gin. The hum and talk continued until attention was drawn to the guests' table. When perfect quiet was obtained Mr. Choate began:

"Brother Pilgrims: The one trait that we are boastful of is our loyalty; loyalty at home and loyalty abroad; loyalty to our own country and the sister nation with whom we as Pilgrims are allied. I am therefore going to call upon you first to drink to one large compound toast, and I ask you to stand when you drink it. 'To the President and the King.'" said Mr. Choate, raising his glass.

The guests arose and drank to the toast proposed by Mr. Choate. The orchestra immediately struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," and all those present joined in singing the national song. Then the orchestra played "God Save the King."

The last line of England's anthem had just died out when George T. Wilson, chairman of the executive committee, standing right behind Mr. Choate, called out lustily, "Give three long, ringing cheers for the President and the King," and they were given with plenty of force and vigor.

When the Pilgrims were seated, Mr. Choate said:

"When Brother Wilson got through with cheering he came up right behind my shoulder and said to me, 'The cheering is done; you can go right along.' There is one duty I have to perform before I try to go along, and that is to ask you to drink another toast, which I am sure will be received with quite the same enthusiasm as that one by which you have already shown your loyalty. I mean to propose to you the health of the president of the Pilgrim Society, who was to have stood where I stand to-night and preside over this meeting—W. Butler Duncan."

The guests then arose and drank the toast t Mr. Duncan.

MR. CHOATE'S SPEECH.

Mr. Choate continued as follows:

I am going to say for Mr. Duncan that he was taken ill a day or two ago, and his illness was partly caused a little by anxiety about this banquet of the Pilgrim Society, but I am delighted to hear to-day that he is very much better, and when the Pilgrims meet the next time he will be in his post at the head as toastmaster.

So you will infer by my having been suddenly called to stand in his shoes that I have no speech to make to you. Once before on a similar occasion, when I was in a tight place, I tided over my temporary embarrassment by borrowing a few notes from Pierpont Morgan. In case I fail to-night to have them honored by my attempt to use them I would ask to have them indorsed by Andrew Carnegie and Levi P. Morton.

I must congratulate our friend, Mr. Reid, in the first place upon this delightful tribute that has been paid him by the mere presence of this company, which is not the bone and sinew of New York, but the brain and heart of the state, and every man of them has come here for the purpose of manifesting his personal regard and esteem for our ambassador. I do not believe that there is a single man here out of curiosity to see whether or not Whitelaw Reid is all right.

They had no occasion to meet the American representative as another American had on an occasion when he called at the office of the American Ambassador in London, with his wife and baggage.

"When did you arrive?" was the first question.

"Just arrived," was the answer.

"Have you been to your hotel?" was another question put.

"No," came the prompt answer.

Then the ordinary question was put to him as to every visitor of that kind, and which we put at the end of an interview: "Well, what can I do for you?"

"You can do nothing for me," came the reply. "I merely came here to see whether my ambassador was in his place."

Now, Mr. Reid and I, I may say we were closely united. I am only his stepfather. We talk about each other. We try to find something of common interest in our office. I call it our office still. I know that you have found out that once an ambassador, always an ambassador is true, and it is our office to-day just as much as it ever was.

I was greatly amused when Mr. Reid began his ambassadorship. The question was asked if there was any place except this dingy space where we received visitors, or ambassadors, or even Americans? We are apt to lament at headquarters the dingy place which our country has in London and wonder is this the best that that great country can do for its representative. My answer at the time was, "Sir, this is the delightful abode of some of the best men in the American Republic." Dingy as it is, I found some things in that chamber that showed the glorious light of my predecessors. They were from John Adams to John Hay. The whole history of the country on my arrival in England seemed to me to be written on the faces of those of my predecessors, whose portraits adorned the walls of that dingy hope of the American representatives to England. Five of them after serving as ambassadors in London became in due course President of the United States. Those were the good old days.

The post as Ambassador to London seemed to be regarded as the natural pathway to the Presidency. But times have changed since then. In those days ministers, or ambassadors, as we call them now, were made young, and they had plenty of time for subsequent progress. Look at the ordeals that the Adamses went through. They were not fighting men. Not one of them ever was a soldier, but they had the good old Adams fighting blood in their veins, which has continued to percolate down to the succeeding generations. They were there in the right place and in the right time.

John Adams and John Quincy Adams were our ambassadors to England after the two wars with that country. And Charles Francis Adams, to whom this country owes more than to any other foreign representative we ever had, was the other of the trio. It was his calm sense and judgment, used in those terrible days of our Civil War, when there was mutual agitation between the two countries, that prevented a serious rupture. It was his firm tact that preserved the relations between those two countries through that trying ordeal.

I would like to call to your mind the names of our illustrious predecessors—I say our predecessors—to-night, but time will not permit. Mr. Reid and I have been in the habit of making a great many speeches in London, a habit that Mr. Reid feels is part of the position. I notice that there is a sameness in our utterances on the other side, and I was at a loss to see where we got our common ideas, and I discovered that they came from a description of a dinner once given by the American Ambassador in one of the other countries of Europe.

Now, this speech is very short, much shorter than Mr. Reid's will be to-night. You came to hear Mr. Reid's speech to-night, not mine. He is responsible for this dinner. The only thing that will break it up is an accident, and that will easily be remedied by my friend, Mark Twain.

There is one thing wanted in that office at No. 123 Victoria street, London, and I am surprised that it has not been brought to the attention of the American people long ago. There should be in the rooms of our embassy a first-rate portrait of Benjamin Franklin, the first and greatest of American diplomats. It ought to be there. It will recall to Americans his glorious service to his country there and in France.

Now, I do not mean to detain you any longer from what you came to hear and see. Mr. Whitelaw Reid has this nation at heart. You all came here to congratulate him in the office that he represents so faithfully, and on the great experience he will derive from contemplating his predecessors. You came to congratulate him on the excellent manner in which he has discharged his duties, and on his good health, that will enable him to go back to his place with renewed energy.

We can only say that when he comes back for good to stay the Pilgrims will want to meet him. Now, gentlemen, I have the honor of presenting to you his excellency the American Ambassador to England, Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

MR. REID'S ADDRESS.

As Mr. Reid rose to speak the Pilgrims were on their feet applauding, and before he could start his remarks Mr. Wilson was behind the toastmaster leading the cheers. Mr. Reid's speech follows:

You need no words of mine to tell you how highly this reception is appreciated. The honor you confer by it is all the greater because it comes neither at the beginning of the work to which kind allusion has been made, nor at its end. It is far enough from the beginning to bestow a distinct and gracious approval, and far enough from the end to be the cheering guarantee of a continued and most helpful support.

There is no need either to say how much I appreciate the words of my distinguished predecessor; nor how glad we all are to see the spirit and grace with which he bears his new honors. I am not referring to The Hague—that was in the old line of business. What I mean is the honor of admission, worthily earned, to the immortal company of the "men of '76." There is hardly a person about whom I shall have more inquiries when I get back to London,—about his health, his enjoyments, his pursuits—and there will not be one man of all the questioners who will not be gratified with the account I shall be able to give. When he first was going out to his post, at the farewell dinner given him by the great Club over which he had presided, I told them he was going to a people who would like him, and whom he would like. Both statements have been thoroughly proved.

It is a very great and distinguished company to which he has referred, and in which America may take a just pride, the portraits of his predecessors, which surround the Ambassador in the dingy Victoria street office; and I quite agree that it should be completed by the addition of the first and greatest of the line. He was not Minister there of the United States; he was Agent of the Colonies, and that post was not always a pleasant one. Perhaps the most painful incident in our diplomatic relations with the mother country was the offensive examination of Franklin before the Lords in Council, by Wedderburne, the Solicitor General of the day. I had the pleasure of reminding a great English university audience, and of having the reminder received with cordial good will, that when Wedderburne came to die, the Sovereign he had served in this unfortunate fashion said of him that he had not left a greater knave behind him in the British dominions. When Franklin died he had the affectionate gratitude of his own country, he was the idol of France, and the admiration of the world.

But whatever the oversight of my predecessors, the present Ambassador has at least not overlooked Franklin. Whenever any of you do me the honor to visit me at my London residence, or anybody does, he passes first under the finely spread marble eagle on the portico; and as he enters the door he finds marble busts on either side, exact replicas, through the favor of French officials, of the original casts of two works by Houdon. On the one side is the Father of His Country; and on the other the printer and Editor who served the American colonies as their Agent in London, and the United States as their Minister to France.

It will be a pleasure and a duty to repair the omission of my predecessors by adding a portrait of that noble head to the great group of portraits in the Embassy office. But it ought to be selected by our best American authority on Franklin, the honored Dean of our whole living diplomatic service—and he is very much alive, Mr. Choate, and very young in his ninety-second year—a successor of Franklin's, Abraham Lincoln's Minister in France, our honored friend and townsman, John Bigelow.

I am proud and grateful that this greeting should come from this representative company of New Yorkers. Here I have lived among you for forty years. I know how much there is here to be proud of,—in the people and in the place. I will not pretend that I do not know also the faults of the town. In the past I have certainly done my full share of grumbling and faultfinding. Heaven knows there are still faults enough to be grumbled at, and will be till a problem hitherto baffling is solved;—till we learn how to take institutions, framed for a sparse population, widely scattered over a new country, mostly intelligent, churchgoing folk, sprung from generations accustomed to liberty and to parliamentary government, and get those institutions worked just as successfully and smoothly by the vast conglomerate population of this second city in the world, the entrepôt of a million immigrants a year, the home of huge colonies from many foreign countries, where many scarcely know our language, much less our complicated constitutions and bewildering variety of State and National laws, and have yet to learn in some such school as that which taught our fathers, the restraints of liberty under law.

But there is one splendid circumstance accompanying an exile;—the faults that at home look so large, right under our eyes, shrink into their proper proportion when we get farther away from them, and no longer obscure the great results attained in spite of them. At home we do right to dwell upon these faults; abroad we come to think less of them and more of what all the world is compelled to see,—the impressive magnitude and startling growth of this city, its splendid vitality, its boundless energy, its unconquerable hopefulness, the readiness with which it always extends its hand in help, and the cheery courage with which it meets its own reverses,—its great past and its unshakable confidence in a future whose greatness no man may measure. If I were an Englishman or a Frenchman, jolting for the first time through these streets that certainly leave something to be desired, or suffering from a paralysis of transportation like that which caught wayfarers from Washington early this morning, or listening for the first time to all these strong stories of general business misconduct, or to the lurid talk of our rival political organizations, and the highly candid opinions we shout out about each other to everybody,—if, as I say, I were an Englishman or a Frenchman, under such circumstances, I can see how one might naturally think he could find some other city he would rather live in. But to an American and a real New Yorker it is unthinkable! There is no city in the world one is prouder of when abroad, or more eager always to return to as his permanent home.

It is a double honor the Pilgrims are conferring upon me to-night. Three years ago the London Society gave me the most generous of welcomes, and has never missed an opportunity since to make the representative of this country feel that he had not worn that welcome out. You, my old friends and fellow citizens, repeat their kindness here, and better it, too, by showing how surely one's place is kept for him at home while he is trying to serve you on the other side of the Atlantic.

The work of this Society and of its London twin is the same, and it is a work worthy of the great name they have both invoked. The old Pilgrims under whose device you serve, went out to lay the foundations of a larger liberty and a better civilization. You, Pilgrims of to-day, co-operate with your colleagues in the mother land for the same great end, for peace, harmonious relations, more intimate intercourse and progress among all the English speaking peoples, as they carry ordered liberty and advancing civilization around the world.

You probably know already, but still the assurance will not be unwelcome, that everything in the relations between the two countries is now substantially as you would have it. There are no serious complications. Business relations extend, intercourse is more frequent and intimate, good will toward us seems universal. There is no distinction of parties in it. That was the condition under Mr. Arthur Balfour and Lord Lansdowne; it is the same under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir Edward Grey. Co-operation has become easy and natural in most international movements in which both countries are concerned;—as for example in promoting efforts for peace, or in humanitarian movements for better conditions in the Congo, or for the restriction of the immoral opium traffic. Points long in dispute begin to disappear. The oldest outstanding source of irritation between the two countries, a constant danger for a century and a quarter, is in the course of peaceful adjustment. In spite of the late declaration in the conference of Colonial Premiers, that there was nothing in the fishery question that could properly be referred to arbitration, the two countries, upon the proposal of the United States, have agreed to refer our differences about it to The Hague Tribunal. Do you realize that this is the matter which was held by the first Adams as of such consequence that he refused to sign the Treaty at the close of the Revolutionary War till our fishery rights were written into it, or that the second Adams, after the War of 1812, refused to close up that record till these rights were written again into another Treaty? It is the oldest, the most delicate, and in its possibilities the most important one yet referred to The Hague.

In thus dwelling on our peaceful and cordial relations, I am not forgetting the nonsense you have read in the sensational press about the obligations of Great Britain to sustain Japan in war against the United States. If all that ignorant and foolish talk were not mischievous you might dismiss it as merely another bit of yellow moonshine. For, first, there is no war, and not the ghost of a probability of war with Japan, any more than there is of war with Russia, or with Thibet, or with Paraguay and Patagonia. We have every reason to think the Japanese sincerely our friends, as we are theirs. If they are not, there is one thing you may be sure about, they certainly are not fools; and you have to think them entirely without common sense before you can imagine them capable of seeking war with a powerful and friendly nation, half way around the globe, absolutely without a grievance or a motive. And, secondly, the treaty between Great Britain and Japan simply provides that in case of aggression on Japan's recognized territorial rights in the East, Great Britain would sustain her. Now, what grown man, outside a lunatic asylum, dreams that we have such a hunger for more land that we are going to cross the Pacific and try to rob one of our oldest and truest friends in the farther East—the very land we introduced to the Western world and to which we certainly tried to be useful in helping to bring the late lamentable struggle to a close?

You are right, no doubt, to blame the sensational press for its unpatriotic eagerness to make dirty halfpennies by inventing and spreading this mischievous folly. But I beg of you, be just, and blame still more that section of the American people, inconsiderable in influence and I must think not considerable in numbers, who appear still so provincial, so credulous and so careless, as to gulp down such stuff, open-mouthed, like half-grown backwoods fly-gobblers, and really seem to relish it.

We do have a little list of other matters unadjusted between our two countries. They relate chiefly to Canada. Peoples who have large interests along three thousand miles of frontier, as well as around the globe, must constantly have outstanding questions. But we rely upon the fairness of our Canadian friends, headed by the accomplished statesman whose services they enjoy as Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to get most of them equitably adjusted between ourselves; and what we cannot settle, The Hague Conference surely can.

Where mutual good will is, all of them are simple. For that matter all American foreign policy is simple. Old Polonius had the whole philosophy of it, "To thine own self be true. . . . Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in, so bear thyself that thine adversary may beware of thee." That requires two branches in our foreign service, of equal importance, each vital. The one exhausts all means of peace—the other backs our position with our armed power. May I add that whoever at home, either wantonly or in mere thoughtlessness, seeks to cripple a man at his post in either branch of this foreign service, is really acting like the dastard who shoots his own sentry in the back.

We are all watching with pride one branch of this foreign service now—the stately procession of warships, bearing the flag of the country peacefully around the Western Hemisphere, heralded by the joy-bells of every sister Republic it approaches, and followed by the acclamations of their free and independent peoples. That fleet revives friendships, stimulates intercourse, puts to shame the maligners of the Navy and of the President, carries cheer to stricken but gallantly courageous San Francisco and the Pacific Coast, and recalls to our Nation its commanding position, not merely on the Atlantic, but also on the ocean that is to carry the commerce of the Twentieth Century.

Gentlemen, I have detained you far too long. Let me repeat my best thanks to you all for this most generous demonstration, and assure you of my hope that as many of you as possible will give me the opportunity on the other side to show that I have not forgotten it.

Mr. Howard spoke on the friendship between England and America.

"Are not the Pilgrims building up this friendship and good will?" he asked. "And what architect is there in this work who equals Mr. Bryce? No Englishman is better fitted for such work."

MR. CLEMENS'S SPEECH.

In introducing Mr. Clemens Mr. Choate mentioned his Oxford degree.

"In that long and distinguished career of mine I value that degree above all other honors," declared Mr. Clemens. "I also delighted in the hospitality I met with over there. When the ship landed even the stevedores gathered on the shore and gave an English cheer. Nothing could surpass in my life the pleasure of those four weeks. No one could pass by me without taking my hand, even the policemen. I've been in all the principal capitals of Christendom in my life, and have always been an object of interest to policemen. Sometimes there was suspicion in their eyes, but not always. With their puissant hand they would hold up the commerce of the world to let me pass."

"I noticed in the papers this afternoon," continued Mr. Clemens, "a dispatch from Washington saying that Congress would immediately pass a bill restoring to our gold coinage the motto 'In God We Trust.' I'm glad of that; I'm glad of that. I was troubled when that motto was removed. Sure enough, the prosperities of the whole nation went down in a heap when we ceased to trust in God in that conspicuously advertised way. Bishop Lawrence may now add to his message to the Old Country that we are now trusting in God again."

Mr. Clemens then turned to the question of his health, saying he had felt stronger and younger and heartier ever since his visit to Egland. "Dancing last night at half-past twelve," he mentioned in passing.

"Mr. Choate has mentioned Mr. Reid's predecessors," Mr. Clemens went on. "Mr. Choate's head is full of history, and some of it is so, too. He mentioned a long list of those predecessors, people I never heard of before, and elected five of them to the Presidency by his own vote. I'm glad and proud to find Mr. Reid in that high position, because he didn't look it when I knew him forty years ago. He told me the other day he found in his papers an autograph of mine which was twenty years old. I didn't know I had an autograph twenty years ago. This is the only country where youth, talent and energy can reach such heights. That's what he and I had."

He then spoke of making a visit to the Tribune building twenty years ago and of seeing Horace Greeley. He said in the greeting he received was a word which began with "h."

"I don't remember what that word was now. I had never used such language up to that time. But I was finally converted, and it has been a great refuge for me in time of trouble. When you've got that ready, let trouble come."

Returning to the subject of himself and his friends who had risen to such heights of fame and had cemented the friendly relations between this country and England, Mr. Clemens added:

"And in my humble way, of which I am quite vain, I was the principal moral force in all those great international movements. These great men all illustrate what I say. Look at us great people—we all come from the dregs of society. Choate, here—he hasn't got anything to say, but he says it, just the same, and he can do it so felicitously, too! I said long ago he was the handsomest man America ever produced. May the progress of civilization always rest on such distinguished men as it has in the past."

BISHOP LAWRENCE'S SPEECH.

Replying to the toast, "New England's Message to Old England," Bishop Lawrence said that the Americans owed their liberty to Archbishop Laud, of England. Without that functionary the Pilgrims would have had no reason to come to this land, as it was under Archbishop Laud's rule that they learned the sweetness of liberty.

The Pilgrims, however, he added, when they got here, treated all others as they had been treated before they came. The town peoples, he said, were identical, and the ocean between was only an incident.

"We had the privilege in coming to a new country untrammelled by precedent, conditions or institutions, and working out the principle of liberty," he said. "We are grateful to old England that we were sent here, that we might give to England the benefits of our experiments in democracy."

The Ambassador to England and the Ambassador from England were one. Bishop Lawrence praised the separation of school and church in this country, and declared that religion could never be taught by the state, as it must always come from the heart.

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SOUTH FOR PROHIBITION.

National Chairman of Anti-Liquor Party Says So.

The Democrats, unless they make prohibition a plank in their platform in Denver next July, will lose the South, according to Charles R. Jones, chairman of the Prohibition National Committee, at the Hotel Belmont yesterday. He said the Southern Democrats had demonstrated their attitude in state elections, and would vote for no Presidential candidate not positively pledged to the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of liquor.

"No other issue is before the American people today," he added. Oklahoma, Georgia, Mississippi and Alabama have gone dry, Tennessee has only four wet townships, North Carolina will go dry in May, and Texas, Missouri and Florida are sure to join in a very short time. Between Republicans and Democrats there is no enthusiasm this year. They have no issue. I grant that Roosevelt could win if nominated. He is the only man in the party who can beat Bryan, but Bryan has no show at all. Roosevelt could win despite Prohibitionists. He has done nothing, however, with respect to breaking up the greatest of all trusts—the liquor traffic.

"Taft? His boom doesn't take hold. The Prohibitionists wouldn't cast a vote for Taft. He made a speech in Oklahoma against the prohibition clause in its constitution. But the clause got in just the same.

"Take Hughes: I never met him, but I can't discover any enthusiasm for him anywhere, and I have heard he is small minded, short of vision, not well balanced, but a well meaning man."

ELECTRICAL MEN CHEER FOR HUGHES.

Applaud Mention of Governor's Name at American Institute Dinner.

T. Commerford Martin pointed out at the public service dinner for the American Institute of Electrical Engineers at the Waldorf last night that Governor Hughes received only $10,000 a year, whereas the Public Service Commissioners each were paid $15,000, and added:

"Let us, thinking of the Governor in that connection, hold to the idea of promoting him elsewhere to a position of larger eminence and responsibility."

Mention of the name of Governor Hughes brought forth a generous round of applause, and a letter of regret from the Governor was also heartily applauded.

Three hundred covers were laid in the grand ballroom for the engineers, their wives and sweethearts.

Henry Gordon Stott, president of the institute and chief engineer of the Interborough system, presided. With him at the guests' table, as speakers, were Walter C. Kerr, Frank W. Stevens, chairman of the upstate Public Service Commission; Charles R. Huntley, president of the Buffalo General Electric Company, and T. Commerford Martin, editor of "The Electrical World."

BRYAN CAMPAIGN IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Harrisburg, Penn., Feb. 19.—A campaign fund of $3,000 for the election of a Bryan delegation from Pennsylvania to the Democratic National Convention was raised at a meeting here to-day of the executive committee of the Bryan Democratic League, of Pennsylvania. The committee decided to put up candidates for national delegates in every one of the thirty-two Congress districts of the state and to organize auxiliary leagues to help those candidates. The meeting was attended by thirty members, including State Treasurer Berry.

ALABAMA DISTRICT FOR TAFT.

Birmingham, Ala., Feb. 19.—The 9th Alabama District Republican executive committee here today called a convention to meet in Birmingham, on May 5, to choose delegates to the national convention at Chicago. Resolutions were adopted indorsing Taft for President and praising the administration of President Roosevelt.

ILLINOIS COUNTY FOR CANNON.

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 19.—Joseph G. Cannon was unanimously indorsed for President to-night by the Sangamon County Republican Committee, the first to select delegates to the state convention.

MISSOURI DEMOCRATIC CALL.

Jefferson City, Mo., Feb. 19.—The Missouri State Democratic Committee met here to-day and decided to hold the state convention here on May 20. Jefferson City won the convention over Springfield by 21 to 11.

BRYAN, JOHNSON AND HARMON DINNER.

Jefferson City, Mo., Feb. 19.—The executive committee of the Young Men's State Democratic Club held a meeting here to-day and decided to hold a dinner in Kansas City some time in March to be fixed after a conference with W. J. Bryan. It will be a national affair and in the interest of Mr. Bryan. Governor Johnson of Minnesota and Judson Harmon, of Ohio, will be invited, and probably other national speakers.

LONG SENTENCES FOR KIDNAPPERS.

Chicago, Feb. 19.—William Jones, also known as William Birmingham, and his wife, Alzina Jones, were found guilty to-night of having kidnapped Lillian Wulff, a twelve-year-old girl, from her home in Chicago, last December. The punishment of Jones was fixed at thirty years, and that of his wife at twenty-five years, in the penitentiary.

TO RECEIVE BARON TAKAHIRA.

Washington, Feb. 19.—Unless a change is made in the present plan, Baron Takahira, the new Japanese Ambassador to the United States, will be formally received by President Roosevelt at the White House to-morrow. The official recognition of the ambassador is to be expedited so that he may present himself at the last of the public receptions at the White House, which is to be given to-morrow night in honor of the army and navy.

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ENDS LIFE IN SUBWAY.

Apparently Well-to-Do Man Hurls Himself Before Express.

An unidentified man threw himself in front of a subway train at the 72d street station shortly before 9 o'clock last night, before one hundred passengers. His clothing and general appearance seemed to indicate that he had been a man of some means. His head and feet were cut off by the wheels of the southbound express train.

His hat, a derby, was the only article of clothing found that had any mark by which he might possibly be identified. That contained the initials "B. W." perforated on the sweatband, and in front of that was written with a lead pencil the initial "C." Jess Applegate, of Montreal and Toronto, Canada, was the maker of the hat.

REAR ADMIRAL LUDLOW GOES AWAY.

Weeps as He Bids Goodby to Friends, but Wife Has No Word for Him.

Sayville, Long Island, Feb. 19.—Rear Admiral Nicoll Ludlow, U. S. N. (retired), left his home at Oakdale to-day to visit his brother in Mexico. The veteran wept as he bid goodby to his old friends and his servants. He visited the tombs of his relatives in St. John's Cemetery after leaving the old Ludlow home, where he has lived nearly all of his time ashore.

Mrs. Ludlow, who was married to the admiral eight years ago, arrived here before her husband departed, but she did not greet him or bid him goodby, waiting at the railroad station until he had vacated the house. She had not been there for several months, although the admiral was dangerously ill for a month and only recently recovered. Mrs. Ludlow ordered new furniture soon after entering the house.

Mrs. Ludlow was a widow when she was married to the admiral. She is a sister of the wife of Admiral Dewey and of John R. McLean. She is the mother of Frederick Bugher, Deputy Police Commissioner of New York.

PRESIDENT TO HUNT MOOSE AND BEAR

Reported to Have Accepted Canadian Invitation at Expiration of Term.

Detroit, Feb. 19.—A "News" special from Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., says that President Roosevelt has expressed a favorable attitude in regard to an invitation to hunt moose and bear in the Canadian woods north of here after the expiration of his term of office. The invitation was tendered to the President by W. F. Knox and George P. McCallum, of this city, and the President is reported to have said that he would endeavor to arrange for the trip.

ANTI-TAFT COUP IN ALABAMA.

Faction Captures Republican Emblem on Ticket—Opponents May Invoke Law.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 19.—A political coup came to light to-day when it was discovered that the Davidson wing of the Republican party, which is opposed to Taft, had filed the emblem of the Republican party with the Secretary of State. The other wing cannot file an emblem of the Republican party and cannot have its name placed under an emblem on the ticket, as the state law is strict on this point.

The Thompson wing is expected to carry the matter to the courts for determination. It is rumored to-night that Captain Charles H. Scott, national committeeman, will join the Davidson forces.

REARDON DECLINES CRANE'S ADVICE.

When the adjourned case of Sergeant Joseph Wasserman and "County Detective" Edward J. Reardon, charged with oppression, came up before Magistrate Crane in the Yorkville court yesterday Abraham Levy, counsel for the men, said he would waive examination. The two men were held in $100 bail, which they got without trouble.

"Eddie," said Magistrate Crane to Reardon, "I have known you for some time, and I would like to give you some advice."

"I am an American citizen," broke in Reardon, "and I know my rights. You are only a committing magistrate. This case will come up in a higher court than yours. I expect to get my rights, and that's all I'm looking for."

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CARNEGIE JOINS IN.

Enthusiastic Over Memorial to City's Firemen.

The meeting of a hastily called committee to consider a memorial to Deputy Chief Kruger was held at Delmonico's last night, with Andrew Carnegie, Isidor Straus, Henry W. Taft, Cornelius N. Bliss, Fire Commissioner Bonner and George W. Babb, of the State Board of Underwriters, present. It was decided to issue an immediate appeal for funds "for the purpose of erecting a shaft, the surplus to be devoted to supplementing the Fire Department pension fund." A permanent organization of the committee was made, with Bishop Potter, who called last night's meeting, but could not be present, as chairman, and General Thomas L. James as treasurer. With Isidor Straus, George W. Babb and Hugh Bonner they were named as an executive committee. Henry W. Taft acted as informal chairman of the meeting.

The discussion turned immediately, as soon as organization was effected, to the disposition to be made of the money when it should be raised. Mr. Carnegie immediately asked what pension Mrs. Kruger would receive. "One thousand dollars," said Commissioner Bonner.

"Is that all? Only $1,000?" said Mr. Carnegie.

"That amount annually," replied the Commissioner.

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Carnegie, "then I won't come in."

Isador Straus suggested that a part of the money should go to Deputy Chief Kruger's family.

"I heartily agree with you," said Mr. Carnegie; "the monument must not be merely a dead shaft."

Mr. Taft suggested that a part of the fund be devoted to supplementing the regular pension fund of the department. His suggestion was concurred in at once. "You will get more money, and get it quicker," said Mr. Carnegie, "if you talk about a pension fund. I move that Bishop Potter be directed to draft an open letter appealing for funds at once. Ask a great many to give $1,000 or $5,000 each. Out of one hundred any of us could name you would get fifty subscriptions of $1,000."

"But we don't want to shut off the dollar contributors," objected Mr. Taft.

"Certainly not; they are the most important of all," said Mr. Carnegie. "But we need the big subscriptions. Why, I believe I know five hundred men who would give $1,000 each."

"You'd better send that list to the treasurer," put in Mr. Taft.

STEFFENS ON PRESIDENT.

His Policies All Right, but Not Radical Enough, Says Novelist.

"Some people assert that Theodore Roosevelt has gone too far," said Lincoln Steffens, the "exposer" novelist, last night in addressing the first college men's dinner of the West Side Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, "but I tell you the President has not gone half far enough. His policies are right, but they are not radical enough. I tell you again he has not gone far enough."

Mr. Steffens insisted that the universities of America should teach politics to their students. "They don't know anything about the game of politics," he shouted; "they don't know the A, B, C's of that game, and they should be taught it."

"There is something the matter with the boy in the early teens who can truly be called a perfect gentleman," says Dr. G. Stanley Hall, university president, in an article called "Feminization of Boys" in next Sunday's Magazine Section of The Tribune.

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