of guilt that six stood for I did not inquire. As the foreman did not offer me any information I did not think it would be right to seek it."

A great crowd thronged the corridor and streets outside the Criminal Courts Building. It was a greater crowd than that which heard that Roland B. Molineux had been acquitted. Even after Nan had been taken back to the Tombs the crowd waited and waited, hoping to get a glimpse of her crossing the Bridge of Sighs.

"From the minute the jurymen entered their room at half past 12 yesterday," said Foreman William M. Harmer last night, "they stood six for acquittal and six for conviction. The mass of evidence had been so thoroughly digested while the men were in the jury box that every man had made up his mind, irrevocably, as it turned out.

"As soon as we retired I called for a ballot to ascertain the feeling. It was the only ballot taken during the twenty-three hours we deliberated. Numerous yea and nay votes were taken, but not a man would change from the one side to the other. Generally speaking, six believed the girl to be guilty. Six thought her innocent.

"There were plenty of opportunities during the long hours for bitterness and rancor to develop. I should like to say that, save for irreconciliable opinions, we were in perfect accord. There was hardly an hour that we were not arguing and reviewing the evidence. I did not get a wink of sleep. Many of the other men did not.

"I have been told that Miss Patterson believed that one man, he has been named Yeandle, was antagonistic to her, and that he was causing her all the trouble. That was very far from the fact. There was absolutely no antagonism toward the girl. As a matter of fact she excited feelings of sympathy among the jurymen quite apart from the evidence in her favor."

George W. Yeandle, who was juror No. 9, and the man who Nan Paterson thought prevented the jury from acquitting her, had this to say:

"I want it distinctly understood that I favored the acquittal of the girl from the start, and that I believe that Cæsar Young killed himself. Right at the start of the jury's deliberation I argued with and convinced six members of the jury, besides myself, that Young must have killed himself. These were Jurymen Lake, Jenkins, Angus, Lee, Sheeran and Foreman Harmer. Later the foreman changed his mind, and that made it six to six all the way through."

A juryman, who did not consider it proper that his name should be used, said that two things largely affected the jury's action and brought about sharp disagreement: The speech of Prosecutor Rand and the non-appearance of J. Morgan Smith.

"There is no doubt," said this juryman, "that Mr. Rand's cold, merciless, perfectly logical address swerved several of the jurymen from an attitude favorable to Nan. Rand's speech was a surgeon's scalpel ripping off sentiment and leaving nothing but the bare bones of logic and justice.

"It is also true that the failure of Smith to turn up had an unfavorable effect for the girl. There was something highly suspicious about it, to put it mildly. I regard these two as the chief reasons why a favorable verdict was not rendered."

MILITARY COMIC OPERA.

Company K of the Seventh Moves Itself for the Time to Korea.

Company K of the Seventh Regiment, a company which professes to be the champion "high ball scaling" organization of its kind, celebrated its semi-centennial at Delmonico's last night. It was a pleasant celebration. It began with refreshments and ended with refreshments. In between there was presented by members of the company a play, "K. in Korea," a patriotic potpourri in two acts.

Of this play the members of the company were very proud. From the moment the curtain went up, disclosing to view *Private Snapp* in the act of pulling on his trousers over a pair of red unmentionables until it hid from view at the end a bunch of typewriting "girls" with the sturdiest sort of underpinning, the applause was immense.

The play was written by George Parmly Day, with "eminently eligible emendations" by George De C. Curtis, author of "Wild Animals and Me." The first act opens in Company K's quarters. Orders have just been received for the company to proceed to Corea. That is when *Private Snapp* begins to struggle with his trousers, and then, too, *Quartermaster John Fetchan Carry* (N. F. Lenssen) begins to have trouble, for there are many canteens to be provided and filled.

Before the company sails, though, *Hi Spi* (R. M. Johnson) and *Li Low* (Walter Struthers), Secret Service agents of the Emperor of Corea, are discovered in the company's quarters. To *Sergt. Thrustan Parry* (Crittenden Deen) falls the distinction of discovering that the agents are women.

Not merely do the secret service men turn out to be women, but daughters of the Emperor of Corea as well. And here is where *Private Snapp* and *Private Stock* get busy. They get engaged to *Hi Spi* and *Li Low*. With the two girls they arrive in Corea in advance of the company. Appears now the Emperor, "a harried married potentate" (Charles D. Cleveland); also those lusty limbed stenographers, *Iona Remmington, Anne Caligraph, Ida Oliver* and *Ima Premier Smith*.

The *Emperor* puts up a big kick, but finally consents to his daughters' marriage with *Snapp* and *Stock*, and the climax comes when an orderly brings a message from *Capt. McLean* of the company, presenting his compliments to the Emperor and tipping him that Company K is marching on the royal palace.

"Well," says the Emperor, "if he's after a wife he may have one."

Capt. McLean is said to be a bachelor.

It was late when THE SUN reporter left the celebration. It was against the rule to leave early.

"Carriages may be ordered at 12 o'clock," said the programme, "but what's the use."

NOT A PRESIDENT'S GRANDSON.

A Mistaken Impression About Young Sergeant Major Pierce.

Franklin Pierce, Sergeant Major in the Seventy-first Regiment, who has been designated by President Roosevelt to take the examination for Second Lieutenant in the Regular army, is not a grandson of President Franklin Pierce, as some have announced.

President Pierce had for his biographer no less a writer than Nathaniel Hawthorne, and if young Sergeant Major Pierce of the Seventy-first will read that work or if he will consult Mr. Sidney Webster of this city, who was the private secretary of President Pierce, he will learn that he is not the grandson of the eleventh President of the United States.

None of Franklin Pierce's three children survived him. The death of his third child, a bright lad of 13 years, shortly before the inauguration, aroused national sympathy.

In January, 1852, while the President-elect, with Mrs. Pierce and their only child, was on a train on the Boston and Maine Railroad on the way to Concord from Boston and near Andover, an axle of one of the passenger cars broke and the cars were precipitated down a steep embankment. The cars rolled over and over down the hill, and among the passengers killed was this youth, who was the last of the children of Franklin Pierce.

The shadow of that death rested upon the White House during the administration of President Pierce. Mrs. Pierce never recovered from the blow. She lived ten years longer, but was an invalid and during her life in the White House took little part in the social world about her.

President Pierce left no son, and Sergeant Major Pierce, therefore, cannot be his grandson.

LOTOS PRAISE FOR VAN DYKE.

THE CLERGYMAN-AUTHOR CLUB'S CHRISTMAS GUEST.

Says That He's Not a Writer of Any School, Nor Is He Working for Posterity, but for Friendship—Dr. Minot Savage Talks of New Religious Fashions.

The Lotos Club, appropriately to the Christmas season, dined last night in honor of a clergyman and a famous writer of Christmas stories. The Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke was their guest of honor. Three hundred members and guests gathered to tell what they thought of Dr. van Dyke or to hear what others thought of him.

Princeton was largely in evidence. The menu was an imitation of a college diploma. The outside bore a design in orange and black, symbolic of Princeton. Inside was a portrait of Dr. van Dyke, flanked on one side by a tiger and on the other by an undergraduate in cap and gown, with the Princeton gate in the background. Below was the list of Dr. van Dyke's works. The souvenirs were a little orange and black mortarboard, a copy of "The Story of the Wise Man," bound in red buckram, with gold lettering—a pretty piece of book work.

In introducing Dr. van Dyke, who had to start off the speechmaking, President and Toastmaster Frank R. Lawrence said:

"We welcome Dr. van Dyke, not as a guest, but as an old, valued friend—a man who can properly be called, in the broad, high and true sense, a good fellow. He began life as a doctor of divinity, but in this big country any man can overcome his disadvantages. So he became a great writer, a good fisherman, and withal one of the most gentle, genial, delightful men who ever set foot within the walls of this club."

Dr. van Dyke had to wait a minute or two for the storm of applause to die down.

"You know what Daniel said when he found himself among the lions," said Dr. van Dyke. "'Heaven knows I've done nothing to deserve this.'" That started the applause again. He went on.

"It is to friendship, and to friendship only, that I owe the honor of this evening. After all, about the best wages we get for our work in this world is paid for in the coin of friendship. Take the preacher. How are you going to measure his success? Not by the number of heretics he's smoked out, but by the number of people he has helped in the complexities and perplexities of this life. For a clergyman of these days, to appeal to real men and women, should not be like the minister whom the Scotchman described: 'The new meenister—sax days of the week he's inveesible and the seventh he's incomprehensible.'

"Take, again, a teacher, a professor in those modern institutions where they teach the young idea how to shoot. [This joke was a long time percolating. It brought a laugh which interrupted the speaker three sentences down the speech.] Now, professors receive small pay in money. Don't forget that the profession of teaching, while one of the poorest paid, is one of the best rewarded—rewarded by the opportunity the teacher has of bringing his knowledge to young men at the formative period of life and teaching them something. Any teacher who has felt the straight, honest gratitude of a young man knows that it is worth all the money, all the LL.D.'s and P. L. B.'s and P. D. Q.'s in the world.

"Take the profession of writing—if you call it a profession. What's the writer's pay? Not money, although the profession is better paid than it was once. I'm not ass enough to profess to despise the money I get for my books. I'm not enough of an intellectual dude not to want to be one of the best sellers. Yes, authors are better paid. Some of them can afford to enter the Legislature.

"But the real reward of an author doesn't come in his pay. It comes in friendship. To be a companion by the fireside or on summer walks; to cheer loneliness and assuage pain; to give a ray of pure, serene sunshine to men whose hearts are tired—that is what is worth while.

"I'm going to be honest enough with you to admit that most men who write hope for fame. Down in our hearts we wish that what we write may live after we are gone. But, after all, the best kind of fame is a kind of friendship. Shakespeare's plays, Lamb's essays, Thackeray's novels—what are they but friends? To achieve that kind of fame, however, is not in the hands of any writer—it is in the hands of the men who are coming.

"Our task is not, as I heard the Irish poet Yeats put it once, 'to fix our eyes on posterity.' It is ours just to work along, making our work as true and simple and honest as we can—and then chuck it overboard and leave it in the hands of predestination.

"For one who would achieve that friendly kind of fame there are two conditions. First, he must live his life in touch with his fellow men. To be an author it is not necessary to live in a cave or a coterie. Myself, I could never get into any coterie—neither the blood and thunder school of fiction, nor the thud and blunder school of criticism, nor the stale beer school of essays, nor the neurotic school of poetry. Why, I can't even get myself called the novelist of southwestern New Jersey.

"The second condition is that the writer must put his best, not his worst, into his books. I speak as a man of letters, not as a clergyman, when I say that the man who is so led by false lights that he doesn't know the difference between good and bad, emasculates himself and is unfit to write.

"I have written little, but I'd rather it would all be blotted out than that any man should turn away from my page worse, weaker, less hopeful, less honest."

The Rev. Minot J. Savage opened on his brother of the cloth by joshing his theology. He said theologians were like the circus happy family—a lion, a tiger, a bear and a lamb—they got along fine, only the lamb had to be renewed now and then.

All the speakers in their preliminary, chair settling remarks, took a shy at Dr. van Dyke's fondness for fishing. Hamilton Wright Mabie strung his talk on the fishing theme, comparing van Dyke to an angler who has had real fisherman's luck and the rest of the magazine bunch to "the groups of fishermen you see on every river bridge in France, fishing always, catching nothing—proof that the French love art for art's sake.."

"After all," he said, "writing is luck. There's a spontaneous ebullition in the man whom the gods love—the man of real genius. No work, no straining—it just comes. And, after all, the gods choose well these men whom they love.

"He's a scholar, too. He's almost as cultured as the Boston young lady who is reputed—reputed, I say, to preserve my reputation for truth—to be able to read Henry James in the original."

Col. George Harvey, another speaker, had this to say, among other things:

"Nobody needs to be told that, even in these commercial days, we do not suffer from lack of morals. There probably never was a time when the supply of this commodity met the demand in greater variety or luxuriance. The pulpit, or so much of it as is graced by the notion that the man of God can do his most effective service by climbing down to the level of the man of clay, sheds morals in great profusion over the heads of the multitude. Nor in all the realms of literature, from the swashbuckling novel to the poems of childhood, from the ponderous reviews to yellow journals, can we, by the exercise of the utmost ingenuity, escape the inevitable moral lesson.

"Even finance has a code of casual morals. Sometimes those who deal in them impose them gratuitously and with blare of trumpets upon a helpless people, but in any case, at any time, they may be had for a price. The reason of this undoubtedly is that experience has proven that what we term morality is not only the handmaid but an essential element of material achievement.

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HUNT FOR CHADWICK PROPERTY.

Receiver Loeser Locates a Wealth of Furs—Requisition for Dr. Chadwick.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 23.—"We are locating considerable property belonging to Mrs. Chadwick," said Receiver Nathan Loeser to-day. "The trunk and suit case, smuggled out of the Holland House, New York, we have traced and will secure posession of at once. They contain a very valuable moleskin suit and some jewelry, besides other property.

We have traced some other jewelry, which has been pledged to a money lending concern in New York. We will recover this, too, if possible, with some furs, which she had stored in Cleveland, and which have been turned over to us. We examined some of the property at the Chadwick home. There is an immense amount of furs there. We found a sealskin suit, a beautiful sable coat, boa and muff of very great value, a suit of baby lamb, chinchillas and hats of fur.

"I should say that there are one hundred boxes of hats, many of them of fur, to match suits, and all of them bearing the label of Mme. Louise, the New York milliner who has a claim against her. We made only a cursory investigation, but will take an inventory later."

The hearing of the bankruptcy case was continued again to-day until Tuesday morning. Attorney Grossman will then demand that Mrs. Chadwick be examined. The receiver has not heard from Henry Wurst of Elyria, who holds some jewelry as security for a loan. "I have written him twice asking him that he come in and tell us what property he holds," said Loeser to-day. "Unless he replies before Tuesday we will bring him into court on an attachment."

A trunk sent from New York to Emil Hoover at 94 Avondale avenue, Glenville, the residence of Daniel Pine, reached the Lake Shore depot at Glenville by express this morning. The trunk bore the name of Dr. L. S. Chadwick. Receiver Loeser said that he thought it was one of the trunks he was looking for in the case.

The application of County Prosecutor Keeler for a requisition on the Governor of New York for the return to Cleveland of Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick was sent to Columbus to-day. Gov. Herrick is now in the East, and no action will be taken until his return early next week. It is safe to say, however, that the requisition will be issued. It will likely be ready for presentation to the Governor of New York by the time Dr. Chadwick steps from the steamer Pretoria.

WILLING TO SELL HER DOLL.

Omaha Charity Poured Out for Little Girl Who Wished to Help Sick Mother.

OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 23.—A few days ago there appeared in the *World-Herald's* advertising columns this advertisement:

"DOLL for sale to buy warm clothing. Address L., *World-Herald*."

The advertisement challenged immediate attention. It was learned that it was inserted in the paper by an eight-year-old girl, the only child of a widow, bedridden of illness and in extremely destitute circumstances, without the knowledge or consent of the mother or any one else.

The child, grieving over her mother's sickness and destitution, had resolved to sacrifice her only doll, to which she was devotedly attached, in order to get money to buy comfortable clothes for her mother.

Within the last day or two contributions of money and clothing have been pouring in to the shabby home of the little girl, not only from Omaha, but from all parts of Nebraska and neighboring Western States, and the child will not be compelled to part with her beloved doll.

Wives of Omaha millionaires have driven in their carriages to the home of the sick widow and left money, food and clothing. School children have taken up contributions and sent them there.

HOT APPLE TODDY.

The Joy of Making One as It Should Be Made, and of Getting Away With It.

"This is the season for hot apple toddies," observed Mr. Oliver, reflectively. Then he went on, speaking to nobody in particular:

"A good apple toddy is a good thing to have. You must get the right sort of apple, to begin with. I think a greening is perhaps the best, a medium sized, fair greening. It should be thoroughly baked to the core, but not so much as to become mushy. The skin should be richly browned, but in no place charred.

"The blow and stem are removed, and the skin immediately around them taken off. Leave the rest of the skin on, and do not take out the core. The most pleasing flavors of the apple are those just beneath the skin and around the seeds.

"Put your apple into a good sized goblet. Press it down gently with a teaspoon, enough to break the pulp a little, but do not mash it. Sprinkle powdered sugar over it according to taste, but bear in mind that too much sugar kills the desired flavors. Pour a little hot water over it, and dally gently with it to dissolve the sugar, then all is ready for the applejack.

"The applejack doesn't have to be a hundred years old, but it must be good. There is plenty of good applejack in New Jersey and adjacent States.

"Let the portion of applejack be generous. Watch it sink into the crevices of the broken pulp and settle around between the skin of the apple and the glass. Note the pleasing color of it. Sniff the delicate odor that begins to arise. You are now ready for the boiling water. As you pour it on agitate the concoction gently. Get your face over the goblet as the steam arises and breathe the breath of anticipation. Stir slowly.

"All this takes a long time? But aren't you enjoying it? You can get a hot apple toddy made and thrown at you in a barroom and have it under your vest in time to catch the next street car if you think life is too short to really enjoy an apple toddy.

"Having stirred your toddy and breathed the delicious aroma until you fully sense its deliciousness, bring the goblet close under your face, sip daintily and let the concoction trickle down your throat. Use your spoon on the pulp between sips. When you are through there will remain the skin and core of the apple and a memory which time cannot efface."

STOP FEDERAL ENCROACHMENT

PENNA. CHIEF JUSTICE SAYS STATES' RIGHTS ARE INVADED.

Trusts Are a Natural Development, Judge Mitchell Believes, and Should Be Regulated, but It Shouldn't Be Done in Washington—Criticises Roosevelt.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 23.—The *North American* to-morrow morning will publish the following interview with Chief Justice James T. Mitchell of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, a Republican:

"The trusts are here, and have got to be dealt with. The great progress that has been made by our nation in the last 100 years has been by the aggregated forces directed through the medium of corporations.

"The development of these corporations—now called trusts—has been entirely natural and logical. It has been the development of an age, uniting not only individuals but corporations, and that spirit of combination which it represents is here to stay. My judgment is that the proper remedy is not to try to break down this spirit of combination and the aggregated forces that dominate, but to regulate and control them."

"Will you state, from the legal standpoint, the measures you deem essential to achieve the regulation and control to which you refer?"

"I don't care to touch on that phase of the subject."

"You will admit, however, that you differ radically from the President?"

"Well, I will say, candidly, I do not agree with him in his views on the trust question."

"On what specific grounds do you differ from him?"

Justice Mitchell pondered this question a few minutes, and then answered:

"The President, in my opinion, underestimates the trend of human nature and overestimates the power of statutes. The people have the power in this republic. They are exerting their power through aggregated effort, and they are going to continue to exercise it in that manner.

"They are tending more and more toward aggregated effort. It is this tendency which has produced the aggregated forces with which we are all familiar, that has brought about our enormous development and prosperity, and no statute can stop it.

"There seems to be only one inference from your statement," the reporter suggested. "You do not agree with the steps that have been taken under President Roosevelt's direction to make more forceful federal regulation of trusts?"

"I do not. My own opinion is that the Federal power has already been stretched far beyond its proper boundaries in such matters."

Asked for specific instances of such trespass by the Federal Government upon constitutional limitations, the Chief Justice replied:

"The Interstate Commerce Commission is an example. In the power it is wielding now, and which it has wielded in the past, it is going far beyond anything that the framers of the Constitution ever intended the Federal Government to go."

"It follows then, does it not," asked the reporter, "that you do not view with favor the proposition to take from the States the power to charter corporations that engage in interstate commerce and vest that power in the Federal Government?"

"In regard to that proposition as a distinct invasion of the principal of States' rights, it aims to carry the Federal Government into the exercise of powers far beyond anything that was ever contemplated by the Constitution.

"I seek, however, only to indicate the seriousness of the problem and to advise that it is one that will require the highest intelligence and the most profound deliberation for its proper solution. These cannot be brought to bear upon it hastily, and the wiser course is for the public to restrain itself until the problem can be properly solved."

CONNELL LEAVES MEETING.

After Which Hanbury Has Himself Indorsed as Leader of Seventh District.

Shipping Commissioner Harry A. Hanbury won a point in his fight for the Republican leadership of the Seventh Assembly district in Brooklyn last night when he gained control of the district committee, elected his friends as the officers, forced James Connell and his followers to leave the meeting and caused a resolution indorsing himself as leader to be passed.

Commissioner Hanbury's leadership was disputed at the annual meeting of the Republican county committee early in the month, and James Connell was declared the executive committeeman from the district by six out of the eleven delegates. Hanbury issued the call for last night's meeting, and Connell attended it. He declared that the meeting was irregular and said that he had been duly elected and proposed to fight to maintain his leadership. He and Hanbury had a hot argument, and Connell and his followers finally withdrew amid hisses and catcalls. The resolutions adopted call upon the county committee and its executive committee to recognize Hanbury as the man legally chosen leader of the district. The election of officers resulted in the displacement of Connell, who had been president of the district committee.

BLACK'S FIRM ASKS ODELL

To Recall His Warrant Sending Brokers to Trial in Jesey for Theft.

ALBANY, Dec. 23.—Through the influence of the firm of Black, Olcott, Gruber & Bonynge, the three brokers who are wanted in New Jersey for embezzlement tried today to get Gov. Odell to recall the warrant for their extradition from this State.

The extradition was granted some time ago by Gov. Odell. It calls for the surrender to the authorities of Hoboken, N. J., of George W. Harris, Benjamin J. Dryer and Henry C. Robinson, who composed the stock brokerage firm of C. W. Harris & Co., members of the Consolidated Stock Exchange in New York city.

The firm, as has been told, had offices in Hoboken, Newark, Paterson, Baltimore and Philadelphia, and the three members are charged by Recorder E. R. Stanton of Hoboken with appropriating securities deposited by him to protect certain stock margins.

All three men were before the Governor to-day contending that the securities were sold when the firm failed, under the rule of the exchange, and that the transaction was perfectly legitimate.

Gov. Odell reserved decision, giving the attorneys until Monday to file briefs.

Herr Knote Not Able to Sing.

Heinrich Knote, who was to sing *Florestan* in "Fidelio" at the Metropolitan Opera House to-night, is suffering from a bad sore throat, and his place will be taken by M. Dippel, who has hitherto sung the rôle in the same performance with Mmes. Ternina and Lehmann. Mme. Saenger-Bettaque will be heard to-night for the first time here as *Leonore*.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.—Adv.

SCENES ON THE SNOWPATH.

Customs More Luxurious Now Than in Old Times.

Road men take their sleighing more luxuriously now than in the old days of the "Sealskin Brigade." Nothing could surpass the glory of the old guard in raiment, and their nags were relatively as fast as those of to-day, but sleighing is not the all sufficing sport of the winter, as it used to be once the snow lay thick. This is a faster age, a more complex existence, both in sport and business. The road drivers have to divide their leisure among other recreations and fulfil social duties, so they cannot give up the hours to the snowpath that the old-timers could spare. The few of the old guard left are as keen as the new men in varying their daily round of pastimes.

It is now quite the ordinary thing for the drivers on the Speedway to have their stepper and cutter brought to a designated spot by a stableman or groom, to which point the owner will go in his automobile or brougham. Jumping into the cutter, the owner is ready for the brush or two, and while he is working one horse the groom may have another outfit in readiness. After the burst at speed, and aglow from the exercise, the owner is rushed off to his next engagement in the motor or carriage, while the man cools out the nag and jogs it home to the stable.

There is little of the old time roadhouse life, of the daily gatherings to "talk horse" and swap anecdotes that was formerly a part and parcel of the sleighing. There are popular resorts on the Speedway and a private clubhouse, but the social life is no longer a distinctive feature of the snowpath season. The life, really, had vanished before the demolition of the last of the famous roadhouses, the Romantic Hotel, which was destroyed in 1900 to clear the way for the new Central Bridge at Seventh avenue and 155th street.

John Barry was the last to keep the house, and he gave it up to the city some three years before. The oldest of the road drivers, such as Frank Work and David Bonner, say that the old white house on the hill before Macomb's Dam Bridge had always been a hostlery in their memory. In its greatest days, when kept by "Billy" Florence and when Barry was the head bartender, the many leaders in the social, professional and business life of the city who had a love for fast roadsters were daily callers, but they also gave nearly as great support to a half dozen roadhouses beyond the bridge. The wealthiest formed the coterie famous as the "Sealskin Brigade," and a founder of this band was Commodore Vanderbilt.

The old conditions of road driving made a stopping place a necessity, and the road houses had hundreds of callers. A drive through Central Park and out on "the road," whether a horse was speeded or not, called for a rest, a cooling out and a mouthful of water before setting out again for downtown. The humane man, of course, was as careful of his own comfort as of the welfare of his beast, and so the road houses all flourished. But to-day the Speedway is so accessible that a stop to rest is not imperative, which, with the custom of ordering the horses to be brought out, has banished the old time social side of sleighing as to the road houses.

Central Park is really the great gathering place of the sleighing hosts, for the owners of fast steppers may often get an opportunity for a sharp spin on one of the quiet drives, while to those who seek the glitter and dash of the crowded round, with all its picturesque adjuncts, the circuit of the park affords a full meed of pleasure.

The two noted restaurants are always crowded, especially for dining and supper parties, and many on favorable days push on to the hotel on Riverside Drive. But this is a fashionable, modish life, and, save for the locations, as conventional as a stop at a restaurant on Fifth avenue or Broadway. It lacks the old time *camaraderie* of "the road." The greater number of park sleighers, however, stable uptown and make no stop at all from leaving for their driving and alighting at the house or stable after the outing. Those who attract the most attention in the park are the leaders of society, and after the sleighing round very many of them go to the Riding Club for a change of relaxation, or try the ice at one of the rinks.

In Brooklyn the sleighing suggests the old days in this city. There, after the round of Prospect Park, the sleighing parade is down Ocean Parkway for fast brushes or to watch the racing, with a stop before returning at one of the roadhouses or at the private club.

THE THIRD RAIL HOP.

A Comparatively New Gait That Has Come Along With Electric Rapid Transit.

There is a comparatively new walk in town. It is not seen on the Fifth avenue sidewalks, nor in the fashionable shopping districts. It is not fashionable, and it never will be. It is not exemplified by the feminine part of the population. It is a concomitant of recent developments in rapid transit. It is called "the third-rail hop." Barring out the peculiar walks that have had their vogue because they were more or less accepted as being stylish, such as the kangaroo walk, and barring also the eccentric steps cultivated for stage purposes, such as the funny *Dundreary* trot of the elder Sothern, and considering the peculiarities of gait that are acquired as a result of vocation or environment, the lockstep is perhaps the most significant.

Its adoption was always the result of environment, it being held that a considerable squad of prisoners moving on foot had perhaps the least opportunity of breaking ranks and making trouble for their keepers if they were required to march in single file, each with a hand resting on the shoulder of the man in front of him.

Being admonished to keep close together, it was necessary to proceed with a sort of shuffling step so as to avoid treading on the heels of one another. Philanthropists who believed in letting bygones be bygones said that the lockstep, once acquired, could never be shaken off and that a former convict could always be known by his gait, even though he had reformed and eventually become a philanthropist himself. Therefore they prayed that the lockstep for convicts might be abolished, and to some extent their prayer was answered.

A walk less commonly recognized than the lockstep is that of persons accustomed to pedestrianism in regions infected by venomous snakes. It has never been named, but it is always recognized by those who have spent some time in places so infested. A man walking along the sidewalk in the evening halts suddenly, looks down at the flagging in front of him, smiles or mutters something to himself and resumes his stride. His eye, ever on the alert for something venomous in his path, caught sight of the wavy shadow of a wire cable or an awning rope and he did unconsciously what all prudent men do when they see a section of a rattlesnake or moccasin in their pathway.

The third rail hop is seen in the switching yards of the elevated roads and of the subway. Its peculiarity is the lifting of the foremost foot about eight inches above the charged rail and at the same time making a spring with the other foot, taking care to clear the iron with that foot by about the same distance.

A man proceeding across a switching yard of an elevated road by the third rail hop presents a moving picture that would puzzle one who was unaware of the reason for the peculiarity of his gait. As a matter of fact the current employed in electric traction, although of tremendous energy, does not jump, but persons going about their work among third rails evidently prefer to give the charged rail a wide berth rather than take chances of a fatal contact.

Incidentally, it may be mentioned that modern rapid transit development is responsible for a new term for the old and comprehensive noun "booze."

"Come in and have a little third rail," is an invitation heard frequently around hospitable doors where men having to do with electric traction are likely to pass, and the answer sometimes is:

"Thanks, I don't care if I do."

WANT TO FIGHT BALTIC FLEET

MANY JAPANESE VOLUNTEER FOR THE NEW SERVICE.

Men of Togo's Squadron Anxious to Join Kamimura in His Meeting With Rojestvensky—Scout Ships Sail From Singapore to Watch for the Russians.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Dec. 23.—The Tokio correspondent of the *Express* says that Admiral Kamimura's squadron, which is believed to be somewhere in the southern part of the China Sea, is regarded rather as an observing than as a fighting squadron. It is not believed that Admiral Rojestvensky, commanding the Baltic fleet, will come as far even as Saigon, but Japan does not propose to be caught napping.

Practically the whole of Admiral Togo's fleet is ready to start southward at a day's notice. If the Baltic fleet is sighted he will abandon the blockade of Port Arthur and sail to meet it. The Ministry of Marine is flooded with applications from officers of Admiral Togo's fleet for permission to serve with Admiral Kamimura.

TOKIO, Dec. 23.—The two Japanese auxiliary cruisers which were reported to be doing scout duty for Admiral Kamimura's squadron, sent to intercept the Russian Baltic fleet, sailed from Singapore yesterday.

RUSSIANS LEAVING MUKDEN?

Tokio Hears That Supplies Are Being Sent to Tieling.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

TOKIO, Dec. 23.—The Russians at Mukden are sending ammunition and stores northward to Tieling. They are apparently retreating.

Did Land Supplies for Port Arthur.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

TOKIO, Dec. 23.—A despatch from Sasebo says that the British steamship King Arthur, which was captured by the Japanese guardship Asagiri on Dec. 19 while endeavoring to escape from Port Arthur, had landed a cargo of munitions of war outside the harbor under cover of the battleship Sevastopol.

Only three seaworthy destroyers are said to remain in Port Arthur.

BIGGEST OF XMAS PARTIES.

5,000 Guests Invited to Dance at the Opening of a New Plant in Rome.

ROME, N. Y., Dec. 23.—Plans have been completed for a big party, as big as a Christmas party could well be, to be given by the Rome Metal Company, the Rome Tube Company, the Rome Manufacturing Company and the Rome Brass and Copper Company to their employees next Thursday night. The employees in these plants number 2,500 hands, and they are to be invited to the big party. Its like has never been given in central New York.

The party will take place in the largest of the new buildings erected by the Rome Metal Company on their 175 acre plot in East Rome. The size of this building is 210 by 210 feet. The stockholders of one company being practically stockholders in all the other three, they have decided to give the employees of all four companies a big entertainment before putting the machinery in this building. Its floor has been specially prepared for dancing and everything else has been done to make the party a success.

There are to be 2,500 invitations issued. These have been engraved in New York and one will go to every employee. The invitation to the married men includes their wives, the invitations to the girls include the best fellow of each girl and the invitations to the single men include the best girl of each man, so there will be really about 5,000 persons at the party. The moving spirit in the arrangements is Jonathan S. Haselton, manager of the copper company.

One orchestra of twenty-five pieces has been engaged in Rome and Utica, and a band of fifty pieces is coming from New York in a special car. As soon as the band stops one piece, the orchestra will start right in without intermission on another. The big building will be specially lighted by electricity from the company's plant, and the decorations will be unique and include specimens of the product of the companies' several industries, with a background of the flags of many nations. When the big engine is started the electric current will be turned on by the prettiest girl in Rome.

The supper, furnished by a local hotel proprietor, will be served by a New York caterer, who will bring a corps of 100 waiters. Individual molds of ice cream are to be served, and there will be barrels of different kinds of claret. The employees of foreign birth will wear their native costumes, and everybody at the party will be on the same footing. It is to be strictly for employees, the stockholders of the companies acting as the reception committee.

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NOW, when it is necessary to select XMAS GIFTS quickly, it is most advantageous to visit our stock, where each object is as choice and exclusive as possible.

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RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
Fifth Avenue and 55th Street.
Minister,
REV. J. ROSS STEVENSON, D. D.
REV. GEORGE H. TRULL, Assistant.
Divine Worship on Dec. 25th, at 11 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
Dr. Stevenson's morning topic will be "The Purpose of Christ's Coming."
Afternoon Topic: "The Epiphany of Kindness."
The Sunday School and the Young Ladies' Bible Class meet at 9:30 A. M.
Young Men's Bible Class meets at 9:45 A. M.
Wednesday Evening Service commences at 8:15.
Strangers are cordially invited.

CALVARY CHURCH, 4th Ave. and 21st St.
SATURDAY, NINE P. M.
Mediaeval Carol Service
The Choir of the Church, kindly assisted by Dolmetsch Lutenists and Mr. David Bispham.

INCARNATION, Madison Ave. and 35th St. Services 8:10 and 11 A. M. 4 P. M. Special Music. Sir J. F. Bridges' Cantata, "CRADLE OF CHRIST." (Stabat Mater Speciosa, 13th Century.) Violin, 'Cello, Organ, Choir and Soloists.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), 34th st. cor. Park av.—Services 11 A. M. Dr. Savage will preach. Subject: "The Gospel of a Divine Birth," a Christmas Sermon. Sunday school 10 o'clock in Chapel entrance on Park av.

UNIVERSITY PLACE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, corner of 10th St.—Public worship tomorrow at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. The pastor, Rev. George Alexander, D. D., will preach. Wednesday evening service at 8 o'clock.

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Cleanses and beautifies the teeth and purifies the breath. Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century. Very convenient for tourists.

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ODELL LEAVES ALBANY TO-DAY.

He Announces That He Has Closed Up the Business of His Administration.

ALBANY, Dec. 23.—Governor-Chairman Odell caused the announcement to be made to-night that he had closed up the business of his administration as Governor of the State and that he did not anticipate that anything further would arise during the few remaining days of his term to call for official action. He had no further appointments to make, he said, and he would not return to Albany again until Monday, Jan. 2, to participate in the inauguration of Gov.-elect Higgins. The Governor-Chairman and Mrs. Odell plan to leave for Newburgh on the 8.05 train to-morrow morning.

Draughts in the Subway are causing many coughs and colds. Have Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar on hand and use it frequently. It is pleasant to take and it cures.

Sold by all druggists, 25c., 50c. or $1 a bottle

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute.

MARRIED.

RAYMOND—COFFEY.—On Tuesday, Dec. 20, 1904, at Scottsboro, Ala., Vivian, daughter of the late Capt. William A. Coffey, to McClellan Raymond, formerly of East Orange.

WESTBY—JUDGE.—On Thursday, Dec. 22, 1904, by the Rev. Edward Burlingham, assistant rector of St. Mark's Church, New York, Edwin John Westby of London, only surviving son of the late Capt. Ashley Westby, Eighth King's Regiment, second son of the late Ashley George Westby, Esq., of Mowbreck and Whitehall, Lancashire, England, to Miss Lillian Judge of New York.

DIED.

BUCHANAN.—On Friday, Dec. 23, at St. Luke's Hospital, Anna Catharine, beloved wife of Harold Walter Buchanan, and daughter of the late Michael Conrad Gie of Ealing, London, England.
Funeral services Monday, Dec. 26, at 11 A. M. in chapel of St. Luke's Hospital, 113th st. and Amsterdam av. Interment at Woodlawn Cemetery.

CUMING.—On Friday, Dec. 23, at Rochester, New York, Anna Rochester Cuming, widow of the late Allen Jackson Cuming and daughter of the late Henry E. Rochester of Rochester, New York.
Funeral services at Rochester, at the convenience of the family.

GETTY.—On Friday, Dec. 23, 1904, Martha Jane, beloved wife of Hugh Getty.
Funeral service at her residence, 304 West 105th st., on Tuesday morning, Dec. 27, at 10 o'clock. Interment at Bronxville, N. Y.

KARR.—On Thursday, Dec. 22, 1904, Eliza E., widow of James B. Karr and daughter of the late Jameson and Ann E. Cox.
Funeral services at her late residence, 149 West 85th st., Saturday morning at 11 o'clock. Interment at convenience of the family.

McMULLEN.—At the Sevillia, New York city, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 21, after a short illness, David P. W. McMullen, aged 74 years.
Funeral services at the residence of his brother-in-law, Charles A. Hull, 115 Remsen st., Brooklyn, on Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2 o'clock P. M.

RAYNOR.—At the residence, 967 East 168th st., on Thursday, Dec. 22, 1904, Annie E., wife of Orson P. Raynor.
Funeral from the Union Reformed Church, Ogden avenue near 168th st., High Bridge, on Saturday, Dec. 24, at 1 o'clock. Relatives and friends are kindly invited to attend. Interment at Woodlawn.

RYLE.—At Paterson, N. J., on Wednesday, Dec. 21, 1904, Mary Elizabeth, widow of William Ryle and daughter of the late Charles Danforth, in her 72d year.
Funeral services will be held at her late residence, 397 Broadway, Paterson, N. J., on Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2 P. M. Carriages will meet train leaving Erie ferry, foot of West 23d st., New York, at 12:55 P. M. Interment private.

SPEARING.—On the 23d inst., the Rev. James B. Spearing, O. P., at St. Vincent Ferrer's Convent, Lexington av. and 65th st.
Funeral Monday, Dec. 26, at St. Vincent Ferrer's Church. Solemn requiem mass at 9:30 A. M. Reverend clergy, relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend.

SHRADY.—On Friday, Dec. 23, Edward Kempton, only son of Mary K. and the late William Shrady.
Funeral services at his late residence, 25 West 120th st., Sunday, Dec. 25, at 9:30 A. M.

CEMETERIES.

Great Pinelawn Cemetery; the largest and most beautiful. 46 West 34th st., N. Y.