THOSE DIVVLES THE FIREMEN.

CROKER TRIES TO SAVE THE LIVES OF M'CREADY AND FERRIS.

They Won't Have It, and After Facing Hot Death at Fire Spouting Windows, Wind Up by Falling Through the Roof—Not Much Hurt—Croker Praises Kruger.

Chief Croker was at the fire in the wall paper factory at 148 West Twenty-third street yesterday morning, when he was told of the fire in McKesson & Robbins's drug storehouse in Ann street. The firemen had the wall paper factory blaze well in hand, and he decided that the Ann street fire was likely to make a lot of trouble. He jumped into his carriage and raced downtown. His driver, Lieut. Rush, said afterward that they made the trip in seven minutes. It's something under two and a half miles.

The drug storehouse was a furnace when Chief Croker got there. Two young firemen, McCready and Ferris, of Truck 10, had climbed up the fire escape on the Ann street side to the seventh floor. The windows were covered with iron shutters, and to get water on the blaze these had to be opened. There were round holes in the shutters so that they could be opened from the outside. Flames spouted through these holes.

McCready and Ferris tugged away at the shutters on successive stories and opened them down to the fifth floor. Whenever a window was opened firemen stationed on opposite roofs by Deputy Chief Kruger directed streams of water in.

McCready and Ferris were blistered and scorched and almost overcome by the ammonia laden vapors from the building. They were trying to rip out the shutters on the fifth floor when Chief Croker appeared. Flames were spouting from the sixth and seventh floors where the windows had been opened and through the holes in the shutters on the lower floors were streaks of fire.

"Come down from there," yelled Croker to McCready and Ferris. "You'll be killed." The two firemen showed no disposition to move.

"I order you down," thundered Croker. Then they came, looking partly singed and partly as if all the fun had been taken out of their lives. Chief Croker, when he saw they were on the sidewalk, disappeared around the corner to get a view of the fire from another side. He wasn't out of sight before McCready and Ferris had shinned up a ladder that had been raised against the building and were at their old job on the fifth floor. They pulled open the shutters, climbed down to the fourth floor, got the shutters open there, and were at work on the third floor when Croker got back and spied them again.

"Devils!" said he, and he ran up the ladder himself. McCready, to keep as far away as possible from the fire that was coming through the hole in the shutter, had one leg swung over the fire escape. Croker grabbed the leg and yanked it.

"Get down, or you'll be burned to death," shouted Croker.

"We're in no danger," said McCready; "we're all right, Chief. We'll finish the job in a second if you'll let us."

"How could I stop 'em?" said Croker, when he got to the street.

McCready and Ferris "finished the job." Then they joined Capt. Kelly of their company and Fireman Griffin. A half hour later the four were walking over the roof of the adjoining house to get to the burning building. All four at once stepped on a skylight and fell through to the next floor. The crew of Engine 27 was right behind them.

"Are you in a hole?" yelled the captain of Engine 27.

"We're in a hell of a hole," replied McCready. "Get us a ladder."

The ladder was lowered and the four men climbed to the roof. They were cut and bruised, but they refused to have an ambulance called.

"The less you have to do with doctors the better," said McCready, who looks as if he might be an Irishman.

Other things happened at the fire. Chief Croker and Deputy Chief Kruger have not been regarded for some time as warm friends. But that does not interfere with their work. So when Chief Croker appeared Chief Kruger reported to him the plans he had made to fight the fire

"That's all right, Chief," said Croker. "You seem to have this covered. I think I'll stand by and watch. As a matter of fact I can't see that there's much for me to do."

Later, when the fire was out, and Chief Kruger was not around, Chief Croker said:

"This fire was prevented from spreading to the adjoining buildings and perhaps to the entire block by the skill and good management of Chief Kruger."

The new house of Engine 32 is in Beekman street, right north of where the fire was. Engine 7, which formerly had its headquarters in Chambers street, is occupying the house now, while Engine 32 is in John street. For a time it was thought that the new fire house would be destroyed, but a gang of firemen on the roof kept the fire off.

"It would have been pretty rough," said Battalion Chief Ross, "if the new house was wiped out while the boys were working in front."

Police Commissioner McAdoo said yesterday afternoon that he had not ordered any investigation on the report that the police were negligent in discovering the fire in Twenty-third street. No complaint has been made to him by Chief Croker, and until a definite complaint was made he couldn't start any investigation. If Chief Croker would talk to him about it he would be willing to cooperate and do anything he could. That disciplne is lax and the policemen are careless because of the three platoon system Mr. McAdoo denied.

DR. HOFF OPERATES.

German Physician Illustrates His Bloodless System in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6.—Before a gathering of physicians from all parts of this country and many from Canada, Prof. Albert Hoff of Berlin demonstrated his skill in orthopedic surgery to-day at Jefferson College.

He operated successfully on four cases, three of congenital dislocation of the hip and one of infantile paralysis. His operation on Margaret Lloyd, 2½ years old, afforded him a brilliant opportunity of illustrating his method of bloodless reduction.

It differs from that of Dr. Lorenz in that the thigh bone is not worked out from behind. The youth of the patient rendered the employment of the bloodless method feasible and Dr. Hoff effected the reduction of the bone with such rapidity that he brought the bone out again and repeated the operation to illustrate its thorough character.

SKULL BROKEN AT CONEY ISLAND.

Man Stood Up in Toboggan Slide and His Head Struck a Timber.

An unidentified Italian who was riding on Merrill's toboggan slide at Coney Island yesterday evening lost his nerve and stood up in the car. His head struck an overhead timber. He jumped and landing on the roof of a power house near the toboggan slide. When he was picked up his skull was found to be fractured. He was taken to the Emergency Hospital, where it was said he would die.

This was the second accident of the kind within twenty-four hours, a seven-year-old girl having been injured in the same way at the same place on Sunday.

Bellboys Fined $5 Each.

Three bellboys, who were discharged from the Gilsey House and got into a fight with the house detective, were fined $5 each by Magistrate Crane in the Jefferson Market police court yesterday. They were William Carney of 908 Sixth avenue, William Walsh of 910 Sixth avenue and Arthur S. Hall of 240 West Twenty-seventh street. Francis Howard Chapman, a contractor, who lives next door to the Gilsey House, was fined $3 for encouraging the boys.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

A cheerful blind man rides on the Brooklyn elevated train in the morning rush hours. He carries a load of whisk brooms and dusters, and makes no effort to sell his wares on the train. On his breast he carries this sign:

STONE BLIND. OPTIC NERVE DESTROYED.

No matter how great the crowd or how uncomfortable he may be he never loses his temper. From the time he gets on the car until he leaves it he sings songs that are old enough to have been popular in the days of his youth.

As he struggled off the car one morning last week one of the city's paid firemen was standing on the platform.

"Do you want me to help you down the stairs to the street?" asked the fireman.

"No, thanks," was the blind man's response. "The Lord always keeps a watchful eye on me."

There are in the world many tricks colloquially called "wrinkles," some of which are common enough and some more known only to a few.

The other day at the Gravesend track a horseman invited a friend, formerly of the sea, to inspect some horses in charge of a fellow horseman. They found him doubled up in an earnest endeavor to get a big jack knife open, and using language sufficient for any purpose except getting the knife open.

"If you'll let me have that knife a minute," said the ex-seafarer, "I'll show you a sailor's trick."

The horseman passed it over. His visitor took out a handkerchief, laid one end of it on the side of the knife, put his thumb on it and held it there firmly; then went on winding the handkerchief around the knife in a fold about three inches wide. When he came to the other end he passed the knife to the hand which had done the folding and then threw it on the ground, holding on to the end of the handkerchief, which unwound and remained in his hand. When the horseman picked up the knife every blade was open.

"I don't care how badly stuck a knife is," said the exponent, "that will fetch it every time."

A woman was before the bar in one of the police courts the other day charged with attempting to steal a watch which a pedler had tried to sell her at her home. The complainant told this story:

"I showed her the watch as she stood at the table dressing a chicken. She looked at it, and said it was very fine, but she could not afford to buy it, and put it down on the table. When I wanted to pick up the watch it wasn't in sight.

"The woman said I must have picked it up, as I had my eyes on her all the time and could see that she hadn't taken it. When I insinuated that she wanted to steal it she said she'd have me arrested for calling her a thief. I couldn't prove anything, and knew I was in a fix, so I determined to let the watch go, and get out. I apologized and bowed to the lady. In bowing my head came down close to the table, and I heard a watch ticking, but I couldn't see it. I thought hard and a light came to me. I put my hand inside the half dressed chicken and pulled out the watch."

"He must have put it there himself," said the woman.

There are more than three hundred birds of different species in the bird house in the Central Park menagerie, but rarely are any young born there.

"They lay eggs all right," explained the keeper, "but we can't get any of the hens to set and hatch out. That sweet singing canary you hear made a nest in the sand not long ago and I thought we were going to have some young canaries, but she couldn't stay on the nest even one day. All the others got around her and seemed to be making fun of her for wasting her time. Then they broke her eggs when she left the nest.

"It's one long carnival of singing, love making and playing with all of the birds here when they are not eating or sleeping. It's a bird's paradise, and they don't want to be bothered with raising chicks."

Charles M. Shean, the mural painter, lives in Brooklyn, but occasionally takes a night off in Manhattan. On such an epoch making occasion a few nights ago Mr. Shean and a party of friends, none of whom were artists, were making for the entrance of a Broadway restaurant when they were held up by a shabbily dressed beggar, pretending to sell lead pencils.

"Gentlemen, help me, for I'm in need of help," said the panhandler.

The party was pushing him aside when the beggar caught Mr. Shean by the sleeve.

"You'll help me," said the beggar, "I'm an artist myself."

The remark opened the painter's pockets, but Mr. Shean is wondering who the fellow was and how he identified him.

A man who was too old by ten years to be appointed a fireman, but who put his conscience to sleep and dreamed he was young in applying for appointment, was undergoing the physical examination. The docter finished and then announced that the man could not pass.

"Why?" asked the applicant.

"You have a varicose vein," replied the doctor.

"An' is that all that's wrong?" said the would-be fireman, forgetting all caution in his indignation. "Why, I've earned my living for forty years with that vein in my leg."

"I'm glad you told me so," said the doctor, "now I can reject you also as being over the age limit."

This really happened. The youngster was ill and his parents called in the family physician, who said the child had all the symptoms of diphtheria. He reported the case to the Board of Health as suspicious, and immediately two inspectors appeared with a diphtheria sign, which they tacked up outside the flat door. Then they went to every other tenant in the house and told them to beware of the quarantined family.

The next day the family physician and two others conferred and discovered that the sick child did not have diphtheria. The Health Board was notified and around came a man, who removed the sign.

"They were in an awful hurry getting that sign up," said the housewife, as it disappeared.

"Sure, it needn't have gone up at all, lady," said the Health Board man. "The next time you have contagion in yer house tip the man with the sign a dollar and he'll never put it up."

To-day the Croton water comes to town nearly sixty miles and even south of City Hall millions of gallons are used daily. In the period when the city clustered about the Battery the only sources of supply were several wells and one or two small streams. The collect, or pond, that occupied the present site of the Criminal Courts Building, was very deep and its water was of good quality. But when it was proposed to draw water from this source, the city fathers rejected the plan because the collect was too far from the city.

The time of year has come when the residence sections of the city take on a desolate appearance. The shades of many houses are drawn and the front doors closed for the summer. People who have summer homes desert their city domiciles at the first sign of warm weather.

When the owners go away the fine residences begin to shelter families who have spent the greater part of the year in more humble surroundings. These are the caretakers, and now they and their families can be found any fine evening from now on squatted on the stoops of the fine houses which have become their temporary homes.

ROOF GARDEN TIME BEGINS.

LOFTIEST AND DAINTIEST YET OF THE KIND OPEN.

The Aerial, Its Dutch Garden and Its Stage Show Above the New Amsterdam Theatre Set Auspiciously on Its Career—Hammerstein Opens, Too.

The Aerial Gardens, the newest roof garden in town, constructed over the New Amsterdam Theatre, was opened for the first time last night. The Aerial Gardens would be more properly called an aerial theatre, for that it really is. Besides being the loftiest roof garden in town, it is the most picturesque.

Two spacious elevators carry spectators to the roof, but last night one of the elevators refused to work for a time, causing a crush in the theatre lobby. Once on the roof, however, the visitor felt repaid for the crush downstairs. A short corridor leads into the aerial theatre. The theatre is roofed in and is entirely protected. Even with last night's warmth it was very comfortable there, for if there is a breeze it will strike the roof and enter through the open windows.

The color scheme is old rose and the style of architecture is that of l'art nouveau. The auditorium will seat 1,200 persons.

The Aerial Gardens takes its name from the gardens back of the stage. These gardens are reached from the promenade of the theatre and are likely to be crowded on warm nights. The garden space is 100 by 60 feet, with tables all about. It was planned by a landscape architect and he did his work well.

John J. McNally is responsible for the opening attraction at this new roof. He calls his effort "A Little of Everything." There were some things lacking in it last night, but it is likely to make a good summer show after a few changes.

Two old Weberfields stars, Fay Templeton and Pete Dailey, are featured in it, and they were aided by Joseph Sparks, George Schiller, Leila McIntyre and half a dozen other performers. There was an unusually large and loud voiced chorus.

Miss Templeton had several songs to sing and so had Mr. Dailey. The latter's raspberry, colored suit was the envy of some of the Broadway roof garden first nighters. They turned out in force at the opening. No one applauded the two former Weberfieldians more heartily than Joe Weber and Lou Fields, both of whom were in the audience.

HAMMERSTEIN'S GARDEN OPEN.

Same Cow There—Jokes on the Wagners and Herr Conried for a Novelty.

Oscar Hammerstein opened his roof garden over the Victoria and Belasco theatres last night. The roof looks very much as it did last season, which is roomy and comfortable. The old cow that Oscar brought over with him when he came from Ireland is the biggest and the only animal on view in the Dutch village.

The show was up to the Hammerstein standard. The novelty was supplied by the versatile Oscar himself. From his quick action musical foundry he has turned out a musical skit in one act which he calls "Parsifalia." It is a burlesque on the events that attended the production of the Wagner music drama here. There are several tuneful melodies in it and altogether there was an interesting entertainment lasting about three-quarters of an hour.

"Parsifalia" was sandwiched in between the vaudeville acts. Some of the vaudeville performers were Al Walz, Charles T. Aldrich and Paul Spadoni, the juggler. There was such a crowd at the opening that even standing room was hard to find.

THEATRE ORDINANCE SIGNED.

All New Theatres Must Now Be Surrounded by Open Spaces.

The new theatre ordinance recently passed by the Aldermen was approved yesterday by Mayor McClellan.

It provides that every theatre built in the future shall have open courts or thoroughfares on all four sides, the widths of the courts to be determined by the seating capacity of the theatre. For theatres seating not more than 1,000 the surrounding courts must be ten feet wide; for 1,400, twelve feet, and for still larger theatres, fourteen feet.

So far as the theatres already built are concerned the ordinance provides for the fireproofing of all the scenery, scenery rigging and curtains and declares that no seat shall have more than six seats between it and an aisle.

A SUMMERTIME THRILLER.

"The Black Mask" a Little Out of Season, but Appreciated None the Less.

"The Black Mask," a thriller built especially for the class of theatregoers who like their amusement to come in large doses, was presented at the Grand Opera House for the first time last night. F. Marriott Watson wrote it from one of Conan Doyle's "Round the Red Lamp" stories.

The melodrama pleased last night's audience. There was a pretty heroine in May Nannary and an awful villain in Nathaniel Jelecko. These two, with the boy actor, Edwina Paul, and the hero, Carl Eckstrom, had the chief rôles.

News of Plays and Players.

The regular season of the Manhattan Beach Theatre will begin on Saturday evening, June 18, with De Wolf Hopper and "Wang" as the attraction. Owing to the destruction of a lot of scenery in the Shuberts' storehouse, "Wang" has been chosen instead of "The Belle of New York."

Sam S. Shubert last night closed contracts for a term of years with Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon under which they are to be starred jointly in a new production each season. The vehicle for their first starring tour, to begin about Sept. 1, is to be the German military play, "Tape," produced in this country at the Irving Place Theatre this season.

The opening bill with which Wayburn and Anderson will start the season in the New York Theatre roof next Monday night will include Ned Wayburn's new specialty, "Ned Wayburn's Girls," in which fifty performers appear.

Body Wasn't H. B. Kingsley's.

NEW ROCHELLE, June 6.—The body of the man found drowned near the New York Athletic Club's summer home at Travers Island was identified to-day as that of Andres Olson, a Swedish fisherman. The body was found near the home of Gen. H. H. Baxter, a cousin of Henry Baxter Kingsley, and this at first led the police to believe that it might be Kingsley's. The proprietor of the Echo Bay Inn, where Olson was employed, identified him. Olson was drowned on Nov. 15 last off Hen and Chickens Islands.

Value of Mexico's Cotton Tree.

AUSTIN, Tex., June 6.—James Prince, a cotton manufacturer of Mexico, says that a study of the cotton tree which grows in a remote region of southern Mexico will no doubt give results of importance. Its cultivation will insure a supply of cotton each year, as the tree is immune to the attacks of the boll weevil and other insect pests. He has experimented with the fibre of this tree, and he says that it is strong and lasting and will be useful in the manufacture of clothes of the working class of Mexico.

Kings Grand Jury Sworn In.

The Kings County Grand Jury for June was sworn in by Judge Crane in the County Court, Brooklyn, yesterday. Henry E. Pierrepont of 216 Columbia Heights is the foreman.

PRISONER BADLY BRUISED.

Big Cop Charges Him With Assault—His Serious Tale of Abuse.

Policeman Wright of the Madison street station, who is 6 feet tall, arraigned yesterday in the Essex Market police court William Wilkinson of 726 Rutgers street and Frank Clark of 137 Cherry street, employees of the Street Cleaning Department, whom he charged with assault.

"There was a fight in Monroe street last night," he said to Magistrate Cornell, "and as I was trying to clear the crowd, these men struck me. That man there"—pointing to Wilkinson, "struck me in the face and knocked me down."

There were no marks on the cop, but both of Wilkinson's eyes were blackened and his clothes were in shreds.

"Let me tell my story," he said to the Magistrate. "There was a fight there last night and I stopped to look on. The police came along and started to club people. I was hit by a club and to save myself I grabbed hold of this policeman's club. Then he and another policeman arrested me. When I was taken into the back room of the station house I was clubbed and kicked all around the room. Wright punched me in the face and knocked me down and it seemed as though half a dozen cops went at me. I had to hold my hands over my eyes, so I could not see how many there were. My body now is all black and blue."

"You say this man assaulted you," said the Magistrate to Wright, "but you bear no marks. Who assaulted him?"

Wright and another policeman denied knowing how Wilkinson received his injuries.

"I will investigate this thing thoroughly," said the Magistrate. "Here is a man who clearly has been brutally assaulted and yet he is brought here as a prisoner, charged with assaulting a policeman."

He adjourned the cases against both men until to-day and gave orders for Police Captain Shaw of the Madison street station to be present.

F. F. PROCTOR'S ANKLE BROKEN.

Auto Accident Delays His Wedding Tour—Bride's Narrow Escape.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., June 6.—Mrs. Frederick F. Proctor, the three day bride of the well known theatrical manager, had a narrow escape from death yesterday in an automobile wreck near Metuchen. Her husband had his ankle broken. When the accident occurred Mr. Proctor was thrown out of the automobile, while his bride was carried over with the heavy touring car. The auto fell upon her, hiding her from view.

Mr. and Mrs. Proctor, who were married at Larchmont on Thursday, planned a trip to Europe which was to follow a visit to St. Louis, to which city they expected to start to-day. Yesterday afternoon they drove along in the neighborhood of the Colonia Golf Club. Near Metuchen Mr. Proctor was travelling at a rapid clip when he saw a buggy ahead of him. He decided to pass it and sounding the horn, swerved aside.

He was almost abreast of the buggy when a second carriage loomed up over a slight rise in the road. To avoid a collision he gave the handlebar a quick swing. The machine swerved with a jolt which tore off the tire of a rear wheel, and then capsized.

After it was ascertained that Mrs. Proctor was uninjured her husband accepted the courtesy of the carriage to avoid which he had wrecked his car, and was driven over to the club, where he was put to bed. It will be a couple of months before he will be able to use his ankle and in the mean time his honeymoon trip will be postponed.

Mr. Proctor's bride was Miss Georgiana Mille.

LONGER HOURS FOR GRAND JURY.

City Is Getting Bigger and Criminal Business Larger.

Judge Newburger told the new General Sessions Grand Jury yesterday that in the future, owing to the growth of the city and the press of criminal business, the Grand Jury would be asked to convene at 10:30 o'clock in the morning, instead of at 11 o'clock, as has been the custom. Awaiting the consideration of the Grand Jury are 152 cases. John G. O'Keefe, a broker of 66 Broadwa,y is foreman of the Grand Jury.

Commencement Week at Wells College.

AURORA, N. Y., June 6.—Commencement week at Wells College opened with the annual banquet of the Phœnix Literary Society Saturday evening, June 4. The society received the gift of a painting for Phœnix Hall from Mrs. E. Lampert Cooper of New York, class of '75. The appropriation of a sum of money for the society library was also reported. On Sunday evening the baccalaureate sermon was delivered by President Ward in the Presbyterian church before the largest class which has graduated from the college.

Students Give Prof. Sumner a Loving Cup.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., June 6.—The seniors in Yale College to-day presented to Prof. William G. Sumner, the noted political economist, a handsome loving cup. Prof. Sumner and the seniors in his course have had several differences during the year on account of disciplinary measures and the gift of the cup was made as a peace offering. The presentation speech was made by Capt. Winslow of the baseball team.

Miss Hammond to Marry Louis Starr, Jr.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6.—The engagement of Miss Margaret Van Schoonhaun Hammond of New York to Louis Starr, Jr., eldest son of Dr. Louis Starr of South Rittenhouse square, has been announced. Miss Hammond is a daughter of the late Gen. John Henry Hammond, who was chief of Gen. Sherman's staff. Mr. Starr is a graduate of Harvard.

Meloney—Mattingly.

Miss Marie Mattingly, daughter of the late C. P. Mattingly of Bardstown, Ky., was married yesterday morning in St. Patrick's Cathedral to William Brown Meloney of this city. Miss Mattingly has been on THE SUN'S staff for some time, and Mr. Meloney has been employed on the *Evening World*.

The marriage service was read by Mgr. Lavelle and the Rev. Father Wynne, S. J., and Archbishop Farley, with Mgrs. Edwards and Quinn, presided on the throne at the celebration of the nuptial mass. The Archbishop blessed the ring and pronounced the benediction. The bride was given away by Dr. Virgil Gibney, a lifelong friend of her father. Carroll Mattingly, her brother, was best man, and Miss Cora Rigby of the *Herald* was maid of honor.

Miss Mattingly did newspaper work in Washington before coming to New York. She had a seat in the Senate press gallery for two years. The bridegroom's home is in San Francisco, and many friends from that city and Washington attended the wedding.

Kresel—Herbst.

Deputy Assistant District Attorney Isidor J. Kresel was married in the rose room of the Hotel Majestic last evening to Miss Edna Gertrude Herbst, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Herbst of 205 West 121st Street. The Rev. Dr. Joseph Silberman officiated. The bride wore white satin mousseline, trimmed with duchesse lace, and a diamond crescent, presented by the bridegroom. She carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. The Misses Rema Block, Florence Schachman and the Misses Mildred Goldstein and Helen May Stern, her cousins, were bridesmaids. Jacob Neadle was the best man, and Aaron Herbst, Harry Randall, Cary Eggleston, Charles M. Werner, Ernest Bullows, George Rubenstein, Oscar Lowisson and Dr. Joseph Saphir were ushers. A dinner and reception followed the ceremony.

Dalton—Howe.

BOSTON, June 6.—Miss Susan Wainwright Howe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Howe, and Mr. Philip S. Dalton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Dalton of this city, were married in the Church of Our Saviour in Longwood this afternoon by the Rev. Reginald H. Howe, D.D. Miss Marion L. Peabody was maid of honor. The bridegroom was attended by Henry R. Dalton, Jr., his brother.

PUBLICATIONS. | PUBLICATIONS. | PUBLICATIONS.

Winston Churchill's new novel

The Crossing

The Boston Transcript says

"So widespread is Winston Churchill's popularity, so breathless the public interest excited by each anxiously awaited new novel from his pen, that one is perforce compelled to pay him the compliment of early reading and thorough consideration. But his achievement is noteworthy. . . .

"'The Crossing' is, moreover, far in advance of 'The Crisis.' It is more real, more genuine, more spontaneous, more vigorous, a clearer and more coherent picture of its times. It contains no little humor."

The Crossing is uniform with the two brilliant novels by Winston Churchill,

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HIGHBALL IS MOSTLY SELTZER,

BUT THERE'S A LITTLE WHISKEY, AND A LITTLE MORE WHISKEY.

Definition Is by Matt Clune, Who Left His Headlight at Home When He Went to a Van Wyck Reception, but Lost It—Arrested Bellboy Sues for Damages.

Matt Clune, who runs the Vanderbilt Hotel, where John L. Sullivan used to hold forth, made his début in the Supreme Court yesterday as the definer of a highball. Matt thinks a highball ought to contain "lots of seltzer, some ice and a little whiskey."

"Is that the way you usually serve them?" he was asked.

"Well," responded Matt, with a faint smile, "I think that's right. A little whiskey, some ice, lots of seltzer and—and—and a little whiskey."

Clune was the defendant in a suit on trial before Justice Rogers and a jury. The plaintiff was Harry C. Grady, a former bellboy in the Vanderbilt, who was arrested on Clune's complaint in January, 1902, on a charge of having stolen Matt's diamond stud. The boy was discharged, and he wants $25,000 damages for false arrest.

Grady testified yesterday that he had helped Clune to dress for a reception given Mayor Van Wyck at the Democratic Club on Jan. 9, 1902. He changed Matt's shirt, and noticed that Clune took the stud out of the clean one. Clune remarked, said Grady, that the safest place for the stud that evening was in the safe. Clune then drove off in a cab, and Grady locked his room door. The next day the stud was missing, and a little later Clune had the boy arrested.

Clune was called as Grady's witness, and admitted having caused the boy's arrest.

"Were you drinking on the day of the reception?" he was asked.

"Well, I had a few; but it's wrong to say I was drinking all day."

"What did you have?"

"Some whiskey, and a highball or two," murmured Matt.

"What is a highball?

And then Matt gave his definition.

"What did you drink at the club?" pursued counsel.

"Well, there was four of us, and we had a couple of quarts."

"Quarts of what?"

"Wine, of course," replied the bonifacе.

"What kind of wine?" insisted counsel.

"Champagne, sure. What else?" said Matt indignantly.

"Have any pints besides the quarts?"

"Oh, I don't remember," growled Matt.

Clune subsequently testified that he had last seen the stud when Grady was changing his shirt. "I never wear a diamond stud with dress clothes," explained Matt, flourishing his hand and gazing around defiantly.

Clune's housekeeper and one of his hotel clerks testified that in their opinion he was sober on the reception night. The housekeeper defined a drunken man as one who would fall all over himself and other things. The clerk thought that a man was sober as long as he could walk straight.

A sealed verdict was ordered, which will be opened this morning.

GREEK STUDENT IN COURT.

City College Boys Charged by Car Inspector With Stealing Rides.

A boy with a Greek lexicon and an "Anabasis" under his arm was brought into the Children's Court yesterday. He was Max Wolf, 14, of 20 East 109th street, and with a companion, Isador Balsam, 15, of 1635 Madison avenue, was charged with stealing a ride on an Amsterdam avenue car.

Wolf seemed more troubled over a Greek examination which he was to take at the City College, than at the charge made against him. He left his case to the older boy, while he took furtive glances into his text-book.

Balsam told the Judge that he and his companion had been obliged to catch on outside of the car because of its crowded condition. There was no other car in sight, he explained, and they were in a hurry.

"We were willing to pay our fares, but the car was so crowded that the conductor could not reach us," said Balsam. "Then an inspector came along and had us arrested."

The Judge dismissed the boys with a warning to avoid the appearance of evil. Balsam seemed relieved, but Wolf, with his eyes glued to the "Anabasis," seemed indifferent to any fate so long as that Greek exam. was still ahead of him.

PUBLICATIONS.

McClure's Magazine

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