

WING LEE WANTS A "MELIGAN WIFE."

He Is a Prosperous Laundryman in Brooklyn, with an Eye to Beauty.

Time After Time He Has Proposed, but Brooklyn Sunday-School Girls Are Shy.

Wing Rides a Bicycle, but the Bloomer Girls, Too, Refuse to Accept Him.

ONE, HOWEVER, WAS WILLING TO WED.

Not Up to Wing's Ideas of Personal Pulchritude, He Wouldn't Have Her, Policemen Trying to Help Him Out.

WING LEE wants a wife and he is having trouble in finding one. This is the sign that his neighbors in Brooklyn expect to see hung on in front of his laundry any day.

Wanted—A good-looking American wife, of a good-looking Chinaman. Sunday school teacher preferred. Apply inside, at once.

Wing Lee has prospered in his little laundry on Flatbush avenue, near Lenox road, and huns to himself this Mongolian classic: My name Wing Lee, from China. Both in walk by Meligan man; Me as speaks little blue English. "Eat you" to do velly best I can. Wing Lee followed a Sunday school class.

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SOUBRETTE ROW GETS IN COURT

Tenderloin's Four Hundred Turns Out at the Trial of Moffatt, His Son and Housekeeper.

There was a rustle of silks and gleam of diamonds in Part IV, General Sessions. It was a sort of fete day with the Tenderloin's Four Hundred. The best gowns and most effective cosmetics had been donned by the crowd of witnesses on the occasion of the trial of Charles A. Moffatt, the wealthy real estate owner, his son Edward, and their negro housekeeper, Emma Hooker, charged with maintaining a public nuisance, in "Soubrette Row." The Moffatts, it is alleged, rented flats in West Thirty-ninth street for immoral purposes.

The first witness was Justice Jerome, of the Court of Special Sessions. He testified that on June 19 he had summoned Charles Moffatt to court and warned him that he was violating the law in allowing respectable women to occupy his flat.

Policeman Hughes testified that he had met women on the street of No. 40 at 1, who took him to the flats owned by Moffatt. Ray Foster, popularly known as one of the "Couchie Couchie" sisters, testified that she had paid the Moffatts \$11 a week for a five-room flat on the fourth floor of the Moffatt house.

The trial will be continued to-day.

TO REPORT "WHISKERS" SMITH.

Conn. Says the Policeman Gave Him a Dollar to Buy a Flask of Whiskey.

Policeman Smith, familiarly known as "Whiskers," of the Yorkville Police Court squad, appeared yesterday against John Connelly, night watchman for R. H. Macy & Co. The policeman said that the prisoner had accepted a dollar from him at 3 o'clock yesterday morning, with which he was to procure a flask of whiskey. He said Connelly then refused to buy the whiskey, or return the money.

The prisoner declared he had taken the money from Smith merely to hold it until the latter's effort to get another excise case, and that he afterward offered to return it to avoid arrest. Magistrate Cornell honorably discharged the watchman, who declared his intention to report Smith at Headquarters.

BEATS MRS. O'BRIEN'S DEER.

Wife of William J. Forten, Jr., Disputes Her Claim to the Biggest Game.

William J. Forten, Jr., of Saratoga

A LAWSUIT OVER A NAME.

No One Else May Use "Beefsteak John" on His Restaurant, Says Mrs. Cashau.

Her Brother-in-Law Must Give It Up or Defend an Action for \$10,000 Damage.

WAS LEFT TO HER BY HER HUSBAND

He Was the Original "Beefsteak John," and the Title Was About the Only Valuable Asset Bequeathed to the Widow.

MRS. AUGUSTA CASHAU firmly believes there is something more in a name than sound. She believes a commercial value is attached to at least one name, and will try to win to the same belief a jury of her peers.

The name to which Mrs. Cashau attaches so much importance is that of "Beefsteak John," which she claims to have inherited from her first husband, Frederick Roeder. She says it is worth at least \$10,000, and she is about to bring an action to recover that amount from her brother-in-law, William Roeder, and his partner, Frederick Weitzstein, as well as to restrain them from using the name in future in their business.

Mrs. Cashau's troubles began shortly after she married her present husband, William Cashau, who is a nephew of her first husband. Her brother-in-law, William, objected to the marriage and according to Mrs. Cashau threatened to ruin her if she wedded. This, she says, he has tried to do, by taking the name of "Beefsteak John," which was the most valuable asset her husband left, and opening a restaurant on Sixth avenue, only two blocks from her place on Eighth avenue.

His partner in the new venture, Mrs. Cashau says, is Frederick Weitzstein, of No. 188 Harrison avenue, Brooklyn. In the

TRAMP OF ROYAL BLOOD.

His Personal Baggage Consists of a Squirrel, Hoop Skirt, Bridle and Rubbish.

"King William of Prussia, Sir," He Said, "Is a Distant Relative of My Family."

HE WANTS A JOB FROM M'KINLEY.

Unsympathetic, Rude Policemen of New York Tame Mr. Waggle Away and Put Him in an Insane Asylum.

WHEN two Park policemen had forced him to give up his personal baggage in the City Hall Park, they found a rarely bedraggled tramp making vain efforts to confine within a torn newspaper a remarkable set of belongings.

There was a live squirrel in a little cage, a woman's skirt and apron, old shoes, hats, tin teacups, boiled fruit, onions, cabbage, a bottle of beer and a box of quinine pills, a jews' harp, brass door knobs, an old bottle, and other rubbish. The tramp had spent the night on a park bench, surrounded by this queer assortment.

Roused from slumber by the rude crowd, the tramp snatched his stuff together and doated off amid the fustian and jetsam of Park row, followed by a taunting mob. The tramp became so humorous and the crowd so large that the efforts of six po-



Blue-Blinded Tramp.

licemen were required to disperse the gathering. Waggle was taken to the Oak Street Station.

"My name, sir," he said to the Sergeant at the desk, in grandiloquent tone, "is Frederick William Duman. I am forty-one years old, late of Philadelphia and Washington. I shall return to Washington to get a position under the new Administration. That is a gentleman's town. New York is too rude for me. I am named after distant relatives, King William of Prussia and his son, the late Emperor."

An ambulance from Gouverneur Hospital reached the station at this stage of the tramp's address and he was hustled off to the insane asylum. His squirrel accompanied him, but his other treasures were left behind.

FUNERAL OF ARTIST SARONY.

Took Place from St. Leo's Church, the Rev. Father Ducey Officiating.

The funeral of Napoleon Sarony took place yesterday morning from St. Leo's Church, in East Twenty-eighth street. The Rev. Father Ducey celebrated a low requiem mass. In the chancel of the church was the Rev. Dr. Sylvester Malone, of Williamsburg, who officiated at Mr. Sarony's marriage forty years ago.

The church was crowded, the Kit-Kat, the Salmagundi and the Lotus Club sending delegations. The Photographers' Copyright Club of America sent a beautiful floral wreath.

The casket was covered with white roses and violets. The chief mourners were Mrs. Sarony, the widow; Otto Sarony, the son; Henry Thomas, the brother of Mrs. Sarony, and E. G. Murphy, a nephew of the deceased. The pallbearers were William Chase, Edward Moran, C. Y. Turner and J. H. Dolph. The interment was in Greenwood cemetery.

GARBAGE DRIVES AWAY COD.

Poisons Their Food, the Speckled Sea Crab, and Causes Them to Migrate.

Only a few years ago the cod fishermen at the Highlands of Navesink anchored their fish lines far seaward from the laced edged, combing surf, using on their big looks soft clams for bait. The fishermen sometimes caught the fish in such large numbers that schooner loads were shipped to this market in bulk at \$10 per ton. Now all this industry is about forsaken. Captain Derby, a fisherman, says that the bottom of the sea along the shore is formed into riffs, or ridges, by the under action of the sea. Between these ridges and depressions the non-edible, speckled sea crab sought shelter from the turbulent waters above. The codfish knew these hiding places and devoured the crabs in myriads. He made himself fat for his capture. In turn, by the fisherman's trawl hook and its bait, the fascinating soft clam.

But now the sea crab is extinct off Highland beach, for the dumping of the garbage and the refuse of the greater city, about three miles from the shore, is swept beachward by southeast winds, filling the depressions and poisoning the sea crab.

An effort will be made this winter to abate the nuisance that destroys the crabs, drives the fish away and deprives many fishermen from making a living.

Crushed to Death Between Cars. John Lawrence, thirty years old, of Canetto street, Union Hill, N. J., a foreman of a gang of laborers on the West Shore Railroad, while at work yesterday afternoon, was caught between two cars and crushed to death. His mangled remains were taken to the morgue.

Disagreeable sensations resulting from cough vanish before Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.—Adv.

PHOTOGRAPH ON A LETTER.

No Name, No Address, but the Postman Delivered It All Right.

It Was for United States Special Treasury Agent George S. Scally.

NOT A GOOD LIKENESS, EITHER.

Friends of the Gentleman Now Declare the Face Would Look Good on Posters as Candidate for Some Fat Office.

VARIOUS dubious stories are told from time to time of freak addresses put upon envelopes that finally go through the mails to the one intended, but here is a case as strange as any, which has in addition the somewhat unusual feature of truth.

It seems that a certain friend of United States Special Treasury Agent George S. Scally mailed him a letter, and whether from facetiousness, or in order to test the efficiency of Uncle Sam's letter carriers, decided to substitute instead of the usual name and address a photograph of the man for whom the letter was intended. He omitted even the number of the street.

If he had intended, however, to rattle the officials, he is a badly fooled man, for, punctually Tuesday morning, without a mail having been skipped, the letter was delivered at Mr. Scally's residence, No. 186 Chrystie street. That proves two things: That the Post Office men are a pretty smart set, and also that Mr. Scally is a well-known man in the community.

Another remarkable feature of the incident is that the picture is not at present a very good likeness of Mr. Scally, for all who have the pleasure of knowing that gentleman are aware that he has not worn

an imperial, as depicted in the photograph, for at least two years.

An envious friend suggested that he must have been identified at Police Headquarters, but Mr. Scally's neighbors indignantly scout the suggestion, and say how nice that picture would look on the bill boards, the next time they want a candidate for—well, some good office in the gift of the people.

COMSTOCK SUES FOR \$50,000.

Says Leveson Libelled Him by Calling Him a Notorious Blackmailer.

Anthony Comstock, president of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, is the plaintiff in a suit for \$50,000 damages for alleged libel. The defendant is Montague L. Leveson, and the suit is the outcome of a wrangle between Leveson and Comstock at the Albany depot of the New York Central Railway, on February 19. The papers in the suit were filed with the clerk of the United States Circuit Court yesterday.

Comstock alleges that in the course of his wrangle with Leveson the latter said, while people were around: "Ladies and gentlemen, this man is Anthony Comstock, a notorious blackmailer, who never earned an honest dollar in his life."

BAD BOY TRUANTS AND THEIR PARENTS.

These Naughty Boys Stoned the Parents of These Boys Were Fined for Not Sending Them to School.

There are some mighty bad boys on the West Side of this city for whom the Compulsory Education law has no terrors. Two such boys were held for trial in the Yorkville Police Court yesterday, Michael Ambrose, Jr., eleven years old, of No. 506 Eleventh avenue, and Mark Caulfield, twelve years old, of No. 413 West Fifty-third street.

Miss Mary E. Alger, a truant officer, and A. C. Martinez, secretary of the Attendance Department of the School Board, were on Eleventh avenue serving summonses on the families of four truants, when Michael and Mark and some other youngsters caught sight of them. Such boys hate a truant officer as much as bad men hate a policeman.

"Hi," yelled Michael to his companions, "Here're de school cops. We'll show 'em!" Michael and Mark and the others three stones at Miss Alger and Martinez and drove them into a hallway. A crowd that sympathized with the boys collected and prevented the two women from serving the summonses until policemen went to their aid. Michael and Mark were arrested and held for trial.

DRAMAS AND WIFE, UNHAPPY IN LIFE, DIVIDED BOTH FAMILY AND FORTUNE.

M. DRAMAS and his wife lived a very happy life out in Franklin—'tis a quiet Jersey town—till a supper that was cold roused this man to anger bold, and his lofty forehead wore a fearful frown.

"I have fretted and regretted that I ever married you," Dramas pere to Dramas mere exclaimed in ire; "and upon the very day that I swore I'd you obey," she replied, "I put my foot into the fire."

So they argued and they fussed; Dramas pere, he really cussed, while two children in another room were sleeping. The young ones heard the noise, then they lost their equisole, and both of them fell straightway into weeping.

Then by mutual consent to a Justice (Post) they went, and agreed to let His Honor there decide what each of them should take as a separate little stake, if their children and belongings they'd divide.

So the father took the boy, and the mother, as her joy, claimed the little girl, who's only four months old. Then the chairs and chinaware they divided, share by share, and the love that bound them once at last is cold.

MIX-UP AMONG THE GOLDSTEINS.

Head of One Family and Mistress of the Other Disappear the Same Day.

The Goldsteins, of Brooklyn, have furnished a plot for a farce comedy. They have mixed up in a manner that is likely to baffle the best effort of all of the divorce experts in Chicago.

There are two families of Goldsteins in the Eastern District of Brooklyn. Israel is the master of one and Abram of the other. They were not related, but intermarriage may have brought about phases of kinship that beat the great "Get-off-the-Earth" puzzle.

Mrs. Israel Goldstein, who lived at No. 119 Seigel street, traded at the grocery store of Abram Goldstein, at No. 69 Graham avenue. That's how it all began. To make a long story short, they disappeared together Saturday.

Israel Goldstein returned from his synagogue to find his wife, his little boy and girl and all of his furniture gone.

That same day Mrs. Abram Goldstein missed her husband and \$1,100 in cash. She declares that the loss of her husband was a mere trifle compared with that of the \$1,100. She believes that he has joined Mrs. Israel Goldstein somewhere in New York, and that they are living together, and adds that if they are satisfied she is.

The deserted husband and deserted wife have no intention of joining their fortunes. Matters are complicated enough now.

WILL WATCH HELL GATE. Inspector Appointed to Board Incoming Vessels, and Five Pretty Girls the Cause of It.

Dr. Joseph Senner, the Immigration Commissioner, decided yesterday that every foreign vessel arriving through the Sound ought to be boarded by an inspector, and he accordingly appointed James J. Toner to do the work.

The Doctor's anxiety concerning the possible invasion of foreigners by way of Hell Gate was inspired by the fact that five pretty Nova Scotian girls slipped into New York on a schooner a few weeks ago, to visit relatives in this city.

It was shown at the time that the girls were daughters of respectable lumber mer-

MARtha WASHINGTON LOSES HER FREEDOM.

Dusky Belle Whose Love Entanglement Led Her Into Trouble.

Jealous of a Kitcheri Maid, She Made Things Very Hot for Her.

Fought Three Policemen and a Detective Till They Were Fit for the Rag Bag.

"FIVE DOLLARS," SAID MAGISTRATE MOTT.

"Dat's All Right," Said Martha, "I'se Done Had de Wuth o' Dat Fine fo' Dis; You Heah Me?" And She Had Indeed.

UNTIL yesterday Martha Washington was free, black and forty-one. She is still black and forty-one. Magistrate Mott deprived her of the freedom in Jefferson Market Court yesterday morning.

It was all because Martha fell in love. She lived alone at No. 420 West Forty-ninth street, but was willing to share her loneliness with a colored coachman employed at No. 218 West Forty-second street. The coachman pretended to love Martha, but he was carrying on a flirtation with the kitchen maid where he worked.

Of course, Martha found this out, and, of course, she made it hot for the maid. A warrant was issued for Martha. Court Detective Lebers made the first pass at Martha single handed. There is some hope of his recovery.

"Dey stin no law dat kin tek me outin' dis yer room whar 'I'se er stayin'," said she

to him. "I knows de law on you caln't tek me outin' yer 'bout givin' me ten days nofts fust in advance."

Lebers moved toward Martha. "Tek kour, chile," she yelled, "I'se er comin'!" At the bottom of the four flights of stairs Lebers found himself. Three policemen fifteen minutes to dislodge Martha, and their uniforms were ready for the ragman. Martha was fined \$5. She will serve it out.

"Dat's all right," she said. "I'se done had de wouth o' dat fine fo' dis. You heah me!"

NOW THE PET DOG ASSOCIATION IS IN ARMS AGAINST COLONEL WARING.

The great American pet dog is not going to be swept out of the city without raising a mighty yell. His friends are organizing for defence and will carry on the fight to the bitter end.

The Pet Dog Association met yesterday afternoon, forty strong, at the residence of Mrs. Forrest Dowling, No. 40 East Fifty-third street, and organized the cause of the well bred pup and cynophile.

The action of Colonel Waring and the resolution passed by the Board of Health to prohibit the keeping of dogs in New York City was the topic of discussion. A paper in behalf of the lap dog and snip dog was read by William J. Eger, secretary of the Building Association of New York. Said he: "It is a crying shame. It is an infringement on the rights of the American citizen. Many persons prefer the society of their cultured dogs to the society of man."

"There were cries of 'Down with Waring!' 'Save our dogs!' etc. A pretty blonde, holding a shivering pet of the Mexican variety, puckered up her mouth and remarked: 'Just think that Waring man is too mean for anything. My dog is just as good as he is. Now, there!'"

A committee was appointed to confer with Mr. Eger and appear before the Board of Aldermen in behalf of the much abused dog.

The American Pet Dog Association has been organized since 1888. Horace Stokes is president.

William Thornton, thirteen years old, of No. 432 Greenwich street, is a messenger boy.

If there were fewer messenger boys, there would be more messenger men and fewer men out of work," Magistrate Kudlich said, when Thornton was before him. Mrs. Thornton was fined \$1.

STATEN ISLAND FIREMEN COLLECT ALL KINDS OF BRIC-A-BRAC AT FIRES.

FIREMEN in Stapleton, S. I., have the bric-a-brac fad. They make collections when they go to fires.

This interesting art item was discovered Tuesday morning. A fire occurred in the house of August Herrmann, head of the Rubsam & Herrmann Brewing Company, at 2:15 a. m. Charles Herrmann, his son, gave the alarm, and in course of time the fire was put out.

A policeman caught William Stumpf, a member of the Excelsior Hose Company, taking away, as a souvenir of the fire, a valuable teapot of Dresden ware. He was examined yesterday before Justice Marsh.

"Yes, I took the teapot," he said. "The boys always collect souvenirs at fires. Why, there isn't a fire company house on Staten Island that hasn't got a collection."

"Umph!" said the Justice, reflectively. "What kind of collections?"

"Oh, some of them have clocks, some pictures, or books, or umbrella holders—any old thing, in fact. It's what they call bric-a-brac."

Stumpf was discharged, though he had admitted taking the teapot, and the faces of other firemen who have a taste for the beautiful looked relieved.

The charge against Stumpf was petit larceny, and if he had been convicted they all feared a destruction of their museums, or legal punishment.

Springs, disputes the claim that Mrs. H. L. O'Brien, the wife of Dr. O'Brien, of No. 217 Ninth street, Brooklyn, has shot the largest deer of the season. Mrs. Forten shot a deer near Raquette Lake on October 13, which, he says, tipped the beam at 304 pounds. Mrs. O'Brien's deer which she shot at Rice Pond in the Adirondacks weighed 265 pounds.

Mrs. Forten was in company with her guide, Fredland Jones, when she made the shot which has brought her fame in the Raquette Lake region.

MR. BELDIN'S PET MONKEY ESCAPES, AND HE HAS A FINE TIME CATCHING HIM.

Harry Beldin's pet monkey was the star and entire cast in a comedy that set the people of Burlington, N. J., roaring with laughter. He broke from his chain, seized a bottle of sarsaparilla and climbed to the top of a tall building. Then the real performance began.

Seated on the coping of the roof, in full view of a big crowd, the monkey drank the sarsaparilla with the most ludicrous deliberation. When the bottle was emptied he slid down, bit Beldin when the latter tried to grab him, and then created consternation in a restaurant next door. A glass of sarsaparilla was given to the monkey, containing two grains of morphine, but it had not the slightest effect in quieting him. He continued to bite everybody who came within reach, routed every cat and dog on the premises, and was monarch of all he surveyed for a while.

At length he was captured and caged, and on account of his obstreperous conduct, will be taken to Philadelphia and turned over to the tender mercies of the Zoo keeper in Fairmount Park.

Mr. Beldin is very fond of Jocko and hates very much to part with him, but he feels that he cannot spend any more time keeping track of his pet.

The animal has a great liking for freedom and escapes at every opportunity.



began riding a bicycle to meet bloomers girls. No use.

Miss S. Graham, of Flatbush avenue, near Clarkson street, was one who rejected Wing.

Urs Hemmings, of East Broadway, a member of Lenox Road Church, was also lured the fortune and protection of Wing Lee. So was Miss Sophie Marie Charsell, of East Broadway.

Police Sergeant Burkitt, of the Flatbush Precinct, declares that he has made a persistent effort to find a wife for Wing without success. He says he did find a Windsor Terrace belle who was willing, but Wing wouldn't have her.

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Then he learned, for the first time, the thrill of love. He thought that he could secure a wife as easily as he could bundles of collars and cuffs. That's where he slipped. He found his offers of marriage declined one after another, until finally he

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