AMERICAN PLAYS IN LONDON

"THE COLLEGE WIDOW" AND "WAY DOWN EAST" TRIED ABROAD.

The Ade Play Hissed and Booed in the Gallery and Applauded in the Orchestra —Primitive Melodrama Approved—Mrs. Langtry Reappears in French Comedy.

LONDON, April 25.—London first night audiences and London first night receptions of plays have been more varied and interesting than usual this week. Two plays written and acted by Americans and one play dramatized by an American and managed and starred in by Americans have challenged comparison with an adaptation from the French by an Englishman and a musical comedy in which several Englishmen had a hand.

First night audiences here vary according to the status of the theatres. Mr. Tree and George Alexander undoubtedly have the most distinguished gatherings at their first nights, and many persons go early to their performances to watch the celebrities and society beauties arrive. Then the Haymarket comes next in prestige. It is said that suburban people in deciding upon a theatre outing simply say "Let's go to the Haymarket" or "Let's go to Tree's" without any knowledge whatever as to what is playing at either, merely positive that as they are long established playhouses they are sure to have something worth seeing. Naturally there is sometimes a slight disillusionment.

On last Saturday evening Mrs. Langtry made her reappearance on the stage in the three act comedy "A Fearful Joy," adapted from the French by Sidney Grundy. It had for a plot the old triangle in which so many French writers revel, a complaisant husband, a neurotic wife and the man who is the husband's friend and the wife's lover. Of course the adaptation was doctored up for English taste and the lover had not, when the curtain rose, so much as kissed the erring wife. They had only murmured their love in the moonlight at Brighton during the complaisant husband's temporary absence. A scheming valet and a pert French maid do all they can to nurse this affair into an intrigue and succeed in so incriminating the couple that the wife indulges in constant hysterics and the lover repines bitterly that he should be forced to undergo all this constant dodging and deceiving when only a pressure of the hand and tender words have been his reward—in his own oft reiterated phrase that he should have "to pay the piper and no tune, no tune!" In despair he proposes to a nice girl who accepts him at once.

A very representative English audience assembled for this play and Mrs. Langtry as the wife received a warm welcome. She worked hard in wonderful gowns, and Arthur Bourchier as the husband, Mr. Allan Ainsworth as the lover and, indeed, the whole company tried hard to play the farce in the light, deft way in which French exponents would have carried it through. But somehow they could not manage it. The audience received the first act graciously, the second act leniently and the third would have had only a lukewarm final curtain but that the pit and gallery hissed and booed its displeasure so those in the orchestra and balcony applauded just to show their disapproval. John Bull is gallant when he is in the orchestra, and he doesn't like to hear a woman booed, but when he is in the pit or gallery he expresses his indignation at the fare he is afforded in a frank and somewhat painful fashion.

On Sunday evening "The College Widow" company gave their dress rehearsal, an invitation affair to which members of the Savage Club and other good bohemians were bidden. The play had a rousing reception, notwithstanding the slight on English intelligence which was conveyed by the enclosure in the programme of a glossary of the American slang used.

It was not really the slang which bothered the audience at all. It was the speech itself they had difficulty in following. All the dialogue was spoken far too quickly for them to understand easily. A member of the management requested an American woman and an English woman to sit up in the topmost gallery together. After the performance was over they were asked if they could understand and hear well. The American had had no difficulty, but the Englishwoman confessed that though she had enjoyed the quick action and vim of the players she had not been able to follow a quarter of what they had said.

This same difficulty always arises in regard to American plays. They are played far too quickly for English audiences. Plays here are never produced in that headlong, vigorous fashion in which America revels.

On Monday night the first performance took place. The audience was so largely American that one could easily fancy oneself in a Broadway theatre. And they were prepared to show the British how good the play was. Every point was taken up, applause greeted the end of every act and the rest of the house soon got into the spirit of the thing and also enjoyed and applauded even if they did not always follow. But when the final curtain fell the pit and gallery booed and hissed so that not even the applause of the orchestra could drown them. This evidence of displeasure was unexpected, and if it was due to an inability to hear and follow the play it was probably also due to a slight anti-American feeling which makes them very often treat American plays this way.

The loyal New Yorkers in the audience were indignant at this reception of one of their favorite plays, and May Irwin was heard to declare loudly that if the pitites and galleryites could only be conveyed to America and try their hissing and booing, "Well, they would soon be taken by the napes of their pecks and yanked out."

Tuesday night "My Mimosa Maid" opened at the Prince of Wales Theatre with old English favorites like Isabel Jay, G. P Huntly and Gracie Leigh in the cast. Paul Rubens wrote the "chatter" and Austen Hurgens helped.

The house was very brilliant, more like an opera performance than a theatre first night. Everything pleased every one. Old jokes were lovingly and enthusiastically greeted. Never a hiss or a boo here, and the final curtain went down on a chorus of bravos and a general handclapping that brought it up again many times.

On Wednesday Miss Fanny Ward appered in "The Marriage of William Ashe," dramatized by Mrs. Humphry Ward and Margaret Mayo. Miss Ward had an English company and tried to keep an English atmosphere which makes for success. Her audience received her with fair enthusiasm. It was a slightly more English than American one, but at the fall of the curtain only a solitary boo was heard. Her alleged American "accent" did not seem to disturb the audience, but a critic in the *Chronicle* said it "tended to vulgarize the part a little."

On Thursday the English part of the audience who came to the Aldwych to see "Way Down East" had a surprise in store for them. They came evidently unconscious of what type of play it was. The first act they received with absolute bewilderment. The second made them realize they were in for a good old fashioned primitive melodrama, so they faced it bravely, though they laughed often when they should not have done so. The old man's mild criticism of the heavy villain's abominable conduct as "unmanly and unchristian" brought down the house. If "The College Widow" was difficult for the pit and gallery to understand surely "'Way Down East" must have been absolutely unintelligible to them. Yet if there was only small applause at the end at least there was not one boo or hiss. The explanation may be that if they could not hear at any rate they recognized that virtue had triumphed in the play, and the good old theme of virtue triumphant, whether it is English or even American virtue, appeals to the pit.

CROWDS GREET CARDINAL LOGUE.

Visiting Prelate Speaks to 5,000 Marchers and Blesses a College Gym.

Cardinal Logue yesterday put in a busy day in Brooklyn with the Vincentian Fathers at St. John's College, taking part in the ceremonial honors to St. Vincent de Paul and incidentally dedicating the new gymnasium, which has been built on to the main college building at Willoughby and Lewis avenues. The ceremonies began at 10:30 o'clock with a procession composed of uniformed Knights of Columbus, acolytes, students of St. John's Seminary, monsignors of the diocese and clergymen, which proceeded to St. John's Church, where a solemn pontifical mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Charles Colton, Bishop of Buffalo, assisted by Mgr. McNamara. Mgrs. Taafe and McNamara, the Rev. Edward McGoldrick and the Rev. John Woods took part in the services, over which Cardinal Logue presided.

The sermon, which was delivered by the Rev. Thomas S. Duhigg, S. F. L., pastor of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, was prophetic in tone, stirring the congregation with a word picture of impending evil. The preacher said that the rumblings of social unrest have foretold the upheaval, that the rich have rights, but the poor also have rights that cannot be set aside, and that the solution of social problems is not to be found in a philanthropy that feeds the body and starves the soul, but in true Christian charity, which recognizes manhood and manhood's rights.

Cardinal Logue concluded the church services with a few words in praise of the Vincentian order. The Cardinal referred to the splendid work that the fathers have done in his Archbishopric of Armagh and said that it needs no long sojourn in this country to learn that they are doing just as much good here.

From the dinner table, where brief addresses were made by Chancellor Hayes of the New York diocese, Bishop Colton, Mgr. McNamara, Chancellor Mundelein of the Brooklyn diocese and the Very Rev. Edward McCarthy, the Cardinal and attending clergy went to the portico on the Willoughby avenue side of the college building. There they reviewed a procession of more than 5,000 men and children. The Holy Name Society, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Patriotic and Benevolent Association of the County Donegal, the Knights of Columbus, the Catholic Club of Brooklyn, the college students and the boys and girls of the Parochial School were presented in the line that, headed by St. John's Orphans' Band, filed by the reviewing stand, with frequent pauses that each division might listen to a few words from the Cardinal.

Several organizations had spokesmen that paid to the Cardinal respects additional to uplifted hats and voices. In replying to Roger Gallagher, who spoke for the men of Donegal, Cardinal Logue said that it was true that he had been born in that county and that he was glad of it.

"If I had not been educated for the priesthood," he said, "I might have been in this association."

John Hamilton spoke for the parish, William C. Carey for the Holy Name Society, and William A. Burns, general of the Knights of Columbus, and Registrar Prendergast for that order.

After the review the gymnasium was blessed and the celebration was concluded with a short address and benediction by the Cardinal.

The crowd that witnessed the review in the afternoon was so large that the police were forced to form chains by locking hands in order to hold the spectators back.

PLANS TO FIGHT LOCAL OPTION.

Illinois Legislator Will Seek to Wipe Out All Prohibition Legislation.

CHICAGO, May 3.—Efforts to repeal the new local option law will be made at the adjourned session of the Legislature, which reconvenes Tuesday.

Walter A. Lantz, member of the House from the Seventh district, announces that he has drawn a bill which he will introduce Tuesday and which will provide simply to wipe the local option law from the statute books, and restore the situation that existed before the three local option elections which have been held.

The introduction of the Lantz bill is looked forward to generally as the opening of one of the most desperate fights which Springfield ever has witnessed, with the possibility of more spectacular features than attended even the passage of the local option bill last year.

Catholic Priest Becomes a Presbyterian Minister.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., May 3.—Joseph Giardini, an Italian who was a Catholic priest, last night became a Presbyterian minister. The ordination took place in the First Presbyterian Church, the Rev. William T. Wilcox, moderator of the Presbytery, presiding at the ordination. The Rev. Dr. Lewellyn S. Fulmer, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, delivered the sermon. The charge to the pastor was given in Italian by the Rev. R. J. Coltoriti of Newark and that to the people by the Rev. F. Loomis of Bloomfield.

OBITUARY.

George Winslow Martin, senior member of George W. Martin & Bro., 3 Harrsion street, Manhattan, died yesterday at his home, 413 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, after a long illness. Mr. Martin was 67 years old and was born in Rossie, N. Y. He was the son of Horace N. Martin, a farmer, and Nancy Tenney. He served three years in the Fiftieth Volunteer Engineers Regiment of New York in the civil war and afterward as steward in the hospital at York, Pa. He came to New York in 1867. Mr. Martin is survived by four children, George W. Martin, Jr., Edwin E. Martin, Mrs. Lillian Pearsall and Miss Harriette Martin. Mr. Martin was a member of the New York Mercantile Exchange and the Produce Exchange. He was president for fifteen years of the board of trustees of the DeKalb Avenue Methodist Church, Brooklyn.

Alfred A. Houghtlin, for the last twenty-five years foreman of the press room of THE SUN, died on Saturday at his home, 978 Park place, Brooklyn, of pleurisy after an illness of three months. Mr. Houghtlin was born on October 21, 1850, at East Nassau, Rensselaer county, N. Y. His father, Gilbert Houghtlin, was a farmer. Mr. Houghtlin was a member of Ridgewood Lodge, F. and A. M. He is survived by his wife, Catherine, and three children, Alfred, Minnie and Florence. The funeral will be held from the residence Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, the Rev. F. J. McConnell, pastor of the New York Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, officiating.

Randall H. Ludlow, a lawyer of 100 Broadway, died in Plainfield, N. J., yesterday while visiting at the home of a friend. Death was due to Bright's disease and valvular congestion of the heart. Mr. Ludlow was 33 years old. He lived at 110 West Eighty-fourth street. He was a well known football player in the University of California and a member of the Lambs Club of New York. He was unmarried.

Dr. William Halstead Caswell died yesterday at his home in Shelter Island. Dr. Caswell was 68 years old. He was graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1888 and was a member of the alumni of St. Luke's Hospital. He was also a member of the Academy of Medicine and the Neurological Society.

William Kelly, a former freeholder and for sixteen years a member of the City Council of Bayonne, died on Saturday night at his home, 12 East Eleventh street, Bayonne, aged 76. He is survived by two sons and three daughters.

THE FRIARS CHOOSE A QUEEN

NARROW ESCAPE FROM ELECTING AN INDIAN PRINCESS.

Combination of All the Other Candidates on Josephine Cohan Just Manages to Beat Out Mlle. Sarah Spotted Weasel —Rival Press Agents on the Job.

Honest and truly, if it wasn't that us white girls got together toward the windup yesterday afternoon when the Friars met in solemn convention at the Circle Theatre to elect a queen of the Friars Festival, which is going to detonate at the New York Theatre on the afternoon of May 14, so that they can raise money to pay Contractor Margolies to build them a clubhouse in——

Let's get a fresh start.

If us white girls hadn't got together when the balloting was at its height the queen of the festival would have been none other than Mrs. Alice Spotted Weasel of the Buffalo Bill show. Mrs. Spotted Weasel has been on the stage for two years and is best known by the stage name she used when she appeared at the Hippodrome a year or so ago, Alice-Sit-by-the-Firewater. She really won out in the balloting yesterday afternoon, thanks to young Mr. Fred Mordaunt-Hall, the press agent of the Bill show, vice Majah Burke; but, lo! the poor Injun hadn't a chance when the Misses Ada Lewis, Louise Dresser, Neva Aymar, Josephine Cohan, May Vokes, Maud Lambert and Aurora Piatt, who were the other candidates nominated by an enthusiastically ecstatic audience, got together and formed a merger to prevent the distinguished honor from going to an Indian not of the white race.

When it looked as if the preponderance of voters among the Indians, Cossacks and cowboys from the Bill show was going to win the day Miss Lewis, "electric blue taffeta afternoon gown and feathered black Merry Widow hat" (by permission of Henry W. Savage); Miss Dresser, "gray tailor made walking frock, black Neapolitan feathered hat"; May Vokes, "light tan afternoon dress, black feathered Merry Widow hat" (by permission of, &c.); Maud Lambert, "waist of Valenciennes lace, black and whita tailored skirt, magenta plumed lid"; Aurora Piatt, "brown broadcloth, feather boa and black Glendive-Skaz hat," and Neva Aymar, "just gray and black and gray"—well, when they all saw that things were going against them they pooled their votes generously and threw them all in for Miss Josephine Cohan, "robin's egg blue broadcloth, blue straw bonnet, blue kid shoes and white feather boa."

As in all political conventions the theatre was decorated with cardboard signs, which showed at a glance where the delegations from each of the companies now playing in town were to sit. For instance, down in the front part of the parquet were three signs, "Nearly A Hero," "Lew Fields's Company" and "The Merry Widow," and under these signs sat all the Buffalo Bill Indians and cowboys and Cossacks in the costumes of their respective fatherlands. Whereas up in one box sat Miss Lewis, and across from her sat Miss Dresser and Miss Vokes, the star of "A Knight for a Day." Miss Cohan sat beneath the "Waltz Dream" banner, and Miss Lambert of "The Merry-Go-Round" was in the "Yankee Prince" section. And so you could find anybody on Broadway you wanted to see merely by going to the trouble of looking for them some place where they had no business to be.

And just as the voting began a sad wail rose from a corner. Mr. Sothern's press agent and manager, young Mr. Aage Toxen Worm (pronounced Oooooguh, and then the rest as it's spelled), had just come in from Cleveland on an afternoon train and was seated in the left stage box telling Miss Lewis, who met the Worms while playing with Mr. Harrigan at Copenhagen, some seasons ago, how he was beaten out of a Sothern story in Cleveland the other day. Mr. Sothern skinned his hand while fooling around the property grave in "Hamlet." A Cleveland physician patched the hand and Aage gave the story to the papers.

"And when the reporters called up that physician," wept Aage as he wiped his eyes on the box draperies, "he told them that it would not be professional ethics to discuss the private affairs of his patients And so, Ada, all the papers threw down the sto——"

Oh, hush, Ada and Aage, because Mr. Jimmie Morton, the prominent actor, is calling the convention to order. Weep no more.

"It is customary," began Mr. Morton, when he was interrupted.

"Louder! Louder!" cried Miss Edith MacBride, anxiously, for she was present to see that Miss Dresser stampeded the convention.

Mr. Pidgeon, the press agent of the Circle, was on the job.

"Mr. Lauder will not appear here until October," replied Mr. Pidgeon from the stage in reply to Miss MacBride's cries. Eddie said later that this quick response of his was original.

Miss Rita Dean and Mr. Theodore Mangle Rousseau promptly nominated George Beban as temporary chairman. Miss Dean, it will be remembered, was the girl in pink silk at the Hippodrome two seasons ago but yesterday wore black and gray. Mr. Rousseau wore a new pearl gray bonnet that caused much favorable comment and he had on one of those knitted silk cravats of garnet. Jimmie Morton and Miss Lambert then were elected sergeant at arms and assistant sergeant respectively, with Maude Wynne as secretary.

Two showmen that long have been before the public, Mr. Tony Pastor and Mr. Jim De Wolfe, were then escorted to the stage and the audience appauded sentimentally. Mr. Pastor didn't want to be so prominent, but the sergeant at arms is over 6 feet tall. Tim Cronin, who'll tell you any time that twelve years ago he was with Charley Frohman for almost a whole season, was then elected permanent chairman.

When it came to nominations Freddy Hall presented Mr. Samuel Lone Bear, who took the stage in a war bonnet that had any chorus girl lid in the house looking like a plucked chicken. Mr. Samuel Lone Bear said, among other things, when nominating Mrs. Spotted Weasel:

"Woof ga-ga mumpfga. [Applause.] Tata massapequa Ada Lewis grump loguy manatatat Cohan minto punka oooowee Spotted Weasel (applause) nika massachusetts oompah grrummp." And he sat down.

Right there it looked bad for Ada and Louise and Neva and Josie and May and Maud and Aurora, and as for the chorus and show girls they hadn't even a chance to be nominated. For Mr. Bear's words carried conviction.

But up jumped Mr. Colin Mackay to make a speech nominating Miss Mildred Rogers of the "Waltz Dream," and from that time on Mr. Mackay talked on and off every few minutes until night fell. Miss Rogers, said her champion, was at that moment singing in the choir of St. Mark's in Brooklyn, and so couldn't get on the job; but she is from Boston, said Mr. Mackay, as he himself is, and her eyes are dark brown and her hair is like an autumn sunset. When she walks along the street traffic is halted. And I tell you, gentlemen of this convention, you may yell vulgarly, "Get the hook!" but Miss Mildred Rog——

So they threw him out.

Delegate Lawshe was just as enthusiastic when it came to nominating Miss May Vokes. With all due respect to Mrs. Spotted Weasel, who had been heralded as "the only real American beauty" in the list of candidates, Mr. Lawshe said he was for exotics and listed the qualifications of Miss Vokes. And when delegates from any company failed to respond promptly to their names Mr. George Beban was on his feet to say that he had been instructed by that company to cast all their votes for Miss Dresser.

And who is rising to cry suddenly from K103, right, so impetuously that her anxious words slur, "AnIwanna nominateAda Lewis"? It was Neva. She sank down breathless. "Oh, maybe I spoke out of my turn, Ada."

"Oooh, na ughty, naughty, Neva," cried the chairman, and Jimmie Morton, the sergeant at arms, gave Neva such a hard look! But Ada was nominated regularly a minute later and then Mr. Lawshe put up a second candidate, Mabel Hite, just to show that he wasn't playing favorites.

The ballots were copper pennies. When it came to the balloting it was decided to save time by weighing the copper votes cast instead of counting them. When the entire Buffalo Bill educational exhibition had got through depositing their pennies all the other candidates were ready to give up the ghost. And then Miss Lewis got an idea.

"We'll all merge for Josephine," she suggested hurriedly. Miss Dresser seconded the plant, and so when ballots for the other candidates were called for each candidate in turn walked to the front of the stage (they had to go up on the stage as they were nominated, and they were that frightened!) and each made a pretty speech and asked that all their votes be deposited for Miss Cohan. And so Miss Cohan won by nine and one-quarter ounces.

Miss Cohan was very happy, and Louise and Neva and Ada and Aurora and Maud and all the other girls said it was just too beautiful for anything. And Miss Josie seemed to grasp what it was all about, because as she walked out of the theatre she was humming to herself:

When you're waking, call me early,
Helen, George and Jerry dear.
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen of the May.

"Alas! the old thing don't rhyme," she complained sadly to Ada.

"Never mind, dearie," soothed Ada. "Your brother Georgie will fix it up into regular poetry." And hand in hand Josie and Ada scampered across the Circle to play diablo in the park till dusk should drive them hence.

C. F. U. FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Mrs. Commander Asks Support and Gets an Approving Resolution.

Mrs. Lydia Commander, representing the Progressive Woman Suffrage Union, appeared at yesterday's meeting of the Central Federated Union and asked the cooperation of that body in its plans. She said that the suffragettes had given up going to politicians and were holding open air meetings to keep up the agitation because they had no money to pay for a hall.

"We now ask your help," she said. "We come to you because we know that you have already gone on record as favoring woman suffrage. We have twice been badly treated at our meeting. One time it was at Wall street, where nobody seems to be well treated except the people who prey on the lambs. We went there as lambs and had water thrown on us, but water is not an unknown quantity in Wall Street operations. The other night we had trouble in Harlem, and found that while we were long on enthusiasm we were short on friends. We know you are our friends and want your moral support. You could help us by coming to the open air meetings and giving us your countenance."

The following resolution was then carried unanimously:

"*Resolved*, That the Central Federated Union of New York city heartily indorses the object of the Progressive Woman Suffrage Union and offers these women its full sympathy and support in their courageous open air campaign for political liberty."

Victor Buhr, delegate of the painters, said that it was a disgrace to the city that hoodlums should be allowed to insult women who were seeking for their rights.

"Is there a man here," he said, "that would deny to his mother the right to vote? The fact that these women were insulted by hoodlums is a standing disgrace to the city."

Mrs. Commander announced that another meeting would be held at 125th street and Seventh avenue to-night by the suffragettes. It was decided to write to the Police Department and ask that the women be protected.

A committee was appointed to attend a meeting of the Interurban Woman Suffrage Council at the Hotel Martha Washington on Tuesday evening, May 12.

AMERICAN SINGER WINS.

Vaudeville Popularity Contest Is Won by Irene Franklin.

The popularity contest for women vaudeville singers, inaugurated a week ago by Percy Williams ended last night and was won by Irene Franklin. The voting was done by the patrons at the three Williams houses, the Colonial, the Alhambra and the Orpheum in Brooklyn, a ballot with the names of the singers going with each ticket. Mr. Williams wanted to know before he leaves for England on Thursday to engage singers whether his patrons liked American or English singers best.

Miss Franklin and America had 4,466 votes more than Alice Lloyd and England, and 5,273 votes more than Vesta Victoria. Her total vote was 7,414, while Eve Tanguay was next highest, with 6,083. Up to Saturday afternoon Miss Tanguay had a big lead, but the Saturday vote sent Miss Franklin away ahead, and she retained her lead last night. Miss Tanguay's vote was 6,083. Alice Lloyd and Vesta Victoria came third and fourth, while fifth place went to Gertrude Hoffman with 1,765 votes, and Marie Dressler was last with 1,702.

SWEDISH BAND PLAYS HERE.

Carnegie Hall Crowded When the Royal Kronoberg Performs.

The concert of the Royal Kronoberg Regiment Band of Sweden was attended last night by an audience that left not a single vacant seat in Carnegie Hall and many persons were compelled to stand. The musicians were enthusiastically received and so much applauded that they were compelled to respond to half a dozen encores. The programme was by no means confined to Swedish music, though there was a good deal of that. The band showed its familiarity with American composers as well as German and Italian.

Mme. Malby Hoegberg, soprano of the Royal Opera, Stockholm, was the only soloist, but she was down for four songs, all of which got for her much applause.

Mortgage of $3,000,000 on the New York Air Brake Company's Plant.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., May 3.—Yesterday there was filed in the County Clerk's office of Jefferson county a mortgage of $3,000,000 on the New York Air Brake Company's property in this city running to the Central Trust Company of New York. A tax of $15,000 had to be paid on this mortgage and later it will be divided between the State and Watertown, where the property is located. The mortgage is given as security for bonds which have been negotiated in New York to pay certain indebtedness of the company. Business has been slack at the big plant and a small force has been working only four days a week, but it is hoped that this will enable the plant to soon run on full time.

Nathan Brooke Dolan Dead.

PHILADELPHIA, May 3.—Stricken with apoplexy a week ago after returning to his father's home at 1809 Walnut street from a shooting trip with New York and Philadelphia friends, Nathan Brooke Dolan, eldest son of Thomas Dolan, president of the United Gas Improvement Company, died this morning at 7 o'clock.

Brooke Dolan was 44 years old and was unmarried. He was a member of the Philadelphia Country Club, the Corinthian Yacht Club and the Racquet Club. He was also a devotee of automobiling and owned a string of racing machines.

Anniversary of the Night Workers' Mass.

The night workers of the downtown district who attend the "midnight mass" at St. Andrew's Church, in Duane street, celebrated at 2:30 yesterday morning the seventh anniversary of the institution of that service by the Rev. Luke Evers. There was a solemn high mass and an elaborate musical programme. Father Judge of the Congregation of the Mission preached the sermon. Features of the musical programme were two cello solos by Hans Kronold, Wagner's "Evening Star" just before the sermon and Handel's "Largo" at the conclusion of the mass.

THEIR CIVIC CONSCIENCE STIRS

OAK STREET POLICE BEGIN TO FEEL A LEAVEN A-WORKING.

Lieut. McCarthy Does Not See Why It Should Be Left to Calvin Tomkins and R. Fulton Cutting to Wise the City on the Moral Side of Public Questions.

It was midnight in the Oak street police station and all through the house not a creature was stirring excepting a mouse which, standing with doubtful whiskers in the middle of the floor, eyed askance Lieut. Joe Gorman collaborating with Lieut. Bull McCarthy in a conversation.

"I cannot unherstand," Lieut. Gorman was saying, "why it is that the police force has produced no great artists, musicians, sculptors and authors. It is inexplicable."

Lieut. Bull puckered his lips.

"Oh," said he, "the level of taste, not to add understanding, is down below low water mark these days. Only yesterday I heard that Lieut. Bill Barrett and Detectives Wuschner and Kemp up in Madison street are building a musical comedy to be shown on Broadway next fall. 'A Plain Clothes Man in the Dark' is, I believe, to be the title, from which I surmise that it will be intensely realistic."

"I heard about that, too," commented Lieut. Gorman. "They say there's a song in it, 'With a Hairpin I Probed the Peroxide Puff Which Was My Only Clue,' that's a corker."

"No doubt, no doubt," replied Lieut. McCarthy ruminatively. "But what does it all amount to? The police force as a picked body of men ought to be engaged in higher pursuits than merely a song and a dance. When I was at sea I used to study the Atlantic daily; now I peruse the *Atlantic Monthly*. Having seen South America from Magellan to the mouth of the Sandos River, where the climate bursts a man's liver, the *North American Review* has so much the greater interest for me. The motto for the police force ought to be: Let there be light, turn on the dynamo."

"That's not bad," assented Lieut. Gorman. "What would you suggest?"

"Well," responded his mate, "it seems to me that the best thing the average policeman can do is to make a study of civic questions. A civic body ought to study civic questions, oughtn't it? Now, if the police undertook to study civic problems I have an idea those problems would be pretty near solved. Though, according to our leading theorists, an outsider can always solve a problem much better than an insider. That's why a man in the bleachers can give decisions so much more accurately than the umpire. That's why the Citizens Union can solve the transportation problem so much better than the subway people. Such men as Calvin Tomkins and R. Fulton Cutting are invaluable to us. They are like the perfect woman Wordsworth tells about, they are nobly planned to warn, to comfort, to command. Then, too, an outsider cannot be intimidated by sinister forces; any one who has the nerve to butt in is by that token absolutely devoid of fear."

Lieut. Joe Gorman applauded so loudly that the curious mouse thought it prudent to retreat behind the steam radiator.

"Them's my sentiments," observed Lieut. Gorman as he mentally resolved to give the house cat a complaint for being off post while the rodent was around. "What would you suggest specifically?"

"It is a bromide with hypercritics," Lieut. Bull continued, "that every issue, every civic question has its moral side. Now there's gambling, of which we hear so much and see so little. You mind the Greek colony we have in this precinct. All good Greeks, all good citizens, industrious, frugal, hard workers, quiet, law abiding and I suppose desirable citizens though on this point I do not feel myself qualified to speak. But they will gamble. From the Greek hotel, Crete and Macedonia, to the coffee house of Alexander the Great, wheresoever two or three Greeks are gathered together there there is likely to be a pack of cards. But gambling has a moral side. Get after that moral side, lay hold on it, analyze it and see it wiggle. There's something for us to do." Here Bull glanced at the clock and gracefully but firmly stifled a yawn.

"I've got to go on patrol at 4," he observed. "In the old days I was a shellback. Now I'm an armored cruiser."

MAGGIE OF TRUCK 29.

She's a Dog and Earned a Place Among the Life Savers Before She Was Killed.

Maggie, the fire dog of Truck 29, at Cypress avenue and 138th street, The Bronx, who was killed yesterday morning while the truck was responding to an alarm of fire at Willis avenue and 144th street, was a good do·. The boys of Truck 29 said so.

Maggie first distinguished herself one night last February when the truck was on its way to a fire at Brown place and 138th street.

"When the gong tapped that night," said one of the boys who was telling the story, "Maggie, who was sitting on the desk, jumped down in a jiffy and began barking loudly at Bill, Saul and Major—them are the three big gray horses that pull the truck, you know—as they came running from their stalls. The heavy truck was going along at a ood sp ed. Jim Sommerhaze was driving. Maggie was running ahead barking loudly as if urging the three big grays on faster.

"At St. Ann's avenue and 138th street—that's the same place where poor Maggie got killed—a little girl was crossing the street. Andy Degnam was on the side step ringing the bell. The youngster just simply got rattled and stood right in the path of the swinging truck. Anyhow, Maggie seen the kid, and she dashed ahead of the horses and got a hold on the little one's dress and dragged her across the street from the path of the truck.

"Well, that's just the kind of a dog she was, mister. She seemed to know when danger was approaching.

"Well, yesterday morning we went out on a false alarm, and Maggie was jumping and barking at the horses as we raced down the street. Down at St. Ann's avenue and 138th street poor Maggie tripped, and big Major, the end horse, kicked her before she could get upon her feet, and she went in under the wheels."

Illinois Society to Choose a President of the United States.

At the grill room "convention" of the Illinois Society of New York, which will be held at the Waldorf-Astoria on Thursday evening, a President of the United States will be elected by the ladies, guests and members present. Judge Elbert H. Gary, who is president of both the United States Steel Corporation and the Illinois Society, will preside. Repeaters and unruly Illinois "suckers" will be arrested on the spot and confined in the corn field in the rear of the hotel.

Hughes to the People's Institute.

The People's Institute held the closing meeting of its tenth season last night at Cooper Union. David Bispham sang. Charles Sprague Smith, the director of the institute, received the following telegram from Gov. Hughes:

"I greatly regret that I cannot meet with you to-night. I congratulate you and the members of the People's Institute upon another year of successful work. I know of no more important work than that in which you are engaged, and you may be assured of my deep interest in all you are doing to promote the well being of the people. My best wishes for the future."

Federation for Communal Work.

The Harlem Federation for Communal Work dedicated its second house, at 238 East 105th street, yesterday afternoon. Dr. Maurice Harris, its president, presided, and Marcus M. Marks delivered an address. There was music by the federation orchestra and glee club.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

M. Marcel Prévost, who wrote "Lettres a Française Mariée," is working at a new novel meant for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The title, which is not quite settled upon, will probably be "Pierre et Thérèse." The subject matter of this book is the development of the successive phases of a conjugal crisis into which no element of sentimentality enters. The novel when finished is to be made into a play, and the author is already at work upon the scenario of the play. Statistics have proved that out of the whole number of plays acted in Paris one-third are founded on novels.

Another volume of "Everyman's Library" has appeared. Miss May Sinclair has written with her usual charm and distinction the "forewords" to "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley," and Mr. Chesterton continues his introduction to Dickens's stories. Mr. Dent's purpose is to publish a thousand volumes in this inexpensive edition.

A translation of Christoph von Schmid's story "Easter Eggs" has been brought out in England. As its title implies, the story incorporates the legend as to the origin of Easter eggs. It is a tale that has long been popular in Germany—Von Schmid, who was a Bavarian, having written it some seventy or eighty years ago.

People who are interested in the construction and architecture of stories will welcome "The Technique of the Novel," by Charles F. Horne, Ph. D. The book will follow the historic method of clear and precise statements and will aim to trace with appropriate examples the evolution of story writing.

George Taylor Lee, the author of the new novel "A Virginia Feud," is a nephew of Gen. Robert E. Lee, the son of Charles Carter Lee and the grandson of "Light Horse Harry" Lee, the soldier and patriot.

The memoirs of the Duchesse de Dino, now appearing in *La Revue de Paris*, are said to be bitterly brilliant and much franker than those of Madame de Boigne. The account of Talleyrand's niece, now appearing in the chapters of Madame de Boigne, published in the March numbers of *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, may have been the signal to the granddaughter of the Duchesse de Sagan to issue the Princesse de Courlande's account of her early years at the courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg. As though by foresight the Comtesse de Perigord (to give the author one of the six names which at various times she rightly bore), writing in 1822 anticipates the criticisms of Madame de Boigne. She has not as yet touched upon her career as hostess at the famous Rue St. Florentan house of Talleyrand, and it is not known whether the memoirs were continued to a late enough date to cover her career in London during Talleyrand's Embassy of 1830.

"The Book of Elizabethan Verse" chosen and edited by W. H. Braithwaite begins with a poem by Queen Elizabeth and ends with a sonnet written by King James I. to his dearest son Henry, the Prince who seemed capable of carrying out its precepts. The little volume, hardly more than an inch thick, contains some twenty poems by Thomas Campion, rescued from the forgotten music manuscripts in the British Museum. For Campion was a composer, and many of the settings of his poems were his own. He was the writer, too, of "Love Me or Love Me Not."

Mr. A. M. Broadly is said to possess the largest collection extant in two widely different subjects of widely different significance —one is Napoleonic material and the other relates to George Crabbe. On both these subjects Mr. Broadly promises new books. There has just come into his possession Crabbe's correspondence with Miss Elizabeth Charter. Both Crabbe and Southey when they were widowers proposed to Miss Charter, and she refused them both.

Crabbe put his proposal in the form of a poem that is contained in an album in the possession of Miss Charter's descendants. It will be printed for the first time in this volume, as also the copious collection of letters which Crabbe wrote to Miss Charter between 1815 and 1826. Mr Broadly lives at Bridport, in the county of Dorset in England.

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Richard D. Ware, a young attorney of Boston, will be published in May. It contains a record of several seasons of hunting and fishing in Newfoundland and New Brunswick after trout, caribou, moose and bear and along the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the eastern coast of Massachusetts for shore birds and wild fowl.

Amélie Rives's new novel, which is to appear among the May publications, is to be entitled "The Golden Rose." It deals with the experience of a woman who, having been once unhappily married, has decided that ideal love should have no physical fulfilment. The attitude toward this belief of the man with whom she falls in love brings about a climax which most men at least would call logical.

Emily M. Burbank, writing of Geraldine Farrar for the May *Putnam's*, says that the singer inherited her musical genius from her father and mother, who were singers themselves and great lovers of music, while her maternal grandfather's greatest interest was in training a little orchestra and composing music for it and his violin pupils. Miss Farrar is the only American who has received the title of court singer in Berlin and is younger by fifteen years than any other singer to be thus honored

"The Ladies' Field Golf Book" has been added to the curious things which now must appear in the complete ladies' library. It was brought out by James Braid, open champion (England, 1901-05-06.) The author takes up "Mistakes Made in the Choice of Clubs and Advice Thereon," "Points Concerning Dress and on Standing to the Ball," "General Hints" and the "Arrangement of Ladies' Golf Courses."

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