GRAFT IS SUPREME IN 'MODEL PRECINCT'

Protection Paid Some One "Higher Up" in Hussey's Bailiwick Makes Lawbreakers Immune from Arrest in West Forty-seventh Street District.

In the throng that issued from the Criterion Theatre after the Saturday night performance was a distinguished looking old gentleman, who was escorting a young miss still in her teens. She was evidently his daughter.

The couple turned north and walked along leisurely, talking perhaps about the performance they had just witnessed. Down Seventh avenue, having just come from the dive the close proximity of which to the theatrical centre is often remarked, came two women. They were flushed with drink. Their social status was written on their faces and equally evident in their dress. They jolted against a dozen men and were noisy in their talk.

As they came face to face to the old gentleman and his young charge one of them poked her finger playfully at his ribs and remarked:

"Hello, old chappie. Come buy us a drink."

The young girl clung half frightened to the man's arm and pulled him aside while the two brazen women passed on and were soon lost in the crowd. Hundreds witnessed the incident. Few gave it a second thought.

NO FEAR OF BEING ARRESTED.

The Evening World mentions this happening because it shows just how reckless and independent are the disorderly classes in the "Model Captain's" precinct. These women are not afraid of arrest. Their dues—their protection money had been paid. They did not once think that a policeman might take them to the "Model Captain's" precinct station-house.

Of course if the old gentleman had called a policeman and made a complaint their protection money could not have saved them.

The incident shows how graft works in the Twenty-second Precinct, where Commissioner McAdoo's model policeman is in command. Capt. Hussey is at present on his vacation, tired and worried by the position he occupies—that of a captain of police bound up and almost helpless by the graft system—the buffer that must take the knocks and say nothing and do nothing. He can make a raid when he gets permission to do so. He can give his men bonafide orders when the system permits.

Plain-Clothes Men Out.

A dozen plain-clothes men were sent out in the precinct Saturday night. Many of these were placed on special posts in front of rows of disorderly houses. These men were ordered to keep an eye open for Parkhurst's men and Goddard's men and any of the many society agents that keep tab on the police for one reason or another. They were told also to stop all women from soliciting from windows and areaways. Certain houses were ordered to keep their outer doors closed and locked and to use only the basement entrances.

This was not a general order, however. Certain disorderly houses in the model precinct are protected by men so much higher in rank than the captain that he is instructed not to molest them. His men must leave them severely alone.

Other houses in the precinct have the privilege of sending their women out on the street.

Contempt for Patrolmen.

These women do not go far from the house and they are never molested. Their contempt for the patrolman is something little short of insulting.

One of these "drummers," who had come from a house on Forty-sixth street just west of Seventh avenue, met a policeman at the corner who made a remark that she overheard. In an instant she turned her face toward him and cried:

"Go on, you big bluffer. Don't bother me. You attend to your own business."

The policeman laughed, but did not reply.

The "Model Captain's" precinct is a big one. It extends from Fifty-ninth street on the north to Forty-second street on the south, and Sixth avenue on the east to the river. It contains many of the houses referred to by Commissioner McAdoo last Friday when he shouted in a moment of rage to an Evening World reporter:

"I'll take you to houses that have been running for twenty years."

The Commissioner knew what he was saying. It was all true. He has a list of these resorts and three score more that have opened since his predecessor left Mulberry street.

Beginning at Forty-third street some four or five doors west of Seventh avenue, he has the address of a disorderly house whence the patrons may smoke opium until they are helpless.

On the opposite side of the street he has the address of some flats that contain scores of disorderly women. In the middle of the next block west he has the address of another house of the same class. Turning back east, between Sixth avenue and Broadway, he knows there are three gambling-houses, Downey's, McKenna's and Johnson's, that are open for customers every night.

All Have Protection.

And again on the same street between Seventh and Eighth avenues, he has on his list five other disorderly houses that Capt. Hussey might close up except for the great protection—Graft.

On the street above—Forty-fourth street—he knows there are seven gambling-houses. There are between Sixth and Seventh avenues. On Forty-fifth street, between the same avenues, the list tells him there are three more, and at least three disorderly houses. On Forty-sixth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, the "Model Captain" has reported to the Commissioner the existence of sixteen other disorderly houses. The remaining ones are creeper and badger joints, whose proprietors are of the lowest types.

The list has also told the Commissioner of disorderly houses on Forty-seventh street, and a half dozen others. Forty-eighth street has four more and one gambling house. Forty-ninth street and other above it are honey-combed with similar places.

List Circulated.

And others besides Commissioner McAdoo and Capt. Hussey and Mr. Jerome and Mr. Parkhurst and the model captain's trusties have the list. The cabmen and the hotel detectives and the rounders generally have it, but not so complete.

Last night Sergt. Fay was on the desk in the West Forty-seventh street "model" station-house when Cabman Richard Cuyler, who lives at No. 439 Fourth avenue, came in demanding the arrest of a man who gave his name as Dr. Hunter and his home as Ohio. Cuyler accused the doctor of refusing to pay his fare.

"I drove him from Twenty-ninth street and Broadway to Forty-sixth street, and he refused to pay me," said the cabman.

The sergeant took down Dr. Hunter's name, and the prospects looked excellent for the latter spending a night in a cell, when the truth suddenly came out.

Cuyler had driven the doctor to a disorderly house on Forty-sixth street. That was very different. Cuyler was told to get out, and Dr. Hunter likewise. An ar- and Dr. Hunter likewise.

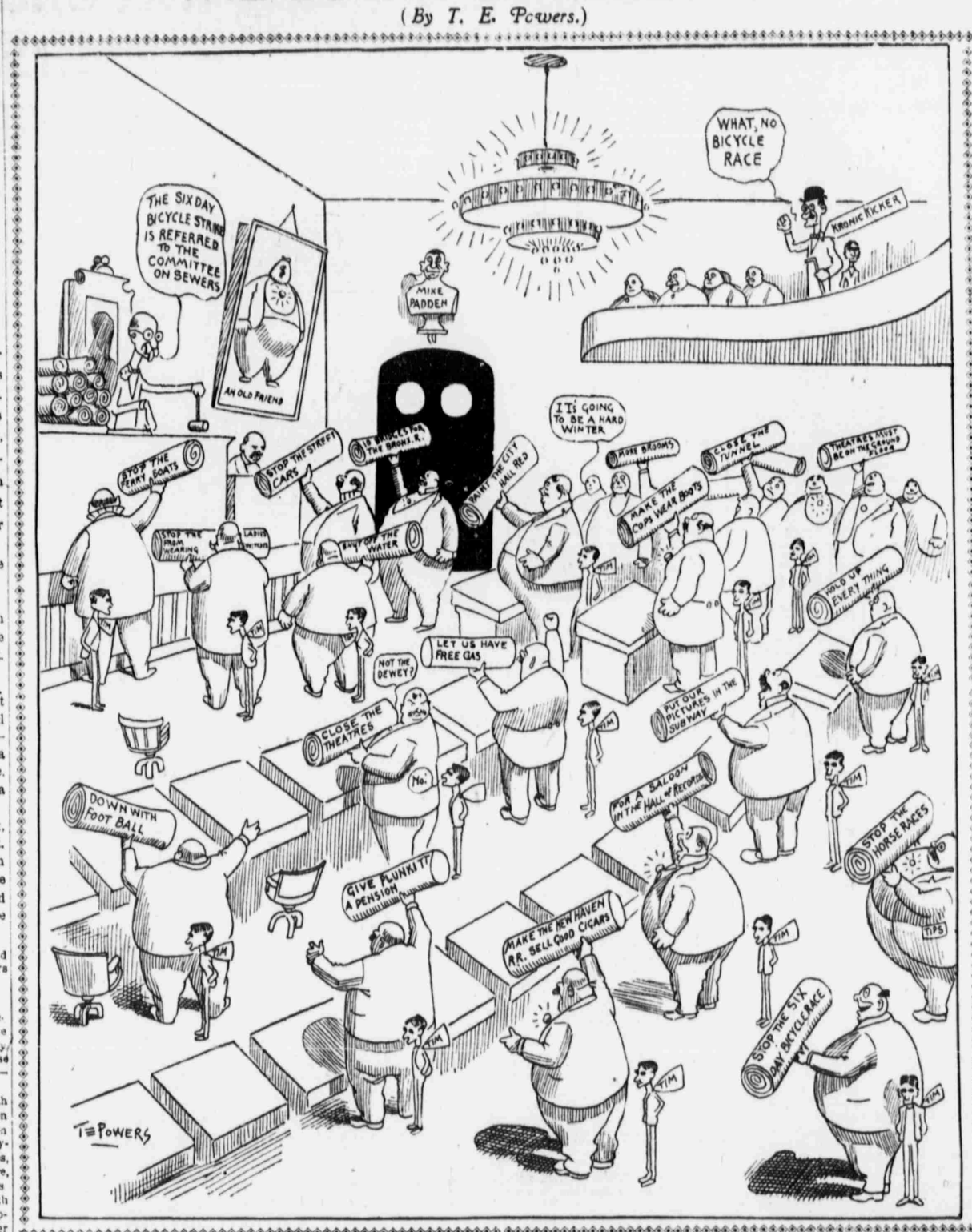
The precinct on Saturday night was in fine running order from a police standpoint. During the afternoon Acting Captain Fitzpatrick had been ordered to make a raid. He made no mistake in the number. It was a poolroom.

This raid produced nine women, and the precinct was safe for the rest of the night. Only the proprietress was held.

This woman may reach Special Sessions before she is let go. She may have to pay $50 fine, but the system will see that she gets it back—that is if she is not on the blacklist.

THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

(By T. E. Powers.)



PASSENGERS OFF STRANDED SHIP

But Wind Drives Big Sicilian Prince Farther Up on Sands Off Long Beach, and It Is Feared Vessel Will Be Lost.

HIGH AND DRY ON BAR 300 YARDS OFF SHORE.

Efforts to Float Stranded Ship Fail, and Shift in Wind Is Now Awaited—Captain Made Mistake in Lights.

Six hundred and twelve passengers on the stranded steamship Sicilian Prince, which lies high and dry off the Long Beach coast, were taken off by wrecking tugs to-day. The passengers were taken to Bush's stores, at the foot of Forty-ninth street, Brooklyn, and thence to Ellis Island.

The steamer is imbedded eight feet in the sand and gradually sinking deeper. It will not be high water again until 7 o'clock to-night, and it is not unlikely the Prince may have found her grave. All night long a heavy swell from the southwest pounded her, and when daylight broke it was estimated she was at least a hundred yards further inshore than she had been at 6 o'clock last night.

The Sicilian Prince, Capt. Hanks, left Palmero fifteen days ago. A week ago yesterday the big vessel lost her bearings and was pounded about by the high seas and storm for three days.

Mistook Sandy Hook Light.

Sailing over the ground swell brought the ship to the Jersey coast late Saturday night, with the captain still in doubt as to his reckoning. A light broke through the haze that he thought by his figuring was the Sandy Hook light. Mariners can bring a ship to the Narrows with their eyes shut by taking a "beach course" from this light, and the captain started ahead, but cautiously and at quarter-speed, because he was not sure.

It happened that instead of the Sandy Hook light he saw the Barnegat light along the New Jersey coast. His course to the northeast to round the Hook really took him across the stretch of water outside the bay.

Breakers Ahead.

The low shore was wrapped in the mists, when suddenly the lookout from the crow's nest sang out:

"Breakers ahead! Breakers ahead!"

Two bells and a jingle sent the reversing lever down hard and the big screw turned and churned. But the warning had come out of the fog too late, the momentum of the boat carried her on, and into the sand bank she went, easy, but fast and sure.

In the process of wrecking, the Sicilian Prince pumped out her water ballast, and heaved overboard tons on tons of coal. She has a cargo of fruit and wine.

Rockville Centre and the surrounding towns made great preparations for to-day's beach-combing. The farmers anticipated that the cargo will have to go overboard, and it will become their property. Old wagons, carts and wheelbarrows were put in trim last night and the beach-combers will be on hand at daybreak for their spoils. It isn't often that New York has a vessel lighter her cargo by the board and the natives will make the most of it.

Immigrants Suffer.

The 451 steerage passengers from the Sicilian Prince were brought to the South Brooklyn dock and, pending their removal to Ellis Island, were kept in a roped inclosure. Many of them were soaked by the waves during their transfer from the ship to the tugs.

The Immigration officials say the passengers had had nothing to eat for many hours before they were brought to the city, and that when a provision wagon appeared on the dock, with pie, sandwiches and other edibles, it was almost mobbed. The hungry Italians crowded about and soon cleared it out. The owner, however, got paid for all the food taken.

The immigrants had no baggage with them and many were thinly clad. They shivered in the cold until the barge from the Island, which was hustled over to the dock, arrived about noon and took them to Ellis Island.

In the meantime the inspectors had discharged those who were citizens. The officials say that the steamship company sent word that much of the baggage was mixed with the ship's cargo and it might be three days before it could be removed. In the meantime the immigrants who are going to nearby places will be allowed to go and their effects examined and forwarded as soon as possible. Others will remain on the Island at the expense of the company until they can be discharged.

All the officers with the exception of the purser and one of the junior officers remained with the vessel.

SCHIFF IN RAGE AT A POLICEMAN

Had Been Arrested for Speeding His Auto and Inspector Walsh Went to Court to Aid Son of the Millionaire Banker.

TROUBLES MULTIPLY FOR OFFICER GOLDMAN.

Soon After Making Arrest He Is Threatened with Charge of Talking on Post—Scenes in Police Station and in Court.

There was a remarkable scene in the Harlem Police Court to-day when Mortimer, son of Jacob Schiff, the millionaire banker, was arraigned for speeding his automobile.

When Schiff was arrested by Goldman last night he was taken to the East One Hundred and Fourth Street Station. There he flew into a towering rage. Goldman is a placid policeman, and as Schiff raved at him he went on chewing gum. This made Schiff mad and he said:

"How dare you chew gum in a gentleman's presence?"

Goldman allowed he would chew gum where he liked and then Mr. Schiff said some more things and left the station house vowing that Goldman would have something coming to him with great suddenness.

Two hours after the incident Goldman was back on his post when Roundsman Casey approached and said he was going to make a charge against him for being off post. Goldman demanded an explanation and Casey said he saw him talking to a citizen for two minutes. Goldman summoned the citizen pointed out, and he declared Goldman had never spoken to him.

"Never mind, you get the charge anyway," said Casey.

Goldman went to Harlem Court today determined to press the charge. He was preceded by Inspector Walsh, who had come to court to help young Schiff. His interest in Schiff lays in the fact that before he became a policeman he was coachman for the prisoner's father.

Wanted Case Dropped.

On arriving at court, Walsh had a long, whispered talk with Sergt. Delaney, of the court squad. When Goldman arrived Delaney took him aside and said something to him. Goldman looked worried, but finally said something sharp to Delaney, who left him and went back to Walsh.

An Evening World reporter asked Goldman what it was all about.

"I'll tell you," said Goldman; "this crowd want me to lay down on my case, to say that I was mistaken and to make a liar out of myself, and I won't do it for anybody, orders or no orders. I am going to press the case."

The case of Schiff was called at once and Goldman took the stand and swore that he had timed Mr. Schiff for two blocks in his car and that he was going over fifteen miles an hour. It was a violation of the law and he arrested him, he said.

Schiff simply said he wasn't going faster than the legal rate and was discharged. Then the next case was called and Walsh and Schiff went away together.

Goldman was furious, and so were a number of policemen from his station-house who were in court. Capt. Herlihy, of the East One Hundred and Fourth street station, also vigorously defended Goldman. He said he was a splendid officer, had never yet made a mistake in a case and was deserving of better treatment.

EVIDENCE STOLEN IN DIVORCE CASE

Papers Needed by Mrs. Ahrensburg Disappear from Father-in-Law's Safe and Old Employee is Arrested.

The marital troubles of Melton L. Ahrensburg and his wife were revived in the Adams Street Court, Brooklyn, to-day when Andrew Schneider, superintendent of the Metropolitan Tobacco Company and possessor of a fine home, was arraigned, charged with vagrancy.

The differences of the Ahrensburgs came to a climax on the evening of Oct. 26, when Mr. Ahrensburg, who is manager and director in the Metropolitan Tobacco Company, attended the performance at the Montauk Theatre with Mrs. Wallace Smith, of No. 752 Herkimer street, at which address Ahrensburg also lives. Mrs. Ahrensburg, who had been separated from her husband for some time, happened to attend the same performance with her brother, and his wife and her mother. As Ahrensburg attempted to leave the theatre he was confronted by his wife, who beat him with a cane, and also attacked Mrs. Smith.

This incident she later explained by saying Ahrensburg had annoyed her daily by driving past her home with Mrs. Smith. She also decided to apply for a divorce. In this she had the support and sympathy of Lipman Ahrensburg, her father-in-law. A bundle of important papers and cancelled checks which were to be used as evidence in the case she left in the charge of the elder Ahrensburg, who locked them in his desk at the office, No. 334 Gold street, Brooklyn.

Thursday morning he found the papers were missing. Policeman Laff, of the Adams street police station, was called in and after questioning all the employees learned that Andrew Schneider was the last person seen in the office.

Schneider, who is Superintendent of the tobacco company in whose employ he has been for twenty-five years, denied all knowledge of the missing papers. Lipman Ahrensburg refused to make any charge against his old employee, and the plain-clothes man decided to lock him up on his own responsibility, charging him with burglary.

When no one appeared this morning Laff had the charge changed to vagrancy, although he admitted he knew that Schneider had a home and a position. Schneider was discharged and his attorney, Lawyer Steinbrink, insisted that the policeman be prosecuted. Magistrate Dooley threatened to see to the policeman's case later.

JUST WHAT IS THE RUBBER-NECK AUTO?

Court Is Asked Through Hackmen's Union Suit to Decide Whether Machine Is a Coach, Hack, Stage or Neither.

The fight between the Hackmen's Union and the managers of the big sight-seeing automobiles came before Justice Amend, in the Supreme Court, to-day on the writ of habeas corpus obtained by J. A. Hodge, attorney for Chauffeur James Tallan, arrested Sept. 9 on complaint of Hackman Charles W. Foster, a passenger on the big auto which started from the Hotel Bartholdi for a tour of upper Manhattan.

Tallan was held in nominal bail by Magistrate Moss for trial in Special Sessions for violating the law which prescribes an Aldermanic franchise for every street railway or coach line and a license for public hacks and cabs.

Mr. Hodge asked for the discharge of Tallan to-day on the ground that the sight seeing automobile belonged to neither class, inasmuch as it did not stop to take on or let off passengers, followed no fixed route, did not carry fares indiscriminately, or from and to given points with a varying scale of charges.

It took its whole quota of sightseers from a starting point, to which it returned them all after an irregular tour of sight seeing.

Charles H. Knox and J. T. Dowling represented the Hotel Drivers' Association and the Hackmen's Union. They argued that the sight-seeing automobiles should first obtain an Aldermanic franchise like a street car company after securing the consents of a majority of the property owners along the route and of any street car line already using any part of the route followed.

Assistant District-Attorney Johnstone, insisting that Tallan should be held for trial, said the law forbade the running of any stage except on a prescribed route, and in that the sight-seeing automobiles violated the law. Decision was reserved.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATE HERE.

From Rome on Way to Church in Philippines.

No special mission has been intrusted by Pope Pius to the Most Rev. Ambrose Alfred Agius, the recently appointed apostolic delegate of the Catholic Church in the Philippines, who has just arrived here on his journey to the islands. The apostolic delegate says he has no perfected plan to put into execution upon his arrival in the far East.

His conduct there would be governed entirely, he said to-day, by conditions as he finds them, to the end that both the people of the islands and his church may reap the greatest possible benefits.

His presence in this country he explained by the fact that of the two routes which he might have taken he chose that one which leads across the American continent. No significance could be attached to his brief visit here or to a call which he contemplates making to-morrow upon the President at Washington.

VICTIM OF THUGS EXPECTED TO DIE

Salesman Beaten and Stabbed by Members of "Humpty Jackson" Gang While Defending Fiancee from Their Insults.

Martin Finn, thirty-eight years old, a salesman living at No. 321 East Twenty-sixth street, is suffering in Bellevue Hospital from stab wounds which may cause his death, and which he got in attempting to defend his fiancee, Miss Annie Thorne, from the insults of four members of the "Humpty Jackson" gang.

Finn and Miss Thorne are engaged to be married. She lives at No. 355 East Third street. She has a married sister living near Avenue B and Twelfth street. Finn, Miss Thorne, her sister, and two friends were returning from a reception and were walking along Twelfth street when they passed four tough-looking young men. One of the four made an insulting remark, but no attention was paid to it, and the little party escorted Miss Thorne's sister to her home. The three men then started back to leave Miss Thorne at her home.

Beaten and Stabbed.

On passing No. 337 East Twelfth street the same gang of four ruffians again made insulting remarks. They said something particularly nasty to Miss Thorne and Finn turned to resent it. He was set upon by the gang, which showed no attack on the head with a dull instrument of some kind.

Despite the odds he made a strong fight, and his two friends jumped in to help him. While the fight was going on one of the gang suddenly yelled, "Cheese, the cops!" and the four fled. As they did so Finn fell to the sidewalk in a faint. During the fight one of the toughs had knocked Miss Thorne down and kicked her.

Thugs All Escape.

Policeman Dale ran after the thugs, rapping for assistance as he ran. A dozen policemen answered his raps and they pursued the four to a tenement on East Twelfth street, near Avenue B. The tenement was surrounded and a search of every room in the building was made, but no trace of the fugitives could be found.

Detectives were sent out, and as two of the toughs are believed to have been recognized by the crowd that gathered, it is expected they will be arrested before night. All are said to be members of the notorious "Humpty Jackson" gang, the leader of which is now serving a sentence in prison.

Miss Thorne knelt by Finn's side and tried to stop the bleeding of his wounds until an ambulance arrived from Bellevue Hospital. The surgeon found he had received a number of scalp wounds as well as bruises on the head, stab wounds in the back and a deep gash near the abdomen. It is believed at the hospital he will die.

DEAD IN BED FROM GAS.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 21.—Walter Fullam, sixty-five years old, was found dead in bed from gas asphyxiation at his home, No. 16 High street, to-day. Before retiring last night he had thrown his trousers over the gas bracket and it is supposed that in this way the gas had been accidentally turned on.

GEN. DI CESNOLA PASSES AWAY.

Famous Art Authority Expires After an Attack of Acute Indigestion that Seized Him on Saturday Last.

Gen. Louis Palma Di Cesnola, soldier and art authority, for maly years director and trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, died to-day in his apartments at the Hotel Seymour, No. 44 West Forty-fifth street. The cause of death was acute indigestion. He was taken ill last Saturday.

Gen. Di Cesnola was seventy-two years old. Born at Rivarolo, Piedmont, and educated in Turin he spent the first years of his manhood in his native country. When seventeen years old he fought for the independence of Italy against Austria. So signal was his conduct on the battle-field of Novara that he was made a lieutenant.

Good Record in the War.

Gen. Di Cesnola left Italy in 1860, determined to try his fortunes in America. When the war broke out he received a commission as Major and was latterly appointed a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Eleventh New York Cavalry. He was severely wounded at the Battle of Aldie, Va., and for nine months after that was held as a prisoner in Libby. Promotion followed his release. He then received the title of Brigadier-General.

Recognition of his martial service came in 1865, when he was sent to Cyprus as the United States Consul. Here he made extensive investigations and explorations of buried ancient art treasures. Statues, inscriptions, sarcophagi, vases and medallions were studied and obtained and many of them brought by him to this country to be installed in the Metropolitan Museum.

Honored by Congress.

A Congressional medal of honor and several knightly honors from Italy, marks of esteem and respect from many societies, were bestowed upon Gen. di Cesnola in later years.

There was a great deal of opposition to Gen. Cesnola remaining as secretary of the Museum in 1886, but he beat his opponents after a bitter fight.

His wife was well known for her charity. She was the daughter of Capt. Samuel Reid, the hero of the naval battle of Faval. They had two children.

OAK HAD TOO BIG A LOAD.

Owner, a Crack Shot, Had Been Firing Lead Into It for 25 Years.

FRANKLIN, Conn., Nov. 21.—A large oak tree which stood about 300 yards in the rear of Reuben Denyon's house was blown down in the recent gale. When a botanical autopsy was held it was found that the side nearest the house was so loaded with lead that the tree became unbalanced and was easily bowled over.

Peleg is a crack shot, and for twenty-five years he had been plugging the tree for a 300-yard target.

EMPLOYEES' MUTUAL AID.

Rothenberg & Co. Contributes $500 for Benefit Association.

The employees of Rothenberg & Co., West Fourteenth street, have organized a mutual aid association, through which all members in need will be cared for. At a recent meeting J. D. Wilson was elected President; G. W. Davis, Vice-President; J. Haddon Martin, Treasurer; Philip Allen, Secretary; trustees, Misses Julia Harlem and Catherine Pyne, Messrs. H. J. Palmer, C. F. Chatfield, S. W. Richards and R. T. Grear.

The association will give a reception and ball in Terrace Garden on Friday evening, Nov. 25, the proceeds to go into the relief fund. Already more than 5,000 tickets have been sold.

The firm of Rothenberg & Co., recognizing the enthusiasm with which the work was taken up, has contributed $500 to the fund. Providing both for sick and death benefits for its members, such an organization will be far-reaching.

BUENZ NEAR DEATH.

German Consul-General Reported in Critical Condition To-Day.

The condition of Carl Buenz, the German Consul-General in this city, who is ill at his home, No. 48 Central Park South, was reported to-day as extremely critical.

Dr. Otto G. T. Kiliani, the attending physician, said that Mr. Buenz spent a bad night, and his condition to-day was serious. The patient's heart is in a bad condition, and Dr. Kiliani said that anything could be expected at the present time.

SWINDLERS FORGE THEATRE TICKETS

New Amsterdam Management Discovers Bold Scheme to Defraud Public by Sale of Seats for Thanksgiving Night.

Mark Luescher, manager of the New Amsterdam Theatre has requested the aid of Police Captain Hayes in running down a number of men who are working a bold scheme for swindling the public in connection with the theatre.

These men have had printed a set of tickets for the second balcony of the New Amsterdam Theatre for Thanksgiving night. As these seats are sold at fifty cents each the swindlers are evidently working the poorer class of theatre patrons. The tickets sold by the theatre management are printed by the Globe Ticket Company, and have on their face the imprint of the printers, and on the back a clause permitting the management to take the tickets up for any good cause and refuse admittance to the holders.

The tickets issued by the swindlers have no printers' imprint on their face and no clause on the back. Treasurer Gordon, of the theatre, had two of these tickets presented by a woman from Elizabeth, N. J., who said she wanted to pay the difference and get some downstairs seats.

As it is feared the swindlers have sold a large number of the false tickets a sign has been erected in front of the New Amsterdam Theatre warning the public against them. Mr. Erlanger, of Klaw & Erlanger, proprietors of the New Amsterdam, has engaged detectives, and will run down the swindlers, if such a thing is possible.

MILD WINTER, SAY WEATHER PROPHETS

Crabs, Squirrels and Gulls Give the Signs Sought, and Shivers Will Not Be So Numerous as Formerly.

Unless the gulls, ducks, squirrels, muskrats, eels and crabs go wrong, the coming winter will be mild. Weather sharps have noted that the birds, animals and fish, usually studied for signs of the frigid, are especially dilatory in getting under cover or seeking warmer climes this season, and they predict that shivers will not be so pronounced when Jack Frost gets down to work.

For instance, the muskrats and squirrels have built very frail cold-weather houses, which is a sure indication of an open winter.

Then again the men who spend much of their time on the bays declare that the eels not only bedded themselves in the mud late this fall, but do not go nearly as deep as in previous seasons, which is a sign that the weather will not be severe enough to make much ice in the bays and streams.

White gulls are seen in small numbers on the South Jersey marshes, where they usually congregate in thousands. They are wintering further north.

Crabs, which are usually bedded for the winter long before this time, are still living in the open waters. Gunners who spend much time in shooting wild fowl have found the ducks less heavy of feathers than is usual when a hard winter is coming.

The varieties of fish which are generally far away in southern waters long before this time of the year are still fairly plentiful in the waters off the coast.

ALL RIGHT, SAYS HIGGINS.

Never Felt Better, Says Governor-Elect, Answering Report.

OLEAN, N. Y., Nov. 21.—Gov.-Elect Higgins, who arrived home from Cambridge Springs, Pa., Saturday evening, was attending to business as usual today. In answer to a query over the telephone, he said he had never felt better.

This was in answer to the alarmist report circulated concerning him.

HAY SIGNS WITH THE SWISS.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—Secretary Hay and M. Probst, the Swiss Charge d'Affaires, to-day signed an arbitration treaty on behalf of the United States and Switzerland. It follows the lines of the American and French arbitration treaty.

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