

BRITISH ATTACHE OFF TO WAR?

CAPT. TROUBRIDGE, R. N., LONG MISSING FROM TOKIO.

Disappeared About the Time Togo Sailed, and the Attaches of Other Legations are Inclined to Bet That He Has a Death on the Jap Admiral's Flagship.

An officer in the service of the United States had special opportunities for observing the preparations for war for Japan and her conduct of the struggle for about a month ago returned recently to this country. He was asked the other day what he regarded as the most important feature of the war up to date. He promptly replied:

"The strange disappearance of Capt. Ernest Charles Thomas Troubridge, British Naval attaché at Tokio. And the strange fact that that disappearance is that the slightest effort has been made to find the Captain, and the British Government has never so much as made inquiry as to his whereabouts, so far as the representatives of other nations in the Far East have ever been able to learn.

Capt. Troubridge is 42 years old and was one of the brightest officers in the British Navy. He is a master of naval tactics and is particularly keen in the handling of naval guns. With the foreign officers at Tokio, both army and navy, Troubridge was particularly popular. He disappeared from the capital a few days before Admiral Togo's squadron sailed from Sasebo, a port on the western coast of Kiushu, about forty miles north of Nagasaki, the chief port of the island.

"I'll buy a drink," said the New Yorker, wishing to show his Southern friends that hospitality is not sectional. "Doesn't he drink?" inquired the would-be host. "Certainly," replied the other, "but he didn't like your New York way of drinking. He expected you to say 'Will you honor me by drinking with me, sir?'"

Many people wonder why Park row runs diagonally, when all the other streets thereabout run at right angles. It is due to the fact that Park row was really the result of an accident rather than a street laid out by the city fathers. When the Dutch first began to settle the island they cleared an upper and a lower pasture. The upper pasture was included in the present Nassau, Broadway, Ann and Duane streets. The road leading to it came up Broadway, turned east where Ann street is, and skirted the pasture along Park row, Nassau street to a point above the bridge.

Years afterward, when the fences had fallen down, travelers began to cut through the lot instead of going around by the road. They wore a path which in time grew into a street and finally became the Park row.

His wife said he was a villain and he looked the part. "Judge, he drinks all the time. He hasn't brought home a cent in six weeks," she declared. The Court sympathized with the woman for three months. She thanked the Court and departed. The man was led to a cell. Ten minutes later the woman's most bitter enemies, rushed into the court room. "Judge," she cried, "that man has a dollar in his pocket I want. He has his life in coming to-day to collect the premium. If I don't have that dollar the policy will lapse."

Waiting passengers on the suburban station at 129th street came near losing their train the other day because of a death struggle in the air and the interest they took in the outcome. A large June bug rose high above the small park and a hungry English sparrow sped in the air, and the two were engaged in a deadly fight. The insect probably gave the bird a nip. Anyhow, the sparrow flew away a short distance and did not seem anxious to resort to the fight.

On a Pennsylvania ferryboat which left the Jersey shore at 10 o'clock, a young man, papa, mamma and young hopeful, all very attractive, had seats on the stately boat of the upper deck. Young hopeful was about 7 and mamma was quite proud of the notice people took of his bright remarks.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Upper Broadway has a new amusement. In one of the big hotels, in plain view from the street, a score of automatic picture making machines have been placed. At any minute of the day or evening passersby may see men and boys sitting before these machines, gazing into the lenses. The process involves the dropping of a coin in the slot and pressing a rubber button. But the expressions of the photographed are more entertaining than any photograph could be to the spectators on an sidewalk, as they wait until their photographs drop before them.

It was hot, but the streets were crowded, for it was downtown's lunch hour, and downtown must go out for its lunch. A stout citizen, carrying his hat in one hand, while he wiped the perspiration from his brow with the other, stopped at the corner of Murray street and Broadway and gazed toward the tenth story of the Postal building. A messenger boy got behind the citizen to ascertain what he was looking at. Two boys indicated that the person in question joined the thirty. Ten minutes later there were perhaps a hundred men and boys gazing upward with the stout citizen. Motion picture actors and passengers on the cars "rubbered." Two truckmen stopped. The big policeman sauntered up. The stout citizen moved away.

A good breeze blew off that building when the wind is from the south," he remarked. "I am sorry I can't stay longer."

There were three in the party. One was a New Yorker, one a Southerner who had lived here many years, and the third, also from the South, was visiting New York for the first time. "I'll buy a drink," said the New Yorker, wishing to show his Southern friends that hospitality is not sectional.

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Presently the boat passed through the wake of one of those old-fashioned side wheelers which leave the water all churned up. "Oh, look, mamma," shouted young hopeful, "the river's full of beer."

PARTING OF WEBER & FIELDS.

IT CAME AT LAST AND WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED.

Speeches by Everybody—Frankie Bailey's Legs Spoke for Her—Lillian Russell Near to Tears—Charlie Boss Piped Up and Called It Suicide—Chorus Wept.

The parting of Weber & Fields and the disbandment of their company drew to the New Amsterdam Theatre on Saturday night the largest audience that playhouse has held since it was opened. Every first night was there, for this was an occasion to furnish talk for them in years to come. The theatrical profession was well represented in the front of the house by both players and managers. Every person in the audience went to see the last performance of the Weberfelds company with regret.

Programmes were all gobbled up early and carried away as souvenirs. There were not enough to go around. Some folks insisted on having three or four, and long before the show was over late comers were around among the ushers offering to buy programmes if they were to be had. The pieces given by the company were those they used on their tour. The first part was "Whooop-Dee-Dee" and the last part was the burlesque of "Catherine."

When the curtain dropped the orchestra began to play "Auld Lang Syne." Not a single person made any attempt to leave the theatre. Every one sat still and applauded, knowing that there would be no more of the kind. A while the curtain was raised. Every member of the company was on the stage. Both the curtain lowered again. Then the audience began to yell "Speech!" "Speech!" That sent the curtain up once more, and then, possibly because no one else had enough to do, the company stepped forward to the footlights. He looked so ridiculous in his woman's make-up, with the red and white fighting cocks on the front of his black skirt, that the audience had to laugh at him.

"Some one has to do it," said Dailey, "so I'll appoint myself master of ceremonies. I'll first introduce to you the child artist, John T. Kelly." The Irish comedian, who always opened the Weberfelds shows, was somewhat flustered. He said he had been with the company for eight years and he wished both Weber and Fields all kinds of luck in their separate ways.

When the curtain dropped for the last time many of the chorus girls gave way to the tears they had had trouble in keeping back while it was up. There was a general handshaking and saying good-by to the floor. Katherine Cloak, Gertrude Day, Florence Harris, Walter Wood, Marian Belden and Margaret Elder.

GLOISTEIN'S TRAINED CRABS.

They'd Eat From His Hand, He'd Been Told, and One of Them Tried To.

August J. Gloistein, president of the Gloistein Fishing Club, had a visit the other day from a fellow member of the club. "Say, Gloistein," he said, "why don't you get up some novelty for your place for a show? Something that will attract fishermen."

"I don't need any novelty. I had god all I want," replied Gloistein. "You don't know what I mean," said his friend. "Now you are known far and wide as a fisherman. Get some novelty in the fish line, give them a name, and you'll be like a friend of mine who keeps a bogra store. He has live dogs in the window."

"You should get live fish, yes?" asked Gloistein. "No, I'll suggest something better," said the friend. "I have a friend who has a lot of trained crabs. It has taken him a long time to train them, but they will now do tricks and anything he asks them. All you have to do is to throw them what they are in the window and they will come to you and eat out of your hand. I can get you two of them for \$5 apiece."

ESTHETIC HOUSE PAINTERS.

Refused to Put Yellow Trimmings on a White House With Green Blinds.

PATERSON, N. J., May 29.—Seven painters employed by Cornelius Peckart & Sons, this city, refused to continue painting the residence of August Kirchner, Jr., at Athenia on Friday because Kirchner insisted on having yellow trimmings on a white house with green shutters. Mr. Kirchner demanded that the men perform the work as he wanted it, but they insisted on a combination of colors and refused to go on. Mr. Kirchner was insistent and when the men saw that their advice would not be taken they removed their overalls, gathered up their paint pots and brushes and went to their homes.

Kirchner went to Contractor Peckart and demanded that the contract for the painting of the house be carried out. The architect advised him that yellow and green were not a good combination, especially as the yellow selected was a light cyan, but Kirchner was strong in his determination to have the painting done as he wanted it. Peckart could get none of his men to go back to the job and the house is still unpainted.

When Peckart made the contract with Kirchner the trimmings were not decided upon. The architect, it is thought, will be settled in a few days.

"SENIOR HOWL" AT VASSAR.

A Time Honored Custom Celebrated With the Usual Fun and Frolic. POTOMAC, Md., May 29.—The time honored "Senior Howl" at Vassar College was celebrated this year with customary ardor. The entire student body, including the class, dressed entirely in white, assembled for dinner in the senior corridor, where a table over one hundred feet long was decorated in yellow, the class color. Yellow flowers there were in profusion and a large yellow roye extended down the centre in a wavy line. At each end of the table a white and yellow plate was a white hat with a yellow band. The table was decorated with gold dinner cards, decorated on the front with the class seal and containing the menu in verse and the Howl song written for the occasion. The menu was a parody on the Rubaiyat, two verses of which were:

A plate of Cream, a Macaroni—Ah, now a Berry red, a Cup to drink—and that, the front, also dainty white and gold dinner cards, decorated on the front with the class seal and containing the menu in verse and the Howl song written for the occasion. The menu was a parody on the Rubaiyat, two verses of which were:

Following the Howl the seniors enjoyed a seth banquet, which was this year won by the seniors, followed by prolonged cheers for the captain of the team. In the presence of the other classes the seniors sang a duet line, the champion class, rope binding them together, around the college grounds, from one class tree to another, singing their "Howl."

The fun ended with a trolley ride and a picnic about the campus. The committee of arrangements included Helen Flurkey, Katherine Cloak, Gertrude Day, Florence Harris, Walter Wood, Marian Belden and Margaret Elder.

TRAVELLED SCHOOLBOYS BACK.

Shook Hands With the President and Saw the River Front Fire.

The New York public school boys who have been doing Washington for the last two days got back last evening, all safe and sound. They arrived in Jersey City by special train on the Central Railroad of New Jersey at 1 o'clock and took possession of all points of vantage on the ferryboat to see the front fire. It was a grand climax for their trip.

Half way across they raised a cry for a speech from their principal, Dr. Edward H. Boyer, of Public School 87, Amsterdam avenue and Seventy-seventh street. Dr. Boyer only smiled; but his son, Walter LeCompte Boyer, a tutor in the College of the City of New York, stood in the space behind the carriage chain and said a few words to the boys.

AMUSEMENTS.

Dreamland Coney Island. A WORLD'S FAIR IN ITSELF. 29 acres of ground, 100 feet high, 1000 feet long. Tower 375 feet high, studied by over 100,000 electric lights. Ballroom of 25,000 square feet. Largest electric light in the world. A few of the attractions that make DREAMLAND the most wonderful resort in the world.

AERIAL GARDENS over the New Amsterdam. OPEN NEXT Monday. A Little of Everything. SPECIAL MAT. 7:15. 8:15. 9:15. 10:15. 11:15. MORE GENUINE SONG HITS. Good Music, Genuinely Pretty Girls and Entertainers. Than Any Other Three Shows.

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THE SOUTHERNERS Music by Will Marion Cook. THOMPSON & DUNDY'S GREATER LUNA PARK. THE PICTURED GLORY OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS SHAMED BY THE MATCH-LESS FAIRY CITY.

CASINO. LYRIC. De WOLF HOPPER in "WANG". CRITERION. EXTRA MATINEE TO-DAY. WILLIAM COLLIER, The Dictator.

WALLACK'S. LAST 6 NIGHTS. CLOSING JUNE 4. GEO. AUSTIN QUANT COMEDY THEATRE. WALLACK'S. LAST 6 NIGHTS. CLOSING JUNE 4. GEO. AUSTIN QUANT COMEDY THEATRE.

BOSTOCK'S ANIMAL DREAMLAND. BELASCO. CROSMAN. DUSS. HURTT & SEAMON'S. MURRAY. STAR.

EDEN. DOG CATCHES A CATFISH. MIDDLETON. HARRY M. HAYES. RAGS IS A MONGREL DOG.

MATHUSHEK & SON PIANO BARGAINS. THE PIANOTIST. JACOB BROTHERS' PIANOS. CAREFUL PIANO BUYERS WILL VISIT.

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McClure's Magazine. "McClure's is justly famous for its short stories." says the Cleveland Leader.

MISS McCABE'S. HARVARD ACADEMY. CAMPELLO ISLAND, N. B. OPPOSITE EASTPORT, MAINE.

SUMMER RESORTS.

INFORMATION. Regarding any Hotel, Railroad, Steamboat or Automobile Trip will be furnished by calling at THE SUN Branch Office, 126 Broadway, New York, N. Y., or by writing to THE SUN INFORMATION BUREAU, Room 317, Temple Court, New York City.

ARVERNE L. I. HOTEL AND CASINO. ARVERNE L. I. will open about June 23 under the personal supervision of I. H. ROSENFELD, of the CAFE BOULEVARD 2d ave. and LA ROCHELLE, formerly Heath's.

THE GARDEN HOTEL. HAS NO EQUAL. The only hotel in Atlantic City employing white service throughout. 700 rooms, 100 baths with sea water. Famous swimming, high-class patronage.

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MORLEY'S. Two large hotels and cottages overlooking two of the most beautiful lakes in the region. GOLF, tennis, sanitary plumbing. No public money invested. Absolutely pure spring water. Moderate rates. Reduction in June and September. Send for descriptive booklet, MORLEY'S on Lake Umbagog, Hamilton Co., New York.

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JOHNSTOWN FLOOD CONEY ISLAND. GRAND MATINEE TO-DAY From Rags to Riches. PIANOS AND ORGANS.

KRAKAUER. THE MUSIC LOVING PUBLIC. CHOICE of the most exclusive styles. SMALL UPRIGHTS, FOR SMALL ROOMS. EASY TERMS. PIANOS TO RENT. 115 EAST 14TH ST.

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