

# BLISSVILLE IN LINE WITH A MARDI GRAS

Hotbed of Queens Politics In-  
vites Whole Borough to  
Celebrate Event.

## MOTHER DUCEY SPURNED AUTO

King and Queen Named and Then All  
the Celebrators Joined in Corona-  
tion Procession.

Just by way of showing the rest of the earth that it has been on the map for years and years, Blissville had a Mardi Gras last night and this morning and some of the good old folks are at it yet. Blissville, which scheming politicians have tried to tack on to Long Island City, has persistently refused to lose its identity. For half a century it has been the hotbed of Queens County politics. Within its confines the men who really put Queens County in existence have lived. It cradled the great Cassidy; it welcomed Gleason; it has been petted, coaxed and cajoled; it has been reviled and persecuted and gone on in its quiet way. The old inhabitants have grown older, new ones have arrived without being imported, and other great things have happened in Blissville. It was quite fitting, therefore, that Blissville should be all hoisted up with lanterns and flags and bunting and that there should be doings in the town.

As no Mardi Gras is complete without a king and queen, Miss Laura Matthews, the prettiest colleen of Blissville's broad acres, and Andy Coghlin were chosen for those important roles. When the clock on the wall in McGarry's old place announced that a new era had arrived in Blissville, the king and queen were crowned by a squad of statesmen composed of high and low borough officials and prominent residents of the village. And through all the streets where there ought to be some fine pavement like that on the automobile highways went the coronation procession, five divisions of it, including all the civic, social and political, as well as fraternal and benevolent associations from miles around.

There were some regular automobiles in the parade and they did fairly well. The exempt firemen in smoke-eating regalia, St. Raphael's Fife and Drum Corps and the cadets, the Laurel Hill Fife and Drum Corps and other local organizations showed up well. Behind them trooped the villagers, among them "Mother" Sarah Ducey, who has spent most of her 80 years in Blissville and ushered in all the population of the last three generations. "Mother" Ducey spurned the automobile which was offered so she might ride in state. She went on foot and greeted along the way her three daughters, Mrs. James Mangan, Mrs. James McGovern and Mrs. James Mohan, and said "Howdy" to her sixteen grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren. She was the spryest of them all, and all the villagers pointed her out with pride to the wondering visitors. Another important feature of the parade was the grand marshal, P. J. Connolly, who has lived in Blissville so long that he remembers the day the whole of it came near being swapped for two shares of railroad stock.

About the time the candles in the Chinese lanterns were beginning to sputter and go out, the dance started in Connolly's, farther up the line, and when it comes to pretty girls and old-fashioned dances, old Ireland never saw anything like it in all its history. After awhile the high moguls of the celebration, including the king and queen and the marshals and aides and committeemen, had a feast at the Manhattan House on Greenpoint avenue. There was no official time limit set on the celebration, and parts of it are going on to this very minute. And Mother Ducey said it was the greatest night that Blissville ever saw.