ing of timbers spread terror on the platform.

The back of the rear car was broken, and the car was twisted as though made of tin. The body of the car was lifted up on the platform of the front car of the train behind and tilted over toward the street at a sharp angle. At the same time all of the lights in the first three cars of the smashed train went out, as did those in the first car of the train behind. From out of the darkness in these cars came screams that rent the air.

WOMEN WERE BRAVE.

Those in the car that had been hit felt it being tilted and feared it was going over into the street. There were not many women, fortunately, and if the story told by the policeman and others who were on the platform be true, the few women who were in that car, all plunged into darkness, behaved like heroines.

It was different with the men, observers say. Numbers of them fought like madmen to get out. From every window they came, leaving the women behind.

Roundsman Heffernan of the Alexander avenue station and Policeman McGilhoty had heard the crash and rushed up from the street. Heffernan ran to the tilted car, from which the men were pouring like ants from a hill.

"For God's sake, men," he shouted, "give the women a show!"

Heffernan was mad clean through. He pulled men out and clubbed others until he made a way inside the car. He found several women sitting quite still while the men were almost trampling over them. They had lost their hats. It was not until Heffernan appealed to some of the men "not to act like beasts," as he put it, that he could get these women out.

Others were having similar experiences. George Bellinger of 924 East 162d street, was standing on the platform when the collision took place. He ran immediately to a tool box. Just as he got to it, he said afterwards, a station man came up, and, grabbing him by the throat, told him to let the box alone and mind his own business.

Bellinger shook the man off and opening the box got out a lot of axes and some rubber gloves. He ran to one of the last windows of the tilted-over car and started to chop his way in. When he got inside he found Mrs. Annie Harmstadt, of 178th street and Morris Park avenue, lying in a lot of débris against a window with three men trying to scramble over her and get out. Bellinger finally got Mrs. Harmstadt out and she was taken to a drug store suffering from cuts and bruises. A friend took her home later.

AVERTED A PANIC.

While all this was happening, Roundsman Faldoner had gone to the second car and by his quick wits averted a panic. He got into the car right after the crash and started to laugh, he says, as loudly as he could.

"It's nothing at all," he said, between guffaws. "Just keep your seats and be quiet."

Policeman Gilhoty fought his way down to the crushed end of the last car of the battered train. There he found an Italian who had been crushed while sitting in the cubbyhole seat in the end. The whole end wall of the car had been forced in upon him. Gilhoty chopped a window open and hauled him out. He was unconscious and was taken to Lebanon Hospital where he was later identified as Victore Zingora, address unknown. Both of his legs were crushed and he had a compound fracture of the skull. The surgeons said he could live but a few hours at most.

PANIC ON THE PLATFORM.

Police Captain Ward of the Alexander avenue station and his reserves, as well as the firemen of the district, happened to be at a fire only a block away when they heard the crash. The fire was out and police and firemen lost no time in getting to the elevated structure, where they could see the car tilted over the edge. It took but a few seconds for the firemen of truck 17 to raise their ladders to the car, and they were soon pulling passengers through the windows. They rescued several women who had been left helpless in the car by men, they said.

Capt. Ward sent in a call for ambulances from the Fordham, Lebanon and Lincoln hospitals, and led his men up on the platform, where there was almost as great a panic as there had been in the cars. When the captain reached the narrow platform it was filled with fighting men and women, many of them coatless and hatless.

After the police had cleared the platform they found it strewn with headgear of both genders. There were also many women's hats found in the cars.

The rear train hadn't suffered like the other, but the passengers all got a severe shaking up. The motorman's box was smashed, but, strange to say, the motorman, Daniel McMahon of 984 Home street, was pulled out uninjured. He was placed under arrest by Capt. Ward and taken to the station-house. Walter Emmons, the conductor of the rear train, was the only trainman hurt. He had both legs injured, but went home after telling the police that he did not know how it all happened.

MOTORMAN'S STATEMENT.

At the station house, McMahon made his statement to Coroner Berry, after first being told that anything he said might be used against him in criminal proceedings.

"The accident happened," McMahon said, "because there were no lights on the rear of that train. I had shut off power after coming around the curve and was running under headway. It was such a thick night that I took the precaution to open the door of my box and look out through the door of the train to see if there was any train ahead. The street lights throw a shadow on the track, and I saw nothing ahead until I was within fifteen feet of the train. I put on the emergency brake, but it was too late then to stop."

RESTORING TRAFFIC.

Supt. Hedley was going to make a call and was at Twenty-fifth street and Fifth avenue when he heard that there had been an accident. He jumped into a cab and told the driver to gallop to Harlem, as he concluded that would be the quickest way of getting there. He landed at the scene of the wreck in thirty-five minutes and at once took charge of restoring traffic. It took some time to draw one car away from the other and get the smashed car back on the tracks. It wasn't long after Mr. Hedley got to work before the wrecked train was pushed ahead and the Third avenue line opened again.

Mr. Hedley said later:

"The accident, I should say, was undoubtedly the fault of the motorman of the rear train, although, of course, it is not fair to judge him until everything has been investigated. I am certain that there were lights on the rear train, and even if there weren't, he could have seen the train ahead of him anyway. When I arrived at the scene I took the division superintendent along and we both made for the rear car of the first train.

"We found the two red lanterns there smashed and jammed in between the cars within two feet of the motorman's box. If these lanterns hadn't been there it would have been certain that the motorman was telling the truth. That they were there is pretty good proof that they were lighted, as they are lighted early in the evening at the terminals and I have never known them to go out. We shall summon all the trainmen to-morrow and have a full investigation of the accident."

Grout's Thoughts on Private Life.

Comptroller Grout said yesterday that the gossip which is floating around picking him out as a candidate for the Mayoralty, either as McCarren's man or as the "Independent Democrat" to be chosen by the Citx Union, was absolutely irresponsible. "At the end of my term as Comptroller," he said, "I shall retire from politics and resume law practice."

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FELIX DID HAVE $50,000.

TESTIMONY THAT HE RECEIVED IT FROM SELIGMAN & MEYER.

Little Doubt Now That the Fake Wire-tappers Did Get the Best Thing Ever—Very Much More Than That Said to Have Gone From Him to the Gamblers.

John E. Felix did really have $50,000 to give to the "wire-tapping" gang, according to the story told by his brokers, Seligman & Meyer. Mr. Seligman said yesterday that Mr. Felix did draw five $10,000 bills from Seligman & Meyer just before the money was handed over to the fake wire-tappers in the brokers' office in the Broadway hotel where the swindle was completed.

Wide circulation was given yesterday to a statement which was said to have been made by Mrs. Felix at her home, 823 Lexington avenue. In this statement she was reported to have said that since she married the Champion Easy Mark fourteen years ago, he had lost $1,000,000 in wildcat schemes and in gambling.

Mrs. Felix was represented in this statement as carefully avoiding the report that she had attempted suicide when she heard that her husband had lost the last $50,000 of his and as saying that "the whole subject was very painful" to her. Later in the day Mrs. Felix refused to make any statement at all. Still later a relative said for her that everything she had been represented as saying was untrue.

All of these conflicting utterances were so much in harmony with the prevailing course of things Felix, that people around Police Headquarters tossed up to find out which they should believe.

Commissioner McAdoo had before him yesterday Charles N. Vilas, manager of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and Daniel G. Jeffers, representative of Wasserman Bros. in the hotel. After talking with them he reiterated his formal statement that he wanted to exonerate the Fifth Avenue Hotel management and Wasserman Bros. from any complicity in the swindle which was worked on Felix. To-day Mr. McAdoo will have a talk with the doorkeeper at the Twenty-fourth street entrance of the hotel and with the special policeman who was on duty while the game was being played.

Mr. Jeffers, strangely enough, showed to Commissioner McAdoo a letter from the main office of Wasserman Brothers stating that John Eugene Felix was "good for any amount" as a customer of the house. The cheerfulness with which Felix gave up his $50,000 in the Wasserman office, under the circumstances of the existence of this letter, seemed of interest to the Commissioner.

Felix, however, told the Commissioner yesterday that he desired to take on himself any fun that might have been poked at Mr. McAdoo for believing that any man could be fool enough to bet $50,000 on one horse race in a poolroom. Mr. Felix said that although he had gambled everywhere and on almost everything, he had never let any of his money escape into a poolroom before. Mr. McAdoo's faith that Felix was really as much of a simpleton as represented by his own statement was therefore regarded as justified.

Mr. Jeffers promised the Commissioner that the doors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel office of Wasserman Bros should always be locked in future after business hours, so that silly suckers would not be hauled in there hereafter.

Mr. McAdoo desired it to be known that he was not responsible for the opinion that Capt. O'Brien of the Detective Bureau really refused $25,000 as a bribe from the wiretappers on Tuesday. The Commissioner merely wanted it understood that if O'Brien were as crooked as some others are believed to have been there might have been $25,000 in a $50,000 job for him.

Mr. Meyer of Seligman & Meyer told Commissioner McAdoo yesterday that when Felix the Foolish had drawn out his five $10,000 bills it occurred to the firm that Felix was undoubtedly gambling again, and an effort was made to get the money back. Felix, however, insisted that he wanted to buy real estate with the money, and that, anyway, it was none of the firm's business.

None of the commercial agencies knows Mr. Felix, either as a publisher (as he is described in the telephone directory), or as a dealer in autoharps and zithers. Accordingly, he has no commercial rating.

Judge Newburger yesterday held Williams and Toppin, indicted for fleecing Felix out of $50,000, in $25,000 bail each. Assistant District Attorney Miner represented to the Court that a third man, not yet in custody, still had the $50,000 intact, and that less than an aggregate bail of $50,000 would permit the prisoners to flee the jurisdiction profitably.

FIGHTING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Corbin Cables News of Two Engagements at San Jose, Samar.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—Gen. Corbin, commanding the Department of the Philippines, has sent to the War Department a report of two engagements, as reported to him by Brig.-Gen. Carter, with the Pulajanes at San José, Samar. An additional battalion of infantry has been ordered to Samar and the Regulars are cooperating with the native troops. The text of the cablegram received to-day is as follows:

"Brig.-Gen. William H. Carter reports engagement scouts with Pulajanes, San José, Samar, on Feb. 2. Six guns captured. No casualties. On Feb. 3 M. C. Gustin, Second Lieutenant of Philippine scouts, wounded, moderately; one scout killed and five wounded.

"A thousand Pulajanes are located at Mount Tago, due east from Calbayog. Our forces cooperating with native troops with good effect. Have ordered additional battalion of infantry Samar, to have them there should their services be required. Governor General consulted and approves. We agree general policy."

COP WHISPERED TO FIREMEN.

Then Fire Was Incidentally Extinguished in House Under Watch.

Capt. Cottrell of the Tenderloin has had a man stationed in front of a house on West Thirty-first street, on suspicion that it is a disorderly house, for several weeks, but has been unable to collect evidence enough for a raid. Last night, about 10 o'clock, Policeman Sanford, who was stationed before the place, saw smoke coming from the lower floor and sent in an alarm.

When the firemen arrived the cop whispered a few words to a foreman and the fire laddies at once began to clean out the place in a way that would delight the heart of any police captain. They accomplished all that Cottrell desired.

Incidentally they put out the fire. The damage was estimated at $1,000.

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A SPORT AND PAPER DINNER

TO WHICH SIM FORD MAKES A FEW REMARKS ON TRADE.

Retirement Postponed, for They Have Made Him a Pleni-po-ten-tiary—Dr. Savage Incidentally Holds Paper Makers Responsible for Tom Lawson.

The American Paper and Pulp Association, or seven hundred paper sports, as that lugubrious length of fun the Hon. Sim Ford dubbed its members, gave its twenty-eighth annual dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria last night. Besides doing something more than justice to the dinner, the papermakers accomplished two noteworthy things. They named the Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, their chaplain in perpetuity, because, they said, they needed one, and they elected Sim, 715 to nothing, Minister Plenipotentiary and Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Good Humor. Postponing his retirement for the thirteenth time, Mr. Ford thanked them in a Fordian classic.

George Knowlton, retiring president of the association, presided and introduced Dr. Savage as a man who can talk as well as preach. Dr. Savage said he was glad he had been elected perpetual chaplain, but he was sorry they had given him no hook to hang a talk on.

"You have heard of the old Methodist minister who would never write out his sermons," said he. "The old gentleman was very wary of the devil. Old Nick, he knew, hung over the shoulder of a preacher who scribbled his sermons early in the week, and read very word that was set down. The result was that the devil spread himself all over the parish before Sunday got around and neutralized the effect of the sermon. 'Therefore,' said he, 'I'll keep my thoughts to myself, and when I go into the pulpit the devil himself won't know what I am going to say.' That, said Dr. Savage, was exactly his case.

"I will tell you how we get up these after dinner impromptu speeches," he went on. "We go over the files of newspapers, clip out all the Joe Millers and mossy mots that we can get hold of, string them together with a few quite modern quips and quirks, and deliver the lot, hoping that the stories are so old that nobody in the present generation will remember them."

Dr. Savage had a few things to say about the paper makers and their trade that were wildly applauded. "Here is a miracle," said he. "A piece of white paper and an alphabet, a few arbitrary characters. Stamp the characters on the paper, and, oh, the wonder and the marvel of it all! Hamlet lives there. Milton takes us up into heaven and Dante draws us down into hell. The human race is made one."

After telling the paper men that they were responsible in part for yellow journalism and that they had made it possible for Tom Lawson of Boston to become frenzied about finance, he said:

"I wonder whether these days of frenzied endeavor are worth while, after all. We talk about the marvellous rapidity with which a man can be carried from Chicago to New York; but, after all, isn't it more important what a man does when he gets to New York? We can talk by long distance telephone across the country; but the most important thing is what we say over the telephone when we talk."

Curtis Guild, Jr., Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, talked about "The Man Behind the Grafter," the respectable citizen, indifferent, careless and lazy, who makes it possible for grafting to exist. Socialism, he said, is the horror of Americans to-day, but the man who is doing more to promote socialism than anybody, as well as anarchy and communism, is the highly respectable business man who buys legislation and truckles to crime to save himself loss or trouble.

When Simeon Ford was introduced there was a roar of anticipatory laughter. Simeon had these things to say to the papermakers:

REMARKS OF SIMEON FORD.

"Bill Shakespeare, who was a pretty intelligent old cuss, remarked:

"'O damned paper! Black as the ink that's on thee.' A sentiment in which I heartily concur, after struggling to get up a speech for this occasion.

"I am honest enough to admit that it *is* a struggle for me to get up a speech. Some orators try to convey the impression that all they have to do, when called upon after dinner, is to assume a look of pleased surprise, and a boiled shirt, rise up and let ideas and aphorisms, and beautiful thoughts ripple right out of them like beer out of a spigot. Well, I'm not built that way! Beautiful thoughts do not ripple out of me worth a cent. They have to be pumped out with a double back action vacuum pump, and they come out so slowly that they are apt to be stale, flat and unprofitable when they arrive.

"Just picture to yourself the life of a chronic after dinner speaker! He goes home at night, worn out with the ceaseless struggle to do his business rivals as they would do him, and with the thought of an impending dinner hanging over him like a dark cloud. He surrounds himself with several quires of your best cream laid note, the encyclopedia, Joe Miller's joke book, Bartlett's Quotations, a syphon, and a quart of the fount of inspiration. His family gathers around him and plays on pianolas, phonographs, conversation, and other wind instruments; his wife relates her day's adventures with the cook, his youngest son seeks information concerning cube root and kindred horrors, the baby indulges in cholera infantum in the adjoining apartment, and, in the midst of this beautiful domestic scene, the orator composes his mind for the production of that which shall hold his audience spellbound, compel its admiration and evoke its enthusiasm. And when, as sometimes happens, he slips up, his audience says:

"'Well, hasn't that fellow got the nerve? I could make a better speech than that with my intellect tied behind my back.'

"Well, just try it, that's all! You fellows just chuck a lot of rags or pulp and stuff into a boiler, the machinery does the rest, and out comes your beautiful snow white virgin product, and you call it a day's work. But us orators—I repeat, us orators—are the cusses who have to do the real labor. Look at the stuff we have to boil down. As Byron remarks (see Bartlett's Quotations, page 533):

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands think.

"In my time I have spoken before all kinds and conditions of men—tin men, straw men, doctors, printers, bankers, brokers and others of the criminal and sporting classes, crowned heads, sore heads and fat heads, and I have survived, and so have they—most of them—but in going up against 500 paper sports, I realize that, at last, I am up against it.

"Even my standby—the encyclopedia—failed me this time. It says the early history of paper making is shrouded in mystery; and paper making is still a mystery to me at least. How you can take a tree from the forest, cut it down, chew it up and convert it, in a trice, with the aid of a venial press, into a Sunday supplement full of Buster Browns and Happy Hooligans and Gloomy Gusses, is beyond my imagining. To quote Bill again, you:

Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

or if you don't you ought to. Of course it doesn't take much intelligence to understand the importance of your industry. Without paper the progress of civilization would be at an end. The diffusion of knowledge, the exchange of ideas, the issue of stock and the curling of bangs would cease and we would quickly lapse into barbarism. Tom Lawson would have to quit his articles entitled 'The Pot Calling the Kettle Black,' or 'Dog Eat Dog,' for there wouldn't be enough tablets of brass to go 'round, and if the financiers had to print all their securities on skins, the skins would be skinned to death.

"But you know all this already and more besides. I can think of no other one commodity which is absolutely indispensible, not even whiskey, and if you fellows get together you can corner knowledge and progress, and squeeze the world so dry you'll make the "System" look like thirty cents.

"And speaking of squeezing reminds me that we have had some fine sleighing in the country this year, and thus you see, at a bound I have got away from the subject of paper. The fact is, there are some unpleasant features in connection with paper. For example, when I go into the bank, carrying a very neat sample containing my autograph, the president is apt to receive me with hauteur, asserting that paper of that kind is a drug on the market. Our great Scotch philanthropist, who spends his days in doing good, who has so brilliant a future and, so we have recently learned, so glittering a past, has such a prejudice against paper that he says (speaking in a Chadwickian sense) that if he ever signs another note he'll know it.

"But to get back to the country—but on sober second thoughts—with the accent on the sober—I don't believe I'd better get you fellows out in the country. It isn't well to stray too far from the Bowery."

Among others who spoke was William Bunn, once Governor of Idaho Territory.

ODELL DODGES TICKET TALK.

Speaks at James March's Dinner—Cheers for March Bring the Ceiling Down.

The Loyal Republican Club, 350 strong, gave a dinner at Shanley's last night to Port Warden James E. March, leader of the Sixth Assembly district, who enjoys the distinction of having received the largest number of votes of any Presidential elector of New York State in the recent election.

Before the feast began an informal reception was held at which Mr. March shook hands with nearly all the district leaders and many other men prominent in local Republican politics. A massive silver punch bowl was presented to him by the club at the dinner, and when he got up to thank his constituents the applause was so terrific that it shook down part of the ceiling. No one was hurt, but there was a wild scramble in the orchestra to get out of danger.

Mr. March's speech was typewritten and he read it to the audience. He made a strong plea for a straight Republican municipal ticket next fall. Ex-Justice Palmieri who made the presentation speech, also advocated a straight ticket and the suggestion was received with whoops of delight by the diners.

Richard Taylor, president of the club, was the toastmaster. At the table of honor were ex-Gov. Odell, L. E. Quigg, F. Norton Goddard, William Halpin, chairman of the Republican county committee; Aqueduct Commissioner Ten Eyck, Abe Gruber, Job E. Hedges and T. F. McNulty.

In his speech ex-Gov. Odell said that although much was due to the work of the Republican organization for the victory last November, the party could not have won unless the personal character and public character of the candidates had been above reproach. Mr. Odell handled the Mayoralty ticket subject with great caution.

"Whether the course which seems so popular here to-night is pursued in the next municipal campaign," he said, "or whether some other plan is decided upon, I am sure that the man who is elected Mayor of this great metropolis next fall will be one who will deserve the confidence, esteem and respect of every honest citizen of the municipality.

"I was talking to some gentlemen to-night," continued the Governor, "about the water supply of New York. They asked me why it was that the Republican Legislature did not give this community what it wanted in that matter. I told them that the city now had all the authority necessary in the Constitution and the Charter to extend the water system, but if it was found that this was not so, I was sure that the Legislature would not let the great city of New York go dry.

"I have also heard complaints that the gas here is poor and the price high. The Legislature is well aware of the situation in that respect here and stands ready to grant relief. In fact the Legislature has work to do, but you may depend upon it that anything the city honestly wants, it will get.

"I believe that the time is ripe to make this the greatest Republican stronghold in the nation."

He was introduced by the toastmaster as "Gov. Odell, Jr., of Newburgh." Among the other speakers were Abe Gruber, Mgr. Kearney of old St. Patrick's Church, and Aqueduct Commissioner Ten Eyck.

GUESTS AT LINCOLN DINNER.

Reception to President Roosevelt at Republican Club First.

Among the guests at the Republican Club's Lincoln Day dinner, which President Roosevelt is to attend, will be Secretary Taft, Elihu Root, Andrew Carnegie, Senator Depew, Gen. Fred D. Grant, Admiral Coghlan, Frank S. Black, George A. Knight of California, Seth Low and Oscar S. Straus. President Roosevelt will leave Washington on Monday morning, and on his arrival will be escorted to the clubhouse, at 54 West Fortieth street, where a reception for club members only will be held from 4 to 6 o'clock. The dinner will be at the Waldorf-Astoria, and seats will be provided for more than 1,200 persons. After the President has spoken Senator Dolliver will speak on the subject of "Abraham Lincoln." George A. Knight will respond to the toast, "The Republican Party," and James M. Beck's topic will be "The Unity of the Republic."

DINNER OF THE LAWYERS.

Those Whom N. Y. University Has Sent to Bar and Bench Get Together.

About 250 judges, lawyers and invited guests, among them several women, sat down to the twenty-first annual dinner of the Alumni Association of the New York University Law School in the Savoy Hotel last evening and Justice Martin J. Keogh presided. Among the others present were Justices Blanchard, Bartlett, Clarke, Dowling, Davis, Gildersleeve, Hatch, Laughlin, McCall, O'Gorman, Scott and Woodward.

The speakers were Justice Dowling, Frederic R. Coudert, Herbert F. Ketcham, F. H. Thorn and James McKeen.

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TALK THEATRE TO MANAGERS

DINNER GUESTS TELL THEM THEY'RE DOING WELL BY US.

Herr Conried Says It Isn't the Rich Subscribers Who Support the Opera—He'd Make More Money if They'd Give Up Their Boxes and Let Him Have Them.

The Association of Theatre Managers of New York had its first annual banquet at the Hotel Astor last night. The partakers were instructed by a business talk from Daniel Frohman, inspired by oratory from Martin W. Littleton, president of the Borough of Brooklyn; informed as to public desires by Frank R. Lawrence of the Lotos Club, edified by Brander Matthews, made reminiscent by Bronson Howard, guyed by John W. Keller and, at the end, treated to the most interesting speech of all—Herr Conried's.

Daniel Frohman began the talking with something about the purposes of the association. The managers of New York, he said, have to meet and please a public that is cosmopolitan in character and heterogeneous in taste. He had a good word for the vaudeville managers who make theatregoers.

"There is no stage other than the vaudeville on which there can be found less of suggestiveness or of anything approaching indecency. The vaudeville managers have eliminated the word 'damn' from their stages, reserving it for their private offices."

Mr. Frohman introduced President Littleton as one who had been swept into power on a tidal wave. "If another sweeps him out we will give him an engagement," said he.

Mr. Littleton said that Brooklyn was once an important city, but had descended into a benumbed borough, and now bid fair to become merely an abutment for New York bridges. He confessed to having the after dinner speech habit so strong that at 6 P. M. each day he backed up to his evening clothes as a fire horse backs into harness at the sound of the gong.

"In New York," said he, "you can't swap knives without giving a banquet to celebrate it. I have just received an invitation to speak at a banquet of the Team Owners' Society, and the Mosquito Extermination Society is always after me. Everything is organized. An idea is hardly born in the brain before it organizes and issues preferred and common stock. The promoters get the preferred and the public gets the common."

Mr. Littleton admitted that he didn't know just what to talk to the managers about.

"I would at once be at ease if I were asked to talk on how to regulate commerce or the trusts—God forbid that I should mention that word in this company with any shade of innuendo. You represent that genius which knows that a man will pay $2.50 to see a play and try to save a nickel carfare on his way home; which knows that man pays cash for amusements and gives notes for necessities. As long as the people demand a certain thing, the managers have got to give it to them. They don't manufacture; they manifest. The people like to be amused; they like to feel silly. They love to be in a state of paretic mental dissolution. They want to giggle themselves into a nebulous frame of mind."

Frank Lawrence expressed the congratulations of the Lotos Club upon the managers' association's successful year. He referred to the diners as "a distinguished assemblage of plutocrats."

"Your members are our tyrants. They decide what we shall see and hear. We are told that the best form of government is benevolent despotism. You are despots, and I beg of you to be merciful. Throw us all the light and brightness that you can. I have heard it said that the stage has a mission to educate and elevate the people. The proposition seems monstrous to me.

"We don't want to be educated; we are educated too much. We don't want to be elevated; it would be disagreeable. The people want to be entertained. Because you have discovered that secret you have been successful. We have enough of tragedy in our everyday lives. We go to the theatre to relax and be diverted. Having long since abjured heavy tragedies and melodramas, I find that the modern play, without beginning, end or plot, dramatic unity or propriety, but full of wit and liveliness, meets all my requirements and, I believe, those of most of the people to whom you cater."

Brander Matthews, introduced as "Professor," said that he had disliked the title since he came upon Professor Mike, the bootblack. "Yet it is true that I am a professor, on the chill heights of Morningside," he said. He also said that he would like to see a theatre that held out to the drama what the Metropolitan Opera House holds out to the musician or the Metropolitan Museum of Art to the painter. He would like to see it, not under city control, but established as a commercial enterprise, free from long runs and other tyrannies, where we could see the best of Shakespeare and the old comedies—a theatre partly supported, as the opera house is, by a number of public spirited men."

Bronson Howard's talk was mostly of the managers whom he knew years ago, of the fairness with which managers treat playwrights and the honesty with which they treat one another. He apologized for "temporary trash" seen in theatres, saying it was often necessary to keep them going.

John W. Keller took a whack at Mr. Littleton's "carefully prepared monologue," which, he said, would insure the Borough President a job with any manager who heard it. He told of Charles Frohman's days as a turkey actor in the suburbs and guyed Oscar Hammerstein, who had fallen asleep, until Mr. Hammerstein woke up and blushed.

Then came Herr Conried, monarch of the Metropolitan Opera House.

"I came here twenty-six years ago," he said, "and thought I knew a great deal. I soon found that I knew very little and set out to learn. I spoke still worse English than I do now, but I learned something every day by watching the managers."

Herr Conried said that theatrical projects abroad were petty compared to American ways.

"Yet, when I go over there and tell them how things are done on this side of the water, they say: 'Conried, don't say that. You lie, so we can't listen to you.' When I told them that I paid my stage hands $98,866 in one season, they said I was crazy, but I had brought a certified copy of my books and proved it to them.

"I have made eighty-seven trips across the ocean and have compared the managements on both sides. If the German managers would come over here they would be astonished. Most of the theatres in Germany are subsidized and you wonder how the public stands the performances they give. Performances in New York are given on such a grand scale that the foreigners cannot understand them. They don't see how we can pay singers $2,000 a night. They wouldn't believe that the leading characters in "Les Huguenots" get $5,500 a night.

"Mr. Matthews made a common error when he referred to the opera being supported by rich men. Those multi-millionaires don't give a cent, nor do the stockholders. They pay $1,000 for a box. If they would let me have the boxes instead of paying $35,000 I would make very much more money out of it.

"At the first meeting I said: 'You are multi-millionaires and I am a very poor fellow, but I must have my own way and will spend lots of money. I will put up more money than any one of you, and then if you come with suggestions I can tell you to shut up.

"The opera costs me $1,050,000 for the fifteen weeks, but I still make money for all that."

Messages of regret were read from Gov. Higgins and Police Commissioner McAdoo. James S. Metcalfe was not present.

STATEHOOD BILL IN THE HOUSE.

Republican Conference Called to Decide What to Do With Senate Amendments.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—A conference of the Republican members of the House of Representatives will be held at 3 o'clock to-morrow afternoon to decide what disposition shall be made of the Senate amendments to the Statehood bill. One of the chief weapons to be used by the leaders to prevent concurrence through a combination between the Democrats and the Pennsylvania delegation is an old agreement, one of the parties to which is in his grave. The dead man whose memory is expected to accomplish so much is Senator Quay. Reverence for their deceased leader is expected to bring the members of the Pennsylvania delegation into line with the House leaders.

It is declared that the late Senator approved the Statehood bill as it passed the House. That bill provided for the joining of Arizona and New Mexico. It is asserted that he agreed to the union of those Territories in return for the adoption by the Republican caucus, held on April 15, of an amendment forever prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors to the Indians living in Indian Territory. The amendment was offered by Representative Dalzell, who said that its adoption would make the bill satisfactory to Senator Quay.

In reporting the rule under which the bill was passed Mr. Dalzell said it was a party measure which would receive the support of Republicans in both houses. The objecting Pennsylvanians are to be invited to a contemplation of the enormity of the offence of violating a caucus agreement and voting in opposition to the expressed wishes of their dead leader.

Senator Penrose had a talk on the subject with Speaker Cannon this afternoon. After the interview the Senator said there was no disposition on his part to cause a disturbance. He favored the bill and hoped his friends in the House would do likewise, but he would not ask them to oppose the leaders. He said the matter would be allowed to rest for a few days, because he had hopes that an agreement would be reached.

In the House this afternoon Mr. Moon (Dem., Tenn.) called attention to the fact that the Statehood bill, with Senate amendments, was then lying on the Speaker's table. He inquired of Speaker Cannon if, under the rules, a motion could be made to concur in the amendments.

Speaker Cannon—The Chair found that the Senate amendments made an appropriation, and the rules of the House in such cases require reference to a committee. The bill has gone to the Committee on Territories.

Mr. Moon—Do the Senate amendments change the House appropriations?

The Speaker—They do.

"If Speaker Cannon undertakes to smother that bill he will find he has been sitting on a volcano in comparison with which Vesuvius is a popgun," said Delegate Rodey of New Mexico, who has been making the fight in the House for Statehood.

TREATY WITH COLOMBIA.

Minister Russell Negotiating One With President Reyes at Bogota.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—Minister Russell, at Bogota, Colombia, is negotiating with President Reyes for a treaty that will do much toward strengthening the ties of friendship between Colombia and the United States, which became somewhat strained because the United States backed up Panama when she seceded from Colombia and set up a government of her own. When Minister Russell left the United States for Colombia he was told by President Roosevelt to make good the promise given by President Reyes of Colombia that his Government would do all in its power to adjust the issues which grew out of the separation of Panama and Colombia.

Colombia has requested the influence of the United States in inducing Panama to assume a portion of the national debt. There is reason to believe that the efforts of this Government to that end will be successful and that diplomatic relations between Panama and Colombia will soon be established.

GRAPE-NUTS.

IN CALIFORNIA

They Use Fruit and Grape-Nuts.

Out at Los Angeles, Cal., they have people who give some attention to food as a sure way out of sickness.

A lady says: "Husband has been a sufferer from dyspepsia and biliousness, together with indigestion, for a great many years. He kept getting worse in spite of all the medicine he took.

"We did not know what to do, for he was steadily running down, and whether he ate meat, bread, eggs, or anything of that sort, he kept losing flesh, until he got down to a skeleton, and, of course, was a physical wreck.

"One day a friend advised him to quit his regular breakfast entirely and use only Grape-Nuts and cream, together with a little fruit.

"He took the advice and began to grow better at once. It was only a short time when he began to fatten up and grow stronger. Now he is the picture of health and his old troubles have disappeared.

"We give Grape-Nuts to our baby boy. He is very fond of the food and is healthy and strong. We think he is the happiest year-old baby in California!" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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DRY SPECIAL,
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The highest grade of that vintage shipped by Messrs. Pol Roger & Co., is now on sale at the leading Restaurants, Clubs and Wine Merchants in this city.

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Friday and Saturday Specials

PAJAMAS. $1.50 — 750 pair, made up from all the short lengths of fine materials, Oxford, Cheviot, Madras, Sateen, etc., which we bought from the largest and best manufacturer. Regular values are $3 and $2.50. All 3 stores.

$1 — About 600 Suits of the same materials that would regularly sell at $2.00 and $1.50, reduced to $1. These two lots make the most attractive offering of the season. All 3 stores.

SCARFS. 25c — 12,000 Bias Rep Silk Scarfs in Black, Navy, Brown, Purple, Green, Garnet, Cardinal, and Gray—All 2¼-inch French Four-in-hands, made in the most expensive way and every one worth 50c. All 3 stores.

GLOVES. 75c — 550 pair Men's Gloves of different makes and all sizes. Blacks, Whites, and Tans, values $2, $1.50 and $1. N. Y. store only.

NIGHT GOWNS. 50c — 144 of fine quality muslin, all with turn down collars. Styles we discontinue. Neck sizes from 15 to 19. Regular prices 75c. and $1.50. N. Y. store only.

SUSPENDERS. 25c — 1,200 pair fine Mercerized Lisle Elastic Web, leather ends, and every pair worth 50c. All 3 stores.

Smith Gray & Co

BROADWAY AT 31ST STREET.
FULTON ST. AT FLATBUSH AVE. BROADWAY AT BEDFORD AVE.

GIRL TIED UP.

Dog Locked Up—Strange Man There, Too—No Robbery or Other Crime.

When Mrs. Loeb, a widow, returned to her home on the top floor of a six story flathouse at 68 West 117th street late yesterday afternoon she found her seventeen-year-old servant girl, Anna Ernst, stretched out on the floor of a bedroom with her hands and feet tied with thin twine such as is used in wrapping up small packages. The girl had an apron stuffed in her mouth. A small but good barking dog had been locked in a closet.

After undoing the twine and removing the gag, Mrs. Loeb was told by the girl that a strange man had come into the flat and knocked her down with a soup ladle. There were no signs of bruises about the girl's head or body. Then he tied her up, so the girl said.

Mrs. Loeb immediately imagined that her home had been robbed and she made enough noise to arouse all hands in the house.

One of the tenants yelled from her window for a policeman and one responded. He notified Capt. Burns of the East 126th street station, and the latter went to the Loeb flat.

A search disclosed the fact that nothing had been stolen. That a strange man visited the place was substantiated by the elevator man, who says that he took a man up to the sixth floor at about the same time that the girl says the hold-up occurred.

The girl admitted to the police that she had been taken to task about a week ago by Mrs. Loeb and had been very despondent ever since. Mrs. Loeb brought the girl here from Germany a year ago.

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Purely vegetable. Contains nothing injurious.
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BUSINESS NOTICES.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.

MARRIED.

PHELAN—JUNK.—On Wednesday evening, Feb. 8, 1905, at St. Thomas Aquinas's Church, Brooklyn, by the Rev. Father Donohue, Margaret Helen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel M. Junk, to Mr. Charles H. Phelan, both of Brooklyn.

DIED.

BRIMSON.—Suddenly, on Feb. 8, 1905, William Brimson, beloved husband of Mary Brimson. Funeral services will be held at the residence of his son-in-law, Clarence L. Graff, 342 W. 71st st., on Friday, Feb. 10, at noon. Interment private. Toronto papers please copy.

BUXTON.—On Thursday, Feb. 9, at Morristown, N. J., Cornelia Talcott, wife of Henry W. Buxton and daughter of William H. and Harriet N. Talcott, deceased. Funeral at her late residence, 80 Franklin st., on Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Kindly omit flowers. Philadelphia papers please copy.

FERGUSON.—At Tupper Lake, N. Y., George W. Ferguson, in his 41st year. Notice of funeral Saturday papers.

HALLIDAY.—At