THE STAGE MADE MERRY, TOO

YOU'D FIND A DRESSING ROOM PARTY MOST ANYWHERE.

Some Mishaps in the Race for Publicity, but They Didn't Dampen the Hilarity of the Alley—Broadway Hopes It Can Sleep Sunday, for New Year's Is Coming.

If you can name any one of social prominence, from the most exclusive débutante in the show girl set down to the humblest theatrical producer living in the atmosphere bounded on the south by Madison Square and on the north by the Majestic, who didn't attend some dressing room Christmas party or other last night, it was because he or she was suffering respectively from a broken leg or limb. Of course there are always scattered dressing room parties every Christmas when John Drew's troupe or Gus Hill, or any one like that is with us at Yuletide, but last night there were so many in bloom that society reporters simply had to taxicab from spot to spot or miss the dope.

Doubtless most of the excess uproar was due to the very fact that this season business hasn't been one grand big scream—artists owning good paying jobs, in other words, feel so overjoyed about it that they had to let loose or Bust. Wherefore one might have been right in the middle of a delightful game of post office, for instance, in the pink room of Mel Ellis's apartments, when half the guests would have to hop away to the three alarm diabolo party in Topsy Siegrist's neat flat or race over to the Hippodrome to hear Jake Shubert's speech when he presented the safety bicycle to Frank Melville, the genial master of horse.

Only two mishaps occurred throughout the night, or at least up to the time for making up the newspaper trains. Bill Phillips of the "Top o' th' World" force of performing employees had had it all framed up for a week past to be arrested and taken to the new Tenderloin police station charged with burglary, the arrest to come off just before the beginning of a combination birthday-Christmas party at 28 West Twenty-sixth street, the apartments of Maude Fulton, who is the *Macy Bloomingdale Sales* of Irvin Cobb's new show; but Bill's arrest didn't pan out, simply because Bill's folks refused him permission to be arrested. The refusal came by special delivery right straight from the old home at Valley Junction, Vt., at the last moment.

The plant looked so good to Bill that he was almost tempted to disobey the folks and go the limit, but he resisted. You know what Bill Phillips looks like, of course. Well, he was going to add to that a drab sweater and a laundry bag filled with little gifts—a set of Dickens for Louise Dresser, suspenders for Donald Brian, a suit case for Ralph Austin, a bathing suit for Joe Miron, and things like that—and as soon as the curtain dropped at the Majestic hurry to the Caledonia, where Miss Fulton lives, break into the flat before the party arrived from their various theatres, bribe or terrify Miss Fulton's maid to telephone for the police, get pinched and there you are.

As Bill pointed out to the old folks, along would come young James Allison, owner of the "Top o' th' World," to the station house and bail him out. And some time to-day everybody in the company and all Miss Fulton's guests of last night could go through a lane of cameras right into some court or other and prove that Bill was only joking. But Bill's folks simply wouldn't stand for it. Bill is also writing a novel.

The other mishap, which was almost as serious as Bill Phillips's hard luck in not being arrested, occurred on the Hippodrome stage. It seems that Max Anderson thought it would be a pretty idea to give everybody in House Manager McBride's office and Wells Hawks's office one of these thermometers made with the glass tube set into an artificial ear of corn.

The artificial corncob thermometers were placed with other gifts on the stage just after the close of the performance, beginning at Forty-third street. One of Prof. Wulff's performing stallions was about to go below to turn in for the night when his eye lighted on the corncobs. The stallion had eaten northward to a point opposite the middle entrance to Jack's before he was absorbed by a girl named Beryl Clifton, who had just left one group of merrymakers standing on the stage up near Forty-fourth street and was about to join some friends who were skylarking back of the footlights down at Forty-third street. Mr. Hawks said at a late hour that the stallion was all right except for a temperature that ran all the way up to Harlem, but Mr. Hawks may have been joking.

Irvin Cobb gave a party too. Irvin recently has become one of our rising dramaturges and has ordered a fur coat like Channing Pollock's since he got the glad news that Tom Ryley is going to put on "Funibashi"—wigs by 'Epner, shoes by Camemberts, cold cream by Smith & Jones, jokes by I. Cobb. The minute rehearsals of the new show were over last night. Mr. Cobb assembled his cast and chorus in a line and wrote out orders for a set of furs each for the girls and suits of clothes for the men. The only restriction to the orders is that they are not to be released until the show clears its first $100,000.

Moving now rapidly westward along Theatre Alley we find society all agog over the combination function in the middle of the block, where rival theatres that touch elbows are getting together and forgetting it. It's Gus Thomas blowing for his "Witching Hour" people, who have as their guests the "Polly of the Circus" company. Some of the "Polly" contingent tried to surprise friends in the "Witching Hour" cast with gifts just before everybody started in on a buffet supper on the stage of the Hackett, but the "Witching Hour" actors have been so steeped with telepathy of late that they knew what was coming.

Pete Dailey paid the check at Browne's for all the men in the new Weber show, while Lulu Glaser was entertaining all the girls up at the flat. "The Talk of New York" Christmas parties began the day before yesterday and are expected to work all the way down the programme before the week end. In the first place any time Sam Harris and another man assemble Sam gives a party. Same with Victor Moore. By doubling a bit the Cohan show functions last night had progressed from Emma Littlefield's dressing room to Sadie Harris's, and it looked as if Gertie Vanderbilt could pull off her bridge party as soon as the company could get away from Sadie's dressing room without offending the hostess. And after that everybody was going to go up to the Casino before breakfast this morning to have a little snack of something else to eat at Blanche Ring's racket.

Wells Hawks said that he might be quoted as saying that, all things considered, the Hippodrome party was the biggest function of the night, but other press agents thought their affairs were bigger and, on the other hand, others thought that theirs were. There is a hope along Broadway that no one will try to start anything on Sunday. New Year's is coming and even actors have to rest.

PARTY IN HONOR OF HER CATS.

A Christmas Tree On Which the Guests Tied Presents.

ROCHESTER, Dec. 25.—Mrs. Louise Fuller, wife of a prominent attorney and high up in social circles, gave a party last evening at her home in a fashionable part of the city in honor of her two pet cats. There was a Christmas tree on which each guest tied presents for the cats. There were ribbons, collars with great satin bows, mechanical toys, Teddy bears and little parcels of catnip. The gifts represented an expenditure of several dollars. One of the guests of honor is just the common back yard variety of cat, but the other is a pedigreed blue Persian. They did not appear at the table, but were present at the gift distribution in the drawing room.

Mrs. Fuller is a member of the Lockhaven Cat Club of this city and is organist of the Brick Presbyterian Church.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

At the hearings in Kingston for the appointment of receivers for the suspended Brooklyn banks this story was told on Edward M. Shepard.

Mr. Shepard was trying a case and the first witness was a frail looking woman from whom the lawyer expected no trouble.

"And when did this happen?" asked Mr. Shepard.

"I think——" she began, when Mr. Shepard stopped her.

"It isn't what you think, but what you know that we want," he said.

"Don't you want to know what I think?" asked the frail looking woman, mildly.

"I do not."

"Well, then," retorted the witness, "I might as well leave the witness stand. I can't talk without thinking; I'm not a lawyer."

Such a gathering as that which awaits outside the stage door of the opera house the appearance of Theodor Chaliapine after his performances was never seen there before this year. The usual group consists of enthusiastic matinée girls and possibly a few Italians. The admirers of the Russian basso present a sharp contrast to those who are led there only by curiosity to see a celebrity off the stage. They are poorly dressed, sad eyed men, obviously compatriots of the singer, although not all of them appear to be of he same race. They make no demonstration when he appears beyond an occasional greeting from some of the bolder spirits who step forward to touch his hand. They come from the lower East Side, and the singer is an attraction to them more as a political figure than as an artist. The men that await his appearance at the stage door are Socialists and other believers in his political theories. They want to see what this distinguished member of their party looks like in the flesh.

A novel scheme of salvage has been on view alongside Pier A, North River. A barge heavily laden with pea coal sank at her moorings without warning and all attempts to raise her had proved unavailing. Ordinary methods of removing the cargo were either too expensive or too tedious, and the owners were at a loss to know how to proceed until the present idea was hit upon. The scheme was simple. One end of a flexible six inch pipe is shoved down into the hold and moved from place to place by a diver. A powerful engine on a wrecking tug pumps out a mixture of water, mud and coal, which flows across a slanting screen, leaving nothing but the coal behind. When the entire load has been removed the scow will be raised, pumped out and put in commission again.

Through the grilled iron door of a new house on Fifth avenue there is visible every afternoon a sight suggestive of the splendor of Old World palaces. Behind the grilling and the glass stand two men with powdered hair waiting to open promptly for guests who may arrive. In addition to their snow white polls they are distinguished by wearing short plush breeches of a dark red hue, heavily embroidered tail coats and white silk stockings. So close is the door to Fifth avenue that these details of their livery are visible to passers on the sidewalk, who find them a picturesque contrast to the rest of the neighborhood.

"I see," said a man who takes note of things, "that they are now painting the iron supports for the ropes marking off spaces barred to traffic in the streets green, which is a good thing because so painted the posts can be seen more easily, and now if instead of using rope of its natural color, which is invisible against the background of street, they would equip the posts with rope of some color as green or blue or red it would be a greater improvement still, for then the rope could be plainly seen and so, as well, the openings in it."

A man whose chief claim to good looks was a luxurious brown mustache not long ago applied for a place in a wholesale dry goods house. He came well recommended and the manager was willing to employ him.

"Before settling the matter, however," said the manager, "I wish to speak a few words on a very personal subject. I refer to your mustache. If you accept this position you will have to keep that shaved off. One of your chief duties will be to dictate letters. Our stenographers claim that a heavy mustache like yours prevents clear speech and that the difficulty in understanding is responsible for their making many mistakes. Once before a man with a mustache like yours held this job. Upon the united request of the stenographers he had to cut it off. I must ask you to do the same thing."

The man eyed his crowning glory regretfully, but as he needed the job worse than he did the mustache he began work the next day with a smooth face.

A DUEL OVER FREE LUNCH.

Rival Saloon Keepers Shoot in the Street—One Is Dying.

Philip Mundy, who runs a saloon at 354 Metropolitan avenue, Williamsburg, is dying in the Eastern District Hospital in Brooklyn as the result of a pistol duel last night with James Jacarusso, who runs a saloon just opposite Mundy's place.

Mundy set out a fine turkey lunch yesterday and succeeded in getting all the Christmas Day patronage of the vicinity. Jacarusso stood outside his place gloomily watching his customers flocking into Mundy's. When evening came he walked across the street, heaved a cobblestone through Mundy's brightly lit front window and began to curse Mundy at the top of his voice. Mundy seized a pistol which lay handy behind his bar and ran out to see what was the matter.

Jacarusso, from the dark street, opened fire on Mundy the moment he appeared in the open door of the brightly illuminated saloon. Mundy attempted to reply, but he could hardly see his opponent and his shots went wild. After several shots had been exchanged Mundy went down with a ball through the lower right lung and liver.

A call for an ambulance brought one on the gallop from the Eastern District Hospital, but in turning at North Second street and Driggs avenue the vehicle overturned, the driver falling beneath it. Both he and the ambulance surgeon, Dr. Rivkin, were shaken up and bruised. The doctor hurried on afoot, and by the time he had done what he could for Mundy the ambulance came up and took the dying man away.

Jacarusso escaped.

The Weather.

The pressure was high and the weather generally fair in all the Atlantic States yesterday.

There was a storm moving eastward over the upper Mississippi valley, attended by rain in the central States and a scattering of snow and rain in the Lake regions, with increasing cloudiness, extending eastward to the lower Lake section. High winds attended the storm movement over the upper Lakes and upper Mississippi valley.

It was warmer in the central States and slightly warmer in the Atlantic States, and colder in the northwestern and Rocky Mountain States.

The temperature east of the Mississippi was generally above freezing, and below freezing west of that river.

In this city the day was fair; slightly warmer; wind, light southwesterly; average humidity 67 per cent.; barometer, corrected to read to sea level, at 8 A. M., 30.13; 3 P. M., 30.04.

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

	1907.	1906.		1907.	1906.
9 A. M.	35°	17°	6 P. M.	44°	23°
12 M.	42°	24°	9 P. M.	42°	23°
3 P. M.	46°	25°	12 Mid.	40°	23°

Highest temperature, 46°, at 3 P. M.

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

For eastern New York, eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, fair and colder to-day; fair to-morrow; fresh westerly winds.

For New England, fair in southern and snow in northern portion to-day, colder; fair to-morrow; fresh to brisk west to northwest winds.

For the District of Columbia and Maryland, fair and colder to-day; fair to-morrow; fresh westerly winds.

For western New York, snow and colder to-day; partly cloudy to-morrow; brisk northwesterly winds.

BIG TIM HAS HIS FRIENDS IN

MAYBE THERE WERE MORE THAN 5,000 AT HIS DINNER TABLE.

Anyway, the Bowery Kept Coming in Squads, Was Fed and Speeched and Went Away With Tickets for Another Anniversary. Mr. Sullivan's Own.

Our esteemed fellow townsman and M. C., the Hon. Timothy D. Sullivan, sometimes known to his intimate associates as Big Tim, or "the Big Fellow," gave a dinner party yesterday to some friends.

You know how it is yourself: You want to ask a few friends in to dinner and you keep thinking of somebody else until before you get through you have to run over to the neighbor's and borrow a couple of leaves for the table, some silver and half a dozen napkins.

That's the way it is with the Big Fellow, but he's given Christmas dinners for the last ten years, so he's wise to how such things go, and a few guests more or less don't faze him a bit. For instance, yesterday he told the cook to get ready for 5,000—"and if there's a couple of thousand more," he added, "I don't want to hear you say you were taken by surprise and haven't enough to go 'round."

There had been rumors that the dinner would either be cut out or at least curtailed this year because of the stringency in the money market. These reports were almost enough to make the big one lose his temper.

"What has that got to do with it?" he is quoted as wanting to know. And with that he suggests that the Timothy D. Sullivan Association, which is the legal name for Big Tim, Incorporated, appropriate about $6,000 for the affair. "If it costs more we can fix it later," he added.

Now any one can readily see that it would be a whale of a job to send out 5,000 invitations by mail; besides, Uncle Sam and the Postmaster-General might have some trouble delivering envelopes directed to Sandy, Bill and Shorty. So the invitations were just handed out in big bunches to a few friends of the big fellow, and little stacks of them were piled up on the desks of all the prominent hotels on the Bowery with cards over them reading "Take one."

The dinner was scheduled for 11 o'clock yesterday morning in the rooms of the association at 207 Bowery. Nobody seemed to know just when the first guest pulled up in front of the association, but at 8 o'clock there were fifty men in line. Eight o'clock isn't so early to get up when you have had no place to sleep.

Pretty soon after that, Sergt. Clifford of the Eldridge street station, with twenty-five policemen came around to keep the men in line. The waiting ones soon turned the corner of Rivington street and extended back to Chrystie, and then some more were tacked on around on Chrystie street. The overflow was made into another line which turned the Delancey street corner. By the time the doors opened the two lines encompassed the block.

The tables accommodated 280 at one time, standing. The police on the street would pass up about that number. President Johnnie White of the T. D. S. Association would grasp each guest by the hand and cordially and firmly would hustle him on to Willie Dopf, the secretary, who would give him another shove to a place. At each place was a plate with turkey, potato salad, pie, a cup of coffee and a glass of beer, and there was nothing stingy about the helpings, either.

While each consignment of guests was eating, Major George Krause, the master of ceremonies, or his assistant, Dr. M. B. Feeney, would make this little impromptu speech:

"My friends, on behalf of Congressman Sullivan and Senator Sullivan, I wish you all a merry Christmas." Then he would call attention to the many who had not yet had a chance at the dinner, and ask that the plates and cups and glasses be emptied quickly."

This seemed unnecessary, for five minutes saw most of the plates and things shining as if they had just been taken out of the cupboard. Everything but the larger bones of the turkey went down at a gulp. There was an old fellow who stood at the end of one of the tables and looked at his plate a moment. His face wore an expression of disbelief. Then he picked up a second joint in his fingers, took the meat off it deftly in about three mouthfuls and cleared his plate in as many more. When he had finished he stood inches, straighter than had the bent old man who had laboriously climbed the stairs.

It is said that Big Tim never goes to these dinners himself, and one of his lieutenants in explaining this said yesterday:

"Oh, the Big Fellow? He couldn't stand it. It would make him cry like a baby."

They were not all old fellows at the dinner, however. Most of them were men under 40, many under 30. But the same mark of the Bowery lodging house was on all—the same drawn face at entrance and the same smile of content at exit.

At the door as they went out each man got a briar pipe, a package of tobacco and a ticket good for a pair of $3 shoes and a pair of woollen stockings. These tickets are redeemable on February 6, an unvarying date which the Big One's lieutenants know is the anniversary of something in his life—what he has never told them. And on that same day every year a few thousand of Big Tim's friends put on a warm pair of new shoes and stockings; perhaps they don't know they are helping the Big Fellow keep an anniversary—but they all think of him.

At one end of the big hall of the association is a raised platform. Here was an orchestra of half a dozen pieces and here many friends of Big and Little Tim dropped in while the dinner was in progress. Little Tim was there for the early part of the meal. The list of the others would sound very much like a Tammany rollcall. Lieutenants and friends of the clan formed a volunteer waiters' corps under command of Billy Webber.

KILLS WIFE, THEN HIMSELF.

Razor Ends Family Quarrel Early Christmas Morning.

SHARON, Pa., Dec. 25.—In a fit of anger William Van Bush, aged 40 years, killed his wife by cutting her throat and then took his own life in the same manner at 5 o'clock this morning. The couple had quarrelled frequently, and though there was evidence of a fierce struggle none of the other people in the house knew of the tragedy until 8:30 o'clock this morning.

The woman's body was found by her son-in-law on the bedroom floor. The husband's body was in the next room. There were two blood covered razors on a chair near the bed.

Van Bush was a machinist and formerly lived in New York city.

FIFTH AV. TRAFFIC WAITS

While Dr. Louisa Walbach's Christmas Tree Fire Is Put Out.

It was heads out at the Holland House and all Fifth avenue equipages were held up at Thirtieth street late yesterday afternoon while the firemen put out Miss Louisa Walbach's Christmas tree.

Miss Walbach is a physician, living on the top floor of the four story brick apartment house at 295 Fifth avenue. Her tree had tipped into the window curtains and set them afire.

Officer Keese of the Tenderloin station called out the firemen in a hurry and they put out the blaze with only $200 damage. Traffic on Fifth avenue waited half an hour.

1,800 Applicants for 93 Jersey City Jobs.

Mayor-elect R. Otto Wittpenn of Jersey City has almost completed his appointments to be announced before the end of the year. In a recent chat with some officials Mr. Wittpenn said that he had received nearly 1,800 applications for ninety-three places.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.—*Adv.*

HANISH SUN WORSHIPPERS BUSY.

Hennessy's Cult That Failed in New York Doing Some Business in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—As daylight dawned on the lake front to-day there were gathered in a great room, made of solid blue glass, at the Temple of Mazdaznan, at 6916 Lake Park avenue, strangely garbed men and women from all parts of the world.

With their faces toward the east and prostrated in adoration the disciples of Ottoman-Sear-Aducht-Hanish were paying their tribute to the rising sun.

It was the second day of Gahanbar and Christmas Day as well, and these men and women "of the twelve senses" were greeting their deity of day.

Strange chantings filled the room, weird fires burned on the altar, soft incense filled the air and mystic rites were observed by this group of worshippers in their Oriental gowns.

Maria Elizabeth Ruth Hilton, clad in gorgeous silks, was in charge of this remarkable Christmas Day greeting to the morning Sun. Hanish, the modern Zoroaster, sat above the throng, watching the worship of his followers who have gathered from all corners of the earth for the fifth annual conference. Now and then a word of praise came from his lips as he implored the blessing of the Sun-God.

The principal service of the long "Cahanbar," the fire service or candle mass, took place this evening. When the elect gathered in the Temple the "Everlasting" fires were blazing on the shrine and twelve candles decorated the altar. The Chicago Zoroaster presided and one by one took envelopes given by the faithful for the purpose of receiving "a message of the oracle as imparted through the flickering of the altar candles." With envelope in hand the leader passed in front of the candles chanting mystic words, continuing until one would give a tremulous flicker. One of the messages which were printed and stacked about the lights then would be put in the envelope and returned to the person who submitted it.

To insure the message, the faithful were urged to "send a donation to assist in spreading the glorious message of Mazdaznan."

When the oracle had spoken its last message through the flickering candles and the last chant was sung to the flames there was a feast of viands, to which the disciples sat down just before midnight. One of the speakers at this banquet was the Rev. T. V. Jakilowicz, a former priest. Another was Viroqua, an East Indian Princess, who joined the Hanish cult and is leader of a Canadian colony.

The Gahanbar began yesterday. It closes with the sun of New Year's morning.

The Rev. Otoman Zar Adusht Hanish, whose real name is said to be Patrick Hennessy, has appeared twice in New York and several times in other parts of the country. In the spring of 1905 he established a temple for sun worshippers, a cult which he established here in the cellar of an apartment house in Central Park West. Strange tales began to be told of the ceremonies held here. Finally one of the doctor's woman disciples was arrested for practising medicine illegally.

He appeared in Denver after leaving New York rather hastily and Lillian Berry, one of his sun worshippers, died soon after in an insane asylum, driven mad by starvation. Hennessy had ordered her to fast. He reappeared here in the spring of 1906, but created no especial stir.

ALABAMA REPUBLICAN SPLIT.

Since Roosevelt Is Out of the Calculations the Bosses Are Divided.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Dec. 25.—The Republicans of Alabama seem to be very much split over what man should receive the vote of this State in the national convention. As long as Roosevelt was supposed to be in the race they were for Roosevelt, but the minute he announced he did not intend to run there was disorder.

At this time it is doubtful which one of the candidates will get the vote of Alabama.

Charles H. Scott, national Republican committeeman, is out and out for Taft; J. O. Thompson, chairman of the State executive committee, is on the fence, that is he is not for Taft. These two men have been recognized as the Republican leaders in Alabama and have had charge of distributing the offices. Now that there is a split there is no telling what may happen. It is known that Roosevelt favors Taft and many believe that Scott did right in coming over when he got notice from the President that he wanted a Taft delegation from Alabama.

Thompson was in Washington at the same time and got the same warning, but he declined to heed it.

It is hinted that Thompson, W. M. Youngblood, formerly connected with the United States Treasury Department, and Postmaster Barker of Mobile have entered into a combination to win the delegation for some man other than Taft. Just who they want has not come to the knowledge of the public. They may decide to go for Foraker.

The negroes of the State are for Foraker and do not hesitate to say so. There are several negro papers in this State and they are all for the Ohio Senator. This may cause some trouble in the ranks of the Republicans, as there are two factions, the Lily White and the Black and Tan. It depends upon how the officeholders go, and that is the way the State will go. If Roosevelt still has enough strength to hold them in line, then Taft will get the delegates, but the officeholders are anxious to hold on for another term and if they think Taft will not have strength enough to carry the convention they will seek the man that they think will win.

FAIRBANKS AND LA FOLLETTE.

Effort of a Hoosier to Have Them Combine Their Forces.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—Here is the story of an effort that was made to effect an offensive and defensive alliance between the forces of Candidate Charles Warren Fairbanks of Indiana, the ultraconservative, and Candidate Robert Marion La Follette of Wisconsin, the ultraradical. It has been told to many people in Washington and persons in high places are said to have expressed great "delight" over it. An Indiana man representing the Fairbanks boom went to Wisconsin. He sought out one of the leaders in charge of the La Follette boom. Said the Hoosier:

"Mr. Fairbanks wants to be President. So does Mr. La Follette. Both are good campaigners, they are strong with the people, are popular and magnetic. They should get together for mutual advantage. Properly handled a combination could be formed that would give one or the other the nomination."

Replied the La Follette man in haste:

"Why in heaven's name should La Follette and Fairbanks get together? Explain in a hurry, please; I am anxious to hear."

As the story goes the Hoosier replied thus:

"Easiest thing in the world. These two men should get together. They are natural allies. They stand together on all public questions."

Hangs Himself After Christmas Dinner.

William Joost, 44 years old, a waiter, of 616 Grand street, Hoboken, committed suicide yesterday afternoon by hanging himself with a cord in the cellar of his home. The police say that he took part in a family dispute at dinner time and left the room to kill himself.

Hoboken Mayor's Road to Harmony.

Mayor George H. Steil of Hoboken has removed Health Commissioner Israel Weiman and appointed Dietrich H. Stuhrmann to fill his unexpired term. Weiman worked against Steil in the late campaign. The Mayor several weeks ago started ridding the city departments of commissioners opposed to his administration.

TURKEY WITH B.R.T. CURRENTS

SERGEANT SMITH PURSUES THE BIRD TO ITS FATE.

Smith, by the Way, Is a Gastronome, Which Hasn't Anything to Do With Turkey's Demise, but Neither Has Anything Else Which Follows, Set Down Below.

Sergt. Jarvis Smith, standing at attention at the telephone booth of the Brooklyn Bridge at that time when the night before Christmas is so inextricably mixed up with Merry Christmas itself you can't hardly tell 'em apart and don't care a snap if you can't—Sergt. Jarvis Smith meditated aloud in his rapture at the prospect of devouring tender rabbit basted with bay leaves, delicious roast beef, choice cuts from a plump Rhode Island turkey, slices of sugar cured ham and bacon, Long Island beach plums delicately preserved, vivacious olives, plum pudding with hard sauce washed down with bénédictine and innumerable other dainties. The sergeant had expressed a ham to the folks out in Islip, L. I., and it was necessary now to determine whether the tender brant he proposed to consume in the next twenty-four hours should precede or follow the fundamental roast beef.

"Oh, Lordy," he breathed doubtingly. "Say, Charley, which d'you think had ought to come first? I kind of think the roast beef should lead the way, but I'm noways settled in my mind about it."

Officer Charley Schilp was on the point of giving his opinion when a youngster almost visibly exhaling his excitement came at top speed toward the telephone booth.

"Say," he yelled, "did yuh know a turkey wuz loose on th' upstairs platform? Git wise t' th' Christmus feed on th' way t' Brooklyn. They's fifteen people want t' git it, but they're scart of th' third rail."

Straightway the relative order of roast beef and brant was forgotten. Charley Schilp took three quick steps toward the stairway and then, remembering he was on post, he beat it back to the telephone booth with an anguised countenance. Meanwhile Sergeant Smith was going upstairs nimbly, as if his Christmas dinner wasn't a foregone conclusion.

Sure enough, a live turkey gobbler was strutting around the pit as if it were a barnyard. Sergeant Smith trotted down the stairs at the end of the platform and, with the abandon of a red parasoled summer girl facing a brindle bull, confronted the presumptuous fowl. Oddly enough, the turkey did not budge, but only gobbled derisively and sped down the track. The sergeant sped after him. Seven small boys who should have been in bed sped on a parallel course along the platform, while joyful if sleepy Borough Parkers and Bath Beachers craned their necks to see the race. A woman clad in an opera cloak trained her lorgnette on the contestants.

To impartial observers it did not seem as if the sergeant was much stouter in proportion than the turkey. Still the gobbler won the first heat, and doubling back attempted to pass the policeman. Sergt. Smith spread out his arms, whirling them round like a windmill, but the astute beast, squawking loudly, rose on his wings, sailed fairly over the astonished sergeant's head and sprinted up the track. A Brighton Beach train pulling out at the stroke of the bell, however, so disconcerted the fowl that he veered on to the third rail. There was a flash of blue fire and the gobbler, after carefully arranging his red comb, lay down and expired.

Sergt. Smith picked him up and took him downstairs, escorted by an admiring throng of boys. The youngster who had first informed him of the fowl's presence didn't know to whom the turkey belonged and a lot of questioning failed to discover how the gobbler came to be loose on the bridge. Sergt. Smith eyed the lad and finding he wasn't likely to get a taste of turkey for Christmas, made him a present of the sacrifice. The youngster tried to blurt out his thanks, and, hugging the prize tightly, hurried back upstairs to get a train home.

"I hope that electrocuted creature will taste all right," remarked Sergt. Smith when the lad had gone.

"It's a good thing there was a third rail to help you out. Any one as fat as you could never have caught him unaided," scoffed Charley Schilp.

"Huh!" snorted Sergt. Smith. "Just because I've a little rotundity you don't seem to think I'm there with the goods. Say, did you ever notice they don't build bay windows on barns and poor buildings like that, only on nice houses and edifices of the first order?"

ENDS DISASTROUS TRIP.

Mutiny and Collision Experience of the Atlas, Carrying Coal for Uncle Sam.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 25.—The American ship Atlas dropped anchor here to-day, 275 days out from Baltimore, ending a trip made tragic by a collision off Cape Horn, attended by the sinking of another vessel, the drowning of the fated craft's captain and the captain's wife, mutiny on its decks and death among its crew.

On June 6 at 6 o'clock P. M. the Atlas struck the Norwegian bark Viking, Capt. Peterson, bound from Hamburg to Callao. Both were badly damaged by the contact, but the bark fared worse. In the terror of the night thirteen of the crew of the Norwegian bark boarded the American ship, crawling over tangled shrouds and dangling booms, but Capt. Peterson and his wife were not among those who made the dangerous transfer. It was too dark to render aid, though the Atlas stood by during the night, and next morning the Viking had disappeared. The captain and his wife are believed to have perished.

The Atlas put into Rio Janeiro for repairs, leaking badly. On the way to this port a mutiny took place among the crew over some trouble with the mate, but it was soon quelled.

Before the collision off Cape Horn three of the ship's company met death. On May 29 J. Schumacher and Charles Nolan, seamen, fell from the jibboom and were drowned. On June 15 John Hook, sailmaker, died and was buried at sea. When the ship arrived yesterday the captain's son and the third officer were ill and the vessel was ordered into Quarantine.

The Atlas had a cargo of coal for the United States Government. The vessel had been 120 days out from Rio Janeiro and was overdue. Reinsurance had been ordered at 10 per cent.

The Viking was a new bark of 2,541 tons. Nothing had been heard of it after it began its last voyage until the Atlas brought in the tidings.

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BURGLARS WORK ON CHRISTMAS.

Big Bottom Out of a Big Safe and Carry Off About $2,000.

BOSTON, Dec. 25.—Burglars forced their way into the big liquor store of Flahman Bros., to-day and got away with the Christmas receipts, amounting to about $2,000.

The burglars gained an entrance through a rear door after scaling a ten foot fence and wheeled the big safe from the office into a rear room. It was then tipped over on its back and with a drill a hole was cut through the bottom. The entire bottom, consisting of a thick layer of cement between two sheets of iron, was removed and in this way the burglars abstracted the cash box. This receptacle contained $1,400 in cash, $500 in checks, two gold watches, two gold chains and a signet ring. The robbery was not discovered until about 6 o'clock to-night, none of the proprietors having been in the store since 12:15 this morning.

The police believe that at least six men participated in the burglary as the safe was heavy. No clue has been found except a kit of tools left on the floor.

Spanish Diplomat Dead.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LIMA, Peru, Dec. 25.—Señor Ricardo Larios y Segura, the Spanish Minister here, died this morning. He was 64 years old.

Mortally Hurt by Newark Car.

An unidentified man about 60 years old was struck by a trolley car at Broad and Commerce streets, Newark, early yesterday morning and made unconscious. He was removed to St. Barnabas's Hospital, where it is believed that he will die.

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Holiday Burglars at Oyster Bay.

OYSTER BAY, Dec. 25.—Burglars got through a window of Thomas G. Talmage's drug store on South street this morning, rifled the cash register of $20 in money and secured a lot of perfumery, cigars and fancy articles.

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