A WHIFF OF ARABY AT DAWN

WHEN JOHN DE WITT WARNER IS A DJINN STARTLED A COP.

Escaped Into Gramercy Park in a Cloud of Smoke Pursued by a Cadi, an Houri a Sheik, a Nautch Girl, Sheherezade and Schahriar—The Divvie! Says the Cop.

Just about the time yesterday morning that the grim iron fence around Gramercy Park began to show black against the first pale light John De Witt Warner, disguised as a djinn, escaped from the National Arts Club in a cloud of smoke, uttering low cries of alarm. A taxicab removed him swiftly, though just in time to escape the clutches of an Arabian fishe man, a cadi, an houri and a prince of India, who were pursuing the djinn, intent upon confining him in a leaden bottle.

It was then that the stout and red faced Irish policeman who was rounding the old square in the dawn, grumbling at the rain, rubbed his eyes in amazement as he observed the quaint crew that issued from the old Samuel J. Tilden house at 14 and 15 Gramercy Park, now the home of the Arts Club. A sinuous little nautch girl, whose flaming scarlet draperies fell short of her silken ankles, tripped down the steps, hanging on the arm of a tall and dignified sheik, who with one hand was endeavoring to button a light covert coat over his flowing white robe while with the other he manipulated a cigarette so that his great and bushy black beard might not take fire and be consumed utterly. It was a spectacle which clearly amused the little dancing girl and her clear, light laugh reached easily to Policeman McCann leaning against the fence.

He saw the Princess Sheherezade and her gloomy Sultan, attired in voluminous silks of brilliant color, disappear into a four wheeler and after them a strange procession—men and women who live ordinarily between the covers of the Arabian Nights—snake charmers, evil looking Bedouins, muezzins, bearded priests of Mohammed, who cried in the wet dawn "Allah il Allah"; fierce soldiers, at whose side swung curved scimitars with jewelled hilts, pushing their way through a throng of mendicants, whining beggars, poor fishermen with the nets of their trade on their backs; calenders, jugglers, story tellers; a mahout with his cruel elephant hook, and little Indian boys who beat steadily upon tomtoms.

All these and many more had been the people of a little section of the Orient taken bodily from the pages of romance and set down in Gramercy Park. Sheherezade, reclining on a throne at the feet of Schahriar, recited once more the strange tale of Fadladeen, his magic ring, the wonderful lamp and the monstrous genii who raised palaces in a night and whisked them at a signal a thousand leagues away. And all the time her lord, inclined to the delights of murder, listened raptly, delaying to slay the lady. And as she talked eagerly, lighting the gloom on the Sultan's face, dancing girls whirled before their throne, turning and twisting seductively in the light that flowed from the red and green lamps of brass that hung among the old tapestries upon the wall.

Every year the National Arts Club, composed largely of painters, sculptors and writers, gives a mi-caréme entertainment to which a good deal of time and thought is devoted. This year it dramatized loosely the Arabian Nights Entertainment, with Alexander Rice McKim as stage manager selecting a few episodes for the reproduction of Oriental life and color. Mr. Warner had been thought of for stage manager in view of his success in the Twelfth Night Entertainment, when he pulled off Salomé's dance before Herod, but so many of Mr. Warner's admirers were anxious that he should appear as a djinn with a costume of smoke colored silk and black turban that he was persuaded to deprive the club of his practical services.

The show was held in the long hall of the old Tilden home, a broad room running an entire block from Twentieth street to Nineteenth. Half of the hall was decorated as the throne room of the Sultan Schahriah, the other half as the interior of a Mohammedan mosque. The hardwood floor was strewn with cushions and queer little stands of grilled work which were covered with hookahs and copper coffee sets, and around the four sides, crosslegged on the floor, the onlookers sat to watch the show. Mr. McKim, Mrs. L. D. C. Eakins, Miss Anna R. Cooper, Miss Eleanor Weare Pearson and Miss Laura Skinner, who were in charge of various groups, were here, there and everywhere, watching to see that nobody slipped up on cues or stage business.

From the throne Mrs. Doré Lyon, an imposing Scheherazade in white and crimson silks and a green jade arm bracelet, began the task of amusing her melancholy master, the Sultan, who was Winslow Mallery. At a signal from the stage manager a Mohammedan wedding party appeared from parted green curtains, passing before the throne. Mrs. Lyon's voice took up the tale, a monologue varied by the tableaux illustrating the Oriental ceremony of splicing and by the jangling music from the reeds and brasses of the brown skinned players crouched upon the floor.

"It is the custom in the Orient," Scheherazade recited, "to present hot coffee to the welcome guest, cold coffee to the unwelcome guest," and there was a pause while the Nubian slaves passed around the steaming cups. Then the bridegroom solemnly washed the bride's face, which, according to Mrs. Lyon, was an essential part of the ceremony, a proceeding which created much mirth among the guests. Suddenly a little dancer whirled into the room and flicked her graceful toes before the wedding party. The grace of her dancing was marred only by an unfortunate incident. Her left stocking drooped ankleward and simply had to be readjusted before the dance could go on.

Afterward the scene changed to the other end of the hall where a native bazaar had been built under the direction of the brisk little Mrs. Eakins. A gorgeous procession appeared headed by two Indian boys beating tom-toms, followed by a pretty good imitation elephant, dignitaries of high degree, the Prince of India (Mr. McKim) and his attendant vassals, a palanquin containing a fair faced Indian Princess, dancing girls, snake charmers and jugglers. Round and round the bazaar the pageant moved to the w. ini g music of the native band and then circled the hall, forming a ring in which the magicians and the entertainers appeared to do their stunts.

When Miss Eleanor Weare Pearson glided out in an eye compelling getup of gorgeous silks tightly swathed about her there was a gasp of downright admiration. A fearfully real looking python was curled about her shoulders and waist, a snake so cunningly constructed that it looked enough alive to squeeze the young woman beyond hope of resuscitation, and which appeared to sway and glide and raise its ugly green head of its own volition. And then the magicians appeared with their spreading cloths, bulky sleeves rolled back to their elbows, grew tall mango trees in a twinkle from hard little seeds; stabbed sharp swords through wicker baskets that held wriggling boys who leaped out merrily after one was sure they had come to a bloody end. There was more dancing by very graceful girls with nimble feet, girls that undulated their shiny silk wrappings so that the red and green lights played over them in waves that fairly dazzled the eye. Followed a group of calenders with Miss Anna R. Cooper in charge, and Mrs. Edward Hagaman Hall's tableau of Ibrahim and Gemila.

Some of the club members who took part in the entertainment and in the dance and supper that followed were Frederick R. Gooch, the artist, as a Bedouin chief; James L. Baylis as an aged sheik; Maud Stumm, the painter, as an East Indian Princess; William Barfough as a snake charmer; Mrs. Jessie Bonstecl Stewart, in Moorish dress; Mrs. Archibald Shaw, Mrs. L. D. C. Eakins, Miss Mary Leach, Mrs. J. D. Rice, Mrs. Jewett, Mrs Kinmouth and Mrs. A. H. Steuart, as dancing girls; Edward Thatcher, as a snake dancer; Mrs. Emma Beckwith, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell, Mrs. Lou Wall Moore, Miss Louise Weston Clarke, Miss Adelaide Thorpe, F. Wellington Ruckstuhl, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Lamb, Francis C. Jones, H. Bolton Jones, Arthur I. Keller, Miss Elizabeth A. Hyde, Miss Ruth Gould, Miss Harriett Keith Forbes and Mr. and Mrs Howard Earle.

NEW THEATRE DIRECTOR HERE?

Granville Barker, to Whom Rumor Gives the Job, on the Celtic.

Granville Barker, the young English playwright and actor-manager, who, according to general report, is going to be the director of the New Theatre, arrived yesterday aboard the White Star liner Celtic. He is not a veteran voyager and was seasick several days on the mighty rough trip of the big liner. His first impressions of the town were formed through rain and mist and his mental attitude to his interviewers was a trifle foggy, too. He said he had come here to look over the situation and talk with the promoters of the enterprise. He had talked last summer in Paris with Otto H. Kahn and Mr. Kahn had suggested that he take under consideration the project of assuming the art directorship of the theatre. He could not say what he would do until he had discussed the matter with Mr. Kahn and others interested.

Mr. Barker is not 32 and has been for four years manager with J. E. Vedrenne of the little Court Theatre, in Sloane Square, Chelsea, celebrated for its artistic successes. He is a friend and ardent admirer of Bernard Shaw, whose reputation, he said yesterday, was as solid as "one of your skyscrapers."

Accompanying him on the Celtic was William Archer, the London dramatic critic. They published last year a booklet in which they advocated the establishment of a national theatre in which no play should be performed more than two nights consecutively. The authors of the plays should receive 10 per cent. of the gross receipts and the stock company should consist of forty-two actors and twenty-four actresses.

Mr. Barker intimated somewhat hazily that his ideal theatre might be somewhat on the order of that he and Mr. Archer had written about. He said there was a preponderance of the spirit of commercialism in the drama in London, and his idea was not to work with his eye primarily on the box office receipts. He wanted freedom to experiment. At times Mr. Barker talked in the cryptic manner of Mr. Shaw. He said a play was not born until it was produced; that Maeterlinck was "decorative rather than dynamic." Ibsen, he said, would always have an audience, and it probably never would be a large one he would not say even that it might be an intellectual one. Liking the Ibsen drama was a mere matter of personal taste. A critic had declared that Ibsen was not "wholesome." Mr. Barker did not agree with that. Personally he did not like onions, but there was a general belief that they were wholesome nevertheless.

If he should accept the management of the New Theatre, Mr. Barker let it be vaguely inferred, he should want to have free rein. He said he might stay here about a week and that he could not tell, perhaps until his return to England, what he would do about the proposition. He has brought over one new play, "A Chinese Lantern," written in collaboration with Laurence Housman, and several others exclusively his own. He favored the abolition of the dramatic censorship in England, not because the censor suppressed Mr. Barker's play, "Waste," but because it was an antediluvian and worthless sort of an office.

Mr. Barker and Mr. Archer were entertained last night at the Players by David Bispham at a dinner attended by a number of actors, managers and others interested in the New Theatre.

OPERA IN PHILADELPHIA.

Plans for the Next Season There—Brooklyn to Be Favored Also.

The final arrangements by which the Philadelphia season of opera given by the company from the Metropolitan Opera House will next year be extended considerably will be made to-day. The Philadelphia subscribers have offered to guarantee to the company $7,000 for eight representations in addition to the sixteen now given. This will bring the number of performances announced for next season up to twenty-four. So with Mr. Hammerstein's opera house also giving opera Philadelphia will have a greater supply than ever before.

The Metropolitan company will also make during the present week the final arrangements to give a series of ten performances of opera in Brooklyn. These will be given in the new Academy of Music on Monday nights, and there has been promised to the company a satisfactory financial guarantee.

The performances in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, taken together with those to be given by the company at the Metropolitan, will bring up the number during the season to more than a hundred representations of grand opera.

Free Chorus School at the Metropolitan.

The Metropolitan Opera Company will have next year a free chorus school which will be not alone for the development of the voice, but will also include courses of elementary music, sight reading, languages and stage deportment. As the pupils acquire ability and experience they will get a salary for chorus work. The salary will increase as they become more proficient. Preference in the choice of pupils will be given to applicants of American birth possessing good voices and having fair stage presence. The management of the opera house will utilize the services of the chorus students by assigning them as supernumeraries in the regular opera performances, for which services they will get the regular supernumerary's fee.

News of Plays and Players.

George M. Cohan will return to the stage next Thursday evening, April 2, when his new musical play "The Yankee Prince" is brought forth at Parsons Theatre, Hartford, Conn. The opening performance will mark the reunion of the Cohan family, the author's sister, Josephine, rejoining her father, mother and brother. The cast includes Jack Gardner, Tom Lewis, Sam J. Ryan, Estelle Wentworth, Stella Hammerstein and Frank Hollins, J. Jiquel Lance and Robert Emmet Lennon from England, France and Ireland.

The Shuberts announce that two additional companies will be immediately organized to play "Girls," the Clyde Fitch comedy now at Daly's. One of the companies will open a run at the Garrick Theatre in Chicago at the earliest possible date, while the other will be sent to the Pacific Coast.

Saint Gaudens Exhibition Continued.

Owing to the continued interest in the exhibition of the works of Augustus Saint Gaudens the time for closing the exhibit has been postponed until May 1. During the remaining month of the exhibition the Metropolitan Museum will be open on Wednesday evenings from 8 until 10 o'clock, when an admission fee of twenty-five cents will be charged.

Comparison of Texas Railway Earnings.

AUSTIN, Tex., March 29.—The railroad commission has issued a comparative statement of the earnings of the Texas railways for the first seven months of the present fiscal year and the same seven months of the last three preceding fiscal years. It shows that the freight earnings this year were $36,429,099, an increase over 1906 of $5,001,911, an increase over 1906 of $2,898,455, and a decrease from 1907 of $2,628,303.

No passenger earnings reports were required in 1905 and 1906, hence there can be no comparison. This year the total was $15,867,168, an increase of $312,458, or 2.01 per cent., over last year.

YANKELE ALMOST HIRES HELP

BUT MEETS THREE BOYS WHO KNOW THE SAME STORY.

That Relating to the Bright Youth Who Got a Place by Ready Wit in Taking "Boy Wanted" in With Him—He Finds a Cheaper and Better Expedient.

Although the volume of business in Selig Gottlieb's store was getting to be about double what it was before the owner left, Yankelé Schleifan, his manager, had been going it alone for some time. This did not give him very much opportunity to be away from Gottlieb's place, as he had to be on hand early every day and could not go out for lunch as he used to do when he worked for Goodman. "It is clear to me," said Yankelé to himself, "that I should have a helper. However, to have an assistant costs money. Yet if I had some one here to look out for things I would have more time to go around seeking for bargains for the stock, and that would be an advantage."

The more he considered the project the better the idea appealed to Yankelé. Eventually he had his mind made up and one dull afternoon he composed in labored character a sign to the effect that a boy was wanted. This was placed outside in a conspicuous place.

The sign was put up in the early part of the day, and it was no long time before Ephraim Mendelsohn, a boy whom Yankelé knew to be of forward nature, came along. He looked at the sign for a few moments and made a move as if to come in. Then he paused, as one struck by an idea, and reached up toward the sign. He removed it from the nail on which it was hung and entered the store.

"I see you want a boy," said Ephraim. "Look no further."

"Will you be good enough to tell me," asked Yankelé, with chilling courtesy, "why you took that sign off the hook?"

"I did that," replied the unabashed Ephraim, "because I thought sure you wouldn't need it any more. I'm the boy you want. You have no longer any use for that sign."

"Oh, is that so?" asked Yankelé. "You ossis-poonim, you! What a cheek you have! Do you think I want such a boy? You have no respect for the property of others! Was that your sign? Did you make it? Is this your store?"

"N—no," faltered Ephraim.

"Well, then," said Yankelé, "you stole the sign, didn't you? You took away what wasn't yours, didn't you?"

"I wasn't stealing it," said Ephraim.

"If I take what is not mine and proceed to dispose of it, I am stealing," said Yankelé, formally. "I do not care to argue the matter with you. All I say is that by your very action in taking away that sign you show you have no regard for the rights of others. If you are so shameless you would take things before my very eyes you would do worse behind my back. Go, now! Never mind, I will hang up that sign myself!"

After Ephraim had gone out Yankelé put the sign back in place and retired to the rear of the store to reckon up his accounts for the day. He had not been there long before he saw another boy stop to look at the sign. This youth favored the store with a close inspection and apparently made up his mind for a try. Unlike Ephraim, he was not known to Yankelé, but like the first applicant, he strode up and took the sign from the hook. Then he entered.

"What is it?" asked Yankelé.

"I see you want a boy," replied the newcomer "I want a place."

"What is your name?" asked Yankelé.

"David Solomon," said the boy.

"Well, David," said Yankelé, "I don't want anything of you but that you should go right out and put back that sign where you got it and go away. That's all I want of you."

"Don't I get the job?" asked David, disconsolate.

"No, you don't," replied Yankelé, "and if you want to know why I'll tell you. When you came in here you took down that sign. Now, because of your freshness perhaps some good boy that I would want to hire went by the store, all unknowing that I wanted to hire help, and as a result what happens? I don't get that boy. Maybe some time I would want very much to be away from the store on an important matter of business, and because you took down that sign I wouldn't have in my store that bright, intelligent boy to take care of things, and on that account I would lose, maybe, hundreds of dollars. And so by taking down that sign you take away my livelihood, because you take away my chance to make money—and so you shed my blood. You are a murderer!"

"Ai, vai," said David. "I didn't know it was so bad." And almost weeping, he hurried out, hung up the sign, and then, looking at his hands as if to see that no gore really stained them, ran away.

Yankelé resumed his work, keeping an eye on the door. "All good things are three," he said to himself, "so perhaps the next comer may be what I want. Those other boys didn't please by their looks anyway, so I had to make some excuse. But that's queer about taking away that sign." As he finished he noticed that another boy was looking at the sign. "That goes good," he said; "here's another applicant. But the boy went on and Yankelé settled back again. Two or three customers came in and did small affairs, in turn commenting on the sign. By and by he saw in the street another youngster. "That's Saul Friedman," said Yankelé; "he's not a bad boy. I wonder if he'll act like the others."

He didn't have long to wait, because Saul, like the others, reached up, lifted off the sign and with it under his arm came into the store.

"You want a boy," said he. "I'm the boy. You don't need the sign any longer, so I brought it in."

"Will you tell me," asked Yankelé, "what is the matter with all the boys nowadays? Now you are the third boy who has come in here to-day after that job, and you are the third who has taken that sign off the hook. Now, if you think that sort of chutzpeh is the way to get friendly with an intended boss I'll tell you it isn't. If I did such a thing when I went first for a job I'd have got a good potch. But I'm kind hearted. So I just ask you, are you all crazy?"

"I will tell you," said Saul. "In my class in school the other day the teacher was reading about some Gentile boys going to get a place and all of them failing until in walked one boy who took down the sign and entered announcing 'Here's your boy! You don't need the sign!' and got the place."

"That's all very well for a goy," said Yankelé, "but a man who has some sense in his head wouldn't stand that sort of thing. And are Ephraim Mendelsohn and David Solomon in that class too?"

"Yes," said Saul.

"Now, see," rejoined Yankelé, "what narrishkeit that teacher gives you! You take down that sign and bring it in. Well, while it is off along comes a customer who might want to trade here. I'm not at the door to invite that customer in. Well, maybe then away goes that customer and I lose trade. But if that sign were there that customer would see it. He, or she, as the case might be, would say to himself or herself, as the circumstance fitted, 'Aha! Here is a man who is doing such a big business he needs help! Well, when so many buy the bargains must be good! I'll try it myself,' and in comes that customer and makes a big purchase—which now I lose because you are fool enough to believe that your fool of a teacher reads about the goyim. Oh, yes, I must sufferl"

"Well you don't need to hire a boy at all," said Saul; "for that matter if you just had the sign there it would mean just as much."

"That's the first bit of sense you've shown," said Yankelé, "and you are right. Go out and hang up the sign and I shall be like Moische Aarons in a like case when he said 'Naturally I want help, but the Most High denies me that help and so I am forced to want and never to get.' It's cheaper for me to have the sign there and never to hire, and I hope Hyman Goodman sees it there and has his eyes gouged out by jealousy. Run along, Saul."

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LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

A vaudeville monologue man met a friend in a Broadway car. After they had talked a while the friend said:

"I've been conscious ever since we began to talk of some change in you, but I couldn't make out what. I know now. It is your voice. You speak so much more distinctly than you used to."

"That is because I have been talking into a phonograph," said the vaudeville performer. "The surest remedy on earth for slovenly speech is to hear a little lecture of your own rolled off a phonograph record and find that about half the words have been pronounced in direct opposition to Webster and all the rest of the authorities. That was my experience. I practised for two months hard before I could improve a speech that had been good enough for the theatre up to the point where it would pass muster in a talking machine."

Hinsdill Parsons, who has just been chosen as one of the directors of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, but who is better known as the legal counsellor of the General Electric Company, bears such a striking resemblance to Abraham Lincoln that the likeness is a matter of frequent comment wherever he goes. Not long ago he received these lines from a clerical friend:

When Gabriel blows his trumpet on that day
That mountains melt and earth shall pass away
And Abraham Lincoln, marching there with you,
Shall pass before the trumpeter's full view.
It seems to me it will be hard for Gabe
To tell which one is Hinsdill, which is Abe.

"One telephone call with every dollar's worth of goods you buy."

That was the alluring offer made some time ago by a Columbus avenue grocer to his customers. Last week he withdrew telephone privileges and substituted trading stamps.

"It wasn't the cost of the messages that caused the change," he said, "but the everlasting wrangling of the women. I couldn't afford to have several new telephones put in, and the two I had couldn't begin to accommodate the crowd."

There is sincere regret in the Yorkville district prison over the death of Knocko, the assistant turnkey, who was in the city's service but not upon the payrolls, for the reason that he was only a dog. His duty was performed in the night, when he trailed at the heels of the keeper.

Knocko was built like a hound and was almost as large as a Newfoundland. One night there was trouble in one of the cells and the keeper was shifting one of the prisoners when he was attacked. Knocko seemed to understand the situation, and springing upon the prisoner got his teeth in the man's shoulder and pulled him to the floor.

"You don't see much in the papers now about the Hudson River tunnels," said the Harlemite, "because I suppose they're running all smooth and right and because in this age of wonders the wonder of yesterday we are apt to forget to-day, but we folks that travel on the West Side elevated railroads get a reminder of them daily when we come to the streets where the elevated and the tunnels meet. For instance, on the Ninth avenue you hear the guard say 'Christopher street, change cars for the Hudson River tunnels.' And for people who have been travelling on the elevated since the roads were built and who have been that long familiar with the stereotyped station calls that addition is yet novel enough to make the tunnels still seem new."

AN ABSENT-MINDED WIDOW

Through Fire and Distress Comes Again to Her $1,000 Bank Note.

Mrs. Rebecca Jaffe, a widow who lives at 1461 Gates avenue, Williamsburg, got $1,000, her husband's death benefit, a few weeks ago and placed it in the Park Place Bank. On Saturday she withdrew it in the form of a $1,000 bill and, the bank in which she proposed to redeposit it being closed, she took the $1,000 home and hid it in a pocket of one of her husband's coats that still was hanging there.

Yesterday Mrs. Jaffe felt in the pocket and couldn't find the bank note. In her excitement she set the clothing in the wardrobe afire with a match and most of it burned up. Believing that the money, if not stolen, had been destroyed, the woman took on so that neighbors came in to watch her yesterday afternoon.

Suddenly she stopped wringing her hands and, sobbing, jumped up, rushed to her bedroom and seizing her pillow ripped it open. Out fell the $1,000.

"I took it from the wardrobe and put it there for safety and forgot all about it," she explained. To-day the money will be put in a bank.

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CINCI., ST. LOUIS, LOUISV	9.50 am	10.00 am
CINCI., ST. LOUIS, LOUISV	5.50 pm	6.00 pm

Offices: 245, 434, 1300 Broadway, 5 Astor House, 108 Greenwich St., 25 Union Square W., 391 Grand St., N. Y.; 343 Fulton St., Brooklyn; West 23d St. and Liberty St.

After 6 P. M. Sleeping Car Reservation and full information regarding trains, &c., can be obtained at Bureau of Information, B. & O. R. R., 23d St. Terminal. Phone No. Chelsea 3144.

New York, New Haven & Hartford R.R.

Trains depart from Grand Central Station, 42d St. and 4th Av., as follows, for:

BOSTON, via New London and Prov.—†1.10.00, *x10.02 A. M., †1.30, *x1.03, *x3.00, ††5.00, †*5.02, *†12.00 P. M. Via Willimantic—†*8.02 A. M., †2.01 P. M. Via Springfield—†9.15 A. M., *12.00, *4.00, *11.00 P. M.

Lakeville and Norfolk—†*9.00 A. M., †3.26 P. M.

GREAT BARRINGTON, STOCKBRIDGE, LENOX, PITTSFIELD—†4.54, *9.00 A. M., †3.26 P. M.

Ticket offices at c42d Cent'l St'n and c125th St., also at c245, 1200, c1354 B'way, c25 Union Sq., c182 Fifth Ave., c245 Col. Ave., c563 Fifth Ave., c640 Mad. Ave., c105 W. 125th St., 2798 Third Ave.; in B'klyn, c4 Court St., 479 Nostrand Ave., 380 B'way.

*Daily. †Except Sundays. *Stops at 125th St. xStops at 125th St. Sundays only. †Parlor car limited. ‡Has dining car. cParlor and Sleeping car tickets also.

LEHIGH VALLEY.

Foot of West 23d St. Cortlandt and Desbrosses Sts. N. Y.
*Daily. Sunday: 2.25, b9.25, c7.45, d9.45, n5.25, x5.45.

	Lv. N.Y., A	Lv. N.Y. B.
Buffalo Express	*7.40 AM	*7.50 AM
Buffalo-Chicago Express	*9.40 AM	*10.50 AM
Chicago & Toronto Express	*5.40 PM	*3.40 PM
THE BUFFALO TRAIN	*7.55 PM	*8.00 PM

Ticket Offices: 355 and 1440 Broadway.

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STENOGRAPHERS, Bookkeepers, Office Assistants, beginners or experienced, supplied. Address LONG ISLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE, 143-149 South 5th st., Brooklyn. Tele. 946 Williamsburg.

ANCIENT RUINS IN MEXICO.

Scientists Gone to Study Remains Discovered in Nueva Leon.

MEXICO CITY, March 29.—Ancient ruins have been discovered near Villa de Parras, State of Nueva Leon. Blocks of stone which are covered with hieroglyphics have been uncovered.

A committee of members of the Nueva Leon Archæological Society has gone to the scene of the discovery to pursue investigations. It is composed of Dr. A. Mado Fernandez, Emilio Rodriguez and Desiderio Lagrage, all of Monterey.

Baccalaureate Sermon at Indian School.

CARLISLE, Pa., March 29.—The opening exercises of the Indian School commencement here took place to-day, when the Rev. George M. Diffendorfer of the First Lutheran Church, Carlisle, delivered the baccalaureate sermon in the school auditorium. The exercises were largely attended and academic and industrial students occupied front seats.

SPRING RESORTS.

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Come to Atlantic City

And enjoy the delights of early Spring.
The world famous Boardwalk and its procession of Roller Chairs is never more enjoyed than at this season of the year. The Casino, Piers and Country Club are at their best.

Hotel Dennis

Maintains an unobstructed view of the Ocean and Boardwalk, is most liberally appointed and conducted on the American Plan.
Hot and cold sea water in private and public baths.
Write directly to the owner and proprietor for information and rates.
WALTER J. BUZBY.

THE

Marlborough-Blenheim

(CAPACITY 1100)
with its beautiful and spacious Exchanges and Sun Galleries overlooking two blocks of central Ocean front, its large rooms with private baths each supplied with sea water, its exquisite music, refined patronage and general air of elegance and taste in its decorations and furnishings, is particularly attractive during
ATLANTIC CITY'S GREAT SPRING SEASON of March, April and May.
White service, both American and European plans. Ownership Management—JOSIAH WHITE & SONS.

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Ocean end St. Charles Place, near Steel Pier. 250 large sunny rooms, ocean view, 50 suites with private bath, 3,000 sq. ft. porch, sun parlor, elevator, library, &c. First class service and unexcelled cuisine under New York chef. Special spring rates, extremely low. Booklet.
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Park Place, overlooking the Boardwalk, the City Park and the Casino. Central yet exclusive location. Elevator, steam heat, private and public baths, sun parlor, etc. Write for illustrated booklet.
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South Carolina av. and the Beach; private baths, elevator; capacity 350. Superior table. Special Spring rates.
BRYAN & WILLIAMS.

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MRS. GERSON L. KAHN.

ARLINGTON
Michigan Ave. and Beach. Special Spring Rates. $9 to $17 weekly. Booklet.
L. K. KUNZ

HOTEL CLARENDON.
Virginia av., near Beach and Steel Pier.
M. D. NEIMAN.

PAWNBROKERS' SALES.

L. L. FIRUSKI, 70 Bowery, sells 10 A. M.: March 30—Charles Lang & Co.; jewelry.

March 31—Otto Lawrence, 2503 4th av.; diamonds, watches, jewelry, &c., pledged prior March 15, 1907, all older dates; A. Simons, 1209 2d av.; pledged prior March 21, 1907, all older dates.

March 31—M. Bruckheimer, 181 East 105th st.; clothing pledged prior March 21, 1907.

April 1—D. Fry, 276 Bowery; clothing, &c., pledged prior March 21, 1907.

April 2—Wm. Goldstone, 103 Park row, formerly 87 Park row; diamonds, watches, jewelry, goods every description pledged from Dec. 1, 1906, to March 1, 1907, Nos. 24028 to 29386, all older dates held over.

April 6—John Simpson, 175 Bowery; diamonds, watches, jewelry, &c., goods every description pledged prior to Jan. 2, 1907, to No. 34850, and all older dates.

FULSOREL Auct., 98 Bowery, sells 10 A. M., all goods pledged prior March 23, 1907:

March 30—Jewelry, diamonds, &c., pledged prior March 25, 1907, from No. 48700 to 5310, and all goods held over; Wm. Prager, 447 7th av.

March 31—Jewelry, diamonds, &c., pledged prior March 25, 1907, from No. 60000 to 73000, and all goods held over; Ben Prager, 654 9th av.

April 1—Clothing; Chas. Singer, 826 10th av.

April 2—Jewelry, watches, diamonds, &c., and goods of every description pledged prior March 21, 1907; J. B. Konlik & Co., 139 Park row, and Sobel Bros., 822 Columbus av., from No. 14000 to 17500.

April 3—Jewelry, diamonds, &c., pledged prior March 25, 1907, to No. 65100; N. Y. Loan Office 1861 3d av.

CENTRAL AUCTION CO., M. Sheehan, Auctioneer, 1370 Broadway, sells 11 A. M.:

March 30—By H. McAleenan, 1330 Broadway; unredeemed pledges running from No. 1000 in June to No. 36000 in Dec., 1906, and from No. 1 to 2500 in Jan., 1907, inclusive, and all goods held over.

April 1—By J. Simpson & Co., 225 Park row; diamonds, jewelry, &c., pledged previous to Feb. 1, 1907, Nos. 1 to 5000 and all goods held over; also diamonds, jewelry, &c., pledged with L. Davidow, 917 6th av., Nos. 1 to 42850 to Feb. 7, 1907.

April 6—By M. L. Fullan, 659 10th av.; diamonds, jewelry, &c., from No. 69169, Nov. 30, 1906, to No. 80600, March 6, 1907, all goods held over; also Barney Loan Co., 1563 3d av., jewelry, &c., to March 30, 1907.

JULIUS SHONGOOD