PLAYGOERS TACKLE G. B. SHAW

"WITH THISKERS BEAR WITH MAN AND SUPERMAN."

Talent Lavishly Displayed, But Wit Is Few Epigrams Exchanged—Visitor Frank Loraine Talks Plain English—An Actress on View, But the Lady Draws the Line at Beer.

The New York Playgoers' Club held an epigramfest over George Bernard Shaw and "Man and Superman" at the Great Astor last night. The Playgoers' Club meets pretty nearly every Sunday night somewhere or other and does high-foreheed work for the elevation of the orchestra seats.

They've worked right up, beginning with Shakespeare and Goethe, until they have achieved subtlety and understanding and things, and are rise to tackle G. Bernard Shaw. They had it out with him last night before an audience full of soul and elevated overhang and bulges under the front hair.

Miss Ethyl Totten was in the chair. Mr. Robert Loraine, who stars in "Man and Superman," was the first speaker. In his celebrated rapidfire delivery, he said, besides other words, the following epigrams:

"The fact that marriage is not the worst state of social existence is proved by the numbers who remain in it. Love is the poetry of life, marriage is its prose. Vice is not transmutable to virtue, nor virtue to vice by the blessing of a priest. All great moral teachers agree that moral license is terrible, but the wedding ring is not morality."

Mr. Loraine added that Mr. Shaw is sincere. He says himself that a true artist will let his wife starve, his children go barefoot, and do a great many other unpleasant things before he'll work at anything but his art. That's why Mr. Shaw is sincere. He works only at his art.

Round after round of applause greeted the Shawesque epigrams of Mr. Loraine. This moved Mr. A. B. Ebin, who got up the club, to rise and declare that he was facing in that audience the 400 of the heart and brain, to whom he extended the glad hand of friendship.

Eden Greville of the London Playgoers arose and said that he had helped discover Shaw. He related the following anecdote:

"I'm not sure that everything Shaw does is not done for advertising—for he is a good business man. Once he went into the stalls of the London Theatre in cap and tweeds, hoping that the ushers would throw him out. They didn't do so, for they recognized him, and he was disappointed.

"On the first night of 'Arms and the Man,' someone in the gallery hissed as Shaw came out, in his ordinary clothes, to make the author's speech. Shaw picked him with his eye and said:

"'I quite agree with you sir, but what are we going to do when all these fools applaud?'

"He looks like an untamed bull. Possibly some reporter will get hold of this, and Shaw will cable over and ask me what I mean."

"How interesting," whispered a voice below an intellectual bang on the front seat, "how temperamental."

"I think it was rude of him," whispered a voice proceeding from a princess dress.

"Hush, child," said the intellect behind the bang. "He is not to be judged by banal standards. He is temperamental. He is subtle."

Considering that Mr. Greville never shot an epigram, the rest of his talk was interesting. Hardly was he seated when a tired soul, bursting for self-expression, rose from the house and took the platform. This highbrow wore hair so long that it had passed the up curve stage behind and was on the droop again. He had long, flowing arms and a long, flowing tie. Narrowing his eyes and hunching his shoulders temperamentally, intensely, he unloaded these epigrams:

"An idea is to the theatregoing public what a slice of bread is to a hungry child—nutritious, but not appetizing. [Applause.] Mr. Loraine has spread the wheaten crust with marmalade. [Cheers.] When people imagine that they are attending the comedy of the fortuitous they are attending the tragedy of the artificial. [Prolonged cheering.] Mr. Shaw has humanized reform. Mr. Shaw is a vegetarian, and yet alive. [A pause, but no laugh.] An anomaly [That time it hit 'em. Loud laughter.] The vegetarian lives long because he lives little. [Three pairs of white gloves spit.]

"The only pith in most vegetarians is the pith in the fodder they eat. Mr. Shaw is giving us art without artifice. I shall lecture on Shaw next Tuesday night. I shall criticise his critics, criticise those who criticise his critics, criticise Shaw for giving his critics an opportunity for criticising him so that I can criticise them."

The Astor rocked with applause as the high soul glided to his seat wrapped in a Shawish intensity which you could cut with a knife.

Mr. Ebin arose at that and said that he couldn't endure even a humorist attacking one who, like Shaw, does battle against coarseness, apathy and every form of evil.

"We have an awfully clever lot of authors and magazine writers here to-night," said the lady chairman. "While we wait for Jerome K. Jerome I wish to introduce one of our most eminent playwrights."

One of our most eminent playwrights took the floor. The front row, anticipating a rare intellectual treat, devoured him under brows tilted to the right. But he was disappointing. He talked straight off, like Finero or Clyde Fitch. Ah, he was not intense, he was not subtle, he was not even revolutionary. An authoress was next. She enrolled herself among the high brows. Miss Isabelle Evesson, introduced as a decoration to the drama, was called upon. She said little, but her manner was epigrammatic.

"Well, you've had a good look at her, anyhow," said the lady chairman. This Shawish *ou d'esprit* convulsed the house. Next in order was Mr. Beveridge—he who plays the part of *Mutone* the elder in "Man and Superman." The following dialogue ensued:

Mr. Beveridge—What have I to say? The best thing I can say is something ungallant.

The Chairman—I dare you to say it!

Mr. Beveridge—I'm Irish. I won't take a dare. It has been said that "Man and Superman" failed in London. It will be produced again to-night.

The Chairman—Ah, but that was after its success here!

Mr. Beveridge—But it was produced at the close of the season!

Great excitement followed. It was an intense moment. The timid ducked to dodge the epigrams. Mr. Beveridge took the platform.

"You all say it's a fine play," he said. "So do I. What more is there to debate about?"

Alas, he, too, was not subtle.

A young woman then read an essay. The drama does not satisfy her. A shudder ran over her audience when she admitted that she had not seen "Man and Superman."

"I think if people were more honest other people would lose less time in criticising those who reach for the higher life. It is as much a disease to be dramatic and tragic as to have a physical abnormality." There was where she got in her epigram. As the epigrams were coming slower and slower, the meeting was adjourned.

A Low brow, escorting three women members, paused at the door. You could tell he was a Low brow by his prosperous air and the way his dress coat fitted. At the door he paused.

"Whew!" he said. "Us to the Hofbrau. Me for a beer. I want to get it out of my system. If I did this every Sunday I'd be picking feathers off the air and hearing the birdie sing."

"Oh, William," said the woman on his arm, "did the subtlety of it all escape you?"

"Evelyn," said William, "me for a showdown. Here's my part of the entertainment. All I've heard out of you since you lit on Henry James is subtlety. The soup at home tastes of it. Here's where I show my hand. What in blazes is this subtlety business, anyhow?"

The three women drew away with a shudder.

"Why, William, don't you know?" said she whom he knew as Evelyn. "Subtlety is—why, subtlety is—everything that is not obvious and banal."

"O blazes!" said William. "Is that all?"

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Some idea of the Gorham Company's productions may be gained from the fact that in the new Gorham Building there are shown for selection more than a score of distinct patterns of Spoons and Forks, protected by patent, and in various weights; each pattern including over fifty different individual pieces and one hundred serving pieces. These are sold separately or by the dozen, as may be desired. Particular attention is directed to the Combinations, which may be had in Chests containing from

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THEIR STEAM PIPE LULLABY.

New Resident of Red Bank Wants to Enjoin It, and There Is Alarm.

RED BANK, N. J., Oct. 22.—Because the wheezy notes produced by escaping steam from the exhaust pipe at the water works annoy him, J. S. H. Clark, who recently moved to Red Bank, threatens an injunction against the works. Such an injunction would result seriously to the community, and there is some alarm over the possibility of it being granted.

The noise is something like that produced by an automobile on an up grade, only a little less musical, but those living near the works are not bothered because they have become accustomed to it; in fact it is said that some people in the locality have a hard time to get to sleep unless soothed by the music of the exhaust pipe, which has gone on for the last twenty years.

Mr. Clark evidently means business, judging from the following circular, which he had distributed to-day: "Red Bank is suffering from an unnecessary nuisance in the noise continually made by the pump at the water works, seriously disturbing the rest and health of many, particularly at night.

"This can be stopped at an expense of about $200, and the promise has been given that it would be done, but the relief does not come. Twenty subscriptions of $3 each should pay for the expense of an injunction. Kindly advise if you will help."

BIT A LION BY MISTAKE.

Miss Marquise's Dog Makes a Fatal Error at the Hippodrome.

Ivan the Terrible, a ferocious bulldog belonging to Mlle. Marquise, who shows trained ponies at the Hippodrome, has been having things his own way about the place recently, but his impudence proved his undoing yesterday. In the regular course of the show Ivan the Terrible received some applause by gripping a horse's tail in his teeth and while thus engaged being dragged off the stage. The horse that took part in this was trained.

Ever since arriving here, the dog has caused lots of trouble by not confining his grip testing efforts to the one particular horse. Other horses about the theatre have been greatly annoyed and their tails disarranged by him.

There was a great fuss the other day when the dog got in among the elephants and caused them to trumpet and squirm.

Yesterday Ivan made a flying leap and got a hold on the tail of August, one of Mme. Claire Heliot's lions. Now Mlle. Marquise is looking for a new dog.

FALL RIVER UNIONS WANT ALL.

Textile Council Rejects Manufacturers' Offer of 5 Per Cent. Advance.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Oct. 22.—At a meeting of the Textile Council this afternoon the representatives of the cotton operatives' unions voted almost unanimously to reject the offer made by the Manufacturers' Association last week to increase wages 5 per cent. and introduce a profit sharing plan.

Several weeks ago the council requested the manufacturers to increase wages 12½ per cent., thus restoring the scale which was in effect previous to the cut down of July 25, 1904, when a seven month strike resulted, and the response to this demand was the compromise offer.

Secretary Tayor of the council said to-night that the operatives believe the present condition of business warrants a restoration of the former scale and that they would not be satisfied until they obtained what they asked for.

The List of Referees.

The following is a list of referees appointed in cases in the Supreme Court last week.

By Justice Stover.

Cases.	*Referees.*
Matter of New England Nat'l Auto Fire Alarm Co.	Ashbel P. Fitch.
Drew vs. Drew	W. Pinkney Hamilton.
Cullinan vs. Nadel	Warren S. Burt.
Keenan vs. Redmond (2 cases)	Michael J. Horan.
Bachmann Brewing Co. vs. Burke	Arthur J. Cohen.
Whitney vs. Lee	Edward R. Finch.
Kent vs. Campbell	Alfred E. Ommen.
Matter of Hall	William E. Hall.
Lawyers' Mortgage Co. vs. Murphy	Henry L. Brant.

By Justice McCall.

Steele vs. Chelsea Realty Co.	S. L. H. Ward.
Matter of Rodman	William C. Arnold.
Matter of Moloney	Richard H. Smith.
Matter of Stevenson	Rollins M. Morgan.
Colanus vs. Elekhof	Richard M. Henry.
Brown vs. Sheridan	William J. Bolger.
Matter of Flake	Thomas F. Donnelly.
Matter of N. Y., Westchester and Boston Railway	T. F. Donnelly.
Matter of Olley	Frank Cochrane.
Matter of Olley	Fred G. Wetterau.
Ely vs. MacDonald	Thomas F. Donnelly.
Park Mortg. Co. vs. Dunn	John F. Joyce.
Lowenfeld vs. Ditchett	Emanuel S. Cahn.

By Justice Truax.

People, &c., vs. Fed'l Bank	Jos. E. Hedges.

By Justice Leventritt.

Vanderburgh vs. Vanderburgh	Charles Strauss.

DR. BRUSH'S LIVELY FIGHT.

FORMER MAYOR TO SMASH MOUNT VERNON MACHINES.

Out After the Local Newspaper Grafters—Declares That the Enormous Expense of Publishing Proceedings of Common Council May Be Cut to $15 a Week.

On your right as you approach Mount Vernon, on your left as you leave Mount Vernon, you see a banner of many colors. There is the red, white and blue ordinarily displayed, and in addition a stripe of green and a stripe of yellow. The cinq-color is a Republican banner advertising the "Regular Republican Nominees" on the platform "Prosperity, Progress, Harmony."

Walking along the street above which the banner hangs are many men wearing buttons with a picture of a house and the injunction "Vote for Dr. Brush and Home, Sweet, Home; Let Independence be Our Motto." Or perhaps the button has a picture of Dr. Brush with the inscription "Loyalty to Mount Vernon," or, more popular than the others, the inscription may be "Smash the Machine and Stop the Newspaper Graft."

Dr. Brush is the Edward F. Brush who was the first Mayor of the city and is the present Mayor. He was elected in 1892 on the Republican ticket, but about his first act after discounting his own note to restore a deficit in the city treasury was a breach with the machine on the question of granting a franchise to the Westchester Trolley Company, the Common Council failing to agree with the Mayor that the company should make concessions to the city.

Two years ago, after a long period of Democratic control of the city, the Republican machine leaders sent a Macedonian cry to the former Mayor. He went and helped them, was elected by the largest majority ever given a candidate and promptly refused to appoint William F. Maxon, J. Mortimer Bell and Edgar Slosson, machine selections for the offices of City Clerk, Corporation Counsel and Police Commissioner. When the Republican city convention was held this year Dr. Brush's name wasn't even mentioned.

The convention was under the control of Martin E. Stiles, president of the Republican city committee and a follower of William L. Ward, who helped ex-Gov. Odell organize the Tapeworm Club in Albany and has since been one of the stanchest adherents of the Odell machine. Stiles nominated for Mayor William Archer, a Tammany Hall contractor, whose firm, Dawson & Archer, built the Criminal Courts Building in this city. The Democratic convention put up William D. Grant and entrusted the management of his campaign to Edward Riske, who was Mayor several years and, it is charged, is doing his best at present to see that his candidate comes in last in the race.

Dr. Brush started out last week to make a lively campaign against the Committeeman Stiles his first object of attack. Stiles is editor and principal owner of the *Mount Vernon Argus*, a Republican daily newspaper, and is also said to be largely interested in the *Mount Vernon Eagle*, the Democratic daily. When the city charter was drawn up, Stiles got the Legislature to make it mandatory upon the city to publish all notices and proceedings of the Common Council in two official papers which should be dailies of at least a year's standing. The *Argus* and the *Eagle* are the only two papers which come within the characterization. The law provided that the notices should be paid for at the full legal rate of 75 cents a folio for the first insertion and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Dr. Brush charges that the publication of these notices together with the city printing costs the city $29,000 a year, and he shows that in addition the *Argus* has received large sums from county and State printing and notices, including extra designations to publish concurrent resolutions of the Legislature, which benevolent Secretaries of State, the law to the contrary notwithstanding, confer upon the faithful of the Odell machine.

As against a charge of thousands of dollars annually for publishing the official proceedings of the Common Council Dr. Brush has demonstrated that the matter could be published in pamphlet form and circulated to every voter in the city for $15 a meeting. He is preparing figures of the enormous expense of the city's printing bills and will circulate it in pamphlet form this week.

The organization papers last week charged Dr. Brush with treachery to his party in running independently. He retorted by citing the case of William L. Ward, the Odell leader of the county and Republican State committeeman, who ran on an independent ticket for Congress at one time in what is known as the Judge Robertson party, with the Liberty Bell for an emblem. He also dilated upon the election of 1902 in Westchester county, when, he alleged, Ward, Stiles and their associates traded off former County Judge Isaac N. Mills, who was running for the State Senate, to get Democratic votes for Odell, and sent Senator McClelland first to occupy a finely fitted room in the Mutual Life Insurance Company's house in Albany, and then to take the place of customs appraiser and make way, the State Senate being a tie, for the election of a Republican in his district.

Mr. Archer, the Republican organization candidate, ran for Mayor several years ago and was badly beaten. He has served on the Common Council and has built many of the public buildings in Mount Vernon. On the ticket with him are all the city officers who were elected with Mayor Brush two years ago. He is believed to have the support of the Democratic as well as the Republican organization. Many meetings will be held this week and the campaign will assume even a livelier aspect.

TO SAVE LOST TRAVELLERS.

SIGNPOSTS WILL BE ERECTED IN CALIFORNIA DESERT.

Iron Posts and Stenciled Sheet Iron Plates to Direct to Springs and Water Holes—Narrow Escapes of Desert Wanderers and Deaths From Thirst.

The last California Legislature appropriated $5,000 for expenditure by desert border counties for the erection of signposts in the desert pointing to water holes and in locating new springs and protecting old ones from becoming sand filled or polluted by the bodies of dead animals, says the *San Francisco Chronicle*. A lesser sum was likewise appropriated by the last Nevada Legislature.

To augment these State appropriations several boards of county supervisors are setting aside auxiliary funds, and generally the initiative for concerted action, taken by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce through the persistent and untiring efforts of George W. Parsons, an old time mining expert, is being earnestly followed.

From several of the ten border counties committees are now going out into the silent wastes to gather exact data as to trails, springs, &c., and their preliminary work will be followed up at once with post plantings, spring renovatings, well diggings and the like. A more humane undertaking could scarcely be conceived in the mining field.

Some of the supervisors favor the erection of iron guide posts, deeply anchored in the unstable sands to insure permanency; also the cutting of directions into sheet iron boards, as a precaution against the fierce desert heat, which makes short work of such pervious substances as wood and paint. Other supervisors suggest the molding of the lettered directions into the very iron of the posts. Why? Because, unbelievable as it may sound, there are human fiends abroad in the deserts of California and Nevada, afoot and ahorse, who think it fine sport to unlimber their revolvers and shoot to pieces, for mere devilish pastime, the few signboards they encounter in their wanderings—the while knowing, as only such as they can know, that the vandal act may mean, and often has meant, bewilderment, torture, delirium and death to the next man who fares along the dim trail.

A few instances of death by desert thirst and of escape from death by chance meetings, taken at random from a record kept by the writer during the last few months, will illustrate more accurately than could any mere statements of opinion the desperate need for just such action as now, at this late day, is being taken by county officials in southern Nevada and southeastern California. For brevity's sake the facts will be stated in outline only.

On the 9th of July James R. McRae, a prospector, reached San Bernardino with the news of a fearful tragedy barely averted in the Telescope mountains, in the Death valley region. His horse had died of heat and overexertion, forcing McRae to abandon the water cask the animal had been carrying. He filled his canteens and started afoot to the nearest spring, ten miles away. At the end of the first five miles he found that half of his meagre supply of water had been lost through an unsuspected leak in the canteen. He drank what was left to save it, then lay down in the blazing sun under a mesquite bush to await the cool of night.

When the sun had gone down he started again for the spring. The following day he came in sight of it, and let out of his parched throat a shrill cry of joy. Instantly a answering cry came out of the shadeless depths of a near-by canyon, greatly startling McRae. He hurried to the spring and filled his leaky canteen, all the time keeping up a shouting that was answered at intervals faintly from the gulch. Following the direction of the sounds he came upon six prospectors, lying about in the scant protection of the brush, all but one of them too far gone in the agonies of thirst to call out or get upon their feet. The one who was most alive had done the shouting for the rest. McRae dosed them with water in small quantities, and when they had revived a little he led them to the spring, not more than half a mile away. There the lost men covered their faces and filled their cracked and blackened mouths with mud to draw out the intolerable pain. After three days they were able to travel on, having filled their cask and been given their bearings by McRae.

A lost child saved Manuel Sepulveda, his wife and three children from death on the desert near Moapa on July 19. They had started by wagon from Euvada for Searchlight, and had kept to the beaten track as far as Moapa. Soon after leaving that place they attempted a short cut and became lost. They found themselves in the same terrifying predicament that has sapped the courage of the most hardened prospectors—alone in the heart of the illimitable sage and sand, without sign of any sort to guide them right or left. Hoarding their depleted water supply for the children, the youngest, a tot of 4 years, the parents already felt the fierce pangs of thirst. Their horses were all but finished.

Then a thunderstorm came up suddenly, drenching them and partially refilling their cask. The next day Sepulveda saw a train gliding across the horizon. That was his salvation. He drove his suffering horses ten hours, trying to reach the track. Mirage! The rattle and roar of a second thunderstorm made the horses mad with fright, and they broke away, upsetting the wagon before kicking free of the harness. Now death stared at the little party, and threatened them step by step. At this juncture one of the children was missed. Searching for it Sepulveda mounted a swale, and saw in the distance a camp of miners. The child was found. The campers guided the Sepulvedas to Ivanpah after satisfying their fearful thirst. For want of sign posts Sepulveda had gone 100 miles out of his course.

Somewhere in the solitudes of Death Valley lie the whitening bones of Earl Weller and E. M. Titus of Telluride, Col. They gave up their lives in a search for the glittering beds of placer gold that some believe to be hidden in that furnace valley. Accompanied by John Mullin, they left Rhyolite on June 20 with two horses and nineteen burros. Five days later the horses dropped dead of heat and thirst, the men having lost their way.

Titus at once left camp on a blind search for a water hole. Weller and Mullin found a damp spot near camp, and by digging got a small ration of water each day for themselves, but none for the burros. The animals died one by one. Then Weller filled three canteens and started out to find Titus. Fifteen days Mullin kept the camp against their return, but they never came. They died somewhere alone in the desert. Mullin was picked up in delirious wandering by a Mexican, who gave him drink and guided him back to Rhyolite.

Matt Riley, an old time prospector, left the O K mine, in the Dale district of Riverside county, July 3, on a prospecting trip. He was accompanied by James Kitte, also an experienced miner. Twelve miles out Kitte was taken sick and turned back. In so doing he escaped death with Riley. The latter's water supply became exhausted while he was searching without aid of signboards (of which there were none) for Cottonwood Springs. Following his tracks two weeks later a searching party found Riley's body festering under a clump of brush. He had wandered fifty miles aside in his blind hunt for water.

On June 30 the westbound Southern Pacific overland brought into Colton, near San Bernardino, a pitiable passenger—Frank Seaman, residence unknown. He was almost naked, covered with mud, and the flesh of his hands and feet was streaked with blood. The ends of his fingers were split to the bone from digging in moist earth for water. His tongue was swollen to twice its natural size, his lips were blackened and cracked open. He had flagged the passenger train by taking a stand between the rails and refusing to budge at the frantic whistlings of the engineer. He had started from Indio to walk to Los Angeles across the desert and became lost.

On September 4 a party of prospectors brought Tom Newton, crazy and dying, into Goldfield. They brought also the news that they had buried his companion, William Peterson, a former resident in the East, beside a cactus tree nine miles out in the desert, at a spot half a mile from where they had found Newton wandering, naked, in delirium. Newton and Peterson, both of them well known prospectors and camp men in the Southern Nevada districts, had started out from Rhyolite on a search for the supposed fabulous diggings in Death Valley. They lost their way and exhausted their slight supply of water. Three days out Peterson died of heat and thirst. Newton wandered on, losing his reason as he went. When found by the rescuing party, he was naked and leaping about in the blazing sun like a frog. His whole body was swollen, and in many places the skin had burst. They fed him water in drops until he was sufficiently revived to be carried into Goldfield.

And so the terrible list could be lengthened through page after page if anything more than mere recital of distressing details were to be gained. The cases cited are but a few among scores of similar ones brought to the attention of the newsreading public this year.

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Court Calendars This Day.

Appellate Division—Special Term.—Recess.

Supreme Court—Special Term.—Part I.—Motion calendar called at 10:30 A. M. Part II.—Ex parte matters. Part III.—Case unfinished. Motions. Preferred cause—No. 3571. General calendar—Nos. 3022, 490, 1593. Part IV.—Case unfinished. Cases from Part III. Part V.—Case unfinished. Cases from Part III. Part VI.—Adjourned for the term. Trial Term.—Part II.—Case unfinished. Short causes—Nos. 5427, 4653, 5393, 4741, 5217, 5524, 4995, 5445, 5396, 5316, 5358, 5493, 4665, 5065, 5335, 5207, 5352, 3005, 3497, 5102, 5236, 5262, 5379, 5438, 5558, 4715, 4734, 4745, 5293, 5334, 5519. Part III.—Clear. Nos. 1230, 2025, 2555, 2572, 177, 202, 976, 981, 992, 994, 1118, 1150, 1002, 1008, 1017, 574, 266, 109, 1189, 2648, 503, 1233, 1238, 1240, 1245, 1246, 2152, 1253, 1254. Part IV.—Case unfinished. Cases from Part III. Part V.—Case unfinished. Cases from Part III. Part VI.—Clear. Cases from Part III. Part VII.—Clear. Nos. 911, 3212, 3215, 976, 977, 980, 981, 1004, 3467, 958, 974, 786, 1031, 654, 265, 2665, 690, 994, 718, 719, 982, 997, 744, 759, 803. Part VIII.—Case unfinished. Cases from Part VII. Part IX.—Cases unfinished. Cases from Part VII. Part X.—Case unfinished. Inquest—No. 1955. Day calendar—Nos. 792, 4958, 1492, 1529, 1535, 1626, 1642, 536, 5025, 1745, 1805, 1806, 3644, 1440, 1772, 2091, 1687, 1899, 1900, 1901, 5002, 5004, 5003, 1856, 1469. Parts XI. and XIII.—Adjourned for the term. Part XII.—Case unfinished. Cases from Part X.

Surrogate's Court—Chambers.—For probate—Wills of John E. Bylandt, Minnie Zachs, Elizabeth C. Hollins, Anna S. Gedney Mary R. Bishop, James J. Duffy, Louisa Walle, at 10:30 A. M. Samuel F. Cornell, Catherine A. McIntyre, James P. Whitfield, at 2:30 P. M. Trial Term—No day calendar.

City Court—Special Term.—Court opens at 10 A. M. Motions. Trial Term.—Part I.—Clear. Nos. 1088, 898, 1294, 1416, 5011, 1095, 1331, 1332, 904, 1344. Part II.—Case unfinished. Nos. 918, 1106, 1110, 1123, 1125, 1129, 796, 795, 963. Part III.—Clear. Nos. 1172, 973, 1272, 987, 1165, 1401, 1405, 1406. Part IV.—Case unfinished. Short cause calendar called at 10 A. M. Part V.—Clear. Nos. 1310, 1052, 1061, 1071, 1271.

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SAM PRINCE ON C. F. U. ROW.

The Ex-Assemblyman Angry Because His Credentials Were Questioned.

Ex-Assemblyman Samuel Prince made his first appearance as a delegate at the Central Federated Union meeting yesterday since his defeat for reelection as Tammany Assemblyman in the Sixteenth district. He had a run in with Morris Brown of Cigarmakers Union 144, the Socialist party candidate for President of the Board of Aldermen. It appears that last week at the meeting of the miscellaneous section of the C. F. U. Brown had protested against the credentials of Prince, who appeared as delegate of the Cigarpackers' Union, on the ground that Prince was an employer of labor. Brown afterward withdrew the protest on being told that a small cigar factory formerly run by Prince was now run by his son.

Prince was very angry when he got up to speak yesterday. He wanted the standing of August Waldinger, the sergeant at arms, investigated. Glancing at Brown, he said: "If you want any information on the subject you had better ask Brown of Cigarmakers' Union No. 144. Brown knows everything about everybody, and even about some things tha don't take place."

Brown declared that there were other organizations that were paper organizations in the C. F. U., and he proposed to investigate them. He said that he withdrew the protest against Prince out of sheer magnanimity. Prince resented that, and was proceeding to speak his mind when the chairman cut the debate short. It was decided to refer the matter of investigating the credentials of Waldinger to the executive committee.

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