NO GAS COMPANY CAN DODGE THE 80-CENT RULING

Alton B. Parker and Other Lawyers for Public Say Decision Binds All.

$15,000,000 IS HELD UP.

Sum Due in Rebate Is Much Greater Than Heretofore Stated.

Edward B. Whitney, representing the Public Service Commission, and former Judge Alton B. Parker and Assistant Corporation Counsel William P. Burr, representing the city, it was learned to-day, are of the opinion that it will be found the decision of the United States Supreme Court, which binds the Consolidated Gas Company to obey the Eighty-Cent Gas law, will ultimately bind all of the subsidiary companies whose stock it owns or controls.

This inter-corporate relation The Evening World has established.

Further quibbling on the part of the Gas Trust over the decision of the highest court sustaining the Eighty-Cent Gas law has indicated its intention of making only a partial surrender to defeat.

In delving for a way of dodging the surrender, one astute gas lawyer is understood to have proposed that the Consolidated Gas Company assume to go out of business, borne down, as it were, by the weight of the court decision which declared the Eighty-Cent Gas law constitutional.

This ingenious method of meeting an unpleasant dilemma is not without precedent in local tractions, and out of the temporary stewardship could come contracts with the subsidiary gas companies to take over the supplying of its 408,000 customers. As these minor companies claim they are not bound by the decision of the court, they could go on charging $1. This would entail the return to the public of only such moneys as have accumulated.

$15,000,000 Really Due.

The amount of money due the public under the decision of the United States Supreme Court has been generally stated to be $9,000,000. As a matter of fact, it is more than $15,000,000, for since March 30 last the Consolidated Gas Company, with the consent of a judge of a Federal court, ceased to send in the 20 per cent. in dispute. Up to that time the parent company in the Gas Trust family had paid in $4,824,185.

The payment of the amount in dispute to Special Master John A. Shields, who, in addition to being custodian of the gas fund, is clerk of the United States Circuit Court, where the Gas Trust started its fight, savors of being a farce when the money is followed to its ultimate destination.

The $9,000,000 technically held by Mr. Shields has really never left the clutches of the men who comprise the Gas Trust. An examination of the personnel of the banks where the money has been deposited by Mr. Shields shows that these banks are controlled by the same interests that own the Gas Trust. No actual money has passed hands.

Here is the process which has been going on since May, 1906, when the 80-cent gas law became operative: Every month six checks have been sent to Special Master Shields—one from each tentacle of the octopus. Mr. Shields would then by a Clearing-House process of his own have the amount of money named in the six checks placed to his credit in seven banks. Since March last, when the Consolidated dropped out, the monthly grist of checks have been five instead of six.

Five directors of the Consolidated Gas Company are directors of the National City Bank, one of the seven banks. These directors are William Rockefeller, Samuel Sloan, Moses Taylor, Frank A. Vanderlip and J. W. Sterling. Mr. Sterling is also a director of the New Amsterdam, Central Union and Standard Gas companies.

President R. M. Galloway, of the New York Mutual Gas Company, is president of the Merchants' National Bank, another one of the depositories. G. Zabriskie, a director of Mr. Galloway's bank, is also his associate in the directorate of the gas company. James Stillman, chairman of the Board of Directors in the National City Bank, and a power in the Gas Trust conferences, is a director of the Citizens' Central Bank and the Importers' and Traders' National Bank, two more of the Federal depositories. E. S. Marston, a director of the New Amsterdam Gas Company, is a director of the National City Bank.

Close Relations All Around.

Further financial relations of an intimate character between the Gas Trust and the banks, where the public gas fund is on deposit, could be shown. Enough has been given to indicate the present position of the Gas Trust—face to face for the first time with the immediate loss of $15,000,000, scattered among the 575,000 beneficiaries of the court decision. What wonder that conference follow conference of the Gas Trust counsel?

To compel the Gas Trust to obey the will of the people, expressed in the 80-Cent Gas law, the State and city has spent over $600,000.

AGED PLINY FISK INJURED.

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 14.—Pliny Fisk, eighty-two years old and feeble, is kept to his bed by injuries received in falling on the stairs of his home here. An ear was torn almost off, two ribs were broken and he was badly cut about the face. He is a brother of the late Harvey Fisk, founder of the banking firm of Harvey Fisk & Sons, and is uncle of Mayor Charles J. Fisk, of Plainfield.

Woman Star Who Has Not Spent $100 on Costumes She Has Worn in Seven Plays

NURSE MARJORY.... KATE HARDCASTLE..... SALOMY JANE.... "MERELY MARY ANN...."

PHOTOS BY SARONY-N.Y.

DOG GUARDS BABY LEFT IN HALLWAY IN A SNOWDRIFT

Animal Attracts Attention of Tenant in Time to Save Child's Life.

So far as Samuel Segal knew, there had never been a dog atached to any of the families who live at No. 297 Sheffield avenue. And nothing could have been much more disturbing to a weary Brooklyn man than to have his right to enter his flat and go to bed challenged by a dog with an aggressively nervous growl.

Mr. Segal stopped short in his tracks and lighted a match. From the back of the front hall the growl rolled out again. In the flickering light he could see the animal's red eyes glaring at him.

Tentatively, Segal moved toward the stairs. The dog made no objection. Segal reached about the tenth step up. The dog addressed him again. This time it was not a growl, but an appealing whine, and a sharp yelp, as of distress. Segal lighted another match and leaned over the stair rail. He could see the dog more plainly this time.

It was a yellow cur with lop ears and a most raggedy and unartistocratic tail, neither smooth nor long-haired.

The dog was trotting back and forth in a little circle in the snow which had drifted through the open back door into the hall. There was a little circular track marked out by its circuit. In the centre was a bundle almost covered with snow.

Segal Investigates.

The dog had been running around and around the bundle apparently, but now, looking up at Segal, whining, with eyes upturned, he was making only the half circuits. Segal went up to his flat and got a candle and, protecting it from the draughts, cautiously approached the back door of the front hall.

The yellow dog growled again as he approached, and so menacingly that Segal retreated. But before he could reach the stairs, the dog was bounding at him with wagging tail and short barks, running back to the bundle. Segal took courage of curiosity and returned. The dog trotted back and sat over the bundle.

Segal leaned over and touched the cloth on which the snow was drifting. The dog growled. Segal drew back his hand. The dog whined. Segal looked at the dog. The dog cocked his head on one side and looked long and searchingly into Segal's eyes and then tipped his head to the other side and took another look; apparently he liked what he saw. He wagged his tail.

Baby in the Bundle.

Segal picked up the bundle. It was a baby, only a few days old. He rested it on his arm and ran his hand under the wraps. The legs and lower part of the body were quite cold.

And no wonder. For the tiny boy's only wraps were a swathing of surgeon's gauze in three or four thicknesses, a pair of pink wool bootees, a pink and white check flannel dress made for a much larger child apparently, and a Tam o' Shanter knit hat of blue and white silk and worsted. Segal bent his head and laid his ear over the little baby's heart. It was still beating, but very faintly.

The man ripped open his coat and waistcoat and put the baby as close to his own warm, comfortable body as he could and ran up the stairs to his flat. The yellow cur followed at his heels, but was shut out in the hall to scratch at the door and whine.

A policeman was sent for. After the Segals had wrapped the baby in an extra blanket it was taken over to the Liberty avenue police station and put in the care of Matron Minnie V. Lynch, who later took it to the Brooklyn Foundlings' Nursery, at No. 592 Atlantic avenue. To-day Mrs. Ulrich, who mothers the foundlings, was able to announce that the baby had come out of its chill stupor early this morning and was showing great evidences of appetite.

The yellow dog was chased out of the station when the baby was put in Matron Lynch's care. But when she came out to go downtown with the baby in her arms the dog wallowed along after the patrol wagon, falling behind more and more until she lost sight of him.

For Less Than $100 Actress Has Dressed Seven of Her Roles

Eleanor Robson Has Spent More Money on Costumes for Her Eighteen Dolls Than for Her Own Apparel on the Stage.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

A woman star who has not spent $100 on her costumes in her last seven plays! Impossible? Well, listen:

"I have eighteen dolls and it costs far more to dress them than it does to dress me—only," added Miss Eleanor Robson, "my friends dress my dolls for me and I have to dress myself."

The loveliest of the Liebler stars had just reached New York to prepare the production of the new play, "The Dawn of a To-morrow," which Frances Hodgson Burnett has written for her, and she had been preceded by the rumor that her clothes for the new production would not cost her $100 all told.

"A hundred dollars!" gasped the little lady of rarely simple yet inscrutable beauty, awe in her accents, "why, all my costumes for my last seven plays haven't cost me so much money. For years I've worn the simplest little ginghams and calicoes on the stage. I suppose they must cost something, but in my new role I wear only one ragged gown all through the play. Some one has given me an old pair of shoes—you know I play the part of Glad, a very poor child in the London slums."

"And poor Glad hasn't any glad rags?" I hazarded, making a mean joke.

No "Glad Rags" for Glad.

"No," laughed Miss Robson, "she hasn't. And to tell you the truth, I care very little for clothes even off the stage. If I am going anywhere and my maid puts out three light dresses and a dark blue one I always choose the dark blue. Often she protests, but I say, 'Oh, it looks as if it might rain,' or 'Perhaps it will snow to-morrow,' and have my way. You see I have a perfect horror of being recognized, and in public I think its better to be inconspicious.

"But my dolls, I assure you, are very dressy. I have quite a large family, eighteen at present, and if I had to buy all their clothes it would be quite an expense. But my friends are kind enough to supply their elaborate wardrobes. There are Snuggs and Yo San and Marjory. I had one named after Mrs. Pat Campbell's dog Pinky Panky Poo, but he died. Possibly the name killed him.

"I never travel without all my dolls. I don't think I could act without them. On week stands the whole eighteen are strung around the dressing-room, but on one-night stands I have to content myself with the three pets.

Dolls Are Her Mascots.

"My dolls really are my mascots," Miss Robson continued. "And you may be sure I'll have them all out on my first night in 'The Dawn of a To-morrow.' A New York audience always makes me so very nervous. It is much easier to please in London, as I discovered when I played 'Merely Mary Ann' there. Everyone in a New York audience is from Missouri, you know, whereas in London they're only from London, England. Here they seem to sit back in their chairs and just dare you to please them. Of course," added Miss Robson, smilingly, "there's a certain satisfaction in taking the dare if one can.

Escapes From the Cap.

"Some people have said that Mrs. Burnett's play is Christian Science, but it isn't—it's just hopefulness. You know, the two principal characters are named Glad and Dandy, and when Mr. Daniel Frohman saw the play—we put it on at his theatre, the Lyceum—he said to me: 'Hereafter when people ask me how I feel I'll say 'glad and dandy,' instead of 'fine and dandy.'

"One thing Glad does for me," continued Miss Robson, after I had led her back to the subject of clothes, "she emancipates me from caps—I've worn caps for years on the stage. In 'Merely Mary Ann' I wore a cap, and as Kate Hardcastle in 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and as 'Nurse Marjory,' and in 'Salomy Jane.' At last I've gotten below the cap line. Glad has for headgear only what she terms her calling costume, an old sack that she throws over her head when she goes out.

Fine Gowns a Hamper.

"I don't know what I should do with a really dressed up part. I don't like to think about my clothes. I believe the consciousness of wearing beautiful gowns would hamper me."

"I suppose you know how extraordinary that is?" I suggested. "Most young women stars trail so much magnificence behind them as to suggest that they are more like comets and mostly tail."

"Don't call me a star," pleaded Miss Robson. "I would so much prefer being called a leading woman."

"Would you mind stating for whom you are leading woman?" I asked.

"Why, I suppose I'm leading woman for Eleanor Robson," was the laughing reply, and with that Miss Robson took her way down town, but not in pursuit of her "glad rags."

CARNEGIE'S DOUBLE STRANGELY MISSING

No Trace of Aged George Ruhl, of Mount Vernon, Who Left Home Two Weeks Ago.

George Ruhl, of No. 142 South Ninth avenue, Mount Vernon, who is seventy-three years old and so greatly resembles Andrew Carnegie that he has been called his double, has been missing from his home for two weeks, and although a general alarm has been sent out by the police no trace has been obtained of him.

On the day he disappeared he started to go to a store within a block of his home, but he never reached there. He was seen last walning toward Westchester, where there is a creek which flows into Long Island Sound. Some think he may have wandered into the woods and became lost and died from exposure.

SENTENCED TO STAY AT HOME FOR A YEAR

To one year's confinement at his home and excellent behavior for that period was the sentence which Michael F. Gill, nineteen years old, of No. 19 Kelly street, Queens, got to-day in the Court of General Sessions. Unless he abides by this decision, a year in State Prison will be substituted.

On Dec. 28 young Gill went to the home of his brother, at No. 86 Amsterdam avenue. He had been drinking, and during a quarrel he beat his brother over the head with a club.

"Drink is the cause of your trouble," Judge Mulqueen said to the prisoner. "I'll sentence you to a year at your home, and unless you behave yourself you will be fined $500 and be sentenced to a year in prison besides."

TWO WOMEN DIE IN FRIGHT OVER EARTHQUAKES

Severe Shocks Spread Terror in New Section of Italy.

ROME, Jan. 14.—Two women who died of fright at Bologna are the only victims of the latest shocks, which spread terror for a time yesterday through Lombardy, Venetia and Tuscany. The damage was limited to cracked walls and broken windows.

The military authorities are still distributing rations at Messina, and several shops are being opened daily in the temporary town. Material is lacking, and this is holding back building operations. Many of the survivors have been unable to obtain changes of clothing, and scores of children are half naked. The unprecedented rainfall has had a depressing effect.

University officials have gone to Messina to search for scientific records and other treasures in the ruins.

Lieut. Comander Belknap, in charge of the American relief expedition at Catania, is accomplishing a great deal, and America has made such a good impression it is being suggested that an American town be built on the site of one of the cities, or, at least, an American quarter in one of the rehabilitated cities.

King Victor Emmanuel has ordered that all the timber available on his San Rossore estate be sent to rebuild the devastated area.

The Duke of Connaught visited the ruins of Messina and distributed a large sum of money among survivors. He also took a number of pictures and shook hands with the soldiers at work on the excavations.

A heavy force of bluejackets from the battleship Illinois is excavating the ruins of the American Consulate at Messina, and will not abandon work until the bodies of Consul Cheney and Mrs. Cheney are found.

DR. BULL WEAKER TO-DAY; DOCTORS NOT ALARMED.

Dr. William T. Bull is a little weaker to-day than he has been for some time. He was out on the roof of the Plaza Hotel yesterday afternoon in an invalid's chair, and the piercing cold and high wind appear to have overtaxed his strength.

At any rate, he lost energy and vitality last night. At 10 o'clock it became necessary for Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch Potter, who was in attendance, to administer stimulants to the patient, and the nurses were in close supervision throughout the night.

When Dr. Potter called this morning he fund Dr. Bull weak, but cheerful. The slight retrogression in the patient's condition is not considered by the attending physicians a cause for alarm.

ROSY AND PLUMP

Good Health from Right Food.

"It's not a new food to me," remarked a Va. man in speaking of Grape-Nuts.

"About twelve months ago my wife was in very bad health, could not keep anything on her stomach. The Doctor recommended milk, half water, but it was not sufficiently nourishing.

"A friend of mine told me one day to try Grape-Nuts and cream. The result was really marvellous. My wife soon regained her usual strength and to-day is as rosy and plump as when a girl of sixteen.

"These are plain facts, and nothing I could say in praise of Grape-Nuts would exaggerate in the least the value of this great food."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

INDIAN PRINCE AND HARVARD MEN ROUTED BY FIRE

Gaikwar of Baroda Sees Students Rescue Comrade From Flames in Dormitory

(Special to The Evening World.)

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Jan. 14.—The students in fashionable Westmorely Court, one of the most exclusive of Harvard's outside dormitories, were turned out into a bitter storm at 4:30 A. M. to-day by a fire which started in one of the rooms occupied by three freshmen. All of the rooms, which are lavishly furnished, have open fireplaces. In the room on the third floor, where the fire started, a couch had been left too close to the sputtering logs and a spark snapped out on to it and set it on fire.

All of the students were aroused in time to leave the building, but one, who was overcome by smoke in his sleep.

An apartment directly over the other two rooms is occupied by the Indian Prince, the Gaikwar of Baroda, who is widely known about the college.

TWO WILLIAMSBURG MEN END LIFE BY GAS

One Was Ill and Tired of Life, the Other Quarrelled With His Family.

Two suicides were reported to the police in Williamsburg early to-day. The first was Richard Meyer, a retired hardware merchant, seventy-nine years old, who lived at No. 597 Grand street. He was well-to-do, and he and his wife lived with their children.

Meyer had been ill a good deal lately, and several times remarked that he was of no use in the world, and would be better out of it. When his wife went to call him this morning she found his bedroom filled with gas, and one end of a tube, connecting with the chandelier, in his mouth.

Thomas McDonald, sixty-eight years old, a tobacco salesman, had a quarrel with his family, the members of which live at No. 222 South First street, a week or two ago, and since then he has been living in a small hotel operated by John Domaldig, at South Fourth street and Bedford avenue. When he didn't arise at his usual hour to-day the proprietor went to call him, and found him dead in bed with gas escaping from two jets, the tips of which had been removed.

There was a dim light burning on one of the other jets, and it was remarkable that the house was not set afire.

EXHIBITS BY FRENCH CHEFS.

Specimens of cooking, modelling in sugar and sculpture in ice are among the exhibits planned for the annual culinary art show given by New York chefs at Terrace Garden Feb. 24. Perraudin, of Rector's; Grevillot, of Delmonico's, and other noted members of the Societe Culinaire Philanthropique will display fancy dishes to inquiring husbands and despairing wives.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

"would do so much for you if you would take it, 'twould strengthen you and do you good every way."—

Words of a physician to his over-worked, worried, run-down patient.

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One cause of the great cost of genuine stained glass windows is the fact that each must be made separately.

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$20 to $30 Suits Now Reduced to $12.50

Friday's Bargains

Stupendous values in this remarkable offering of the richest and prettiest suits, comprising the season's favorite models.

Rich Broadcloth Suits
Swell Cheviot Suits
Dashing Mixture Suits
Chic Novelty Suits

Every coat beautifully satin lined—all desirable models, including the ornate Directoire costumes and the smart mannish "tailor-mades"—skirts that are veritable leaders in the realm of fashion—exquisite in finish, perfect in poise and fit.

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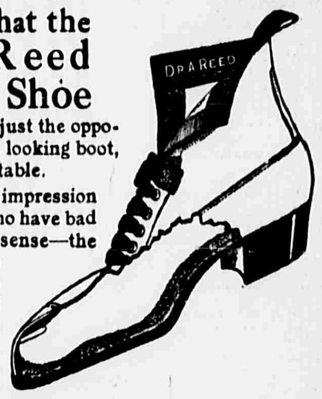
IT IS A WRONG IDEA to Think That the Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe



is not a stylish shoe—just the opposite—it is a very good looking boot, and so mighty comfortable.

Another misplaced impression is that only persons who have bad feet wear them. Nonsense—the men and women who go a lot—people who get a great deal out of life have adopted them because they are the finest and most comfortable shoes on earth—likewise they protect one's health.

THEY ARE FOR MEN & WOMEN

J. P. Smith Shoe Co. Makers of Men's.
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Sailor & Russian models, made of pure linens, poplins, madras & fine chambrays.

$7.50 Sailor & Russian Suits now $3.75

IT'S THERE!

WHAT? The fact or figure you may want to know in a hurry.

WHERE? In The World Almanac and Encyclopedia for 1909, of course.

JUST OUT!