AT THE LONDON THEATRES

A DULL SEASON WITH LITTLE EXCEPT REVIVALS.

"Prunella" Produced Again at the Repertory Theatre—New Play Built to Fit Charles Hawtrey Promises to Be Successful—New Actress-Manager.

LONDON, April 16.—Not for a great many years has London experienced so dull a season in the theatrical world as the present one is proving. Revivals continue to hold the boards at most of the playhouses and even the Repertory Theatre promises nothing new for some time to come. "Trelawney of the Wells" has been the first really great success there so far and it is booked for a large number of performances.

Wednesday night Mr. Frohman tried another revival. This time it was "Prunella," a fantastic little Pierrot play by Granville Barker and that poet of the woman's suffrage cause, Laurence Housman. "Prunella" made its first appearance at the Court Theatre in the early days of the Vedrenne-Barker régime, and in that tiny playhouse it met with a fair measure of success. At the Duke of York's, now the Repertory Theatre, which is so much larger, much of the daintiness and delicacy of the playlet was lost.

The action of "Prunella" takes place in a Dutch garden. Under the guidance of three old maid aunts *Prunella* is being brought up strictly and primly, but into the fastnesses of the garden a *Pierrot* penetrates and steals the little girl's heart, so that she leaves her three affectionate but sorely trying aunts and joins his band of strolling players as their *Pierrette*. In the last act, crushed and broken, deserted by *Pierrot*, *Prunella* comes back to her Dutch garden to find her home desolate, the old aunts dead, everything changed; but *Pierrot* arrives there too, believing her lost to him forever and hoping to evoke some ghost of her to ease his aching heart. They meet and become reconciled, she finding in him a man instead of a reckless, selfish boy, and he in her a woman instead of a girl longing for the excitement and frivolity of the world.

An airy trifle is "Prunella," but excellent acting, charming incidental music, dainty costumes and an effective scene made it a pleasing evening's entertainment.

The Repertory Theatre is certainly becoming a feature of London life. At the performance of "Prunella" a very representative first night audience was gathered. Sir Edward and Lady de Grey, Lady Jekyll, Mrs. McKenna, Mrs. Winston Churchill and many other people prominent in the social world were in the stalls. In the balconies were representatives of the suffragists and suffragettes, headed by Mrs. Pankhurst, Miss Cicely Hamilton, Miss Evelyn Sharpe, while in the pit were long haired male devotees of the Sunday night play producing societies and short haired female "intellectuals."

At Wyndham's Theatre on Thursday Charles Hawtrey produced a new piece by George Paston (Miss Simmonds) and W. B. Maxwell, the novelist, who is the son of that veteran novel writer Miss Braddon. The play was called "The Naked Truth," and was chiefly built around Hawtrey's personality. An amiable young man named *Bunny* has a habit of telling everybody only pleasant things that they would like to hear whether at the cost of a strain on his conscience or not. Naturally he is very popular. However, an old uncle from India presents him with a ring which has the magic property of forcing its wearer to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The complications which arise make three acts of roaring farce, most of which Mr. Hawtrey as the luckless *Bunny* carries on his shoulders.

The piece proved a great success and is sure of a long run as well as an American production.

"Hamlet" has been done twice at His Majesty's Theatre this week, once with Sir Herbert Tree in the name part, and again with H. B. Irving as the melancholy Dane. "King Lear" has also been given there by Mr. Trench's Haymarket Theatre company. Certainly English theatrical managers have come forward nobly to aid Sir Herbert Tree in his "Shakespeare Festival," and their enthusiasm in the cause, as well as the public encouragement given, argues splendidly for British hopes of a national theatre where Shakespeare's plays shall be presented from time to time by famous exponents of his characters.

Gerald du Maurier is to start as an actor manager in the early autumn and has several plays in hand already, although he has not quite decided what theatre shall be the home of his enterprise. Robert Lorraine has also aspirations toward an actor managerial career, but tells all interviewers that his plans are very much in the air at present.

At the Haymarket as soon as the "Blue Bird" finally flies off a comedy by Countess Von Arnim of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" fame will be given. It is in rehearsal now, though no definite date can be set for its production as the "Blue Bird" remains exceedingly popular.

Fred Terry has taken his daughter, Miss Phillida Terson, as his leading lady instead of his wife, Miss Julia Neilson, whose health necessitates a long rest from stage work.

Still another English woman has ambitions toward managing and owning a theatre. This time it is Miss Gertrude Kingston, a well known actress who is having a playhouse of her very own built on the Strand. It is to be called the Little Theatre and Miss Kingston intends to model it on the idea of the Parisian Théâtre Intime. She will give three act plays sometimes, and again an evening of one act pieces, all original in idea, even eccentric, but not morbid or horrible. She has no thought of copying Grand Guignol methods, as those met with such failure in London, but hopes to emulate Miss Daisy Andrews, until recently the clever American manager of a similar little theatre in Paris.

Already the new actress-manageress has been inundated with plays and she is deep in planning and preparing for her enterprise. She will be able to accommodate only 400 persons in her theatrical home. The stage is to be a large one, however, and there will be no orchestra, as she says she disapproves of poor music and will not be able to afford to have the best. A large foyer and two tea rooms will be at the disposal of the audience, and Miss Kingston hopes they will walk about between the acts and talk and partake of light refreshments. A regular stock company will be engaged, no star being allowed to shine brighter than the others. Miss Kingston herself will play very often, but not always.

Since originality is to be the keynote of her managership, Miss Kingston has planned to produce plays without giving any clue to their authorship so that they can be judged by critics and public without regard as to whether they are the work of a complete novice or of a skilled and expert dramatist. Whether Miss Kingston will find herself popular with the critics should she really carry out this idea is an open question. Possibly she will reconsider her determination in this direction.

Mr. Frohman has arranged that Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who has for many years been a leading lady in London, shall now join his coterie of stars. In a few months she will have a theatre of her own and her own company and plays, and he will present her both in England and America.

A GOOD EXAMPLE

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MARK TWAIN LAID AT REST.

His Body Buried With Simple Ceremonies Beside That of His Wife.

ELMIRA, April 24.—While the rain was beating on the roof the Rev. Samuel Eastman read passages of Scripture at the bier of Samuel L. Clemens this afternoon. The house was filled, but not uncomfortably. The body arrived here at 9:20 A. M. over the Lackawanna Railroad and was taken direct to the house of Gen. Langdon, whose sister was the late Mrs. Clemens. The sorrow of the relatives was made greater when tidings came of the death of the wife of the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, who had promised to assist Mr. Eastman at the services.

There was no music. The services, which began at 3:30 o'clock, were concluded at 4 and then the friends passed out. Just before the hour of the funeral there arrived a large floral design with the following card attached:

From 500 boys of Louisville (Ky.) male school. In remembrance of Samuel L. Clemens, who has brightened their lives with innocent laughter and taught them squareness and grit and compassion for their weak charges.

A conspicuous place was given the piece at the bier. The house was filled with representative citizens. The clergyman prayed that the light of him whose body was now without its soul might shine for all time through his works. Mark Twain's final resting place was beside his wife. Except for the new made grave all about was green. Even the grave recently made for the daughter whose ending came so suddenly last December had its green blanket. Plain markers denote where the family members repose. On the grave of the wife of the late author these words, dictated by him, are inscribed in the stone marker:

In this grave repose the ashes of Olivia Langdon, the beloved wife of Samuel L. Clemens, who reverently raised this stone to her memory. Elmira, N. Y., November 27, 1845. Florence, Italy, June 5, 1904. Gott sei dir gnadig on Mene wonne.

Just to the other side is the grave of another daughter, with this inscription on the marker:

Olivia Susan Clemens, March 19, 1872; August 18, 1896.

Warm summer sun shine kindly here.
Warm southern wind blow softly here.
Green sod above lie light, lie light.
Good night, dear heart. Good night, Good night.

The services at the grave were private, only the relatives and immediate friends attending. Mr. Eastman offered a prayer and the body was lowered to its last resting place. The mourners departed and the sexton and his assistants covered the grave, piling flowers on the top.

LARZ ANDERSON'S BRIDGE.

He Is the Donor of Proposed $300,000 Structure to Soldiers Field.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., April 24.—The mystery which for several years has surrounded the identity of the "unknown donor" of a $300,000 bridge to be erected over the Charles River as an approach to the Stadium and Soldiers Field, has at last been dispelled. It is learned that the Harvard alumnus who makes the offer to build the bridge is Larz Anderson, class of 1888.

The bridge has not been erected owing to delays interposed by the War Department and by certain property owners who felt that their rights might be damaged, but now all obstacles are likely to be removed within a short time. That a stately structure will rise in place of the dilapidated bridge which now compels apology seems certain.

Whether the structure when completed will be dedicated to an ancestor of the donor, to President Emeritus Eliot or to the university itself cannot be now told, but that the bridge will stand as an everlasting monument to the donor cannot be doubted.

Two years ago when the cities of Boston and Cambridge were jointly about to build a bridge to cost $120,000 the project was made to halt upon the report that the two cities would be relieved of the expense and a costly and appropriate structure built with private means.

The War Department will require assurances that Government boats may pass up the river to the Watertown arsenal, which it is said can be arranged.

OWNER OF TURF GARDEN DEAD.

James Bradford Olcott Devoted Himself to Study of Grasses.

HARTFORD, Conn., April 24.—James Bradford Olcott, whose wonderful "turf garden" at South Manchester has been described in THE SUN, died yesterday of heart trouble, aged 79. Mr. Olcott had travelled in many parts of the world to secure the best grazing grasses and from these in his garden he culled the fittest. The garden was made up of hundreds of squares of turf of every form of texture and shade of green. His idea was to clothe lawns and hillsides of this country with good turf and his garden was an object lesson of what could be done. He was also the inventor of many appliances for garden use which he used exclusively. He was born May 30, 1830, the son of Sidney and Edna Olcott. He married in 1856 Emily Roberts. Mr. Olcott was an official of the Connecticut Experimental Station.

Wild Parsnips Kill a Boy.

James Muirhead, 15 years old, of Lincoln place, West New Brighton, Richmond borough, died at St. Vincent's Hospital at Livingston, Richmond, yesterday of poisoning due to eating wild parsnips. While out in the woods on Saturday he ate a couple of roots.

The Wall Street "Evening Sun."

The Wall Street edition of THE EVENING SUN contains all the financial news and the stock and bond quotations to the close of the market. The closing quotations, including the "bid and asked" prices, with additional news matter, are contained also in the night edition of THE EVENING SUN.

OPERAS FOR NEXT SEASON

METROPOLITAN MAKES ITS FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT.

Many New Singers Already Engaged—Half a Dozen Operas Never Before Heard Here—Pavlowa and Mordkin to Give Performances for Six Weeks.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company, yesterday issued the following statement with reference to his plans for the grand opera season of 1910-11:

So far the following new artists have been engaged: Dimitri Smirnoff, the star tenor of the Imperial Opera House, Moscow, who has sung at the Opéra, Paris, and the Monte Carlo Opera House, and who is about to leave for Buenos Ayres; Carlo Galeffi, barytone, from the Royal Opera House, Lisbon, and from the Royal Theatre, Costanzi, Rome; the American barytone, William Hinshaw, formerly with Henry Savage; the basso Leon Rothier of the Opéra Comique and the municipal theatres in Nice and Lyons; the basso profundo Milspaugh Ruisdael of the theatres in Breslau and Teplitz; the leading soprano of the Imperial Opera in Vienna, Lucie Weidt; the soprano Luisa Villani of the Scala and the Costanzi in Rome, and Inga Oerber, one of the most promising pupils of the Metropolitan Opera school. It is also probable that upon the completion of negotiations with the Royal Opera, Berlin, the coloratura star Frieda Hempel will visit America for two months.

The following artists have so far been reengaged: Sopranos, Mmes. Alten, Destinn, Farrar, Fremstad, Gadski, Gluck, Lipkowska, Nielsen, Sparkes, Van Dyck, De Pasquali and Osborn-Hannah; mezzo sopranos and contraltos, Mmes. Aldrich, Flahut, Homer, Mapleson, Mattfeld, Mahbourg, Snelling, Wakefield, Wickham and Rohr; tenors, MM. Caruso, Burrian, Audisio, Hall, Jadlowker, Jörn, Koch, Martin, Reiss and Slezak; barytones, MM. Amato, Béguè, Campanari, Gilly, Goritz, Missiano, Reschiglian, Scotti and Soomer; bassos, MM. Bourgeois, Didur, Hinckley, Pini-Corsi, Rossi, Segurola and Witherspoon; conductors, assistant conductors and chorus masters, MM. Toscanini, Hertz, Hagemann, Morgenstern, Pasternack, Romei, Setti and Steiner; stage managers, Schertel, Speck and Zulkes; technical director, Edward Siedle; ballet master, M. Saracco; prima ballerina, Mlle. Torriani.

Mlle. Pavlowa and M. Mordkin will give performances at the Metropolitan Opera House during a period of six weeks with a Russian ballet of eighteen dancers especially selected and trained by them.

The novelties which it is intended to present are the following: "The Girl of the Golden West," Puccini's latest opera, which will be completed by the composer during this summer; "Konigskinder," by Engelbert Humperdinck, which is also undergoing the finishing touches; "Boris Goudonoff," by Moszkowski; "Quo Vadis," by Jean Nougues; "Le Chemineau," by Leroux; also "Vie de Poete," by Charpentier, the composer of "Louise"; "Armida," by Gluck, for the first time in operatic form in this country.

Among the revivals will be Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz," "Romeo et Juliette," "Ballo in Maschera," "Guglielmo Tell," "Don Giovanni," "Ugonotti," &c. All operas whose favor with the public was proved by their success of last season will be presented again, and the different schools and nationalities will be kept on an equal basis.

The number of subscription performances at the Metropolitan will be five a week for twenty-two weeks, beginning November 14. Philadelphia will have fifteen performances on Tuesdays, Brooklyn fourteen performances, part on Tuesdays and part on Saturday. Beginning in January extra matinées will be given at the Metropolitan, for which a special subscription will be opened.

After the close of the season the company will make a brief tour of two weeks.

The chorus will be composed of sixty-five to seventy Italian and French voices, fifty to fifty-five German (the best voices from the present German chorus, of which more than one-half are retained) and some Americans who sing in German. The Italian and French contingent will have two months of careful instruction in Europe in German choral work, while the German chorus will undergo the same training for the operas in Italian and French. During the last season the Italian chorus has sung in "Meistersinger," "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal," while on the other hand the German chorus took part in "Aida," "Gioconda" and "Cavalleria."

The chorus school, which heretofore has rendered valuable services, will also be continued next year and can supply fifty more voices in case the repertoire makes extraordinary choral requirements necessary.

The ballet school, which was initiated last fall, will contribute a young and well trained contingent of dancers, which will be used to enlarge and reenforce the regular corps de ballet. For the extraordinary performances in which Pavlowa and Mordkine are to appear at the Metropolitan, a special Russian corps de ballet, consisting of three couples of character dancers and twelve other dancers, has been engaged and will be trained under supervision of these Russian stars.

The first orchestra, in its entirety, will continue to render its services to the institution.

LITTLE BOY IN A NIGHTIE.

Return of the Native Interrupted by a Broadway Policeman.

On Saturday the McGowans moved from 163 West Sixty-third street to 59 West Sixty-fifth street, taking John, natus 1907, with them in spite of his express preference for the old abiding place. When John awoke yesterday morning with the distaste of Sixty-fifth street still upon him there was no one else around but his sleeping mother.

John scrambled out of bed, shifted a chair, clambered upon it, unbolted and unlatched the door, ran down four flights of stairs and out into the street and headed for the old home in Sixty-third street.

Over on Broadway what should Policeman Frank O'Brien see but a boy in a flannel nightgown dodging an automobile. He captured him by stealth and took him to the West Sixty-eighth street station. The matron, Rose Daly, at once began to invent stories thrilling if not recondite. She also found things to eat, so that when the McGowans showed up at 10 o'clock John was in a cheerful mood. He promised to take a kindlier view of the Sixty-fifth street home and allowed himself to be dressed and carried off to church.

LOOKING OVER HILL LINES.

George Baker and Charles Steele Making Trip Through Northwest.

CHICAGO, April 24.—James J. Hill, George Baker, president of the First National Bank of New York, and Charles Steele of J. P. Morgan & Co. met in Chicago yesterday and started on a long trip through the Northwest on a special train. This fact gave rise to many rumors regarding the significance of the journey and none of these rumors was set at rest by the party.

The party will run special all the way to the coast and back to Chicago. Upon reaching St. Paul the train will proceed over the Great Northern to Seattle and will return over the Northern Pacific road.

The First National Bank and J. P. Morgan & Co. are interested in the Hill lines, and it is thought that Mr. Hill wants their representatives to look over the Northwest to convince them that the railway building he is doing there is well planned.

It is also rumored that several important railway projects depend upon the result of the present trip, and that it will have an important bearing upon the Hill policy with respect to Northwestern territory.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

A Harlem man exhibited the other day a couple of tickets, each bearing the words "Good for one glimpse at Halley's comet." "I bought them of a young fellow who has opened a little observatory on the roof of his boarding house," he said in explanation. "He bought an old fashioned telescope that no one else wanted at auction the other day, and finding it was really a good instrument he stationed it on the roof of his boarding house. He has already sold a whole bunch of tickets which are good as long as the comet is visible. Every one is curious to see the great visitor through a telescope, even though it may be visible to the naked eye as well."

Visitors to the Metropolitan Opera House next year will miss one feature of the theatre that has existed ever since the big yellow building was opened to the public. There is no detail of the house more familiar to the public than the prematurely gray locks of Max Hirsch, who was employed in the opera house when it was opened more than a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Hirsch is known by sight to more theatregoers probably than any other man in his line of business, and he has been especially acquainted with the subscribers to the opera house. It is he who for so many years has made announcements from the stage when tenors were ill or prima donnas could not or would not sing. His retirement from the Metropolitan is due to abandonment of the road tours, over which he had administered for the last year. He is about as well known in racing circles as he is at the opera house, and his friends will continue to have the opportunity to meet him at the tracks this summer.

Patrons of a hotel dining room stopped eating while a piping hot boiled potato of extraordinary size was carried across the room and set before a man seated at a centre table.

"Brought it himself, all the way from Oklahoma," said the manager. "He brought enough to last him all the time he is here. He keeps them in his own room and sends one down just in time to have it cooked for dinner. Yes, they're good potatoes, but that isn't why he brought a sackful up from Oklahoma. He is in the potato business and he eats his own potatoes as an advertisement. A potato of that size carried across the room held up high at arm's length is going to attract attention anywhere. It makes folks ask questions and pretty soon the reputation of those potatoes is made.

"There are other fellows as enterprising as this Oklahoma chap. Every year an apple grower from Oregon plays the same game. He brings samples of his best apples along and has them served in styles that are bound to make people look."

Either Commissioner Big Bill Edwards has forgotten his football art in the ten years that have elapsed since he last caused the Princeton rooters to explode or he never was as good a player as the little black boy who outpointed him up in West End avenue on a recent balmy day. Big Bill, sauntering south on the avenue, saw in the middle of the block near the former home of Gov. Hughes two little well dressed tads of the Fauntleroy type playing "catch" with a shimmering white baseball, the "regular league" quality, not to mention a new catching glove almost as big as the boy with ringlets who sported it. Also the evil minded little black boy just then was speaking up behind the boy with the glove and at the right moment the black boy jumped into the game, caught the new ball and then snatched the new glove from the Fauntleroy.

Right toward Big Bill sprinted the future Cuban Giant with his loot. Without waiting for a signal the Street Commissioner got ready for a low tackle. No doubt Big Bill aimed for the spot where a runner's knees used to be in the days when Big Bill played, but this time the crouching runner was closer to earth than that and the Commissioner missed the tackle, and the parting small negro faded around the corner without once looking back to learn how great an athletic person it was that he had scored on.

"Bellboys hate a man named Kelly," said the hotel clerk. "Every hotel of any importance has its Mr. Kelly 'most any time, but the page's call of 'Mr. Kelly' starts the inevitable query, 'Has anybody here seen Kelly?' and the whole lower floor laughs. McGinty is still a name to conjure with in hotel corridors. Twenty years have passed since McGinty was in the heyday of his popularity, but to this day people remember his exploits and the boy who tries to page him raises a laugh."

The larger part of the alien population of the East Side that has been here more than two years feels itself Americanized and greets with scant enthusiasm immigrants that arrive from Ellis Island at the Barge Office landing. The Poles are particularly sensitive about escorting their relatives from the steerage of a big ship to homes in boroughs of the big city. The dress of a young woman just from Poland excites comment and sometimes derision among those who have not been long enough in the country to speak the language.

That is why the sisters and other female relatives of Polish girls carry with them when they go to Ellis Island to welcome the homeseekers a bundle of modern American dresses. The immigrant steps out of her queer and distinctive dress in the women's private room aboard the Government ferryboat and puts on the togs that are taken from the bundle by the sensitive Poles. Emerging, the immigrant looks just like the average New York woman of the East Side and nobody makes fun of her. The discarded dress is always left behind and gathered in by the ferry employee in charge of the toilet room.

No Breakfast Appetite?

Is the morning paper, at times, the only thing you want for breakfast? Then try this: Coffee, cocoa or tea, piping hot, in a hot cup—toast, cut thin and *not quite* burned—and

Keiller's "Since 1797" Marmalade

DOUBLE SIXES FROM GEORGIA

UP AT DAYBREAK TO SEE OUR CLOUD CAPPED TOWERS.

Sprinkled Georgia and Northern Florida With Wireless Surprises After They Found the Apparatus on the City of Atlanta—Mostly Fair and Blue Eyed.

Some of the chivalry of Georgia and northern Florida came to town yesterday morning while most of the residents were asleep. The ship that brought them was the Savannah liner City of Atlanta, and although it was half past 5 every one of the Southerners was wide awake and leaning over the starboard rail to get the earliest possible view of the cloud penetrating towers. The *Daily Georgian* of Atlanta had sent the party of twelve on an excursion. Some came from where the Suwanee River flows, and others, notably those from Montgomery county, Ga., could boast of swimming in the waters of the Ocmulgee, the Oconee and the Altamaha and the shallows of Okeewalkee Creek.

There were six young women in the party and six young men who never had seen the six young women before they met at Atlanta. The six young men declare that there never have been on this or any other hemisphere any six young women so wonderful.

Dr. O. B. Moye of Soperton, which is in Montgomery county, said that he had a practice that took in a radius of thirty miles of his home; that he covered the whole territory every day in the year in a buggy with a team that his friend Sewall Courson, who bought and sold horses, said was among the best in Georgia; that he would have got an automobile as a prize if he had induced more of his friends to subscribe for the *Georgian*, but that after he got here he was mighty glad that he had not won the automobile, but just a trip to New York. It certainly was a wonderful place! Well sir, it simply knocked us all to pieces when we saw those great buildings running away up there, sir, just next door to heaven! And then the—what do you call them? Subways? Well, they just run away down next door to the other place! You lay it all over us, as Capt. Jim Horton of the Savannah Line told me, when it comes to going up or down. You see, we are just plain folks down in Georgia, sir, and live entirely on the level!

Armand Durant, who is only 18, and who won a farm of ten acres near Atlanta by getting subscriptions for the paper, said he was a city boy and did not see what he could do alone on a ten acre farm. If the editor had no objection he would like to trade that farm for a trip to New York. The editor said certainly, as he made money in the swap, and so Armand came along. He was not seasick, as many of the excursionists were, and he said the view of the town from the bay and the subsequent explorations of the interior were worth much more than a ten acre farm near anywhere.

Most of the excursionists are of light complexion and have frank blue eyes and the pure Yankee genuineness of the real American. All the men are extremely polite and use the Colonial form of address to all white men.

None of the men or women ever had seen a wireless telegraph in operation and were surprised when they learned that they might send a message to their sweethearts when they were out of sight of land. Naturally everybody in the party invested in the wireless and southern Georgia and northern Florida have been marvelling at the wonders of electrical science for the last several days. Dr. Moye says he told the best girl in Soperton that he had not been seasick and that he was having a fine trip; also something else in which the newspapers were not interested.

The party will sail back to Georgia by the steamship City of Columbus on Thursday. The six young women are at the Martha Washington and the young men at the Hotel Arlington.

THE THINGS M'QUADE DID

And the Language Unfit to Print in a Loud Tone That He Used.

John McQuade of 1390 Third avenue was arrested on Third avenue at 2 o'clock yesterday morning and later arraigned in the Yorkville police court by Policeman Goldstein on this affidavit:

"Fighting; using profane, indecent, insulting and threatening language and behavior; making a noise; did then and there use language unfit to write or print in a loud tone and in such a way as to shock the moral sensibilities of those who were unfortunate to come within the zone in which it was possible to hear him."

"I was a little loaded, but I didn't know I did all that," said the prisoner.

"But the policeman says you did and I fine you $3," responded Magistrate Steinert.

McQuade had only $1, so he went downstairs.

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There may be some reason, other than we know, why small lots should not be disposed of when they are accumulated, but without abiding by the usual custom of waiting until the season's end, July or August, we offer now about 500 Suits, in lots of one, two, three, four of a kind, the regular prices of which were $22.50, 25.00 and 27.50.

Every size occurs in some style, and there are dozens of styles in Gray, Blue, Steel and Stone shades in stripe, check and silk mixture designs, which have been our best sellers, and which are found in models for men and young men, $18.50.

Blue serge worsted cassimere and velour Suits, new grays, blue, stone and steel shades, specially priced, 15.50.

Fabrics regular 20.00 and 22.50 grades.

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The shrinking of the fabrics, linings and interlinings is more thorough than any other clothes we know of, either tailor made or ready-for-service.

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Two Brooklyn Stores: Fulton St. at Flatbush Av. Broadway at Bedford Av.

Two New York Stores: Broadway at Warren St. Across from City Hall. 5th Av., Bet. 27th & 28th Sts.

SCHOOL TO SERVE AS CHURCH.

Bishop Mundelein Blesses Building for the Holy Family Parish.

Auxiliary Bishop George W. Mundelein officiated at the blessing yesterday afternoon of a school which is to serve for a church for some time. The new building will be known as the Church of the Holy Family Parochial School. It is on Fourteenth street near Fourth avenue, Brooklyn.

The attendance at the blessing was large, the congregation of Holy Family Church and many from the adjoining parishes of St. Thomas Aquinas Church, at Ninth street and Fourth avenue, and St. John the Evangelist Church, in Twenty-first street, near Fifth avenue, participating. Conspicuous as a guard of honor to Bishop Mundelein were members of the Holy Name Society and of the Catholic Benevolent Legion.

Bishop Mundelein was assisted by the Rev. Francis X. Bettinger, rector of Holy Family Church; the Rev. Dr. Malloy, the Rev. Francis X. Diebold, the Rev. Dr. James Donohue, rector of St. Thomas Aquinas Church; the Rev. Thomas Duhagg, rector of St. John the Evangelist Church; the Rev. William McGuirl, rector of St. Michael's Church; the Rev. Nicholas M. Wagner, rector of St. Mathias Church in Ridgewood, L. I.; the Rev. John S. Gresser, rector of St. Gerard Majella Church, at Hollis, L. I.; the Rev. George D. Sander, rector of St. Leonard's Church; the Rev. C. H. Dumahut, rector of St. Stanislaus Martyr Church; the Rev. David J. Hickey, rector of St. Francis Xavier's Church; the Rev. Dr. William J. Donaldson, rector of the Church of the Assumption, and the Rev. Father Kenney, chaplain of the Home for the Aged, at Sixteenth street and Eighth avenue.

The new building has a frontage of 100 feet on Fourteenth street and its depth is about ninety-five feet. It has three stories, a high basement and a roof garden. There are eighteen classrooms in the building and on the third floor is an auditorium. There is a chapel in the basement. This makes it possible to hold services there instead of in the old church, which is a small frame building and now inadequate for the congregation.

The Church of the Holy Family has been selected as the place where the New York State convention of the Federation of Catholic Societies is to be held on May 15.

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