THE 42D STREET WILDERNESS.

IS THAT THE BITTERN'S CRY?—NO, ONLY JOSEPH P. M'HUGH'S.

Says He, How Long? O Lord! How Long? or Words to That Effect—Leaping From Crag to Crag, an Explorer Finds the Voice Crying, and Writes Down the Cry.

By leaping from crag to crag a sure footed lad who had volunteered for the undertaking managed to get out of the Forty-second street block between Fifth and Sixth avenues yesterday afternoon with a message from the besieged tenants for the Board of Health asking for advice as to how to dispose of the garbage which had been collecting for several days because the carts can no longer get into the street.

It was late in the day when the courier reached the Health Board, nearly a mile and a quarter north, and it was too late on a half holiday for the Department to tackle such a problem immediately, but the tenants hope that some reply will reach them by next Tuesday.

The message was signed by Joseph P. McHugh of 5, 7, 9 and 11 West Forty-second street, in behalf of all the tenants. A reporter got Mr. McHugh on the telephone and asked for details of the contractor ridden block's latest grievance.

"Can't talk over the telephone about Forty-second street," replied Mr. McHugh. "I'd be sure to say things and then the company would take out my telephone, and it's the only connection I've got left with the outside world. Come up and see me. Say, will you come? Good, I'll be glad to see you. What's that? Why of course I'll be here. How the devil would I get away?

"Start as much before dark as you can, because some of the diggers have hurt the electric wires and the light is very uncertain. Put on some old clothes and a pair of stout shoes that are suitable for climbing. What's that? Oh, rubbers. Why, sure, wear rubbers. The pipes are leaking at both ends of the block. But the street is fordable now on account of the dry spell. What's the weather report for to-morrow? They haven't got through with the papers yet. Bright and fair? That's fine, but I was going to tell you the best way to get here. Come into the street from the west end of the block and on the south side. Nobody lives on that side, so they haven't dug it up much. Follow the junk heap where the Bryant Park fence used to be back in the early '90s until you come to the Pallas Art Gallery. What! Don't you know what that is? Well, it's the board fence around the library site. Hug close to that fence till you get abeam of the second corset, then turn sharp to the north and cross the south sidewalk to a point where you will find a narrow passage between a monument of loose bricks and a pyramid of water mains. Hold on. You can't come that way. A neighbor just reports that that passage has been closed to the public so as to make a private thoroughfare for the laborers to one of the contractors' row of shanties. You'll have to go quite a little way beyond the second corset, pass the third and keep on east till you come to the second kind of liver pills.

"You can't miss it. It's a ten-foot picture of a woman in a red wrapper, smiling and taking a green pill at the same time. Right there you'll find another passage through the brick piles which I understand is still open. Go right north till you get across the car tracks; then you'll find the main earth embankment thrown up along the curb line of the north sidewalk. There is only one opening through that for the whole block, so, to reach my place, you'll have to go back toward the west for about 500 feet, sort of double on your first trail, till you come to the opening. Then you can get through to the north sidewalk. Go east again about 300 feet and you'll reach my place. Good-by. Get there as soon as you can, and I'll sit up for you. I'd come out to the end of the block to meet you, but when they blast they are apt to damage the goods, and I feel that I ought to be here all the time to look out for the things. Good-by."

The reporter followed the instructions of Mr. McHugh and finally reached the latter's store without mishap. He did make one blunder when, thinking that he knew more about the geography of the place than the tenants, he tried to save trouble by getting directly onto the north sidewalk from Sixth avenue. He found that he was blocked that way by a flank movement of the diggers, who began yesterday to tear up the west end of the block in the avenue itself.

Mr. McHugh, who was sitting on a pile of union-dressed paving stones on the sidewalk in front of his store, saw the reporter coming and ran to greet him.

"I knew it was you," he exclaimed, "as soon as I saw you come through the gap down below, because you are the only stranger that any of us is expecting this afternoon. I'm mighty glad to see you. I suppose, old man, that I might have told you the whole story over the telephone but, to tell the truth, I was just longing to see a stranger come into this block who didn't have a shovel or a pick or a red dynamite flag over his shoulder. Come right inside and brush some of the dirt off and have a wash and a drink and then we'll talk. How long can you stay? I want some of the other tenants to meet you. I've told some of them that you were coming.

"Yes, that is very smooth liquor. Well, it ought to be, I've had it in my cellar ever since they first began to dig up Forty-second street. Oh, go ahead, have another, you need it after your trip.

"Now about the story you came through to get. We had——"

The interview was interrupted at the start by exultant cries out in front of "a customer, a customer."

Mr. McHugh, followed by the reporter and all the other tenants rushed out to the sidewalk. Some of them in their excitement climbed half way up the embankment and tried to look over. But it was a false alarm. A passenger had been brushed from the rear platform of a Forty-second street crosstown car by a stick of timber that had been carelessly left projecting from one of the dirt dikes. The car kept on, and the passenger, who was uninjured, was running along between the car tracks to get off the block when a woman sitting at a second story window saw him and by mistake started the cry "a customer."

"I hardly believed it," said Mr. McHugh as he led the way back to the store. "Now as I was saying I know that reporters never let danger or obstacles stand in the way of getting news, so I knew that you would even come to Forty-second street to hear about that message to the Board of Health. It's this way: Although this is, or was, a business block there are a good many artists and musicians living in the apartments on the upper floors. They may not eat much but they do accumulate more or less beer bottles and orange peelings and cheese parings and other food débris incidental to the art life, and that stuff ought to be carted away. But the garbage men have not been able to get on the block with their carts for five days and we can't expect a garbage collector to walk a block with a can of ashes and refuse on his back. It wouldn't do us any good if we did expect it. That's why we decided to appeal to the Board of Health for advice. That's all our message was. It wasn't a complaint. We don't ever complain any more. We have reached the numb state. If it hadn't been for this warm spell I don't suppose we would have even noticed the garbage.

"But this, my friend, is only an incident. It is hardly an important one when compared with the series of events on this block for the last ten years. As you see, our present grievance is this double line of embankments thrown up two weeks ago by the gas company to put in new pipes. They said it would take about five days. But the levees have grown higher every day. Now the contractor says that he will be all through on June 5, but he doesn't say what year. It won't be this year, if they don't change their methods. This is supposed to be an emergency job, but they have got only twelve men working in a trench 700 feet long. And the twelve work only from 8 in the morning till 5 in the afternoon. The only night work ever done here is blasting. That isn't so serious as you might think, though, for all the merchants on this block now have plenty of time to sleep, days.

"I admire the way that laboring men cooperate. Now these gas diggers, for instance, in the course of the last week, have managed to injure the water pipes so that our water supply is cut off every now and then, and to-day they have done something to the electric light wires, so the light is dim and going just enough to warrant the company's sending in a bill."

In corroboration of what Mr. McHugh said, the lights went out just then altogether.

IDEAL WEATHER AT TUXEDO.

Nearly All the Cottages Occupied—Golf Handicap and Tennis Matches.

TUXEDO PARK, N. Y., May 28.—Ideal weather again favored the society people at Tuxedo and attracted a large crowd to the colony for over Sunday. Nearly all of the cottages are now taken, and the residents are being settled for the summer.

House parties were in vogue throughout the week, and many of those who came out to-day will remain over Sunday for the golf handicap and tennis matches and the handicap shortly to be given by the Tuxedo Gun Club. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Trask entertained a house party, as did Mrs. James Henry Smith, who arrived from town to-day. Several large dinners were given to-night at the cottages and at the clubhouse. Among those who gave dinners were Mr. and Mrs. John Greenough, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Redmond, Mr. and Mrs. P. Lorillard Ronalds, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mortimer and Mr. and Mrs. Grenville Kane. Nearly every cottager is entertaining guests over Decoration Day.

Among the week's arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. William C. Fargo, in the Howard Page cottage; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Lee, in the Parrish cottage; Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Welsh, in the Stokes cottage; Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Poor, in their new cottage on Tower Hill; Mr. and Mrs. Walker Breese Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Foster on Tuxedo Lake road, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Nelson Borland, in the Bruce Price cottage No. 4.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Tilford will arrive next week in the Miss King cottage on Tower Hill, just vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Eben Richards, who are in the club annex.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Bealer have vacated the Price cottage and have leased the small Garrison house for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Harey will arrive next week at their cottage just vacated by Mr. and Mrs. L. Stuyvesant Chanler, who are in the Gibson House, on West Lake road.

On Decoration Day the Tuxedo Gun Club will hold their first handicap clay pigeon shoot of the season on their new grounds. Among the entries are G. C. Kent, E. M. Post, Alfred Seton, Jr., William Kent, Richmond Talbot and Pierre Lorillard, Jr.

A golf handicap is also scheduled for Decoration Day, which has a large entry list. Tennis will also be played on Monday, a tournament having been arranged. Among the players will be Deane Miller, T. Suffern Tailer, J. Henry Smith, George I. Scott, P. Lorillard, Jr., Richmond Talbot, J. Couper Lord, H. C. Pell, Jr., and William B. Dinsmore.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodhue Livingstone have taken apartments at the Winter Club for several weeks, and Mr. and Mrs. William Fahnestock are at the club annex. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Worden will arrive next week, also Mrs. J. B. Lord, who will stay at the clubhouse.

Mr. Harris Fahnestock arrived yesterday in Mrs. J. Brown Lord's cottage for the season, and Mrs. Belmont Tiffany has arrived at Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt's cottage for the summer.

Among those who arrived to-day for Sunday and Decoration Day were Mr. and Mrs. R. Horace Gallatin, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Page, Miss Lily Lee Page, Miss Clarke, H. Reidemann, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Tilford, Alexander Morten, Oscar J. Brand, Robert T. Varnum, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Scott, Miss Minnie Scott, George I. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Morris W. Munda, H. Cruger Oakley, E. N. Tailer, Henry G. Barbey, George E. Barton, Miss Edwina Post, Miss Caroline Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Forsyth, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Keech, Mr. and Mrs. William Manice, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Porter, Samuel A. Walsh, Jr., John Hubbard, Judge G. Ingraham, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur D. Weekes, Dr. and Mrs. J. McG. Woodbury, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Rogers, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Prentice, Robert Waller and De Lancey Nicoll.

COMEDIAN BUSH'S PICKLE.

Must "Appear" Both Here and in Philadelphia on Thursday.

Frank Bush, the monologue artist who played last week at the Circle Theatre, where he was arrested Friday night on a warrant charging him with failing to support his wife, Cora Parker Bush, had a hard time yesterday arranging for the $500 bail which Magistrate Pool required for his presence on Thursday next, when his examination will go on. Mrs. Bush was not perturbed by her husband's discomfiture.

The comedian sent up to the Circle for a bondsman, but no one responded. Then a messenger went to the office of George Armstrong, the vaudeville booking agent, in Fourteenth street.

Mr. Armstrong went to court, but when he found a real estate bond was required he said his wife had all the family deeds.

"I can't take the personal bond of a theatrical man," said the Judge. "You people are too migratory."

However, bail was arranged later in Judge Pool's downtown office and Bush will leave town to-day for Philadelphia, where he is engaged this week. He will have to come over here on Thursday morning and try to get back to the Quaker City as soon as possible, as he has a matinée Thursday afternoon.

SAVAGE WILL NOT HAVE GADSKI.

The Singer Can't Agree on Terms to Appear in the English "Parsifal."

Mme. Gadski cabled yesterday to her New York representative that all negotiations between her and Col. Savage relative to her appearance in the English production of "Parsifal" were at an end. She met Col. Savage's representative in Berlin, and after a long conference the two found it impossible to come to terms.

Mme. Gadski wanted to sing the rôle only on certain occasions, but Col. Savage wanted her to appear in all the performances.

Heinrich Conried is to be in Berlin next week. If Mme. Gadski fails to come to an understanding with him, she will return here for a long concert tour.

CHILDREN TO AID AT PLAYS.

Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin to Give Outdoor Entertainment to New Rochelle Day Nursery.

Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin and the managers of the New Rochelle Day Nursery have arranged to give an out-of-door entertainment on the afternoons of June 9 and 10, in aid of the nursery, on the lawn of Mr. Leigh French's home at Pelham road, New Rochelle.

There will be a performance of the "Pied Piper of Hamlin" by young people of New Rochelle and 150 children from the local school. The stage will be the level turf at the foot of the lawn on the French place which has an admirable background of shrubbery and trees. The audience will be seated on the slope of the lawn.

Preceding the Pied Piper, another Children's play, "Little Miss Moffet and the Spider," will be given.

Young women and men prominent in society along the Sound shore will act as ushers.

New Sorority at Barnard.

Barnard College of Columbia University has added to its list of Greek letter fraternities a chapter of Pi Beta Phi, which was installed last night at Bretton Hall, Broadway and Eighty-sixth street. Fourteen charter members were received.

"THE" M'MANUS'S MAY PARTY.

DOES THE 15TH NEED A MOTHERS' CLUB? HE PROUDLY ASKS.

The Assemblyman and 10,000 Youngsters Spread Over Most of Central Park and Fill Up on Ice Cream and Sandwiches—Plunkitt Reviews Them.

Tom McManus and 10,000 youngsters, some with parents and some alone, owned Central Park yesterday. It was the tenth May festival that "The" McManus has given to the little folk of the Fifteenth district, which he represents in the Assembly.

McManus, knowing something about May festivals, succeeded in maintaining order among his small army of young ones.

"Sure and I know how to do it," said McManus, pushing his silk hat back from a wet brow and struggling to free his coat tails from the grasp of half a dozen little misses, who were insistent in their demands for "more ice cream." "Sure I know how to do it, and I'm getting just as much fun out of it as any three-year-old here."

"Please, sir, Mr. McManus," interrupted a bare-footed little girl, with a tangle of brown curls, "please, sir, where's the water at?"

"Right over there in those big cans with the ice on 'um."

"Mr. McManus, here's five children who've lost their badges. What shall I do about it?" asked one of the grown-up helpers. "And there are some more over there who have lost their badges."

"O, feed them all the ice cream they want. There's plenty more where they came from. Ordered twelve gallons more."

"But I'm sure one or two of these have been here before——"

"Well, there are other repeaters. What they're doing is harmless. Let 'um have all they want.

"How much did I have? Hundred gallons of ice cream, 40,000 cakes, thousand pounds of birthday cake, 18,000 sandwiches, 7,000 caps of red, white and blue and 20,000 flags and—oh, Lord, I don't know what else."

There were flags to put in your buttonholes, flags to wave—big flags and little flags—and flags for baby carriages; indeed, it seemed as if all the flags of a national convention showered down on the little people. Those flags were the pride of McManus's heart. He gazed around upon them and then, striking an attitude, declared: "This is a non-sectarian affair. We know no creed to-day, no color and nothing except that beautiful starry banner which you see waving all around——"

Tom was rapidly rounding out his period when a small boy piped up: "Say, McManus, don't the O'Reilly family get no ice cream?"

Tom looked down at the questioner and gave him a badge.

"That's the fifth time that young devil's been after me to-day," said he, "but what's the difference? He's an O'Reilly and they're all right. There's ten in the family."

No sooner had the scion of the house of O'Reilly disappeared than "The" McManus received an appeal from the Murphys for reinforcements. The Murphys were after ice cream, too, and some one, they said, had "stoled" their badges.

"Go over there and tell that lady that I say you're my own children," said McManus.

McManus was asked if he were a member of the Mothers' Club.

"Me a member of the Mothers' Club? That thing they're talking about in the papers all the time? Sure, I have a mothers' club in the district that can beat anything Fifth avenue ever turned out," and McManus waved his arm around the green.

"Look at them," he repeated. "Did you ever see them built like that in Fifth avenue? And every blessed one of them belongs to the Thomas J. McManus Association. That's the only mothers' club in the Fifteenth."

"Mr. McManus, did yer find a badge furder down in de park?" interrupted a sunburnt boy, barefooted and dirty-faced.

"Supposin' I did?" asked McManus, pulling his white cuffs outside his coat sleeves.

"Well, it was mine."

"Yours or one of those other thousand kids who say they've lost their badges. There, now, go get another plate of cream." When he had departed McManus added: "But it's a fact that little girls have really lost their badges. You see, they get touched. Boys get up close to them, and one pulls her dress on one side and attracts her attention, and then the other swipes the badge. Girls can get the cream, any way."

The gayest spot of all and the one dearest to the hearts of all the little girls was the May Queen's shrine. It was all white and dazzling with gold tinsel and crested with golden harps and birds and a white and gold canopy. Four boys carried it, and little Margaret Kelly, curly-haired and bright-eyed, in a dress of white and gilt and a crown with a golden star, led the procession to and from the Park. Four little maids of honor, with floral wreaths and bright tinsel sparkling all over them, followed the canopy, while eight flower girls, with a pink flower decked May pole, trotted proudly behind the Queen.

The procession started at 9 o'clock from Mr. McManus's residence in West Forty-ninth street, and reached the Park about noon. On the way there, the 10,000, with Tom McManus at their head, passed Senator Plunkitt's house in West Fifty-first street. The Senator reviewed the procession from his front steps and waved his hands, while the little girls threw kisses and the boys just grinned.

On the return trip the celebrators passed the rectory of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in West Seventy-first street, where Father Taylor reviewed them.

Big Tim Sullivan, Florry Sullivan and Alderman Muh visited the May party late in the afternoon and ate ice cream and sandwiches with some of the youngsters. It was a tired, sleepy, well-filled, happy hearted 10,000 children that went home at sundown.

JONESES ARE TOO NUMEROUS.

All Wanted Prominence or Jobs, So the Great Jones Picnic Is Called Off.

WILKESBARRE, May 28.—The proposed picnic of all the Joneses in northeastern Pennsylvania, which was to have been held this summer, has collapsed. There were too many Joneses and too many make trouble. The programme of the day was all right as far as it went, but it provided features for only about twenty Joneses, and as there are several hundred who consider themselves quite as capable of making speeches, the jealousy thus created was not pleasant.

Many women who were originally Joneses have married, but they do not see why they were not eligible to attend. One married woman named Williams wrote that if her mother and father and her brothers and sisters were admitted, she did not see that the committee had a right to keep her out. She did not think the committee was capable of doing it, and if there was any doubt of the matter she was willing to have them test it.

It was also found that there were more Joneses than even the most liberal promoter of the plan had anticipated and not only was the park likely to overflow, but there were Jones singers, Jones poets, Jones acrobats, Jones humorists, Jones orators and Jones entertainers who demanded places on the programme. It has been roughly figured that if all got a place it would take eight days of fifteen hours each to complete the programme, without allowing for encores.

Then there were Jones waiters, Jones policemen, Jones hucksters, Jones candy men, Jones restaurant keepers, Jones sandwich men, and Joneses innumerable who wanted jobs on the picnic ground and who intimated that they would be slighted if they did not get them.

Altogether the promoters of the plan discovered that there were so many Joneses with ideas which differed from their own, and so many who wanted things done and so many who wanted privileges that they had stirred up a veritable hornets' nest.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Justice John Proctor Clarke has been appointed fleet captain of the Larchmont Yacht Club by Acting Commodore A. C. Bostwick. The members of the club are worried as to how the side to the commodore should be addressed. Justice Clarke has become an enthusiastic sailor. He owns a small boat, which he handles with skill and he is always willing to bet a "big apple" with any other yacht owner that his boat is the best in her class.

The Larchmont club rather runs to titled men for its officers. For the last three years Gen. Thomas L. Watson was the fleet captain. It is always proper to give a yachtsman his correct rank when addressing him and the owner of any boat is always captain. At first it seemed to be rather bad form to call a General "Captain," but the club men soon decided that any one could be a General, but it was only a chosen few who could be fleet captains. Now the same question has been raised again in a new form, and the opinion is that a fleet captain outranks a Justice, and so Justice Clarke will in future be known as Fleet Captain John Proctor Clarke, L. Y. C.

"Cupid is getting busy among the women teachers since the Board of Education recently rescinded the by-law which made marriage a cause for dismissal," said one of the men clerks in School Hall to the good-looking stenographer near by.

"That by law never applied to us, did it?" she answered. He wondered afterward why she stopped clicking the machine and looked at him, but he went on preparing the schedule for the Board of Education meeting.

There were four items relating to teachers who presented "satisfactory evidence" that they had changed their names at the altar and wanted them changed on the payrolls.

"Teaching seems to be a profession conducive to a long life," said an official of the Board of Education the other day. His remark was in reference to a list of teachers and principals whose retirement was ordered at a recent meeting of the board. Principal Ellen F. Ahearn of Public School 130 will retire after fifty-five years' service in the schools. She was appointed on July 1, 1849. Helen J. Hatch, a teacher in Public School 50, was appointed on Feb. 26, 1854. William Bilber, principal of Public School 3, has been a trainer of youth for more than half a century. He was appointed in February, 1851. His school is in The Bronx. Principal Jonathan B. Hyatt of Public School 9 in that borough is another veteran. He was appointed in 1855. Adeline E. R. Anderson, a teacher in Public School 2 at 116 Henry street, was appointed in April, 1855.

Almaretta is a statuesque mahogany-colored creature, perhaps 22 years old. She is only a few months from the South. Last Wednesday evening she asked Mrs. Brownsmith to allow her to go out on Wednesday instead of Thursday.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Brownsmith.

"Thar's t' be a daince."

"Oh you can go to a dance any time."

"No'm. This's me last chance."

"Goodness, your last chance? Why?"

"Cosey' see, 'm, Ah'm a-gwine t' get 'ligion next Thursday an' be taken int' de church."

A big policeman came into the West Thirty-seventh street station the other night carrying a child less than 3 years old on his shoulder. Traces of tears were visible on the child's face.

"Lost child, sergeant," said the cop, as he put the youngster on the floor.

A few minutes later another cop brought in a second lost child, and a great crowd of children, none older than six, could be seen through the open door, gathered about the station house steps. Presently the father of the first child came in, followed by a hundred pair of tiny eyes. As the lost child ran to the father and jumped into his arms, a chorus of "Ahs" went up from outside. When the baby left the station house on his father's shoulder, all clapped their hands and followed laughing and shouting.

STARVATION TOO SLOW.

Dennis Leary Tried a Razor on His Throat, but Will Get Over It.

Dennie Leary, who is said to be a relative of Congressman Timothy D. Sullivan and who has been employed by many sporting men, attempted suicide yesterday in the boarding house at 151 West Forty-third street. He has been ill for several weeks and four days ago he locked himself in his room and refused to let any one give him food.

Yesterday morning Mrs. John Gifford, who runs the boarding house, tried to get him to take some food, but he kept her out of the room. She then decided that Leary's friends should be notified and she sent for E. A. Klapp, who lives at the Hotel Cadillac. Klapp tried to get Leary to take some medicine, but Leary told him that he was feeling better and would be out in a few days.

A few minutes after Klapp left the house Leary was found in his room with his throat cut. He had used the blade of a safety razor. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital, but will probably recover.

MAYOR'S AUTO DRIVER FINED.

Magistrate in the Dark When He Wished He Could Raise the Limit.

Martin Seiler, automobile driver for Mayor McClellan, who was arrested Friday night for speeding the Mayor's auto eighteen miles an hour along Eighth avenue, was in the West Side court yesterday to answer to the charge. Magistrate Pool had not heard that the Mayor's driver had been arrested and no one took the pains to tell him until after the case had been disposed of.

Bike Cop James A. Donahue, who made the arrest, seemed to think that it would hurt his case if the Magistrate knew who was before him, so he made the simple statement that the man was going at an excessive rate of speed.

"It is a pity I can't fine these people more than $10," remarked the Judge. "There should be a new law."

Seiler paid his fine and left the court.

"Otto," who was with Seiler when the arrest was made, did not go to court.

"GOING LIKE THE WIND."

All the Same, Bicycle Cop Chased and Arrested Coles.

Charles Coles, a machinist of Mamaroneck-on-the-Sound, was arrested yesterday afternoon at 135th street and St. Nicholas avenue by Bicycle Policeman McLaughlin for running his automobile at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. Coles had in the machine with him Miss Mary E. Wood of 259 Lenox avenue and another woman. McLaughlin said the party passed him at 138th street, "going like the wind."

He signalled to Coles, who was driving, to stop, but he kept right on and tried to get away. McLaughlin gave chase, and overtook him three blocks further down. Coles protested that he was not going so fast, but he was taken to the West 125th street station. He was bailed out by Miss Wood, who gave personal property as surety.

AUTO ROUTE PLANNING.

Counsel for Club Talks to Police Inspectors—Traps for Stone Throwers.

W. W. Niles, who is counsel for the Automobile Club, had a talk yesterday with Inspectors Cortright, Brooks and Grant on Police Commissioner McAdoo's scheme for routes to the ferries for automobilists. Several routes were picked out, but nothing definite will be decided upon until Mr. McAdoo, who is out of town, returns to Police Headquarters on Monday.

For the last couple of days detectives have been riding around in automobiles looking for boys who throw stones. It was said that the members of the Automobile Club had offered to let the police have as many automobiles as they wanted for this work, but this was denied at Police Headquarters.

IN SOCIETY.

Some New Yorkers are going over to Philadelphia this week to attend the open air horse show. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt will have a box, as they did recently in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. James B. M. Grosvenor of 723 Fifth avenue have also secured a box.

Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt is here with her mother, Mrs. Frederic Neilson, prior to joining Mr. Vanderbilt in Philadelphia. This is her farewell visit to her old home on lower Fifth avenue, to which Mrs. Neilson will not return when she comes back from Europe.

June is the luckiest of bridal months, but Miss Edith Cryder will defy superstition by being married to F. Lothrop Ames of Boston on the last day of May. The ceremony will be performed in Trinity Chapel at 2:30 in the afternoon. The bride will be attended only by the Misses Ethel and Elsie Cryder, the others of the triplets. The flower maidens will be Helen Hooper, Olivia Ames and Elsie Ames, all nieces of the bridegroom. William Woodward and Miss Ethel Cryder will be seen together in public on this occasion for the first time since their engagement was announced.

Mr. Ames gave his bachelor dinner in Boston. Besides Mr. Woodward, Mr. Ames's attendants are to be Fletcher Harper, Edward Horton, William Stackpole, Philip Dalton, Henry Adams, Harold Blanchard, Le Baron Russell, Townsend Irvin and Randolph Grew, a brother of Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr. There will be a number of the relatives and friends of Mr. Ames on for the occasion. Mr. Ames and his bride will pass a part of the summer at the Ames country place, at North Easton, Mass. Probably they will live in New York.

High William Jackson of Baltimore, whose wedding to Miss Anna Dudley Hart takes place on Wednesday afternoon, is a son of ex-Gov. E. D. Jackson of Maryland. His brother, Richard N. Jackson, will be his best man and the only attendant. The ceremony will be performed at 4 o'clock by the Rev. Dr. J. Ross Stevenson, at the home of the bride's father, E. Burton Hart, 13 East Seventy-sixth street. There will be a general reception afterward.

Mrs. Francis Ormond French is due to arrive here this week from Europe and soon will go to Harborview, her Newport place. Her son-in-law and daughter, Lord and Lady Cheylesmore, and their two sons will visit her later on and will go to the St. Louis exposition. Lord Cheylesmore is as great an enthusiast in regard to coaching as his brother-in-law, Alfred G. Vanderbilt. He had not come into his title when here before and was then Col. Francis Herbert Eaton.

Miss Anita Levin, one of Wednesday's pretty brides, will walk up the aisle of the Chapel of the Good Shepherd preceded by three matrons of honor, and the bridegroom, the Rev. Philip Cook, will await her at the chancel. She will wear a gown of point appliqué lace, over white satin and chiffon, and voluminous point lace veil, held with a coronet of orange blossoms. The matrons, Mrs. Clarence Frederick Levin of Genesee Valley, N. Y., a sister-in-law, and Mrs. Walter E. Lambert, a cousin of the bride, and Mrs. Paul H. Deming of this city, whom she assisted as bridesmaid at her wedding in Detroit last January, will all wear costumes of cream lace. This pale blue hats and parasols will be trimmed with pink roses. Julia Dick and Doris Dick will be flower maidens.

The Rev. Philip Cook, who is an assistant clergyman of the Church of the Incarnation, Madison avenue and Thirty-fifth street, will give his bachelor dinner to-morrow night, when his guests will include Lloyd Reynolds of Erie, Pa.; Clarence F. Levin, Archibald Langford and Charles B. Hedrick of New York, and Julian Carter of Baltimore, who will attend him as best men and ushers. Mr. Cook was graduated from Trinity College and the General Theological Seminary in this city.

There will be some newly married couples among the passengers sailing for Europe on the steamship Lucania on June 4, and the Rev. and Mrs. Philip Cook, who will be abroad for several months, will be of the number, as will Dr. and Mrs. Eugene Pool, who will return in August.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Alexander Rembert Hall, the latter née Lane, will sail for Europe on Wednesday on the Oceanic. They will travel for several months, and on their return will take possession of their new home here. The wedding of the couple on Wednesday was a pretty home affair.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McKown Twombly start on Tuesday from their country place, Florham Park, at Madison, N. J., for a visit to the St. Louis fair and Colorado, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Ruth Vanderbilt Twombly and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Harvey Tiers, Morristown neighbors. The Twomblys will be at their Newport cottage when the season is at its height.

Elisha Dyer, Jr., will go over to Philadelphia to attend the dinner to be given to-night in honor of Miss Elsie Whelen and Robert Goelet by Mr. and Mrs. William E. Carter at their country place, Gwedna, at Bryn Mawr. Mr. and Mrs. Robert K. Cassatt, Mr. and Mrs. John Hampton Barnes and others will be of the party. Mr. Goelet is likely to give his bachelor dinner here at the Knickerbocker on the night of June 11. The only Philadelphian attendant he will have will be William Whelen, brother of his bride. Robert Walton Goelet, to be his best man, and Robert Livingston Gerry, one of the ushers, are cousins. Arthur Scott Burden is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Burden. Arthur Iselin is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Iselin. Ogden Mills, Jr., will have his first experience as an usher on the occasion. Henry Rogers Winthrop has also been selected.

Miss Alice Roosevelt will be a bridesmaid twice in the same week: for Miss Elsie Whelen, at her wedding with Robert Goelet, on Tuesday, June 14, and, four days later, for Miss Helen Roosevelt, at her marriage with T. Douglas Robinson. The Misses Marion Haven and Nora Iselin are the two New York girls selected by Miss Whelen. The Philadelphia girls chosen by Miss Whelen are the Misses Frances Griscom, sister-in-law of Mrs. Lloyd Carpenter Griscom, formerly Miss Elsa Bronson; Esther Harrison, Pauline Biddle, Adelaide Jordan and Edith Bruen. Mrs. Craig Biddle will attend her sister as matron of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin and the Misses Nora Iselin and Fanny Iselin will sail for Europe for the summer soon after the Goelet-Whelen wedding. Mrs. Thomas Garner, the grandmother of the Misses Iselin and the mother of the first Mrs. Iselin, who is now sojourning at the Waldorf-Astoria, will soon leave for her cottage at Lenox, Mass. She has given up her home at 17 Madison avenue, where she lived for nearly twenty years.

Capt. and Mrs. Warren C. Beach return to their home here, 585 Fifth avenue, this week, from their Washington house on H street. They will soon depart for Saratoga for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson W. Hard, who lived for years at 49 Park avenue, have been located for the past winter at the Holland House and are now at their Far Rockaway cottage in anticipation of the wedding of their daughter, Miss Laura W. Hard, to Henry von Lengerke Meyer, to take place next Wednesday. It will be celebrated there in St. John's Church. Mr. Meyer, who is a son of Mr. and Mrs. George A Meyer of 470 Lexington avenue, is a member of the Union Club.

Matrons of honor are quite in vogue and Miss Mary E. Simons, whose wedding with Charles Storey Thurston of Boston will be an event of Wednesday afternoon, at All Angels' Church, will be attended by her sister-in-law Mrs. E. H. Harriman Simons. She will also have a maid of honor, her sister, Miss Cornelia Neilson Simons. The Misses Mary Harriman; Gladys M. J. Smith Mabel L. Storm and Mary E. Wolfe will be bridesmaids. The ceremony will be performed by the rector, the Rev. Dr. S. De Lancey Townsend, at 4 o'clock, assisted by the bridegroom's father, the Rev. Dr. John R. Thurston of Whitinsville, Mass. With the exception of the bride's brother, E. H. Harriman Simons, the ushers, Rodney Thayer, J. L. Gardiner, Richard Weld and J. S. Driggs, are all Bostonians, as is the best man, Edward Gray. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dewar Simons, the bride's parents, will give a reception after the ceremony at their home, 280 West Seventy-third street.

Mrs. Wells S. Hastings will attend her sister-in-law Miss Emily Belle Hastings as matron of honor at her wedding to Dr. Edwin L. Beebe of Buffalo next Wednesday afternoon, in St. Thomas's Church, Fifth avenue and Fifty-third street. There will be no bridesmaids. Ralph Wright of Buffalo will assist the bridegroom as best man and Drs. Linsly R. Williams and Theodore J. Abbott and Wells S. Hastings, will be ushers. The Rev. Dr. Ernest M. Stires, rector of the church, will perform the ceremony. After the church ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Hastings will give a reception at their home, 68 East Fifty-fourth street.

J. R. Barton Willing, Mrs. John Jacob Astor's bachelor brother, gave his cousin Miss Eleanor Willing away at her wedding with George Stuart Patterson on Thursday at the Philadelphia home of her aunt, Miss Hoy.

J. H. Moore, who had the public coach Viking for its trip yesterday, will have it again to-morrow. The Pioneer will continue to run between the Holland House and Ardsley this week.

Thatcher Magoun Brown, son of John Crosby Brown, the head of the banking firm of Brown Bros. & Co. of New York, and Mrs. Brown, will be married on Friday next to Miss Caro Lord Noyes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Roger Noyes of St. Paul, Minn., in the House of Hope Presbyterian Church there. The ceremony will be held in the afternoon at 4:30 o'clock.

PENNY ANTE RAID.

East Side Sleuth Fails to Put Lid on a Pinochle Game.

Policeman Mathew T. Adams of the Union Market station arraigned four short men with long whiskers in the Essex Market police court yesterday, whom he captured in a raid on Friday night in Samuel Heffner's saloon at 219 Stanton street.

"I charge Heffner there with conducting a gambling house," said Adams, "and the other three with being common gamblers."

The alleged common gamblers turned pale when the interpreter explained the charge to them.

"Here is the evidence," continued Adams as he produced a pinochle deck and $1.33 in pennies.

"We are trying to kep the lid down in my precinct. Me and the captain have been watching this place for some time, but only men who are vouched for can get in. I succeeded in stealing in and surprised them red handed and captured the paraphernalia."

"What game were they playing?" asked Magistrate Whitman.

"One man rubbed a lot of figures off a slate," said Adams, "but as they talked Jewish, I could not understand them."

"Can you swear that any of them made a wager?" asked the Magistrate.

"Oh, no," replied Adams.

"Discharged," said the Magistrate.

"I'll get them yet," said Adams as he was leaving the court. "I'll have them players subpœnaed before the Grand Jury and compel them under the new law to tell what they did that night."

Princeton Alumni to Establish Scholarship.

ORANGE, N. J., May 8.—At the suggestion of its president, Robert E. Annin, of South Orange, the Princeton Alumni Association of the Oranges has decided to establish a fund of $2,500 for a free scholarship at Princeton University, which shall be open to boys of modest means who are students at the public schools of the Oranges. This fund will be contributed by the local alumni.