NEW YORK LETTER

SOME EXTRAORDINARY THINGS THAT HAPPEN IN GOTHAM.

THE PATRICK MURDER CASE

It Has Many Peculiar Features—Many Poisoning Cases That Attract Attention—Society's Annual Flight to the South.

NEW YORK.—The most extraordinary things that happen in all the world find their match in New York. Take, for instance, the Patrick murder case, which will soon claim the attention of the court of appeals.

William M. Rice, a Texas millionaire, came to New York to avoid the Texan law that permits a wife by will to dispose of half her husband's property. His will, made in 1896, left the greater part of his fortune to found the Rice institute in Houston, Tex. There were a few small bequests to relatives.

Rice lived in New York a lonely life, dependent upon the service of his valet, Jones. On the day he died two checks signed by him were presented by Albert T. Patrick for payment at a bank. A slight irregularity in one of them caused the teller to call Rice up by telephone. Jones answered the call and, after some hesitation, told the bank officers that Rice had just died. There were found in the old man's effects a new will dated 1900. It gave only $250,000 of his five millions to the Rice institute, increased the bequests to relatives and made Patrick, a former Texas lawyer, residuary legatee. Patrick also held an assignment of Rice's estate, and checks for $250,000.

The amazing part of this story came out on the trial which followed. If Valet Jones told the truth on the stand as a witness for the state, Patrick could have had but slight acquaintance with Rice. The 1900 will was a forgery; that much has been established in surrogate's court, and the original will of 1896 stands. So the old man's money is likely to do some good by making a sort of Cooper Union in Texas.

The Amazing Poison Plot.

FIENDS from hades itself could not have framed a more amazing murder plot than that in which Patrick was the leading spirit and Jones, according to his own story, the accomplice. Day by day the old man, absolutely dependent upon the valet, the smooth-shaven, soft-voiced, immobile young fellow whom the doctors knew, was slowly poisoned by the constant administration of a virulent mercurial poison. He wore out his days in agony; he lived a long while, he was stronger than the conspirators had counted upon. At times, according to the valet's story, they even discussed the use of violence to hurry matters. The checks were forgeries, to provide means of defense, preparation, if necessary, flight.

When the old man died, immediate preparations were made by Patrick, as next in interest, to have the body cremated. The body was embalmed, in itself a circumstance that makes poison detection difficult. However, because of the little misadventure of the checks, suspicion grew, the funeral was stopped, the body examined in autopsy. Traces of mercury were found. Both Patrick and Jones were arrested and the latter turned state's evidence.

Patrick had made his plans with considerable skill. He had become a regular attendant of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, known as J. D. Rockefeller's; he spoke often in the Young Men's Christian association. He had little law business, but made some efforts to get into politics, and ran for assembly on the state democratic ticket. All this gave him a certain prominence. When the time came there were plenty of people who could have testified to his regular habits, apparent piety and quiet daily life. Not the smallest proof of his cunning was the fact that the will which he forged gave the Texas relatives a larger share of the estate than they received under the genuine will. Patrick calculated that this would range the heirs on his side in any probate trouble. He erred, as such cold-blooded murderers are apt to do, in assuming that others were as vile as himself. The Texas relatives stood for the genuine will and were of great use in furnishing testimony as to the past of both men. It is rather a disgraceful commentary upon the law's delays in New York that Patrick should have lived two years and eight months in Sing Sing under sentence of death.

New York's Poisoning Cases.

IT is said that poisoning is, of all forms of murder, the hardest to detect and convict upon. Yet the city of New York has had pretty fair luck in executing poisoners. Carlyle Harris was a medical student and very skillfully made his arrangements for poisoning his girl wife, Helen Potts. But he had the folly to boast to a fellow-student of his skill in such matters. He bought from a druggist certain harmless powders in capsules. Into one of these he put deadly poison; two he retained. The other four, including the poisonous one, he gave his wife. His idea in retaining two was that an analysis of them after the murder would show them harmless and clear him of guilt. His precaution worked the other way. It was a suspicious proceeding, to begin with; then, too, the well-known manner in which druggists put up drugs makes it practically impossible that one powder should differ in constituents from another put up at the same time. Harris was hanged, as the law then was.

Dr. Buchanan was an even more skillful poisoner, but he went the same road. Molineux, the handsome young chemist, whose trial cost New York in one way and another nearly half a million dollars, was convicted but received a new trial by order of the court of appeals and was upon this occasion acquitted. The judge and the district attorney were in the second trial convinced of the futility of dragging out proceedings, as much of the testimony used in the previous case was unavailable, and the rulings of Recorder Goff at the first trial had suffered severely in the appeal.

The Year in Florida.

THE exodus to Florida is the spring sensation in society, as it has been for some years. At the end of the Lenten season a hundred private cars, mostly rented ones, are grouped about the stations in Florida, waiting to be hauled north. And many a fine quarrel is begun by rivalry as to which cars are hauled first, and which ones get the best position in the train, and which refuse to let the servants from other cars pass through to reach some other portion of the train.

The death of Frank Croker has made little difference in the Florida season, though it did sadden the gayety in Ormond for a time. Croker was a son of his father in character, though refined by an education that the elder never enjoyed. He had the true Croker will of iron, the imperiousness that brooked no opposition. He was hardly a favorite in society, but men at least admired his magnificent nerve. His fortune apparently was ample; work was with him merely occasional. He had an interest in a steel firm that does considerable business with the city of New York through the continuing Croker influence; but he paid as little attention to it as the elder Croker paid to the real estate auction business of Peter Meyer, which was the ostensible source of his vast wealth.

The beach at Ormond must be one of the finest race course in the world. It is composed entirely of crumbling coquina stone, a product of insects of the coral tribe. Like the coral cliffs of Bermuda, it hardens upon exposure to the air. The fine sloping beach, which elsewhere would be of yielding sand, is here a plane surface of solid stone, a natural macadam that offers but the slightest resistance to the wheels.

The Gayety of Half Society.

THE half of society that remains is gay as ever. It represents perhaps the soberer element, the elder element. The society ball is its public farewell to brilliance before the coming of Lent. But about that time-honored festivity are grouped a number of private affairs like the costume party which young Mr. Hyde has just given, where society matrons and men appeared in extraordinary garb. There are still to come the balls of the Orme Wilsons and the related Gerrys. The "marrying Wilsons" the former are called. By marriage in one generation this family is bonded to the Vanderbilts, the Gerrys, the Astors and to the aristocratic Herberts in England.

The mention of the Astors recalls the matrimonial misadventures of a daughter of the name who was Mrs. Coleman Drayton. The absurd duel talk between her husband and Hallett Alsop Borrowe was followed by her divorce, and, some years after, by her remarriage to an Englishman. As Mrs. Haig she is now one of London's "smart" matrons. Young Coleman Drayton, who recently married Miss Knower, of New York, is of this Drayton family. The young Mrs. Drayton is one of the prettiest brides of the season and popular in her set.

When Miss Catherine Morgan Dix, a daughter of the venerable Dr. Dix, of Trinity, was married in her father's church to Mr. William H. Wheelock, two unusual features were much noted. One of the attendants upon the church wedding was Aunt Millie Gardiner, a colored woman who has been for 65 years a servant in the bride's family. And in the blazing heap of wedding presents at the house a pincushion mounted in silver was prominently displayed. It came from Kitty, the applewoman, who for many years has had a stand in front of St. Paul's church, which belongs to Trinity parish.

Well-wishers like these are worth having.

OWEN LANGDON.

Seasonable Dates.

"Have you any fresh dates?" asked the prospective customer.

"No," answered the druggist. "I gave away the last calendar I had this morning."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MINNESOTA NEWS.

Child Nearly Burned.

Fire which did $700 damage to a dwelling at 2929 Clinton avenue, Minneapolis, came near claiming an infant as a victim. Only the timely arrival of rescuers saved the child from almost certain death. John Hustou and his wife, occupants of the house, were on the first floor when the fire broke out in the basement. They became bewildered and for the time being forgot their child, which slept on the second floor.

Gathering what articles they could they hastily made their way to the street. Then they remembered the child. Several young men volunteered to go to the child's rescue.

Plunging through smoke and fire, they made their way into the burning home. Almost suffocated by dense smoke and at times blistered by intense heat, they finally found the child, asleep in its cradle. One of the young men picked it up and the return trip through the blinding smoke with the greatest difficulty was made.

Prize Cattle Coming.

The Minnesota state fair board since it annual meeting has made several interesting announcements for the fair of 1905—first, Dan Patch, then Senator Doliver an orator for opening day, and now an arrangement with the American Hereford Breeders' association, for a Hereford show and sale during fair week.

Second, E. W. Randell returned from a trip to Kansas City, where he met met the board of directors of the Hereford association and completed arrangements for the exhibition at this year's fair. This means a great display of one of the favorite breeds of cattle, and a sale of perhaps seventy-five head to Northwestern farmers and breeders. Arrangements with the American Shorthorn Breeders, association had previously been concluded, and the state fair of 1905 is now assurred another cattle exhibition of national importance.

Will Lobby.

When the bill for an appropriation for the proposed women's building at the state university is presented before the state legislature strong influence will be brought to bear in its favor. The Civic Improvement league has appointed a committee whose members will exert every effort in favor of the measure, and have already secured the support of several of the stronger commercial bodies of some of the influential men of the city. This committee consists of Mrs. J. A. Crosby, Miss Ada Comstock and Prof. Maria A. Sanford of the university and Mrs. J. B. Giffillian and Mrs. David F. Simpson, has taken up its work in a systematic manner and will begin at once a campaign of education in favor of the bill.

Red River Dairymen.

The meeting of the Red River Valley Dairymen's association closed at Crookston. All parts of the valley were represented. Speakers with state wide reputation were heard, including Representative Morley of Owatonna and Col. R. A. Wilkinson.

The first-prize winners were: Dairy, Thomas Moore, Melvin, 91; creamery, Garfield Co-oprative creamery, 92½.

Officers elected are: President, T. A. Hoverstad, Crookston; vice president, George Gulmon, Thief River Falls; secretary and treasurer, James A. Wilson, Thief River Falls.

The next annual convention will be held in December next.

Killed While Coasting.

While coasting with a crowd of young people at Duluth, Miss Anna Dunleavy, aged 22, daughter of Andrew Dunleavy, an engineer, was instantly killed. Seated on a bob-sled were half a dozen others. Miss Dunleavy was ahead, and endeavoring to guide the sled a rope slipped beneath one of the runners, shunting it off to one side. The sled had retained terrific momentum, and before it was possible to gain the center of the road the party collided with a telephone pole. Miss Duuleavy sustained a crushed skull.

Polluted Rivers.

The pollution of Minnesota's rivers and streams by sewage from cities, towns and villages was the principal topic of discussion at the annual meeting of the state board of health, and it is probable that the board will ask legislation granting additional authority for regulating the evil.

News Notes.

Glenn Brown, secretary of the American institute of architects, says the Minnesota capitol excels the congressional library.

J. P. Elmer, general passenger agent of the Chicago Great Western railway, is making arrangements for the removal of his headquarters from Chicago to St. Paul.

The retiring deputy oil inspectors met in the office of State Oil Inspector Fenton G. Warner and presented him with a gold watch and locket.

John Voel, who resides south of Pillsbury, while hauling wood to Swanville, narrow escaped death, his load being struck by a passing train. Both horses were killed.

The state board of health is working to protect the water supplies from pollution.

A man who says he is Joe F. Neubel gives himself up in Cincinnati on charge of robbing the postoffice at Newport, Minn.

State Auditor Iverson will try to collect nearly $5,000 additional taxes from the Northern Pacific and the Minnesota & International railroads because of errors reported in their returns in earnings during the year.

Authority has been granted for the organization of the First National Bank of Adams.

CONSOLATION FOR JAMES.

When His Lordship Unbosomed the Butler Thought Himself Well Off.

A good story deals with a learned judge called Littledale, who was very much under the thumb of his wife. Littledale had a butler who had been in the family many years, and with whom he would not have parted on any account; he would sooner have parted with her ladyship, relates London Tit-Bits. One morning this excellent butler came to Sir Joseph Littledale and said, with tears in his eyes:

"I beg your pardon, my lord—"

"What's the matter, James?"

"I'm very sorry, my lord," said the butler, "but I wish to leave."

"Wish to leave, James? Why, what do you wish to leave for? Haven't you got a good situation?"

"Capital situation, Sir Joseph; and you have always been a good, kind master to me, Sir Joseph. But, oh, Sir Joseph! Sir Joseph!"

"What then, James, what then? Why do you wish to leave? Not going to get married, eh—not surely going to get married? Oh, James, don't do it!"

"Heaven forbid, Sir Joseph!"

"Eh, eh? Well, then, what is it? Speak out, James, and tell me all about it. Tell me—tell me as a friend! If there is any trouble—"

"Well, Sir Joseph, I could put up with anything from you, Sir Joseph, but I can't get on with my lady!"

"My lady be hanged! Oh, James, what a sinner you make of me! Is that all, James? Then go down on your knees at once and thank Heaven my lady is not your wife!"

The consolation was enough, and James stayed.

KINDNESS IN SICK-ROOM.

The Right Kind of Nurse Is the One Who Honestly Wants to Help.

There is hardly any place where genuine kindness goes so far as in caring for the sick. Although there are a great many grumbling invalids, says a home journal, there are also just as many invalids who appreciate what is already being done for them and hesitate to ask further favors. The nurse who is ever ready to find out through tact and judgment exactly what the patient really needs or desires can make herself a veritable angel. The person who does and says kind things in an abrupt manner, as if she wanted merely to clear her conscience, is entirely out of place in the sick-room. To be the right kind of nurse you must honestly want to be of help.

It has been said that a good nurse is born, not made, and certainly it does seem as if some people have a natural gift in this direction. They are many admirable women—sometimes they are even doctors—who make abominable nurses. They understand all the intricacies of the disease in question, and give the best treatment and medicine for the case, but they completely lack all the gentleness, tact and sympathy that soothe and help a sick person. Though their intentions are excellent, they do what they know is best for you as if it were a disagreeable duty and you were repellant to them.

Other women have a nervous, over-officious manner which wears upon a patient, though it is not nearly so injurious as the other fault. But, happily, there are only a few people like the first offender.

THE DEPARTMENT OF DRESS

Small Items of Feminine Finery Which Lend Tone to the Season's Costumes.

Pinking on broadcloth is a recent innovation upon imported models.

Blouse patterns of silk and of cloth beautified by broderie anglaise are shown in all the new shades.

Handsome new laces with colored silks darned in and out of the net are shown in the best shops.

New corsets carry out the two-tone idea, being made of flowered brocade and lined with pink or blue.

Silk hopsacking comes in the loveliest shades, and is even more distinctive in its rough weave than pongee.

Beautiful ostrich feather sets, muff and long rounded boa, appear this year in the shaded effects, which are to be found in so many things.

Braids of all kinds are well liked, and a majority of them have shir threads in their upper edges so that they may be drawn up and applied in any shape desired.

Cheese Pudding.

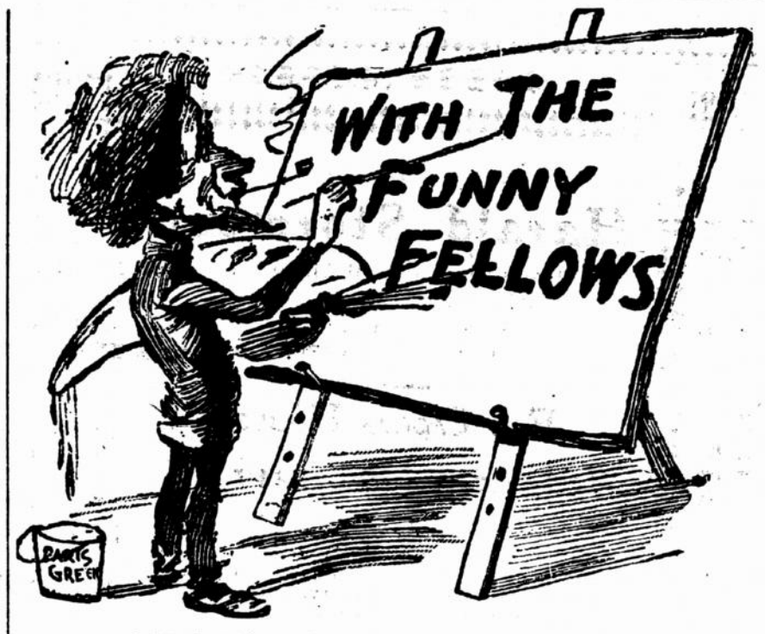
Soak one heaping cupful of bread crumbs in one pint of milk; add one cupful grated cheese, two beaten eggs, a level teaspoonful minced or chopped parsley, a saltspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Mix all together lightly, place in a buttered dish, sprinkle with crumbs and dot with bits of butter and bake, not too fast, until a delicate brown.—Los Angeles Herald.

Pork Scallop.

Put a layer of cold boiled pork, chopped fine, in a buttered ramekin; season with salt, pepper and minced onion, then strew over it a layer of cracker crumbs, and moisten with milk. Add another layer of meat, and so on until the dish is filled, finishing off with a layer of the crumbs. Cover closely and bake. Ten minutes before it is done uncover and let brown. Serve with onion sauce.—Good Housekeeping.

Celery Patties.

Stew some washed and diced celery in a little salted water until tender; have pattie shells ready, make a white sauce and heat the celery in it; fill the shells and add a little minced parsley. —Good Literature.



In Exchange.

Gladys—Am I the first girl you ever wanted to marry?

Jack—I'll be frank with you. You are not. But you're the first girl I ever asked. In return, am I the first man you ever accepted?

Gladys—I'll be equally frank with you. You are. But you are not the first I should have accepted if any of the others had asked me.—Cassell's.

HAPPY AT LAST.

Farmer—Do I like winter with the snow six feet deep? Well, say, I hain't met one o' them dod-blasted auterbiles fer three weeks.—Chicago Journal.

The Scapegoat.

The man who doesn't prosper
Is seldom wholly just—
And his own faults he sometimes tries
To blame upon a trust.
—Washington Star.

Three Styles.

Young Lady—I Iwish to get a popular novel, anything people are raving over.

Bookseller—Here is the latest, madam, already in its seventeenth edition.

Young Lady—Is it of the romantic or realistic school?

Bookseller—Neither. It is of the erotic or idiotic school.—N. Y. Weekly.

Of Course.

Butts—What are the members of Dr. Fourthly's congregation kicking so about?

Nordy—Some person has opened a laundry next door to their church.

Butts—Don't see why they should kick at that. Cleanliness should be next to godliness, should it not?—L. C. J.

BUSINESS.

"How much have you got, Billy?"

"Fourpence."

"I've got twopence. Let's put it together and go halves!"—Punch.

Popular Belief.

"Bacilli," remarked the boarder who had been reading the scientific pages in a patent medicine almanac, "are invisible."

"Right you are," rejoined the cheerful idiot. "At least, those in kisses are simply 'out of sight.'"—Chicago News.

Their Only Value.

"Yes," said Mrs. Woodby, "the fire destroyed all our family heirlooms. The loss was quite irreparable."

"The idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Wise, who knew a thing or two, "didn't you have them insured?"—Chicago Journal.

Merely a Tradition.

She—Once there was a man who said he'd rather be right than be president.

He—Yes, I remember reading something of the kind in a book of ancient history.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Irish Wit.

An Englishman was asking for information about the state of education in an Irish county.

"Can they all read and write?"

"Troth they can, every mother's son of them."

"Have you no ignoramuses amongst you?"

"Niver a one."

"Do you know the meaning of the word ignoramus?"

"I do."

"What is it?"

"A shtranger like yourself."—Tit-Bits.

Needed It.

Governor of Prison—You may go now; your conduct in prison has been excellent. Here is a sovereign. I hope you will devote yourself to true, honorable business.

Burglar—I certainly shall.

Governor of Prison—Well, you can go. Is there anything you want?

Burglar—Please, sir, I should like to get my old jemmy. The police took it, and I'd like to have it. It belongs to me.—Tit-Bits.

Couldn't Be Spared.

"I'd like to get a large mustach cup, plain white, without any gilding or ornamentation," said the customer.

"We haven't any of that kind in stock," announced the salesman, after an inspection of the shelves.

"There's one in your front window. I'll take that."

"I can't let you have that, sir. That's our sample."—Chicago Tribune.

WHEN FAME CAME QUICKLY.

The Poet—Perhaps I am a humble singer now, but ere long my poems may be bound in calf!—Chicago News.

"The Drummer."

A drummer, while drumming for drums,
Met a drummer a-drumming a drum.
Said the drummer for drums: "I'd rather drum drums
Than drum on the drums that I drum."
—Judge.

A Reasonable Claim.

"We'll dispense with your services, sir," said Mr. Merchant, sternly. "I saw you coming out of a saloon today. I told you I'd discharge you for that, didn't I?"

"Why, no, sir," replied Gailey, "you said you'd discharge me if you saw me going into one. I think I deserve some credit for coming out."—Philadelphia Press.

Pretty Picture.

"I heard you kissing Myrtilla in the 'dark room,'" said the inquisitive friend. "I thought you took her in there to develop a picture."

"So I did," laughed the amateur photographer.

"And did you?"

"Sure! It was the prettiest picture you ever beheld."—Chicago News.

Caught the Teacher's Ear.

Singing Master—Why, you have no voice at all!

Singer—Well, but I always pay for my lessons double the amount usually paid by others.

Singing Master—Say that again—your voice sounded much better, I thought.—Tit-Bits.

They Will Do It.

"I don't understand it, but I s'pose there's some good reason for it," remarked the old codger.

"Reason for what?"

"The way the papers print a portrait of a woman that looks like a dilapidated coffee pot, and state under it that she is the noted beauty of two continents."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Falling.

"Everything comes down after the holidays."

"Especially the snow and the temperature."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.