BERNHARDT AS JOAN OF ARC

THE MAID REVEALED IN NEW VERSION OF THE STORY.

Her Trial is Enacted and Her Last Cry is Heard by the King—Historical Exactness is Emphasized—Phases of the Actress's Art as Shown To-day.

Sarah Bernhardt is said to have brought twenty-two plays with her this year. Last night she acted at the Globe Theatre the first of the novelties in her rich and varied list. It was "The Trial of Joan of Arc." Emile Moreau is the author and the French actress performed the piece a year ago at her theatre in Paris. As far back as 1890 she had acted a version of the same story at the old Standard Theatre here.

Moreau's play is described by some of his compatriots as an almost literal transfer from historical sources of the episodes preceding the execution of the Maid of Orleans. The first act passes in the Castle of Philippe-Auguste at Rouen in 1431. Here are introduced the historical personages who figured in the final days of *Joan's* career. The question of the maid's death is discussed. Only when *Bedford* believes that his illness has been caused by her witchcraft is the King awakened to sign her death warrant.

The entrance of *Joan* makes even more historical the impression of the second act. Moreau is said to have put into the mouths of his characters the actual words they spoke on this occasion. The maid comes in chains before her judges. Here she relates the story of her early life, tells of the feeling that God was calling her to right the wrongs of her people and refutes the efforts of her prosecutors by prophesying the expulsion of the English from France. She is condemned to be tortured as a witch at the close of this second episode in the drama, but the interference of *Bedford* saves her then. The following act, which passes in *Joan's* cell, shows the efforts of her friends to convince her to retract her heresies that she may be handed over to the spiritual powers, who will not execute her. She refuses, however, and will not listen to *Bedford's* proposal that she disguise herself as a page and escape to Xaintrailles. But she appeals to her saints even to put this temptation behind her.

The final act of the play again comprises various acts which are commonly described as of more or less historical authority. It passes in a room in the château overlooking the market place of Rouen. One of the maid's persecutors has been suddenly killed by the fall of a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Another has renounced *Warwick* and returned the money paid to persecute the maid to her death.

Here the sentimental element of the play first presents itself, for *Bedford* is shown to be in love with *Joan*. She was seen for the last time, however, at the close of the preceding act. The audience learns from the conversation of the other characters that *Joan* has entered the square, that her hands have been bound and that she has mounted the platform as her confessor holds the crucifix in front of her. The reflection of fire is seen in the room. A cry is heard from *Joan*. The little king cannot endure the agony of the moment and as *Warwick* bears him from the room the curtain falls and the dramatic history of *Joan* has ended.

M. Moreau's play might have proved a dry dramatic document on the stage but for the illuminating genius of Mme. Bernhardt. One speaks no longer of the traditional golden voice, for that is, unfortunately for this generation, a thing of the past. But the raucous remainder is an organ capable of expressing the minutest shade of dramatic expression. Mme. Bernhardt can color it still to the most eloquent expression of emotion. In her quick retorts to her judges it was sharp and incisive. In the declarations of her faith in her saints she spoke with an ecstatic elevation that imparted its inevitable message to the remotest hearer. Then her gesture, while not excessive, was rich in its significance. There are two plausible hypotheses as to her present continence in the matter of using the outward and visible symbols of her art.

One may be that her physical means suggest a sparing of effort. The other—and it seems much more the probable outcome of her ripe artistry—is the rejection all but the exertion vital and essential to the expression of her meaning. Experience has taught her the value that lies in using only the minimum of the powers that she might call to her aid. She has learned that the response of her hearers is certain to be stronger and more deeply felt when they are moved by the least possible effort on her part. She applies to such an unintelligent art as the actor's—which is any manifestation, so incapable of intellectual analysis and in the end so unworthy of it, the same formula that Herbert Spencer has suggested as a standard of successful style in writing.

Then one must believe that not the idea of sparing physical exertion but the realization of the greater power that she exercises by her reserve in voice and action is the secret of such power as she is still able to exercise. Lesser geniuses, stage geniuses, of course—have increased their use of any available technical means as their natural powers declined. But Mme. Bernhardt by the force of her own instinct and through her long experience has learned to discard all but indispensable tools of her trade. One finds her now, as it were, exhibiting the quintessence of her art—and in a way it is the actor's art of her time brought to the *n*th power—in a purity that she might never have exhibited if there was so much physical power under control that she did not feel the necessity of selecting only the highest and most expressive mediums in her art.

There was adequate pageantry in the performance at the Globe Theatre last night to put the pictures of the various scenes before the audience in a way to relieve the drily historical characters of the play. It was the combination of historical and rather apocryphal facts, but none the less valid enough to impress in a high degree with its implications the average New York audience and the present appropriate revelation of Mme. Bernhardt's dramatic powers that made the introduction of M. Moreau's play notable in the routine of New York theatrical life.

Twins in a Shoe Box.

Mrs. Antonio Herman of 167 East Twenty-fifth street gave birth to twins yesterday, a boy and a girl, weighing three pounds each. They were perfectly formed but so small that friends of the mother advised her to send the arrivals to Bellevue Hospital, where they would receive constant care. Dr. Hopkins of the hospital, who came in an ambulance, took the twins in a shoe box and took them to the hospital. They are doing well.

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THAIS SUNG IN CHICAGO.

Local Company Gives Satisfying Interpretation of Massenet's Work.

CHICAGO, Dec. 6.—New York opera patrons attending the performance by the Chicago Grand Opera Company at the Auditorium Theatre to-night might have imagined easily that they were in the Manhattan Opera House a year ago. The occasion was the Chicago première of the Massenet opera "Thais," with virtually the same cast that gave it with such success at the Manhattan.

Mary Garden sang the title rôle with spirit, giving a performance that delighted her audience. When Miss Garden appears at Milwaukee as *Salome* Friday night it will be her third performance this week, as she sang in "Pélleas and Mélisande" last night.

The production of "Thais" marked the Chicago début of the barytone Maurice Renaud, who arrived last week from Europe to appear in the French operas here and in the East. Mr. Renaud gave an impassioned interpretation of the monk who could not resist the wiles of *Thais*. Charles Dalmores, already a favorite with Chicago operagoers, won still more popularity by his singing in the part of *Nicias*, the Alexandrian nobleman.

Gustave Huberdeau, the basso, was heard to fine advantage as *Palemon*.

The director was Campanini, of course, and he was called to the stage by the enthusiastic audience after the curtain fell on the second act.

It is announced that "Thais" will probably be Mr. Dippel's choice for the first performance of the Chicago Grand Opera Company at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York in January. It will be followed by the other French novelties that the company is giving with great success in Chicago.

NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Margaret Anglin Recovering—Maugham to Put America Into a New Piece.

Margaret Anglin, who is resting near Chicago, will not have to undergo the proposed serious operation on her throat. A minor one will be performed as soon as the patient's strength is restored. It is hoped that by Christmas Miss Anglin will begin rehearsing her new comedy under the direction of Liebler & Co.

The first New York production of "The Aviator," scheduled for the Astor Theatre last night, had to be postponed to-morrow night on account of the illness of Edward Begley, one of the members of the company supporting Wallace Eddinger in the new Montgomery play.

A special Sunday night concert of the Russian Imperial Court Balalaika Orchestra will be given at the New Amsterdam Theatre next Sunday night. The programme will be made up of folk and other Russian compositions.

The Woman's Auxiliary of the New York Polyclinic Hospital will give a theatre party at the Herald Square Theatre on the night of December 20 for the purpose of raising funds to purchase supplies for the hospital's new building.

W. Somerset Maugham, the English playwright, will sail for London this morning on the Campania. He says America has been "as delightfully hospitable to him as to his plays." In London he will begin the rehearsals of his new farcical piece "Loaves and Fishes," the first performance of which will take place on February 2 at the Duke of York's Theatre. Later he proposes to write a play with some of its scenes in America.

The players who will appear with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Foolish Virgin" are Adelaide Nowak, Robert Drouet, Shelley Hull, John Flood, Campbell Gollan, Annie Esmond, Francis Verdi and J. Homer Hunt. The piece will have its first performance outside of France at the Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on December 12, and later will come to the Knickerbocker Theatre. It is presented by Charles Frohman.

ARCHITECTS DINE

And Talk Over All the Different Ways of Making Fifth Avenue Perfect.

Architects and laymen met last night at a dinner given by the Architectural League of New York at the league's quarters, 215 West Fifty-seventh street, and discussed the beautifying of Fifth avenue in particular and of the rest of the city in general. Robert Grier Cooke, who is president of the Fifth Avenue Association, and Bert Hanson, who is head of the Municipal Art Society, spoke.

Mr. Cooke wants to see all signs and billboards excluded from Fifth avenue and he wants artistic letter boxes, ornate subway entrances and exits, and above all a special police guard for the thoroughfare with special uniforms. He also wants the avenue widened above Forty-second street, and he predicts that it will be soon.

Mr. Hanson favors an upper sidewalk for Fifth avenue and says it is needed to protect pedestrians from the increasing vehicular traffic. He thinks that architects as a body can do much to prevent further encroachment on the sidewalks of ornamental projections of buildings.

The Rev. Percy C. Grant does not like skyscrapers, especially when they adjoin churches and shut out all the light.

"Why," he exclaimed, referring to the plight of Trinity, "these tall buildings even steal the light from graveyards."

Dr. Grant criticised the setting of the new library in Bryant Park. The building, though beautiful in itself, is not set back far enough from Fifth avenue, he thinks, and is in a poor place anyway because in a short time it will probably be surrounded by thirty or forty story office buildings.

GOOD JOB FOR POTATO KING.

New York Central Makes Eugene H. Grubb Agricultural Commissioner.

DENVER, Dec. 6.—Eugene H. Grubb of Carbondale, Colorado's champion potato grower, has been appointed agricultural commissioner for the New York Central Railroad at $10,000 a year.

For a year Mr. Grubb has been travelling in Europe, where he made a study of potato raising for the Government. While on his travels he purchased two blooded horses for President Brown of the New York Central. Last week the horses were displayed at the horse show in Chicago and carried off ribbons.

CHEVALIER IN 'DADDY DUFARD'

COSTER SINGER BECOMES THE HERO OF A FARCE.

He Impersonates a Baron Who Is Also an Actor and Sings Three of His Music Hall Songs—Some of His English Company Are Less Capable Than He.

Albert Chevalier, who has attained fame as a coster and character singer, appeared last night in the "legitimate" at the Hackett Theatre. The play was "Daddy Dufard," termed on the bill a "character comedy." Mr. Chevalier and Lechmore Worrall wrote the piece.

"Character comedy" sounds explanatory, but it is not fully so. There is a touch of comedy about the play, but it is mostly farce of the kind that makes the average theatregoer laugh all the time he is seeing it. Last night a distinguished critic whose features usually never change was observed to smile twice, and even then he left before the last act. To be candid the word "character" is in a way descriptive of the play. It is character all the way through, and most of it is Mr. Chevalier.

There is a large company, mostly brought from England. Many of the players had "character" parts, but for the most part they were done in a mediocre fashion. The German dialect of one of them and the French of another fell below what New York recognizes as the real thing. Of the rest of the company, most of whom have names that are not familiar here, Harry Brett, as a popular comic singer was good. Next to Mr. Chevalier himself most mention might be made of Miss Violet Heming, who took the part of *Rose Dufard*. She is a comely young woman who speaks her lines well and gives the impression that some day she may do even better.

Of course Chevalier is still Chevalier as was evidenced by half a dozen calls after each of the first two curtains. He is on the stage most of the time and there is one scene in which he has the stage to himself and sings some of his familiar songs. He gave last night "Mrs. 'Enry Awkins," "The Workhouse Man" and "Right as Ninepence."

Mr. Chevalier is *Achille Talma Dufard*, an old French actor settled in London. He has a lot of Bohemian friends and a daughter, *Rose*, whom he has trained to be an actress. She has the promise of a part in a sketch written by her sweetheart, *Paul Hammond*, but the jealousy of the regular star of the Caledonia Theatre causes the manager to take it from her. *Dufard*, who has been out of a job a long time, fails simultaneously to get one he has been looking for.

A gambling club is suspected by the London police. The French manager of it appeals to *Dufard* for a suggestion as to how to save it. *Dufard*, who it turns out is really a baron, but who needs money, thinks of one. He proposes that the owner of the club sell him his lease for three months for £1, give him carte blanche with the tradesmen and £2,000 if he allays the suspicions of the police. Then he moves into the gambling house as *Baron Dufard*, is much sought after, is interviewed, and by the aid of his title persuades the theatre manager to give his daughter a chance at the sketch when the star, thinking she has the manager fast, refuses to go on. And there you are; but that is not all, for more telling would spoil things.

Mr. Chevalier acts the part of *Dufard* as those familiar with his work may imagine, but he betrays himself every time he puts his hands in his trousers pockets. Then he becomes the coster ginger in a single movement. The third act shows in three scenes the foyer, stage and the back of the scenes of a music hall.

The audience last night seemed to enjoy the performance all the way through and Mr. Chevalier seemed personally to be able to hold them for the two hours and a half. In addition to the three songs in the third act he got off a French chanson in the first which the audience enjoyed and some seemed to understand. "Good, high class continuous vaudeville," was one comment heard on the performance. There was applause at the finish.

PILGRIM AUTO CLUB BURNS.

Famous Gambling House Destroyed by Blaze Started by Furnace.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. Dec. 6.—The Pilgrim Automobile Club, chief among the several gambling places in Cranston and said to be one of the most elaborately furnished gambling houses this side of New York, was burned to the ground at 3 o'clock this morning. The house was a three story dwelling with French roof, standing in Eldredge street near Reservoir and Park avenues.

The blaze was spectacular, visible for miles. The flames mounted high in the air, quickly devouring the wooden building in spite of the efforts of half a dozen fire companies. The cause of the fire is supposed to have been an overheated furnace with which the building was warmed. While the club belonged to Michael J. Slattery and was one of the biggest in his chain of gambling houses, the property stands in the name of George A. Vaka of Woonsocket and Ernest Vaka of Attleboro.

When the interior of the building was a mass of flames there was a loud crash which announced that the big safe had fallen to the cellar. A person who was familiar with the business of the house said that this safe was specially constructed to hold a roulette wheel.

Frank Irons, manager of the club, who was one of those in the building, explained how he believed the fire caught. He said he and others who were with him in their rooms heard a crackling noise in the cellar, and going there found the vicinity of the heating furnace a mass of flames. Irons and his companions seized fire extinguishers and tried to quench the fire, but without success. The manager and employees were unable to save any of their effects except what they wore.

Special Train for Injured Laborer.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., Dec. 6.—A special train was hurriedly made up this afternoon of a locomotive and caboose to take Harry Eschelman, an employee on the Lackawanna railroad, from the Watsessing section to the Mountainside Hospital in Montclair. The run was made at swift speed, orders for a clear track having been sent out. Eschelman had both legs crushed when he climbed out of a ditch under the track and was run over. The doctors say there is a chance for him to recover.

No Room Last Night in the Municipal Lodging House.

The Municipal Lodging House on East Twenty-fifth street was filled to the very doors last night. Nine hundred men of all sorts and conditions, thirty women and nine children came there seeking warmth in the course of the evening. This is the first time that the new lodging house has been filled to anywhere near its capacity. About 150 men of the crowd got work when a snow contractor called up.

Old Man Frozen to Death.

HONESDALE, Pa., Dec. 6. William H. Bott of Deposit, N. Y., a piano agent, was found frozen to death in a snow drift to-day about a mile west of the home of George Dibble near Preston Centre, Wayne county. It is believed he was either thrown or fell from his cutter while driving toward home.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"Telephone consultation charged as office call" now appears on at least one New York physician's billhead.

"I found it was necessary to have this fact clearly understood," said the physician, whose telephone calls are frequent night and day. "The time consumed at the telephone would amount to at least an hour each day, and as my time is valuable it must be paid for. I found that young mothers are most likely to resort to the telephone in case of the slightest trouble with the baby and wasted my time listening to absurd details. I now instruct a mother as to what symptoms are really worth telling to me over the telephone, and with a sensible mother or a trained nurse to report on a case it is remarkable how many house calls can be avoided. Perhaps the queerest experience I ever had was the case of the young mother who telephoned me one night in a blizzard that baby'd got the croup. 'Hold the baby up to the phone and let him cough to me,' I said. The minute I heard the cough I knew it wasn't croup or anything like it, and told her so. She was relieved and I was saved an unnecessary night call."

Even drug store laws, which vie with the Constitution itself in immutability, may be evaded by a person with determination. A clerk in a Broadway store refused to fill a bottle bearing a label marked Prescription No. 9715 because it had been filled originally by another druggist.

"But it is not a serious prescription," the woman argued. "Just a little alcohol, rosewater and boracic acid."

"I am sorry," said the clerk, "but I cannot fill it. You must take the bottle to the other druggist."

"But how can I? He lives in Albany," she gasped. "I can't go away up there and I want the stuff to-night."

Then he said obligingly:

"I can mix the ingredients for you and put them in another bottle."

"And charge 5 or 10 cents extra for it, I suppose?"

He admitted it. She declined his offer, but his suggestion had furnished an inspiration. At the corner was a drinking fountain. The woman held the bottle under the water until the label had soaked off, then returned it to the druggist.

"Now," said she, "will you fill this bottle?"

He filled it.

"I am always careful to call things by their right names," remarked a business man to his friend at the club, "and I pride myself on never calling a window shade a blind or an extension telephone a branch, but I got a new one on me to-day when I took my buckskin golf shoes to be repaired. I told the clerk I wanted new soles and heels, and asked how soon I could have them.

"The salesman picked them up and looked them over. 'New golf bottoms,' said he. 'Not before Friday.'"

"I wonder if it isn't a survival of the barbarian instinct that draws the crowds to jewelry store windows," said a travelling man the other day as he watched men and women shoving one another aside to get a glimpse of a display of diamonds and watches in a Broadway store.

"Whether the place is New York or Seattle I find crowds at jewelry exhibits and even the tawdriest showing will draw onlookers. I suppose the same feeling that used to make the Indians part with their lands for a few glittering beads draws the crowd now. And, do you know, I never miss looking into a jeweler's window myself."

There is a dingy clock hanging from a bent iron rod in front of a jewelry shop on East Broadway, a block out of Chatham Square. The hands don't move, they are painted on; and although the shop is as trim a store as there is in the whole of the East Side the proprietor won't allow a painter's brush to do over the clock. So it hangs there in the wind and probably will keep on hanging until the rod rusts through or the old man who owns the real clocks in the store with hands that move gives up or dies.

And the reason for it is this: The proprietor thinks that no clock of his will keep time unless he goes through the form of setting it by the painted hands on the swinging clock face. Whenever he gets a new batch of clocks he takes them one by one and solemnly sets them by the mimic timepiece.

"For why do you do that?" says the doubter among the new generation of East Siders.

"Do not ask me those questions," the old jeweller tells them. "Don't I know more of clocks than you?"

And they say his are very good.

COMMISSION GOVERNMENT.

Kansas City, Kan., Gets Out of Debt in a Single Year.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 6.—The close of 1910 will see Kansas City, Kan., established on a cash paying basis, with a surplus in every one of its funds except the lighting fund, its floating debt almost wiped out and none of the revenue for 1911 used for the expenses of 1910.

That is to be the condition financially at the close of the first nine months of government by commission as announced to-day by Charles W. Green, Commissioner of Finance and Revenue. It is the result, he says, of a strict adherence to the provision of the commission law that requires a municipal corporation to "live within its means."

It is pointed out that when the commissioners took charge last April the funds for 1910 practically had been used in advance and there was an indebtedness against nearly every fund.

The area of the city under the new rule was seventeen square miles, while the area in 1909 under the council jurisdiction was ten square miles. The assessed valuation of the enlarged city made in 1910 on which to collect taxes for 1911 expenses is $58,800,000, against an assessed valuation of $71,000,000 made in 1909 for 1910 expenses of the city before the extension of its limits, and the rate of taxation in the larger city for all purposes—State, county, city, parks and schools—is the same under the 1910 levy as under the 1909 levy, $1.80 on the hundred.

"When commission government began the acquisition of new territory had seriously depleted the treasury," Mr. Green said. "There was an indebtedness against every fund. This has been paid, except a small amount in the lighting fund, and the commissions have managed to get along without drawing in advance on anticipated revenues, as was the custom for years under the old council rule."

The lighting fund, Mr. Green said, was handicapped with a $20,000 deficit when the Commissioners took charge. This was chargeable to the old law, which provided for a tax levy too small to yield a revenue sufficient to provide properly for lighting the city.

Two Held as Counterfeiters; 12 Discharged.

Vincenzo de Antonio and Domenico Abanezzi were indicted yesterday by the Federal Grand Jury on the charge of having counterfeit two dollar notes in their possession. The rest of the men, who were arrested last week, twelve in number, have been released by Commissioner Shields because of lack of evidence against them. De Antonio and Abanezzi pleaded not guilty. The former was held in $10,000 bail and the other in $1,000. They were locked up in the Tombs.

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The strange pets, the local games, and all the unhackneyed background of British Guiana as Mrs. Figyelmessy describes it from a child's point of view, make this one of the most interesting books which have appeared in many seasons.
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DEPEW DODGES THE MESSAGE

TELLS ST. NICHOLAS SOCIETY ABOUT FALLEN SPARROWS.

James H. Hoyt of Cleveland Speaks for Conservatism in Public Life and of the Scrawny Hand of Calumny Always Clutching at the Throat of Patriotism.

There wasn't an insurgent in sight—or rather there wasn't one to be heard—at last night's dinner of the St. Nicholas Society at Delmonico's. It was the society's seventy-fifth anniversary that was being celebrated, as well as an older anniversary of the patron. James H. Hoyt, a lawyer of Cleveland, Ohio, and a brother of Colgate Hoyt, gave the first political cast to the evening. He made a plea for conservatism in public life.

The present unrest he attributed to personal extravagance, which he said always leads to public extravagance, and the latter always leads to public unrest. The rich, he said, we shall always have with us, and no legislation can prevent a man from being successful and getting richer than his fellows.

"Why, then, in the name of heaven," he said, "should we hate the rich?" The rich, he said, buy pictures and put them where the public can see them, and, he added, if it had not been for the efforts of "one man, whom Senator Spooner has characterized as 'the uncrowned king,' the late panic would have been with us yet. In these days, when slander passes for truth and defamation for argument and when the last lie, not the last word, is effective, we should take the time to learn the facts before we damn our fellow countrymen. No true American will bear false witness against Americans. The scrawny hand of calumny is always clutching at the throat of patriotism. We owe a duty of vigilance to guard the integrity of our nation's Constitution and, if it must be amended, to see that it is amended as our fathers provided."

Mr. Hoyt mentioned a few of the earlier amendments to the Constitution, including that referring to the right of search and the one which has to do with a man's testifying against himself, and then mentioned the agents of the Government who "enter our offices and take such books as they think may furnish them with questions embarrassing to us" and the procedure which obtains by which a man is called upon to tell of things, "bringing upon himself the scorn of his fellows even though he is protected against criminal prosecution afterward."

Senator Chauncey M. Depew said that he had been sitting in his seat in the Senate yesterday morning with the announcement of the dinner before him and had asked the clerk what was next on the programme. The clerk had told him that the President's message came next.

"How long will it take?" the Senator asked.

"It contains 30,000 words or so," he says the clerk answered.

Whereupon the Senator went outside and asked the nearest taxicab chauffeur if he could get him to the station in time for a New York train.

Senator Depew said that when the Senate opened for the present session there were ten Senators, including himself, who had been "victims of the late landslide." "And the chaplain got up and prayed, 'O Lord, thou knowest that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without Thee. [Laughter]. I called on the President and sat in Lame Duck alley. The reporters came up to me and asked how it felt and I told them it wasn't so bad when you got used to it. But these days in Washington are not comfortable days for some of us."

There were 325 members and guests in the room at this anniversary dinner. The speakers, beside Mr. Hoyt and Senator Depew included the president of the society, Charles A. Schermerhorn, who was toastmaster; Bishop J. H. Darlington of Harrisburg, William D. Murphy, Dean J. H. Van Amringe, the "Van Am" of Columbia undergraduates; Carlisle Howard and others representing other societies and the army. At the guest table also were Gen. F. D. Grant, Lieut. Marion Houze, Walter L. Suydam, representing the Society of Colonial Wars; Rollin M. Morgan, representing St. David's; Lawrence B. Stoddart, St. George's; Dr. F. M. Ludlow Chrystie, the Cincinnati; William Sloane, St. Andrew's; Warren Leslie, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick; Charles F. Brooker, the New England Society; A. T. Clearwater, the Holland Society; John R. Planten, Consul-General of the Netherlands, and Adrian Gips, representing the Netherland Club.

In front of the toastmaster was the original gilded cock which had been the weather vane on the old Stadthuis in New Amsterdam and which later was put on the gable of Wolfert's Roost and was presented to the society by Washington Irving. Senator Depew said that the cock was blown down by a hurricane because despite the hurricane which blew against it it insisted upon pointing east. "Thus," the Senator explained, "you see there were standpatters even in those days." On either end of the table were Dutch windmills with fans which revolved slowly through the evening. The souvenirs were ash trays bearing the arms of the society and miniatures of the gilded cock perched over the ice cream boxes.

Mr. Schermerhorn wore his three cornered hat all through the festivities. The present is said to be his fiftieth year as a member of the society. He said that the society had accumulated nearly $1,000 in the treasury in each of its seventy-five years of existence, making $75,000 there to-day. Bishop Darlington told of good old St. Nicholas, who, he said, was a full blooded churchman who made himself loved beyond his own Greek Church and then outgrew also the Roman Church and was taken up by Protestant Holland to be its patron saint. St. Nicholas, the Bishop said, was an optimist, and one who enjoyed good fellowship, a full stomached as well as a full blooded churchman.

GOMPERS DISCREDITED.

Governor of Florida Finds No Cause for Union's Complaint.

TAMPA, Fla., Dec. 6.—After spending a week here looking into the charges made by President Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor and other union men that the striking cigar makers were deported, abused and intimidated, and that the international delegate, J. C. Johnson, had been run out of town by a vigilance committee, Gov. Gilchrist tonight made known his findings.

The Governor has received from the unions their written statement of charges. From the citizens committee, which had also been furnished copies of these charges, a reply was received to the unions' charges.

In the matter of two selectors whom the unions had declared were forced to leave town and in the matter of Johnston the Governor gave it as his opinion that the men had left of their own free will, being convinced that it was better for them so to do.

Referring to the charges of the unionists that members of the unions had been beaten and arrested, the Governor declared that while numbers of them had been arrested they were arrested for cause, and on the other hand he pointed to the assassination of J. F. Easterling presumably by union agitators and from which resulted the lynching of the two Italians, Ficarrotta and Albano, and the attempted assassination of José Costo, a cigar manufacturer, and a number of instances where strike breakers had been shot and beaten up by unionists.

Referring to the complaint of Gompers that in the strike of eight years ago a number of cigarmakers had been deported for which no one had been brought to court, the Governor pointed out the fact that at that time the contention was between rival unions, the International and La Resistencia, and that members of La Resistencia were deported, but in deporting these men the deporters had favored the International union, of which Gompers is now the first vice-president.

The Governor declared that the strike leaders who were recently tried and convicted and are now in jail pending sentence for their intimidation of workmen were duly tried and convicted.

His entire findings uphold the Citizens Committee, which has been organized here to protect the manufacturers and such workmen as are willing to work.

The authorities are declared to have acted in the interest of law and order. Gompers and his adherents in their attacks upon the city and State authorities are thoroughly discredited by the Governor.

ARMED TRUCE.

Roosevelt Republicans in Brooklyn Do Not Oppose Woodruff Regime.

The new Republican executive committee in Brooklyn met yesterday afternoon for organization at the Temple Bar headquarters, with Timothy L. Woodruff, who has been the party leader in Kings county for nine years, still in control of the machinery, but with the six Assembly district leaders, Messrs. Kracke, Calder, Linde, Vass, Voorhies and Haskell, who joined the Roosevelt phalanx at the Saratoga convention, still impenitent for their revolt.

The six Roosevelt supporters having found it hopeless to make any fight to dethrone Woodruff offered no opposition to the selection of the old officers, and Jacob Brenner was installed as chairman of the executive committee with his old associates and the old officers of the county committee also slated for re-election.

While Naval Officer Kracke and his five associates progressives voted with the other seventeen district leaders for the reelection of the old officers, both of the executive and county committees, they gave out this signed statement, which is regarded as defining their position as one of an armed truce:

As representatives of our respective districts we desire to state that the stand taken by us during the summer in favor of the movement through the State to free the Republican party from the influences which have weakened it and which paved the way to its recent defeat will be maintained by us. Our presence and action here to-night must not be otherwise construed.

This statement when submitted by Mr. Kracke did not start any discussion and it was filed away without comment.

Later on, at the close of the meeting, Mr. Kracke said that it meant that the supporters of Col. Roosevelt would be ready to fight the organization again if the occasion demanded it.

Mr. Woodruff was apparently much elated over the situation. "Peace," he said, "has now been permanently reestablished in our organization and in future all good Republicans will work together for its benefit. All the sores which the recent differences caused have been healed and the party in the county has been greatly strengthened."

The new county committee was organized last night without friction, the old officers being reelected in accordance with the instructions of the executive committee, and John E. Smith, one of Mr. Woodruff's closest personal and political friends, was indorsed for reappointment as Election Commissioner.

JAIL KEEPERS BID TO FEAST

JUDGE MULQUEEN TELLS THEM TO BE LIFE SAVERS.

Bishop Greer Speaks of the Growth of the Reformatory System—Mrs. Davis Reports That Foreigners Criticise Our County Jails and Workhouses.

A respite from the duties of taking care of the city's compulsory guests was enjoyed by the keepers of the Blackwell's Island penitentiary last evening in Wanamaker's banquet hall at a "recognition" dinner given them by the Rev. C. P. Tinker, Protestant chaplain at that institution. Among the speakers were Bishop Greer of the Episcopal Church, Judge Joseph H. Mulqueen of the Court of General Sessions and Mrs. Catherine Belmont Davis, Ph.D., superintendent of the Bedford Reformatory.

Bishop Greer spoke of the advance in the treatment of criminals which had been made in recent years and the growth of the reformatory system, which meant reliance not on punishment but on the cultivation of a sense of honor.

Mrs. Davis, who was chairman of the recent International Prison Congress, gave an interesting account of a ten day tour in which the delegates of the twenty-two foreign nations represented had a chance to see the prisons and reformatories of this country. The main interest of the tour, she said, from the point of view of the American delegates was their desire to convert the visitors to the wisdom of the indeterminate sentence. What the foreigners found to criticise in us, she said, was especially our county jails and workhouses, a workhouse being a place where no work is ever done.

Judge Mulqueen gave a very earnest talk to the men, advising them of the great responsibility that was theirs in the treatment of the men who were given into their charge.

"You can make them or wreck them," he said. "You must be wreckers or life savers. You can drive those men to hell or you can make them happy here and give them hope for the hereafter. And from what I heard of you I think that you are life savers. I hate to send men to you, but when I do I know that they are in good hands."

One of the men at the dinner had been a keeper forty-two years. He is the oldest inhabitant of the island and said that he had seen marvellous advances from the time when he first came and that the present Commissioner is working wonders in beautifying the island.

"Luxury," he said, "why we have as good shower baths down there as they have up at the Waldorf and thirty-eight of them. Every blessed man that comes there has to take a bath."

"No, no," he made haste to add, thinking he detected a look of alarm on his listener's face, "tain't for cruelty; it's to make 'em clean."

Former Teacher's Suicide.

Mrs. Mabel D. Brown, 28 years old, committed suicide yesterday morning by hanging herself with the cord of her dressing gown in the bathroom of her mother's house at 582 Pacific street, Brooklyn. She was married to Herbert Y. Brown about two years ago. She was a public school teacher in Brooklyn before her marriage and lived with her husband at 109 Webster avenue, The Bronx.

HAD PSORIASIS FOR TEN YEARS

Itching and Burning Terrible. Appearance Worse. Had Specialists and X-Ray, with Some Success, Others without Relief. Used Cuticura. In 4 Days Relieved. Inside of 2 Weeks Cured.

"I had been suffering with psoriasis for a period of ten years. It would disappear occasionally for a year or so and then return in worse form than before. The last attack came on a little over a year ago, and by early summer had covered me all over. The itching and burning were terrible, and my appearance was worse. I had tried different specialists and had had the X-rays used on me, sometimes with some success and at others without relief. In the early fall of 1909 I was induced to try the Cuticura treatment, by a party who had heard of a remarkable cure it had made, and I confess that I started in, not only without faith, but with every prejudice against the medicine. In four days I was relieved of the inconvenience, and inside of two weeks cured, except for a slight discoloration of the skin, which wore off in a few weeks. I subsequently saw my friend Mr. ——, who had the same trouble. When he saw the wonderful effect of Cuticura upon me, he at once started the entire treatment and was well in about ten days. I beg to thank you for the relief you have given me, and if any one wants my testimony as to the merit of Cuticura for that trouble and will send me a stamped envelope with their address on it, I will be glad to send them a recommendation under my own signature. Harry G. Martin, 1003 Colvert Bldg., Baltimore, Md., Mar. 1, 1910."

Cuticura Remedies sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston. Mailed free, 32-page book on Skin Eruptions.