THE NEW THOUGHT COMES HARD

COLLAPSE OF A DEAR THING WHO TRIED TO SHORTHAND IT.

All the Men Reporters Were Letting Her Do All the Work It May Be That This Report Will Seem to Be Slightly Inconsecutive, Which of Course Is Her Fault.

The new stenographer attended the session of the New Thought Conference at Carnegie Lyceum yesterday afternoon with her little note book and her three pencils all sharpened. Her professor at the night school had said to her:

"Miss Blinkins, you are progressing so well with business takes and all of the sterner sort of stenography that I would give you the final test. Go to the New Thoughtists' convention and let me see if you really merit your place at the head of the class."

And she was such a sweet little girl! Her eyes were large, soulful and trusting, her forehead broad, and her deft fingers well manicured. She went right down in the front row near where the etherealized ferns and syringas in sublimated pots nodded from the edge of the stage, and she sat down next to the ultra violet reporters. The ultra violet reporters noted her presence and guessed her purpose. One of them introduced himself and made himself so agreeable that his desperate hope was realized when he asked her sweetly if he could look over her notes after some of the speakers had finished and get the real, verbatim dope on the conscious ideation of Divine transferrence. Miss Blinkins smiled her answer to the request sweetly, confidently.

Even while the ultra violet reporters were thus arranging that the world should have the real news of the thought activity that was to gyrate and reverberate through Carnegie Lyceum that afternoon the New Thoughtists had assembled, and J. A. Edgerton, who was to direct the meeting and steer the emanations of Karma into the polysyllabic paths of perfect perpetuity, rose to introduce Miss Anna R. Davis of Boston.

Miss Davis set her fichu into place and stepped forward to set in motion the harmonies o the afternoon. The ultra violet reporters smiled, closed their eyes and listened rapturously to the scratching of the new stenographer's pencil behind their ears. It was so easy Miss Edgerton ceased to speak and the sublimated honey of her thoughts dripped and dripped from the halos of each extraconscious soul entity there in that room

Mr Edgarton stepped forward and with a few appropriate words introduced Mr. T. C. Rajan (Iyengar), Poona City, India. The drowsy reporters only caught the word "Iyengar" and musingly attempted to define where they had heard that word in their experiences before. That was all. The large, tan gentleman in the light gray suit talked on and on over the tops of the etherealized syringas, and the ultra violets wotted not a single wot, for did they not hear the busy scratching of the bright new stenographer's pencil behind them?

There was a smothered half sigh, half scream. The ultra violets turned suddenly only to see Miss Blinkins rise from her seat as one in a daze and walk unsteadily down the aisle to the deserted hallway without. Anxiously the ultra violets followed. They found Miss Blinkins weeping in hysteria.

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" she screamed in a tense whisper. "Whatever shall I do? It sounds like a take from the city budget or a transcript from the Quarter of Greater New York."

The ultra violets, remembering at that tense moment that their fate depended alone upon this frail girl, soothed her back to a normal pulse and then sat down with words of encouragement to take transcripts from her notes on the Indian gentleman's speech.

"We have to consider here the effect of the cosmic ego on matter, the transforming force operating in all of its attributes on mental matter," came the halting words from the sweet girl stenographer's lips.

"Why, that is fine," chorused the ultra violets, patting their own knees in an excess of tenderness mingled with bashfulness.

"The sun shines, so do flies—no, so does Valhalla, N. Y. So our individual ego indulges in the eternal cosmetics—No, that must be Cosmos, C-o-s, yes Cosmos. Our life is lifted above the plane of competition and placed into its own normal atmospheric in the lion—no in the centre of—no, in the bucket that hangs in the well."

The fair young stenographer sobbed hysterically and the ultra violets mopped their brows in an agony of perplexity and fear. They urged the stenographer to proceed. She did so tremulously.

"Oh, I guess it's this—that part of the cosmic ego entangled in our intellect also shines. Nirvana—I just can't get the names of those stations on the old Long Island Railroad—Nirvana approaches in equal ratio as we sublimate ourselves, our souls and that tertiary part of us which we call intellect.

"We have—we have—we have three states of matter in our head—no, in our hand, and we keep on involuting and involuting and involuting—yes, that's the best I could get; he said involuting; I know it wasn't perspiring—we create everything for ourselves. We must recognize the micro—no the macro—we must recognize the macadam that comes from the eternal infinity to raise the price of canned tomatoes——"

The fair young stenographer shrieked again and sobbed convulsively into her handkerchief. The ultra violets, hair upending, gazed with wild eyes at the wreck of the night school student.

"Try just once more, little girl," purred one with the air of a protecting brother.

"The New is always bursting out of any old thought flame," sobbed the girl, pawing her tear stained notebook with a trembling finger. "We have three states of matter—maybe he means three things are the matter with us—three states of matter: We create everything for ourselves. We need not recognize a Universal Cosmetic. If we say that God made us, who shall say who made God? Who knows anything? Who knows what? If what is anything, does anything know what—does everything know whose—does everything know—O, dearie, dearie dumpling, papa's gone a-hunting to get a little rabbit skin to wrap my cosmic ego in.

"In the infinite and the finite world, the microcosm and the macadam—oh, dear, there's that macadam again, all around, with steam engines rolling all over it—the God-man and the man-God and the Chinaman—ching chong Chinaman, with bells on his fingers and rings on his eternal entity. Two complete in one. Two apples taken from one pear leave how many nuts—nuts—nuts?"

It was a pitiful thing. The ultra violets lifted the fair haired girl up from the bench tenderly and conveyed her into a room where one of her sex could minister to her. Then they forsook that New Thought Conference, eschewed the speeches that were being made by Miss Emma C. Poor of Boston, Miss Ella M. Robbins, also of Boston, Mr. John Quinn of New York and others and with haggard faces they turned themselves in the direction of their respective offices, there to face their taskmasters, carrying with them bricks without straw.

Wheeler's Wife Defaults Again.

For the second time in six months Frederick J. Wheeler, an actor, has obtained an interlocutory decree of divorce against Henrietta A. Wheeler, whom he married in 1897. The first decree, last September, was granted after a trial at which Mrs. Wheeler put in no appearance or defence. Then she moved to reopen the default.

Justice Davis granted the motion for a second trial and the case was called yesterday before Justice Truax. Again there was no appearance in behalf of Mrs. Wheeler and Justice Truax directed that a decree be entered in Wheeler's favor.

DR. MUCK AND DIPPEL TO SAIL.

Former Not Sure He Will Return Next Year—Dippel Is Seeking Chorus Singers.

Andreas Dippel, codirector of the Metropolitan Opera House; Carl Muck, for two years conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Alfred Hertz, conductor at the Metropolitan, are passengers on the Kronprinzessin Cecilie, which sails to-day. Dr. Muck, who is accompanied by his wife, is carrying back a Boston terrier and a loving cup from the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who presented it to him after the last concert.

"It is absolutely unsettled when I shall return to the United States," he told a SUN reporter, "as my contract with the Royal Opera House in Berlin has some years still to run. If the Kaiser cares to release me, as he did for my second year in Boston, it may be arranged just as it was then. He gave the permission to Ambassador Tower one day while they were at lunch. But my permanent contract with Berlin will always interfere with my return unless some similar arrangement makes it possible for me to come back."

Dr. Muck goes immediately to Berlin to resume his work at the Royal Opera House. On June 15 he will leave for Bayreuth to have five weeks rehearsal before conducting "Parsifal" and the other operas that are to be performed.

Mr. Dippel is going directly to London to hear the German chorus at Covent Garden and engage the members of it who seem good enough to add to the members already secured for the Metropolitan.

"I have no doubt of the great success of the next season at the Metropolitan," Mr. Dippel said, "and I am more than ever convinced after my conferences with Mr. Gatti-Casazza that the opera house will have every advantage that zeal and knowledge can bring to its management. Nothing that can contribute to the brilliancy of the performances will be left undone."

Mr. Gatti-Casazza and Mr. Dippel were in conference until late last evening. Mr. Dippel will go this summer to Bayreuth to study the performances there.

THE ABRAMSON OPERA SINGERS.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" Sung to a Large Audience at the American.

The second week of Abramson's Italian Grand Opera Company began at the American Theatre last night with every evidence of prosperity. The offering was that well tried double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," and the audience was the largest thus far seen at the performances of this company. It was an assembly of ready sympathy and its demonstrations of pleasure were frequent and vigorous. There could be no question that the representations satisfied those present.

The manner in which this company delivers itself of the works in hand has already been described here. Of the niceties of the art of operatic performance there are few enough, but of earnestness and self-devotion there is plenty. There are no clever disguises of vocal weakness in trying passages. Everything is attacked with boldness and results are reached often by sheer courage rather than by resource. But it is not an audience of blasé operagoers to which these singers appeal, and hence the methods employed are probably the best.

Mme. Desana sang *Santuzza* with abundance of temperament and with a pleasing quality of tone. Mr. Delli Franci was not an inspiring *Turiddu*, but Mr. Paccini was worthy of commendation as *Alfio*. The chorus sang with plenty of spirit and the orchestra under Mr. Fornari gave tolerable support. The cast of "Pagliacci" comprised Mme. Artizzoni as *Nedda*, Mr. Samoilov as *Canio*, Mr. Arcangeli as *Tonio*, and Mr. Paccini as *Silvio*.

Mme. Artizzoni, a newcomer, seemed to delight the audience, while the tenor, Mr. Samoilov, again awoke the echoes with his powerful tones and aroused the hearers to great enthusiasm with his "Ride Pagliacci." To-night Mme. Edith Hetena will appear as *Violetta* in "La Traviata."

LIZZIE OF 42 WHITEHALL.

Cap'n Wallace Comes Back After Forty Years and Can't Find Her There.

A grizzled sailor on the shady side of 60 walked into Stocks's restaurant at 42 Whitehall street yesterday afternoon and called the proprietor aside.

"How long has this restaurant been here?" he asked, and then without giving Stocks an opportunity to answer he went on:

"Do you know where Lizzie is? Did you ever see her here? You'd know her if you saw her—brown hair, blue eyes, rosy cheeks. You don't know what Lizzie I mean? Why, Lizzie, my sweetheart. She used to live in this building with her father and mother. This was her home. It was a fine house——"

"Well, it's been a restaurant for twelve years, and I don't know what it was before that. I never heard of your Lizzie," said Proprietor Stocks.

The sailor said he was Capt. William Wallace. He left Whitehall street and Lizzie on a brig for the Far East just forty years ago. He loved Lizzie and Lizzie loved him, but her father was ag'in it. So Willie struck out to make money. For forty years he roamed the Eastern seas without getting rich, and he decided finally to take Lizzie as he was, father or no father. He had captained a British boat to the West Indies, had made his way to Florida and then shipped on the Montauk, a Plant Line steamer which used to be in the East River ferry service. He had made a bee line for 42 Whitehall street as soon as he landed from the Montauk, which got here yesterday. He refused to give the full name of his "sweetheart" but at dusk he was still tramping through Whitehall and Pearl streets seeking for some place that would recall the New York of forty years ago.

THE ARCHBISHOP ENTERTAINS.

Has Cardinal Logue and Other Prominent Catholics at Dinner.

Archbishop Farley was the host at a private dinner at the archepiscopal residence, at 452 Madison avenue, last night. The guests of honor were Cardinal Logue and the lay and clerical members of the committee in charge of the centenary celebration. Thirty persons were at the dinner.

After the dinner a reception was held at which many prominent Catholics were present, including most of the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Board of Education and other members of the city government.

Cardinal Logue will leave to-day for a short trip up-State, returning on Thursday.

THE SEAGOERS.

Mrs. Mackay and Princess Colonna Returning to Europe.

Among those who will sail to-day on the Kronprinzessin Cecilie are:

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Auchincloss, Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Busch, Kyrle Bellew, Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, Don Marc Antonio Colonna, Mrs. George J. Gould and her family, Mrs. John R. and Miss Gladys E. Livermore, Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. McKee, Mrs. John W. Mackay, Princess Evelyn Colonna, Mrs. Jordan L. Mott, Jr., the Viscomte de Perigny, Mr. and Mrs. Moorfield Storey of Boston and John Van Wormer.

Melba for the Manhattan.

Oscar Hammerstein cabled yesterday to this country that he had engaged Mme. Melba as a member of the company at the Manhattan Opera House next winter. Mme. Melba will return in January, and in addition to the familiar rôles of her répertoire will also be heard for the first time here as *Tosca* and *Desdemona*. Mr. Hammerstein also intends to arrange a few performances in which Mme. Melba and Mme. Tetrazzini will appear together. Mme. Melba will also sing with the Hammerstein company in Philadelphia.

JULIET VISITS THE BRONX

A PLAY BY ONE SHAKESPEARE GIVES PLEASURE.

Miss Keim a Classical Heroine at the Metropolis and Packs the House—Gallery Gods Sic Romeo on Tybalt With Cheers and Weep When Mercutio Falls.

When the poet remarked that art is long he no doubt had in mind the trip up to the Metropolis Theatre on the Third avenue elevated. The Metropolis Theatre is in the heart of The Bronx, and the star at the Metropolis Theatre just now is Miss Adelaide Keim, and the play this week is "Romeo and Juliet," by one William Shakespeare, who was generally supposed, up to the time when Shaw wrote "Cæsar and Cleopatra," to have been something of an artist.

That supposition still prevails in The Bronx, owing, no doubt, to its distance from the centre of the universe at Broadway and Forty-second street. And yesterday afternoon there was not a vacant seat and precious little standing room at the Metropolis Theatre.

The sex of this audience was so predominantly female that one marvelled why Miss Keim left out *Juliet's* "Gallop apace, you fiery footed steeds * * *" which has been known to fall even on the ears of a man without bringing the blush of shame to the cheek of immodesty. Perhaps the orchestra leader is supersensitive. Or are The Bronx boys very, very wise? Be that as it may, this speech Miss Keim cut out, and a good bit more of the play besides. But she left enough to be tolerably coherent and to take hold on the attention and interest of the audience in a way that might astonish a few of those critics and managers who are perpetually burying the Bard Bury Shakespeare on Broadway and he rises again in The Bronx!

Miss Keim herself of course is enormously popular in those regions of our town lying just south of Albany. And apparently there is good reason. She is not free from the bessetting faults of the actress who plays perpetually to the less discriminating class of theatregoers in numberless insufficiently rehearsed rôles. She makes her more obvious points in an obvious manner, and the less obvious she sometimes does not make at all. She has two manners, almost two voices, for comedy and tragedy, with no gradations. Her sweetness sometimes is cloying, her emotional utterance, full of "me's" for my's," a bit hollow, with the insincerity of hasty preparation and conventional performance.

But she has undoubted physical attractiveness; as *Juliet*, indeed, a convincing youth. And she can command the contralto note of tragic love. Her "Now, by St. Peter's church and Peter too," was a fine, deep outburst in the large manner of poetic tragedy. It is easy to see where she gets her hold over her audiences.

But Miss Keim's personal popularity is far from accounting for the breathless attention that followed the whole course of the play. "Go for him, *Romeo!*" cried a boy as *Romeo* drew his sword on *Tybalt*. And when *Tybalt* fell the whole house burst into applause. *Mercutio*, played by Mr. Jack Fitzsimmons, had but to open his mouth and there was a wave of laughter before the pun came forth. It did not matter at all that he read blank verse with the smoothness of a biograph picture jiggling and jumping at full speed. It was the character the audience loved, making little wet wads of their handkerchiefs when he died, a pun on his lips.

Of course the balcony scene, with its wealth of familiar quotations, was eagerly watched. *Juliet* spoke once more of "th' inconstant moon," which once more was anything but inconstant, shedding its beams with noble persistence directly on the balcony where *Juliet* sat, and nowhere else. Will somebody please play "Romeo and Juliet" without a spotlight on the balcony? Fame and fortune awaits the woman with the courage to do it. Here Miss Keim was traditionally sweet and girlish, but she missed the breathless passion of the scene. Depth and tragedy should enter early in this play. They are in the very warp of it.

Miss Keim's performance of the chamber scene was modelled neither on Miss Marlowe's nor on that of Miss Farrar of Melrose, Mass., and the Metropolitan Opera House. But why object to a little passion in this scene? There must be nuptials, even in The Bronx. And the essence of the scene is nuptial passion. Otherwise, why play it at all? Why play it as if *Romeo* were going downtown in the subway for the day to help his employer lose money in Wall Street? Why beggar the imagination by the spectacle of a nuptial couch 6 feet by 2½, a mere spring on legs, covered with a couple of yards of print cloth? These immortal lovers deserve a four poster, at least. Let us be honest and admit it. It wouldn't harm the Bronx a bit more than what they got.

Each member of Miss Keim's company, according to her press agent, "has already embedded himself warmly in the hearts of the metropolis patrons." This includes, doubtless, Mr. Thurston Hall, who was far from an unattractive *Romeo*. He met *Juliet* to the strains of the minuet from "Don Giovanni" (the music throughout was tactfully chosen) and he persued her with an ardent devotion and a real desire to read blank verse as if it were something more than prose set up wrong end foremost. As much cannot be said for some of the others. But what do you expect for a quarter? It is enough to see Shakespeare as popular, in the Bronx at least, as moving pictures.

News of Plays and Players.

The cast for "The Gay Musician," the new comic opera by Julian Edwards which comes to Wallack's next Monday night, includes Amelia Stone, Sophie Brandt, Mme. Georgiana Neuendorff, Olga von Hatzfeldt, Walter Percival, Edward Martindell, Joseph C. Miron and Charles Campbell.

Immediately after "The Warrens of Virginia" brings its New York run to a close at David Belasco's Stuyvesant Theatre on Saturday night Frank Keenan, who plays *Gen. Buck Warren*, will prepare to go to Europe for a month's rest, after which he will join his family at a summer resort and incidentally deliver some addresses on the drama before Chautauqua societies.

William H. Currie of the firm of Currie & Gray has signed a contract with Aaron P. Ordway & Co. for the lease of a new theatre at the corner of Market and Beaver streets, Newark, which is to be conducted as a high class vaudeville house. The theatre will be completed next September. It is to be called the Lyric. William Morris, Inc., will book the theatre.

Fred Courtney, recently with William Gillette, appeared for the first time with Mr. Dixey's company at the Bijou last evening as *Doctor Andrea* in "Papa Lebonnard."

Annex for Brook Avenue School.

C. B. J. Snyder, chief architect of the Department of Education, has filed plans with Building Superintendent Reville for enlarging Public School 30, at the corner of Brook avenue and 141st street, by adding a four story annex. It is to be of ornamental brick and stone with a frontage of 100 feet and a depth of 60 feet, and will cost $135,000.

JOHN A. CHANLER SAFE HERE

In Marshal's Custody and Prosecute Suit Against Trustee Without Interference.

John Armstrong Chanler, the former husband of Amèlie Rives and brother of Lieut.-Gov. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, can now return to New York provisionally to prosecute his suit in the Federal courts against Thomas T. Sherman without being seized and recommitted as insane to Bloomingdale Asylum.

This much was assured yesterday by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in an opinion written by Judge Noyes. The matter came before the Circuit Court from Judge Hough's refusal to grant an auxiliary order giving the protection asked for. The higher court holds that Chanler is entitled to the protection he seeks provided the pleadings in his case are not changed and he agrees to place himself in the custody of United States Marshal Henkel. Judge Noyes says:

It is apparent from the record that, upon the issues as they stand, the attendance of the petitioner at the trial is necessary. His case cannot be presented without him. And it is also most probable that if the petitioner return to New York without protection, he will be apprehended and retaWen to the asylum as an escaped patient. Without relief he is in this predicament: he must abandon his action for the recovery of $250,000 in order to retain his freedom or must abandon his liberty to try the case.

The Constitution of the United States vests in its judicial department jurisdiction over controversy between citizens of different States. The petitioner, as a citizen of the State of Virginia, in bringing his suit in the Circuit Court of the United States, was availing himself of a right founded upon this constitutional provision. And he came into that court with a decree of the State court of which he was a citizen declaring his sanity. We cannot disregard that decree. In considering it we do not ignore the orders of the New York courts. Insanity is not necessarily permanent. For the purpose of this petition—laying aside questions of jurisdiction—we may properly consider the petitioner insane when so declared in New York, but that he had recovered his sanity when he was declared sane in Virginia.

Judge Noyes says there is no reason whatever to apprehend that any danger would result from Chanler's sojourn here.

In 1897 the Supreme Court of New York adjudged Chanler insane and committed him to Bloomingdale. After three years there Chanler escaped and went to Virginia. While he was still confined in Bloomingdale and two years after his commitment, the State court appointed Thomas T. Sherman a committee of his person and property. In the suit he is now prosecuting he alleges that Mr. Sherman has converted $250,000 of the complainant's property to his own use.

INTERCHURCH LAWSUIT.

Case of St. Stephen's Against Transfiguration Heard in Divorce Court Room.

In the same court room with a bunch of divorce lawyers and their clients gathered yesterday several clergymen and their legal representatives. The court room was Part III., special term, of the Supreme Court, with Justice O'Gorman presiding.

The clergymen were there to hear and testify in an action between St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church and the Church of the Transfiguration, known as the "Little Church Around the Corner." The suit is brought by the trustees of St. Stephen's to have remedied or altered a deed by which the church came into possession of its present site, West Sixty-ninth street near Broadway. This was bought from the other church for $80,000, of which $30,000 was paid in cash and $50,000 was left on mortgage. At the same time, to suit the late Dr. Houghton's views, a clause was inserted in the deed restricting forever the use of the site for church purposes. It is this clause which has caused trouble.

The interest on the mortgage was paid for a while, but presently it was not paid and foreclosure proceedings were begun by the Transfiguration trustees. To this St. Stephen's replied with a suit to have the objectionable clause stricken out of the deed, and then it developed that an offer had been made to strike out the restrictive clause if St. Stephen's would pay $15,000.

It is the contention of the St. Stephen's lawyers that as the Transfiguration church owned no other property near the Sixty-ninth street site there was no authority for such a restrictive clause.

Counsel for the Transfiguration trustees hold that the clause is binding. They say that it is the intention of the St. Stephen's trustees to sell or lease part of the site for the erection of a modern apartment house. Had Dr. Houghton or the other trustees believed such a thing possible, the Transfiguration lawyers say, the sale would never have taken place, or at least not at any such price as $85,000, which, they say, was made especially low because of the restrictive clause.

Counsel for St. Stephen's will not say what they want to do with the site if the objectionable clause is removed, but they admit that if they could only get rid of it they could easily raise enough money to wipe out the $50,000 mortgage and leave a handsome surplus.

Yesterday's proceedings were devoted simply to arguments by counsel. Blandy, Mooney & Shipman appeared for the Transfiguration and A. O. Townsend for St. Stephen's.

COLUMBIA SENIORS REBEL

At Taking Final Exams With Barnard Girls and Have Their Way.

Dusty spyglasses were polished up yesterday morning and the faculty of Columbia took advantageous positions along the rail of the running track—that is some of them did, for the rest were down on the gymnasium floor dealing out examination papers to the seniors, who were taking what they hoped were their last exams. Prof. Hervey was on the jog with the big bell which is used to summon the outlying sentries when there seems to be signs of trouble among the students.

The faculties of Columbia and Barnard thought that it would be a good scheme to hold the examinations of the seniors of both colleges in the same room and thus save the duplication of the system for catching cribbers. Somehow or other the proposed scheme leaked out and the Columbia seniors put their feet down hard. They said it was bad enough being watched by half a score of professors with glasses from the running track, but when it came to having a hundred Barnard girls making eyes at them they refused.

Of course the Barnard girls were indignant, or they pretended to be, but they made no objections to the plan. When the time came for the doors to open yesterday there were no Barnard maidens on hand—the faculty had decided at the last minute that rather than have a strike they would let the men students enjoy the system alone. Although eyes were glued to glasses for two three hour watches nothing was found on the horizon to require the tolling of the gong.

Amelia Bingham Elected President of P. W. L.

After a long day at the polls which didn't close until 6 o'clock the Professional Woman's League at their annual meeting held yesterday in their clubhouse at 108 West Forty-fifth street elected Miss Amelia Bingham president of the organization. Mrs. Suzanne Leonard Westford, who was Miss Bingham's predecessor in office, declined the nomination on the plea that her return to the stage would keep her away from town too much. Miss Bingham, who is in a hospital convalescing, has not definitely accepted.

Secretary Straus to Represent the President.

WASHINGTON, May 11.—Secretary Straus of the Department of Commerce and Labor will attend the ceremonies in connection with the dedication of the buildings of the College of the City of New York Thursday afternoon, May 14, as the personal representative of the President, who was invited but was unable to be present on account of the conference of Governors. Mr. Straus will deliver an address.

SUFFRAGETTES DRESS GAYLY

FIND THAT'S ONE WAY TO CATCH THE HARLEM PROLETARIAT.

At Least Their Glad and Joyous Raiment Won Applause When Talk Didn't—Open Air Meeting Moves South a Bit Owing to Street Repairs—Crowd of 1,500 Out.

Owing to the fact that the roadway on Seventh avenue just north of 125th street is being repaired the suffragettes held their meeting last night about a hundred feet south of the old stand.

The sight of a dozen uniformed policemen and the consciousness that twice as many in plain clothes were scattered among the crowd had the same subduing effect that was noticeable last week. For the first fifteen minutes the proceedings bore all the hallmarks of a memorial meeting.

Then Mrs. Sophia Loebinger, whom no amount of obloquy has induced to dispense with her turquoise earrings, infused a little life by telling instances of women who had had nearly everything to do with building up the fortunes of their millionaire husbands.

When she shrieked in tones that several persons on the outskirts of the audience of 1,500 said carried way out over their heads, "You can't dispute it and you needn't grunt about it," she got a round of applause She scored again when she explained that the reason the Women's Progressive Suffrage Union didn't hold its meetings in the Waldorf was that nowhere but in the streets of Harlem could they draw such a magnificent audience of the people as now stood before her. A very respectable cheer evidenced the approval aroused by her discrimination, and when she assured her hearers that she was not giving them taffy they cheered anew.

Things didn't really get going, however, until Mrs. Borrman Wells, wearing a skirt of apricot panne velvet, a blouse of bebe Irish lace, a chiffon scarf that toned with her skirt, a check ulster and a white leghorn picture hat trimmed with green plumes and green velvet, mounted the packing box platform and regarded those who stood below her with an indulgent smile.

"A-a-a-a-h!" they murmured with one voice. Then they broke into a storm of applause.

Mrs. Wells smiled again and said that she was very glad they were so pleased to see her. Then she went on to let them see that she knew all about muck raking. In spite of the fact that she hadn't been very long in this country she declared she knew all about the politicians and boodle and graft and pull and election frauds and the other dreadful things that happened in this sham democracy.

"Democracy indeed!" she sniffed. "What sort of a democracy is it that goes hobbling along on one foot with half of its citizens disfranchised?"

"Nellie, the beautiful cloak model," volunteered another admirer, as Mrs. Wells put her hands way down deep in the pockets of her ulster and asked the crowd what they were going to do about it all. She got another cheer as she leaped to the ground.

But not all of the applause and cheers and whistles called forth by her and Mrs. Loebinger and Mrs. Commander combined bore any comparison in volume to the mighty burst of vocal admiration that went forth as Miss Mary Coleman of the New York bar, in a black and white striped Madam Butterfly suit, a pale blue silk blouse, a gold ceinture studded with emeralds and a black Merry Widow sailor covered with pink chrysanthemums, arrived with one bound on top of the rostrum.

Miss Coleman, on account of the pedagogical sweep of her diminutive forefinger, is popularly known as the pretty schoolma'am.

The stern expression which she had superimposed upon her habitually smiling countenance wasn't a bit worn off by the rousing welcome. She very quickly let every one of those whom she subsequently denominated as fools and idiots know that she was there for business. In the first place, she told them that it was her purpose to teach them the famous verse composed by Mrs. Commander, which has become the suffragette slogan:

For the long work day—
For the taxes we pay—
For the laws we obey—
We want something to say.

She more than kept her word. She really taught it to them, for the process of mental absorption on their part was obviously involuntary. How could they help themselves when she repeated the lines twenty-seven times?

They stood with bated breath as she advanced so far forward that one-third of her Gibson ties were supported only by the atmosphere. There were exclamations of terror as the thin boards which had been strained to their capacity by some of the previous speakers, creaked ominously beneath her emphatic tread. They breathed a sigh of relief as, slowly pivoting about on her high heels, she recited once more the immortal verse and descended.

After Dr. Mary Smith had informed every one who was listening that there were 50,000 women in New York city who were supporting their husbands and children, many thousands more who were looking out for children deserted by their fathers, and still other thousands who were compelled to support their children while their husbands were serving a term in prison, Mrs. Commander announced that any one could join the W. P. S. U. by paying the small fee of 25 cents, and the meeting adjourned.

THE CHURCH AND LABOR.

Episcopalians Commend Secretary Taft's Speech on Labor Unions.

The Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor held its annual convention yesterday at Synod Hall, 112th street and Amsterdam avenue, and among other things indorsed unanimously a report in which Secretary of War Taft was commended for giving it as his opinion in a speech at a public meeting that under the present conditions it would not be wise for employers to ignore the labor unions.

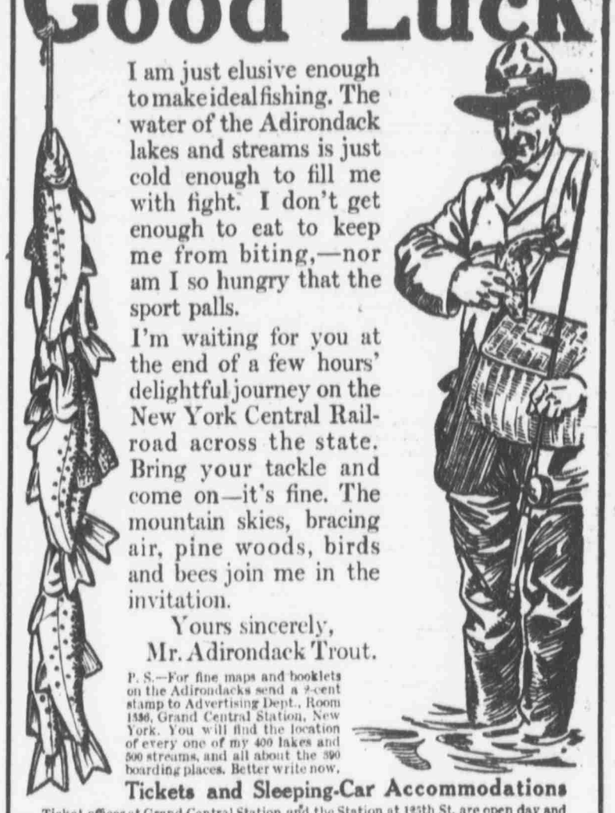
The Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor is made up of members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and its officers are Bishop Potter, president; the Rev. Thomas Henry Sill, vice-president; Miss Harriette A. Keyser, secretary; Miss Margaret Lawrance, assistant secretary, and H. B. Livingston, treasurer. In the part of her report in which she referred to Mr. Taft Miss Keyser said:

It was once unfashionable to recognize organized labor, but we kept up an agitation in its favor until it became fashionable. Secretary of War Taft in a recent address wisely declared that "under existing conditions the blindest course an employer of labor can pursue is to decline to recognize labor organizations as the controlling influence in the labor market and to insist on dealing only with his particular employees." It has been repeatedly shown that harmony and freedom from labor troubles have resulted from agreements entered into between the employers and the unions.

Miss Lily F. Foster, secretary of the child labor committee, sent her report, in which she recommended agitation for the provision of a special room in the court buildings for child prisoners. It was announced by the Rev. Canon Peters that at the next diocesan convention the diocese would be divided into labor districts, each district to send a fraternal delegate to the succeeding conventions.

Resolutions were carried favoring an amendment to the Sherman anti-trust law by which the labor unions will be eliminated from its provisions relating to combinations in restraint of trade. The Central Federated Union was represented at the convention by several delegates.

Good Luck



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Chance—Cruger.

WASHINGTON, May 11.—Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, known to fame also as Julien Gordon, author, was married to-day to Mr. Wade Chance of Canton, Ohio, and London, England. The marriage took place at Mrs. Cruger's residence, at Twenty-fifth and K streets, this city. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Alfred Harding, rector of St. Paul's Church. The only witnesses were the members of the household and Dr. G. Lloyd Magruder. The bride, whose maiden name was Julie Grinnell Storrow, was the widow of S. Van Rensselaer Cruger. She has kept the old house at Twenty-fifth and K streets always ready for her occupancy and has entertained extensively there, having a wide acquaintance in Washington.

The bridal toilette was of pale cerise wool touched with old pink and white lace, and a corsage bouquet of deep cream roses. Her toque was made of green leaves with a pretty bunch of cream roses at the left side front. Mr. and Mrs. Chance will spend the early part of their honeymoon here and elsewhere, but will sail shortly for England to make their home there.

Coombs—Pritchard.

Miss Ida F. Pritchard and Charles W. Coombs were married last evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Pritchard, 114 West 132d street. The drawing room was trimmed with palms, smilax, roses and lilies. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur, pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church. The bride wore a costume of white chiffon with duchesse lace and carried a bouquet of white sweet peas. Miss Mabel Birdsall, the maid of honor, wore a white chiffon gown over pink silk and carried pink roses. John Coombs assisted his brother as best man.

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