A BLUE TOWN WAS ROSELLE

FORGOTTEN LAWS OF '74 DUG UP AND PUT INTO EFFECT,

Preventing the Sale of Everything Except Milk and Medicine—How the New Jersey Borough Suffered Under the Restraint and What May Come of It.

The bunch that occupies the back room of Jay Rewalt's drug store, over in Roselle, N. J., every Sunday afternoon to settle on Presidential candidates didn't take any real interest in the argument yesterday. Judge Frank Wooley, a confirmed optimist, sat as usual on the soap box in front of the prescription counter and tried to get the talk going, but somehow nobody's heart was in it.

"Guess Bill Taft is it, all right," ventured the Judge, throwing out a conversational lifeline in a hopeful sort of way. "Don't reckon Uncle Joe has a chance in the world, eh?"

Now, for any number of Sundays past that was the cue for Uncle Ben Timmins to get up slowly from the three legged stool that was his by right of ancient use and make a speech. Seldom he varied.

"Huh!" he would snort. "That talk makes me tired. Don't I know? Wasn't I votin' for President long before you fellows learnt how to walk? Didn't I cast my first vote for Abe Lincoln? All right. Guess I know sumpin' about politics then. Well, listen to me. I know what's goin' to happen. Bill Taft and Joe Cannon and Phil Knox and George Cortelyou and the rest of 'em are goin' into that convention shy enough delegates to nommynate. First ballot, nothin' doin'. Then what happens? Some galoot from Cheyenne, Wyoming, will go waltzing down the middle aisle with a big Stetson, red shirt, chaps, and all the rest of a Wild West outfit, yelling for Teddy, and, ding! It'll be all off. Take it from me. I know!"

Well, Uncle Ben just set mournful like on the three legged stool yesterday and never said a word. The rest of the boys nodded listlessly. Jay Rewalt was asleep behind the deserted soda water fountain. The drug store cat rubbed against Judge Wooley's foot and he pushed it away. The Judge was irritated.

Little Miss Ina Chase, who works at typewriting in Manhattan, tripped from Main street into the store arrayed in a new butterfly tailor made that was mighty easy to look at. Any other time her getup would have made a terrific hit in Jay Rewalt's. Yesterday? Not at all. The gloom was too thick.

"Thay, Mithter Rewalt, I want to buy thome candy, a pound of Thkotch kithes," said Miss Chase, who lisps, eyeing the bunch in the back of the store with deep disfavor.

"Sorry, Miss Chase," said Jay. "Can't sell a nickel's worth of candy to-day. Law won't permit me. Mayor's orders. I'd get in trouble if I did."

"Do you mean to thay that I can't get even five thenth worth of candy?" she demanded.

"You can't get any candy, or soda water, or face powder, or manicure supplies or perfume or anything. Course I'll sell you some drugs or milk if you need 'em. The law permits that."

Miss Chase stamped her foot.

"Well," she said, as she turned for the door. "If that ithn't a wotten way to wun a town!"

Half an hour later, when the silence in the store had become painful, Mugmouth Clark wabbled in. Nobody ever saw Mugmouth intoxicated, but he's consistent.

"Hey, Rewalt!" said Mugmouth. "How about it? Huh? Anything doing? You know."

"Not a chance," said Mr. Rewalt, firmly. "Town's closed up like a mad clam. Mayor's orders."

"Where's Mayor?" said Mr. Clark. "Mayor's pers'nal fren' o' mine."

"Gone to Florida," said Jay. "Left yesterday."

"Wish I was in Florida," said Mr. Clark sadly, and went out into the wet snow.

The blue laws of 1874 had tied up the borough of Roselle; there was no mistaking it. The trouble started weeks ago. The Italian fruit vender who runs a stand on Main street a stone's throw from three churches was to blame, Judge Wooley said. By his stand he had a penny in the slot machine, which proved so enticing to the kids on their way to Sunday school that much copper coinage was diverted from the collections. The heathen were getting the worst of it. Members of the Good Government Club whose children wasted their Sunday school pennies in the machine said that the youngsters were getting in the habit of fibbing and that the machine would have to go.

So P. H. Gard, who is secretary of the club; Capt. Alfred Atkins, G. A. R.; E. P. Tenney and Councilman S. J. Patterson, among others, went before the Council last Friday night and said the ironclad laws of '74 would have to be enforced or they would know the reason why. They put it up to Mayor Charles W. McQuoid, who is the head of the stock brokerage firm of C. W. McQuoid & Co., 52 Broadway, and Mr. McQuoid said:

"All right, gentlemen. If you want 'em enforced you shall have 'em enforced. As for myself, I am going away on a vacation to-morrow, to be gone a long time."

That put it up to Chief of Police John Kenney and Policemen Hennessey, Lewis and Kennan. They got out the statutes and read up the law. They found that about everything pleasant was forbidden, including travelling, worldly employment or serious labor, work on land or water, dancing, singing, fiddling or other music for sake of merriment, football, fives, long bullets or quoits, crying or shouting merchandise, fruits, meats or vegetables, driving with merchandise on the public highways except as a matter of mercy or necessity, or driving stages with the same object.

It was set down in black and white that anybody over 14 who committed these high crimes and misdemeanors against the peace of the Commonwealth of New Jersey could be fined $2 for each and every offence, costs to be added. More that that, anybody who should so far forget himself as to utter a swear word would have to walk up and fork over half a dollar for every swear the police officer making the arrest could remember. Other things were barred, like peanuts, ginger ale, gum drops, chewing gum, pop, cigars, plug tobacco, loose chewing, nigger head, cigarettes—any form of eating tobacco, soda water, toilet articles and luxuries. Milk and medicines escaped the ban; nothing else.

Well, you can figure out that it was a day of stiff and strenuous duty for Chief Kenney and the force. The trouble was that they were so well known that it was 100 to 1 against their getting convictions. Whether they hired private detectives or not cannot be told with certainty; but this is a fact, that several suspicious looking strangers walked into Jay Rewalt's drug store and wanted to buy cigars. They insisted on it. Mr. Rewalt shook his head coldly and told them he was a law abiding citizen. Would they have milk or medicines? They wouldn't they said firmly, and walked out.

At the other end of the tunnel under the Jersey Central Railroad station Roselle Park was steeped in sin. Saloons are never open on Sunday anyway in Roselle Park, but the drug stores and candy shops were going full blast, recklessly, wilfully wicked. You could buy a nickel cigar or a dime's worth of candy or get a glass of soda water most any place you happened into. The reform wave hadn't rolled over to Roselle Park by any means, but a whole lot of the citizens of Roselle rolled over by nightfall.

They were betting 8 to 5 in Jay Rewalt's yesterday afternoon that the reform movement would peter out in two or three weeks. About the time that Mayor McQuoid gets back, they thought, the men folks would get tired of forgetting to buy their cigars in New York and having to go twenty-four hours without a smoke. Then there would be an uprising of the indignant commoners that would prick the reform movement as a nasty little nail will bust an automobile tire. Sure thing, said Mr. Rewalt, as he went out to set up the sign that the wind had overthrown, a sign which spelled the name of Roselle:

The Lid Is on.
Try
Rewalt's Footease.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A new book in the "Heroes of the Nations Series" contains the story of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who compelled Louis XI. to accede to the terms of the insurgent Burgundia nobles. Charles was a heroic and romantic figure and Louis an interesting personage—a forerunner of the modern politician. The story which Miss Putnam relates of these men includes an important period (1433-77) in which the mediæval and the modern were engaged in a death struggle. Printing, with all its discovery meant for the world, was coming; the Reformation was near, and the fall of Constantinople came in 1453.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, the author of "Rambling Recollections," was by reason of his family and political relations as well as his own personality on intimate terms with most of the prominent Englishmen and English women of the last century. His public life was practically contemporary with that of Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury, Churchill, Harcourt and Iddesleigh.

The long delayed "History of the Elizabethan Drama," by Prof. Felix E. Schelling, is to be published this week.

Prof. George Edward Woodberry, whose latest book, "Great Writers," has recently appeared, sailed to Europe about a month ago with the intention of returning to Africa and the Sahara. It is two years since he visited that part of the world, which has so much fascination for him. So far it has been the French writers of our own time, beginning with Fromentin, who have come under the spell of the Sahara, and the one English novelist who writes much of this section is said to have gone no further than Biskra—Biskra, which has become such a resort of the tourist that it has been fitly termed the "Coney Island of the Sahara."

The third and last portion of "French Art from Watteau to Prud'hon" begins with an introduction by M. Victor du Bled dealing with "Society and Morals in France Under Louis XVI." The author, carried away by his enthusiasm for that epoch, eliminates grim details with which we are all familiar and says:

"I believe that there never was more *esprit* than in the eighteenth century; never were carried to a higher pitch urbanity, courtesy, social tact and grace—grace, the flower of chivalry, that subtle perfume, the elixir of civilization, composed of endless charming trifles in which are blended as in a symphony all the notes of the human keyboard, voice and gesture, smiles and beauty, bravery and elegance, and sometimes depth of soul."

Henry James is writing a new story for *Harper's* in which his purpose seems to be to contrive a plot as tangled as his syntax. A mother with three divorced husbands and a daughter with six broken engagements are introduced in the opening chapters, which will appear in the March number of the magazine. Each is fatally beautiful and fascinating. The daughter having met her fate in the person of a young man of exacting ideals appeals to one of the divorced husbands to reenforce her own as well as her mother's integrity of character by confessing himself as entirely responsible by virtue of his unworthiness for the divorce. But the husband having found a woman of means whom he hopes to win desires that his divorced wife's daughter shall perform the same service for him that she asks of him. Our self-exiled novelist has discovered a new and curious situation in fiction and piques curiosity as to its denouement. The name of this snarl of a story is "Julia Bride."

An interesting history attaches to the picture which appears on the autograph edition of "Hoyle's Games." The portrait of Edmund Hoyle, the father of whist and the first writer on indoor games, who lived in the eighteenth century, has been eagerly sought in private galleries and among old woodcuts. Hoyle seems to have had no time for the artist. By the merest chance Mr. Frederic Jessel of London, the connoisseur on games, who owns the finest card library in the world, looking over some old books, pictures and bronzes at Brighton, happened to run across a medal that bore the name of Edmund Hoyle and which was of eighteenth century workmanship. The medal was reproduced in plaster, photographed, and now appears on the cover of Hoyle's book.

Miss Malvery, the young girl who, clad in coster garb, lived for eight years in the East End of London studying the homes of the poor and collecting material for her book "The Soul Market," is by birth an East Indian. She left home when a young girl, studied music and elocution and became a professional entertainer. She fell into the habit of visiting the homes of the poor and seeing for herself how the submerged masses fared. She worked in a factory, seeking shelter at night at cheap lodging houses; she earned pennies as a singer on the street, tried her hand as a costermonger and served in a sweatshop.

TWENTIETH YEAR AT ST. PAUL'S.

The Rev. William M. Geer Celebrates His Anniversary.

The Rev. William Montague Geer celebrated his twentieth anniversary as vicar of old St. Paul's Chapel yesterday morning. Dr. Geer was made vicar of St. Paul's in 1888. Graduating from Columbia University in 1869, he was later admitted to the bar in 1872. From then until 1875 he practised law with William E. Curtis, later Justice of the Supreme Court of New York. Mr. Geer's father and grandfather had been clergymen, and in 1875 he himself entered the Theological Seminary.

Bishop Potter preached the special sermon for the occasion, giving the history of the church and speaking highly of the work done by the vicar, Archdeacon Nelson and a number of the clergy of the diocese. Invitations had been sent to all the curates who had served at St. Paul's under Mr. Geer during the twenty years he has been in charge, and nearly all responded.

CITY'S THEATRE PROFITABLE.

Trustees of Northampton Academy of Music Report Gain of $2,000.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., March 1.—The trustees of the Academy of Music have made public their annual report showing for the financial year, which corresponds with the calendar year, a profit of $2,000 This showing is the more satisfactory when it is considered that it covers a part of the present season of hard times. The last two annual reports have shown a total profit of $5,000 and have done much to justify Northampton's experiment of maintaining a municipal theatre.

It is said that there is no other municipal theatre in the United States, and when the city got special permission from the Legislature and voted to accept the splendid gift of E. H. R. Lyman there was no lack of opposition on the ground that the theatre would be a source of loss to the city.

Speed of Canal Work Surprises Gen. Davis.

Major-General George W. Davis, who represented the United States at the opening of the Guatemalan Transcontinental Railway, arrived yesterday with his daughter by the steamship Finance from Colon. He was formerly an Isthmian Canal Commissioner and he came home by way of Colon so that he could visit the canal. He said he was astonished by the rapid progress of the work.

THE SUFFRAGETTES AT TEA

LIGHTER SIDE OF THE "VOTES FOR WOMEN" MOVEMENT.

But the Serious Purpose Was Not Forgotten Nor the Traffic in Yellow Buttons—Some Male Members of the Progressive Union Attend Studio Function.

The Progressive Woman Suffrage Union (the name under which the Suffragettes incorporated gave a tea yesterday afternoon in the studio of Miss Giberson, 959 Eighth avenue. About seventy-five persons, one-third of them men, testified by their presence to their sympathy with the "cause," and forty new names were added to the roll.

Mrs. Belle de Rivera's Twentieth Century Suffrage Club isn't even in the running with the P. W. S. U. as regards masculine membership. The T. C. S. C. has but fifteen voters provisionally on its roll, while the P. W. S.U. boasts in addition to Bolton Hall and Julius Hopp and Mr. Borrman Wells, who have been in good standing for several weeks, Edward F. Korbell, Dr. H. J Loebinger, A. Schepa, August Fertig, Eugenio di Pirani, Frederick L. Hardenbrook, S. Skugfjord, an Icelandic Socialist, the Rev. Alexander Irvine, the husband of Mme. Alma Webster Powell and sixteen others, who said several times that they were most enthusiastic but didn't wish to be quoted.

It seems that some one told a friend of a friend of some one who had met Mrs. Borrman Wells that an "Anti" who didn't wish her name used had described the Suffragette raid on Wall Street as a deplorable exhibition of all that is most unwomanly in woman and that those who took part in it were undoubtedly incapable of grasping even the A, B, C of making home happy.

When Mrs. Borrman Wells and Miss Mary Coleman and Mrs. Lydia Kingsmill Commander and Miss Maude Malone heard of it they said with one voice that they would just show those who thought they had a monopoly of domestic felicity what truly progressive women could do with the rôle of the eternal feminine when they saw fit to assume it.

And in proof of this declaration Mrs. Wells and Miss Malone spent several hours addressing cards of invitation, other fighters for franchise beat eggs and sifted flour and scorched their cheeks over hot stoves, while the house committee asked Miss Giberson if she wouldn't like to have them advise her about the rearrangemet of the studio she had kindly placed at their disposal.

On Saturday afternoon the union resolved itself into a committee of the whole on the question of costume, with the result that several of the men guests asserted that the Sunday receiving line constituted a color symphony which was about the most harmonious of the current season.

Mrs. Commander wore white broadcloth; Miss Coleman, Alice blue voile with a corsage bouquet of violets and gardenias and Mrs. Wells pearl gray crêpe de chine with touches of Pompeiian red. Mrs. Wells carried scarlet carnations.

The walls of the studio were hung with Gobelin blue tapestries, the floor was covered with Oriental rugs, old brass candlesticks adorned the piano, casts of Venuses and Victories and literary Cupids filled all the available niches, and from a dim and shadowy corner the "Mona Lisa" smiled.

After each person present had consumed several cups of "franchise tea," three or four pieces of "votes for women cake," half a dozen "emancipation sandwiches," and as many of the men as could crowd into the kitchenette had helped Miss Coleman wash the dishes, there was a little flutter of excitement, and Mrs. Commander led Miss Rose Schneiderman of the Cap Makers Union to the rostrum. Miss Schneiderman said that she didn't take much stock in the "home argument" of those who were mean enough to try to keep woman from getting her rights. The working woman, she said, didn't have any home—she frequently had no more than a hole, and if giving her the ballot would deprive her of that miserable apology for a home and give her a chance to begin all over again she thought it would be an excellent thing.

Then she told the suffragettes that she was with them every time, that she didn't think women would ever get the ballot by asking the Legislature for it and that she thought their open air meetings were fine.

"You shouldn't mind," she continued, "because the financiers acted like loafers last Thursday. That is just what you should expect of them. What are they, anyway, but loafers, whose sole occupation is trying to take away other men's wealth? Let me assure you that the workingman is with you and will help you all he can."

Mrs. Alma Webster Powell, who followed, was much more excited over the wrongs of the suffragettes than Miss Schneiderman. She explained that she had never had much time to think whether she wanted the ballot or not, but that when she heard how shamefully those brave women had been treated by American men she made up her mind that she would let every one she knew understand what she thought of it.

"Why, I think every American woman who doesn't stand by these women who have been making such noble sacrifice for the principles in which they believe is a coward!" she exclaimed. And the audience applauded wildly.

"If any woman in my presence," she went on, "should dare to call these women silly or say they had been making fools of themselves I should not hesitate to show my utter disgust.

"I wouldn't have believed that American men, whom I have described in all parts of Europe as the very quintessence of chivalry, could possibly have been guilty of such conduct. Probably they didn't understand what the women were really there for—not that I consider that any excuse for insulting them."

"Woman ought to have the vote," concluded Mrs. Powell, "because she understands human nature much better than man. A comprehension of human nature is surely the best preparation for governing it; and who, I ask, can have a more thorough comprehension of it than the mother who is spanking it all day long?" The Rev. Alexander Irvine declared that if woman wanted the vote she ought to have it and that all this discussion as to whether the enfranchisement of the weaker sex would further the cause of temperance or do away with child labor or increase wages or accomplish or abolish a hundred other things was tommyrot.

"I am a Socialist," he announced in fervid tones, "and I would be ashamed if I wasn't an ardent woman suffragist. You must not forget that the Socialist party is the only one that has come out boldly in your favor, and it would be well for the Republican and Democratic parties to remember it too."

While all these things were going on Miss Mary Coleman did not for one single minute take a vacation from her business of button selling. No one escaped from the room without purchasing at least one of the yellow disks emblazoned with the society slogan, "Votes for Women," and some of the newly initiated members were obliged to buy several.

Miss Coleman says she has sold hundreds downtown during the last week and that among the buyers have been several Supreme Court Judges and innumerable lawyers. When a reporter ventured to inquire whether the "Judges" and "lawyers" wore the emblems in plain sight Miss Coleman replied with spirit: "They do when they come to my office."

Miss Coleman added that if she hadn't been "trying a case" last Thursday the suffragists would never have been routed.

"I would have taken two or three of those boys by the collar," she snapped, "and made them behave themselves. And as for the men I would have had a couple of policemen attend to them."

Miss Coleman added that there would soon be another descent upon the street, this time in an automobile.

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR IT.

Advertisements for THE SUN and THE EVENING SUN may be left at any American District Messenger office in the city.

NEW JERSEY ADVERTISEMENTS. | NEW JERSEY ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Importers—Grocers

Choicest *of table delicacies. Brands of reputation. Luxuries from abroad.*

Quick Transit *now possible via the tunnels and the surface roads to fashionable New Jersey towns.*

Families *intending making their homes in this State will find our stores centrally located at*

Orange 222 *Main St.*	**East Orange** 539 *Main St.*	**South Orange** 21 *S. Orange Ave.*
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Summit—*Maple St., at Union Place.*

NEW JERSEY

HUNGRY CLUB RUNS A SHOW

BUT THERE'S A LACK OF REAL BOHEMIANS ON THE STAGE.

The Sunday Night Concert Takes a New Turn and the World Without Can Be Entertained for a Price—But Most of the Entertaining Is by Professionals.

The spirit of true bohemianism, too long shut up within the sacred meetings of the select few and the walls of the table d'hôte restaurants, at last has broken from its exclusiveness and now may be inhaled at popular prices. The pioneer in this great crusade of enlightenment is the Hungry Club.

It was child's play to guess that the public would stand on its hind legs and beg if it had a suspicion that the boon was really to be granted. But the seating capacity of the all night restaurant is a limited thing—and if there was to be a real campaign at all it must be free as air, even free as the light of heaven. But problems are the playthings of a true bohemian soul. It didn't take long to settle this one. Mr. Gus Edwards came along with a proposition which, although it may have been made with selfish motives, furnished the desired solution. The Hungries would take possession of a theatre and on Sunday night!

There have been a good many anxieties abroad recently in the American church and discussions of *dernier resort* methods of securing orthodoxy and continuity to our beloved church are not to be wondered at, but the questions at issue in all such matters need not only a large demand for any organization but also a mass of learned, responsible and trusted men to consider details.

It is much to be regretted that the late conference did not insist upon these two conditions before creating any organization. But often wisdom comes only after experience. Larger reflection convinces one of the necessity of retracing steps too hastily taken or too easily acquiesced in.

Notwithstanding the withdrawal of the Rev. Dr. Riley from the pro-Roman movement and expressions from other clergymen named as officers that their names were used without authority, the Rev. Augustine Elmendorf of Jersey City, secretary and one of the organizers of the Anglo-Roman Union, has come to its defence since the recent formation here of the American branch of the Anglican and Eastern Orthodox Churches Union, which has for its object intercommunion with Eastern churches, with the following statement.

The aim of the Anglo-Roman union is to study the question of what the Anglican Church should do to restore unity, accepting as a basis the principle of the primacy of the see of Peter in spiritualities as did most of the reformers and the Tractarian leaders. Most Anglican writers seem to approach the subject from the point of view of what Rome should do. If a man seriously believes that the Holy Spirit presides over the destinies of the Catholic Church and will guide it unto all truth why can he not believe that Rome too will receive some measure of that guidance and leave them to work out the problem for themselves? If A and B have a quarrel it is obviously A's duty if he will remain in charity to determine what he owes B and as far as possible act upon it. On the other hand if he persistently refuses to discover what he should do until B reforms and comes to him he is in grave danger of being out of charity.

JUDGE A. C. KILLAM DEAD.

Was Head of Canadian Railway Commission and a Noted Lawyer.

OTTAWA, March 1.—Albert Clementa Killam, chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission and one of Canada's most widely known jurists, died at the Russell Hotel here to-day of pneumonia after a few days illness. He was born in Yarmouth, N. S., sixty years ago, graduated brilliantly at Toronto University, served at the Ontario bar and later was one of the Chief Justices of Manitoba.

A few years ago he came here to go on the Supreme Court bench. In 1905 he was appointed chairman of the Railway Commission and had been responsible for very important railway legislation and many reforms. The remains will be taken to his home at Winnipeg for interment. He leaves a widow and one son, George Knight Killam of Winnipeg.

OBITUARY.

The Rev. James T. Byrnes, for a quarter of a century rector of St. Patrick's Church at Richmond village, Richmond Borough, died at 8 o'clock last evening. His death was due to pneumonia which followed a runaway accident in which the priest was injured early last week. On Tuesday Father Byrnes drove from Richmond to the City Farm Colony to make a sick call. On the way back the horse shied at something and partly upset the rig and the priest was thrown out. The horse trotted into Richmond later and a searching party found Father Byrnes unconscious by the roadside. His injuries probably would not have proved serious but for the development of pneumonia. Prior to his assignment at Richmond Father Byrnes was chaplain at Sing Sing prison for several years. He was 58 years old.

James Hedges, senior member of the diamond importing firm of William S. Hedges & Co., at 170 Broadway, died yesterday at his country home at Allenhurst, N. J., of heart disease. He had been ill several months. He was born in Greenwich Village seventy-three years ago and attended the public schools of this city. In 1878 he went into the diamond importing business with his brother, who founded the firm of William S. Hedges & Co., and had been actively engaged up to the time he was taken ill. He was a thirty-third degree Mason and a member of the Chamber of Commerce, the New York Athletic Club and the Museum of Natural History. The funeral will be held from his town house at 273 West Eighty-sixth street.

Albert Schiffer of the firm of Pelgram & Meyer, silk manufacturers, one of the best known silk concerns in America, died at his home, 12 East Seventy-sixth street, on Saturday, after a short illness of the grip. Mr. Schiffer was 54 years old and leaves a widow and two children. He attended to the manufacturing end of the firm and was in daily attendance at the firm's plant in Paterson. The plant had been sold to Mr. Schiffer and his brother, Herman, on the death of Mr. Meyer some time ago. Herman Schiffer died a few years ago.

Theatre Church for Workingmen.

The Rev Dr. Carter, pastor of the Madison Avenue Reformed Church, one of the fraternal delegates to the Central Federated Union, asked that body yesterday for its aid in a new movement to further the cause of religion outside the churches. He said that for this purpose he and others had engaged the Belasco Theatre for six weeks for evening services for the working people, beginning next Sunday. He wanted the delegates to notify their unions.

OUT OF ANGLO-ROMAN UNION.

The Rev. Dr. Riley Says the Public Isn't Educated Up to It.

The Rev. Dr. Theodore M. Riley, formerly professor of ecclesiastical history at the General Theological Seminary and now rector of Christ Church at Hudson, N. Y., who was present at the conference of high church Protestant Episcopal clergymen who met in an uptown restaurant several weeks ago and formed the Anglo-Roman Union to bring about the amalgamation of the Anglican Church with the Church of Rome, is out with a statement withdrawing his name as first vice-president of the union, in which he says

My consent to be named a vice-president of the society recently created in New York has been withdrawn. Whatever reasons there may seem to have been for academically discussing certain subjects have become futile when confronted with popular apprehensions which cannot be rectified. The twenty-eighth canon of Chalcedon, the canons of Sardica respecting appeals, or the principles underlying St. Cyprian's *De Unitate* may be very clear as fit subjects for consideration in conferences of instructed persons, but without a larger knowledge of church history than the general public possesses the above or similar subjects mean revolution from the inherited order and confusion of mind to simple believers. That condition of things has been unfortunately precipitated, and for myself I feel it a duty to try to allay it.

There have been a good many anxieties abroad recently in the American church and discussions of *dernier resort* methods of securing orthodoxy and continuity to our beloved church are not to be wondered at, but the questions at issue in all such matters need not only a large demand for any organization but also a mass of learned, responsible and trusted men to consider details.

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OBITUARY.

The Rev. James T. Byrnes, for a quarter of a century rector of St. Patrick's Church at Richmond village, Richmond Borough, died at 8 o'clock last evening. His death was due to pneumonia which followed a runaway accident in which the priest was injured early last week. On Tuesday Father Byrnes drove from Richmond to the City Farm Colony to make a sick call. On the way back the horse shied at something and partly upset the rig and the priest was thrown out. The horse trotted into Richmond later and a searching party found Father Byrnes unconscious by the roadside. His injuries probably would not have proved serious but for the development of pneumonia. Prior to his assignment at Richmond Father Byrnes was chaplain at Sing Sing prison for several years. He was 58 years old.

James Hedges, senior member of the diamond importing firm of William S. Hedges & Co., at 170 Broadway, died yesterday at his country home at Allenhurst, N. J., of heart disease. He had been ill several months. He was born in Greenwich Village seventy-three years ago and attended the public schools of this city. In 1878 he went into the diamond importing business with his brother, who founded the firm of William S. Hedges & Co., and had been actively engaged up to the time he was taken ill. He was a thirty-third degree Mason and a member of the Chamber of Commerce, the New York Athletic Club and the Museum of Natural History. The funeral will be held from his town house at 273 West Eighty-sixth street.

Albert Schiffer of the firm of Pelgram & Meyer, silk manufacturers, one of the best known silk concerns in America, died at his home, 12 East Seventy-sixth street, on Saturday, after a short illness of the grip. Mr. Schiffer was 54 years old and leaves a widow and two children. He attended to the manufacturing end of the firm and was in daily attendance at the firm's plant in Paterson. The plant had been sold to Mr. Schiffer and his brother, Herman, on the death of Mr. Meyer some time ago. Herman Schiffer died a few years ago.

Dr. Grosvenor Hasn't Heard of It.

The Rev. William Mercer Grosvernor, rector of the Church of the Incarnation, at Madison avenue and Thirty-fifth street, said last night that he knew nothing regarding the despatch from Washington to the effect that he was to be elected to succeed the late Bishop Satterlee as head of the diocese of Washington.

The Housekeeper's Month—

CHINA and KITCHEN WARES

Lead the Great Movement

At WANAMAKER'S

Each season the task grows greater, in providing the tremendous quantities of high-class merchandise under-price, necessary to meet the growing demands of this greatest Home-Outfitting business in America, on these semi-annual occasions. For this is not a sale of a day, or a week; but prepared for tremendous selling every day for THE ENTIRE MONTH.

Superb Assortments of China and Cut Glass

If you could go behind the scenes with us—to foreign countries—as we pick out the beautiful china and objects of art, the statuary and bronzes, watch the sale in the process of evolution, visit all the markets of the Old World, see the assembling of thousands of packages from Germany, Italy, France, Austria and England—and then make a tour of the manufacturing districts of our own country, you would realize that *it is a gigantic task—a gigantic sale.*

Marble Statuary — *Bronze Statuary*
Dinner Sets — *Decorated China*
Yellow Ware — *Low-Priced Earthenware*
Art Pottery — *Brass Goods*
Cut Glass — *Pressed Glass*
Low-Priced Glassware

Almost every reasonable want in china and glass objects of art can be supplied at prices ranging one-fourth to one-half less than usual rates. Many lots are limited in quantity, and, of course, promptness will be worth while.

There are superb collections of brilliant Cut Glass from factories that we control, and on which there are savings of about a third of the regular prices, while the cuttings are the finest made in America.

There are splendid assortments of Fancy China about a quarter to a third under-price. Also Bric-a-Brac.

The collection of Dinner Sets is particularly strong. For instance, here are superb Theodore Haviland Dinner Sets of 100 pieces, in beautiful patterns, *at $25 a set.* Some of the other Dinner Sets are described below:

Dinner Sets

At $18.75, worth $25—Chas. Field Haviland and Theodore Haviland Dinner Sets of 100 pieces, with soup tureen and three platters; fine floral decorations, and all handles gilt.

At $21.50, worth $30—Elite China Dinner Sets of 100 pieces, with soup tureen and three platters; flower decorations, with all handles gilt.

At $30, worth $55—Theodore Haviland Dinner Sets of 101 pieces, with soup tureen and three platters; floral decoration and continuous heavy gold stippling on every piece.

At $35, worth $60—Same as above, with 114 pieces.

At $35, worth $60—Charles Field Haviland Dinner Sets of 114 pieces; floral designs, all pieces heavily gilt.

At $13.50, worth $20—Austrian China Dinner Sets of 100 pieces, with soup tureen and three platters; flower decorations, and all handles gilt.

At $10, worth $20—American Porcelain Dinner Sets of 113 pieces, in a variety of decorations.

Also the following Dinner Sets—some of our finest china and richest decorations, at straight reductions:

Haviland & Co. Set of 135 pieces, at $60, from $90.

Theodore Haviland Set of 139 pieces, at $95, from $140.

Pouyat Set of 145 pieces, at $95, from $135.

Swedish China Set of 169 pieces, at $150, from $200.

Third floor, New Building.

Decorated Plates

Dinner Plates, at $6, $9, $15 and $18 a dozen, from $12, $18, $30 and $36.

Breakfast Plates, at $6, $8, $12.50 and $15 a dozen, from $12, $16, $25 and $30.

Tea Plates, at $5 and $9 a dozen, from $10 and $18.

Bread-and-Butter Plates, at $3, $6 and $9 a dozen, from $6, $12 and $18.

Main aisle, Old Building and Third floor, New Building.

Fancy China at 25c

Fine Austrian china in a variety of bright new decorations. Fruit Plates, Bread-and-Butter Plates, Tea Cups and Saucers, Sugars and Creamers, Fruit Saucers. 25c each, worth double.

Main aisles, Old and New Buildings. Third floor New Building.

Cups and Saucers

Bouillon Cups and Saucers, at $7.20, $12, $15 and $18 dozen, worth $13.50, $21, $24 and $36.

Tea Cups and Saucers, at $7.20, $12, and $18 a dozen, worth $12, $18, $30.

After-dinner Coffee Cups and Saucers at $6 and $12 dozen, worth $9, $17 and $28.

Main aisle, Old Building. Third floor, New Building.

Mr. Hans Kronold
'Cellist
Has been re-engaged this week.
We have also engaged
Miss Estelle Wentworth
Soprano
together with
The Piano Quintette
Combining a delightful musical program, daily, excepting Saturday, at 2 P. M. Organ and Angelus Recital, daily, at 10 to 12.

Bags and Suit Cases
$7.50 to $15 Kinds
At $5 to $10.50

A prominent manufacturer's surplus stock of sole leather Traveling Bags and Suit Cases, in various sizes and colors, some with patent brass corner protectors, the better grades with genuine hand-work.

Also a few fine Wicker Auto, Lunch and Combination Baskets, regularly $12 to $53, now $6 to $26.50.

Main floor, New Building.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

TAFT TALKS TO Y. M. C. A.

Will Hold a Reception and Resume Talking Politics To-day.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., March 1.—Secretary Taft was greeted by more than 2,000 persons at Court Square Theatre this afternoon when he delivered an address under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Mr. Taft made no reference to political matters in his speech, his topic being the work of the Y. M. C. A. He spoke of the work of the organization from an international point of view and said that it had been of great aid in the Panama Canal Zone and in the Philippines.

After the speech Mr. Taft attended a luncheon at the Nayasset Club and went to Millbury to spend a night with his aunt, Miss Delia Torrey. To-morrow Secretary Taft will attend an informal reception at the Town Hall under the auspices of the Millbury Taft Republican Club, and in the afternoon he will go to Fitchburg, where he is to deliver an address in the evening.

HAVE YOU TRIED

Hunyadi János ?

It is well known to be

The Best Natural Laxative Water FOR CONSTIPATION

and all disorders of the bowels and stomach.

In full bottles and splits

50c.—Maupassant's short stories, Reynolds's Old London, Manon Lescaut, De Kock. PRATT, 161 6th av.

ART SALES AND EXHIBITIONS.

"This Afternoon at 2:30."

AMERICAN ART GALLERIES
MADISON SQUARE SOUTH NEW YORK CITY

UNRESTRICTED PUBLIC SALE
By order of the Owner,
Mrs. Richard Mansfield,
The Art Property
Collected by the Late
Richard Mansfield
This (Monday) and Tuesday Afternoons
BEGINNING AT 2:30 O'CLOCK.
Valuable Antique Furniture
Flemish Tapestries
HENRY II. AND RENAISSANCE CARVED WOOD MANTELS
Rare Old Staffordshire and other China, Bohemian Glass, Bric-a-Brac, Textiles and Relics, Etchings, Hogarth Prints
and
An Important
Tapestry Tableaux Curtain
(Size 31 x 50 feet)
and To-morrow (Tuesday) Eve.
At 8:30 O'CLOCK.
Valuable Portraits
and Other Paintings
The sale will be conducted by
Mr. THOMAS E. KIRBY, of the
AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION, Managers
6 East 23d St., Madison Square South.