

THE GODS BLAZE IN WALHALL

TELEGRAPHY ENDED AT THE METROPOLITAN.

“Götterdämmerung” Heard by a Large Audience at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The troubles of the Norse gods ended yesterday. From the funeral pyre of the world's highest hero ascended the flames which filled Walhalla, and the stern-eyed father of fruitless expeditions, Odin, the wanderer, with all his brood, went flying out of existence to make way for a new and better world.

“Götterdämmerung” was presented in the month-long performance of Wagner's “Der Ring des Nibelungen.” The Metropolitan Opera House was filled with a great audience intent upon the progress of the stupendous final act of the tragedy.

“The end is the beginning, and this is the beginning of the end,” said the chorus in the first act of the tetralogy of Wagner. A little god follows with a sword, and he struggles. He falls. He is destroyed. He is paraded by fire and saved by the sublime grace of a woman's love.

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NOTHING PROMOTES HEALTH LIKE PURE WATER

Purest Natural Spring Water in the World.

Ferried only at the Spring Under Perfect Sanitary Conditions.

HIRSH RICKER & SONS, Props. South Poland, Maine.

N. Y. Office, Poland Spring Building, 1180 Broadway (near 28th St.).

SALE OF THE HOE SILVER.

Good Prices Brought by Specimens of Early English Work.

It was a holiday audience at the afternoon session of the Hoe auction in the American Art Galleries. The attendance was larger than on the previous days, and it was amusing or sad, according to the point of view, to see the specimens of early English work.

A lot of seventeenth century silver catalogued as a set of two covered vases with their long, fine necks and one small one, a silver set for \$1,400. Intersections on the necks of the vases described them as “harvest caps,” and on the bases of the vases were inscriptions suggestive of merry days of the chase.

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HEARD IN HOTEL CORRIDORS

BIRMINGHAM ASKS TO BE PUT ON RECORD AS BOOMING.

New Skyscraper, Hotel and Post Office Building Coming. Eminent Peculiar Blazings of a Visitor. Change Conductor Calls.

Ex-Judge Oscar B. Hundley of Birmingham, Ala., who came to attend the recent dinner to Johnnie Hughes, mentioned Birmingham in the Waldorf yesterday which indicates that that town is surely booming.

A site has been selected for the post office building and money appropriated for the ground, which alone will cost \$250,000, said Judge Hundley. “We expect the next Congress will authorize the construction of a building which will cost \$1,000,000.”

“Then we are getting ready to put up another sixteen or eighteen story bank and office building at Nineteenth street and First avenue, which will make each of these four corners support a skyscraper. Birmingham is getting to be a very important city, and the Waldorf yesterday which indicates that that town is surely booming.”

“Birmingham, Montgomery and Mobile have been proposed for prohibition and the law has not been enforced in them,” said Judge Hundley in answer to a question. “Since I left home a month ago I have passed the lower branch of the Legislature and if it gets through the Senate those cities will be relieved of the burden of the prohibition law.”

It is getting to be such a common thing nowadays for persons to be known by an automobile when crossing Fifth avenue between the Gotham and the St. Regis after night that the clerks of those two hotels do not any longer consider such a thing out of the ordinary. A man was knocked down there night before last and a man helped him up and drove him to a hospital. The man who helped him up had left the victim of the accident and found the injured man had disappeared. He found the glass to his own lips. “I know I loved this as badly as you did,” he remarked.

A man engaged a room over the telephone at one of the newer hotels yesterday morning, and in about an hour there arrived at the front door a person carrying two boxes of silver. The man who had engaged the room took the boxes and hurried to his own hotel and got a glass of brandy to take to him. He himself was white and shaking, and when he got back with a clerk and two porters, where he had left the victim of the accident and found the injured man had disappeared. He found the glass to his own lips. “I know I loved this as badly as you did,” he remarked.

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CRICHTON BROS. of London.

Silversmiths

EXPERTS IN OLD ENGLISH SILVER

636 Fifth Avenue Corner 51st St.

LONDON: 22 OLD BOND STREET

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

It was last Friday on a crostown Stanton street horse car. Of course none of those on board was in a hurry or they would have walked, but even at that it was annoying when at Chrystie street the conductor pulled the bell rope once and ran into a house near by while the car waited. At the end of five minutes he reappeared, holding his jaw in one hand and his teeth in the other.

“I had a toothache,” he explained, “and the pain became more than I could stand. So I just went into that there dentist’s and had it pulled.”

“Unless it is absolutely necessary I never like to get a Chinaman started on the vaccination game because he never knows where to stop,” said a city missionary. “He fights against the initiation with all the stubbornness of his Oriental nature, but once he becomes convinced of the efficacy of vaccinating virus he goes on the principle that you can get too much of a good thing and wants a dog of it for every ill that befalls him. The Chinaman who has been once vaccinated never does all over again every time he has a headache. It is pretty tough on these children whose parents have formed the vaccination habit if the missionaries and doctors didn’t have a good deal of patience and be in a state of eruption half the time.”

The employees in the business office of the Metropolitan Opera House show to some extent the pleasure of hearing the great singers even though they are poring over their books and papers at night when the opera is being sung. The business office is at Thirty-ninth street and Seventh avenue, far away from the stage and auditorium. A visitor here is mystified by hearing the strains of the opera as it is being sung on the stage, every note as distinct as if the listener were in a seat in the auditorium, although the only talk which comes to the office and the stage is the explanation lies with an immense phonograph horn in one corner of the room. It is connected by a long tube which runs on the stage and the music fills the office.

When asked if he would allow a passenger to stand on the platform beside him the motorman replied that it was against the rules.

“I know that,” said the applicant for the job of porter, “but maybe this will be all right.”

He presented a letter signed by the manager of the company.

“All right,” said the motorman. “I’ll be ready to start soon.”

“I am making front platform trips during rush hours on my doctor’s advice,” the man said. “A year ago was a mental and physical wreck. A nerve specialist took me in hand. He says now I am cured. To make sure that I can stand the severest kind of a mental strain he has ordered me to ride beside the motorman and see how I would manage emergencies. He puts me on my honor in reporting to him. If a child turns a somersault in front of me, or a dog jumps on the platform, or a woman falls, I must immediately do what I can do in charge of the car. If I can think as quickly and as straight as the motorman does my recovery will be permanent. There were no injuries, but the treatment will have to be continued a while longer. Before I got sick I have thought of an order of that kind sufficient cause for nervous prostration, but persons who pass through that doctor’s hands seem able to stand it, and nearly all of his patients are subjected to the test.”

The new short hair fashion among the Chinese has been a boon to the white barbers and to the barber schools. Nearly every queue in town has been cut off since New Year’s and every one meant from now on to come to some white barber. When a Chinaman decides to part with his pigtail he goes the limit. He wants his hair trimmed and done up in the American fashion and he goes to the barber of his race who knows the trick, so he patronizes the white man. Short hair being new to him he is sensitive about it and visits the barber every few days to see how his looking right.

But the white barber’s prosperity won’t last long, for the celestial tonsors are going to the barber schools, and they are apt pupils.

“Any teamster who thinks he has a hard time getting a horse on his feet that has fallen in the daytime has no right to complain,” said the man who boards the driver whose horse falls in the dead of night. At 2 o’clock on a recent snowy morning I was awakened by the fall of a horse in front of our house. I got up and looked out. A dozen other people in the neighborhood did the same thing. The cabman saw us.

“You folks don’t do any good up there,” he shouted. “Come down and help.”

“He needed help. The horse could not get a foothold, and there was no one to help bolster him up. Ours is a quiet block where nocturnal revellers are rare and there was no one abroad to lend a hand. The horse pawed and slipped, the man tugged and pulled, but they made no headway. Finally another man and myself dressed and went to their assistance. It was all the three of us could do to get the horse up. And the cabman something new to think about. Of course horses do fall at night, but I never thought about it before nor what a difficult matter it is to get them up then.”

“A surprising number of punctitious men are wearing fold collars with full evening dress,” said a man much in demand for formal dinners who is rather punctitious himself. “Nearly every speaker’s table of the season has an example or two of dress clothes from London or by a Fifth avenue tailor, perfect pearls for studs, waistcoats of exquisite silk and a fold collar. I’ve wondered whether fashion isn’t coming to sanction the turnover for formal evening wear. If dress reform toward common sense is the motive, there’s excellent authority, for several of our foremost physicians always choose fold collars to avoid the tracheotomy of the poke. Whistler, you know, used to omit a dress tie, and Bernard Shaw’s evening dress is a suit of brown tweeds, a four-in-hand and an outing shirt.”

Phillips Mayo-Smith.

Miss Marie Mayo-Smith, daughter of the late Prof. Mayo-Smith, and Prof. Frank B. Phillips were married at the Plaza yesterday. The Rev. Henry P. Smith of Meadville, Pa., an uncle of the bride, performed the ceremony. There were no bridesmaids or ushers, and Frank Turner of Birmingham, Ala., assisted as best man.

Prof. Phillips is the head of the department of history in Tulane University, New Orleans, where he will live with his bride. The bride’s mother, Mrs. Mayo-Smith, of 305 West Seventy-seventh street, gave a reception, attended by several hundred guests, after the ceremony.

Maynard Hammond.

The wedding of Miss Louise Hammond and Edward Raymond was celebrated yesterday afternoon at the home of the bride at 10 West Fifty-fifth street. Miss Hammond, 80 West Fifty-fifth street, and Mr. Raymond, 10 West Fifty-fifth street, were the bride and groom. There were no bridesmaids or ushers, and Frank Turner of Birmingham, Ala., assisted as best man.

The Unknown Lady

A New Book by JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

Suppose you had something of very great and unusual value, something you believed in with all your heart—and you wanted to tell other people about it—what would you say?

Remember—all the describing adjectives have been used; they are old and worn smooth with lip service. It isn’t easy, is it?

That is somewhat the situation one finds oneself in, in trying to talk about “The Unknown Lady,” a book—a novel which Justus Miles Forman has just written.

It doesn’t make any difference what kind of a plot it has, nor whether the scene is Paris or a country town—the story itself is there, palpitating—warm with life, vigorous with feeling, appealing with gracious manner and enticing charm of style—a story to remember and to tell and to keep for one’s very own. Most everybody will be reading it soon—it is just ready at the book-sellers.

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That is somewhat the situation one finds oneself in, in trying to talk about “The Unknown Lady,” a book—a novel which Justus Miles Forman has just written.

It doesn’t make any difference what kind of a plot it has, nor whether the scene is Paris or a country town—the story itself is there, palpitating—warm with life, vigorous with feeling, appealing with gracious manner and enticing charm of style—a story to remember and to tell and to keep for one’s very own. Most everybody will be reading it soon—it is just ready at the book-sellers.

Remember—all the describing adjectives have been used; they are old and worn smooth with lip service. It isn’t easy, is it?

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SALE OF THE HOE SILVER.

Good Prices Brought by Specimens of Early English Work.

It was a holiday audience at the afternoon session of the Hoe auction in the American Art Galleries. The attendance was larger than on the previous days, and it was amusing or sad, according to the point of view, to see the specimens of early English work.