

den Kennedy, had gone down to the postoffice on the arrival of each mail from the north, and went up to the prison with Postmaster McNally when the delayed pardon letter finally arrived at 3 o'clock.

At Work When Pardon Came.

Patrick received the formal notification of his pardon from Principal Keeper James P. Connaughton, who carried it to him in his quarters at the prison hospital. The imprisoned lawyer had declined the opportunity of attending a moving picture show in the prison chapel—a Thanksgiving Day treat for the prisoners—and had been engaged in his regular routine of work on the clinical records of the hospital throughout the day.

He had known positively of his imminent freedom from the lips of his wife on Wednesday afternoon, so that he took matters calmly when Connaughton, who is far from being a talkative man, approached him and said:

"Well, here it is."

"Thank you," was Patrick's answer, and with that he turned to straighten out his records before leaving them to some unfortunate successor.

Patrick had devoted himself particularly to a study of optometry, under the suggestions of Dr. Charles W. Farr, of the prison medical staff. He has been popular with the prisoners, Warden Kennedy said, and has always been ready to lend them any legal aid he could.

The "grapevine" of Sing Sing prison—the mysterious but lightning-like method by which news circulates through prisons—carried the word of Patrick's pardon through the big penal colony within a few minutes of the moment that Connaughton spoke to the lawyer, and as Patrick passed out on his way to the warden's office he received hearty but low-voiced congratulations from every prisoner who saw him.

Congratulated on Fight for Freedom.

Dr. Farr made a special point of telling Patrick he hoped he would be able to prove quickly his innocence of the charge under which he was sentenced, and congratulated him on his calm, long drawn out and game fight for freedom.

Warden Kennedy took Maher into the hospital dormitory, where Patrick was changing his clothes, and when the four men—Patrick, Maher, the warden and Connaughton—came out, a few moments later, Maher was carrying for Patrick a gray pasteboard box, which contained all the personal effects the lawyer had in prison. These included photographs of his family and a few personal trinkets allowed to him as a hospital employe.

Apart from the prison officials, Patrick's two friends, Maher and Barker, and the Governor's messenger, Motherwell, the newspaper men were the only persons to witness the pardoned man's departure from Sing Sing. As he walked up the short flight of steps leading from the prison proper to the barred entrance court, where the reporters were waiting, he waved his hand and smiled, even as the steel gate of the prisoner's section clanged shut behind him.

At the top of the stairway Patrick shook hands heartily with two or three of the men whom he had known before he was sentenced. Maher told him the reporters wanted a statement from him, and the lawyer was cordially willing to oblige.

"Let him off easy, boys, he's all broken up," Maher said; and then Patrick, speaking slowly, as if under a stress of emotion, made the brief statement printed elsewhere. When he had answered he was asked how he felt, and answered:

"I always feel good, and I feed good now." Asked as to whether he intended to go back and practise law, he said:

"I can't say whether I'll go back to the practice of law or not," and when asked as to his probable movements in New York within the next few days he replied:

"I will refer you to Judge Olcott, who has been my staunch and consistent friend." Barker, from the driver's seat of the automobile, spoke up then:

"I don't like to interrupt," he said, "but your Thanksgiving dinner is waiting for you."

"Yes, yes, that's right," said Patrick, "and now if you gentlemen will excuse me"—and he turned around to shake hands three times with Warden Kennedy. He gripped Connaughton's hand, then, and the loquacious head keeper sent him away with a joke. "Yes, you don't want to miss that Thanksgiving dinner," he said, with a tremendous accent on the "that."

It was just 4:25 o'clock when Patrick finally stepped out on the short sidewalk leading to the curving drive in front of the prison where the automobile stood waiting. The snow had cleared out of the sky, and for the first time during the day the sun came out bright, but not warm. The sleet from across the Palisades that struck Patrick's face then was supplemented by the flashlights of the photographers, and the pardoned lawyer was whizzed away toward New York in a haze of smoke.

Patrick's Last Day in Prison

5:30 a. m.—Arose and had breakfast. 7 a. m.—Repaired to his regular duties as keeper of the clinical records of the prison hospital. 12 noon—Dinner. 12:45 p. m.—Received word from friends outside, through Warden Kennedy, that pardon was delayed in transit by mistake of Albany clerk who put it in mail. 1:30 p. m.—Received word that envelope bearing pardon papers was in mail sack in Peckskill postoffice. 2:35 p. m.—Received word that Governor's letter to Warden Kennedy containing pardon had arrived at Ossining postoffice from Peckskill. 3:15 p. m.—Pardon certificate was delivered into Patrick's hands by James P. Connaughton, principal keeper. 3:30 p. m.—Changed from gray prison suit to blue serge suit supplied to outgoing prisoners. 4 p. m.—Received from Warden Kennedy \$80.67 in cash—57 cents fare to New York; \$10 flat allowance to outgoing prisoner; and \$50, his pro rata share of earnings of prison industries during his incarceration. 4:20 p. m.—Walked through the steel gate at foot of steps leading out of prison proper. 4:25 p. m.—Walked out of outer door of prison buildings and entered waiting automobile. 5:42 p. m.—Arrived at The Springfield, No. 180 Claremont avenue, New York City. 7 p. m.—Enjoyed, with his wife and three friends, the trust Thanksgiving dinner, in the full meaning of the term, that was eaten in New York.

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TILDEN APPOINTS DEPUTY.

Albany, Nov. 28.—Samuel J. Tilden, Jr., state fiscal supervisor, has appointed C. E. Weiss, of New York, deputy in place of Herbert F. Prescott, of Albany, who has resigned to take effect December 1. The salary is \$3,500 a year. Mr. Weiss has been connected with the New York City Department of Charities. Mr. Prescott is to take charge of the publicity bureau of the Republican State Committee.

PATRICK RACES HOME TO SERVE THE TURKEY

Comes Down from Sing Sing in Auto with Old Cellmate, Who Dines with Him.

WIFE GREETES HIM AT DOOR

Cheerful, but Reticent, He Says Statement May Be Issued Today—Enters House Through Flashlight Smoke.

At exactly 5:42 a covered touring car darted through West 125th street from Broadway and turned into Claremont avenue. It drew up in front of the Springfield apartments, just around the corner, and two men jumped out, followed by a third, clad in a long black fur coat with a Persian lamb collar turned well up over the ears, leaving only a narrow margin between it and the black campaign hat. The muffled figure was Albert T. Patrick.

Immediately the crowd that had been waiting at the corner, a rod or so away, swept down or Patrick, and the flashlights of the camera squad began to boom. Followed by a group of reporters, Patrick elbowed his way into the hallway of the Springfield. Then he paused. W. J. Motherwell, the messenger from the Secretary of State's office; Thomas Maher, an ex-convict and former cellmate, and James Barker, Maher's brother-in-law, who came down in Maher's automobile from the prison, called on a policeman to hold the crowd in check.

Patrick motioned to the newspaper men to step up.

"I am not prepared to make any statement for the press now," he said. "If you will see Judge Olcott, my personal counsel, to-morrow at his office he will probably give you a statement, if any is to be made. That is all."

This was overheard by those who were trying to break the door down from the street, and the crowding ceased. Patrick exchanged a few words with Maher and Barker, and then he went straight to the rear of the corridor and turned to the left. The door leading to his apartment was open a little way, and Mrs. Patrick, a trifle pale, but perfectly calm, stood just inside the threshold.

"Albert!" she cried. Patrick met her with outstretched arms. A hallway closed the door.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick were alone for the first time since the lawyer entered Sing Sing prison.

Patrick Serves the Turkey.

Maher, Barker and Motherwell repaired to the street and turned their attention to the automobile which was champing at its carburetor. So excited was the owner that he had forgotten to shut the power off. While he was doing so he told the reporters that they had made the trip down in exactly one hour and twelve minutes. They hadn't been outside long when they were summoned to Patrick's apartments. They were the guests who were to share the Thanksgiving dinner.

An hour later the newspaper men, who had been shivering outside the Springfield since mid-afternoon, summoned a messenger boy and dispatched him with a written request to Patrick for a word—some sentiment from a man who has just gained his freedom after twelve years of confinement.

The boy was admitted to the apartments and got as far as the door opening into the dining room. He saw Patrick seated at the head of the table serving turkey. By his side sat Mrs. Patrick, and next to her a young woman, a friend of the family, who had been caring for the wife of the condemned man for several weeks. The other places were taken up by Maher, Motherwell and Barker. Patrick read the message. Glancing over his spectacles, he looked kindly at the waiting boy twirling his uniform cap.

"Are you a reporter?" he asked, quizzically. The boy forgot the smell of hot turkey and announced that he was not a reporter.

"Well," resumed Patrick, good humoredly, "you tell the boys that I am in the midst of a Thanksgiving dinner, and, really, I can't be interrupted now. Tell them to see Judge Olcott."

Mrs. Patrick seemed to have suffered a reaction yesterday morning, following her visit Wednesday afternoon to her husband in prison. Early yesterday forenoon representatives of the newspapers and press bureaus, and more than one of the young women who make a specialty of painting word pictures of human emotion, especially when it is exhibited by one of their sex, made unctuous requests to the imperious telephone boy in the hall for just one chance to speak to Mrs. Patrick over the telephone. Always they were told by a pleasant voiced female that Mrs. Patrick wished to be excused.

Races Home to Wife.

As early as 3 o'clock groups of the curious began congregating outside the house. Children of the neighborhood, dressed up in ragamuffin fashion, in accordance with the customary celebration of the holiday, seemed to forget their frolic and lingered until the lamps were lighted, and later. By 5:30 o'clock there was a crowd of nearly one hundred on the sidewalks. The air was nippy, and as the minutes elapsed divers rumors were spread around. One said that Patrick would arrive at 125th street station at 5:02 o'clock. Another said he had taken a later train and would arrive at 5:30 o'clock. Each automobile that skimmed across Broadway from the direction of the railroad station was studied carefully, and if the crowd made a bolt for the front door of the Springfield.

Finally some one reported that Mrs. Patrick, greatly wrought up by nervousness at the delay, had slipped out of the basement through the servants' entrance and had taken a taxicab to meet her husband. Meanwhile messenger boys went in and out of the apartment carrying telegrams of congratulation and good wishes to the liberated lawyer and his faithful wife.

The automobile which brought the party down was a slight two-cylinder affair of 25 horsepower. Barker acted as chauffeur, and he knew what he could do with the hills that lay between Patrick and his waiting wife. He fed the gas and sparks generously, and the frail affair went up the hills like a big racer. On straightaways it touched only the high spots. The wind was cutting, but Patrick, with his collar turned high up, sat comfortably in the back cushions and talked freely with his friends.

His eyes roved across the beautiful Hudson Valley. Then he lapsed into silence.

"Home! Adele!" he murmured.

DOCTORS STILL DISAGREE AS TO HOW RICE DIED

Physicians and Scientists on Both Sides Stick to Original Conflicting Theories.

Dr. E. J. Donlin, a surgeon in the Police Department, who, when attached to the Coroner's staff, performed the autopsy upon the body of William Marsh Rice, and whose testimony was largely responsible for Patrick's sentence to the death chair, said last night he still firmly believed his original testimony was right.

"I declared and testified," he said, "that congestion of the lungs could be produced by the inhalation of some irritating vapor such as an acid or chloroform. I never said that Rice's death was due to chloroform poisoning. The other side, you probably remember, declared that the condition of the lungs was due to the embolizing fluid that had entered and produced the congested condition in which they were found."

"No," it was a fair fight between the doctors of our side and those of the other, and they lost. Judge Coff sustained us and remarked that we had made a more careful and skillful examination than they had."

And, on the other hand, there is Dr. John H. Larkin, professor of pathology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, who also made a thorough examination of the body, and who likewise emphatically asserts that his original testimony was correct. He is one of those who said that the embolizing fluid had entered the lungs and congested them. In referring to the testimony last night he said:

"I can find no justification for the decision of those doctors as to the chloroform theory. In my opinion those men who were so confident to have arrived at such an opinion, as compared to the many famous specialists who testified otherwise. I have not changed my opinion one whit."

Dr. Hamilton Williams, of Staten Island, who assisted Dr. Donlin in his autopsy, was out of town and his opinion could not be obtained.

In the minds of many lawyers there seems to be doubt as to the possibility of Patrick ever again becoming a member of the bar or the Bar Association. Silas B. Brownwell, secretary of the association, said:

"I doubt if the pardon will restore him to membership. A pardon, I understand, restores all his rights to citizenship, but it wouldn't restore his membership to the bar. There are two moves for him—one to make an application to waive the disbarment, and the other to make a new application for admission. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, I understand, disbarred him because of his conviction. When the conviction of felony is set aside on appeal it is a matter of course to act aside the disbarment, but when he is pardoned the case is utterly different. I am inclined to think that it would have no effect upon the application for restoration to membership."

William M. K. Olcott, chief counsel for Patrick, said last night that the pardoned man would be in his office early this morning, at which time a statement, no doubt, would be given out. He said: "Patrick was never guilty of that crime, as I was at the first conviction. I made a careful examination of the legal and medical evidence and never faltered in my belief that he was erroneously convicted. I especially examined the precise scientific evidence that the medico-legal aspect of the case afforded, namely, Rice's death by chloroform. Chloroform could not, scientifically, have left the body in the condition in which it was found."

Dr. Timothy D. Lehane, the Coroner's physician who testified as to his knowledge of the condition of the lungs of those who had died from chloroform poisoning, said last night that he thought it quite possible that Rice died from natural causes.

PATRICK MAY REACH OUT FOR \$10,000,000 FUND

Should Rice Will Prove Valid He Would Be Absolute Trustee of Institute.

ROAD TO VINDICATION

Legal Adviser Says Steps Probably Will Be Taken Soon to Gain Possession of Estate.

Houston, Tex., Nov. 28.—The action of Governor Dix of New York in pardoning Albert T. Patrick may involve the endowment of the Rice Institute at Houston, providing Patrick succeeds in establishing his claims to a part of the former Texas millionaire's fortune. It was said here to-day. The \$10,000,000 endowment would be reduced \$1,000,000 and Patrick would become absolute trustee of the fund with which the college was established.

Persons here who knew Charles Jones, the valet who swore that he killed William Marsh Rice at the instigation of Albert T. Patrick, assert that after the confession with which he purchased his own immunity, Jones often said:

"I had to do what I did. I had to swear away the life of Patrick. William Marsh Rice died a natural death." After gaining his freedom through the clemency of Governor Dix, Jones came to Chambers County, Tex., and became the teacher of a Sunday school. Later he disappeared. The Rice Institute of this city, recently dedicated and opened, was the direct beneficiary of Rice's will, after the will placing Patrick in charge of Rice's estate had been discredited.

Patrick practised law here and at Austin.

According to one of Albert T. Patrick's closest friends and legal advisers in this city, the pardoned lawyer will probably take up in the immediate future legal proceedings to establish the validity of his claims under the will of William Marsh Rice.

Patrick's fight for the Rice estate, although it would result, if successful, in a fortune to him and the trusteeship of an estate of approximately \$10,000,000, will be undertaken, his friend said last night, primarily because in that way Patrick can best gain his own complete vindication.

To have the courts re-open the Rice will case and adjudge his claims under the will as proper would be a long step toward proving legally his innocence of the murder charge lodged against him largely on the testimony of Jones, the valet, who told at least three conflicting stories.

Patrick himself was unwilling to make any statement whatever as to his intentions or contemplated steps, but it is known that he will lose no time in setting about an attempt to gain complete vindication, and those who are closest to him assert that one of his main ideas is to have gain that vindication is to push his claim under the Rice will, which he contended was the last will and testament of the millionaire.

BRIDE FOILS PURSUERS

Traffic Policemen Hold Them Up and Summon Them to Court.

A speeding automobile gaily bedecked with long streamers of white ribbons and with numerous painted signs was going south on Fifth avenue late yesterday afternoon. A few yards to the rear were three other automobiles in close pursuit.

At 25th street a traffic policeman, with a wave of his hand, brought the first machine to halt, but before he could say anything to the chauffeur a very pretty young woman, dressed in a brown traveling suit, beckoned to the patrolman.

A few whispered words, and the patrolman, with a broad grin, waved to the chauffeur to go ahead. The three machines in the rear started, but were halted. The policeman, after a time, handed each of the three chauffeurs a summons to appear in court for exceeding the speed limit, while several young men clambered out of the machines and urged the patrolman to hurry.

When finally they were allowed to depart the first automobile had gained considerable headway, but the three machines were almost abreast of it at 25th street, where the same performance was enacted. And it was gone through a third time at 46th street. By this time the first machine had gained such headway that the young men ordered the chauffeurs to turn back.

In the first automobile were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bendheim, who had just been married by Rabbi Samuel Schuman, of the Temple Beth-El, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Kari Wallach, No. 130 East 75th street, and they were hurrying to catch a train, and also to avoid their friends in the rear automobile, who were trying to detain them.

Mr. Bendheim is the president of the Bendheim Construction Company. His wife was Miss Bella Wallach.

NEW SETTING FOR 'PEARL'?

Minister Mum as to Roberta's Matrimonial Activities.

Just twenty-four hours and one minute after a marriage license had been granted to Conway Tearle, an actor, and Mrs. Roberta Menges-Corwin-Hill, the salt water "Pearl of Sheepshead Bay," or, more precisely, at one minute after 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, two richly gownned young women and a well groomed man entered the home of the Rev. Andrew J. Meyer, pastor of the Wayne Street Reformed Church, at No. 305 York street, Jersey City.

The three visitors remained in the minister's home for about twenty minutes, and then all left together, laughing and happy. When a flying squad of Jersey City reporters invaded Mr. Meyer's home a few minutes after their departure and asked him if he knew anything about the marriage of Conway Tearle and Mrs. Hill, he said:

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Jaeger Sanitary Underwear Chills and Colds are often the cause of serious disease—or worse. Chills and colds are practically eliminated by the use of Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear. Seven weights to choose from. Recommended by leading physicians everywhere.

NEW SETTING FOR 'PEARL'? Minister Mum as to Roberta's Matrimonial Activities.

Globe-Wernicke Office Equipment With desks, files and office devices all at odds, an office doesn't even appear efficient. You'll find a brand new equipment of office furniture a short cut to better results. "Astonishing" is the way one man described the effect on his force of this improvement in comfort and "general atmosphere." Employees will respond.

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