THE STORK'S FAVORITE ROOST

FIVE BABIES AND GREAT EXPECTATIONS AT 281 MONROE ST.

Twenty-eight Families Averaged Five Children Each on the 1st, and the Figure Is Still Going Up—Shapiro's Surprise Party—Woman Who Talked.

Race suicide has no advocates among the residents in the big double tenement house at 281 Monroe street. On the first of the month rent was collected from twenty-eight families, the average number of children in which was five. Since then the stork has visited the house five times, and the indications last night were that he would soon have to make the house his permanent residence.

This, according to persons who claim to know, is the season of the year when noses are most frequently disjointed in the Ghetto. So, when a young man wearing glasses and dark clothes, and carrying a small black bag, rushed into the house early on the morning of October 2, the only comment was:

"Who vass id?"

When the medical man came out later he was stopped by the crowd of women at the door with the whispered query: "Vot vass id?"

"Boy," was the quick reply.

The appearance of Abraham Orsky, who lives on the first floor rear, smiling and excited, saved the doctor from the necessity of answering further questions.

On Sunday morning, some time before sunrise, Louis Kepner, who occupies two little rooms in the basement, roused all the tenants and invited the men folks to have a drink.

"Yes! Sure! Das ist recht!" he exclaimed, as they wondered at this sudden burst of generosity. "I vould maig id doo, but id iss only a girl."

The crowd was returning from a saloon where enforcement of the excise law is moderate, when a young doctor from the Lying-in Hospital entered the house and bounding up the stairs three at a time made his way to the apartments of Samuel Shapiro on the fifth floor rear. Pretty soon he announced that it was a girl.

"Goot! Goot!" exclaimed Shapiro, who has been married but a year, "only I rather id vas a ——"

"You've got it," interrupted the doctor. "There's a boy, too."

"Vot? A boy! But you say ——"

"Yes, a boy and a girl. Twins."

Shapiro threw up both hands and groaned. "Such a beezness," he cried. "Dot's doo much! Please, meester," he pleaded, "don'd sday somedinks more. Remempe I'm only a poor man! Dwins! Ach, Himmel!"

The Shapiro twins, the first born in the house within six months, caused no end of excitement. Heads of families held the young father up, patted him on the back and suggested double celebrations. Women shouted the news from window to window and children rambled up and down the block telling passers by of the luck that had fallen on their house.

A group of portly matrons were discussing the subject in front of the house Tuesday afternoon, when Mrs. Rosie Baum, the janitress, remarked that Mrs. Shapiro "wasn't such a much."

Shortly afterward there was a hurry call for an ambulance, but before its arrival Mrs. Baum and her newly born daughter had been cared for by neighbors.

A SUN reporter who visited the tenement last night was mistaken for a doctor.

"Not yet," said two housewives. Another sent her little daughter to ask if the "doctor" "couldn't wait a little while."

All the recent arrivals were reported as doing well, and their fathers have planned a joint celebration to be held some night before the end of the month.

GIRLS, BUNCH OF 'EM,

Invade Mullett Building and Set Henkel and the Venerable Shields a Tip-Toe.

The Federal Building was in a flutter yesterday because fifteen brand new young women invaded one of the court rooms and began making an abstract of the naturalization records with which to assist the Department of Justice in clearing up the naturalization frauds.

The fifteen girls hired by Special Examiner Van Duzen of the Department of Justice will compile a kind of index of all citizens naturalized in this district. Later the names indexed will be looked up on the immigration records of the Custom House and all fraud will be transparent.

The girls were objects of interest to all the officials, young and old, in the building. United States Marshal Henkel glanced furtively about to see whether Deputy Marshal Lillie Henkel, his daughter, was looking, and then he slipped into the populous court room, threw out his chest and in a manly voice proceeded to issue orders to the deputies he stationed there for the convenience of the girls.

"Give them girls good seats," he thundered, "and help them all you can." Fifteen fair faces smiled on the Marshal.

Later Commissioner Shields plucked up courage to go in and have a look. Thirty feminine eyes all at once proved too much, however, and he side-whisked out.

"There was a time when they couldn't have feazed me," he murmured plaintively, "there was a time—but the statute of limitations—" and he didn't finish his sentence. The young men in the place promised not to neglect their work any more to-day.

M'ADOO HEARS OF A BURGLARY.

Hazards of the Morning Shave Increased by Irrepressible Telephone.

Police Commissioner McAdoo shaves himself. His face was covered with lather and the razor was acting balky, yesterday morning, when the private telephone in his apartments rang violently. Mrs. McAdoo answered the call.

"Yes, this is Mrs. McAdoo," the Commissioner heard her say. "Who's this? Oh, hello, Mary. What is it?"

Then protracted silence and the Commissioner continued his shaving. He was just skating around the lobe of his ear when Mrs. McAdoo spoke again:

"Oh, that's too bad. Didn't they leave you anything? What? Just two spoons, and plated, at that?"

The Commissioner placed the razor in the soap bowl in his excitement and listened.

"Oh, they left an old cream pitcher, too. Was that plated also? Oh, just pewter; that's too bad. Haven't you got any clue? Got to take your meals out?"

The Commissioner didn't stop to apply a sponge or towel to his lathered face. He hurried in the direction of the telephone. Before he got there he heard this:

"Well, I'm awfully sorry, but I think the police are very negligent. They should protect your home better and should have got the thieves before this. Well, anyway, perhaps some of the silver may befound in the pawnshops."

"Who is it? Where was it?" demanded the Commissioner, excitedly. "We'll get em; don't worry about that."

"Why," said Mrs. McAdoo, "that's Mrs. ——, down at Edgemere. Isn't it too bad."

Whitelaw Reid to Enlarge His House.

The old residence of Henry Villard, now Whitelaw Reid's city home, at 457 Madison avenue is to be enlarged by building a five story annex, with a three story extension on the east side at 29 East Fiftieth street. The cost is put at $30,000 in the plans filed yesterday.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

There is a new automobile in town. It is painted red and seats four persons. Usually two persons are in it, the driver, in a blue uniform, and a man with a black mustache and a rakish slouch hat pulled far down over his eyes.

You can see this particular red devil violating the speed laws at almost any hour of the day or night. The police pay no attention to it. The driver is one of the city's paid firemen and the slouched hat man is Chief Croker. He is hustling to a fire.

Recently a New Yorker built a boat on the roof of his house. When launching time came it was a question as to which was the more valuable—the boat or the house. Not long before that a Brooklynite built a fine boat in his cellar; it is there still. He uses it to go after coal in the rainy season. These citizens were evidently victims of the same obsession that overcame Ericsson when he designed the Monitor and left no room for the boilers.

The etiquette of flags usually requires that they be furled on Sunday unless some unusual occasion calls them out. For this reason the neighbors of a Madison avenue boarding house are anxious to know what happens there on Sundays that leads the landlady to decorate. Regularly every Sunday morning a flag floats from the end of a pole at the second story of the building. It disappears at night, not to be seen again for seven days more, when it proudly floats again.

The 70 ton meteorite was being taken up to the American Museum of Natural History the other day. In front of the huge truck that carried it were twenty-eight horses and as they passed up Eighth avenue traffic was at a standstill whenever a cross street was reached. On a corner stood the captain of the precinct.

"What's the rock?" he asked a bystander.

"That's the big meteorite that Peary brought from Greenland and has given to the Museum of Natural History. It fell from the heavens."

"The divvle it did. Well, if anybody 'd present me wit' a thing like that I'd pinch im, so I would. Such a bother over a rock!"

And he turned away in disgust to study the more familiar excise question.

Now and then a Japanese is seen at the racetrack, but not often. The Japs at the racetrack usually take no interest in the betting, confining their amusement to the crowds and the racing.

There are Japs, though, who follow the races and are good bettors. The other day a bright eyed, sharp faced Jap was seen going into a poolroom uptown. He evidently knew the route well, for his face was buried in the "dope" sheet of one of the afternoon papers.

Architects are unanimous in their praise of a house recently put up on one of the East Side streets. Several architects have built houses in this same block and each struggled to outdo the other in his design. But all cheerfully agree that the honors for originality and beauty should go to the man who built what they call the "primrose house."

It is of pink stucco, about twenty-five feet broad, and seems to have only three stories, although a rear extension gives the house more room than the average New York residence. Its low, broad windows and pale green woodwork give it the appearance of a cottage in some English village street. Its restfulness and quiet taste are a pleasant contrast to some of the elaborate residential structures in the neighborhood.

"It's queer how people drop back into their native vernacular when they are in a hurry," said the man at the stamp window. "Nearly every time we have a line at the window, with stamps selling fast, some one asks for a 'two bit book' or a 'two shilling book.' The 'bit' is a far Western designation for 12½ cents, and the 'shilling' is the up State New York equivalent. I'll just bet that these people don't know that they haven't asked for 'a quarter's worth.' They simply go back to first principles in their hurry."

The expense incurred by some of the phonograph companies is shown by an offer made to one of the prima donnas coming to sing at the Metropolitan next winter. She is to receive from this company, if she decides to accept its offer, $14,000 for four songs. This sum is not to be paid in a lump, but $6,000 is to be handed over as soon as the singer has finished her allotted number. For each of four succeeding years $2,000 is to be paid on condition that she sings for no other machine.

A young man dressed in the scantiest kind of running clothes tore out of the Park at the Fifty-ninth street circle on Monday evening and ran four blocks down Broadway to Fifty-fifth street, where he turned west and disappeared. The street was crowded, and he had to pick his way through the crowd, but he kept up a good half-mile clip. His scanty trunks stopped about half way down the thigh, and his arms were bare. There was no policeman in sight, so he wasn't arrested, and the gossips along the line are still debating whether it was a bet or a college initiation.

Jack, the ferry dog, has reappeared after an absence of nearly a month. Jack is attached to the Wall Street ferry and seems to take the greatest pleasure in crossing and recrossing the river on the greyhounds of that line. He, or rather she, for in spite of the name Jack is not that kind of a dog, disappeared several weeks ago and the brokers coming from Brooklyn mourned, for not one but is a friend of the little mongrel, but now that Jack has returned, the world, and Jack's tail, wag on as of yore.

The fierceness of the autumnal winds in the cañons formed downtown by the tall buildings has stirred up much speculation as to what it will be like in the future city of skyscrapers. A man who lost his hat and umbrella in a Nassau street squall suggests that in the city of the future the streets and pathways for pedestrians may be on top of the tall buildings.

"It is not so windy up there," he says, "and one can get an occasional glimpse of the sun. I think that in the distant future people will do down into the tall buildings instead of up, as now. The buildings will then resemble caves into which the sunlight never enters and where the army of toilers will work night and day by electric light or its successor."

"I know what you are about to say," remarked the Park row panhandler to his victim. "You are about to put forward the hypothesis that every man is the architect of his own fortunes; 'if you won't work you shan't eat', and that the law of nature has ordained 'the survival of the fittest.' Inferentially, you are the fittest. Well, I've saved you the trouble of saying it. Don't you think it's worth a nickel?"

The victim gave up a dime.

There is living in Manhattan an estimable Southern lady of the old school, who, although she and her husband immigrated north of Mason and Dixon's line some ten years ago, has always assiduously endeavored to inculcate in the minds of her children the rigid ante-bellum ideas of what is and what is not befitting in the demeanor and deportment of the elect.

The other day the lady happened to be sitting in her room when her small son came home from school, expressing anger in these fatal words:

"Oh, doggone it, anyway!"

"Henry," ordered the old lady, "come here!" And Henry obeying. "Did I hear you say 'doggone it,' just now?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Henry, "you did."

"Then, my son," said the old lady, "I should very much prefer that you abstain from strong language altogether. But if you must swear, I want you to swear like a gentleman. Next time say 'damn.'"

And the next time, nothing loath, Henry did.

PUBLICATIONS.

"'The Cost,' Mr. David Graham Phillips's new novel, raises itself **head and shoulders** above the zone of commonalty and stands out pre-eminent among the fruits of a year's wide writing. In **'The Cost'** are the tissues of a narrative of striking vividness and tremendous dynamic force."—*The San Francisco Call.*

IVY VINE THAT TRESPASSES.

PLANTED BY MRS. SYME; SPREADS OVER CHURCH WALL.

She Says It's Her Vine and the Church Mustn't Take It Down—She Won't Even Allow a Scaffold to Overhang Her Property—Alleged Talk of Shooting.

Supreme Court Justice Wilmot M. Smith in Brooklyn yesterday, after hearing argument in the case of Mary J. Syme to make permanent an injunction restraining the Roman Catholic Church of St. Casimir, on Greene avenue, from removing some Japanese ivy growing on her premises adjoining the church, reserved decision.

It is contended that many years ago the ivy was planted by the plaintiff, but it has climbed and spread all over the side of the church, clinging to it so tightly that it has loosened the cement and caused the wall and roof of the church to leak. The church authorities maintain that they desire to repair the roof and wall, but that this cannot be done until the ivy is taken down, and that Mrs. Syme refused to permit them to enter her land to do the work on the church.

Counsel for the church said that after a steeple climber had been engaged to take down the ivy the brother of the plaintiff said:

"If you or any one else interferes with the ivy I will shoot him, and if a scaffold be put up I will cut the rope."

Mrs. Syme's lawyer cited authorities to show that the ivy belonged to her, as the trunk was in her ground, no matter where the branches or tendrils might be.

Counsel for the church people said that the plaintiff's brother said that the plaintiff owned the land from the centre of the earth to the throne of God. Counsel said he did not think her conduct in this matter was at all neighborly.

"This is an action," continued counsel, "in which a trespasser seeks the aid of the court to continue her trespass. This wall is not on the line between the two properties, for here is a survey we have had made which shows that the wall for five-sixths of the distance from the rear to the front is within our own boundaries. We contend that this place of worship is made damp and uncomfortable by this unreasonable woman. We have not threatened to trespass upon her property. On the other hand, we sought merely for the privilege of suspending a scaffold from our roof to paint our own wall, which she has denied us.

"We assured her that we would employ a steeplejack, a skilled man, to do the painting, and that he would contract not to let any débris fall upon her property. We were told by her brother, a lawyer, that if we went on her property we would be shot. Now there is nothing more dangerous than a hysterical office lawyer behind a loaded gun, who believes he stands for a principle. He's more to be feared than a cowboy; so we concluded to worship in holiness and peace and suffer the inconvenience.

"I do not share in the opinion of my opponents that they own from the centre of the earth to the centre of heaven. I do not believe in the law that a man should not occupy the air over a person's property, for I believe that the time will come when the airships will be plying back and forth overhead and will have as much right thereto as the ships have to ply the ocean. I ask that the injunction be dissolved, with costs."

Justice Smith took the papers and reserved decision. Bishop McDonnell is named as a codefendant. He made answer that as the Bishop of the Catholic Church of Long Island he owned the property, but that the Rev. Father Nawracki is the tenant in control.

MISSING, A PRIMA DONNA.

Mr. Conried Would Like to Hear From Olive Fremstad—Opera Work Going Ahead.

If anybody knows the whereabouts of a blond soprano answering to the name of Olive Fremstad, Mr. Conried, at the Metropolitan Opera House, would like to acquire some information about her. Miss Fremstad is to sing *Kundry* at the second performance of "Parsifal," and Alfred Hertz is eager to have her at rehearsals, as she has never sung the rôle before.

Mr. Conried can find no trace of her. He has cabled to her address in Europe, only to receive answer that she has not been heard of there for the last ten days. There is nothing to show that she has sailed on any of the German liners, and none of her friends here has heard a word from her. Mr. Conried is hoping that she may be on board some of the steamers now coming to New York.

Miss Fremstad has been in Munich most of the summer, where she studied *Kundry* with Anton Fuchs, who coached Mme. Ternina in the rôle.

The scenery prepared for the revival of "La Gioconda" was hung yesterday for inspection. It has a curious history. Maurice Grau announced ten years ago a revival of "La Gioconda," and the scenery was painted. Every succeeding year Ponchielli's opera was announced, and in the pressure of the short season abandoned for lack of adequate preparation. Every scenic artist in every succeeding season added some touch to the scenery, to have a hand in the production of the opera. This went on for nine seasons, and consequently there is scarcely a square foot of the original painting left. But the result has been some very beautiful and varied canvas.

Bianca Froelich, the Austrian première of the opera house ballet, arrived yesterday after an absence of three months. She has been dancing at the Royal Opera House in Budapest this summer. She and Mlle. Varasi will alternate in "Die Puppenfee" as the *Fairy.*

CROSS—CRAIG.

Republican Club Committeeman Weds a Harlem Girl.

Miss Jessie Tripler Craig was married on Wednesday night to William Spencer Cross, chairman of the press committee of the Republican Club, by the Rev. Daniel Russell of the Harlem Presbyterian Church, at the bride's home, 51 East 129th street. After the ceremony an informal reception was held. Mr. and Mrs. Cross have gone for a brief honeymoon to Atlantic City and Old Point Comfort. Mr. Cross is in the publishing business in this city. He is well known among Republicans in the Twenty-ninth Assembly district.

Sues Lying-In Hospital for $115,470.

Orlando Norcross of Norcross Brothers' contractors, who built the New York Lying-In Hospital, brought an action in the United States Circuit Court against that institution for $115,470, which, he says, is due him for alterations, added work and delay caused by the architect the defendant employed. The hospital asked for a bill of particulars, and Judge Lacombe signed an order that such a bill be filed.

PUBLICATIONS. PUBLICATIONS. PUBLICATIONS.

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HIS WIFE WAS THE BARBER.

Negro Woman Seeks License by Proxy From the State Board of Examiners.

The State Board of Barber Examiners held its annual examination yesterday at 236 Central avenue, Brooklyn. There was no lack of volunteers for the candidates to practise upon. Over fifty applicants appeared and only two were rejected.

One applicant, an Italian, after having a great deal of trouble in answering questions, was asked what other tools his shop possessed other than razors and towels, and volunteered the information that he had a sign, "Watcha da Hat and Coat."

A stolid looking German was asked if he used antiseptics on his customers.

"I vouldn't shave a man mit it," he answered.

A big colored man weighing over 200 pounds applied for a license. He answered the questions correctly, but when it came to shaving he gave up and confessed he wanted the license for his wife. She was the barber. His wife came and passed successfully until asked to cut her husband's hair.

"Boss," she said, "I can't cut wool."

She shaved him, however, but came to grief just at the finish. She told the examiner she dropped her razor in an antiseptic when through with a shave, but in practice yesterday she wiped the razor on her red flannel skirt.

WORRY KILLS AN ELEVATOR MAN.

His Car Killed a Passenger a Year Ago, and He Never Recovered From the Shock.

John Bonney, a veteran elevator operator in the Manhattan Bureau of Buildings, died on Wednesday of nervous prostration, brought on by worry over the accidental killing of a passenger on that date a year before.

The passenger was a laborer who had been long out of work and had called to see Assistant Supt. John. L. Jordan, who had promised to give him employment. He fainted in the car from hunger, and, falling, was caught between the floors.

Although acquitted of the blame for the accident, it crushed out all Bonney's former joviality and he sank into a decline. He never again ran the elevator. Forbes Hennessy, attorney for the Bradley estate, which owns the building, gave him other light employment so that he could continue to earn regular wages, but Bonney constantly mourned over the accident. It is a legend about the building that he never smiled after it.

He was 50 years old and unmarried. He was popular with all the officials of the department, and every Christmas they subcribed to give him a liberal purse.

PUBLICATIONS. PUBLICATIONS.

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, - New York

Minister Powell Reports Port Au Prince Quiet.

William F. Powell, American Minister to Hayti, and Baron Van Linden of the Dutch navy were passengers aboard the Dutch West India liner Prins Maurits, in yesterday from West Indian ports. Minister Powell went to Philadelphia, where he will stay a few days before reporting to Washington. He said that everything was quiet at Port au Prince.

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Henry Holt & Company, 29 W. 23rd St., New York.

RARE.—Apuleius, Plato, Petronius, Propertius, Juvenal, Longus, Ovid, Suetonius, Martial. PRATT, 161 6th av.

Came From Panama to Kill Himself.

A young man, about 25 years of age, who registered as Daniel Watson and who told the clerk that he had just arrived from Panama, committed suicide early yesterday morning at the People's Hotel, 20 North William street, by shooting himself in the right temple. He was found dead in his room late in the afternoon. He gave no address. The body was taken to the Morgue.

Wrenn Held for Shooting Lyon.

Robert L. Wrenn, who shot William H Lyon on Sept. 27 in an engineer's office at 29 Broadway during a scuffle in which, it is alleged, Wrenn was trying to kill his wife, a stenographer in Lyon's employ, was held by Magistrate Barlow in the Tombs police court yesterday in $2,000 bail for the Grand Jury. He was bailed later in the day. Lyon was in court to press the charge.

AMUSEMENTS.

EMPIRE THEATRE, 40th St. & Broadway. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. JOHN DREW THE duke of KILLICRANKIE.

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LYCEUM B'way & 45th St. 8:15. Mat. Sat. 2. CECILIA LOFTUS in Zangwill's New Play, THE SERIO-COMIC GOVERNESS.

NEW AMSTERDAM Next Monday Evening, Liberty. LAST WEEK HERE ROGERS BROTHERS IN PARIS Last Matinee Saturday. NEXT MONDAY. SEATS ON SALE. Charles Frohman presents THE SORCERESS Mrs. Patrick Campbell as "ZORAYA." Mat. Saturday.

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CASINO Evgs. 8:20. Mats. Wed. & To-m'w. F. C. Whitney's Piff, Paff, Pouf

WALLACK'S B'way & 30th St. Evgs. 8:20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15. LAST 2 NIGHTS—Last Mat. Sat. Geo. Ade's Comedy, The COUNTY CHAIRMAN MONDAY EVE.—OCT. 10th— The new Korean Comic Opera, THE SHO-GUN By GEORGE ADE & GUSTAV LUDERS.

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BERKELEY LYCEUM THEATRE, 19 W. 44 St. BEGINNING TUESDAY, OCT. 11. HENRY E. DIXEY and HIS PLAYERS Presenting David Garrick, Over the Welsh Rarebit and other plays. Box Office Opens Sat., 9 A. M.

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