PLEASURE TRIP, SATOLLI SAYS

CARDINAL HERE, DISCLAIMING THAT HE COMES OFFICIALLY.

Met by Archbishop Farley and Greeted Affectionately—Preached Aboard on Truth—Will See the President and the Fair—A Sealed Letter Incident.

Cardinal Satolli arrived here from Rome yesterday morning on the steamship Prinzess Irene. The steamer was met by the steamboat Sea Gull, with Archbishop Farley and a party of distinguished Catholics on board, opposite Cortlandt street, and followed the big steamer to her dock.

In the Archbishop's party were Mgr. Lavelle, Chancellor Hayes, Secretaries Ferranti and Lewis, the Rev. Dr. G. F. Dougherty representing the Right Rev. Denis O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University at Washington; the Rev. M. F. Drain, rector of the Cathedral at Portland, Me., representing Bishop O'Connell, late rector of the American College in Rome, and a number of priests.

Mgr. Lavelle first discovered the Cardinal on the deck of the steamer. "There he is!" cried Mgr. Lavelle. All waved their handkerchiefs and the Cardinal responded by raising his hat and waving his handkerchief most excitedly. Accompanying him are Fathers Giuseppe Marucci and Ercole Satolli (cousin of the Cardinal), his secretaries in Rome, and Don Giovanni Giontoni, a private seminarian of Rome, who will act as the Cardinal's secretary in this country.

While the bridge from pier to steamer was being adjusted Archbishop Farley and Mgr. Lavelle greeted the Cardinal in Italian.

"We welcome your coming, Eminence," said the Archbishop. The salutation was returned by the Cardinal and his party. The Cardinal was then bidding farewell to Andrew D. White, late Ambassador to Germany. The Cardinal and Archbishop Farley embraced, kissing each other on both cheeks affectionately. Mgr. Lavelle did likewise. The rest knelt and kissed his ring.

Martin Maloney of Philadelphia, the Papal Count, whose daughter's wedding the Cardinal is to attend, was greeted most effusively by the Cardinal, who exclaimed upon seeing him: "Ah, my dear old friend, I am so glad to see you." A similar outburst awaited T. St. John Gaffney, likewise a warm admirer of the Cardinal.

After all were warmly greeted the Archbishop took Cardinal Satolli by the arm to the Sea Gull, at the end of the pier, explaining in English to him how the clergy and laity had arranged to meet him down the bay on Wednesday afternoon, but owing to the steamer's late arrival, the early hour and bad weather the party was unable to carry out the original plans. The Cardinal and Archbishop then fell into an earnest conversation in Italian—so earnest that the Cardinal twice bumped into the pier supports.

Asked about his trip, the Cardinal said:

"I had a most pleasant trip over. Capt. Dannemann of the steamer was most kind to me and my party. None of us was sick and the voyage was the most enjoyable I have ever made. I said low mass four times in the open air before all on board, including the steerage passengers, and delivered a twenty minute sermon in Italian on Sunday, taking for my subject the Epistle and Gospel of the day.

"I particularly dwelt upon the last sentence of the Epistle, which is 'My little children, let us not love in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth.' The present day fallacy is that truth is ever changing. What is truth to-day is falsehood to-morrow. This is not so. Truth is ever the same, universal, everlasting, immutable."

To THE SUN reporter who asked Cardinal Satolli as to his mission he replied:

"I am again in America purely for pleasure. Because I love the country and admire its people and its great power and energy and progress. And lastly, to visit many of my very dearest friends, who have again and again asked me to come over and pay a visit to them."

Asked if he bore any official message from Rome, the Cardinal's face grew stern and he moved his hands rapidly sidewise the while most emphatically saying:

"No, no, no. I am not here in any official capacity. I am here as a private citizen. I will go to Washington to pay my respects to the President of the United States. When this will be depends on whatever arrangements Mgr. O'Connell of the Catholic University will make about my meeting the President. I personally should desire to greet the President first of all. I will visit the fair at St. Louis and expect to return home in about six weeks."

Cardinal Satolli said he had not seen the Papal Ablegate, Mgr. Falconio, at Naples before sailing. They passed him one day out from Naples.

This is the first time that the United States has been left without a Papal delegate since Cardinal Satolli was first appointed to the office by Leo XIII. Much significance is attached to this.

Archbishop Farley, when asked about the Cardinal's mission, replied: "The Cardinal's mission is purely pleasure, as far as I know."

"This is the first time a Curial Cardinal has ever left Rome other than as an official representative of the Pontiff, is it not?" the Archbishop was asked.

"Yes."

"Is this fact not remarkable in the history of Rome?"

"Well, we are living in the twentieth century, and nothing is remarkable to us," replied the Archbishop.

A significant incident was noticed soon after the Cardinal came aboard the Sea Gull. There was an animated conversation between the Cardinal and the Rev. M. F. Drain, personal representative of Bishop O'Connell of Portland, and Father Drain handed the Cardinal two sealed envelopes. The Cardinal thrust them into his inside coat pocket and the smile on his face vanished for a moment.

"I do not know what the letters contain," said Father Drain. "I was only the bearer of them." He held no further converse with the Cardinal.

It is said on good authority that Bishop O'Connell of Portland is strongly advocated by Cardinal Satolli for Coadjutor Bishop of the archiepiscopal see of Boston, having the right of succession. Archbishop Williams has been more than twenty-nine years the ruler of this see. He has an auxiliary Bishop—Bishop Brady. Bishop O'Connell is a strong candidate for the succession. His residence in Rome as rector of the American College from 1896 to 1901 made him many close friends in the Vatican, among the warmest of them being Cardinal Satolli.

Cardinal Satolli has brought with him a gold and silver chalice which he will present to the Catholic University at Washington. It was presented to him by the pupils of his school of divinity at the Urbana College of the Propaganda in 1887.

The Cardinal will rest at the Archbishop's residence until the reception from 8 to 10 o'clock this evening. He will say a low mass in the private chapel this morning.

POLICE CONVENTION ENDS.

The Chiefs Elect New Officers and Will Meet Again in San Francisco.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 9.—The International Association of Chiefs of Police adjourned to-day, after selecting San Francisco as the next place of meeting and electing officers for the ensuing year. Major Robert J. Sylvester, Chief of Police of Washington, D. C., was reelected to the presidency, after a spirited contest.

The other officers are Col. John Whitaker, Chief of Police of Dayton, Ohio, first vice-president; George C. Tenny, Chief of Police of Elizabeth, N. J., second vice-president; Harvey C. Carr, Chief of Police of Grand Rapids, Mich., secretary and treasurer. The visit of the Chiefs to St. Louis concluded to-night by a banquet at the Irish Village.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The throngs that move up and down Broadway in the neighborhood of the New York Life Building during the busy hours of the day fail to realize one pleasure of which the roar of traffic robs them. Up in the clock tower of that building is one of the sweetest toned bells in the city. As it tolls off the hours by day only a far away muffled sound penetrates the noise of traffic in the street below. At night, when quiet reigns among the big buildings, the passer-by hears with surprise the full rich tones of the bell toll out the hours, making the whole neighborhood vibrate with its sweetness.

A negro shot a white man in Ninth avenue one night recently, and ran up Thirty-eighth street, pursued by an angry crowd of two hundred or more white men. He dodged into an open lot which was well littered with big water pipes, beams and building materials, and gave the crowd the slip.

Among the pursuers was another negro. Everything went well with this man so long as the fugitive was in sight. But after he had disappeared and the crowd swarmed over the lot looking for him, the second negro's troubles began. Every time a searching party spied him they raised the cry "There he is!" and started after him.

The negro didn't dare run, for the whole pack would have pursued him. All he could do was to explain, in fear and trembling, each time the mistake was made that he wasn't the culprit. Fortunately for him, there was a policeman in the crowd who knew him and corroborated his statements.

Before the search ended the negro had attached himself permanently to the tail of the cop's blouse, and no amount of threats would make him let go.

"No, suh," he expostulated. "Ah knows what'd happen. Some fellah would yell 'thah he goes!' again, and there'd be a dead nigguh. I's gwine to stick right to ye, honey."

In excavating for the new Grand Central Station the contractors are using a self-dumping dirt car which is loaded by a big scoop worked by hydraulic power. They save an immense amount of labor. The Irish foreman was explaining this yesterday.

"That scoop and car," said the foreman, "do the work of a hundred ginneys."

"Ya, ha! big shovel an' car hav a no hundred votes," said a far seeing son of Italy who overheard the foreman's remark.

A big red touring automobile which went down upper Broadway yesterday afternoon attracted attention because it had an oilcloth cover fastened to the back, though scarcely high enough to serve as a sunshade.

Everybody noted that the six people in the auto seemed unusually merry and care free, so when the machine stopped temporarily the cop on post asked about the new fangled thing on the back.

"That's the latest thing in automobile devices," replied the driver, "and its use is bound to become general if the stone-throwing practise on East Side streets isn't stopped. You'll notice the thing is just high enough to protect the auto acupants from anything that comes from behind. It doesn't add any beauty to the machine, but I have to drive through East Twenty-third street twice a day, and I'd sooner have the auto carry this unattractive thing than have my own physiognomy decorated."

The competition among the big department stores to attract trade has led to the establishment of conveniences wonderful for such places and much appreciated by their patrons. In one store a doctor is always in attendance, and there is a fine temporary hospital, where any patron who may be taken ill can be cared for until well. The very latest improvement, however, and one which appeals to women most of all, is the check system for babies. Under a shady awning on one side, where there is always a cool breeze, a uniformed attendant is in readiness to care for all babies. The mother may check either her baby or her coach and baby, too, and know that they are perfectly safe while she is making her purchases. And the baby attendant is one of the busiest employees in the whole store in these days.

There are two veterans of the Spanish-American war in the Central Park menagerie and they are loyal to each other in time of trouble. They are Billy-be-damn and Bottles, goats of the ordinary species. Billy accompanied the Seventy-first Regiment to Cuba and Bottles went South with the Sixty-ninth. The two are in the enclosure with the Angora sheep, and like some other soldiers, are inclined to flirt when ladies fair are about.

The big Angora ram took offence the other day when Bottles rubbed noses with one of the fair members of his flock and butted the intruder viciously. Then there was a fight. Bottles was getting the worst of it when Billy-be-damn pitched in to help his fellow campaigner. The two fought the ram to a standstill.

It wasn't long before the jealous ram caught Billy-be-damn flirting with one of the sheep and tackled him. Bottles was at the other end of the enclosure, but he got there in time to take part in the scrimmage, and the two gave the ram such a beating that he sidesteps now whenever either approaches.

In the office of a downtown candy making establishment, where there are 200 employees, an immense time clock stands in the office. It bears a number for each employee. On going to work and at quitting time each employee moves an indicator to his or her number on the dial and presses a recording button, which impresses the time on a paper in the machine. The record can't be doctored and it does away with the human time keeper, who might occasionally fib to oblige a friend.

"Who is No. 1 on the clock?" asked a curious visitor to this office.

"That's the owner," replied a clerk. "He sets a good example to his employees by keeping a strict account of his own working hours."

A hotel not far from New York opened its doors this spring with a reputation for exclusiveness that it never possessed in previous years, and this change in its character is due to the efforts of a woman, who was not altogether unselfish in the matter.

This particular house happened to have every advantage but one. It was situated attractively near to the city and in the matter of its management there was no fault to find. But in the first few years it was built it sheltered the sort of guests who had not increased its reputation as a place for domestic sojourn.

The woman monumental in its reform was delighted with its natural advantages and anxious to spend the summer in just such a place. On the theory of the Scotchman that the devil should not have all the good tunes, she decided that there was no reason why the undesirable guests should preempt such an attractive establishment. She had friends who wanted to live in a similar place, and interested them in this same hotel. Twenty of them were finally persuaded to live in the hotel and try to hold their own against the other guests who had been in the habit of having everything their own way. The proprietor, delighted at this opportunity to regenerate his house, promised all the assistance in his power.

The result was a complete victory for the reformers. They soon had possession of the field, and the former boarders, relegated to second place, retired in discomfiture. Now the hotel this season is more exacting in its exclusiveness than any other near town.

SCHOONER SANK TWO WHALES

NAKED TRUTH FROM A LONG, BROWN, MAINE SKIPPER.

Ran Into a School of Big Fellows Off Maryland, and Cut Down Two—Principal Effect on Board Was to Release the Scalded Cook's Vocabulary.

The Adelia T. Carleton, a 208-ton schooner in the West Indies trade, came into port yesterday with sugar from Macoris. Her skipper, a Maine man, lean, long, brown as a coffee berry, hard as nails and saving of words, has got a whole story to tell to such as have ears to hear.

Last Tuesday morning, off the southern coast of Maryland, the schooner, going ten knots, cut through a school of whales, killing two and just shaving others almost as big as herself.

Truth is a naked lady and modest mariners sometimes blush and turn their heads when they meet her on the high seas, preferring to put her in a pretty little print petticoat and dress her up a bit when they fetch her into port, but George W. Lane, master mariner, of Rockport, Me., a man of family, says he didn't put a stitch on her.

"Any seafaring man knows that truth is a darned sight stranger than fiction," said the captain to a SUN reporter. "Most men before the mast love a neat lie, and the Lord knows they tell a many, and so do their officers; but if they'd just stick to the plain facts of things they see their yarns would be a sight more curiouser.

"Now, I don't know that I ever saw a rummier thing than the Adelia T. Carleton slambanging her way through a school of whales, any one of them hefty enough to sink her if they'd 'a' turned their minds to it.

"The thing happened last Tuesday morning about 10 o'clock when we were in latitude 30 degrees 52 minutes and longitude 72 degrees 10 minutes, about off the extreme southern coast of Maryland, by my reckoning. A fine breeze was singing through the rigging and the schooner was jumping for home at a good, round ten knots. I was on watch, hungry for home and downright hankering for apple pie, when it struck me all of a sudden that the air smelt wet and musty. There didn't seem to be any particular reason for that smell. The sun was bright and the sky as clear as a Rockport girl's eyes.

"We sailed along for about half an hour when a jar shook the schooner all through. I was thrown nearly off my feet. I heard our nigger cook give a yell in the galley, and saw him run out blowing on his hands and wrists from which hot soup was dripping. My! how that cook did talk! He damned the soup, the ship and the sea, and when his English cuss words petered out he took to Spanish and Italian.

"When I picked myself up and looked over the side I saw a great whale threshing past, belly half out of water, tail pounding the sea. He was in his death struggle, spouting bloody froth, and the sea about him was all reddish. His crampings and lashings and twistings made the schooner roll as she went by. Finally his big bulk, fully fifty feet long—nearly half the schooner's length—seemed to stiffen out. The sunshine flashed on his sickly white belly, and in the middle of his side was a great red wound where the schooner's forefoot had kicked him. Then he sank and the sea boiled over him.

"My men stood gaping until they were ordered about a bit, but we hadn't any more than got over the odd feeling we had in the pit of our stomachs when we saw another whale, as scared as a little perch, shoot across the bow of the schooner. He was bigger than the first; couldn't have been less than a 60-footer. There was no time to dodge him and the schooner caught him full amidships. He was tougher than the first and it took him longer to die. I'll never forget just how the poor thing looked. We were sorry for those fine big fellows, who might have lived until Judgment Day for all I know, but who had to die there all cut up and mangled. The back of the second whale was rough and corrugated and water ran in sluices from the wrinkles. There were streaks of seaweed and little sea shells and gray ooze on his back. We had cut him about a third in two.

"We were so taken up watching the two whales die that we didn't at first see that we were in the midst of a school of, perhaps, six or eight big fellows. One we just missed by a whisker. Another shot by us a rope's length away. The schooner wasn't hurt. The cook was the only sufferer. He was lifting a big kettle of soup off the galley fire when the first bump came and it was spilled all over him. His language was certainly violent."

Two Santo Domingo negroes who shipped on the Adelia T. Carleton without going through the necessary formalities had a rough voyage. They stowed away among the sugar casks for forty-eight hours without a bite to eat. Then, half starved, they crawled out and found Capt. Lane.

"I'm a mild man," said the skipper, telling about it, "a mild man, but I hate a stowaway like I despise a snake. A man likes to know what's in his hull, and ships have been set afire by those vermin. I won't say just what I did to them niggers, but you can bet they earned their passage to New York. Their names were James Henry and James Martin and they had an idea that you could pick up money off the street in the States. I guess they got that foolishness pretty well knocked out of 'em."

TO STUDY EVOLUTION THERE.

A Station of the Carnegie Institution to Be Opened To-morrow.

To-morrow there will be formally opened at Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., an evolution station of the Carnegie Institution. The site includes about ten acres donated by the Wawapex Society. The land is situated near the upper extremity of the harbor. The main laboratory is nearly completed. It is of brick, 40 feet by 60 feet, and three stories high. Its construction, furnishing and maintenance are provided for by a fund appropriated by the Carnegie Institution.

Dr. Charles B. Davenport of the University of Chicago has been appointed director of the station. In addition to the staff a number of botanists and zoologists have agreed to assist as an advisory board. New York is represented on this board by Dr. N. L. Britton, director-in-chief, and Dr. D. T. Macdougal, assistant director of the New York Botanical Garden, and Prof. E. B. Wilson and Prof. H. B. Crampton, zoologists of Columbia University.

The object of the new institution is to afford facilities for the study of the various branches of evolution—heredity, descent, relationships and development of species both of animals and plants.

If the questions touching on evolution are to be answered it is necessary that plants and animals be set growing in such a manner that their behavior can be observed.

FACED DEATH WITH A JEST.

Molloy Drank Poison While the Barber's Back Was Turned.

Peter Molloy, a middle-aged single man of 299 Tenth avenue, went yesterday afternoon about 3:30 o'clock to Carmine D'Avella's barber shop, 203 Bleecker street. He whistled a tune, cracked a joke with a barber friend and took a chair. When he had been shaved he went to the rear of the room and sat down. He was there so long that the barbers thought it queer. They thought he was asleep and tried to awaken him. It couldn't be done. Then they decided he was drunk and called in a cop, who summoned an ambulance from St. Vincent's Hospital.

"I'm no use here," said Dr. Black from the hospital. "The man's dead. Couldn't you people see he had drunk a gill of carbolic acid?"

In Molloy's pocket the empty bottle was found. At the Mercer street police station the dead man's aged mother said Molloy had been sickly and despondent. The barbers said Molloy must have drunk the acid while the man shaving him had his back turned.

A PALATABLE AND WHOLESOME BEVERAGE FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

Martini & Rossi
ITALIAN
Vermouth

TAKE IT WITH YOU WHEREVER YOU GO; DRINK IT WHEREVER YOU ARE.

NO LIBERTY IN HIS LINES.

Workhouse Poet Sings a Vain Appeal to Magistrate Cornell.

The effusions of John Donnelly, the Workhouse Poet, which have got him out of jail several times, have lost their subtle charm, so far as Magistrate Cornell is concerned.

The Magistrate received a letter from Donnelly in the Essex Market police court yesterday which read:

I was sentenced by you on Friday, June 3, on a charge of disorderly conduct to the workhouse for six months. Your Honor, my poor mother died last April from pneumonia while I was in England, as I work on cattle boats running from this city to Hull, and when I arrived home I felt pretty downhearted and started drinking for three weeks. I went around my own neighborhood, and while drunk met a young woman I knew. All was well until her mother had me arrested on the disorderly conduct charge. If your Honor will shorten this sentence I will be thoroughly thankful to you. I have been before your Honor before, five years ago, and got six months, but you discharged me after serving one month and six days, on a verse of poetry I sent you. Your Honor, I will state my case to you in a verse or two of poetry if you will shorten this sentence.

FIRST VERSE.

On the second of June I dreamt of a land so fair,
Where the rivers were rivers of beer,
And pumps spouting cocktails high up in the air,
And everything acted so queer.
Mint juleps in puddles filled the streets,
And the gutters were flowing with booze;
And the travelling drunkards drank their fill,
Then enjoyed a heavenly snooze.

SECOND VERSE.

Hot rum swamps of a beautiful green,
With islands of fine cracked ice.
Such a sight was never seen before—
Ah, but that dream was nice!
But this bibulous dream was a sorrowful one,
The result of a good night's sport;
For when I awoke I found myself at
The bar of the Yorkville court.
I looked at Judge Cornell with a pitiful eye,
But the booze I could not conceal,
I asked him to give me just one more chance,
But he gave me six months in jail.
Now, your Honor, relent, and I'll surely repent,
And stop drinking whiskey and beer,
And I'll make you a pledge on the word of a man,
Not to drink any more for a year.

The letter goes on to suggest that the poet be placed in the care of Probation Officer Van Kuren, to whom he will report regularly.

"He won't get me this time," said the Magistrate. "He will stay on the Island."

Magistrate Flammer and two of the other Magistrates discharged Donnelly on three other occasions after similar poetic appeals.

JULIA ARTHUR BEING SUED.

Left Over Fight From Her Stage Career Brings the Ex-Actress to Town.

Julia Arthur, who retired from the stage when she married B. F. Cheney of Boston, is in this city to defend an action brought against her by the executors of the Theodore Moss estate, lessees of Wallack's Theatre. Six years ago Miss Arthur signed a contract to play a five weeks engagement at Wallack's. Half that time was to be devoted to Shakespearean revivals and the remainder to presenting "A Lady of Quality."

Miss Arthur played for two weeks and a half, and on a Christmas eve, fifteen minutes before the performance was to begin, she sent word to the theatre that she was ill and could not play. That ended her engagement, and suit was brought against the actress by the theatre lessees for $10,000 damages.

Miss Arthur married and retired from the stage soon afterward. She has tried to have the suit dismissed on the ground that there was no cause for action. The Appellate Division ordered the case tried, and it was on the calendar in the Supreme Court yesterday, but was postponed until Monday.

LITTLE EVA, CORESPONDENT.

Named by Mrs. Washburn in Her Suit Against the Proprietor of "Uncle Tom."

Mrs. Ida Washburn has superseded her suit for a separation from Leon W. Washburn, who runs four "Uncle Tom's Cabin" companies and a circus, by bringing one for an absolute divorce. She charges Washburn with intimacy with several members of his companies, among them Nola Mason, who played *Eliza* and Carrie W. Hunter, who played *Little Eva*.

In suing for a separation Mrs. Washburn failed in a motion for alimony and counsel fee. A similar motion in the new suit will be argued in a few days. She has attached to her complaint several affidavits, among them statements by Carrie W. Hunter and other members of Washburn's companies, concerning the show manager's relations with the girls in his employ.

PRINTER SUES DUSS

For Debts in Productions Which Are Johnston's, He Says; Not Mine.

John S. Duss, the bandmaster, and Robert E. Johnston, his former manager, are defendants in a suit begun in the Supreme Court by the Strobridge Lithographing Company to recover $6,000 for printing and materials furnished for the productions of "Saratoga" and "Maud Muller." The plaintiff company claims that Duss and Johnston are both liable as partners. Duss denies his liability and disclaims having any interest in any of Johnston's productions.

Corporation to Dispose of Authors' Plays.

ALBANY, June 9.—"Mrs. H. C. Demille," a corporation, with principal office in New York city, has been formed to act as representative of authors of dramatic productions for the purpose of disposing of such productions and of the authors' rights, and to act in all matters connected with the production of plays. The capital stock is $6,000, and the directors are Mrs. Beatrice Demille, William C. Demille, Miss Evelyne Hilliard and Miss Marguerite Sweet of New York city.

Low—Herrick.

Miss Gertrude Herrick was married yesterday afternoon to Ethelbert Ide Low, son of the late Ethelbert Low of Brooklyn, in the Church of Zion and St. Timothy in West Fifty-seventh street, by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Henry Lubeck. The bride was given away by her father, Harold Herrick. She wore white satin with chiffon, lace and tulle and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Miss Ann L. Herrick was the maid of honor, and the Misses Mary Angeline Low and Margaret R. L. Walsh, Lulu Lefferts, Elizabeth Ladd, Caroline V. Scott and Esther Kennedy were bridesmaids. Benjamin R. C. Low, Josiah O. Low, Lyman R. Hine, Newbold L. Herrick, Willis D. Wood, George Gould Lincoln, Gardner Abbott, Charles D. Miller and Richard B. Tillinghast were the best man and ushers.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Harold Herrick, the bride's parents, gave a reception for the bridal party, relatives and friends at their home, 22 West Twelfth street.

Thouron—Gray.

WILMINGTON, Del., June 9.—Miss Emily Gray, daughter of Judge and Mrs. George Gray, was married at the home of her parents in this city at noon to-day to Henry Thouron of Philadelphia. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Charles Stevens, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. After the ceremony there was a reception, attended by about 200 invited guests. Mr. and Mrs. Thouron started upon a wedding journey which will embrace a tour of Europe.

PUBLICATIONS. | PUBLICATIONS.

Success Among Nations

By EMIL REICH, LL. D.

An interesting, up-to-date, and yet scholarly consideration of the three questions in which the average man's chief interest in history centres—Which were the successful nations? What were the causes of their success? Which nations are likely to be the successful nations of the future? What part America has taken in the world struggle up to the present, what it may expect of the future, and the reasons therefore, are subjects of assured interest to the general reader.

PRICE $2.00 NET.

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QUEER CHARGE OF GAMBLING.

STOCKS AND ROULETTE MIXED UP IN BROKER'S OFFICE.

Flat Contradictions as to Who Owned the Wheel—Value of Collateral for Margin Also in Dispute—Magistrate Clears Western Railroad Man's in Son Court.

Frederick Schultz, alias Fichinger, of 104 West Forty-eighth street, who was arrested as a common gambler on April 22, was discharged by Magistrate Breen in the Tombs police court yesterday. Schultz's arrest was caused by Herman F. Reed and John A. Cornelison, two clerks in the employ of Ives & Whicher, brokers, of 66 Broadway.

George F. McGuire, an attorney, who represented Reed and Cornelison, sent a clerk to the police court to ask for a postponement when the case was called, but his request was opposed by Assistant District Attorney Krotel.

"This is such a peculiar case," said Mr. Krotel, "that I feel it my duty to ask for an immediate hearing."

Reed was then placed on the stand.

"Schultz commenced to deal with Ives & Whicher in January or February," he said, "but I do not know anything about his affairs with the firm. One afternoon, after office hours, he came in with a bag containing a sort of roulette layout and induced us to play. A few days later he invited us to go to what he called his 'gambling house.' We went to the West Forty-eighth street house, and I lost $10. Then I complained to the police."

"The cause of my arrest," said Schultz, "was to force me to pay Ives & Whicher money which they claimed I owed them. My father is vice-president of one of the Rock Island lines, and probably it was thought that the fear of being accused of being a common gambler and a thief would force me to pay the brokers' demands. Ives & Whicher really owe me between $4,000 and $6,000, although they claim that I owe about $3,000.

"One day when I had made about $1,800 in a speculation, Mr. Ives asked me if I wanted to play a little game. It was then that the roulette outfit was produced in his office."

"Did the outfit belong to Mr. Ives," inquired Magistrate Breen.

"It was on a table in his office and I suppose that it was his property," said Schultz. "It certainly did not belong to me. I lost considerable money at the game. Mr. Ives was the winner.

"Some time after this occurrence I asked for a settlement and was surprised to find that the brokers claimed $3,000, while I supposed that there was much more than that due me. I refused to pay and was threatened with arrest as a common gambler. I immediately went to the police and gave myself up. After that, Ives & Whicher obtained a warrant charging me with the larceny of about $3,000. I was arrested in the middle of the night, although there was no reason to fear that I would run away."

"On what ground was the charge of larceny based?" inquired Magistrate Breen.

"When I commenced dealing with Ives & Whicher," said Schultz, "I deposited with them to cover margins shares of stock in the Mechanics' National Bank worth about $1,200. The brokers had the market quotations at hand and could readily have learned the value of the stock. It is their business to know such things. They now allege that I falsely represented to them that the stock was worth $4,800."

"This seems to be a flimsy affair," remarked Magistrate Breen.

Schultz was discharged.

HELD, THOUGH NOT WANTED.

"This Man Might Have Been Set at Liberty if He Had Not Appealed to Cæsar."

Philip Eisenbach is still in the Tombs, although the Grand Jury yesterday dismissed a complaint of grand larceny against him. Eisenbach is still held because there is a writ of habeas corpus pending for which he applied on June 3 in the Supreme Court on the ground that he was being unjustly deprived of his liberty. Argument on it was adjourned from day to day, the last adjournment being at noon yesterday.

At that time the Grand Jury had already dismissed the complaint, although the fact was not announced until an hour later. After the complaint was dismissed Eisenbach's lawyer and relatives tried to get him out of the Tombs, but could not because Assistant District Attorney Sandford was not to be found to sign a stipulation for the withdrawal of the application for the writ, which directs that the prisoner be produced to-day before Supreme Court Justice Clarke.

TRAIN CRASH ON STATEN ISLAND.

Passengers Bruised—Engine Broke Loose—Stopped Too Quickly.

An accident in which several persons were slightly injured occurred on the Amboy division of the Staten Island Rapid Transit Railroad yesterday morning. The St. George express train, well filled with commuters bound to Manhattan, left Tottenville shortly after 8 o'clock. The train after leaving Tottenville makes no stops.

When near the Pleasant Plains station, and while travelling at a high speed, the engine became uncoupled from the train and ran far ahead. The engineer applied the brakes without a proper calculation of the momentum of the following train. No sooner had the engine stopped than the three cars crashed into it.

Many of the passengers were thrown from their seats to the floor, but, excepting a severe shaking up and slight bruises, none was hurt.

LICKED HIM IN COURT.

Sentenced Small Boy Punches a Derisive Elder Prisoner.

Frank Villano, a tailor's apprentice, and Ralph Mellieca, a schoolboy, both 14, pleaded guilty before Judge Cowing, in the General Sessions, yesterday, to burglary and were sent to the Catholic Protectory. Such youngsters generally are tried in the Children's Court, and when, after being sentenced, they reached the pen one of the men prisoners said: "Pipe the kids," whereupon Villano leaped upon him, pulled him down and punched him.

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SAYS FATHER SWORE FALSELY.

Seventeen-Year-Old Girl Denies Her Own Story, Too, in Fur Case.

Ida Filarsky, a seventeen-year-old girl, testified yesterday before Justice Rich in the criminal branch of the Supreme Court in behalf of Emanuel Sidman, president of the United States Fur Company, of 56 Prince street, who is accused of receiving furs stolen from other concerns.

The girl was called by Lawyer A. Levy to offset the testimony of her father, who was indicted jointly with Sidman, but who was removed from the Tombs to the House of Detention for Witnesses. She declared false her father's testimony to the effect that she was present when Sidman called at Filarsky's home and made out checks to pay men who had stolen furs and sold them to Sidman and Filarsky. She denied other statements her father had made of criminal actions of Sidman in her presence, and she declared that she knew nothing wrong concerning the defendant.

Assistant District Attorney Garvan then questioned her from a statement which she had made in his office, and certain portions of it she declared false.

"Ida," said Lawyer Levy, "how is it that you made one statement in Mr. Garvan's office and an entirely dissimilar one here?"

The girl wept.

"When I was in Mr. Garvan's office," she said, "Lawyer Rosenbloom, who was in the office, took me aside and said: 'Little girl, what is your name?'

"'Ida,' I said, and he said:

"'Why don't you put it all on Sidman? If you don't you will be sent to State prison for twenty years.'

"Then I was frightened and told all these lies in Mr. Garvan's office."

Mr. Rosenbloom, who represents a fire insurance company which is holding up a claim based on a fire in the Prince street place, will be called to refute Miss Filarsky's assertions. The trial will be continued to-day.

MORE TRANSFERS TO BROADWAY.

Second, Third and Fourth Avenue Cars to Exchange for One Fare to the Battery.

The New York City (Metropolitan) Railway Company has decided to establish a new transfer station at the junction of Park row and Broadway, south of the Post Office, putting the East Side in direct connection with the Battery, through the Second, Third and Fourth avenue lines. General Manager Oren Root has issued orders to the effect, which are to become effective on Sunday next, by which time it is hoped that the area at the south end of the Post Office will be cleared.

Transfers will be issued both ways, passengers taking the Broadway, Columbus avenue and Lexington avenue lines at points south of Vesey street will be furnished on application with transfers passing them over the Third, Fourth and Second avenue divisions, north of the Harlem River, and East Side passengers with transfers south.

TWO 710 FOOT HAMBURG BOATS.

Amerika and Europa Will Be Built for Comfort, Not Speed.

The Hamburg-American Line announces that its biggest ship, building at the Vulcan works at Stettin, will be ready for service in 1906, and that she will be called the Europa. She will be a sister to the Amerika, which will be turned out by Harland & Wolff of Belfast.

The great liners are not built for speed, but comfort. They will be 710 feet long, 75 feet wide and of 54 feet depth of hold. Each will have accommodation for 1,200 cabin passengers, 2,389 steerage passengers and will be able to carry 14,000 tons of cargo. They will make the trip from England to New York in eight days and from Hamburg in nine days.

NO INSULTS TO REV. DR. BAYLIS.

Story That Scurrilous Letters Were Sent to Brooklyn Pastor Untrue.

Through an accident a story was published on Wednesday that scurrilous letters had been sent anonymously to the Rev. Dr. Charles T. Baylis of the Bushwick Avenue Congregational Church in Brooklyn.

No such letters were received by Mr. Baylis or his wife, and he is at a loss to understand how the report originated. Expressions attributed to him, as that he did not see why he should be so cruelly treated, and that he intended to place the matter in the hands of the Post Office Department, were never uttered by him.

Nassau Supervisors Already Exonerated.

District Attorney Niemann of Nassau county, speaking yesterday of the charges brought against the three supervisors of the county by Amos G. Sullivan of Farmingdale, said that there was nothing new in the charges, that they had been investigated by the Nassau county Grand Jury in February and that the accused men were completely exonerated. Mr. Niemann declared that Sullivan in reviving the charges, was acting in the interests of a well known politician of Nassau county. The whole matter will come up before Justice Marean, sitting in Mineola as a committing Magistrate, on Saturday next.

Bishop Burke of Albany Goes Abroad.

The Right Rev. T. M. A. Burke, Bishop of Albany, sailed for Europe on the Deutschland yesterday. He has not been called to Rome regarding the division of the archdiocese of New York, as has been rumored. Such a division, an eminent ecclesiastic said yesterday, is improbable now or in the near future.

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