

LITTLE ITALY HONORS LADY OF MT. CARMEL

Tons of Candles Burned on Her Altars.

STREETS A RIOT OF COLOR

Residents of the Quarter, in Holiday
Attire, Keep Open House—Rich
Gifts to Church.

Little Italy was en fête yesterday, and its dark, dismal streets, with their towering tenements, many of which shelter thirty families of astonishing size, were transformed into a riot of color and gaiety in honor of the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, patron saint of the church.

All work was abandoned. Men, women, and children donned their holiday attire, while everybody kept open house for visitors, who flocked to the scene of the celebration in thousands from all parts of Greater New York. The Roman Catholic church in East 115th Street, which bears the name of the patron saint, was the centre of attraction, and from sunrise to sunset a constant stream of humanity poured through the church.

Tons of beautifully decorated candles, hundreds of which were six feet long and so heavy that it took a couple of men to carry them, were placed on the altar as offerings, while the poor boxes and contribution plates were filled to overflowing with money.

Preparations for the celebration were begun weeks ago, and when the sun rose yesterday morning all was in readiness. Flags of every kind and description fluttered from improvised poles, paper lanterns, and bunting were strung across the streets from fire escapes, while every few feet stood a miniature altar, erected in honor of the patron saint.

Some of the altars were very elaborate, and were not only draped with silks and satins, but contained large wax figures of the saint. The streets were thronged with thousands on their way to early mass, which marked the beginning of the day's festivities, while lined up along the curbs were peddlers of eatables and drinkables, all shouting their wares and talking to one another in a manner that led a stranger to believe that a pitched battle was imminent.

After the church services the crowd camped in Jefferson Park, and it was then that the peddlers reaped a harvest. Italians in native dress went about with trays of mysterious-looking pies, that were purchased and devoured with evident relish by both old and young. Cheeses made of goat's milk and twisted into bags, pigtails, and fanciful shapes were sold at open-air booths. Sugar cakes and strings of shelled nuts were wheeled on carts about the district.

Following a hokey-pokey man with a huge brass bell came a dry goods shop on wheels, wherein were to be had the gayest shawls and kerchiefs imaginable. The pinwheel and button man did a thriving business, while a typical fortune teller had more customers than she could attend to. Other vendors were festooned with strings of coral to keep off the evil eye and brighten the Sunday frock of Giuseppe and Maria.

The event of the morning was the parade of the various Italian societies, headed by a brass band and the Mount Carmel Society, carrying a banner on which was a picture of the patron saint.

As the parade passed through the various streets of Little Italy men and women ran from the curb, and, bowing before the banner, pinned money upon it. There were bills of all denominations, and long before the return to the church was made it was impossible to find a spot to pin an offering.

The celebration of solemn high mass by the Rev. Father Dolan, pastor of the church, followed. Last evening the entire district was illuminated, and there was a band concert and a display of fireworks in Jefferson Park.

There was but one disturbance during the day—a fight in First Avenue, which required the presence of the police to quell.

HENRY WAS PERSISTENT.

Even the Police Admitted That, After
His Restaurant Record.

The police of the Tenderloin Station agreed last night that Henry Kingston, a dishwasher, formerly employed in a restaurant at 426 Sixth Avenue is a persistent man. Henry said so last night when Policeman Daly arrested him, and the record of his day's doings certainly proved it.

A few days ago he was discharged from his position as dishwasher. Yesterday he went into the restaurant to demand money claimed by him. Vincent Smith received him with open arms and closed fists.

"Gimme me money," demanded Kingston, "and give it to me quick."

"What you'll get will be handed to you quick," replied Smith, "but it won't be money."

What Henry got was some rather demonstrative encouragement to decorate the sidewalk. A little later he re-entered the place and went up to Miss Teresa Breeny, the cashier, who was balancing receipts. The equivalent, therefore, in celluloid checks were piled up on her desk.

"Well, I won't take any coin," asserted Kingston, "but the chips look good so I'll take a peck or two." He helped himself and ran out into the street and scattered them all over the car tracks. When he appeared again Joe Hennessy, the night manager, was prepared for him.

"No money and no checks," declared Hennessy, anticipating him.

"All right," retorted Henry, "I'll get even anyhow." Then he kicked over a couple of tables. Hennessy threw him out upon the pavement bodily just as Daly walked past. Daly arrested him and he was locked up on a charge of disorderly conduct.

Musician Killed by Train.

Charles Bugge, a musician, of Eighteenth Avenue and Sixty-fourth Street, Brooklyn, was run over and killed by a Coney Island express train last night. Bugge was walking on the south-bound tracks when Motorman Eugene Davis whistled for him to get out of the way. Bugge became confused and stood still. The train ran him down before the motorman could stop. There was no arrest.