

THIS IS A NEAR-JEROME BABY.

AS NEAR AS THE PROUD FATHER COULD GET IN HEBREW.

Jeroboam, maybe, for He Was a Mighty Man—Papa Silberman, the One Armed Lawyer, Gives a Brith Meahle Party East of Houston Street Never Saw Equalled.

There is another baby in the family of Mannie Silberman, the East Side attorney who got an education in law for the arm that he lost under a street car. The first baby in the family came a year ago last February. As told in THE SUN at the time, the Brith Meahle party for that baby was the grandest affair of its kind that East Houston street ever saw. For that baby, Abner named, was the first in the Silberman family in this generation; and the Gottlieb, the Grossmanns, the Apfelbaums and the other allied families, even to the fourth generation, gathered to see and to eat afterward with Mannie. Judge Foster was there too, for Mannie had law in the Judge's office after he lost his arm and became no good for the clothing business.

Now, there is another—a boy, too. Because the eight days allowed for a Hebrew baby to remain out of the faith stretched to include it, Mannie had the festival of Brith Meahle set on the Feast of Purim, which occurred yesterday. The baby Abner brought blessings with him, as his great grandfather prophesied that he would. Mannie has been able to afford not only a second floor of the ancestral house at 419 East Houston street, but bought his father when he came a refugee from Hungary, but the third floor as well. So the ceremony, performed by Rabbi Gross and safeguarded by Dr. I. Ritter, was performed in the parlors, front and back, of the second floor; but the third floor, stripped for the day of beds and cribs and carpets, was the banquet hall, where a hundred guests sat down after it was over and the little limb of Israel lay among the lazes in the arms of his pink and white little mother.

Mannie had made a reception room of his office out behind the back parlor. There he received the guests, passed drinks and issued hot checks. And as he received he talked. The Silbermans all maintain that he is the best talker in the family.

"Come right in, Mr. Unglaub. Your health, Morris, pour a Manhattan cocktail for Mr. Unglaub. Put two cherries in it. And, Morris, put a toothpick in one of the cocktails."

"Mr. Unglaub, this is the gentleman from THE SUN that wrote a long piece about Abner last year. It is framed inside. Want to see it?"

"He's going to be named Jerome. Not Abner, but this one. And he's got three great grandfathers here. No, he ain't called Jerome after the District Attorney. I am a Democrat myself. It is hard to put the Hebrew name that he is named, but Jerome is something like it, and the Judge is such a good man, if he ain't a real Democrat, that it's a good name to have for him. This is the Hebrew name of the best. I always have a piece of the best when I entertain. You know about Purim, don't you? Well, there was a Persian King named Xerxes and a Jew named Mordecai and a Jew queen named Esther, and Haman was what you call the villain. Well—oh, you know about it? Say, you're regular Hebrew scholar."

"This is Dr. Gross, the rabbi. Rabbi, shake hands with the gentleman from THE SUN. Rabbi Gross was always rabbi for our family and all the others. This is Edna. She is the dark beauty of the family. No, I ain't smart. The gentleman can see you are. She is my cousin. There's going to be a silver wedding too, right up in Harlem. It is the Isaacs. If you want to come along, you can give my card at the door. Everything will be of the best. When you see her last year after Abner she was pretty sick, but she is better of this one."

Mannie led the way through the front parlor, where the women were sitting up very straight in their chairs, their hands folded in their laps. Mrs. Weinberg, mother of Mrs. Silberman and grandmother of the baby, was addressing a man in Yiddish. Within, Mrs. Mannie was sitting up in bed. She was in a pink negligee and wore her diamond earrings on account of the festive occasion. Across the room, the diamond rose leaf that was soon to be Jerome, limb of Israel. He was swaddled in a robe of lace, and over his face was a thin veil, above which his hair and eyes could be seen. He had taken his mother's blessing, this unnamed child, and must be touched by the young mother and by the same token the great-grandmother of the baby. She wore a face dress of marvelous old fashion and had a new wig and a hair. For a of her 90 years she is bright of eye and alert. Mannie started to touch the baby, but the hand of Mrs. Silberman intercepted him. Then Mrs. Mannie said something in Yiddish, and Mannie laughed.

"Grandmother makes a joke," she said. "She says that he is canned and sealed for the world."

"Come out now and I will introduce you to Doctor Ritter. We always have Dr. Ritter. Morris, give the doctor a coat check. What are you going to have to drink, Doctor? The doctor said he would like a glass of wine. He can't talk English because he just came from Russia. He was driven out. He used to be rich, but they took his property and what every cent he had. He had a dress that he used to be a rich man. Did you see upstairs? I told them to have enough for a hundred people, everything of the best. The doctor said he would like to see the baby. Every body will tell you that when I entertain I do everything right."

"You can have a place right back of the Rabbi. Grandfather is going to hold him on his knee just like Abner. Don't forget your hat."

A procession, composed of Grandfather Gottlieb in a new silk hat, the Rabbi, the doctor and heads of the allied families moved from the inner bedchamber, where Mrs. Silberman could be heard, to the office of the chanting. Every one rose and in a few minutes there was another member of a house of Israel.

HAS \$20 BOND 126 YEARS OLD. Possessor Expects the Government to Pay Him \$12,000, Principal and Interest.

WORCESTER, Mass., March 11.—Herbert F. Morgan, landlord of the Morgan House, 1750, which was given to him last summer in Maine.

The bond, 126 years old, is a rarity, and Mr. Morgan expects to realize the sum of \$12,000, which is figured the bond was worth. Mr. Morgan says the bond was given to him by a wealthy man named Gray, who is 95 years old and a son of a former Mayor of Boston.

In 1780 the family loaned the Government \$10,000, taking the bonds at a five per cent. Mr. Morgan says Gray declared he was too patriotic and wealthy to redeem them. Mr. Morgan will send his to the Sub-Treasury at Boston.

On the bond's face appears the following: "No. 71. State of Rhode Island, Providence Plantations, \$20. The possessor of this bill shall be paid twenty Spanish milled dollars by the thirty-first day of December, 1780, with interest in like money work. Mr. Morgan says the bond was given to him by a wealthy man named Gray, who is 95 years old and a son of a former Mayor of Boston."

"This short sleeve fashion to which the women have taken so kindly is going to be a great help to our business," said a Fifth avenue jeweler. "Not a few leaders of fashion have already bought bracelets to wear outside their long gloves, and when the weather gets hot and silk gloves and bare arms take the place of kids you'll see every woman's arm adorned with bracelets. A single bracelet on one arm will not be the fashion either. The device has gone forth that a woman may wear bracelets on both wrists and as many of them as she can afford to buy."

There has been an unusually early rush for spring suits by women this season and the proverbial endurance of the fair sex is manifested anew to the amazement of mere man. Clad in heavy overcoat, a thick and warm overcoat, the latter

Every woman knows that a polished table collects so much dust in a day that she can write her name on it.

The same thing happens to a soda cracker exposed to the air—sufficient reason for buying Uneeda Biscuit the only soda cracker. Perfectly protected in a dust tight, moisture proof package.

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LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

President Morton of the Equitable heard this story about his early railroading days told at a dinner the other evening, and as he joined in the laughter the reminiscence is doubtless true.

Morton had been working his way up in a Chicago railroad office when the president of the road dropped in one day with information that the general manager had resigned.

"Do you know of a good man for the place?" the president inquired of young Morton.

"What is the salary?" "Well, it will depend somewhat upon the man," was the reply.

"If you will pay me as much as I do know of a man, just the one you need. He knows the railroad business from the bottom up and is a mighty hard worker in the bargain."

"Name him, and if he answers the description we will make him a generous offer."

"His name, sir, is Paul Morton."

He got the place.

Shortly after a seat on the New York Stock Exchange was sold for \$97,000—the record price—a woman visitor was an interested spectator in the gallery. With her was a well known broker. As the closing hour drew near the floor as usual became a chaos of voices and frenzied movement.

"You are now gazing into the crater of American finance," the broker volunteered, "at the most extraordinary drama of dollars on earth. And we pay a pretty penny for the privilege of gazing down there. A seat brought \$97,000 the other day."

"Ninety-seven thousand dollars for a seat!" exclaimed the visitor, reviewing the scolding and shouting standees below her on the floor. "No wonder they never sit down."

Justice Morgan J. O'Brien, who in a recent address characterized "socialism, irreligion and the vices" as the greatest evils of modern society, is a sufferer in his hours of ease. He was the highest honor man at St. John's, Fordham, in his day and also the best baseball infielder at the college.

Their masters nowadays take a hopeful view of the musical taste of their audiences. This encouragement is due to the character of the music the members of the congregation ask them to sing. Request programmes are occasionally rendered in all churches. The time was when most of these special selections were hopelessly popular or operatic. Now, however, classical taste seems to prevail and instead of "The Palms" and "Jerusalem" selections from Palestrina, Pachelbel and other fifteenth and sixteenth century composers are frequently requested.

It was a happy day for the school children at Bellport, L. I., on Thursday last. There was also there in the town a woman who had been a postmaster for a time. William Gardner is the postmaster and he is also the holder of various other offices. He came to town to visit Capt. Bill Graham at the Sportsmen's Show and arrived at Madison Square Garden early in the morning. While talking to Capt. Bill, Gardner caught out his hand in his trousers pocket and then a look of horror spread over his face.

"What's the matter?" asked Capt. Bill. "Matter, why there ain't no school and no post office in Bellport to-day. I've come away with the keys."

An intelligent looking Irish terrier trotted down Fourth avenue one day last week and followed a Long Islander into the Sportsmen's Show. He wore a big collar on which was engraved: "In Roxie, the Long Island dog. Whose dog are you?"

Roxie travels on the newspaper trains every morning of the year. He is known to every railroad man on the Southern division of the Long Island Railroad. When it's time for the train to pull out he returns to his owner and stands by the way down the road and barks a good morning to the men he meets. When the train returns he is on board again and ready for the trip the next day. No one owns the dog and every one takes care of him and sees that he gets his meals regularly.

A South Carolinian who celebrated his adoption of New York as a place of residence by the purchase of an automobile has had his pleasure in motoring seriously curtailed by the extreme caution of his wife. She would generally consent to accompany him on the first half of a suburban trip, but always insisted upon coming home by trolley.

"I won't come back in that thing," she finally explained, "because most automobile accidents occur on the return trip. Business men in a hurry will not be the subsequently careless, or whether the whole party dines too well at the end of the route I don't know, but facts are facts, as proved by the police reports, and I am not going to take chances on breaking my neck by coming home in that machine."

The South Carolinian scoffed at his wife's statistics, which he regarded as a mere superstition, but nowadays he too comes none by train and lets the chauffeur bring the automobile back alone.

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wonders for the thousandth time how a woman in a light suit, short jacket, elbow sleeves, low shoes, openwork stockings and lingerie waist keeps alive in the face of a cold north wind.

"What in the world keeps you from freezing to death?" demanded a man of a woman friend so garbed.

"Why, I carry a muff," she replied in surprised tones.

Three men whose accent was not of Broadway sat in an uptown café a night or so ago. Near them at a table alone was a clouded individual in a black slouch hat busily engaged in writing something on the flyleaf of a book he had taken from his pocket. When the singular person had completed his labor he handed the slip to a waiter and told him to deliver it to any one of the three at the next table. This is what they read:

"Will three Southern gentlemen permit one Southern drink to buy, as they say in this town, four drinks for four thirsty outcasts."

He was invited over, and before the closing hour came the quartet was singing "Dixie" so loud that the boss had to call them down.

TO BUY HISTORIC HOUSE.

Sons of the Revolution Interested in the Old Dey Residence.

PATERSON, N. J., March 11.—The Sons of the Revolution have interested themselves in the preservation of the old Dey residence in Freshness, which is to be sold within a month or two to satisfy judgments against the estate of William Belcher, former Mayor of Paterson, who was the owner of the homestead.

The residence was at one time the headquarters of Washington. There are fifty-six acres surrounding the house, and if it is at all possible to dispose of some of this land to adjacent farm holders the committee of the Sons of the Revolution which inspected the property yesterday will acquire it. It is the intention of the committee to preserve the house in its present state and it will be made the storehouse of things of historic value.

Daniel L. Campbell, receiver of the Belcher estate, has had post cards printed showing the homestead and surrounding grounds, and these he is sending to all those who make inquiries concerning the property. Already persons from distant parts of the United States who learned of the Washington headquarters through published stories of Belcher's stealings have sent for information concerning it. To two weeks ago those interested Mr. Campbell has in preparation a descriptive article of the property and extracts from the journal of Col. Charles of the French Army, who visited Washington while the latter was at Freshness.

Judge J. Frank Fort of the New Jersey Supreme Court is the head of the New Jersey Chapter of the Sons of the Revolution. Gen. Joseph W. Congdon, former president of the Silk Association of America and a wealthy silk manufacturer, is the head of the movement in this city. It is very likely that subscriptions to raise the amount necessary to purchase the property will be made during the next few weeks, although nothing definite in that direction has been done so far.

CIRCUS FOLKS A-COMING.

Acrobats on the Philadelphia and Patricia, and More Are Due To-day.

Many of the Barnum & Bailey Circus people were on board the American Line steamer Philadelphia, which arrived yesterday. C. M. Ercole, manager of the Casino at Paris, brought along with him the apparatus for his "Whirl of Death," in which a young woman in an automobile turns a somersault in the air.

Mlle. Lordy, who has some trick turns, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lowe, who do acrobatic stunts in an automobile, were also on board. Aboard the Hamburg American liner Patricia, which arrived yesterday, were two French clowns, Fern and Jerome. On the Atlantic Transport liner Minnesota, which is due to-day, will be the Eight Rowlands, equestrian and acrobats. With them will come Marguerite von Stenheim of Berlin, an equestrienne, who will bring along her own horses.

"You had better spend more time scouring legislation for the people and less fighting labor unions unless you want to see a Socialist Government in Indiana."

After he had read his prepared speech Mr. Parry took occasion to reply deliberately to the remarks and suggestions which they contained. He said: "I take this opportunity to make the statement that the assertion that D. M. Parry is a foe to organized labor is far from the truth as he is from heaven. I believe that labor has the same rights to organize that capital has, but in my opinion I have sometimes had occasion to direct some very strong remarks to labor unions. It is not the unions which I oppose, but the methods some times employed."

Dr. Shepard of Wed Miss Ruth Badgley. NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 11.—The engagement of Dr. William K. Shepard, a member of the Sheffield scientific school faculty, and Miss Ruth Badgley, daughter of Capt. Howard G. Badgley of New York city, was announced to-day. Dr. Shepard is a Connecticut golf champion, having won that distinction on the links of the New Haven Country Club last summer.

The Metropolitan Concert. Rossini's "Stabat Mater," preceded by a miscellaneous programme, was the offering last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. The soloists were Miss Bessie Abbott, Mme. Marie Rappold, Mme. Louise Homer, Andrew Dippel and Pol Pianco. The entire opera house chorus sang in the "Stabat Mater."

JOTTINGS ABOUT TOWN. The New York State branch of the American National Red Cross Society has raised during the last 24 hours \$25,000 for relief of the starving and suffering in Europe. This amount is in addition to the \$1,500,000 previously reported.

CHORUS DRESSES TANGLE 'EM

COLUMBIA PLAYERS FIND THEMSELVES IN A SNARL.

'Twas "Which Side Up Does Thing Go?" and "Do You Put a Skirt on From Above or Below?"—Three Changes in One Show a Hard Strain on Amateurs.

The students of Columbia who are to appear to-night for the first time in their annual variety show donned their stage clothes for the rehearsal yesterday afternoon, and from the number of complaints that were made by the men who are taking girls' parts in the chorus the management now fears a strike. The chorus girls are called upon to make three entire changes of costume, and they declare that on account of the intricacy of their dress the ordeal will be too great to endure every night during an entire week.

It so happens that the author of the play quite overlooked the fact that he was writing for actors who are not used to the work and took particular pains to arrange for the changes of costumes.

Before the opening of the play all went well. To each of the students had been assigned a certain share of the limited space behind the scenes, and each had been instructed that all his costumes and accessories were to be piled there in such a way that they might be easily got at.

On the top of each of the chorus girls' heaps of clothes, therefore, there lay a bright green silk dress, a darker green parasol and a wig of blond hair. The young men were prompt in attendance and at once began to dress. The easiest part of it all was the removal of their own apparel. Then they were confronted with problems such as the distinction between the top and the bottom of a corset, the rotation of the various skirts—at least three having been provided for each man—and the hooking of a dress without assistance, and finally the chorus was ready for the first scene. By this time another section of the chorus, which was to appear in a nautical costume, was busy in another part of the dressing room. The same troubles were met and dispensed with, and the nurses were hustled out on the stage to accompany a band of policemen that had filed another section of the chorus returned to the dressing room for their second costumes there was trouble.

"Don't see how I can make this skirt fit. Three of you might get into it," said one. "No wonder," came a snappy reply from a man who was holding a lighted slipper to the bottom of the skirt. Turn it out the other way.

"Gee, the string on my corset is broken. Who has some twine?" "Better drop that skirt to the floor instead of trying to get it over your hot, hot."

All the little piles of apparel had been tossed about and to the confusion of those who had to be worn in the country girl costume. The outside costumes were yellow and were set off by huge bows and ribbons. The Indian costumes were more to the liking of the chorus. A brown jersey and a pair of full length tights were the key garments, and were returned to the heaps of discarded clothes. It was the leggings and the Indian wigs that caused trouble at this point. The wigs were on easily enough, but four feathers were to be stuck in each one. The feathers inevitably slipped and tickled the students' cheeks. Although the instructions were to keep the feathers in front, it was decided finally that they had better be put on the top and the back of the heads.

HURRY CALL FOR SOLOIST.

Victor Herbert in a Dash About Town to Save His Concert.

Miss Blanche Duffield, the soprano who had been engaged to sing at last night's concert at the Hippodrome, sent word to Victor Herbert at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon that she couldn't sing on account of a bad attack of laryngitis. Mr. Herbert telephoned to every impresario in town, but no one could help him out. Then he went out in an auto to find one. He tried every kind of a soloist he could think of, and went over part of Brooklyn and most of Manhattan in his search, but he failed.

Then he thought of Clifford Wiley, the baritone, who was in New Rochelle. Wiley telephoned that he would try to make connections with Fred Thompson's auto and Wiley after 6 o'clock at the Grand Central station with a suit case containing his evening clothes, and reached the Hippodrome in time.

Even THE NATION Praises THE SAGE BRUSH PARSON By A. B. WARD.

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