WILLIAMS & WALKER ARE HOME

IN SYMBOLIC COATS, WITH A POOR OPINION OF THE ENGLISH.

They're a Cold People and Laugh According to Precedence—This Is the Real Country for the Colored Brother After All—Seventh Avenue Rejoices.

Seventh avenue does not need to be told to-day that Williams and Walker came back from England on the Cunarder Aurania yesterday. Seventh avenue knows. The avenue was so well informed on the subject yesterday, and was so joyous that an automobile procession, in which the sixty-two members of the Williams & Walker theatrical troupe were making a triumphal progress uptown from the pier, had to be broken up and dispersed.

Williams and Walker, with the sixty other American negroes who make up their theatrical company, have been abroad since April, 1903. In that time they have filled a nine months engagement at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, and have toured the provinces with great profit to the company's treasure chest.

Of all these things the press agent of Hurtig & Seamon will sing loud to any one who will let himself get locked into a room to listen. But the unprofessional observers of the returning Dahomeyans were more interested yesterday in studying the effect on them of the trip abroad in outward signs and in inward intellectual development.

The outward signs were generally regarded as rather amusing. George Walker, for instance, wore a wonderful coat which he proudly displayed as having had "made in London after original designs." He described it as having "a Norfolk front, kinder symbolical of the Southern origin of most of the company, and a Richmond back, with historic reference to the recent visit to England."

The jacket is very short and is very loose in the back, with a short belt to take up the slack. In front it is very plain except for huge flaps on all of the unnumbered pockets. Mr. Walker informed his managers yesterday, with indiscreet confidence, that he had caused the manufacture of eleven different suits of clothes along these identical lines, so infatuated was he with his own combination of lines of grace and beauty.

The fellow members of his race, as they observed Mr. Walker seated beside Mr. Williams in the first of the sixteen automobiles which delighted Seventh avenue yesterday afternoon, took instant note of this costume, and the rapid breaking up of the crowd was in no small measure due to the haste of many Seventh avenue and Fifty-third street exquisites to get to their tailor shops with the utmost speed.

Most negroes who have sought glory abroad for their literary or dramatic abilities have come back emphasizing the social courtesy with which they have been received on the other side. They have dwelt upon the absence of any "color line" in England, and have delighted their auditors by gravely announcing that they have met and mingled familiarly with royalty and have found the King or the Prince of Wales "a perfect gentleman." Williams and Walker abandoned this custom-beaten path.

To be sure they did give a performance on the lawn at Buckingham Palace on the birthday of a youngster of whom Mr. Walker spoke cheerfully yesterday as "little Prince Eddie of Wales." And Ada Overton Walker did give lessons in cake walk dancing to Lady Constance McKenzie, Miss Muriel Wilson and other persons with a desire for novelty. They had crowded houses almost all of their time abroad and made a lot of money.

"But," said George Walker yesterday, "we have not returned with any delusions about this not being the best land in the world for a man or a woman of our color to live in. There is a color line here, yes, but if a negro wants a job in this country, he can get it, if he can do the work. He will not be forced to starve to death just because of his color.

"Now, we were treated with the greatest kindness and appreciation in England. We were amusing. We were curiosities. We were freaks, if you choose to put it that way. But everywhere I went, every step of the way, I felt that if I were not in the theatrical profession, if I were not, with the rest of our company, more or less of a novelty, I would be allowed to starve to death before I would ever get a chance to do a lick of work to earn the price of a meal. They are a cold, cold people.

"Yes," chipped in Mrs. Walker, "they won't laugh in a theatre until Mrs. So-and-So has laughed. They are all watching her. If she doesn't laugh, then their eyes dance and they are entertained, but they must not show it. If she laughs, then everybody laughs. It isn't a free country."

"But did Williams and Walker ever make Mrs. So-and-So laugh?" asked the interviewer.

"Sure we did," rejoined the head of the house of Walker. "But what we mean is that we resented their waiting for some one else to give the cue before they dared express their own real feeling. We may get all kinds of talk about the color line over here. For myself and for Bert Williams, I will say that we have never had any trouble and that I never knew the self-respecting sensible colored man who did.

"But we know that at bottom the people of the United States, no matter how much they may differ in color, have some heart and that you can find it if you look for it in the right way, and if I could say, without deprecating the many kindnesses we received on the other side, that the same kindness was not always discernible over there—it would express exactly what my feelings were."

It was just a year ago to-day that the Williams & Walker company was commanded to appear before the royal family at Buckingham Palace. The event is fittingly commemorated on the stationery of the company by the emblazoning thereon of the royal coat of arms and intertwining therein the Williams & Walker firm name, with the date of the royal appearance duly inscribed below. There was a report on Broadway last night that all the members of the company had their undergarments emblazoned with the same device, over their monograms.

Mr. Walker explained further what he meant by saying that Britishers did not give the negro a square deal as a man and a brother.

"You let a black man get into an automobile and start off with it over there," said he. "The folks on the street will tare and shiver like they were going to throw a fit. I don't know, but I hope that we taught them a little something about the mental capacity of the American negro. They are used to colored folks from all sorts of outlandish countries. They would come up to us with all sorts of foreign tongues.

"'Kee-wee! Polly-woofuzzy-az!' says the first man who was introduced to me over there.

"'No friend,' says I. 'Not that for me. Plain U. S. A. is my talk!'

"He fell back and was clean astonished. But after they found we had the goods with us and had some common intelligence we had no trouble at all.

"No, this is the colored man's country for a fair chance, just as it is the white man's. We may not know all there is to know, but we know when we are well off."

THE LATE ERNST OTZ'S GIFT.

A Million and a Half Francs to the Town of Berne.

The late Ernst Otz of Hoboken, who was a member of the firm of Schwarzenbach, Huber & Co., dealers in silks at 472 Broome street, Manhattan, left 1,500,000 francs ($289,500) to the town of Berne, Switzerland, where his boyhood was spent.

Mr. Otz died on October 31, 1903. The news of the bequest came to New York yesterday by cable and was confirmed at the home of Mr. Otz's widow, 636 Hudson street, Hoboken, last night. Mrs. Otz would not discuss the reasons for the gift, referring inquirers to her late husband's partners. Mr. Huber is in Europe. Mr. Schwarzenbach could not be found last night.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"You might think," said the man who usually takes things at their face value, "that the tobacconist whose window shows a costly display of the best goods to smoke wastes a lot of money in putting them there for the sun to spoil. I did till yesterday. I don't any longer.

"I bought a package of a popular tobacco that comes put up in little muslin sacks. I noticed in opening it that the internal revenue stamp that is always put on so that it must be broken to open the package was absent; but I went up in the air so to speak, when inside, instead of tobacco, I found that the bag contained closely packed sawdust. With visions of having unearthed a gigantic fraud, I hurried back to the store. It's lucky I didn't take a cop.

"'Oh,' said the salesman, 'that's a dummy used in the window displays. It got in with the genuine by mistake. Gee! I wonder if any more got—out?'"

"The praises of the civil servants of New York have been sounded far and near for the magnificent work they did at the Slocum disaster," said the veteran newspaper man, "and I was glad to hear 'em. The policemen, Health Department employees and others on the job deserved every good word that was said of them. At the same time I would like to ask, what's the matter with the reporters?

"The task of 'covering' that story was one of the worst they ever undertook. It called for a rare show of physical endurance and devotion to duty. I met one evening newspaper man who had been forty hours on the assignment without sleep. Of course this was an extreme case, but not an exceptional one. The reporters, besides doing their own work, helped, in many cases, those who were looking for lost ones, and lent a sympathetic ear to their sorrowful tales."

Looking down from the Brooklyn Bridge, as the car sped toward Manhattan, what seemed for the instant a thrilling rescue under way on the river became visible. Standing on the deck of a Fulton ferryboat, in the Brooklyn slip, a deckhand pulled frantically at a rope attached to something that struggled in the river.

A second glance—the vision had to work as quickly as a snap shot camera—made plain that the rope was tied to a white bull terrier. The dog breasted the current bravely and pulled on the rope as a huge fish might have done. It was still swimming about and kicking up a great commotion in the water when the view vanished.

"No, it ain't my dog," said the deckhand, when found later by the curious onlooker, "It's a fightin' dog owned down the street. I give him a swim every day from the boat. The rope is fastened to a girth, like those the fat pugs wear, and the dog jumps in for the swim and likes it."

"I notice in THE SUN this morning the plaint of a Southerner who has trouble in passing silver dollars," said a recent arrival from the Far West, "and that reminds me. When I first arrived I was weeks in shaking off the impression that New Yorkers are a race of millionaires.

"In the West bills mean big money. If a man has a stack of dollars, they're in silver. If he has ten or twenty dollars, it's in gold. Bills mean fifties and hundreds. So when a man flashes a roll, it generally shows that he's made of money. So for weeks whenever I saw a man counting a stack of bills, representing maybe as much as $8, my first instinctive thought was that I'd struck a financier. I haven't got over it yet. Six paper dollars in my pocket make me feel like Vanderbilt."

The office boy had confessed in the police court that he had stolen a dollar from his employer.

"What did you do with it?" asked the Magistrate.

"I went down to Coney Island and had a good time," confessed the culprit.

"Did you go alone?"

"Yes, sir."

The Magistrate removed his spectacles and regarded the youthful prisoner severely. Then he made this remarkable speech:

"Don't you ever do that again. Don't be a hog. If you must steal money don't be selfish and take all the pleasure yourself. Take some one else with you, and let them get some pleasure, too, so that you will make up in some degree for your own wickedness. It's bad enough to steal. Don't add being a selfish hog to your other guilt."

GIANT HIPPODROME PLANNED.

To Seat 5,400 and Cost a Million—To Be in 42d Street and Ready by Jan. 1.

Frederick Thompson of Thompson & Dundy, proprietors of Luna Park, signed a contract yesterday with the Fuller Construction Company to build a large theatre and hippodrome at Sixth avenue and Forty-second street, Manhattan. It will cost more than $1,000,000, the announcement said. The site has been leased for sixty years from the United States Realty Company. The building will be 240 feet by 200 and 70 feet high, or four times the size of the London Hippodrome, and will seat 5,400 persons. It will be built of iron, stone and brick and the contract calls for its completion so that the first performance can be given on or before Jan. 1, 1905. Work will be begun in ten days.

One half of the building will be constructed for a circus and the rest for use as a theatre. The proscenium opening of the stage will be 110 feet wide and the stage 200 feet wide. There will be a tank 110 feet long on the stage arranged to sink out of sight.

Mr. Thompson, who is an architect, has drawn the plans. They will be submitted to the Building Department on Monday. The exits and stairways, it was announced, put together will be 116 feet wide.

PAIN'S FIREWORKS.

Decatur's Exploit at Tripoli Put in Fire at Manhattan Beach.

An immense crowd witnessed the opening of Pain's fireworks at Manhattan Beach last night. The chief feature was the portrayal in fiery lines of the blowing up of the American warship Philadelphia in the harbor of Tripoli by Capt. Decatur, one hundred years ago and the subsequent bombardment and capture of the city by Commodore Preble. The spectacle was both gorgeous and realistic. After the preliminary scenes, which included the entrance of the Bashaw of Tripoli on a white horse, and an Arabian wedding procession, the ketch having on board Decatur and his men in disguise, crossed the bay and anchored under the Philadelphia.

Next came the boarding scenes and the hand to hand encounter between decks. There was a flash of light and the American sailors came tumbling back into the ketch, followed by Capt. Decatur, the last to leave the ship. The Philadelphia burst into flames. A series of explosions followed and the ship was blown to pieces.

The fleet of American war vessels then sailed up and bombarded the city. The town was taken by assault after a fierce conflict and the Bashaw surrended to Commodore Preble. The performance wound up with a fine display of Pain's fireworks. The costumes were rich and varied and the ballet was generously applauded.

New Stars for the Proctor Theatres.

Robert T. Haines and Laura Hope Crewes have been engaged by the Proctor management, to appear at Proctor's 23d street Theatre and the Proctor theatre in Newark, jointly, in a comedietta by Genevieve Haines entitled "A Happy Morning," from July 11 to 18, and for a week after that at the Fifth Avenue and 125th Street theatres.

Duss to Popularize His Music Once a Week.

It was announced last night at Madison Square Garden that hereafter Bandmaster Duss would devote one night each week to popular music. Heretofore the programme has consisted almost entirely of classical music. The first of the popular music concerts will be given next Tuesday night.

Klaw & Erlanger Get Rice and Prevost.

Klaw & Erlanger have engaged Rice and Prevost and they will be under the management of this firm for the next two years.

EMLYN GILL MARRIES AGAIN.

WEDS MRS. PAULINE JOHNSON AFTER BRIEF COURTSHIP.

His First Wife Was Annetta S. Potts, Who Died of Heart Failure After Her South Dakota Divorce From Earl Clinton Potts Had Been Declared Illegal.

Emlyn M. Gill, president of the Gill Engraving Company, at 140 Fifth avenue, was married a week ago yesterday to Mrs. Pauline Frances Johnson. The wedding took place in the office of ex-Judge John A. Van Zelm, on Main street, New Rochelle. Justice of the Peace Charles A. Van Auken performed the ceremony. The witnesses were Judge Van Zelm and Paul Williams, the yachtsman.

Gill met Mrs. Johnson for the first time on Memorial Day at a reception at the New Rochelle Yacht Club. Cornelius J. Lynch of Brooklyn introduced them. It was a case of love at first sight. Mrs. Johnson had been a widow for several years. Her home is on West Eighty-first street, this city; but she had been visiting Mrs. LeRoy Twiss, of Neptune avenue, New Rochelle.

The day after the yacht club reception Gill surprised his friends by purchasing a new house in the Neptune Park section of New Rochelle. He paid $15,000 for the house. His frequent visits to the Twiss residence gave the gossips something to talk about.

The wedding was kept a secret. Not even the bride or bridegroom's intimate friends and relatives were informed of the marriage until yesterday. They were told last night just before Mr. and Mrs. Gill boarded a train for Boston, where Gill will attend a class reunion at the Harvard commencement.

Gill's first wife died of heart failure on April 23, 1902. Previous to her marriage to Gill she was Annetta S. Potts, wife of Earl Clinton Potts of Orange, N. J. Two days before her death Vice-Chancellor Stevens of New Jersey signed a decree setting aside a divorce secured by her from Potts in South Dakota, and granting a divorce to Potts. Gill had been named in Potts's suit as corespondent. Vice-Chancellor Stevens's decree made the marriage to Gill illegal. The shock resulting from this decree brought on the attack of heart failure that caused Mrs. Gill's death.

The Pottses were married on April 26, 1888, and they took up their residence in Orange. Two doors away was the home of John Gill, ex-Mayor of Orange. His son Emlyn became very friendly with the Pottses in the summer of 1896. Potts heard stories that caused him to order Gill from his house. Three months later Mr. and Mrs. Potts signed articles of separation.

Mrs. Potts in 1897 went to live in South Dakota, and on Sept. 28 of that year secured a divorce. The next day she was married to Gill at Sioux Falls. They came to this city and finally took up a residence in New Rochelle.

Hulse—Gignoux.

Harriet Adele, daughter of Mrs. John Francis Gignoux, of Monroe, N. Y., was married yesterday to Frederick Hulse in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth avenue and Forty-fifth street, by the Rev. Dr. D. Parker Morgan. Miss Marie Matthiessen was the maid of honor. There were no bridesmaids. Percy O'Sullivan was the best man, and Ralph Bisbee, Ashbel P. Nichols, Dr. Norman Dittman and Dr. Ransom Hooker were ushers. They wore in their scurfs topaz pins presented by the bridegroom.

There were palms and daisies in the chancel. The bride was given away by her brother, J. F. Gignoux. She wore white liberty chiffon, tucked, and a tulle veil caught with sprays of lilies of the valley, and carried a shower bouquet of the lilies.

The maid of honor was attired in pale pink liberty chiffon with a tucked edge and yoke, with a berthe and pink chiffon hat, and roses to match. She carried pink sweet peas.

After the ceremony the bride's sister, Mrs. Banner of 72 West Forty-fifth street, gave a reception.

Walton—Olena.

Miss Lillias Virginia Olena was married last Wednesday evening to William Walton, Jr., at her home, 179 St. John's place, Brooklyn. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. W. McCarty, rector of St. Augustine's Church. The bride is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Theophilus Olena, formerly president of the Aldermen of Brooklyn, and the bridegroom is a son of ex-Sheriff William Walton of Kings county. On account of the illness of Mrs. Olena, only members of the two families were present.

Henry—Fell.

PHILADELPHIA, June 23.—Miss Mae Drexel Fell, daughter of Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer, was married to-day to Howard Houston Henry at St. Thomas's Church, Whitemarsh. The bridesmaids were the Misses Caroline Henry, Virginia Osborne, Christine Biddle, Elizabeth Meade, Gertrude Childs, Jean McGinley, Esther Lloyd, Amy Howe, Mary Astor Paul and Elizabeth Tuckerman. The dressing was ornate. After the ceremony a reception was given at Camp Hill Hall, the country seat of the bride's mother.

Platt—Drayton.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., June 23.—At the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alvan Drayton, Miss Sara Cole Drayton was married to-night to Theodore I. Platt of Cleveland. The Rev. John M. Thomas, pastor of the Arlington Avenue Presbyterian Church, performed the ceremony. The bride was attended by her niece, Miss Anita Grunge of Cleveland, as maid of honor. Benjamin Platt of New York, a brother of the bridegroom, was the best man. A large reception followed the ceremony.

MINING MAN A SUICIDE.

Carl Schmidt, Whose Wife Is Ill, Shoots Himself.

Carl Schmidt, 54 years old, a wealthy mine operator, shot and killed himself some time yesterday at his home, 1094 Dawson street, The Bronx, where he lived with a sister, Mrs. Mary Beyrodt. He spent most of the year at Deloro, Ont., where he was the vice-president of a mining company.

Schmidt was to have left for Canada at 8 o'clock last night, and Mrs. Beyrodt was going with him. She left the house early in the day to visit friends and had arranged to meet him at the 125th street station of the New York Central. He did not appear, and she went to the house. On the third floor she found him stretched out on a couch with a revolver in his right hand. He had been dead several hours.

Mrs. Beyrodt can give no reason for the suicide. Schmidt, she says, was in good health and had no money difficulties. His wife is in a private sanitarium at 187 East Sixtieth street and is to be operated on in a few days. Schmidt called at the sanitarium on Wednesday night and talked with his wife.

CHAIR OF RUSSIAN AT COLUMBIA.

A New Department of History Established—Influence of the War.

International events are again influencing the course of studies at Columbia University. Courses in Spanish and in the government of colonies were instituted after the Spanish war; the department of Chinese was established after the Boxer insurrection, and it is now announced that next fall a lectureship in Russian history will be started under the auspices of the faculty of political science. The first incumbent of the new chair will be Dr. Vladimir Gr. Simkhovitch, who has been the supervisor of the department of serials in the university library.

Canada Southern Dividend 1 1-4.

The directors of the Canada Southern declared a semi-annual dividend of 1¼ per cent. yesterday on the stock of the road, this being an increase of ¼ per cent. compared with the corresponding dividend of last year, but a decrease of ¼ compared with the February payment. This makes the total payment for the year 3½ per cent., and is the first dividend under the new lease which became effective in January and provided for 2½ per cent. annual dividends on the $15,000,000 of stock until 1910, after which the rate is 3 per cent.

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HARVARD Dancing Academy. Open all Summer. 136-140 West 23d St. Receptions, Wed., Sat. & Sunday nights. Pop'r prices.

27 CHINAMEN IN BANKRUPTCY.

Accused of Preferring One Creditor by Handing Over a Horse and Wagon.

Something of the way Chinamen in this city combine to do business was shown by the filing on Wednesday of a petition in bankruptcy in the United States Court against the Yee Wah Lung Company of 10½ Pell street. There have been other failures in Chinatown but, according to the oldest inhabitants of Mott and Pell street, bankruptcy proceedings against the merchants of the colony are unusual.

The Yee Wah Lung Company had sold rice, nuts, dried fish and other Chinatown grocery staples at the same address for the last fifteen years, always under the firm name, but the personnel of the concern has changed half a dozen times within that time. Like nearly all the Chinatown mercantile houses, it was made up of a lot of thrifty laundrymen scattered all over the city who contributed a small share each to set the business going and then shared the profits. Whenever one of the partners decides that he has made a big enough pile to go back to China he sells out his interest in the store, and the purchaser is taken in as a new member.

The wise men of Mott street said yesterday that they were not surprised to see the doors of the Yee Wah Lung Company closed because, they explained, some very foolish and irresponsible partners have been taken in. There were twenty-seven in the company when it failed and here's the best that the law clerk who drew up the petition could do with the names of the partners who are declared to be bankrupt:

Lou Quen.	Chung Dog.
Lee Wing.	Lou Hork Young.
Lee Foo.	Lou Hork Gin.
Wong Wun Gin.	Lou Hork Jung.
Wong Lee.	Lou Dig Goun.
Wong Kim Tuck.	Lee Sing.
Lou Kwong Guon.	Lou Shang Goun.
Wong Joe.	Joe Poy.
Wong Gime.	Wong Tong.
Wong Long.	Wong Gim Do.
Wong Side Chin.	Lee Wah On.
Lou Song Chong.	Lou Hing Kwong.
Lou Way Tong.	Lee Ten Suey.
Lou Tuck Goun.	

The creditors are Sun Kwong On & Co. of 33 Mott street, who claim $1,555; Kwong Tai Chang & Co. of 32 Pell street, who demand $182 and Francis H. Leggett & Co., whose schedules for groceries amount to $234.

The members of Sun Kwong On & Co. are Lee Choup, Lee Yut, Lou Ong, Lee Yan Poo, Leong Yick Gum and Moy Tig.

The merchants who do business under the name of Kwong Tai Chang & Co. are Chin Men Duck, Chin Sheng Chong, Chin Zim Yee, Guy Sam Why and Chin Guey.

The creditors accuse the twenty-seven partners of trying to make a rice dealer named Marks a preferred creditor by surreptitiously transferring to him, after they became insolvent, one horse and wagon.

Bequest for Jamaica Library Void.

Justice Marean has decided that the bequest made by James Herrman to found a public library in Jamaica, L. I., is void. The proceedings were brought by Samuel C. Herrman. The bequest was not made until within sixty days of the testator's death.