JACK'S MERRY CHRISTMAS.

MORE FUN THAN YOU EVER SAW ABOARD THE FLEET.

Trees and Greens to the Masthead—Games in the Bunk Hold—Hand Over Hand Masthead Races—The Brigs Emptied—Shore Leaves—Cheers for Helen Gould

Kings may be blest, but Jack was glorious,
O'er all the ills of life victorious.

Snuggled away in the cosiest corner of the harbor the men and officers of Uncle Sam's dandy battleship squadrons of the North Atlantic fleet celebrated Christmas yesterday at the Brooklyn navy yard.

Quiet as church mice the big fighters have been gathering here lately from Maine to Manila to greet St. Nick in that port of ports that sailor men love, the one just off the Bowery.

Hard by the main dock of the yard, spanking and fit in a coat of holiday paint, lies the Kentucky. Abaft and well to the stern the Maine, flagship of the fleet. In the wake of the latter the Yankton. Across the channel, fast to the cob dock, is the Kearsarge. Aft, in the direction of the old Walkabout Market, the Alabama, flagship of the second division, with Rear-Admiral Charles H. Davis aboard. Off to starboard rides the Iowa. Directly across from Manhattan and hugging the westerly end of the dock the receiving ship Hancock. Near by the Newark and the Dolphin. Around the Horn, well to east by north, the Ohio.

From outward appearances evidently little preparation had been made for the Yuletide celebration until sundown Christmas eve. Rear Admiral Coghlan, who is in command of the yard, preparatory to closing shop for the night took down a handy telephone receiver.

"Kindly ask commandant of the yard if the fleet will dress ship for Christmas?" he asked of the flagship commanding officer.

"Aye, aye, sir!" came back cheerily. "Trees and greens to the masthead at sunset."

"Very good," replied the Admiral.

Hardly had he spoken the words when colors sounding from numerous bugles of the various ships broke out on the crisp air almost in unison. Crews were mustered on the quarterdecks at attention. As the last note sounded colors dropped and each officer saluted. Hardly had the sound penetrated to the commandant's office than with admirable precision off each yardarm and flagstaff was swung a huge Christmas tree and a quantity of holiday greens.

Immediately the band aboard the Maine struck up an old Christmas carol. Each vessel followed. With lusty lungs the hearties joined in the chorus:

May God bless
All friends dear,
With a Merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year.

This was what the jackies had been waiting a solid year for. It didn't take them long to get into action.

All sorts of funny jiggers were rigged up in the crew's quarters for merriment. In the bunk hold of the Kentucky strapping big fellows with hands tied behind their backs were diving into huge pans of molasses trying to fish out silver coins with their mouths. Aboard the Ohio the bluejackets were convulsing themselves watching a pie eating contest. This event had to be hurried to make way for the blind pig boxing match. So it went far into the night.

All hands were up early the next morning to be in time to witness that event of events—a hand-over-hand masthead race. The boys aboard the Kearsarge broke all records and were declared champions of the fleet.

During the morning as many men and officers as could be spared attended impressive military masses celebrated by both Protestant and Roman Catholic chaplains.

The climax of the hilarity of the crew was marked by the breaking of the mess pennant from the yardarms at high noon. They now had to turn in for a dinner that their mouths had been watering months for. Ship printers had vied with each other in getting out the dinkiest menu card. On one side of the favor would appear a likeness of the ship. The other would tell what was doing in the eating line and about what might be expected from the band. Here's what the boys aboard the Ohio battled with:

Cape Cod Oysters,
Pickles, Horseradish,
Roast Turkey with Oyster Dressing,
Cranberry Sauce, Boiled Eastern Ham
Mashed Potatoes, Green Peas,
Celery,
Mince, Cranberry and Apple Pies,
Plum Pudding,
Nuts, Candies,
Fruits in season,
Cigars, Cocoa.

To make the event happier every man in the brig, many of whom had been dining for several days upon bread and water, was turned loose. Everybody ate as hard as he could, because he knew there was plenty more where that came from.

Aboard the Hancock a real live bard was discovered. It was in the person of Able Seaman Bill Stokes. Amid blushes he read the following original poem, which met with such vociferous approval that the author was immediately dubbed poet in chief of the yard.

The frown of war has vanished
From off the ship to-day,
And wrinkled care is banished
While Christmas holds its sway;
With flags and holly gleaming
The decks are varnished bright,
The guns in peace are dreaming
And flecked with rosy light.

Keen frost and breezes stinging
May sweep the bitter East,
But mirth and laughter ringing
Shall crown our jovial feast;
The ship's aglow and humming
With lightsome jest and word
When the boatswain pipes the coming
Of Santa Claus on board.

WILLIAM STOKES, U. S. N.

After dinner the crews mostly applied for shore leave, which was readily granted, and they began to hit the high places bound for the Sargasso Sea, better known to landsmen as the vicinity of Chatham Square and the Bowery.

During the afternoon and evening special vaudeville performances were rigged up at the Naval Y. M. C. A. in Sands street, Brooklyn. While this was going on it was announced that Miss Helen Gould had presented the association with a fine new graphophone and more records than could be heard in a month. This was greeted with a storm of cheers for the donor. A special dinner was also served.

About this time the officers aboard began to get busy. Their celebrations in the form of Christmas trees, gift exchanging and mess dinners were due, beginning at sunset.

Aboard the Hancock Lieutenant-Commander Day and Lieut. C. T. Wade dined in state. They were all, out of a complement of twelve officers, who had not got home leave.

The only catastrophe reported was the inability of Santa Claus to visit the junior officers' mess of the Iowa. For weeks Midshipman Foote Dortch, in charge of the affair, worked like a beaver planning appropriate gifts. A committee secretly came to a large Manhattan store and ordered the presents. They were promised to them positively by Christmas eve. In the meantime several officers decided to go home for the holidays. Word was sent to the merchants to countermand certain gifts. Instead the message was misunderstood and the entire order cancelled. By working overtime the officers succeeded in rigging up a beautiful tree in the forward torpedo room and having everything completed by yesterday morning. When it came time to go after the gifts which all thought were safely aboard the error was discovered. A more disgruntled lot of men could hardly be imagined.

Midshipman Reese and Warrant Officer G. W. Byrne engineered celebrations aboard the Alabama; Surgeon R. B. Williams and Lieut. S. T. M. Major on the Maine.

Just before taps sounded aboard the Kentucky last night a strapping fellow in the officers' mess, glass in hand, jumped to his feet.

"Attention, men, all! Attention!" he cried. "Here is to our wives, our sweethearts and our mothers!"

That's the way all good navy celebrations wind up.

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These mortgages are upon real estate, the titles to which have been searched and insured by us. They are offered to investors, principal and interest guaranteed by the Bond & Mortgage Guarantee Company, without expense to purchaser. They yield a net, tax free rate of 4½ per cent.

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NEWSBOYS MR. FLIESS'S GUESTS.

Dined in Relays of 150 From 7 o'Clock Until 9:30.

When the 1,600 newsboys and things finished dining at the Newsboys' Home at 14 New Chambers street last night it took Bill Stannard, who said he was the chef d'œuvre, about half an hour to sweep up the battlefield. William M. Fliess got stung for the dinner—the biggest that ever was in the history of New Chambers street—and the only reason the dinner wasn't bigger was that the rest of Park row hadn't heard of it. One glance at the tables where the diners drove right through the turkey and spread the remains on both sides of the road proved that some of the city's newsboys have passed the Osler age limit and have to eat their celery with a spoon.

For forty-three years the late William M. Fliess wished a merry Christmas to the newsboys by way of their stomachs, and since he died about two years ago his son, who bears the same name, has continued the festivities. Charley Fritz, one of the waiters, said that the boys were fed in relays of 1,000,000 at a time last night, but it has been learned from Supt. Rudolph Heig of the home that there were only 150 boys in the dining room at a time. The boys started in at 7 o'clock and it took them until 9:30 to finish all the things that Mr. Fliess put before them. There was enough left over to keep stragglers from Park row and the Bowery going until a late hour.

There were 640 pounds of Fliess turkey at the dinner, not to mention the 300 pounds of ham, four barrels of potatoes, three lady sociologists from the Teachers' College of Columbia, four barrels of turnips, two crates of cranberries, three crates of celery, two policemen, 500 loaves of bread, a piano, several firkins of butter, 1,000 pies, a Scotch-Irish setter that ate right out of the hand of its master and 160 gallons of tea.

Mrs. Fliess, assisted by Supt. Heig and Mrs. Heig, Mrs. Alfaro, Mrs. Probst and Miss Emma Brace, a daughter of Charles Loring Brace, who founded the society, passed around the goodies as relay after relay entered the dining hall from the audience room on the floor above. The three sociologists from Columbia flitted from table to table under their own power. When the feed was at its height Mr. Fliess made a speech.

"We're going to have a dinner every year," said the host. [Clink, clink, cheers and cries of "Pass the salary, y' big stiff. Don' ac' the hawg, Slivers."] As long as I live [cheers] I hope to entertain the newsboys of this city [applause] at this annual Christmas [loud applause and cries of "Lemme yer spoon, Jimmie] dinner [cheers], and when I am gone [tremendous applause] it will be my wish that my children [hysteria] will continue the custom that my father instituted forty-three years ago." [Great applause, breaking of china and loud barks from the Scotch-Irish setter.]

The Park row loungers on their way back from the Sullivan function heard the uproar and dropped in for another dinner as a chaser. Amid the sweeping of the débris Supt. Heig beckoned the derelicts along encouragingly, so that when 10 o'clock arrived there was nothing left of the 640 pounds of turkey but dismantled hulls and clean scraped keels that were not even worth the notice of the lone canine guest.

THE SITTIG CHRISTMAS TREE.

Mrs. T. L. Woodruff Aids Mrs. Sittig in the Management This Year.

The Sittig Christmas Tree Association held its seventeenth Christmas tree celebration in the Columbia Theatre yesterday morning. The theatre was opened at 8 o'clock in the morning, and at that time there were fully 200 children waiting to get in. At 10:30 o'clock, when the celebration began in earnest, there were 3,000 children in and about the theatre anxiously awaiting for the appearance of Santa Claus on the big stage. There was a great Christmas tree on the stage lighted with hundreds of incandescent candles.

A vaudeville entertainment was given, after which Santa Claus made his appearance and began the distribution of presents to the children, who marched in line up on the stage and in front of the tree, and after each had received his or her present, together with a box of candy and an orange, marched across the stage and down to the aisle and then out to the street, making room for others who could not get in at first. Mrs. Sittig was aided in the management by a number of women, among whom was Mrs. Timothy L. Woodruff, who has taken a keen interest in the tree this year.

The Weather.

The pressure was moderately low over the Atlantic States yesterday, although the centre of the area of high pressure was moving eastward over the Lake regions and the Ohio Valley. The temperature was accordingly lower in the Southern States and a trifle higher in the Atlantic States.

It was growing warmer in the upper Mississippi Valley and the interior of the country. The cold will probably be dissipated over the eastern half of the country, the minimum having been reached.

Fair weather was general yesterday over the Eastern and Southern States, except for a few scattered showers in the east Gulf districts. In the upper Mississippi Valley and the central States west of the Mississippi there was some snow.

In this city the day was fair and cold, although slightly warmer; wind, fresh northerly; average humidity, 43 per cent.; barometer, corrected to read to sea level, at 8 A. M., 29.83; 3 P. M., 29.78.

The temperature yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

	1906.	1905.		1906.	1905.
9 A. M.	18°	26°	6 P. M.	23°	33°
12 M.	24°	30°	9 P. M.	23°	32°
3 P. M.	25°	34°	12 Mid.	23°	28°

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

For eastern New York, partly cloudy to-day and to-morrow, except snow flurries in north and central portions; slowly rising temperature to-day; fresh to brisk northwest winds.

For New Jersey and Delaware, fair to-day and to-morrow, with slowly rising temperature; fresh northwest winds.

For New England, snow flurries to-day and in north portion to-morrow; not much change in temperature; fresh northwest winds.

For eastern Pennsylvania, partly cloudy to-day and to-morrow, with snow flurries in north portion; somewhat warmer to-day; fresh northwest winds.

For western New York, snow flurries to-day and to-morrow, fresh west to northwest winds.

For western Pennsylvania, partly cloudy to-day and to-morrow, with slowly rising temperature; fresh west winds.

MINING BOOM IN THE HOTEL.

EVERETT HOUSE REVENUES GONE ON THE WOODBINE TRAIL?

Books Are Likely to Get Before the Court, Whereupon It May Be Discoverable What Became of the Receipts of the Hotel Corporation Before It Sold Out.

No further progress was made yesterday toward settling the dispute over the possession of the Everett House, in Union Square, between J. P. Flannery, who bought the lease and good will on Monday morning and Lindsay Russell, appointed receiver a few minutes later by Judge Holt of the United States District Court on petitions filed by Acker, Merrall & Condit and other creditors. Mr. Flannery is still in possession. Mr. Russell intends to apply to-day to the court for advice.

Neither J. H. Siebert, who was the manager for the Everett House Company, nor F. B. MacCarthy, who was once the treasurer of the concern, showed up yesterday and no word was received from them at the hotel. Siebert was the man who did all the business for the company and it was to him that Mr. Flannery paid the purchase money. Mr. Flannery says he never saw Siebert before the negotiations began and knew nothing of his antecedents. Siebert used to be a contractor uptown and built several large buildings. He is described as a man who was extremely optimistic about certain mining schemes in the West Indies.

It is said that Siebert was led to take this view of the schemes by MacCarthy, who was well known as a mining speculator. After the hotel changed hands and the company took possession MacCarthy and Siebert both lived there and it became quite a resort for mining speculators. They frequented the café and dining room and never talked in terms of less than a million.

While they were discussing the great fortunes they were going to make in mining the affairs of the hotel were getting badly mixed. For over a month before the final crash came practically all supplies for the place were delivered C. O. D. William H. Parke, the active manager, says he could not understand it. He is a hotel man of experience and he saw that while the hotel was apparently prosperous and making a profit of at least $100 a day no bills were paid except the wages of the employees. When he asked Siebert for an explanation, he says, he got no satisfaction. Neither he nor the bookkeeper received any checks from the Everett House Company with which to pay current expenses and they knew nothing about the bank account. The books are said to be in such a condition that it will be a task to trace the money that apparently has not been accounted for.

The woman who called on Monday and said that she had lost $12,000 did not return to the hotel yesterday. No one there could or would tell anything about her.

The publicity given to the financial mixup at the hotel has revived the discussion as to whether the King of England, then the Prince of Wales, put up there on his visit to this city over forty years ago. The Everett was then unquestionably a swagger hotel, but the annals of the time as recorded in the newspaper files show that his Highness was a guest at the Fifth Avenue Hotel while in this city.

BIG TIM WASN'T THERE.

But All the Rest of the Bowery Was at His Christmas Dinner.

Everybody along the Bowery was present at Big Tim Sullivan's feed it seemed yesterday but the host. He has had a way of pulling off these little affairs for the past twelve years without ever turning up. Bashfulness is said to be the reason.

It is estimated that about 10,000 persons satisfied their well groomed appetites. Anyway, 4,000 turkeys, 5,000 chickens, 3,000 gallons of coffee and enough beer to float the battleship Kearsarge were consumed. Each diner got a check which at a later date will entitle him to a new pair of shoes and some woollen socks.

Roundsmen Burke and Garraghty of the Eldridge street police station and a bunch of cops were on the job, but their principal work was spotting repeaters. So many people applied for tickets that at times there was a line doubled in many places around the entire block bordered by the Bowery, Delancey, Chrystie and Rivington streets. About three hundred were fed at a time and each person was allowed twelve minutes for his luncheon. To keep waiters in line from becoming too cold hot coffee was passed.

To pass the time inside Dr. M. B. Feeney and Sarsrparilla Riley, the latter a pal of Sinkers, formerly a well known "beef and man of Park row, made speeches.

Among the notables in the receiving line were:

Paradise Jimmy Oliver, Dr. Darlington, Bird S. Coler, Coroners Harburger and Acritelli, Alderman Max S. Levine, ex-Sheriff Louis Leavitt, Christie Sullivan and Christopher Sullivan of Jersey City.

Little Tim Sullivan acted as master of ceremonies and Detective Sergeant Summers of the Central Office as sergeant-at-arms.

GIVING SCHMITZ EVERY CHANCE.

Judge Dunne Wants No Excuse for San Francisco's Mayor to Appeal.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 25.—There was much discussion to-day over the probable attitude of Judge Dunne toward Mayor Schmitz when the Mayor's case comes up to-morrow.

Schmitz took occasion on Sunday at the meeting of the Japanese Exclusion League to denounce Judge Dunne and declared that he was "bottled up" by the Citizens' Alliance and that this was the real reason why the Judge refused to grant him an immediate trial.

The truth is that Judge Dunne has been very lenient toward Schmitz's lawyers because he didn't wish to give the Appellate Court any chance to give the Mayor a new trial because of his rulings. Judge Dunne his tolerated the insolence of Lawyers Ach and Shortridge and he has permitted the introduction of much irrelevant matter. His friends declare he will continue this tolerance, as he believes the Mayor's tirade was delivered merely to anger him.

Maine Trolley Lines Blocked by Snow.

PORTLAND, Me., Dec. 25.—Suburban trolley lines were blocked nearly all day by snowdrifts. There was a heavy fall in the mountain districts, but little along the coast.

Your Plans For 1907
should include
Telephone Service
at both office and home. It will save you much time and inconvenience.
NEW YORK TELEPHONE Co.,
15 Day Street

Your Christmas Money for a PIANO?

There are several reasons why we have made special preparations in our Piano Store to-day:

First: A great many people, who have been given money to spend as they please, for their own Christmas gifts, are going to choose a piano. And they will not wish to select from the depleted stocks that are usual after the Christmas rush.

Second: Many other people, who did not wish to select in the rush of before-Christmas buying, will be ready to come in now, and be served in the comfortable and satisfying manner for which the Wanamaker Piano Store is famous.

Third: There are those who, now that the demands of others have been satisfied, are released to give a thought to their own pleasure, and nothing means so much to the lasting enjoyment of the home, as the bringing in of the Piano.

And so, TODAY there is shown at WANAMAKER'S:

A Magnificent Collection of CHICKERING QUARTER GRAND Pianos

And all other Chickering Grands and Uprights

A Superb Assemblage of Vose Pianos
Seven different models of the "Sweet-Voiced" Emerson Piano
Half-a-dozen models of the Crown Piano
A dozen different models of the Kurtzmann Piano
Six different styles of the Merrill Piano
The J. C. Campbell in Seventeen different models

And the Celebrated KNABE in Twenty-five Different Styles

This wonderful assemblage presents the best instruments that the money will buy, at practically any price for which a worthy piano can be bought, including various models at the following prices: $190, $210, $250, $265, $275, $285, $350, $325, $360, $375, $380, $390, $400, $450, $485, $500, $525, $550, $575, $600, $650, $750, $800, $850, $925, $950, $1050 and $1200.

All of these instruments will be sold on easy terms of purchase. A small cash payment, and monthly instalments that meet your convenience. If you have an old piano we will take it in part payment for a new instrument. The purchase will always be made satisfactory at WANAMAKER'S and the Wanamaker guarantee insures permanent satisfaction with the instrument you buy.

If you have in mind a player-piano, the *Knabe-Angelus*, the greatest of them all, may be secured this week for a hundred dollars less than after the first of the year, when the price will be advanced by the manufacturers.

The *Emerson-Angelus*, at $650, is another equally profitable investment, as the price is soon to be advanced on this wonderful instrument. It has no equal on the market at or near its price.

The *Autopiano*, at $485, presents the same extraordinary value. Compared with other instruments on the market, it should be $100 more.

If you already possess a piano with which you are entirely satisfied, you probably are anxious to secure a Piano Player. The first and greatest of these is the Angelus. An instrument without equal in the possibilities it supplies to the performer, with the fine shading of tempo and expression. Price, $250.

Come and see the instruments demonstrated in our Piano Store today.

Second floor, Wanamaker Building.

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Formerly A. T. Stewart & Co., Broadway, Fourth avenue, Eighth to Tenth street.

DINNERS FELL TO THOUSANDS.

SALVATION ARMY HEADS THE LIST OF HOLIDAY GIVERS.

Baskets With All the Material for a Dinner Given to 5,000—A Tremendous Christmas Tree in the Afternoon—Class in Sociology Among the Watchers.

Five thousand mothers and children of the poor filed through the Grand Central Palace for three hours yesterday and each received the makings of a Salvation Army Christmas dinner from the hands of Commander Eva Booth. As the army figures it, that meant dinners for 25,000 persons. They weren't all from the East Side, either. Chance questions found a boy from Hoboken and a girl from Harlem, and one little chap who staggered off with his hamper confessed to coming from Fishkill, although he couldn't remember how.

In the afternoon 4,000 children and enough others to fill the Palace came back for the Christmas tree and entertainment, the new feature which the Army has substituted for the great evening dinner of other years. It all came out of the magic kettle at the street corner.

Every basket held a chicken, a loaf of bread, a can of soup, a pound of tea and another of sugar, some turnips and carrots, a box of crackers, some oranges or apples, a copy of the Christmas *War Cry* and a card from Miss Booth. Miss Booth said there were as many applicants for tickets as ever, and that as few as ever of the prosperity ripples have seemed to reach the tenements. "Whatever rise in wages there has been is taken by higher rents," she explained.

There were all sorts of demonstrations of gratitude as the breadlines reached Miss Booth. Catholics made the sign of the Cross above her head and blessed her in the name of their saints. One old woman with a crutch had almost reached the door when she remembered and came back. "I am eighty-one years old," she said to the Commander, "and I wish you a thousand happy New Years." She hobbled away crying.

A professor from the theological seminary at Meadville, Pa., stood near the head of the line with his class in sociology and watched the distribution. When Brigadier Parker, who had charge of it all, was told that the Meadville school is Unitarian he said: "I don't care. The Unitarians don't agree with our ideas of salvation, but those boys seemed sincerely interested and that is all we could ask."

The Christmas tree of the afternoon, so the army says, holds the world's record for height. Anyway, its tip brushed the rafters of the Palace and when the colored lights were turned on the children shouted that it was big enough for them.

Col. Gifford of the army ran the entertainment with a megaphone. There were singing of "America," which every child seemed to know clear to "Great God, Our King," motion pictures, speaking of pieces and a dumbbell exhibition by a boy in white, with spot light accompaniment. Then Miss Booth spoke, saying that she was not at all like the old lady in the shoe, for she knew only too well what to do with the means that were given her to make children happy. "And it's the happy boy and happy girl that make the happy man and woman," she concluded.

A lot of telegrams from Santa Claus were read between whiles. Joseph Schilizzi of Cherry Hill, who sat under the gallery, was in the middle of a story about Joe the Toik, who was in jail in Constantinople fifty-one years because he wouldn't quit believing in Jesus and who now plays the piano in the new Cherry Hill Mission, when Santa himself came sliding down a chute. Santa and Miss Booth handed out the presents, which came in different colored packages for children of different ages. Every boy got a little wagon to cart his stuff away in and every girl a doll carriage.

For the mothers who had babies and bundles to carry and far to go there was a man who stood at the door with a long leather bag and handed out nickels for carfare. Bundles of clothing were also given, on top of the regular presents.

CHRISTMAS IN THE PRISONS.

Harry Thaw's Wife Not Allowed to See Him—Gave Her a Toy.

Harry K. Thaw was probably the most disappointed man in the Tombs yesterday. Everything seemed to go wrong with him.

In the first place when his wife called she couldn't see him. There is a rule that prisoners cannot have visitors on Sundays and holidays, unless a special pass is obtained from the Commissioner of Correction. Mrs. Thaw hadn't thought of getting one, so she had to leave the Christmas present which she carried in a small box for her husband.

Thaw waited some time for his wife and learned that she had called when he got the Christmas present. He had one for her, which was wrapped in a big bundle. He chased an orderly downstairs with it, but Mrs. Thaw had gone. It was a big Teddy bear, and Mrs. Thaw will have to wait until to-day for it.

The friends of George Burnham, Jr., who was counsel and vice-president of the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company, did not forget him. He was convicted of grand larceny and sentenced to two years in Sing Sing. He cannot be released on bail until a motion he has made for a certificate of reasonable doubt has been granted. William Rand, Jr., counsel for Burnham, has made a motion for a certificate, but Justice O'Gorman has not acted on it yet.

Arthur J. Mallon, a policeman who was convicted of manslaughter for killing a crook two years ago, spent his Christmas in the Tombs. He has been out on bail all the time, but he was arrested the other day after the Appellate Division had affirmed his conviction. Other prisoners were Mrs. Catherine Neil, who is awaiting extradition to Greenwich, Conn., on a charge of having killed her husband, and Mrs. De Massey, the woman who shot Gustave Simon, a Broadway merchant.

There were 482 prisoners in the Tombs. They all got a special dinner. The prisoners ate up 500 pounds of chicken, 150 turkeys, a barrel of apples and 150 mince pies.

Prisoners in the Yorkville police court prison were treated to more than the usual share of good things yesterday—that is, more than prisoners usually receive. Mrs. Lynch, wife of the prison keeper, had prepared a small altar and at 6 o'clock the day's celebrations were begun by a mass by Father Frayer of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Thirty-three prisoners attended.

In the Essex Market court prison religious services were held and then all hands collected in small groups in the cells and put away a turkey dinner provided by Keeper Michael Whalen. The features of the day were the presents given by Probation Officer Anna Doyle in her province of district missionary of the Prison Association, assisted by Miss Lonie Schebera. Each prisoner received a box containing one pound of candy, a half pound pound cake, a half pound sponge cake, two oranges, a quarter of a pound of crackers, a pound of assorted nuts and a Christmas card. There are ten women among the prisoners. In each of their boxes was a bottle of cologne, a breastpin or a fancy lace collar. The men's boxes contained pipes, tobacco, handerchiefs, stick pins or neck scarfs as extra presents. To avoid disputes the boxes were drawn by lot.

XMAS QUIET IN WASHINGTON.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt Will Spend a Few Days in Their Virginia Home.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—There was a general suspension of public business in Washington to-day in observance of the Christmas holidays, but the President's secretary and several clerks worked at the White House for an hour or two in the morning. The executive departments were closed and President Roosevelt went to his office for only a few minutes.

It was strictly a family day at the White House. The President and all the members of his household, including Representative and Mrs. Longworth, assembled in the library after breakfast and the Christmas gifts were exchanged. There was no Christmas tree, but according to the custom of the Roosevelts they went to the home of Rear Admiral and Mrs. William Sheffield Cowles in the afternoon, where the children enjoyed a Christmas tree. Mrs. Cowles is the President's sister.

Mrs. Roosevelt and her children returned to the White House about 4 o'clock, but the President went out for a long walk. The weather was the coldest of the winter in Washington and there was a brisk wind from the northwest that suggested icebergs and blizzards. The President did not return home until after 6 o'clock. The President and his family dined at the usual hour of 7:45 o'clock in the state dining room.

Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt will leave early Thursday morning for their country place at Pine Knot, Va., where they will spend several days, returning here in time for the New Year's Day reception at the White House.

YOUR CALIFORNIA TRIP

Now is the time to plan it.

We invite your inquiries on the subject, and will give you our full help in arranging all preliminaries.

Three fast daily trains Chicago to California. The Overland Limited (Electric-Lighted), and the China & Japan Fast Mail via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line; the Los Angeles Limited (Electric-Lighted) via the Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific & Salt Lake Route. Our booklets tell all about them.

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Evening Dress Suits	$28.00 to $50.00
Tuxedo Suits	$25.00 to $50.00

Perhaps you have heard a man try to justify a poor performance with the assurance that he did not have his "hand in"—that he had not practised the thing for ever so long.

There is much truth in that. So much that it has led us to maintain a separate shop in which to tailor our dress garments, and nothing but them. Our tailormen always have their "hand in." Constant application to a given thing inclines one toward perfection. Our dress garments demonstrate that.

By perfection, we mean the design of the garment, the tailoring, the character and the dignity which the function of a dress garment demands.

Fancy Dress Waistcoats,	$2.50 to $15.00
Fur-Lined Overcoats,	$65.00 to $600.00
Prince Albert Coats and Waistcoats,	$20.00 to $45.00
Trousers for service with them,	$3.50 to $12.00

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