

AMERICAN RIGHTS MEETING IN TUMULT WHEN BRITON'S FOES CLASH WITH POLICE

Score Ejected for Voicing Their Disapproval of Speakers' Remarks—Carnegie Hall Closely Guarded Following Hint That Building Might Be Dynamited—Session Is In Uproar Until Disturbers Are Thrown Out.

New York, March 14—It was not always easy to catch the drift of the speeches made at the American Rights Committee's mass meeting in Carnegie Hall last night because the police were so incessantly busy throwing indignant Germans and Irishmen out of the hall.

Twenty-four persons were plucked thus summarily from various sections of the audience—lifted from their seats by the coat collar and propelled more or less forcibly toward the exits. Now and then when the rage overcame discretion the thud-thud of fists landing upon ample faces punctuated the chorus of combat, the angry shouts of the dispossessed and the shrill plaints of unresisting women.

Trouble had been anticipated because of a general notion that intensely pro-German or anti-British persons would never sit silent while the leaders of their American rights committee were developing their downright theory that the United States is in duty bound to sever relations with Germany and go to war on the side of the allies even if there had been a hint even that a bomb was to be exploded within Carnegie Hall.

Inspector Daly Prepared. A certain amount of preparedness was taken therefore by Inspector John Daly. Fifty policemen in uniform were stationed in and around Carnegie Hall and 20 men in plain clothes were distributed among the audience. They were stationed in and around Carnegie up the meeting began, Cooper Union, that forum of unrestrained speech and speaker bating, never saw a wilder meeting than was held last night in Carnegie Hall, home of classic music and high brow oratory.

The police and others observed at the outset that the top galleries were being mined for explosions. While the floor of the Auditorium and the horseshoe of boxes were filling with men and women in evening dress the galleries were packed with large, simply garbed persons who wore their hair pompadour or whose mustache ends pointed straight north or whose garters or brogue left no doubt whatever as to where their sympathies lay. The atmosphere of the whole place was tense. Nerves tightened like fiddle strings in the brief wait for the chairman of the meeting, George Haven Putnam, to appear. Sudden noises made nervous spectators jump and glance about apprehensively.

Even before Mr. Putnam came upon the stage there was a rumpus back among the one gallery after another. First there was a stir, then a shout of words, then a defiant shout, "To hell with England!" and the next instant four big special officers were running two young men down in the aisles, sprang up into Fifty-sixth street. Things quieted momentarily. Mr. Putnam began his address undisturbed at first. He talked about the general frightfulness of Germany's war machine, about Belgium, Serbia, the Lusitania, Zeppelins, submarines and the mining of open seas. Then he said with a youthful ring in his voice: "If I were a younger man I would be on the staff of the British army today."

"British" Fires the Spark. The word "British" was the detonator. The stormy cheering that followed Mr. Putnam's declaration was succeeded by an angry chorus of groans, hisses, hoots. The galleries were in uproar. Voices clashed as their owners shrieked insults upon England and England's allies. One could see the police mobilizing, one down in the aisles, sprang up stairways, spreading themselves through the turbulent sections of the house. For a moment or two the uniforms daunted the disturbers, but only for a moment or two. Mr. Putnam began again.

"The British Empire is the most beneficent empire the world ever saw. India, Egypt, all of the colonies, are loyal because they have enjoyed peace with justice at the hands of Great Britain!"

And again the lid blew off. "How about Ireland?" "How about the Boers?" "When did we get justice from the British?" "Shut up!" "Put him out!" "Where are the police?" "For the love of Mike, get a cop, somebody!" "Don't shove that lady, you fool!" "I'll smash your face for you, that's what I'll do!"

It went on that way for three or four minutes—sheer pandemonium. One could see Mr. Haven's lips moving, but no ear could catch what he was saying. Presently, in a lull, he appealed to a possible sense of fairness in the minds of yelling British haters and German admirers.

Hard earned quiet came again and Mr. Haven introduced Everett V. Abbott, chairman of the committee's executive committee, for the purpose of reading two sets of resolutions that expressed the sentiments of the committee and of by far the majority of the 2,000 persons who crowded into the hall. He read the first resolution:

"Resolved, That we, the members of the American Rights Committee and their friends, in general meeting assembled, hereby pledge our hearty support to the President of the United States in his firm stand in defence of the rights of American citizens, as announced by him in his letter of the 24th day of February, 1916, to the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and we condemn all members of the Congress of the United States who are willing to surrender those rights under the pressure of German threats."

The hullabaloo started all over again, with perhaps 100 men shrieking and shouting. Mr. Putnam appealed squarely to the police:

"We have a right to law and order," he shouted to the crowd on the city of New York to enforce our rights!"

Big Tom Underhill, police captain at the West 47th street station, charged straight down into the mob of disturbers and reached for one of the ringleaders. This person made the mistake of his life. He aimed a wallop for Underhill's chin, missed, and the next instant he was in the sweet land of dream as they carried him out feet first. Other men with him, venting their wrath in screams—not mere shouts—but too discreet to fight back. The whole place was boiling. Police men were combing the audience upstairs and down. A shrill voice cut the tumult.

One Woman Ejected. "Curses all the British!"—and one had just time to see a skirt flitting down a side aisle as a woman, rather young, fled in haste to avoid a clawing police hand. It was five minutes before the police quelled this particular outbreak and gave Mr. Abbott a chance to read the second set of resolutions. These, after reciting the Teutonic war crimes complained of and stating that the United States ought to side with the Allies, not only because of principles of humanity, justice and democracy, but because it would tend to shorten the war, expressed the committee's sentiments as follows:

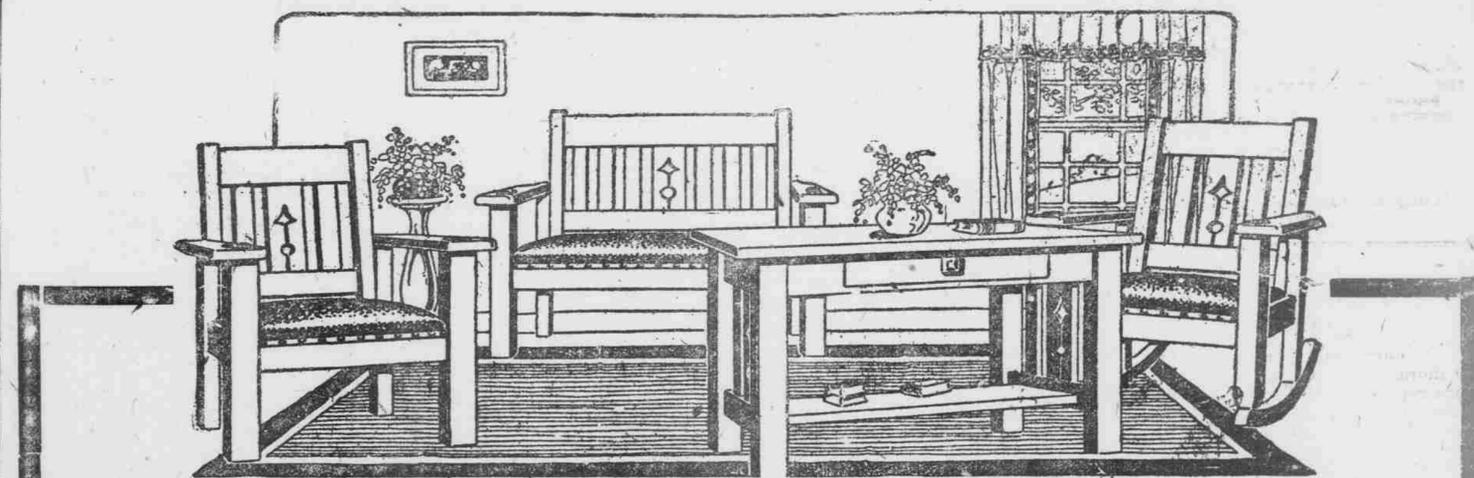
"Resolved, That the safety and honor of the American people and their duty to defend and maintain the rights of humanity require us to approve the cause for which the Allies are fighting, and to extend to these Allies by any means in our power, not only sympathy, but direct co-operation at the proper time, to the end that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth; and that we, the American people, in the work of advancing the true ideals of justice, humanity and civilization.

Both were adopted with a roar of eyes, a few halting noises registered against the first, a constant voice against the second; but it was apparent that at least nine persons out of every ten in the hall were enthusiastically in approval. After the vote had been taken, a British man, who was seated in the aisle, snorted disgust from his seat back in the auditorium. The police warned him to keep quiet. He yelled back defiantly and waved his little American flag. Then the wild went at him. He looked like a wild man as he was borne down by the weight of numbers. As he left the hall his face, somehow, did not seem the same face that he had carried into the hall.

Bearded Man Dragged Out. A man with black beard and dead white face leaped over the rail of the first aisle and yelled for the chairman's ear—yelled just once, and then he was passed by a system of relays and with incredible speed back to the wall, down three flights of stairs, out into Fifty-sixth street. Things quieted a moment, but a newspaper sent enough war correspondents properly to cover all of the episodes of that crowded evening.

C. Stewardson, ex-president of Hobart College, lit into the Germans pretty roughly and got along without much interruption until the German agents in this country, he said.

"Even the Congress of the United States has been corrupted," he said. Up started a bearded man near the front of the auditorium and whose face burned redly and whose fists were sawing the air in anger.



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than they for the rest of the meeting. Lawrence P. Abbott and Dr. Morton Prince were the other speakers.

STRATFORD AVE. LADY SUFFERED TORTURES, NOW WELL

Mrs. A. H. Mackbach, 1341 Stratford Avenue, Tells of Wonderful Relief After Great Suffering.

A speedy process of elimination said the Lax-a-Tone man is said to rid the system of poisons or toxins. Without elimination of sickness and disease. A stomach loaded with a sour fermented mass of putrid food is always a source of danger and keeps nature overworked trying to rid the system of poisons. Have you ever stopped to consider that if you feed your blood from a sour acid stomach that the system will naturally take up some of this poison mass and the eliminative organs will be worked to death trying to overcome the toxic effects. If you feed your furnace with poor coal full of slate what kind of a fire would you have? You would sure keep the coal sorted and the ashes shaken down so that you would get the maximum results from the furnace. Well, why don't you give your body as good a chance as your furnace? Try Herbal Lax-a-Tone for a week and see the difference in your step and the brightness of your eyes. Much gas and blood, felt tired out and weary so much of the time. My liver was torpid and very sluggish, and I had a bad and painful case of rheumatism. I really suffered tortures for a long time, but since using Lax-a-Tone I am glad to tell you what it has done for me. So just use my name and address and I am glad to confirm this statement to anyone.

The Lax-a-Tone man is at Hartigan's Drug Store, 81 Fairfield Avenue, near Main Street, where he is introduced to the remedy to the Bridgeport public.—Adv.

NO MEAT AT BANQUET OF FRIENDLY SONS

The Roman Catholic members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick will be obliged to abstain from meat at the banquet to be held St. Patrick's Day, Friday, March 17. Fish will be served at meals on that day. The ban is placed on meat because Friday is an ember day, which is one of the days that the fasting regulations of Lent must be observed.

Roman Catholics in New York diocese have been granted a dispensation relieving them from fasting on Friday. This was done in New York because St. Patrick is the patron saint of the diocese. The dispensation was granted by the Pope.

AMERICAN DOCTORS ILL. New York, March 14—Dr. Peter K. Oltzky, of the Rockefeller expedition went to Mexico to combat the typhus fever and who with Dr. Carl E. Huisk is now ill with typhus at Nuevo Laredo, Mex., was a fellow-worker of Dr. Harry Plotz, discoverer of the typhus germ and the toxin to prevent and cure the disease. Before going to Mexico Dr. Oltzky was connected with Mount Sinai hospital here.

FIGHT IN STREET RESULTS FATALLY; TWO YOUTHS HELD

Putnam, Conn., March 14—Francis Desailion, 24 years old, died at the hospital here today of injuries to the head suffered in a street fight, it is alleged, on March 5. Adrian Bronch, also 24 years old, who has been held under a charge of simple assault in connection with the fight, will be re-arrested on a bench warrant and will be taken before the superior court, charged with manslaughter.

PRESIDENT ASKS HOUSE TO SPEED NAVAL BILL

Washington, March 14—President Wilson urged Chairman Padgett, of the House naval committee, today to hurry the navy bill. Mr. Padgett told the President that hearings probably would be ended in two weeks.

SECRETARY LANSING HAS BRIEF VACATION

Washington, March 14—Secretary Lansing was on his way to Pinehurst, N. C., today for a week's vacation. For many weeks the Secretary has been working in a heavy pressure of diplomatic affairs and feels the need of a rest.

Taking a vacation at this time was regarded here as indicative of how completely the state department regards the Mexican situation in the hands of the army and that the understanding with General Carranza is complete.

FIVE DOLLAR LICENSE SCARES VENDORS AWAY

Bridgeport will have few street vendors during March. Many applicants appearing daily at police headquarters for licenses refuse to pay the \$5 license and are departing. The ordinance provides that all vendors' licenses expire March 31. It would be necessary for any applicant to pay the annual fee even though only two days remained in the month.

PERSONAL MENTION.

The many friends of Mrs. F. D. Unwin of 1173 Park avenue will be greatly pleased to know that she has now fully recovered from a severe attack of grip.

ADVERTISEMENT IN THE FARMER.

How to Tell Parcel Post Charges.

If you know the zone in which is located the postoffice to which you desire to send a parcel post parcel you may figure out the postage required by a simple method.

If the office is in zone No. 1 or No. 2 add to the figure or figures representing the weight the numeral 4. If the weight is ten pounds the postage will be 14 cents, if it is five pounds the postage will be 9 cents, and if it is one pound the postage will be 5 cents.

If the office is in zone No. 3 multiply the weight by 2 and add 4.

If in zone No. 4 multiply by 4 and add 3.

If in zone No. 5 multiply by 6 and add 2.

If in zone No. 6 multiply by 8 and add 1.

If in zone No. 7 multiply by 10 and add 1.

If in zone No. 8 multiply by 12.

This scheme is good for packages up to and including twenty pounds. It was worked out by an ingeniously attached of the Chicago postoffice.—Farm Life.

"Dear Old Ladies" and Other Kinds.

There are as many kinds of old ladies as there are girls, men, automobiles, books and remedies for a cold. There are kindly old ladies, ill natured old ladies, sharp old ladies, witty old ladies, stupid old ladies, musty-fusty old ladies, dainty old ladies, wise old ladies, silly old ladies, Whistler's mother old ladies, Betsy Trotwood old ladies, white spatted old ladies, churchy old ladies, sit-by-the-fire old ladies, tangoing old ladies and old ladies who don't wish to be called old ladies at all.

Nowadays most of them are so busy working in public causes that they have not time to protect their own interests as they should. But let us hope that after awhile they will organize a new association, to be called the Society for the Promotion of Distinctive Characterizations for Old Ladies, and that it will have displayed prominently on its banners the slogan "Down With the Word 'Dear!'—Scribner's.

Celts Discovered Soap.

Soap appears to have been discovered by the Celts, for the name is derived from the Celtic word "sebon." It seems strange that such early wanderers should have been familiar with soap, but if they had the name they must certainly have had the article it stood for. Moreover, it is quite conceivable that nomads using wood fires could accidentally discover soap. All woods have a certain amount of mineral salts, chiefly those of potash, in their fibers. After burning these are left in the form of carbonate, which a heavy shower of rain would dissolve into a liquid lye, wanting only the grease from an overturned caldron of broth to form soap. A dash of natural curiosity on the part of the woman who cleaned up the mess would reveal the cleansing properties of the new substance.—London Mail.

Chateaubriand a Lover of Cats. Many famous men have loved cats—Cardinal Richelieu and Victor Hugo among others—but probably the animals' most eloquent defender was Chateaubriand, the French writer.

"I love in the cat," he said, "that independent and almost ungrateful temper which prevents it from attaching itself to any one, the indifference with which it passes from the salon to the

housetop. The cat lives alone, but it needs of society, does not obey except when it likes, pretends to sleep that it may see more clearly and scratches everything it can scratch."

And the great writer on another occasion went so far as to express a hope that by long comradeship with cats he was acquiring some of their characteristics.—London Times.

Pasteur's Gift to Society.

The normal death rate of civilized countries before the days of Pasteur was about thirty to a thousand of the population. Today it is about fifteen to a thousand in the more progressive nations. Think what a saving of fifteen lives a year for every thousand of population means when applied to half the earth! It means the averting of 12,000,000 untimely deaths annually. It means more than 25,000,000 cases of illness avoided. It means health and happiness in 20,000,000 homes rather than disease and distress.—Bulletin of National Geographic Society.

His Drawback.

"Girl, ain't you making a mistake in marrying a football hero?" "But, auntie, consider how he is admired on all sides."

"I do, and I should think that would make it very difficult to reduce him to a point of humility desirable in a good husband."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cinnamon Bark.

It is a seeming paradox that the best flavored cinnamon bark is produced on poor, white, sandy soil. It must, however, have an abundance of moisture, the choicest growing in a temperature of 85 degrees, where the rainfall is about one inch for every degree of temperature.

Postponed Wisdom.

"It's never too late to learn." "That's right. Sometimes it's an advantage to go slow and not get a lot of information you'd have better off without."—Washington Star.

Caught the Habit.

"Why were you late?" "My watch was slow." "I know it. That's from going with you so much."—Harvard Lampoon.

Industry is the right hand and frugality the left hand of fortune.—Old Saying.

A Warning.

"You had better be careful, Miss Flirty, or you will find yourself up against the law." "Oh, what do you mean?" "Why, you have such a killing way of shooting glances at a fellow."—Baltimore American.

Practical Appraisal.

"Ma, James asked me last night to 'share his lot.'" "I'd he say whether it was one in a good building section?"—Baltimore American.

Abrupt. "Could you lend me a dollar, old man?" "Certainly! I could do lots of things I have no intention of doing. Nice day, isn't it?"—Judge.

Oh, life! An age to the miserable, a moment to the happy.—Bacon.

How Prussia Was Reforested.

There was no need of celebrating Arbor day in Prussia in the days when Friedrich Wilhelm I. was king, for that monarch had a plan all his own by which he replenished the forests and kept the country well supplied with fruit trees.

According to Das Buch fur Alle, the king, having observed that there was a great dearth of fruit and oak trees in Prussia and not being willing to undertake the tremendous expense of reforesting the country himself issued an order to all clergymen that, after June 21, 1720, they should refuse to perform any marriage ceremony unless the groom could produce evidence that he had just planted six fruit trees and an equal number of oaks. If it was in winter or in the middle of a dry summer, when plants would not grow, the groom had to produce and lay aside a sum of money sufficient to cover the cost of the trees and promise to plant the required number when fall or spring came.

The edict worked wonders. The next generation in Prussia had no lack of fruit and oak trees.

Naming a Novel.

"The thing to do," said the literary man, "is to call your novel after the name of the leading character." "Why?" asked the youngest novelist.

"Because the best and the most successful novels always have such names," the other replied. "Take the great novelists. The greatest book of each gets its title from the leading character's name. 'Instances are easy to give. What is the best novel of Dickens? It is 'David Copperfield.' What is the best novel of Thackeray? It is 'Henry Esmond.' What is the best novel of Scott? It is 'Ivanhoe.' What is the best novel of Thomas Hardy? 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles.' Of George Meredith? 'The Order of Richard Feverel.' Of Rider Haggard? 'Allan Quatermain.' Of Tolstoy? 'Anna Karenina.'"—New York Post.

Only One Athens Now.

There is and has been for many centuries only one Athens. But antiquity knew no fewer than nine cities or towns of that name in various parts of Greece, and even in the time of Plautus it was sometimes felt necessary to distinguish the great one as "Attic Athens." It was natural that Greek cities should take their name from Athens, the goddess of wisdom, warlike prowess and skill in the arts of life, who, according to some legends, herself founded the City of the Violent Crown. Others ascribed the naming of the city to Theseus or other mythical kings. The "s" of the termination is a real plural, for the city was given a plural name (Athenai), as being made up of several constituent parts.—London Chronicle.

The Greatest Financier.

"Who was the greatest financier ever known?" "Noah, because he floated his stock when the whole world was in liquidation."

A Reason.

"Why do writers always talk of angry fames?" "Because, if you notice, fames are usually put out."—Baltimore American.