"I came up here to rest. I have a horrible cold and am threatened with pneumonia. I went to a physician in Boston and he advised me to come here. I am in such shape that I could not go to New York even though I were summoned. I have not been asked to go to New York, though. I don't even want to go to Boston. I want to stay up here and rest and get well."

UNWRITTEN LAW A DANGER.

British Newspaper on Trial of Thaw—Wonders if Wealth Will Save Him.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Feb. 11.—The *Daily Mail* has succumbed to the intense interest taken here in the Thaw trial, and abandoning the strict English principle that there shall be no comment upon a case before the courts until it is finished prints an editorial on the subject. It says:

"Not often in the sordid history of crime has a murder trial been followed by all sorts and condition of men with the deep and sustained interest which the public of two continents is displaying in the case of Mr. Thaw. This interest is intelligible and easily explained.

"It does not lie in the squalid, repulsive features of a dismal story, but rather in the fact that for the first time a millionaire of immense wealth, with all the power money gives, is being tried as a felon for a capital crime—the alleged murder of another millionaire and man of genius.

"'Laws,' said Anacharsis, the Scythian, 'are like cobwebs, in which small flies are caught and from which the great flies break away,' and this cynical view of American justice has some truth in it, in view of the fact that there is not an instance on record where a man of great wealth has been sent to execution, while there are some very recent and notorious examples of rich criminals escaping. Yet it must also be remembered that at no previous period have the Americans shown such animus against wealth.

"But there is another feature of the case which compels attention. Notoriously, Mr. Thaw intends to plead in some form or another justification by 'the unwritten law.' His line of defence is plainly indicated in the terrible evidence given by Mrs. Thaw. Accepting her story as truthful, and it should be remembered that she has still to undergo cross-examination upon it, the problem becomes this: Is a man justified for love of a woman, his wife, in killing another man, who, as he believes, has inflicted on that woman the most cruel wrong imaginable, a wrong, too, which the formal processes of the written law cannot adequately punish?

"Stated in this form, there may well lie beneath the drama now in progress in Judge Fitzgerald's court one of those primal, perplexing conflicts between two different views of right on which all great tragedy has hinged. The view that the unwritten law affords an excuse for such an act as Mr. Thaw's would be a dangerous one for society to admit."

The paper then proceeds to outline the story and says in conclusion: "The jury alone will decide whether this, the defence's version, is true, and until they have pronounced their verdict it is impossible to comment on the story."

SERMON ON THAW AND WHITE.

Preacher Praises Former as an Emancipator and Compares Latter With Nero.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Feb. 10.—In his sermon to-day Dr. Henry Webb Johnson upheld Harry Thaw as the rescuer of a girl from a slavery far worse than African slavery ever was and condemned Stanford H. White as the blackest man in American history.

The sermon was delivered by Dr. Johnson in the First Presbyterian Church before a large and fashionable congregation.

The minister's subject was "Sowing and Reaping" and his text "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," Galatians vi., 7.

Introducing his subject with a portrayal of the life of the late Capt. Grammer as an example for young men to follow, he said:

"The new Testament reads: 'He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption.' To sow to the flesh is to sow to a wicked life; the will is committed to the worst appetites of this animal nature, with indifference to the law of reason and conscience.

"What an application to this thought is found in the life of Stanford White. He emphatically sowed to the flesh, and of the flesh he has reaped corruption. He dug his own grave and reaped as he had sown.

"They tell us that he planned temples; but at the same time he was destroying the most beautiful temple of innocence and love and girlhood. The greatest temple under these skies is a young girl blooming into womanhood. But who wrecks her life and digs her grave of sorrow is unworthy of the respect of an American citizen. Of such a one our Lord declared in the eighteenth chapter of Matthew, sixth verse:

"'Who offendeth one of these little ones who believe in Me, it were better for him that a mill stone be hanged about his neck and he be cast into the depths of the sea.'

"In my opinion his name is the blackest in our American annals. I associate him with the vile Nero of Rome. His touch would defile every pure stream of social life. Fortunate for the young girls of New York city if he had died fifty years ago. He was a moral leper and poisoned everything upon which he laid his hands.

"There could be no apology for him even if he had planned a temple beautiful as the Parthenon, for he destroyed several more beautiful temples than that.

"He was a heartless, selfish, lustful wild beast in human form. I have read of nothing so sad and heartrending in the Valley of the Congo as the sorrow and tears and wrecked lives of innocent girls by Stanford White.

"This must be said to the credit of Mr. Thaw that he emancipated a poor girl from a slavery more terrible than African slavery ever was. She was more sinned against than sinning. The man who defends our country's flag deserves our recognition. Equally so should we give out all hail to Mr. Thaw, who rescued this girl from the hands of the selfish beast of the forest."

GIRL ABANDONS HER FATHER.

He Is Nearly Blind—She Walked Away From the Ferry With a Strange Man.

A man nearly blind who says he is Charles Nesbith, Jr., of Cincinnati, was led into the Church street police station last night by a passerby. Nesbith gave his age as 40 years and told Sergt. Harley that he had just arrived in the city.

He said he was without funds and, in company with his daughter, had come to New York city in search of Charles Nesbith, his father, a former Cincinnati merchant, who came to this city some time ago and had disappeared.

Nesbith, Jr., says the daughter, Alice, who accompanied him is 16 years old. He declared that she left him at the Cortlandt street ferry and walked away with a strange man.

Arrived by the Carmania.

Among the passengers who arrived last night on the Cunarder Carmania were:

H. Maitland Kersey, D. S. O.; Capt. H. Machin, Lieut. Palmer; James Powell, R. Schuster, J. C. L. Rogge, the Hon. Robert Ward and Lady Ward, James Whitaker, the Right Hon. Lord Wolverton and Lady Wolverton, Hon. John M. Woods and Baroness von Hutten.

GREAT WAR REPORTER DEAD.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL PICTURED MANY BATTLES.

War Pioneer in the Modern Art of War Correspondence When He Went to the Crimea in 1854—How He Came to Be Called "Bull Run Russell" in Our War.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Feb. 10.—Sir William Howard Russell, the noted war correspondent, who had been ill for some time, died this morning in his eighty-sixth year.

Sir William had been lying seriously ill for some time at his house in Cromwell Road. His wife and family were present when he died.

Sir William Howard Russell, war correspondent of the London *Times* in his best known activity and dubbed Bull Run Russell by Americans because of his description of the first battle of that name in the civil war, was an Irishman, the grandson of an army captain, to whom he traced doubtless his love for military matters and his skill and acuteness in dealing with such subjects. Had he lived until March 28 he would have been 87 years old. He was born in Dublin in 1820.

Probably his career of thirty years as a war correspondent gave him a closer view of more fighting than almost any other human being has seen. Anyway, the period from the Crimean campaign in 1854, when he may be said to have created the art of war correspondence, down to the Egyptian struggle of 1884 was a sufficiently long stretch to give him his fill of warfare. His power of vivid description was extraordinary and his conversance with military tactics was great. The colorings of prejudice may occasionally have spoiled his brilliant pictures.

He achieved worldwide reputation and he was honored with many foreign decorations and orders and finally in 1895 he was created a knight.

To Americans the most interesting episode in the career of Sir William, who at the time was just Dr. Russell of the London *Times*, was his visit to the United States before the outbreak of the civil war and his letters to his paper descriptive of a trip through the South, which he took at the time when secession seemed inevitable. He was in Charleston, S. C., a short time after Fort Sumter was reduced. He recorded then in his diary, afterward published:

"The secessionists are in great delight over Gov. Letcher's proclamation calling out troops and volunteers; and it is hinted that Washington will be attacked and the nest of black Republican vermin which haunt the capital be driven out."

He also discovered the fact that the South Carolinians of that time were eager for an English King and he mentions that some of them told him gravely and seriously that if there were an English Prince to be had it would be well to send him over to be placed at the head of affairs in the South.

Dr. Russell joined the Union Army under Gen. McDowell, as correspondent, two days before the first battle of Bull Run, which was fought on July 21, 1861. He was with the Union Army throughout the battle or rather rout, and the description of the behavior and deportment of the Federal forces on that occasion which he sent to London was too much for the sensibilities of the Union leaders, galled as they were by the results of the battle.

Dr. Russell left the United States not long thereafter, leaving the American forces North and South to finish their struggle unaided.

The nickname of "Bull Run Russell," which was bestowed on him on account of this incident, was not applied either in affection or in admiration of his abilities as a war correspondent.

Russell was educated at the Rev. Dr. Geoghegan's school in Dublin and later went to Trinity College in the same city. He was engaged to describe the mass meetings held by Daniel O'Connell in his agitation for the repeal of the Union and not long afterward took an engagement on the staff of the *Times*, for which he had done this work. He occupied himself in London as well with the study of law and was called to the bar in 1850.

It was in that year that he visited Schleswig-Holstein and saw the battle of Idsted. He sent back a description of this battle that established his ability in the description of military encounters, so that it was not a matter of surprise when war was declared with Russia that he was sent with the first English expedition to the East. He saw the hardest of the fighting in the Crimean campaign, including the battles of the Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman and Kertch and the siege of Sebastopol. In 1856 he was at the evacuation of the Chersonese by the Allied Forces and then returned home.

The letters that he sent home about the sufferings of the army and the privations that the soldiers were exposed to excited such indignation that the Ministry was overthrown and another went into office pledged to take better care of the soldiers.

His next campaign was in India. During the campaign for the suppression of the Mutiny he was present at the taking of Lucknow and in the marches into Oudh and Rohlkund. He returned to England in 1858, and then established the *Army and Navy Gazette*, which he edited during the rest of his life. He was with the French army in Italy during the short Magenta campaign and then he came to the United States.

He remained at home after his return to England until the outbreak of the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866. He was at the battle of Koniggrats. It was in 1867 that his first wife, who was Mary Burrowes, a Dublin girl, died. They were married in 1846.

For several years thereafter he spent his time in travelling, but in 1870, when war was declared by Napoleon III. against the King of Prussia and his allies, he joined the German forces at Wörth. He was with the army of the Crown Prince at Sedan and at the capitulation of Paris.

In 1875 he was named honorary private secretary to the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit to India. He went out with Lord Wolseley to South Africa for the Zulu campaign in 1879-80, and was later in Egypt during the operations under the same General which led to the English occupation of Egypt. The close of that campaign in 1884 was the end of his active war correspondence, he being then a man of 64 years of age.

He married in 1884 the Countess Antoinette Malvezzi. He was created a knight in 1895. He was a Commander of the Legion of Honor, had the Turkish war medal of 1854-56, the Indian war meal, 1857-58, the South African war medal of 1879 and orders which included the Osmanich, the Medjidich, the St. Sanveur of Greece, Chevalier of Franz Josef and the Redeemer of Greece.

He published many books, among others, "Letters from the Crimea," "The British Expedition to the Crimea," "My Diary North and South," in 1862 after he returned to England from the United States; "Canada, Its Defences," "Rifle Clubs and Volunteer Corps," "The Adventures of Dr. Brady," "My Diary in the East with the Prince of Wales" and "Hesperothen, or Notes from the West."

He adventured into politics once only, and then unsuccessfully when he contested Chelsea against Sir Charles Dilke in 1868.

THE AMEER A FREEMASON.

Lord Kitchener Present at Initiation of the Afghan Ruler.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Feb. 11.—A despatch to the *Standard* from Calcutta says that the Ameer of Afghanistan has been initiated as a Freemason. Gen. Lord Kitchener, commanding the forces in India, was present at the ceremony.

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LOTS OF PROBATION OFFICERS.

WHEN SALARIES MATERIALIZED SO DID CANDIDATES.

Salaries Held Up on the Ground That They Were Intended for Volunteers Already in the Field—Result is a Muddle With a Prospect of Further Legislation.

The official status of the women probation officers in the police courts of Manhattan and The Bronx is in such a tangle that the women do not know where they are at. The Board of City Magistrates which appointed them are surprised at the muddle they have got into. The Comptroller and the Civil Service Commissioners have taken notice of the complication and as a result the January payroll of those that were supposed to get salaries has been held up.

The complication arose after the Magistrates at their meeting on December 31 last appointed eight women to serve as probation officers in the eight courts of the two boroughs, although there were women probation officers already in the courts. There are now three sets of such officers doing duty—the police probation officers, the volunteer women probation officers and the women recently appointed. There is not work enough to go around.

The women volunteers have been doing the work among the women prisoners since the probation law was passed at Albany in 1901. That law provided that probation officers should receive no compensation from the city for their services. The volunteers went to the courts as representatives of charitable and philanthropic organizations and have attended court daily without asking for any pay from the city. Miss Alice Smith, who has been doing the work in the Yorkville police court for the last five years, is a fellow member with Miss Helen Gould of the board of managers of the Young Women's Christian Association.

Miss Anna Doyle, who has been serving in the Essex Market court without cost to the city, is said to be the only Irish woman on the East Side that can speak Yiddish like a born Jew, and she is able to carry on a conversation in Italian. She acts as interpreter for the Magistrate when the court interpreter has his day off.

Most of the Magistrates have declared that these volunteers are efficient, and there has not been the slightest reflection upon their honesty. There would have been no disposition to replace them had it not been for an amendment to the probation law that was passed at Albany in 1905. The amendment provided that probation officers not already salaried, like policemen, might be appointed to be paid by the city, the Board of Estimate to have discretion to determine.

The Board of Estimate acted on this amended law about six months ago and appropriated sufficient money to pay the women probation officers at the rate of $1,000 a year. It was supposed at the time that the volunteers already in the courts were to be put under salary, but not much!

The action of the Magistrates at their December meeting in appointing a new set of women caused some surprise, and afterward there arose a question as to the legality of the appointments. It seems that several of the volunteers hold certificates of appointment from the Board of City Magistrates. The certificates have not been revoked and lawyers have expressed the opinion that the holders of them are legally entitled to the places.

One of the Magistrates said that the recent appointees were taken from the civil service lists and that the volunteers lost their places because they did not take the examination when the salaries were provided for.

When the batch of eight women were appointed at the December meeting Miss Bertha F. Lubitz was assigned to the Yorkville police court. She appeared there a few days afterward and going to Miss Smith asked:

"What am I to do? I'm the new probation officer."

"I suppose you have been appointed to do the regular probation work," responded the volunteer.

"But how shall I do it? I haven't the faintest idea."

"You must learn, as I have done."

She sat in court for three days watching the procession of human wrecks, and that was as much as she could stand of it.

"Good-by, Miss Smith. I only took the examination as a joke and I've had enough of it. I'm going to resign," she said. And she did.

The Magistrates at their last meeting appointed Mary Skelly to fill the place. Miss Skelly has had one woman prisoner turned over to her since she went on duty. If some one had made her a present of an elephant she probably wouldn't have been more puzzled about what to do with it. She appeared to be more embarrassed than was the prisoner.

The reason assigned for withholding the January salaries of the women appointed at the December meeting is that the volunteers might be able to establish in court that they are legally entitled to hold the position. It is reported that the recently appointed women contemplate suing the city for their salaries unless they get their pay within a reasonable time.

A bill is said to have been drawn up which is to be introduced at this session of the Legislature reorganizing the probation service. Under its provisions there are to be probation officers in every county in the State, the whole service to be under the charge of a State superintendent. The report has it that Homer Folks, who was formerly Commissioner of Charities, is likely to be the superintendent.

Correct Dress for Men

A little more style than others put into their ready-to-wear garments—no extra cost, however.

Waistcoats for street or dress wear, $3 to $11.

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HEALER SCHLATTER BOBS UP.

TRIES HIS SKILL ON SUFFERERS AT THE BERKELEY LYCEUM.

Smooth Shaven Is This Prophet Now and a Ruddy Cheeked Wife Acts as His Interpreter—Works in Silence—Many Declare That They Are Benefited.

Francis Schlatter, "Schlatter the Healer," as he came to be known out West twelve years ago, when he got tired of cobbling in Denver, announced himself as the Messiah and went into the laying on of hands business, is in New York without his whiskers. He left them out in Indiana, because, as his wife hinted, New Yorkers don't seem to take to whiskers seriously.

He appeared last night at the Berkeley Lyceum, the headliner in a spookfest under the auspices of the Rev. Hugh R. Moore, pastor of the First Church of Progressive Spiritualists. There were others on the bill, including the Rev. and Mrs. Fenner, "famous psychists of Philadelphia, Pa.," trance ballot readers, but the crowd in the Berkeley Lyceum was all for Schlatter and the others had to take a back seat.

While Mrs. Schlatter, a large, red cheeked woman with a pleasant smile, told how much she loved her husband, and how much he loved her, and how nice he thought her cooking was, and how all Indiana loved Mr. Schlatter, and how he gave away baskets full of money in Chicago, the other artists and their wives fidgeted on the stage, looked at one another and cast appealing glances at the Rev. Mr. Moore.

Mrs. Schlatter told the audience that Mr. Schlatter was just full of a power for which nobody had ever been able to give a name. Sometimes it appeared to be God, again an Indian, or even love; anyway it was there. The power was so great in Denver, she said, that all the old maids and widows fell in love with him and got dreadfully angry when she caught him.

Then she talked about the works of the Healer, how he had treated 2,000 persons a day out in Denver, "under the trees"; how he went into New Mexico and lived with the Indians, and how, more recently, he had been in Indiana. "Why, in Terre Haute," said Mrs. Schlatter, "there was a man who died, died dead as a stone, and Mr. Schlatter went and laid his hands on him and in twenty minutes that man was sitting out on his front porch, chipper as you and I. In two days more he was hard at work hoeing in his garden, strong and brisk, trying to raise the mortgage off their little home. With my own eye I saw these things."

There was a stir of interest in the audience and one could hear whispers running all over the house. A little later on, when the tension got pretty strong, a number of women got to crying. Then Mrs. Schlatter described how the ex-cobbler deals out the power. If you couldn't get it physically, you got it morally, and if not morally, you would feel better mentally from the touch of the power laden fingers.

An audible whisper, "Does he take money?" reached her.

"No, indeed," she said. "Why, in Chicago, along the lake, where 40,000 people fought to get near him, they poured $1,700 into a basket he carried, and he kept giving it all away, $50 to one poor man, $100 to another and so on."

When she quit talking a tall, thin, smooth faced man with iron gray hair falling nearly to his coat collars and draping his ears stepped off the stage and on a small box which was open at one end and appeared to be quite empty. Few would have recognized him from the pictures that used to be printed frequently as Schlatter the Healer. He has a remarkably long, narrow head, narrow through the temples, and a high forehead. His mouth is small and shaped delicately. His eyes are a slaty blue, seemingly expressionless. The whole man in his rather old fashioned long black coat and low collar bore a queer resemblance to pictures of Henry Clay. While he stood on the box and waited he looked steadily at the ceiling.

Immediately there was a buzzing and stirring in the crowd. Half the seats were deserted at once and the aisles filled with pushing, jostling men and women, who told one another in whispers of their ailments. One of the first that got treatment was a small man who hobbled up to Schlatter with the aid of a crutch. "I've got locomotor ataxia," he said to Mrs. Schlatter. "Can he do anything for me?" "Of course," she said confidently. "He can do anything. You don't have to tell him what your trouble is; he knows, anyway."

The Healer took the cripple's wrists in his own firm grip, looking for an instant into the man's eyes; then Schlatter looked dreamily at the ceiling. With his thumbs he pressed heavily on each wrist at the spot where doctors usually get a line on the pulse beat.

After a few seconds he put one hand to the back of the man's neck, getting his thumb under the collar and bore hard. After perhaps a minute he withdrew his hands, gave the man a light touch on the left shoulder and turned to his wife, who stood at his side. She had a white handkerchief thrown over her arm, and after every laying on of hands the Healer caught up the handkerchief and dabbed his fingers lightly with it, as acrobats do when they get through with every stunt. The Healer did precisely these things with every candidate, meanwhile keeping perfectly silent. Occasionally as he glanced toward the ceiling he moved his lips just noticeably.

The man with locomotor ataxia hobbled back to his seat, seemingly with more ease than he left it. Somebody asked him if he felt better. "Much better," he said. "I feel sure I'll recover." There was a man who was almost blind, another who could not hear at all, many with failing eyesight or partial deafness. Perhaps 500 persons struggled up to the Healer during the two hours that he worked. More than half of them were women who got very nervous and turned away from Schlatter with tears running down their cheeks. Some of them were young girls, and several were pretty. Two or three were old women, bent and crippled and, judging from their clothes, very poor. Nearly all of them, after feeling the grip of Schlatter's long, slim but exceedingly strong hands declared they felt better.

Schlatter hasn't been much heard of in the last few years and apparently has dropped with his whiskers his claim to being the Messiah—at least his wife made no mention of it in her monologue. Once he was supposed to have perished in a New Mexican desert, where he announced that he was going to get close to nature.

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ANOTHER ITALIAN MURDERED.

SHOT THROUGH HEART AS WAS FILIPO BANDOZZA.

Bullet Hit Him in the Course of a Row at a Christening—Brother-in-Law Dips Hand in Dead Man's Blood and Swears to Avenge Crime—Victim of Blackmailers

A fourth baby came into the family of Giuseppe Lapresti, a tunnel worker, of 162 Mott street, the other day and last night Giuseppe's brother, Domenico, and his wife Antonia, went down from their home at 249 Mulberry street for the christening. Giuseppe has a little stationery store in the two rooms back of which the ceremony took place. The baby had just been named Fortuna when two men of the party burst quarrelling through the door into the store. A shot was fired and Domenico fell dead with a bullet through his heart.

Domenico's wife says the shooting was done by Pietro Scarina, 20 years old, who was there as a guest with his family. But Giuseppe's son has a different story. He says that Domenico was killed while trying to be a peacemaker between Scarina and another Italian known in the quarter as "The Guy."

Anyway, while Domenico Lapresti lay there dead his brother-in-law, Pasquale Cagliostro, came in. In Calabrian fashion he dipped his hands in his kinsman's blood, bit his own forefinger, which is the trigger finger, until it bled, too, and thus, while the widow, Antonia, sang over the body, he took the oath of vengeance.

From the Mulberry street station they sent Patrolmen O'Neil and Lyttle to look into the case, and from Sergt. Petrosino's staff, Detective Diglio.

Scarina and the Guy cannot be found. Notwithstanding the former's evident acquaintance with the Laprestis, the latter tell the police that they do not know where the Scarinas live.

The police came to the conclusion yesterday that Filipo Bandozza, who was shot and killed in the doorway of his butcher shop at 177 Chrystie street on Saturday night, was sent to his death by Italian blackmailers. Detectives Hart and Bissert of the Eldridge street station and Rocco Cavano of the Central Office searched the shop yesterday and found under one of the counters a stick of dynamite, several pounds of black powder, a fuse and a stiletto with a ten inch blade. Whether or not Bandozza put the stuff there himself the police could not learn; neither could they get any clue to give them a line on the murderer, and the detectives admitted that they are working in the dark with faint hope of getting the person who did the shooting.

The bullet which killed Bandozza penetrated his heart and went through his body, coming out the back and falling to the floor It was a similar bullet that killed the other Black Hand victims who were murdered in the immediate vicinity within the last few weeks, and in each case the slayer escaped, as did the man who killed Bandozza.

The detectives learned yesterday that Bandozza lived at 335 East 108th street with his wife and children, but the widow was unable to say whether her husband had received Black Hand letters.

ITALIANS TO AVENGE CORTEZ.

Take Steps to Help in Efforts to Run Down the Justice's Slayer.

PATERSON, N. J., Feb. 10.—Several hundred Italians, among them many of the foremost citizens of this city, gathered at Turn Hall this afternoon to take action on the death of Justice of the Peace Robert Cortez, who was killed by a bomb at his office, 23 Passaic street, last Friday evening. It was decided to issue circulars in Italian and distribute them to-morrow in the Italian section of the city, calling upon every reputable citizen of the race to be at a meeting in Turn Hall to-morrow evening to take further action.

Resolutions will be drawn up by Frank Cigal, president of to-day's meeting; George Potter, secretary, and Felix Camagni and will be presented at to-morrow's meeting calling upon the Federal, State, county and city governments to offer rewards for the detection of the man or men who sent to Cortez the express package containing the bomb.

The railroads, express companies, manufacturers and business men will also be asked to contribute to a fund to reward those who capture or who give information for the capture of the assassins.

The meeting to-morrow evening is to be made general and the public generally is invited to attend. At to-day's meeting it was decided to have every Italian in the city attend the funeral of Cortez on Tuesday morning next at St. Michael's Church. It is expected that at least 5,000 of the 15,000 Italians in this section will turn out.

The police were still busy to-day running down clues, but nothing new has developed. It is said that every indication points to Newark as the source of the bomb and there are strong indications that the police believe the death of Motto here a few weeks ago, in which Cortez was taking a great interest, is the clue that will finally lead to the detection of the bomb sender. The three names given by Cortez in his ante-mortem statement are strongly guarded by the police, but it is understood that at least two of them are names of men who have, or had until a short time ago, homes in Newark.

The local charity organization society, which practically worked through the offices of Justice Cortez when ministering to destitute Italian families, issued today a letter of commemoration.

Mayor John Johnson will confer tomorrow with city officials with regard to calling a special meeting to discuss Cortez's death and the advisability of offering a reward for the capture of the murderers.

Coroner William A. McClinchy will have charge of the inquest. The jury will view the body to-morrow and will convene later in this week.

Transvaalan Treasure Trove.

From the Transvaal Advertiser.

Upon the outbreak of the war one Steyn and his wife hid away £3,000 in gold within the stone wall of a kraal near their house. They then left the farm, and on their return were dismayed to find that the kraal walls had been broken down and the stones removed to make an S. A. C. dwelling place.

Steyn hunted and grubbed for his gold, but all in vain. Then he sold his farm to an honest man and went to the Cape Colony. Soon after he received a telegram from the new owner, who stated that he had ploughed up near the homestead a tin containing 3,000 sovereigns and asked if the money belonged to Steyn.

The latter at once admitted the ownership, went back to the Transvaal and received his £3,000, out of which he promptly returned £1,000 to the honest man.

B. Altman & Co.

NEW SPRING DRESS SILKS.

IMPORTANT SHIPMENTS OF SILKS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED FROM ABROAD, EMBODYING THE LATEST PARIS IDEAS FOR THE APPROACHING SEASON, SPECIAL CARE HAVING BEEN EXERCISED TO PROCURE SILKS OF PURE DYE AND GOOD WEARING QUALITIES.

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MEDAL FOR DR. HORNADAY.

The Director of the Bronx Zoo Honored by the Camp Fire Club.

The Camp Fire Club gave a ladies' night banquet at the Hotel Astor on Saturday evening, at which 235 members and guests were present. The dinner was partly in commemoration of the organization of the club ten years ago. The Camp Fire tales of the evening were told by A. B. Hepburn, the Rev. Paul van Dyke and Langdon Gibson. Arthur Robinson and George D. Pratt exhibited their wonderful moving pictures of moose and Miss Jule Layton of Melbourne, Australia, sang folk songs.

Toastmaster Ernest Thompson Seton announced that the board of governors had decided that each year hereafter a gold medal shall be presented by the club to the man who during the year has rendered the most distinguished services in the fields in which the club is specially interested. Those fields are the preservation of wild game and forests and the general promotion of the love of nature and outdoor life.

By a unanimous vote of the board of governors, taken in the absence of one of its members, it was decided that the first gold medal of the club shall be awarded to Dr. William Temple Hornaday, on account of his book entitled "Camp Fires in the Canadian Rockies," because of its value to the cause of game protection in general, but especially in Canada, and also on account of its great interest to sportsmen and all lovers of nature and life in the open.

Mr. Seton thereupon pinned the club's first medal upon the lapel of Dr. Hornaday, who was taken by surprise. In acknowledging the honor he spoke briefly of the efforts that now are being made by himself and John M. Phillips to induce British Columbia to set aside their late hunting ground as a permanent game and forest reserve.

OBITUARY.

Major John Quincy Adams Hollister, who was a prominent physician in Mount Vernon, died at his home there yesterday, aged 68 years. Death was due to paralysis. During the battle of Fort Fisher Major Hollister was badly wounded in the right arm and never fully recovered from it. After he was graduated from Hamilton College he enlisted in Company E of the 112th New York Volunteers and rose from private to Captain and after the war was over he was made Major for bravery. He had been a resident of Mount Vernon for twenty-eight years and leaves a widow and three sons, Charles, Ralph and Horace P. Hollister. He was a member of the G. A. R. and the Masonic lodge.

William H. Dyker of Goshen, N. Y., a prominent member of the Orange county bar, died at Thrall Hospital, Middletown, Sunday of internal trouble. He was 53 years old. He was prominently identified with the Sons of Veterans, having at one time been commander of the New York State division, being the first commander to receive the silver cross of the order in 1900. The golden cross was conferred upon him at Minneapolis. He was a past chancellor of the Knights of Pythias, member of the Goshen Club and vice-president of the Goshen Electric Light Company. He is survived by his wife and one son.

Andrew A. McCormick, for many years a member of the board of managers and of the committee on admissions of the Catholic Club, died yesterday at his home, 224 West Forty-eighth street. Mr. McCormick was chairman of the board of stewards of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and a trustee of St. Malachy's Church. He was born in this city and in his early days was with the law firm of Parsons, Shepard & Ogden. After that he managed the Broadway Theatre for a time. His latest business engagement was with the City Trust Company. He was married and had five children.

Gen. James Clinton Rogers, one of the most prominent men in northern New York, who served through the civil war in the Forty-third Regiment, died at his home, in Sandy Hill, early Sunday morning of apoplexy. He was a great orator and was selected by New York State to deliver the oration at the dedication of the Slocum monument at Gettysburg, in 1903. He was born in Sandy Hill sixty-eight years ago, in the house where he died.

Miss Annie F. Slater is dead at Waterbury, Conn., where she taught school for fifty years. She was a daughter of John Slater, and was born at Castleton, Vt. She taught in Worcester and for Bishop McQuaide at Newark when Archbishop Corrigan was a pupil. She was educated at Amherst College.

Mrs. Harriet Pennewill Kenney, wife of former United States Senator Richard R. Kenney of Delaware, died yesterday at Dover Del., of Bright's disease. She was 48 years old.

Police Sergeant Hilderbrand Dead.

Police Sergeant Henry Hilderbrand, in command of the Sixth district court squad, died last Saturday at his home on Guerlain place, in West Chester. He had been a member of the Police Department since 1873 and a sergeant for the last twenty-five years.

POSTUM CEREAL.

STEADY HAND

A Surgeon's Hand Should Be the Steadiest of All.

"For fifteen years I have suffered from insomnia, indigestion and nervousness as a result of coffee drinking," said a surgeon the other day.

"The dyspepsia became so bad that I had to limit myself to one cup at breakfast. Even this caused me to lose my food soon after I ate it.

"All the attendant symptoms of indigestion, such as heart burn, palpitation, water brash, wakefulness or disturbed sleep, bad taste in the mouth, nervousness, etc., were present to such a degree as to incapacitate me for my practice as a surgeon.

"The result of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum, was simply marvelous. The change was wrought forthwith, my hand steadied and my normal condition of health was restored." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason." Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Park & Tilford
FOUNDED 1840

Food Standards have true relative value, influenced only by cost of production. Hence Park & Tilford's Pure Java and Mocha Coffee at 29c. per lb., P. & T. rich, heavy Blend Coffee at 24c. per lb. and their popular economical Maracaibo Coffee at 18c. per lb. are without any comparison in the United States for quality at lowest prices

Why not test for yourself?

VICHY CELESTINS
Prevents GOUT and INDIGESTION
Ask your Physician

CROWD HEARS IAN MACLAREN.

The Fifth Avenue Baptist Church Filled Before Services Begin.

The Rev. Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), the Scotch author, delivered the first of his series of sermons yesterday morning in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. His topic was "A Study in Character," taken from the parable of the prodigal son.

The church was filled to overflowing long before the time for services to begin. The side aisles and the gallery were crowded by a throng eager to hear the author, and an impatient, disappointed mass of people filled the vestibule after scores had been turned away from the doors. Up in front of the altar was a slightly raised platform on which many women were sitting.

New Pastor for East Orange Church.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., Feb. 10.—It was announced to-day that the Rev. Edward J. Holden of Long Island has accepted the call of the congregation of the Prospect Street Baptist Church to be its pastor and will preach his first sermon there on Sunday, March 3.

MARRIED.

TYNG—WOOD.—By the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, at the Church of the Ascension, Saturday, Feb. 9, Mrs. Ethel Hunt Wood, daughter of the late Seth Bliss Hunt, to Lucien Hamilton Tyng.

DIED.

BUCK.—On Saturday, Feb. 9, 1907, Mrs. Jessie S. Buck, aged 36 years.
Funeral from her late home, Ocean and Jerome avs., Sheepshead Bay, L. I., on Tuesday, Feb. 12, 1907, at 11 A. M. Interment at Woodlawn.

CONNETT.—Suddenly, on Saturday, Feb. 9, at Upper Montclair, N. J., Henry Connett.
Funeral service on Tuesday at residence of F. R. Waite, 117 Clarewill av., on arrival of 1:30 P. M. train, Erie R. R., foot Chambers st.

FORBES.—On Friday, February 8, 1907, in Brooklyn, N. Y., Robert W. Forbes, in his 85th year.
Funeral services private. Interment at New Haven, Conn.

HARMAN.—On Friday night, Feb. 8, Major John Alexander Harman died in Guayaquil, Ecuador.
Harrisburg, Pa., and Virginia papers please copy.

HOLMES.—At Jersey City, on Feb. 9, 1907, at her residence, 316 York st., Catharine A. Holmes, in her 77th year.
Funeral private.

JAMES.—On Sunday, Feb. 10, 1907, Frederic Thomas, son of the late William and Elizabeth James, in the 33d year of his age.
Funeral at the convenience of the family. Interment at Newark, N. J.

McCORMICK.—The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick announce the death of Andrew A. McCormick, chairman of the Board of Stewards.
Members are respectfully requested to attend the funeral services to be held in St. Malachy's Roman Catholic Church, 49th st., Broadway and 8th av., Tuesday, Feb. 12, 1907, at 10 A. M.
MICHAEL J. DRUMMOND, President.
WARREN LESLIE, Secretary.

The members of the Catholic Club of the City of New York are requested to attend the funeral of Andrew A. McCormick, late member of the Board of Managers, on Tuesday morning, Feb. 12, at 10 o'clock, from St. Malachy's Chapel, 49th st., between Broadway and 8th av.
FRANCIS J. QUINLAN, M. D., President.
CHARLES MURRAY, Secretary.

WITHERBEE.—On Friday evening, Feb. 8, after a brief illness, at the residence of his parents, 4 Fifth av., Lispenard Stewart, only son of Franck Spencer and Mary Stewart Witherbee, in the 21st year of his age.
Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral at Grace Church, Broadway and 10th st., on Tuesday morning, Feb. 12, at 10 o'clock.

YOUNG.—At Yonkers, N. Y., Saturday, Feb. 9, 1907, Percy B. Young.
Funeral services at 107 Buena Vista ave., Yonkers, Monday, Feb. 11, at 11 A. M. Interment at Greenwood Cemetery Monday at 3 P. M.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

QUARTER CENTENNIAL OF THE GOSPEL TABERNACLE CHURCH, 44th St. and 8th Av., MONDAY, FEB. 11. Two Sessions, 3 to 4 P. M., 7:30 to 9:15 P. M. Addresses by Rev. A. B. SIMPSON, Rev. F. W. FARR, D. D., and others.