lawyer of 45 Cedar street, has been appointed guardian ad litem for Louis and Catharine Hamersley, children of the late J. Hooker Hamersley, in an action that has been brought by George E. and Benjamin O. Chisholm to account for and distribute a trust fund of about $50,000, created by the children's grandmother, Mary A. Chisholm. It is a friendly suit.

The children are 11 and 12 years of age and a suit is pending now to determine how much of the income of their fortune of $10,000,000 left by their father should be spent on them now.

WOMAN LAWYER'S TEST CASE.

Miss Coleman Says Indeterminate Sentences Cannot Be Upheld.

The question of the legality of indeterminate sentences was raised by Miss Mary Coleman of the law firm of Coleman & Coleman, in a habeas corpus proceeding yesterday before Supreme Court Justice Blanchard, instituted in behalf of Henry Miller, a negro now in Sing Sing.

Miller was convicted of assault and sentenced on Nov. 22, 1901, to be imprisoned for "not less than four years and nine months, and not more than five years." The latter is the maximum penalty.

Miss Coleman argued that the circumstances in the case would have justified the infliction of the minimum penalty, and then proceeded to attack the indeterminate sentence as illegal and unconstitutional, since it operated to deprive a prisoner unjustly of his liberty in the shape of the regular remission of sentence for good behavior. Had Miller, she declared, received the full definite sentence of five years he would be entitled to a good behavior remission of fifteen months, leaving his actual term of imrisonment at three years and nine months. But under the sentence, no matter how good his behavior, he must serve a full year more than this term.

Assistant District Attorney Johnstone opposed the application and declared that if granted it would result in a general jail delivery.

Justice Blanchard reserved decision.

PUBLICATIONS.

A breezy novel of the Revenue Service

The MERRY ANNE

By SAMUEL MERWIN, *one of the two authors of "Calumet K."*

Dick, its hero, is the manly young captain of a lumber schooner, for whom a trap is laid by a clever smuggler who seeks to create a hold upon his future aid. But he should not have meddled with a man who had liberty, a boat and a sweetheart to lose, just when jealousy stood ready to magnify a Revenue agent's suspicions. The action is quick and exciting; the illustrations have caught its spirit remarkably well.

With thirty illustrations in color and decorations in tint, drawn by Thomas Fogarty. Cloth $1.50.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, 66 Fifth Ave., New York

IF YOU HAVEN'T READ
Quintus Oakes
You have missed the
Best Detective Story
Since "Sherlock Holmes."
AT ALL BOOKSTORES.
G. W. DILLINGHAM CO.,
PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

The New York *Times* says: "The reviewer can pay no higher tribute than to say that he has thrice read it and each time with a fresh interest and admiration"
393 Pages $1.50
THE RAINBOW CHASERS
A Story of the Plains. BY John H. Whitson, Author of "Barbara, a Woman of the West." *With Six Illustrations*
LITTLE, BROWN & CO., PUBLISHERS, BOSTON
At All Booksellers.

RARE—Catullus, Musucco's Novels, Voltaire's Tales, Moll Flanders, Ovid, Martial. Any book. PRATT, 161 6th av.

AMUSEMENTS.

EMPIRE THEATRE, 40th st., B'way. Evgs. 8:20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. FIFTH MONTH IN NEW YORK. AUGUSTUS THOMAS Greatest Comedy THE OTHER GIRL

HUDSON THEATRE, 44th st., B'way & 6th av. Evgs. 8:30. Mat. Saturday. ETHEL BARRYMORE in her great success COUSIN KATE. MONDAY, APRIL 18th, HENRY MILLER, MARGARET ANGLIN —in CAMILLE—

HERALD SQ. THEATRE, 35th st. & B'way. Evgs. 8:10. Mat. Sat. 7TH MONTH. The Girl From Kay's With SAM BERNARD

CRITERION THEATRE, 44th st. & B'way. Evgs. 8:20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. WILLIAM COLLIER in Richard Harding Davis' Farce THE DICTATOR.

SAVOY THEATRE, 34th st. & B'way. Evgs. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. THE SUPERSTITION of SUE

GARRICK THEATRE, 35th st. & B'way. Evgs. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 114TH TIME IN NEW YORK. ELEANOR ROBSON in MERELY MARY ANN

GARDEN THEATRE, 27th st. & Mad. av. Evgs. 8:20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15. THE SECRET OF POLICHINELLE The Merry Comedy. With W. H. THOMPSON

NEW LYCEUM West 45th st. & B'way. At 8:30. Matinee Sat. 2:15. "Saucy Sally will give you a good laugh."—Sun. SAUCY SALLY

DALY'S Broadway & 30th. At 8. MATINEES WED. & SAT. at 2. THE PRINCE of PILSEN

NEW AMSTERDAM 42d Street, west of B'way. Curtain at 8:10. Mats. Wed. & Sat. AN ELABORATE REVIVAL OF The Two Orphans With distinguished ALL-STAR CAST. NO ADVANCE IN PRICES. Seats for 4 Weeks.

NEW YORK B'way, 44th & 45th. Mats. Wed. & Sat. PRICES, 50-75-1.00-1.50—NO HIGHER. The much talked of laughing hit. RICHARD CARLE in The Tenderfoot

BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st St. & B'way. Eve. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. HENRY W. SAVAGE offers RAYMOND HITCHCOCK IN A NEW COMIC OPERA—THE YANKEE CONSUL

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, Broadway & 38th St. Evenings at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2. "Will surely make a profound sensation."—Sun. WRIGHT LORIMER in THE SHEPHERD KING.

VAUDEVILLE Theatre, W. 44 St. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30. CANDIDA LAST WEEKS.

AMERICAN. Last Mat. To-morrow, 25 & 50c. RICHARD BUHLER in PAUL REVERE. Next Sunday—TED MARKS' CONCERT. Next week, Kelcey & Shannon—Sherlock Holmes.

Manhattan B'way & 33d St. Evgs. at 8:15. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2. THE VIRGINIAN

VICTORIA "THEATRE of VARIETIES." 42d, B'wy., 7 av. 25, 50, 75, 1.00. Daily Mats. 25, 50. Billy B. Van & Rose Beaumont, Falke & Semon, Trovolo, Harrigan. Others and Annie Abbott.

BELASCO THEATRE. Eve. at 8. Mat. Saturday at 2. HENRIETTA CROSMAN in DAVID BELASCO'S new play, SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS.

GRAND—GLITTERING GLORIA Next week, "The Girl with the Green Eyes."

STAR LEX. Av. & 107th. THOMAS E. SHEA. Matinee Sat. To-night—"The Bells." Next week, Patrice—Driven From Home.

AMUSEMENTS.

Best Circus I Ever Saw.—Bishop Potter.
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.
BARNUM & BAILEY
GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.
No Free Tickets to any one.
LAST THREE WEEKS.
Exhibiting in Brooklyn week of April 25.
Magnificent Representation of
THE GORGEOUS DELHI DURBAR.
ANCILOTTI, THE MODERN ARIEL
LOOPING THE GAP.
VOLO, THE WIZARD VOLITANT,
Arching the Aerial Abyss.
SOLO and CHICO, the Marvellous Unicyclists.
A Herd of Giraffes, 3 Herds of Elephants, Cages of Wild Beasts, Smallest Horse in the World, Baby Elephant and Mother, Stupendous Gallery of Living Human Curiosities. Two exhibitions daily, at 2 and 8 p. m. Doors open at 1 and 7 p. m.
Admission to everything 25 and 50 cents (26th and 27th street doors). Reserved seats, 75 cents, $1 and $1.50 (Madison avenue side). Private Boxes, $12 and $15. Single Box Seats, $1.50, $2 and $2.50. Box office open from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. for advance sale of seats. No 25, 50 and 75 cent seats sold in advance. No seats reserved by telephone. Beware of speculators and bogus tickets. Buy at box office only.

PROCTOR'S To-day, 25c. 50c. To-night, Res. 75c.
23d St. FANNY RICE, JOHNSTONE BENNETT & CO., 4 NIGHTONS, JULIAN ROSE, Aurie Dagwell, 20 OtherStar Acts.
5th Ave. "AUDREY" Big Continuous Vaudeville.
58th St. "IN OLD KENTUCKY" Mat. Sat. TO-NIGHT — BUCK and WING Dancing Contest open to all comers.
125th St. "PAUL REVERE" Big Vaudeville Twice Daily.
RESERVED SEATS ON SALE IN ADVANCE. BOX OFFICES OPEN 9:30 A. M. TO 10:30 P. M.

CASINO B'way & 39th St. Eve. 8:15. Telephone, 6726—38th. Mats. Wed. & To-m'w. C. Whitney presents "A Musical Cocktail," "PIFF, PAFF, POUF"

LYRIC B'way, 7th Ave., 42d St. Evgs. 8:15. Last 2 weeks. Mats. Tom'w & Wed. 2:15. WILTON LACKAYE in "The Pit"

PRINCESS B'way & 29th St. Evgs. 8:15. Mats. Thurs. & To-m'w, 2:15. "AN AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE" with H. REEVES-SMITH and Great Cast.

NEW LYCEUM THEATRE.—TO-DAY. MR. HERMANN KLEIN and MR. DAVID BISPHAM Will repeat their successful LECTURE RECITAL on THE SINGING AND SPEAKING VOICES WITH ILLUSTRATIONS THIS FRIDAY AT 3. Seats at the box office and Ditson's.

WALLACK'S B'way & 30th St. Evgs. 8:20. Mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:15. 170th to 172d Time. HENRY W. SAVAGE offers GEO. ADE'S quaint Comedy, THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN. "Funniest Play in Town."

HARLEM OPERA HOUSE Evgs. 8:15. Matinee Saturday, 2:15. BERTHA GALLAND "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" NEXT WEEK VIRGINIA EARL In "Sergeant Kitty." Seats now on sale. EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT—GRAND CONCERT.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 14th St. & Irving Pl. W. H. CRANE DAVID HARUM Prices: 25, 50, 75, 1.00. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2. Eve. 8:15.

CIRCLE Broadway and 60th St. LADIES' MAT. DAILY. 17 HOOSIER ZOUAVES, Rousby's "In Paris," Harry Gilfoil, Four Madcaps, Francesca Redding & Co., John Ford and others.

SOUSA MET. OP. HOUSE Next SUNDAY Eve. Seats Now on Sale.

PASTOR'S 14th St. near 3d Ave. CONTINUOUS. 20 AND 30 CENTS. HARDING & AH SID, GREENE & WERNER, LOUIE DACRE. AMENISTITO QUARTETTE.

MURRAY HILL, Lex. av., 42st. Evgs. 25c., 35c., 50c. Henry V. Donnelly Stock Co. THE Cowboy and the Lady With Wm. Bramwell. MATINEE 25c EVERY DAY

MAJESTIC Evenings at 8 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2. WIZARD of OZ with MONTGOMERY and STONE. 14 New Musical Numbers.

EDEN MUSEE WORLD IN WAX. New Groups. CINEMATOGRAPH. Extra attractions. POWELL, 3 & 9.

IRVING PLACE THEATRE. Last week but one, The Great Military Play, "Zapfenstreich" ("Tattoo"), with BONN and CHRISTIANS.

14th St. Theatre, near 6th av. Mats. Wed. & Sat. THE SMART SET With ERNEST HOGAN & Big Co.