

THE MULLIGAN MULTITUDES

EVERYBODY AT THE BALL WHO HASN'T DEAD OR IN JAIL.

Mrs. Jeffries a Better Guardian of Valuables Than Jim—Jeff Meets a Jurist

Carpet of Corks, Confetti, Slippers, Hats, Garters and Conventionalities.

The celebration of St. Patrick's day in this latitude began at exactly 12:47 o'clock yesterday morning at the annual ball of the Mulligans in Terrace Garden when Hon. James J. Jeffries, the actor, pined on his coat a shamrock he had brought from his alfalfa ranch in California, shook hands with Big Tim and announced that he was going to knock the block off of Mr. John Johnson, the champion brunnette.

Whereupon Chief Gunner Joe B. Gee Humphreys of the Larry Mulligan Association wheeled into line a battery of heavy wine agents and gave Mr. Jeffries a salute of twenty-four graces.

From that tense moment until the sun shot pink rays over the rooftops of East Fifty-eighth street and the survivors waded to their taxis through two inches of wine soaked confetti, suede slippers, fallen streamers of red and yellow tissue paper, dance programmes, cures of every hue, empty bottles, with here and there an abandoned garter and a silk hat that had lost its roof, the annual racket of the Mulligans took rank as the wildest, gayest, wildest and noisiest ball in the history of the downtown social set.

Also it was one of the biggest balls the Tenderloin ever saw. The lid wasn't off. There wasn't any lid. If there had been the frisky toes of the Silk Stocking Brigade (one of the cops could have clamped it down. Mr. Humphreys put the whole thing simply and concisely. Everybody was there who wasn't dead or in jail and everything went but manslaughter.

At midnight East Fifty-eighth street from Lexington to Third avenue was a swarming, howling, struggling jumble and jam of taxicabs, hansoms, fourwheelers and their drivers. It took a quarter of an hour for any vehicle to discharge its passengers onto the sidewalk at Terrace Garden and nobody but a champion fighter, a Tammany leader or a pretty woman could wriggle through the solidifying crowd at the doors without losing feathers or warpaint. The sidewalk hordes had been checked and thrown back by the impenetrable mass inside the Garden.

These, one inside, couldn't shake a foot to music for hours. They stood and sat right where they had been dumped in the crush. Nobody moved with any freedom except the waiters with armloads of champagne bottles, and how they did stir the mind to wonder.

The main floor of Terrace Garden was jammed from wall to wall with whooping Indiana, whose warbonnets trailed down their backs; girls in half pointed skirts and silk clad legs gleaming and flashed under the electric lights; girls in clinging Directoire which fitted as tightly as the skin of an apple; girls on the shady side of 40 but rouged and pencilled to imitate 18, with blond wigs and stockings cut below the knee; gay young judges out for a lark; battalions and cohorts of wine agents who carried swarms of girls in their train; human lamp-posts with illuminated signs of streets in Sullivanland; Mulligan guards cunningly disguised in evening dress; chorus girls and show girls from "The Queen of the Moatin' Gorge," "Miss Innocence" and "The Girl from Becraft"; Tammany leaders sipping real money at every step; Commissioners of half the city departments and girls, girls, girls wearing much or not.

On the second level, touching on and aspertaining to the big room, were a pair of little halls which roared like young Niagara the whole night and threw sprays of wine over the balcony onto the main floor. In these the great Tammany and the champion fighters sat in state, held receptions and permitted the guests to sip a dozen graces at a time on the table tops. The thirty girls from the big room, heated from dancing and wise from long experience at the Tenderloin balls, whirled into the smaller rooms in droves, stopping at one table just long enough to cool themselves with half a bottle or so and then dancing on to the next for more of the same, winding up with volunteer high kicking stunts in the middle of the floor. Now and then a silk top hit the ceiling with a thump and descended the wreck of its once proud self.

In the horseshoe of boxes, bought up by the million from \$50 to a box by the Sullivan and their associates, were the hall scattered veterans of many a Tenderloin racket. Big Tim, with the sweat pouring down his round, pink face, held Box 1 with about \$75 worth of confetti. His white hat had slipped up around his ears, a shirt stud had given way and his waistcoat buttons were flying about the room. Judge Tommy Dinneen, backed up by six howling lieutenants in the adjoining box, wallowed in the Big Fellow with handkerchiefs flying, confetti passing like rain on his face and eyes, and his hat on the top of the head—a vulnerable spot with Big Tim and hissing him with paper streamers, while Tim, with his big arms gunged in the air, pulled down the curtains of the storm, grabbed whole bags of confetti and let them fly.

On the main floor, just underneath Big Tim's box, the plain people started with extra terror when the confetti in a pink and white shower of confetti and a diving for the bags as they fell.

Forester Sullivan, Democratic national committee man from Illinois, stood up in a box near by, taking in his first Tenderloin ball. A bunch of army officers in their dress clothes, leaned over the railing of Rhode Island, and showed the dancers with confetti, among them Capt. George Langhorne, Gen. Wood's adjutant, Capt. Keeler of the field artillery, Arthur Herbert of the Conclaves, and a staff sergeant of the Fourth Cavalry. Mr. C'mon You Roseben Davy Johnson, entirely surrounded by ebullient quartets of admirers, was a corn sheller. Mrs. Davy Johnson wore pink trimmed with white. Here and there in the boxes were the Hon. Charles D. Connelley, the Hon. Hattie Forsyth, the Hon. Belle Ashton, Miss McCoy, Edna Chase, Mildred Gibson, Mrs. E. J. Kelly, Mrs. J. J. Kelly, Miss Hopkins, Lillian Lorraine and Miss Maloney. Mr. John Kelly (Hon. O'Rourke), Mr. Farrell and Tammany's Mr. Goodwin, Cullin, Dietz, Curry and Little Tim entertained squads and companies. Big Bill Devery had a box, and further along the line were Bill Gibson, Magistrate Frederick Kernochan, Joe Hayman, Owen McManus, Herman Rosenblatt, Sarasparilla Riley, Maxie Rhinental, Al Johnson, Able Jacobs, Arthur Herbert, and his Conclaves.

Jeff arrived just after Magistrate Kernochan and Mrs. Larry Mulligan had led the grand march to an important position in the doorway the Mulligan ball led out a row that might have been heard in Harlem with the wind blowing right. Under the Jeffs, a stout, smiling person with a mustache of diamonds on her collar that may have been worth anything under \$500,000, was Mrs. Jeff's young daughter, Berger. After Mrs. Jeff was young Berger and associate in the drama. Young Sammy was got up in a collection of handkerchiefs he had brought along from his own game, consisting of

in San Francisco and neither Jim Corbett nor Kid McCoy ever had anything on you. Sammy in their classiest days. William Morris, Jeff's theatrical manager, and Mrs. Morris followed and after them came a yelling excited thrave of officers, newsmen and collectors from the street. By main force the champion drove a way through the crowd until he got to a stage box, where he got his hat and watched the proceedings.

The crowd banked up in front of the box until people were in danger of getting crushed. Girls sought for a chance to see the big fighter and were lifted up over the heads. Several shrinking young females planted themselves on the shoulders of their gentlemen friends and tottered there, holding fast and screaming. Oh, you Jeff! Oh, you Kid! Mr. Jeffries regarded the spectacle gloomily, giving a half nod now and then to some impertinent admirer in the crowd. He said the president got so great that the stage box had to be evacuated. A wine agent with broad shoulders and the voice of a megaphone with the crowd led the way to the box, followed by a careful hand on his diamond shirt stud.

Little Mrs. Jeff peeled off her jewelry before she quitted the box and stuffed it all into the flaming sash into a chamotte bag, which she gripped desperately in her left hand. Her right was closed firmly over the sunburst while she ducked her head and followed Jeff and the ploughing wind. The crowd dashed against the big Californian and was thrown back, yelling with excitement.

"Keep your mitt on the diamonds, dear," said Jeff.

"You watch yourself," said the capable Mrs. Jeff, "and see that nobody frisks Sammy. I'm all right."

Up a flight of stairs the party made its way to a small ballroom and a table in the corner. Instantly there was terrific excitement among the wine agents. Whenever a glass of wine was hurled themselves at the champion and shouted hoarsely for the waiters. The wine agents glared fiercely at each other with a confidence as Jeffries. The table was wet and sloppy from previous burdens. Jeff grabbed a towel and mopped it clean.

"Don't want to get this stuff on the ladies' dresses," said he. "Haven't you mutts got any manners?"

In half a minute there were twenty bottles of champagne crowding the table top. Jeff took two or three glances and then drew a dead line between the wine agents and himself, his wife and two or three of the party who wanted mineral water. Whenever a glass of wine was pushed over the dead line Jeff flipped it off with his finger. Loud laughter from the wine agents. There was a good deal more where that came from and there's always humor in a champion's joke.

Strange persons butted in on the party bringing up bowing friends "who just wanted a chance to shake hands with you, Jeff," people stood up on the table and rubbered. The reception went on for hours. Somebody introduced Judge Kernochan.

"You're the fellow who makes them funny cracks, ain't you?" said Jeffries.

"No," said Kernochan, "not I."

"Ain't you Battery Kernochan?" said Jeff.

"No, Jeff," said Jeff, "I'm a 6th floor fellow. Take him away."

Presently Big Jim slipped in his pocket for his roll, looked surprised, flashed again and turned to young Mr. Berger.

"Well, they've got to me," he whispered.

"Ain't that the devil of a note? My bank roll's gone. Shhh! Don't tell my wife. I've been frisked. How'd you suppose any guy turns that trick? There was a damn much in the roll, but it makes me sore to be a mark."

Mrs. Jeffries leaned over and whispered to the big fighter.

"Jim," she said severely, "if you don't take better care of your money I'll carry the family roll myself after this. Look down at your feet."

Jeff, who was flustered with pleasure, dropped a big hand and brought up the roll of bills. The money had slipped to the floor while he was changing a fifty dollar bill.

When Big Tim, panting from his confetti fight with Sheriff Foley, arrived at the round table, the Mulligan ball nearly squeezed itself to death trying to concentrate in the throne room. Something had to be done, so young and husky Mulligans under the command of Capt. Joe B. Gee Humphreys threw out skirts and hats and pulled up the curtains of the table through which no buttinaki could pass without a damaged countenance.

"Eggs, it's awful," said Mr. Humphreys, hanging on to the table.

"Darned funny if a lot of the greatest people in the world can't sit down for a little drink and chin without you gorillas hollerin' in their ears. By your nose, or I'll pester you right in the nose."

So while Big Jim and Big Tim and Little Tim and Lou Houseman of Chicago and Admiral the Hon. M. J. Lawrence of Seattle, Big Tim's partner, talked light and conferred as to what in the course of time would be done to a large, dark complexioned person named Johnson and the noise of empty wine bottles rolling on the floor was like mild and distant thunder. Joe B. Gee valiantly stood guard and repelled rubber-necking among the wine agents.

That was the proud get who had grabbed first prize in the masquerade with a costume which represented a map of the United States. The Fra Angelico in the Mulligan covering the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and Tennessee, and the blushing young woman from Told street in a state of mind to get up with a getup which represented a pot of red poppies in full bloom.

About 3 o'clock in the morning Mrs. Jeff was tired and she had enough.

"Come Jim," said the plump Mrs. Jeff, and the champion heavyweight of the world arose without a word and followed her to a taxi.

At the Mulligan Ball had moved out of Terrace Garden and had begun to spread itself cheerfully all over the Tenderloin. Supper was served at 12:30 A. M. in "hurchill's and Jack's," after which the Mulligans and the Mulliganettes got a shave, clean collar and a shine, or sent home for a fresh powder pum and a new lot of talcum and resumed the celebration.

MANTELL IN "RICHELIEU."

Foretold and Finished Performance of the great Play of Conspiracy.

"Richelieu" was given to a large audience by Robert Mantell and his company at the New Amsterdam Theatre last night. The famous old piece appears to have lost none of its charm, for the plots and counterplots were followed with the interest of past generations of playgoers.

Mr. Mantell's portrayal of the crafty French Minister was forceful and finished. He attained his greatest power in the garden scene and was rewarded by repeated recalls.

Miss Marie Booth Russell made a very favorable impression as Julie, the Cardinal's ward. Fritz Lieber became more convincing when he wore the horn. Adrian Kopp, when he was content to forget that he wore a sword and curls. Ethelbert Hales looked the part of Berolus much better than he did in "The Misanthrope" and "The Lytton as Gazon. Guy Jindley, who was acceptable as "Lycius, and Mr. George Stillwell, who played Louis XIII.

May Irwin Wins.

May Irwin, who had been used by Henry Story, a contractor, for the cost of attorney in premises owned and leased by her when the case yesterday, Justice Newburger of the Supreme Court dismissing the complaint. The losses had already confessed judgment as the real debtors.

Whitney Gets a Stay.

Edgar A. Whitney, the ex-Parichurst agent who was recently convicted of grand larceny on a charge of receiving some brass goods which he did not pay for, obtained yesterday from Justice Gerard in the Supreme Court a certificate of reasonable doubt and a stay in the case pending the trial. The order permits his release on giving \$4,000 bail.

Secret is Plenty of String.

'Twill 'Make a Genevieve of Plump Dotty.

And Did, Right Under Your Eyes, With the Aid of the Lady Merlin Miss White—Tips as to Adjust Straps and Such Are Welcomed by the Eager Modistes.

The secret of the whole thing lies in plenty of string. Miss White said so last night's session of the dressmakers' convention at Masonic Temple and proved it to the apparent satisfaction of the entire audience.

"How can you pull them down over the largest part of you if you have little cotton strings a yard long?" she demanded. Not a dressmaker ventured a reply, but Miss White went on to say that she wasn't going to ask them to take her word for it and told her trusty lieutenant, Leila, to bring out the living models.

Leila obeyed promptly. The up-State models left their seats in a body and rushed toward the stage to get a closer view of the procession that filed forth from the dressing room.

The first glimpse of Dotty, who led the march, was enough to convince any unprejudiced spectator that it would take all the string the premises afforded to properly adjust hers. Dotty admitted that she tipped the scales at 275 pounds and added that she hoped Miss White would be able to fit her, because no one else had ever come anywhere near it.

"Easiest thing in the world," declared Miss White. "Probably you have never before had a sensible model. For a stout woman that's what may be made of cuttle-never of batiste. You can't expect to hold in 275 pounds of flesh with a few strips of silk or linen edged with Valenciennes lace, can you?"

Leila and Dotty selected a long coutil model with a bewildering mass of strings, and Dotty held her breath while Leila devoted her attention to the hooks.

"Stop!" shrieked Miss White. "Haven't I explained to you over and over again that nature always intended women to breathe and that the true Parisienne is doing her best this season to copy nature? Haven't I told you that every woman I saw at the Olympia, the Folies Bergere, the Casino and the Jardin de Paris was breathing just like a baby? Leila, drop those strings and don't you touch them again until she has taken three deep breaths."

Dotty took the breaths. Miss White then ordered Leila to draw Genevieve, the perfect model, into the white satin Botticelli model No. 874 while she tried her hand at Dotty.

"This lady measures forty inches around the waist," she announced, "and fifty around the chest and sixty-four about the hips. The Botticelli model wouldn't do at all for her, but this one I am fitting her to is a charming little creation made after the lines of one of Rubens's masterpieces. You see it has the adjusto straps in front which are warranted to reduce the measure at least three inches in two weeks."

"You observe that I pull the strings very tight over the hips that add to the dress the waist as all. Nature never called for a small waist, as you can see if you take the trouble to look at the woman statuary in the galleries, as I did. Furthermore, if I don't pinch the waist, I don't interfere with the floating ribs. It is true that half of the women who go to specialists and have operations performed for all sorts of ailments, I think they have would be perfectly well if they only knew how to put on their clothes properly."

"Now," she continued, as she gave a final jerk to the strings which held Dotty, "don't you see how beautifully this lady's flesh is distributed? She has no double hips like she had when she came and she can stand on the balls of her feet, and she has the same lines that Genevieve has."

"Ain't it awful hard to sit down in them long ones?" inquired one of the dress-makers.

"Not a bit," replied the one who knew. "All you have to do is to have the bones shortened a bit if they are too long. Forget before you sit down in a car to lift your skirt slightly in the back and you won't find your feet jerked off the floor."

Dotty was then permitted to practise sitting in the Rubens model, and Genevieve was summoned to front centre to demonstrate how it was perfectly possible to walk gracefully in the form of a rascal in strips of the best whalebone reaching to a point 22 inches below the waist.

"Don't, of course, every one who can carry off the Botticelle," said Miss White, but nearly every one can walk very well in the Fra Angelico which Glady has on. Some of the Glady, and let the ladies see the difference."

The Fra Angelico is fully as exclusive as the Botticelli, it continued the sartorial scientist as Glady advanced in a pair of long ones. "But to speak a trifle less spirituelle in conception, Glady, you see, is a trifle plumper and more petite than Genevieve and is a shade more quaint in manner. The Fra Angelico is idealistic in type, but not so mystic as the Botticelle. If you had gone to the Louvre seven times as I did, and studied nearly an hour each time, you would understand just what I mean."

Other living models appeared in turn to display the merits of the Pompadour and the Lippis models. The latter would be impossible to do justice to the characteristic lines of all of them without entirely leaving out all mention of the wedding of La Madelonette, which lacked not a detail of the original, saving the rascal, which the bride's name was Geraldine and she wore a simple white satin frock with a yoke of duchesse lace and a train three yards long. Miss White said that the train should be not more than ninety inches in length for a house wedding, two yards for a chapel and three or more for a large church. The white net Louis XV. costume trimmed with St. Gall embroidery and finished with a deep blue satin girdle. Her hat was one of the new caplets characterized by the vulgar as "inverted peach basket."

There were also a bevy of diminutive maidens in white lace frocks that stopped several inches above the ankles. They wore silk socks, blue and pink slippers and much display of hair ribbons. Their office it was to scatter flowers before the bride to hold up her train, and to perform other friendly offices.

As for the guests so gorgeously were they attired and so beautifully did they set off the creations of the dress-makers purchased on the Rue de la Paix that the dressmakers said it would be awfully hard for them to make a selection among the models. The Moyaen Age party, which they had seen in the Louis XV.

WE'LL NEVER SEE HER MORE.

Mrs. James Brown Potter, Salinas, Says American Audience Disgust Her.

Among the voyagers by the Cunarder Mauretania which sailed yesterday for Queens-town and Liverpool hoping to make another record, were Mrs. Potter Palmer, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Maxine Elliott and Mrs. James Brown Potter. Miss Elliott will bring out her new Japanese play in London. Mrs. Potter Palmer had intended to sail by the Lusitania, but cancelled her passage at the last moment because of urgent business in Chicago.

Mrs. James Brown Potter said she was disgusted with American audience and would never, no never, appear before the American public again.

No Extra Charge for It.

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

THE SEAGUERS.

Passengers by the French liner La Provence, of to-day for Havre: John Bigelow, Noel Bardeac, Mrs. M. L. Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. Blair Fairchild, Mrs. C. W. Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Stanton Young, Mrs. A. L. Lee, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Valader and Mrs. W. K. Johnston.

Sailing by the steamship Prince George, for Bermuda: Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bullard, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bird, Mr. and Mrs. L. Folsom, Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. King and J. Clarence Lane.

Board the steamship Trinidad, which sailed yesterday for Bermuda, are: Dr. C. C. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. H. Frank Darrow, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Nicholson and Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Thatcher.

MEADER-CARR.

Herman Lee Meader, the architect, and Miss Queenie Ethel Carr, daughter of George W. Carr, were married at 9:30 o'clock last night at the rectory of All Angels Protestant Episcopal Church, West Eighth street and West End avenue. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. S. Delancey Young as he in the presence of the immediate relatives of the couple, Jean Paleologus was best man, and Mrs. Arthur Tunica was matron of honor. The bride is a granddaughter of Ethan Allen. The couple will spend their honeymoon in Porto Rico and their return will make their home temporarily at 178 Fifth avenue.

AT THE OPERA HOUSES.

"The Bartered Bride" and "Puritani" Repeated to Good Audiences.

Smetana's opera "The Bartered Bride" was performed again at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The cast was the same as at previous representations. The merry and melodious little work had been well prepared before its first disclosure to New York opera-goers, and from the start it has gone smoothly and winning in Philadelphian weather. It benefited the performance. The opera has found favor with the public, as it should. Next season, according to announcements already made, it is to be transferred to the New Theatre, where it may perhaps gain in effectiveness by reason of the closer intimacy of the auditorium.

The production of this delightful comic opera has served to reveal some of the most gratifying features of the art of certain members of the company. Mme. Deshay, who fits so well into the scheme of Verdi's pathetic "Aida," is quite as much at home in the humorous atmosphere of Smetana. Mr. Jörn sang excellently last night, and Mr. Balm made as much fun as usual. Mr. Mahler conducted and the overture went with a whirl.

At the Manhattan Opera House "Puritani" was repeated before a large audience and Mme. Tetrazzini was again warmly applauded for her delivery of upper tones and florid ornamentation.

TO ENGAGE FRENCH SINGERS.

Mr. Cestantini Sails to Get a Company for the Opera at the New Theatre.

G. P. Cestantini, private secretary to Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, sailed for Liverpool yesterday on the Mauretania. England is not Mr. Cestantini's final destination, however, as he will speedily proceed to Paris. The object of Mr. Cestantini's trip could not be ascertained from any person in authority at the Metropolitan Opera House. It may be stated, nevertheless, that he has sailed on an important mission connected with the plans of the opera house management for next season.

Mr. Cestantini is to engage the French singers who are to be employed in the performances of light French operas at the New Theatre. Just what singers are in view is not yet disclosed, and it is probable that Mr. Cestantini does not yet know whom he will engage. Various proposals have been before the directors, some of whom wished Andrea Dippel to go, but Mr. Gatti-Casazza was of the opinion that Mr. Dippel's services would be indispensable in the fall and the season. It was suggested that Mr. Gatti-Casazza go himself, but he felt that he could not go while the important production of "Falstaff" was still pending.

News of Plays and Players.

Beginning next Monday there will be fifteen acts on the bill at Blaney's Lincoln Square Theatre. The performance will start earlier both matinee and evening, and among other changes that will be made will be an enlarged orchestra and the elimination of the intermission.

Rose Stahl's engagement in "The Chorus Lady" at the Grand Opera House, which begins next Monday, will mark her farewell appearance in this rôle in New York city. Miss Stahl will appear in "The Chorus Lady" at the Theatre in London, opening April 19.

To-night's performance will be the 100th time Miss Maude Adams and her company have performed in the comedy "What Every Woman Knows."

Rehearsals of "Beverly of Graustark," a dramatization of George Barr McCutcheon's play, began last night at Oscar Eagle, former general stage director for Lieber & Co., has been engaged to stage the play. He is at present playing in the part of the actor who will leave after the performance each night, returning the following afternoon. For the last week of the rehearsals the company will be taken to Philadelphia.

Mark Twain Directors to Marry.

Miss Isabel Van Kleek Lyon, who is Mark Twain's secretary and a director of Mark Twain, Incorporated, obtained a license yesterday at the City Hall to marry Ralph W. Ashcroft, who is another director. Miss Lyon, who gave Reading, Conn., as her residence, is the daughter of Mr. Ashcroft, who lives in Brooklyn, is 34. The couple will be married to-day.

Chapman-Wieslander.

In Morristown, N. J., March 17.—Mme. Algot Wieslander and Charles D. Chapman were married this morning at Beauregard, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Thebaud on Madison avenue. The ceremony was performed by Monsignor Joseph M. Finn, pastor of the Church of the Assumption of this town. The only witnesses were Mr. and Mrs. Thebaud, Mrs. Esther Chapman and the bride's mother, and one or two other members of his family.

A breakfast followed, after which Mr. and Mrs. Chapman departed on their honeymoon trip. On Easter Monday Mr. and Mrs. Thebaud will give a wedding reception in honor of the bride at the Manhattan Club. The Chappmans will spend the summer abroad, returning to Morristown in the fall and will reside here until their home is ready.

Mrs. Chapman before her marriage to Dr. Wieslander, who before his death was a prominent physician of Paris, was Miss Thebaud of Newark and is a cousin of Louis A. Thebaud of this town. Last fall Mrs. Wieslander came to Morristown from Paris and has since made her home with the Thebauds. Mr. Chapman is prominent in Morristown society and is a member of the Morris County Golf Club, the Morristown Field Club and the Morristown Club.

Execution Against Mrs. Hammerstein.

Sheriff Foley received an execution yesterday against Mrs. Malvina Hammerstein, wife of Oscar Hammerstein, for \$5,319 in favor of Charles Brownold, on a claim more than ten years old. On June 9, 1897, Francis G. Meale, Inc., obtained a judgment for \$3,241 against both Malvina and Oscar Hammerstein, which was cancelled as against Oscar on March 4, 1904, by order of court. The old judgment against Mrs. Hammerstein was transferred to Mr. Brownold. Mrs. Hammerstein filed a petition in bankruptcy on October 25, 1901.

English for "clothes."

"All right."

"But where's my \$6.16?"

"That's a mistake here. One piece has not been returned. I'll go to the laundry or they can send a man down, but I don't know you. Now trot along, sonny."

The actor said that the boy then started downstairs, crying about his money. The Baker boy told the Court that the actor had grabbed him by the neck and thrown him part way down.

Was this boy accelerated on the downward path? asked Magistrate Corrigan. Boucicault denied touching the boy.

A few minutes later, Mr. Boucicault said, there was a violent pounding at the street door which led him to believe that the glass would be battered in. He went down and found Joe with several little friends. Again the actor said, "Trot along, sonny!" and Joe trotted to Policeman Kerrigan and showed several marks on his neck that he said were finger prints.

Mr. Boucicault said that he was leaving the house for his club when he saw a procession coming up the street headed by the Baker boy and the policeman. Rather than cause his laundry any more trouble he returned and instructed the policeman to drive the boy away. Whereupon young Baker pointed to him and cried "That's him! That's him," and the policeman took him to the station house, which Mr. Boucicault considered somewhat of an indignity.

The proprietor of the laundry testified that the package he sent for three weeks on account of the bill, and also that the boy had delivered things to Mr. Boucicault before.

At this point the Magistrate imposed the fine without comment. Two \$1 bills were passed to the clerk and Mr. Boucicault went away.

Xavier Reiter to Play With the Philharmonic.

Xavier Reiter, the born player, has been engaged for the newly organized Philharmonic Orchestra when it begins its concerts under Gustav Mahler. Mr. Reiter has long been the highest salaried player in the orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House and his participation in the Wagner performances has been regarded as especially important. He was a member of the Philharmonic Orchestra while Walter Damrosch was conductor. At that time Andrew Carnegie paid a considerable salary for his services, which was more than any orchestral body could afford at that time.

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