GAY GOOD-BY TO HIPPODROME

ASSORTED CHORUSES OUT TO CLOSE THE BIG HOUSE.

Wild West Coach Carts a Load From "The Red Mill" and "Fascinating Flora" —Vaudeville Show and Tank Sports to Wind Up an Early Morning Night.

Just to make sure that there would be enough actorettes on hand to close and latch every window in the Hippodrome for the season, a weatherbeaten stage coach, freckled with the rifle bullets of 348 Hippodrome holdups, began a sentimental journey up and down the White Alley at the beginning of yesterday lassoing all us girls. From as far south as Herald square, where the tropical "Orchid" blooms, northward to about Forty-fifth street, where the trees begin to turn to scrub and the only vegetation is hothouse grown salad in straggling clumps, the stage coach sardined them in, all fussed up in their stage clothes.

A band of other Indians, commanded by Big Chief Big Turnip, surrounded the stage coach as a mounted escort. Alice-Sit-By-The-Firewater, a beauteous star of the West, sat on the box with the driver because Edna Chase of "Fascinating Flora" and Kittie Howland of "The Red Mill" had refused to drive up Broadway to the Hippodrome at that hour without chaperons. And practically one-fourth of the population of New York, or about 1,000,000 people, raced along after the coach so noisily that one block away you could hardly hear the mad glad shrieks coming from the top of the bullet incrusted four wheeled peach basket.

Telephone wires leading up from Coney to the Bryant exchange were now growing hot with messages from the "23" Club that just as soon as Stuffy Davis could get up to it he would bugle the "retreat" call and the whole club would race back toward the Hippodrome to help out with the early morning closing festivities. In the meantime over at the Forty-third street stage door of the Hippodrome young Mr. Matt Cloak, inspector of Johnnies, was passing in a bread line of guests that extended all around the corner and sending them across the big stage and down into the orchestra seats and boxes lately vacated by the common or garden variety of audience.

As fast as the Wild West stage coach could worm through the Broadway crowds the musical comedy population was dumped on the job. Some of the actorines were burdened only with the few clothes necessary to their Broadway specialties—which they were now to repeat on the Hippodrome stage—but a few of the more timid maidens, like Freda Linyard, Mae Carlisle and Elsie Davis, wore elaborate opera cloaks over their costumes during their ride on top of the coach up Broadway and over Forty-second street so that they wouldn't attract attention.

Chief Usher Andy Canavan had his squad working overtime now, seating not only all theatrical Broadway, but everybody connected with the Hippodrome in any way—and that's going some. There were Max Anderson and Lee Shubert, to begin with the big noises; and there were Manager Robert MacBride and Marie Louise Gribbon, wearing a nifty evening gown and a picture hat with plumes like an ocean liner crossing the horizon and all the heliotrope orchids that the girls of "The Orchid" company hadn't corralled for themselves before starting for the high jinks.

Rose La Harte wore a lid with all the other plumes in captivity, and there were *Fascinating Flora* Adele Ritchie, Melville Ellis, Frances Ross, Henri Leoni, Looie Sidney, William Rock of "Peru-eru-eru" fame and *Countess de la Tere* Juliette Dika, who can't speak a word of English in "The Red Mill," but who had learned enough before 4 o'clock P. G. to be able to say without a trace of an accent, "Well, I will have one, thank you Mr. Gest, but make it weak, very weak."

Why, there were enough different kinds of Eddies there to fill an ordinary theatre. Just begin with Stage Director Eddie Temple, the Little Father to the Chorus Girls. And next are Eddie Valk of South Africa and New York, team mate to Max Anderson; Eddie Clark the high diving barytone; Eddie Wakefield, who discarded his corduroys for evening clothes; Eddie Craven, who came wearing the b'gosh clothes that adorn him so beautifully when he sings the "Back, Back to Oshkosh" song at the Casino show; Eddie Abeles of "Brewster's Millions"; and word was handed around freely that Eddie Foy would arrive just as soon as Manager Billy Eddie Semple could comb the restaurants to find him.

Take the Billies, on the other hand, that filled—but what's the use when there are a lot of good girls like Maude Fulton, Mabel Bliss, Minnie Pfau, Eugenie Omena-Omega, Ollie White, May McKenzie—of the Hip—Fanny Mills, Georgie Dix, Amelia Stone, Doris Hardy and countless others absolutely willing to allow their names to be published. And Teddy Clare of "Brewster's Millions" said his name could be used, and so did John Coombs and Papa George Clare. Constance Eastman, Paula Desmond, Cleo Sweninger, Estelle Baldwin, Alice-Kick-a-Hole-in-the-Sky, Sadie Probst and Genevieve-Buttons-Down-the-Back also allowed that THE SUN could go as far as it liked. Mary—The Sisters Strome—Judy, toe dancing team, said they didn't care eether.

Manuel Klein was pacing up and down the centre aisle nervously about 1 A. M., as he wanted to get the long show over with before word got around that back of the boxes in the old café and upstairs in the "jungle" were reams of sandwiches, wads of salads, hams like piano legs, and fifty-eight kinds of thirst prophylactics. Then after the show and the feed there was to be a dance on the stage that would have to be brought to a close in time to permit show girls to go home to change their clothes. Stage costumes may be appropriate on the top of a Wild West coach coming up Broadway, but a girl can't wear 'em up the centre aisle of a church on Sunday morning without causing comment.

But Morris Gest got wind of the grub even before the first bars of the "Yankee Circus" overture were started by P'fess' Manuel Klein. The audience began to trek quietly backward toward the "jungle" as Morris Gest breathed around the tip to friends. Up in the cosey corners the bottled artillery had begun to pop when bang went the Klein baton. Feeding girls back in the "jungle" paused with forks poised, and then one by one they began to weep in their salad. They had clean forgotten, had the Blackfish, Corals, Goldfish and Seaweeds, that the daily job side by side from the 1:30 afternoon whistle until the 11 P. M. whistle every day for almost a year was all over. But the first bars of the Hippodrome music brought the tears, for after all what is there in life so affecting as the good-bys, perhaps forever, to one's girl-hood friends—what so potent to put one's weeps on the pazaz?

But Eddie Craven and his twenty b'gosh broilers from "Fascinating Flora" were on the stage now, Eddie with his carpetbag and umbrella and the broilers in their one-suspendered farmer boy pants and linen dusters. Loud above the other songsters one could hear the good pure voice of Edna Chase, singing through a sandwich that she had brought down to the stage when she and the other broilers were told to run out to the foots an i begin to b'gosh. Edna was singing in the rube dialect.

Back, back, back to old Oshkosh—
Pahmah's life again foh us, b'gosh!
This heah town may be a wondah,
But it cawn't beat old Oshkosh, bah thundah.

and a number of other verses about fahm life and the old mill creek's rippling watahs.

All through the bill, from Power's elephants to Melville Ellis's "painologue," the audience didn't applaud—it exploded. When nine acrobats pranced out on the stage, each with his specialty and each a member of the Hippodrome chorus, to show their stunts, the audience reared on its hind legs and yelled. There was no time to laugh at Marceline's capers, either; it was to shriek. All Frank Melville had to do was to walk across the stage and there were more explosions. And when Melville Ellis finally reached that part of his piano solo that takes in "Lucia" the Hippodrome was standing on the backs of the seats, singing the words and beating time with chicken bones and forks. When the last bar of the song was reached there was a riot.

About 4:30 in the morning the programme was working up to the swimming races in the tank, the diving contests, and the tub races in which the tubs were propelled by mermaids with twin propellers. Then they put the cover on the tank after one-half the company had pushed the other half in. Nobody minded the sousing, although Property Clearer Pop Osborn kicked a little when he remembered that even though the dripping red coat he wore belonged to the Hippodrome the underneaths were his. It's no joke to go all the way home to Williamsburg at 6 in the morning wearing wet underneaths.

Somebody said: "Let's go to Jack's now, eh? What?" just about the time the gray dawn began to grow garish. Stuffy Davis was among those present by this time and he led the way after he had tried all the Hippodrome windows and doors to see that they were tightly fastened for the summer. And as the humans went across the street and the big building grew quiet again the mermaids waved their fins in adieu and sank slowly to the bottom of the tank.

For unlike the bears, that sleep in caves all winter, or the frogs, which bury themselves in the mud, the mermaids lie dormant all summer, coming to the surface only on cool days now and then to gulp down a quail sunning itself near the water's edge on a piece of toast or nipping a Welsh rabbit as it reaches out from the shore to take a drink. But they keep in good condition, as John Burroughs has already pointed out, by awakening enough each day to nibble at the oyster cocktails that grow far below in the homes beneath the watah.

SYNAGOGUE FOR DEAF MUTES

Charter Membership 32—More Than 2,000 to Be Appealed To.

A synagogue for Jewish deaf mutes was organized on Saturday night at the Educational Alliance in East Broadway with a charter membership of thirty-two. The regular meetings, which will begin next Saturday, will be held at Young Men's Hebrew Association at Ninety-second street and Lexington avenue.

Every person in active connection with the new synagogue will be a mute. The cantor, Samuel Cohen, is now studying his new duties at Washington and will return to this city for the first meeting. A unique feature of the congregation will be a mute choir. Dr. Pereira Mendes of 99 Central Park West recently wrote to the Board of Education in behalf of the mutes and was informed in a letter which he received yesterday that a public school for mutes would be opened in this city next September. It will be the first of its kind in New York.

Mr. Mendes said that in New York city alone there were possibly 2,000 Jewish mutes who are deprived of religious worship and he believes the new congregation will be large.

J. H. Kaiser, a mute, was ordained yesterday by Bishop Greer at the Protestant Episcopal Church of Zion and St. Timothy, at 332 West Fifty-seventh street. The Rev. John Chamberlin, pastor of St. Ann's Church for Deaf Mutes, translated the ordination to a number of mute friends of Mr. Kaiser's who attended the ceremony.

SCHURZ FUND NOW $72,000.

Increased by a Gift of $200 From Grover Cleveland.

Isaac N. Seligman, treasurer of the Carl Schurz memorial fund, has received a contribution of $200 from ex-President Grover Cleveland, who sent this letter to Mr. Seligman:

Isaac N. Seligman, Treasurer of Carl Schurz Memorial Fund.

DEAR SIR: Washington E. Page has called on me for a subscription to fund to be raised for the purpose of perpetuating the memory of Carl Schurz, who, I am sure, deserves the remembrance of every patriotic citizen, on account of his distinguished public service.

I deem it a privilege to contribute to the cause.

I enclose my check for an amount which would be much larger if my means were more in keeping with my desire to aid a project so deserving. Yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

I would be glad to have this subscription considered as primarily applicable to the erection of a monument to Mr. Schurz.

It is announced that the contributions to the fund now amount to $72,576.

IRVING PLACE PLANS.

Dr. Baumfeld Has Engaged Agathe Barsescu —To Open Oct. 1.

Dr. Baumfeld, who is to be the manager of the Irving Place, will sail on Thursday for Germany to make further arrangements for the next season at the theatre. He has secured the financial stability of the house for at least one year by the formation of the German Theatre Company. Among its stockholders are Adolf Pavenstedt, Gustav Amsinck, George Ehret, Jacob H. Schiff, Ernst Thalmann, Mortimer L. Schiff, William Muschenheim, James Speyer, August Lüchow and other prominent German American residents of the city. The directorate consists of eight members.

Dr. Baumfeld has engaged for next season Agathe Barsescu, the Rumanian actress who three years ago acted for a few times at the Irving Place under the direction of Mr. Conried. Eugen Burg, who is to be the new stage manager for the modern plays, was for some time at the Raimund Theatre in Vienna, but has just resigned from the New Theatre at Hamburg to come to the United States. These engagements were effected by cable. Others will be announced next month. Of the former members of the company to be reengaged are Mmes. Reimann, Trude, Voight and Wegener and MM. Winds, Horwitz, Meyer and Liebl.

The first season under the management of Dr. Baumfeld will begin on October 1, with a performance of Calderon's drama, "The Judge of Salamea."

MAY IRWIN IS MARRIED.

Actress Becomes the Bride of Kurt Eisfeldt at Her Summer Home.

CLAYTON, N. Y., May 26.—On an island in the St. Lawrence River three miles above this village May Irwin, the actress, was married to-day to Kurt Eisfeldt, her manager and press agent for the last three seasons. The ceremony was performed at 2:15 o'clock this afternoon by the Rev. Theodore Hayden of Christ Church, Clayton, and was witnessed only by May Irwin's two sons, Walter and Harry.

The ceremony was performed among the timbers of a new cottage which Miss Irwin is building on Irwin Isle, where the honeymoon will be spent. The attendants wore rubber boots and sweaters.

Miss Irwin has a new three story granite cottage nearing completion, replacing the bungalow she now occupies. She is an ardent devotee of the newest of speed fads, the motor boat, and has two fine racers, the Delawana and the Twenty-three, out for cup honors this season at races to be held by local yacht clubs. Miss Irwin does not expect to retire from the stage, but will forsake the legitimate for vaudeville. She has signed with the Keith-Proctor circuit for next season.

News of Plays and Players.

There will be two changes in the cast of "The Builders" at the Astor Theatre tonight, when William Courtenay will replace William Ingersoll as *Roger Grant*, and Ernest Lampson will replace Theodore Morris as *Skinney*.

La Petite Adelaide, the ballet dancer is to appear at the Hippodrome next season in a bareback toe dance.

YANKELE, FRIEND OF THE POOR

HE FINDS THE POOR UNGRATEFUL AND SUGARMAN DOCKS HIM.

Still, Maybe, There Is Compensation in Pulling the Strings That Make a Woman Do What She Had No Purpose to Do but You Had the Purpose That She Should Do.

Yitzhok Seligman had only one available leg, the other being out of true from his birth, some ten years ago. A twisted leg sometimes is an asset, especially when together with it one has appealing eyes large and cowlike. Cash is better than things like these, and the Seligmans had little money. Yitzhok could not go on errands and he still was too small to run a machine. Altogether he was not valuable to the Seligmans. Therefore he was left to drift for himself for things other than meals and clothing.

An able bodied boy of ten can by art and swift movement steal whatever he wants and get away with it. He also can earn small, very small sums by running errands. All these help him to purchase the things that he wants.

As Yitzhok sat on his doorstep in Suffolk street, self-pity smote him hard. He regarded his useless leg and permitted two large tears to mine their way down his cheeks, leaving white marks that looked like acid stains. Then he beat himself upon the breast, in correct imitation of the mourners on Yom Kippur, and remarked aloud, "Ai, vai."

"What is the matter, Yitzhok?" asked Yankelé Schleifan, who was passing by, burdened by a magnificent cloak purchased from the Sugarman emporium by Mrs. Sulemith Schoenfeld; cost $6.55 and cheap at that.

Yitzhok continued to moan and beat his breast, thinking rapidly the while of what most he wanted. Then he said chokingly:

"I got no wagon and I want one. Ai, vai! I am crippled; I can get no money and my father is poor. Ai, vai."

"You couldn't earn anything to get one?" asked Yankelé.

"No, I have gone to every one. I have appealed with my crippled leg and with my eyes. They say to me that a bad leg is no good to me or to them. Then they ask why I want money, and when I say for a wagon they berate me and say that I am wicked to ask for luxuries when my family is poor," answered Yitzhok, convulsively, in even greater sorrow for himself.

"They are right," said Yankelé judicially. "You are too overreaching in spirit."

Yitzhok burst forth into greater wailings to the extent that he had almost a clean face. "It is well for you," he moaned, "who have a whole body, to speak so to me. You have sinned against me. You have judged. As it is written, 'Can a whole man judge one who is not sound? Let him be merciful above all things.'"

Yankelé paused. He had been about to pass on. He said: "Yitzhok, I will see what I can do for you with a wagon. If I can get it, you shall have it."

Yitzhok knew well that it was of no profit to seem to be too eager. So he answered indifferently: "It would be a charity and for a blessing to you to aid the crippled."

Yankelé departed, thinking hard over the problem. Mrs. Schoenfeld was surprised at the remissness he displayed in delivering her fine cloak. It was customary to compliment the purchaser on her fine taste in selection and the low cost of the garment. Yankelé merely left the cloak and departed. Yankelé knew well that that a new cart of the kind that Yitzhok wanted could be had only for $1.50. Sugarman could help him get a reduction, but was a week's salary and so out of the question. Besides, if Yitzhok got a brand new cart, some bigger boy would take it away. It was better to get a cart made out of a soap box with wheels from various broken down storemade carts.

Mrs. Samuels's little boy had died about a week ago, Yankelé remembered. He had a wagon just of the kind. Yankelé hastened to see Mrs. Samuels. Her he found at home garbed in black and with appropriate mourning face.

After the preliminary greetings and commiserations, Yankelé spoke. "Your little Simon, olov hasholom, was a fine boy. I believe that he had a fine wagon with which he played."

"Everything that poor child had. I let him have everything. He was a fine boychen. It is true he had a wagon," answered Mrs. Samuels. Simon had made the wagon himself after various advantageous swaps with other boys.

"Why do you ask of the wagon?" she continued.

"I was thinking that perhaps you still had it," answered Yankelé.

"Yes, I still have it," answered the bereaved mother. "Only yesterday Solomon wanted to chop up the wood for use in the stove. But I told him that such could not be. Everything of my little boy's I said should be kept. He was a fine boy, olov hasholom.

"Rarely have I seen a finer boy, Mrs. Samuels," answered Yankelé, his eyes quite red from blinking. "A smart child. He would have made a Rav. Often have I heard Rabbi Schulman say that. Then you still have the wagon intact?"

"We had better things for him in store than to be a Rav and to starve all his days. He could have been a doctor if he had only grown up. 'Simon Samuels, M. D.' That would have looked fine on a signboard. He would have lived uptown in a fine house on Madison avenue. And when I was sick I could have sent for him. Then I would let all my friends know I was being treated by a doctor from uptown. Did you want by any chance to buy that wagon?" said Mrs. Samuels. "It would be a fine wagon for your brother Duvid."

"Well, it is not a question exactly of buying. My brother Duvid has already a wagon. But I was thinking of a small boy who is crying on the street that he wants a wagon. He is crippled and he can't get around to make one," answered Yankelé. "If you wanted to sell that treasure of your priceless Simon, how much would you perhaps want for it?"

"Well, you know that in the stores they charge for such a wagon, new, $1.25," answered Mrs. Samuels. "How much would you give?"

Yankelé knew that she had undervalued the new ones 25 cents, but he said nothing of that. "Your wagon which is not bought from a store I would give maybe 40 cents for," he said. "And that would be too much."

"Forty cents!" almost shrieked the outraged Mrs. Samuels. "Forty cents for that priceless treasure of my beloved Simon! You offer me that small sum! Rather would I give it away," she declared.

Yankelé caught at the phrase. "Why don't you give it away?" he asked. "This case of which I speak is a deserving boy. It would be a fine charity. If ever that pure lad of yours had possibly committed a small sin, a very small sin, that charity might save him; who knows? Give it to him and the way of Simon into Paradise may be made clear. At any event, it is a charity you do and it will help you too."

"I have said it and it is spoken. It is too late for me to retract," said Mrs. Samuels. "Will you give me 50 cents for the wagon?"

"Besides, anyhow," said Yankelé, oblivious of the interruption, "it would be a chance to do a charity to the Seligmans."

"What, is it Leah Seligman's boy?" asked Mrs. Samuels.

"Yes," said Yankelé. "Think how in addition to the charity that you do you could say afterward, 'Leah Seligman's boy plays with the wagon that my poor Simon used. I gave it to charity.'"

Mrs. Samuels often had vaunted her Simon over the crippled Yitzhok, and the mothers were not of the best friends.

The argument appealed to Mrs. Samuels. The double opportunity was too good. "I tell you," she said, "give me for the wagon 25 cents and you may have it."

"But you said that rather than sell it for 40 cents you would give it away," said Yankelé. "I will not give you more than 40 cents, and if you try to sell it to me for less you sin as breaking your word. I will not be a help to the sin. Remember how you can speak of Yitzhok playing with Simon's cast off wagon."

"Well, a word is a word and a promise is a promise. I have spoken. Take the wagon," said she regretfully. "Anyhow I lose nothing."

Yankelé lost no time getting back to the doorstep. There he found Yitzhok, who had by that time covered up the ravages of the tears with a bit more surface dirt, so that the appearance was uniform.

"Here is a wagon for you, Yitzhok," said Yankelé. "Mrs. Samuels had it from her little boy Simon. You must tell your mother where you got it."

"But it ain't a store wagon, Yankelé," whined Yitzhok, "and it has only two wire wheels. The back wheels are wood. I wanted one with all wire wheels."

When Yankelé got back to the store, Sugarman docked him 10 cents off his pay for being away half the afternoon.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Poems of Maria Lowell" will be among the season's special editions. Maria Lowell was born in 1821, she was married to James Russell Lowell in 1844 and died in 1853. Her poems were collected and prepared for publication by Mr. Lowell. A small edition was privately printed and distributed among Lowell's friends. A few years before his death Mr. Lowell entertained the project of reissuing the poems with some additions from manuscript and periodical sources, but as he did not carry it out the little volume is of peculiar interest as a revelation of a "flawless marriage of true minds."

Mrs. George Cornwallis West (formerly Lady Randolph Churchill), writing of London society in the June *Harper's Bazar*, speaks of the increase of luxury and the extravagance of living. "The young couple who were thought to be well provided for with £2,000 a year now barely subsist on £4,000," she says. "Every one lives well, a bad dinner is a surprise. Houses are better and more artistically furnished, and every one entertains more or less." She says also: "The hurry of the age is one of its chief characteristics. To crowd into twenty-four hours the occupations and amusements of a week seems to be the aim and object of most people." The extraordinary restlessness is having its effect upon the manners and customs of the day, and the beautifully written and worded invitation of fifty years ago is dropped in favor of the telephone message: "Will Mrs. S. dine with Lady T. and bring a man? And if she can't find one she mustn't come, as it would make them thirteen."

The "Unpublished Correspondence of David Garrick," parts of which have recently been printed in the *Atlantic*, will appear soon in a special limited edition. The correspondence, which has been edited with a connecting narrative and foot notes, presents the great actor in a new light, showing his trials as an actor and manager, his tastes and interests, his friendships with both men and women. The book will be illustrated with Garrick's portraits from original sources, and sold in an edition of some 400 numbered copies.

Miss Edith Rickert is an American girl with a Vassar training who lives at Tittles Green in Kent, England. The scenes of her first book were laid in the cypress swamps of Louisiana. Her second story was a study of life in the Orkneys. Her latest novel, "The Golden Hawk," is a tale of Provence, of which London *Punch* says: "There is not much romance left in the twentieth century, but Miss Rickert has discovered a corner where it may still flourish. And yet I don't know. It is not, after all, the scene that gives the book its atmosphere, nor the style, nor yet the plot. It is simply Trillon—Trillon the glorious one! Pop him into the eleventh book of Euclid and he would make a romance of it."

"The Awakening of China," by Dr. W. A. P. Martin, adds another book to the Geographical Library, which now includes Tibet, the hidden land of the Far East; Corea, the disputed territory between Japan and Russia; the Far North, described by Anthony Fiala and Commander Peary; the African jungle, presented by C. G. Schillinghurst, and will with Dr. Martin's book picture the Yellow Empire, the awakening of which is, according to Dr. Martin, one of the most significant of the recent European movements.

Ethel Barrymore Much Better.

CHICAGO, May 26.—Ethel Barrymore, who is ill at the Auditorium in this city, is reported much improved to-day. She expects to continue her Western tour some time this week.

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SERMON FROM BATTERY DAN

On the Subject of Knocking—Read to a Parson Complainant.

The Rev. Dr. Harriman of St. George's Church on Stuyvesant Square appeared in the Yorkville police court yesterday as complainant in a charge of disorderly conduct against Oscar Becker of 268 Bowery.

The clergyman told Magistrate Finn that the prisoner had insulted two Salvation Army girls in a Third avenue trolley car Saturday night. It was close to midnight, he said, when he was returning from a sick call. The car was filled with passengers when he found a seat in the corner.

"Two women of the Salvation Army were riding in the car," the clergyman continued. "This man had a seat opposite them and started talking to them so that all of the passengers could hear him. He said the Salvation Army was a humbug, that it received money, clothing and other things and that the public didn't know what became of the property.

"At Fourteenth street I called Policeman Mullen of the East Twenty-second street station, who arrested the man."

"I glory in your spunk, doctor," said Battery Dan. "You seem to have been the only gentleman in that car to protect the ladies who could not protect themselves from this blackguard. There's too much knocking in this city, anyway, and half the time the critics don't really know what they're talking about.

"I don't pretend to be a churchgoer myself, but I know right from wrong and I respect all people who have religious feelings and try to carry them out. I have no use for the man who has his hammer out all the time and keeps knocking away at everything in sight. My people in the First ward don't go in for automobiles to any great extent, but they have sunshine in their hearts, a good word for their neighbor and try to do the right thing in life."

"I very much admire your sentiments, your Honor, and I am pleased to have come before such a liberal minded Magistrate," said the clergyman as he held out his hand.

"The pleasure's mutual. I'm glad to know such a public spirited citizen who takes the trouble of coming to court to see that justice is done instead of getting up in the pulpit and condemning everything in our Government," responded the Magistrate as he clasped the clergyman's hand.

The Court fined Becker $10, who excused his conduct by saying he was intoxicated.

Montclair's Bach Festival Closes.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., May 26.—Montclair's great annual event, the Bach festival, which closed this afternoon, was the most successful yet held. More than 6,000 people attended the five sessions, many coming from distant points, and the committee in charge were compelled to refuse many applications for tickets. The chorales and motets this afternoon were sung unaccompanied, the soloists being those regularly connected with the Bach festival choir. In the course of the service Hamilton W. Mabie delivered an address on the life and work of Sebastian Bach.

Bound to Enforce Two Cent Fare Order.

TOPEKA, Kan., May 26.—Attorney-General Jackson said to-day that he will join Attorney Ashbaugh for the Railroad Commission in the suit to enforce a general two cent passenger fare in Kansas.

"I will argue that a general two cent fare is not only more satisfactory but is more profitable than a three cent fare," Jackson said. If the board orders the two cent fare he proposes if necessary to enforce it by mandamus.

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ST. PAUL.....June 1, June 29, Aug. 3
NEW YORK.....June 8, July 6, Aug. 10
ST. LOUIS.....June 15, July 13, Aug. 17
PHILADELPHIA.....June 22, July 20, Aug. 24

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

New York—London Direct. Pier 59, N. R.

MINNETONKA...June 1, 10 A. M.; June 29, July 27
MINNEAPOLIS..June 8, 4 A. M.; July 6, Aug. 3
MINNEHAHA...June 15, 8:30 A. M.; July 13, Aug. 10
MESABA.....June 22, 9 A. M.; July 20, Aug. 17

RED STAR LINE From Pier 14 N. R.

New York—Dover—Antwerp.

KROONLAND...June 1, 8:30 A. M., July 13, Aug. 10
VADERLAND...June 8, 2:30 P. M., July 6, Aug. 3
FINLAND.....June 15, 8:30 A. M., July 27, Aug. 24
ZEELAND.....June 22, 1 P. M., July 20, Aug. 17

WHITE STAR LINE From Pier 48, N. R.

New York—Queenstown—Liverpool.

*CELTIC.....May 31, 8:30 A. M., June 27, July 25
*ARABIC.....July 4, Aug. 1
*BALTIC.....June 14, 7:30 A. M., July 11, Aug. 8
*CEDRIC.....June 20, 12:30 P. M., July 18, Aug. 15

Plymouth—Cherbourg—Southampton

*TEUTONIC.....May 29, 10 A. M., June 26
*OCEANIC.....June 5, 2 P. M., July 3
*MAJESTIC.....June 12, 10 A. M., July 10
*†ADRIATIC (new).....June 19, 11:30 A. M., July 17

†New 25,000 Tons; has Elevator, Gymnasium, Turkish Baths and Band.

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN VIA AZORES

FROM NEW YORK.

*CRETIC, June 20, noon; *ROMANIC, July 15, 3 P. M.

FROM BOSTON.

*ROMANIC.....June 8, 9 A. M., Sept. 14, Oct. 26
*CANOPIC.....June 29, 1 P. M., Aug. 10, Oct. 5

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" West 42d St.....9:00 "
" West 129th St.....9:20 "

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