CRAZY MOTHER CUTS THROAT OF LITTLE GIRL

Woman Recently Discharged as Cured from Bellevue Hospital.

With two great razor cuts across her face and neck, slashed there by her crazy bother Katherine Wilcox, six years old, is in Flower Hospital to-day, her little mind wondering why the mother she loved so much should rise in the dead of night and weild the weapon on her, and with such fury.

Katherine is too young to understand now, but later, when she recovers—for she is going to get well—and when the long gashes have become ghastly to mar the beauty which was to have been hers, some one will tell her this story:

Yes, Katherine, you went to sleep that night, the happiest little girl in the big tenement at No. 346 East Sixty-second street, happiest, because the mother who had been kept from you so long by doctors, who said she was out of her mind, had come back to you. She had not been back with you long—a week or two—and the Bellevue Hospital doctors said her mind was all right and that she could remain annd take care of you.

And your mother loved you so deeply that she wanted you to be with her all the time, and you slept with her, while your father had to sleep on a cot in another part of the room. But on that awful night you had been happier than ever before, because your mother had promised to take you down town with her the next day, Saturday. That was to have been your first outing with her since the doctors took her away to a place with the horrible name of Psychopathic Ward. You were nestling in your mother's arms when you went to sleep.

You were awakened, Katherine, by something warm trickling down your neck. Then there was a stinging pain, and as you turned you felt something keen and cold being drawn rapidly down your face—right where that scar is. It was the second cut. You screamed. Your mother was not clasping you. The room was dark. The hands you put to your face discovered the long cuts almost before you felt the pain.

"Your father heard your screams, and as he struck a match you saw your mother standing over you with a razor, trying to cut you again. There was a strange, wild light in her eyes. You saw the blood on her hands and down over your nightdress and on the bed. Then you saw your father grapple with your mother, there was a shriek and, poor little thing, you fell unconscious.

"Well, your father took the razor, threw it from a window, picked you up and ran to the street. You were very poor then, Katherine, and you had very few friends. So your father did not know what to do with you, and he carried you into a Chinaman's laundry, a few doors away, and from there they sent you to the hospital.

"And your poor mother. The police took her back to that Psychopathic Ward and she kept muttering:

"'I want to take Katie to heaven with me; I want to take Katie with me.'"

PIANIST COULDN'T PAY NEGRO CABBY

Result Was a Row on the Bowery and Police Court for Edward Von Konno.

Edward Ritt, professionally known as Eduard Von Korno, a pianist with a studio at No. 95 Carnegie Hall, and fashionable women as his patrons, looked like an inflammatory edition of David Warfield as "The Music Master" when Policeman Bligh, of the Mulberry Street Station, took him into the Tombs Police Court to-day, charged with raising a row with a negro cab-driver on the Bowery. Ritt's mop of long thick hair was floating loose. His excited gestures kept the court attendants dodging.

It developed that Ritt, with a young woman companion, hired a cab at Columbus Circle last night. They drove through the Park to Madison avenue and One Hundred and Eleventh street, where they spent half an hour at a music hall; thence to the Park Casino, where they spent half an hour more; down Fifth avenue to Washington Arch, to East Houston street, by Essex street, to a theatre on Grand street; to No. 356 West Fifty-eighth street, where the young woman was dropped; then to the Empire Hotel, where Ritt left the cab, telling the cabby to call this morning for his pay.

The cabby called, but Ritt said he still felt like riding. So he climbed in and rode to Carnegie Hall, and from there to the West Side Court, where he watched the proceedings half an hour, and from there to the Bowery, where the cabman began making pointed remarks touching the payment of a bill of $9. Then, to his horror, he learned that the long-haired passenger had no money. Policeman Bligh pulled the cabby out of Ritt's mane and took them both to court.

Magistrate Finn, in self-denefnse, sent sent for Ritt's mother, who keeps a retail store in Third avenue. The mother came with $7, which the nego accepted in full payment. He departed after giving Ritt a hard look.

"Des 'couse dey's all haired over dey can't 'spect to bilk me," said the colored man, firing a parting shot from the door.

Ritt left the court, still wigwagging with both hands and working the surplus conversation out of his system. He told the MaMgistrate that he often played for Mrs. Astor and other society leaders and that he had been engaged to play at a function in the Astor home on Feb. 13.

Ask Uncle Sam to Pay for Slocum Deaths.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—Representative Sulzer, of New York, advised the House Committee on Claims that representatives of the estates of the Slocum disaster victims will appear before the committee to press claims against the Government for the lives lost.

SEEK DR. L. A. SHATTUCK, GUNN'S FORMER PARTNER

Woman Who Sues the Former Says Dr. Gunn Proposed Marriage to Her—She Was Finally Ejected from Sanitarium.

With the mysterious disappearance of Dr. L. A. Shattuck from his offices at No. 60 West Ninety-second street, the search that is being made for him by numerous creditors and the filing of a suit in the Municipal Court, in Harlem, Dr. Robert A. Gunn, who figured prominently in the death of wealthy Mrs. Florence Pool at her home, No. 870 West End avenue, a few weeks ago, has again been brought into the limelight.

Dr. Gunn and Dr. Shattuck shared the same offices and were both interested in the Central Park Sanitarium at No. 60 West Ninety-second street, at the time of Mrs. Pool's death. Dr. Gunn was engaged to be married to Mrs. Pool, but she died under strange circumstances on the eve of her wedding day, and police investigation revealed that Dr. Gunn was mentioned in Mrs. Pool's will for $10,000.

The case was dropped, but was again brought to public notice on Thursday, when Dr. Gunn filed a petition in bankruptcy, fixing his liabilities at $43,000 and his assets at $2. This, of course, does not include his library, which under the law, is exempt. He also mentioned the legacy that was left to him by the late Mrs. Pool.

Doctor Long Missing.

Why this should be is also a mystery, because the Coroner was satisfied that there was no foul play in the death of Mr. Pool. Such odd circumstances surrounded the death, however, that there was a rigid investigation, but no autopsy was held on the body.

With the publication of the bankruptcy of Dr. Gunn, the erstwhile shaker in the office of Dr. Shattuck, came numerous creditors to the sanitarium in West Ninety-second street. They included tradesmen from far and near and had claims against Dr. Shattuck. They were all told that no one had seen the doctor since Jan. 2, when he left before dawn with his wife. The creditors inquired where he had lived before. They were told that no one knew. In fact, it has always been the custom of Dr. Gunn and Dr. Shattuck not to proclaim their home addresses. No matter how important the case, no patient was ever sent to the house. If it was an urgen case, the doctor wanted was communicated with by the only person there who knew the address.

Dr. Gunn's old home address was Doncourt, No. 210 West One Hundredand Ninth street. The Doncourt is a fashionable apartment-house. Dr. Gunn had rooms there on the third floor, front, on the west side. His name did not appear on the door. Those who knew asked for Janitor Powell and through him did their negotiating to see the doctor.

Police Could Not Find Him.

At the time that Mrs. Pool died the police could not find the doctor until he called on them. He was perfectly frank in telling all that he knew of the circumstances, but he did not tell his home address.

It turns out now that while Dr. Gunn was courting the wealthy widow, Mrs. Pool, there was another woman who he introduced to friends as Mrs. Gunn. One of the persons to whom this woman was so introduced, she alleges, is Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, former wife of a prominent physician in New Jersey and one of the creditors of Dr. Shattuck. It is her suit that has been brought in the Harlem Municipal Court for $56. She has another suit in the hands of her attorney, Herbert F. Andrews, No. 27 William street, for $450, that she claims the doctor owes her for services as housekeeper. The $56 represents money that Mrs. Thomson says was given to Dr. Shattuck by patients she had nursed.

Mrs. Thomson declares that Dr. Gunn proposed marriage to her while she was in the sanitarium. He told her, she says, that if he could raise five or six hundred dollars he would send "the otrer woman" back to Australia and then marry Mrs. Thomson.

Mrs. Thomson's Story.

The end of all this romance in the sanitarium came when Mrs. Thomson was ejected from the house last Thanksgiving Day. She is living with a family on the first floor at the northwest corner of Ninety-fourth street and Columbus avenue. Her story of the sanitarium and actions there is interesting.

"I went there a year ago to work for Dr. Gunn and Dr. Shattuck as a housekeeper," she said to an Evening World reporter, "with the understanding that I was to receive two dollars extra a day for nursing patients. If I do say so, I saved more than one life while I was there.

"Mrs. Pool came there regularly, and one day as she was going out, all in black, Dr. Gunn turned to me and said: 'That's a very rich woman. She has been a widow less than a year.'

"It was on that day Dr. Gunn called me into his office and told me that he wanted to marry me. I said to him, 'How about the other woman—the one that you call your wife?' and he replied that she was not fitted to be a physician's wife, as she had no interest in his work.

"'Now,' he said to me, 'you have been a doctor's wife and you are in love with your work. That is the kind of a woman that I want around me. If I can raise five or six or seven hundred dollars she is willing to go back to Australia, where she came from, and you and I can be married.'

"I declined the doctor's offer. Soon after that we parted. I didn't want to go, because Dr. Shattuck owed me so much money. One night I came home and found City Marshal Allen A. Irvine, of No. 215 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, there to put my chattels out on the street. I explained the whole case to him and told him that Dr. Shattuck owed me money. They sent for a policeman and I got out. Then I brought suit against the doctor, and when hte case was called his counsel said that he was ill in a hospital, and an adjournment was granted. The case will come up next week."

Mrs. Thomson produced a prospectus of the sanitarium. It shows that the capital stock is $500,000—5,000 shares at par. Dr. Gunn is listed as president and chief of staff; L. A. Shattuck as vice-president and medical superintendent. Others mentioned in the document are Harvey E. Miller as treasurer and L. A. Stillwell as secretary.

In part this is what the circular says, the same praising Dr. Gunn's wonderful works and cures in the good old patent medicine style that is so familiar in a country daily:

"This company has been organized for the purpose of establishing sanitariums for the treatment of all medical and surgical diseases.

"It has secured from Dr. R. A. Gunn all his right, title and interest in the property known as Nos. 60 and 62 West Ninety-second street, the copyright of his large, popular medical work, to be known as 'Dr. Gunn's Twentieth Century Encyclopedia of Domestic Medicine,' and his family medicine case, to accompany the same, and the private formulae for thirty remedies to be contained therein; also, his patent devices for producing artificial air, rich in oxygen, for the treatment of consumption and all other diseases due to disease germs or defective nutrition; also the other patents and copyrights of Dr. Gunn's, from which large profits can be made."

Stories are told of millionaires who were interested in the sanitarium. Friends of Isaac H. Radford, of No 27 William street, say that he was one of the backers of the concern and that he lost money in it. Mr. Radford is out of town.

Dr. Shattuck is said to be interested in thirty-two different companies. It cannot be ascertained what the companies are.

Dr. Shattuck and Dr. Gunn met thirty years ago, when the latter was a tutor in a medical school out West and the former a student. After Dr. Shattuck's graduation they did not meet again until about a year ago. That was the time they opened the sanitarium.

PERSONS WHO FIGURE IN CASE OF MISSING DR. SHATTUCK.

Mrs. Florence Ballou Poole — Dr. Robert A. Gunn and His House. — Mrs. Elizabeth Thomson

LAWYER 'GOT GAY' WITH ELEVATOR

Haines Had a Hilarious Ride for Nearly an Hour in Skyscraper Lift.

If there were a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Elevators it would have been represented before Magistrate Finn in the Centre Street Court to-day, when James E. Haines, a young lawyer, of No. 232 East Thirty-third street, was arraigned. Elevator No. 6 in the Hudson Building, at No. 32 Broadway, should have been the complainant, but was in a crippled condition and unable to appear.

Jim Bijou, head elevator man, was in court, and had this lament of Elevator No. 6 spread upon the record:

"I was taking a quiet rest on my cushions, thoroughly tired out after a hard day's work, when there appeared before me a well-dressed, nice-appearing young man. There was a far-away look in his eyes and his lip trembled. Jim Bijou and the rest of the elevator men were gossiping near me.

"Suddenly this young man stepped in and shut my gates with a smashing clang. Then he called out to Jim and the rest of the bunch: "Ta-ta, boys; there's where little Jamesy takes a trip to Mars."

Shot Toward the Sky.

"Then, before any one could rush to my assistance, he jerked over the lever to full pressure. The shock of having about 3,000 volts shot into your system without any grading is cruel, and writhing with agony I shot up with terrific speed.

"I shut my lights and nerved myself for the crash I felt was coming when I sailed up through the roof, for I felt the inexperience of the hand upon the lever. But, as I passed the nineteenth floor I received another terrific jolt with the reversed current, and down I went, smoking my guide rails and rattling my chains with a fearful clamor.

"All the while my passenger and tormentor danced about on the floor, fumbling with the lever and scorching me with cross-circuit sparks. Down, down I plunged into the air-cushions, while the wind went screeching out through the escapes.

"The lower part of the building was in an uproar, mighty oaths echoed through the corridors, scores of heavy shoes raced upon the stairs, and down below in the engine-room rang a medley of confused commands.

"But nothing feazed my passenger, who shouted defiance to police and other uniformed menials and cried at every landing as we shot skyward again.

"Up to the moon lads, high above the world, smashing pretty starlets as madly we are whirled."

Was a Rough Voyage.

"My joints, stays, stanchions, sidebraces and very safety-brakes throbbed with agony as he kept jolting the power into me, reversing and stopping with a suddenness that loosened the bolts. The engineers, lift men and uniformed policemen raced with us in other elevators and attempted to head us off.

"For three-quarters of an hour I went through this excrutiating experience, when suddenly between the fourth and fifth floors, in mere desperation, I clenched my safety brakes and stopped. For a few minutes my tormentor worked the lever until he had blown out two fuses and buckled a dynamo in the cellar.

"Then, as we were hard and fast between the fourth and fifth floor, he philosophically lay down and went to sleep. He slept blissfully and sonorously for an hour, while a small army of workmen toiled to release us. Then I believe he was tenderly carried to a police station."

When the Court had heard this story he fined the lawyer $10. Later he remitted the fine in response to an eloquent plea, the prisoner promising to make good the damage he had done to No. 6.

ALL IRELAND TO COMPETE.

Choice of Locations for Great Charity Ball the Prize.

Each of the thirty-two counties of Ireland will have representatives at No. 341 West Forty-seventh street to-morrow afternoon to compete for the privileges for the great Irish Ball to be held in Madison Square Garden on Jan. 23. The seats in the arena are to be disposed of in sections, and the bidding by the men from the different counties for choice locations is expected to be very lively.

Surprises have been planned by the Irish Counties Athletic Union, under whose auspices the ball is to be given. Last year 10,000 persons attended. This year the union expects to see the figure doubled. The receipts are to be spent entirely for charitable purposes—mainly for the support of beds in hospitals for sick poor patients.

STORY OF MISFORTUNE FINDS WOMAN A HOME

Mrs. Frances Hanson, Deserted by Her Husband Gets Sympathy and Substantial Aid Through The Evening World.

Mrs. Frances Hanson, of No. 967 East One Hundred and Thirty-seventh street, of whose desertion and destitution The Evening World told on Wednesday, is destitute no longer. To-day, at The Evening World office, she met a wealthy Broadway merchant and his wife, who arranged to install her at once as housekeeper in their Long Island country house. Her gratitude knew no bounds.

"Why," she said, "one has to be in trouble to know how good people are. It seems strange to me, now that I know, that any one should suffer loneliness and poverty. Surely God is in the hearts of most of us and it is only sin and drink that cause us to suffer. Drink is the worst of sins. Of that I am sure.

"When I finally rebelled, after years of life with a drunken husband, and asked the court to send him away to prison for six months, they told me, right there in court, that I was cruel—that if he were deprived of drink all at once he would die.

Years of Disgrace.

"Well, I thought of it for a minute, and all the shame and disgrace of it came over me—the years of trembling when I heard his step in the hall, the terror of trying to please him with a good dinner that I had worked hard to cook, and then—oh! yes, very often—then to be abused, the food thrown about the room, the dishes broken and myself struck like a dog.

"Me—a woman—to be knocked down and left there while he went back to his schupers of beer at the corner. And his labor union and its strikes. First he struck his wife and starved his child, and then he struck from his work. He is on the ironworkers' strike now. It all came over me like a picture there in the court, and I said in my heart, and I said out loud:

"Let Them Be Killed," She Said.

"'Very well, if it kills them to stop their drink, let them be killed. It is best.'

"But, no, they let him off. I said to a woman there, 'Great God, what shall I do?' 'Go home and wait for him,' she said.

"Of course, I went home and waited. People do that sort of thing before they get desperate. But I began to be afraid of myself. My little Elizabeth had a bad throat, with bandages on it, and we were often hungry.

"Then I read of a woman in Brooklyn who killed her husband. The two things, the sick child and the woman who killed her husband, had an effect on me. I am yet uncertain in my English, and I can't tell in words just what it is—that effect. But it is not safe.

"Some one said one should not tell one's troubles in the papers. Maybe they would have one wait for the Coroner.

"The Evening World reporter got my story printed. Think of it. Only the third day now since then, and all these letters. Too many to thank them all, except The Evening World will do it for me.

Letters of Sympathy.

"See this one, signed by Mrs. S. M. Reynolds, of No. 173 West Eighty-seventh street. 'Inclosed please find 10 cents for carfare. I may be able to help you some way. I have a little daughter and perhaps some of her clothes will do for your little Elizabeth.'

"Have you had any offers of marriage?" The Evening World man asked. She smiled rather sadly as she handed her questioner a bundle of letters.

"Yes," she said. "These men offered so much to honor me. But I have already married and been deserted by one man. Pray God I may be able to keep my little girl without another such risk. Still, to-day, I know what a good world I live in and what a grand country."

Mrs. Hansan looked very pretty when she said it, so that one might doubt her thirty-seven years. Sorrow has refined without aging her, and a neater, daintier gown and figure are not seen every day.

Fully one hundred letters reached her within three days. Her last words as she left The Evening World office leading her little girl were:

"Please thank them all. I can't."

By Advice of Counsel.

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

Tell why the chicken crossed the road?
I won't, by advice of counsel.
How many drinks constitute a load?
Don't, by advice of counsel.
Tell us, are you alive and well,
Have you the senses of touch, sight, smell,
Hearing and taste? You refuse to tell?
Yes, by advice of counsel.

Tell us, please, your whole, full name,
No, by advice of counsel.
Is your sober name the same?
Blank, by advice of counsel.
Pray, did you make your tainted "cush"
In such a way to cause a blush?
Is that the reason that you hush,
Hush, by advice of counsel?

Tell us who killed Cock Robin, pray?
Won't, by advice of counsel.
Tell us, please, what's the time of day,
Don't, by advice of counsel.
Can you explain just where you live?
Could you scoop water in a sieve?
Is there one answer you could give—
Give, by advice of counsel?

Tell us, who hit B. Patterson?
Nix, by advice of counsel.
What would you make of one and one?
Six, by advice of counsel.
Tell us, please, just how old is Ann?
Tell us anything you can!
Tell, do they let you be a man?
Be, by advice of counsel!

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 25c.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES. Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

MAN IN TOMBS THREATENS TO EXPOSE SETON

Alleged Swindler's Safe Deposit Box to Be Opened by Police.

From a new and unexpected quarter the District-Attorney may get important disclosures bearing upon the great Norfolk and Western stock certificate swindle, for which Charles Augustus Seton, the alleged head of the forgery plot, and his accomplice, Samuel J. Humphries, who has confessed, are being held at the Tombs while detectives scour the town looking forthe bulk of the bogus securities.

It is stated to-day that Harrison H. McIlhenny, a prisoner awaiting trial next Monday along with Seton and Robert Waldron, has sent word to Mr. Jerome's office that he is ready to tell all he knows of Seton's recent operations. This is taken to mean that McIlhenny will give up the complete story of the deal which led to the joint indictment of Seton, McIlhenny and Waldron for grand larceny and, what is far more important, will furnish some valuable information dealing with the inner workings of the gigantic Norfolk and Western job.

Seton was seen to-day in the corridor of the first tier of cells at the Tombs by a reporter for The Evening World He was dressed as carefully as ever, and his handsome wife had just left him, but he looked jaded and unhappy. Over night he had lost some of his jauntiness.

"I'm sorry I can't talk to The Evening World," he said, "but my attorney, Charles Le Barbier, has warned me not to talk. I'm going to let other people do the talking. But I will say this much:

A Scapegoat, He Says.

"They are trying to make a scapegoat of misery out of me."

Humphries, who made a partial confession, was taken to-day to the District-Attorney's office in the Criminal Court Building where, under questioning by Assistant District-Attorney Garvan he supplemented the first statement by a fuller account of his relations with Seton. Then he was sent to headquarters.

However, the deposit company closed this afternoon without either the police authorities or the Pinkertons making any legal efforts to examine the contents.

Seton Seeks Bail Release.

Seton, who was remanded to the Tombs without bail by Recorder Goff, is to make a last effort to-day to be released on as small a bond as possible. He was out on $5,000 bond when arrested in Maryland. That case, charging grand larceny from a Western railroad which retained him to float a bond issue, is to be called for trial Monday. If he cannot obtain his liberty on the Norfolk and Western case by to-night, it was said, he would await his trial on the grand larceny charge.

MARY QUIGLEY'S WILL STANDS IN THE COURT

Old Woman Had No Lawyer and Drew It Herself in the Hospital.

When the Sisters at St. Vincent's Hospital told old Mary Quigley that her days were numbered, on Aug. 16, she called for paper and a pen and ink and painfully wrote her will, disposing of the $1,700 she had in savings banks.

Her will is not in strict accordance with legal form, nor does it follow all the rules of composition, but it will stand. It reads as follows:

"NEW YORK, Aug. 16, 1905.

"I, Mary Quigley, in my last will and testament, bequeath to Mrs. Moran, No. 75 Baxter street, all the money I have deposited in Chambers Street Bank.

"I desire you to give Mrs. James Moran $50 and $25 to James McCauley. I want only three carriages at my funeral and no one must pay for one. I have money also in the Fourth Avenue Bank.

"I want $1,000 sent home to Ireland to be divided evenly between my mother and sisters and brothers. Whatever remains above that sum give it to Mrs. Moran, of No. 79 Baxter street. My brother Willie's portion I want him to put in the bank in the name of his daughter Annie. "MARY QUIGLEY."

Her relatives in Ireland will receive about $144 each.

Reversing the Rule.

(From the Baltimore American).

"In nautical matters have you noticed how they reverse things on land?"

"No; how so?"

"To cite an instance, a vessel will cut through the water when she wants to make a fast knot."

MOTHER'S DEATH WAS KEPT WHOLE WEEK FROM A JUROR

Louis Gore Heard of Bereavement Only After Relative Had Long Been Buried While He Served on Case.

(Special to The Evening World.)

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 13. — Louis Gore, the juror in the Hill case whose mother, Mrs. Sarah J. Gore, died Thursday of last week, knew nothing of his loss until, alighting from a car near his home yesterday, he was told by an acquaintance that she was dead. Later he said:

"Why could they not tell me? What was the Hill case to me in comparison to my mother? If I had dreamed she was near death or that I would be treated so I would not have served on any of their juries.

"To prevent me from even looking upon her face when the issue was no greater than it was, I feel I have been done a terrible injustice."

Mrs. Gore was buried a week ago yesterday.

WOMEN CONDEMN MERCILESS COURT.

Should a judge deny a juror the right to return to his home after the jury has been impanelled and when a question of life and death is involved?

The decision of Judge Audenried, of Philadelphia, that Louis B. Gore, a juror in the Hill case, should not be told of his mother's illness and death until the jury was discharged has stirred up a wave of sentiment both for and against the judicial action.

Gore had not been drawn on the jury more than two hours when his mother was taken suddenly ill. Although she pleaded with her daughter-in-law to be allowed to see her son, Gore's wife was of no assistance. She visited Judge Audenried and begged him to allow her husband to visit his dying mother, but the Judge, though expressing regret, said that he felt the ends of justice might be interfered with if a member of the jury should have his mind distracted by personal grief.

The trial is expected to last a week longer, and while Gore is listening to testimony the burial of his mother will take place unknown to him.

Here are the opinions of well-known New York women as to whether Judge Audenried's action was right.

Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake.

"It cannot be said that the Judge was not right in refusing to allow the juror to return home. He had a perfect right to follow the action he did. It was merely his judicial duty, and my sympathy is with the Judge who was placed in such a trying position where it was necessary to exercise the stern power of the law when human sympathies were involved. I am sure it must have been difficult for Judge Audenried, as a man, to have refused Juror Gore's wife her request. Of course, we feel sorry for the poor mother who wanted to see her son and we feel sorry for the man whose grief will be hard to bear when he learn of his mother's death, but at the same time we must remember it was hard for the Judge to perform his duty.

"We must realize the consequence that might have resulted had this juror been allowed to return home. We must remember the other eleven men on the jury also, whose personal affairs might have been disturbed. The present jury system, at best, is open to improvement—but that is another story. In this case my sympathies are with the Judge. We feel sorry for the individual grief, but the law had to be followed."

Mrs. Charles F. Naething.

"Speaking from the standpoint of humanity, I cannot see how Judge Audenried was justified in his action. To me it seems as though he did not temper justice with a proper hand. He goes too far when he interferes with a personal sorrow. The case could not have been so vital as to come between mother and son in a time of death. I am afraid the Judge has no appreciation of the emotion of pity. He certainly does not understand the situation where personal grief, which is sacred, is involved.

"Assuredly I value the importance of the law and I respect the legal power, but the judge might be charitable. No, decidedly no—he was not justified in keeping this juror from the deathbed of his mother. There is something higher than law in a time of death, and it is pity and humanity."

Mrs. Edwin Arden.

"From my point of view the judge followed the only course of action open to him. My knowledge of the case is limited, but I do not believe a case of legal importance should be interfered with by a personal sorrow, sad as it may be.

"In theatres we all know that a telegram is never delivered until after the performance, although it might involve a matter of life and death. Of course, in this case the man is being kept in ignorance of his mother's death a longer time, but it is the same principle. Personal grief would undoubtedly distract this juror from his duty toward the law and the country.

"The circumstances are very sad, and we all feel the deepest sympathy for the mother who dies without saying good-by to her son and for the juror who is still in ignorance of his mother's death, but at the same time I do not think the judge should be censured. He was justified in his action. It was the only course a judge could follow."

Dr. Anna Walford.

"I have no sympthy with a law which has hard-heartedness and indifference for a background. I think the judge's action was brutal in not allowing this poor juror to visit his mother in her hour of death. Suppose it did delay the course of the law a little? I don't believe there was one of the other eleven jurors who would have refused to be inconvenienced for this poor man. I do not think the judge was justified, as a man, to follow this course although the law upholds him."

Miss E. J. Hildreth, LL.D.

"In considering a question of this kind we must remember that we are apt to confuse the man and the judge. There are occasions when the kindest-hearted judge has to put his personal feelings and sympathies in the background. Although I know nothing about Judge Audenried's personality, I am sure he did not enjoy refusing to grant the request of the juror's wife. Had he been allowed to ignore his judicial obligation he would have permitted the juror to go home, but in his position he was not allowed to follow the dictates of his sympathies. He was representing the law of the land, and as such a representative he had to act."

HOD CARRIER POSED AS TRAMP PRINTER

Pickets Gather in Man Who Has Been Having Good Time for Weeks.

Among a bunch of tramp printers gathered in to-day by strike pickets from Big Six detailed to watch the shop of Styles & Cash, No. 77 Eighth avenue, was a fellow who has been having the time of his life for three weeks.

Instead of being a printer the man proved to be a union hodcarrier out of work.

The man, Samuel Gorden, told President McCormick, of Big Six, that in some way in Chicago the Typothetae agents got in into their heads he was a printer and corralled him and put him on waiting orders as a strik breaker. He saw the chance and took it.

From that time Mr. Gordon says he fed on the best, lived in a hotel with the privilege of charging his bar account and finally was placed on a Pullman car for this city.

To-day with others he was to go to work. The others were printers who had been working the Typothetae's free graft. They accompanied the pickets of "Big Six" to headquarters. Gordon showed his union card as a hod carrier.

Gordon's picture was taken and it will be framed and hung on the wall with the inscription, "A hod carrier who had a good time."

Isaac F. Marcosson said that every day adds to the strength of the Typothetae. More new men came in to-day from Illinois and Pennsylvania.

MR. FIELD'S DOCTORS TO HOLD CONSULTATION.

No Morning Bulletins Issued from the Sick Room of the Millionaire To-Day.

Although no alarming bulletins came this morning from the bedside of Marshall Field, the Chicago millionaire, who is ill of pneumonia at the Holland House, the statements made by his physicians indicated that the sick man was no better and might be worse.

Dr. Billings, of Chicago, Mr. Field's personal physician, when seen by an Evening World reporter, announced another consultation of the physicians in the case to-day. Dr. Billings said:

"Dr. Riggs, Dr. James and I will hold a consultation at once. Mr. Field passed the night comfortably, and that is about all I can say yet. So far I have made no thorough examination of Mr. Field. When I do I will be in position perhaps to say something. A bulletin will be issued after our consultation, I think."

Grape-Nuts

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"LION BRAND" FOR MORE THAN A QUARTER CENTURY THE LEADING 2 FOR 25c COLLARS TIME IS THE TEST OF VALUES INSIST ON "LION BRAND" ALWAYS

DIED.

STEPHENS—Suddenly, on Jan. 12, EDMOND STEPHENS.

Services at his late residence, 55 Clifton Place, Brooklyn, Jan. 14th, 8 P. M. Interment private.

PERSONALS.

OTTO KOEHLER—Please be good enough to telephone me in Jan. 14th, as I am sick. Jos.