

HERE'S TO ADMIRAL DEWEY, HE WAS 6 YESTERDAY AND LEADS OUR NAVY



Arwey

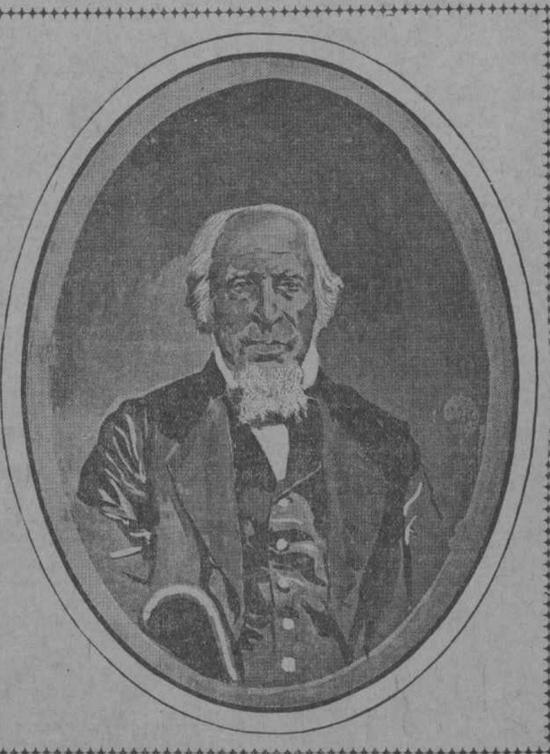
The Dewey Coat of Arms.

Keeps Christmas, Birthday and Advancement All Together.

HIS THREE-IN-ONE FESTIVAL

A Joint Celebration of Years, Honor and the Seasonable Wishes of the Nation.

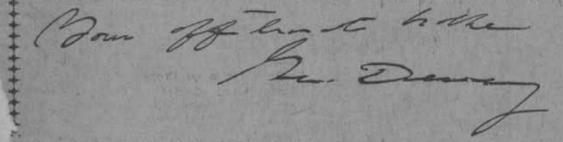
Rear Admiral George Dewey, the man who smashed Montojo at Manila and gave us the Philippines, yesterday celebrated his sixty-first birthday, and by the retirement of Rear Admiral Bunch, became on



Captain Simeon Dewey, the Rear-Admiral's Grandfather.



Where the Hero of Manila Was Born, in Montpelier, Vt.



Fac-simile of the Rear Admiral's Signature.

the same day the ranking officer of the United States Navy. Yesterday also was the time of the civil observance of Christmas, so that the friends of the Rear Admiral, the Farragut of the Orient seas—and these friends embrace and are the whole nation—were able to wish him at one and the same time a merry Christmas and present their congratulations on his advancement, with wishes of "Many happy returns to the day."

To be the ranking rear admiral of the United States Navy, of the vast fighting machine as it stands or floats to-day, is of course a great thing, but what many of his admiring well-wishing friends had hoped for was that they might be able to afford him some show of promise that he would in time be the admiral of the navy. But that will come in time.

It is a far hill from the hills of Vermont, where Dewey was born, to those that lie west of Manila, and which the Commodore he was Commodore then—thought looked as his native hills as his little squadron crowded past the Philippine capital on his deathly quiet way down to smother the Spanish admiral at Cavite; but rear-admiral's life. Most of it was spent in the service of his country.

Graduated from Annapolis in 1858; cruising in the old Washburn in the Mediterranean; made lieutenant in 1861; fighting with Farragut on the Mississippi as part of the West Gulf squadron; doing duty in the North Atlantic squadron; helping to survey the Pacific when peace had come again; and made Commodore in 1866—such is the more skeleton-like life-sketch of the born strategist and fighter, clubman, clear-headed officer and daring horseman who is to-day keeping charge of our new possessions in the Indian seas and ranking Rear-Admiral.

Never Defeated at Sea

In all of Dewey's sixteen years of sea service he has never been defeated, never been beaten, and it is a humorous side light on his career that the first and only time he did suffer defeat was when he was a boy on shore, a "sassy" obstinate school boy, and that the person who "licked" him was a weak, undersized school teacher, weighing 50 pounds. I told him if he did not do this I should punish him severely then and there.

singleader, and of how he quelled the scholastic rebels:

Major Fangborn's Story. "I took charge and for the first week there was no outbreak. George Dewey was one of the boldest and brightest of the younger lads, and above all things loved a fight. He was ever looking for trouble. He had the personal qualities of a leader, and while there was nothing you could call bad about him, he resented authority and evinced a sturdy determination not to submit to it unless it suited him.

"The crisis arrived in this fashion: After the usual afternoon recess one Monday Dewey did not return to the school room. I sent for him, but the messengers returned with the intelligence that George had declared that he wasn't coming and that I ought to go to the devil. After school that day George, who had climbed into the cupola of the old State House, amused himself by pelting the children with snowballs, and when I sent out and commanded him to come down he again advised me to go to the devil.

Laying in Ammunition. "I was mad, and when I got home I spent the evening perfecting a plan of campaign for the next day. I first of all provided myself with a very substantial revolver, and at a late hour that night took it to the schoolroom and placed it over the ledge of the entrance door, where it would be ready to my hand when I entered school next day. I also secured two or three round shots of cordwood and placed them on top of the wood box in the schoolroom where I could easily reach them. I then went to bed and slept like a baby, for I had resolved that when the rumpus started I would be the first to fire a broadside.

"Dewey came to school next morning as if nothing had happened and took his place at his desk as demurely as any young miss of them all. His smile was both childlike and whimsical. I saw him in preliminary skirmishes, but as soon as the scholars were in their places, I summoned Dewey to the platform in a terrible voice.

Ready for the battle. "He came with a sassy twinkle in his eyes and seemed to survey my slender proportions with a contempt bordering on amusement. Then I began to talk. I summed up the head and front of his offending in a voice that brought ice to the window panes, and wound up by telling him that he must forthwith say he was sorry for having misbehaved himself, apologize both to me and the school for what he had done and promise to be obedient and orderly in the future. I told him if he did not do this I should punish him severely then and there.

FATHER SWEARS VENGEANCE OVER DAUGHTER'S BIER.

Murdered Mamie Remley's Body Lies Among the Ruins of Christmas Holly.

HE WILL KILL HER SLAYER.

Declared That with His Own Hands He Will Beat Out the Life of Nulty.

MIND UNSETTLED BY TRAGEDY.

Stricken Parents Watch and Weep by Her Body, While Young Nulty Hovers Between Life and Death in a Hospital.

"They say he's goin' to get better in the hospital. I hope to God he does. I hope he gets out in the street and I get a chance at him. I swear to God if that fellow lives I'll watch and wait for an opportunity to kill him.

Only left him in the street, and falling that I'll go to court when he's arraigned. I want shoot him; shooting would be too easy a death. I'll beat his brains out, and I'll do it with a hammer!"

Thus, raving in the extremity of his grief, spoke the father of Mamie Remley, the unfortunate girl whose fate it was to excite the insensate wrath of a degenerate boy admirer, so that he shot her dead in her Christmas frock, on the very threshold of the home whose joy and pride she was.

In a little front room on the third floor of the tenement, No. 237 1/2 Eighth avenue, the mother sat at the head of the coffin in which the body of the dead girl lay. She sobbed incessantly. In an adjoining room the father sat, talking and crying by turns. Now he raged against Nulty, threatening him, if he recovered, with a horrible death; in the next breath he recalled some pretty trick of his dead girl's, and rehearsed it with a voice broken with emotion.

The funeral services will probably be held on Wednesday at St. Joseph's Church, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Columbus avenue.

Mrs. Remley said last night that her daughter and Nulty met for the first time on Monday night. He seemed to like her and they went to a number of parties together. Nulty wanted to marry Mamie, but she refused.

Nulty is still hovering between life and death in the Manhattan Hospital. The surgeon, Dr. H. H. H. Hill, said he was unable to extract the bullet from his head.

Nulty was said to be sinking by the hospital authorities last night. He was visited by a priest from the Church of the Annunciation in the afternoon, who received his confession. Nulty asked the doctors if he would give up and when told there was not much chance said: "Well, if she's dead I want to die, too." The doctors say the boy must have been thinking heavily the afternoon of the shooting.

ECHOES OF CHRISTMAS AT THE WHITE HOUSE. President Sees Peace Commissioners, Goes Driving, Entertains Relatives and Receives a Mocking Bird.

Washington, Dec. 26.—All the executive departments were closed here to-day, and most of the private business houses also. At the White House the day was rather quiet. During the morning the President was in his office and saw Senators Davis and Frye.

In the afternoon the President and Mrs. McKinley enjoyed a long ride, and in the evening broke bread with their three nephews, who are guests at the White House.

Christmas presents from many parts of the country. One of the last to arrive was a beautiful mocking bird from a Southland State, which the President had in a pretty cage decorated with ribbons, and began to sing immediately upon being taken to the White House. The bird was a perfect specimen of his species.

DEATH OF MRS. MORENO RECALLS MEXICAN WAR. She Saved the Life of an American Soldier Who Sought Shelter in Her Home at Vera Cruz.

Mrs. Trinidad Moreno, who died at No. 208 East Twelfth street, Sunday night, in consequence, it is believed, of injuries received in an accident a year ago, had an interesting history.

GOFF'S CHARGE "TERRIBLE" U.S. MOORE'S LAWYER



Frank McGovern, the Bachelor Juror, Who Saved Fayne Moore.

The leader among those jurors who were inclined to let the woman go free was Juror No. 5. He was the spokesman for the opposition to conviction—and, curiously enough, was from the first the man on whom Fayne Moore based her strongest hopes.

Hill Declares but for the Recorder She Would Have Been Acquitted.

WILL BE TRIED AGAIN.

Prosecutor McIntyre Says the Second Trial Will Be Begun Early in January.

JURORS TALK ABOUT THE CASE.

McGovern, the Bachelor, Keeps Apathy; Others Say the Ten-Year Penalty Determined Them to Acquit.

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 26.—Attorney B. H. Hill has not abandoned the Fayne Moore badger trial. He denied to-night the statement credited to him that he would have nothing more to do with the case. He spoke vigorously in regard to the case as follows:

"I have not quit the Moore case. If the trial comes up in the next ten days I shall be unable to return, because of engagements here. If possible, however, I will go back and assist Mr. Levy in doing what he can for the unfortunate but innocent woman.

"But for the Judge's terrible charge she would have been acquitted. Mr. Abraham Levy, who is her New York lawyer, is at the head of the bar and is very much interested in her behalf. He will, in my opinion, finally acquit her.

"It is a very unequal fight. The press of New York is solid against her, and the Recorder seems determined to convict. His charge in the case on the facts was the most remarkable I have ever heard, and not only so, but it was a gross violation of the rules of the profession in the celebrated Mayfield case in England.

The woman's loyalty to what she declares to be the truth and her devotion to Moore's interests prevent her from being released. She has had two opportunities to take her liberty, one by swearing against Moore and another by pleading guilty, with a suspension of sentence. She declined both courses, although advised by her counsel that she was in great peril.

Personally, I was treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration by the Judge and District Attorney.

JURORS FRIGHTENED BY TEN YEAR PENALTY. Several Say They Could Not Give a Verdict That Would Carry That Sentence.

Fayne Moore is to be tried again. The Assistant District Attorney, John R. McIntyre, who prosecuted her, said yesterday that her second trial was to begin January 19, probably.

Her counsel, Abraham Levy, saw her in the Tombs, yesterday, consulted her, and said that he had evidence not yet disclosed that would render her acquittal inevitable if she were tried again. He hopes to present that.

If Lawyer Levy succeeds in preventing a new trial, the Assistant District Attorney will place her on trial under the indictment that charges her with the theft of silverware, the property of the Waldorf-Astoria, which was found among her personal effects.

KILLED BY SON'S TROUBLES. Rosser Died After His Soldier Boy Was Acquitted of Murder.

Bridgeport, Ala., Dec. 26.—Walter Rosser, Sr., father of the Tennessee soldier who was recently acquitted of the killing of Henry Hilderbrand at San Francisco, is dead at his home in Stevenson, Ala.



MENU TURKEY CAIKEN FRICASSE. POTATOES. MINCE PIE ICE CREAM COFFEE TEA

Diagram showing cells occupied by Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Vermeule.

Mrs. Moore Dines with Mrs. Vermeule.

became due, was arraigned in the Centre Street Court yesterday.

ALEXANDER DUMAS IN A TERRIFYING MOOD. Not the Novelist, but a Harlem Italian, Who Kicked a Bonfire and Shot at a Man.

An Italian laborer who claims the name of Alexander Dumas took offence at a fire which some boys had built on One Hundred and Sixteenth street, near Second avenue, last evening. The sight of the crackling fire angered him. He rushed at the boys and kicked the blazing logs over the street.

Henry J. Hansen, twenty-seven years old, a clerk, who lives at No. 217 East One Hundred and Twentieth street, and a friend of his remonstrated with the Italian, on which Dumas became furious and, drawing a revolver, fired twice at Hansen. Both bullets flew wide of the mark. Dumas ran and the crowd ran after him until Policeman Goldmann joined in the chase and caught Dumas. The police describe Dumas as a "crazy drunk."

The F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Co.'s Special Holiday Brew

On Draught at all Customers'. Bottled at the Brewery and delivered direct to Families. Park Ave., 50th to 51st St., New York.

WATERS PIANOS

Our warerooms, 134 Fifth Ave., near 18th St., will remain OPEN EVENINGS until Jan. 1st.

Parfumerie Libert.

It has become quite the fashion to identify one's self with some particular scent. Many excellent ladies favor violet. VIOLET EXQUISITA LIBERT not only possesses the true odor of the fresh flower, but is of quadruple strength—some drop yielding as much fragrance as a whole bouquet of flowers. 90c. the bottle by mail \$1. A. F. JAMMES, West 37th St., near Fifth Ave.

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