

RICH MEN'S LIVES ARE AT A PREMIUM

Jersey Judge's Latest Decision on the Cash Value of Human Existence.

A rich man's life is worth more than a poor man's life. This is the latest decision of William G. Gummere, of the New Jersey Supreme Court...

A knock-out blow to this extraordinary valuation on human life was given at the same time by the New York State Court of Appeals...

GUMMERE'S DECISION. Justice Gummere's opinion was expressed in the case of Filomena Cavella, who was killed in a fight with Vit. Dileo...

The widow, who with her little ones had been made helpless and penniless by Cavella's death, sued the man who killed him in the Supreme Court...

Justice Gummere addressed the jury in reading the case to them. "It is hard," he said, "to ascertain what loss children sustain in the premature death of a father..."

NEW YORK DECISION. The case dealt with by the New York Court was that of Charles H. Morris, a grain merchant, who sued the Metropolitan Railroad Company...

The jury gave a verdict for six cents. Judge McAdam, declaring afterwards that the verdict should have been for the railroad company...

Justice Gummere writes the opinion of the Court of Appeals and deals with the question of pecuniary damage. "In measuring this, however," the decision says...

"Among these is the probable or possible direct benefit from earnings during minority and the legal duty of support of the parent owed by the infant in case of need after majority..."

SHOCKS MORAL SENSE. "Nevertheless, we may be reasonably sure, when we are confronted with a verdict which falls in logic when compared with others, and which, upon a statement of it, shocks the moral sense, that something about that verdict is so wrong that it ought not to be permitted to stand..."

"We think that the evidence in this case fairly shows that this life would have been of substantial pecuniary value to its father. Physically he was splendidly equipped; mentally he was strong and vigorous..."

The case dealt with by the New York Court was that of Charles H. Morris, a grain merchant, who sued the Metropolitan Railroad Company for \$25,000 for the death of his son, Leslie H. sixteen years old...

"I AM NOT SORRY I SLEW MY HUSBAND"

By Mrs. Catherine Costello. Dictated to an Evening World Reporter.



MRS. CATHERINE COSTELLO.

I don't feel one bit sorry for shooting my husband, Policeman Philip Dreiser. I am glad I made a good job of it. Any man who treats a woman as he treated me deserves to be killed.

The man was after me day in and out for three years to marry him. Finally I consented, and we were married on June 19, 1898, by Father O'Neil, of St. Ann's Church. I found out before long that he was paying attention to other women.

I found letters in his pockets from a woman named Tillie, who lives on Third avenue near Fourteenth street. I went to her and she admitted my husband was paying her rent.

My husband was neglecting me and leaving me to starve while he was spending his money on other women. When I taxed him with it he said I had another husband living. He knew I had when he married me. He took care of me for three years before I would consent to marry him.

Then I asked a lawyer, and he told me as I had not seen my husband I was free to marry.

In Yorkville Court this morning Mrs. Costello was remanded without bail for examination until Monday. She is a little woman, well formed, but sharp-featured. Her eyes are a cold gray and shaded by shaggy eyebrows. She was remarkably self-possessed, and told her story to The Evening World reporter in a low, musical voice. She would not discuss the details of the killing.

The shooting occurred in the kitchen of her flat, 23 East Fifty-second street. Policeman Dreiser was sitting in a chair. She stepped behind him and shot him back of the right ear. As he turned and fell forward she put another bullet in his forehead.

Then she walked across the hall to Mrs. Fitzgerald's kitchen and, tossing the smoking gun on a table, said coolly: "I've shot my husband. He wronged me and I've done him."

SHE HELD ON TO A BURGLAR.

He Closed Door on Her Hand and Miss Werkman Let Go.

Three burglars broke into Nathan Werkman's home, at 416 Passaic street, Passaic, N. J., at 2 o'clock this morning.

While going through the house they awakened Miss Werkman. She jumped out of bed in her night clothes and dashed after the thieves, who were fleeing down the stairs. She caught the last one near the door and held him fast. He threatened her life, but she held on.

Just as the rest of the family were hurrying to her aid the thief got her hand caught in the door and closed it. She had to let go and fell fainting in the hall. The thieves escaped, taking 100 worth of valuables.

PAID MONEY--GOT NO JOB.

WANTED--A young man, 20 to 25 years old, must furnish cash security of \$100. Samuel Green, of 128 Putnam avenue, Brooklyn, answered the advertisement and put up his \$100. The sequel was reported before Magistrate Zeller in Central Court this morning.

Everett F. Martin, to whom the check was paid, was arrested in his office at the Prudential Trust Company, 20 Broadway. He lived at the Hotel Barclay, and with him was a pretty woman whom the police say is Winifred Robinson.

Detective McConnell told the Magistrate they were both wanted in Hattimore. Martin's lawyer admitted that the check was received and cashed. Martin was held in \$2000 bail and the woman remained.

BELLAMY LADIES' WAISTS. FROM YOUR OWN MATERIAL. At low prices. Paper Collars and Cuffs. 2,000 Patterns in Imported Fabrics. 4 for \$12.00. BELLAMY, 32 Ave. & 5th St. Telephone 102870. See back from Birmingham Ave.

BOY KILLED BY A TOMBSTONE.

Joe Exner Was Playing Near the Grave of His Brother.

"Joe" Exner, who was filled with childish grief over the death of his little brother, received his own death summons within a few feet of where the other boy lay buried.

"Joe" was only five years old and lived with his father at 41 East Seventy-ninth street. On May 3 Mr. Exner concluded to go to Grove Cemetery and look to the care of the dead boy's grave.

"Let me go with you too, papa," pleaded "Joe." "I want to put some nice flowers there. Flowers were placed on the grave, and

while his father was still arranging them "Joe" frolicked about the city of the dead. Mr. Exner heard a cry and raised his head. He did not see "Joe" at first, but the boy's moans guided him. Not twenty feet away he lay, partly under a tombstone that had fallen upon him. It had struck him on the head. He was removed to his home and Dr. Godfrey R. Plsek, of 20 East Seventy-second street, found that his skull was fractured. Little "Joe" lingered for a week and died day before yesterday.

Error in the Trunk Store. The statement was made on May 10 that Mrs. Carrie E. Hunter, who was brought into Yorkville Court on a charge of wrongfully holding Mrs. Grace Ingersoll's trunks, kept a boarding-house at 215 West Thirty-eighth street. At that number resides Mrs. A. Whiteley. Mrs. Hunter's address is 124 East Forty-fifth street.

Shot Himself on Father's Grave. Herman H. Koop, of 28 West One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street, Manhattan, who shot himself over his father's grave in Greenwood Cemetery last Wednesday night, died in the Norwegian Hospital, Brooklyn, this morning.

In Both Stores. FOULARD SILKS.

On Monday, May 14th. 35,000 Yards Twill Foulards.

Polka Dots, Novelty Stripes and a very extensive variety of small and medium size patterns.

White or white-and-black printing on navy, national, vieux rose, tan, grey, cardinal, porcelain, heliotrope, sage and brown grounds.

75 cents and \$1.00 per yard; Value \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

JAMES MCGREERY & CO., Twenty-third Street, Broadway and 11th Street.

\$25,000 VERDICT IN GAZZAM CASE.

Value of Mrs. Reading's Alienated Husband Fixed at That Amount by Good Men and True.

LOVE'S OATH. Love that I swear it-- Though the stars should tumble down-- My love would not and blossom-- And wealth like with its crown-- Though winds should sweep their way-- Death, waves of anguish roll-- A strand of memory twisted with thee-- Would blossom on my soul-- Mrs. GAZZAM.



MRS. ELIZABETH READING.

PHILADELPHIA, May 12--The market value of a husband has been fixed by a jury here at \$25,000, a verdict for that amount of damages having been rendered today in favor of Mrs. Elizabeth Reading, of Williamsport, Pa., who sued Mrs. Joseph Gazzam for \$100,000 for alienation of the affections of Mr. Reading.

The case, which had been in progress for nearly a week, attracted widespread attention owing to the social position of both the plaintiff and defendant. Mrs. Gazzam is the widow of State Senator Gazzam and is reported to be very wealthy.

The hearing brought to the court hundreds of men and women who move in high social circles. It was testified that Charles Reading was lured from his home and family by the wiles of Mrs. Gazzam, a distant cousin, who secured for him the office of President of the Williamsport Gas Company, and engaged him to perform business transactions for her.

The defense was that Mr. Reading and Mrs. Gazzam's relations were purely platonic and business-like. Mr. Reading did not appear in court at any time during the trial.

The proceedings were highly interesting and disclosed the fact that Mrs. Gazzam was a justice and had paid a large volume of verse of a decidedly warm character, as witness these gems: INSPIRATION.

Oh, I could love you through night of love of love-- I could love you through night of love of love-- As those who love drink wine-- And if some fragrance flows-- Where I look and have the pain I've loved the one-- And bring me back the breath of a girl, Andy B. News from of some great, ground floor of memory-- Please do make slight allusion-- Where I can dream of sleep.

CONQUEST. No more of love had you said-- But its aspects in your words we saw-- I had looked at you, I had loved you-- By the perfume on the air-- And when I stepped to your feet-- Where the angel hovered above-- My lips to a word of love-- I felt the conqueror's crown.

I know no value of pills-- A beautiful, quieted gleam-- Mrs. GAZZAM. Mrs. GAZZAM is the daughter of the late John Reading, of Philadelphia and Williamsport, Pa., and she inherited the bulk of her father's estate, estimated at about \$100,000. She married Joseph Gazzam, who became a State Senator, and from whom she secured a divorce in 1892.

She is forty-five years old, but retains much of the beauty for which as a young woman she was famed. She has one daughter, and maintains a town house in Walnut street, Philadelphia, and a country place at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

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Mrs. Reading is about forty years old, with snow-white hair, and is of distinguished bearing. She has two daughters, both grown up, and one son, who is a student at Princeton. The Readings live in Williamsport.

According to the testimony adduced by the plaintiff the reading date back to 1892 the year in which Mrs. Gazzam secured the divorce from her husband. Mrs. Gazzam admitted on the witness stand that Mr. Reading may have assisted her in the divorce proceedings. According to the testimony of Mrs. Reading and her daughter, Elizabeth Reading, and others, Mrs. Gazzam simply appropriated Mr. Reading, took him about the country with her to Sumner and Winter resorts, paid his bills, bought his clothes and gave him handsome presents, such as, for instance, a gold watch and chain and a diamond scarf pin.

WHIPPING POST FOR A BAD BOY.

Recorder Stanton Compels the Prisoner's Father to Give Him Twenty Lashes.

Strapped to a table in Recorder Stanton's court-room in Jersey City, ten-year-old James Murphy, of 29 Prevost street, received twenty lashes across the back with a cat-o-nine-tails.

His father pled the whip under the direction of Recorder Stanton.

The revival of this medieval mode of punishment is due to the Recorder's contempt for jails and reformatories for young persons.

Young Murphy was arrested for stealing from the freight yards of the Delaware and Lackawanna road.

Recorder Stanton heard the evidence. Turning to the lad's father, he said: "Murphy, take your son into that room. I will sentence him to twenty lashes as soundly as you can lay them on."

Spectators were amazed and there was much commotion when James, struggling with his father and a court officer, was led into a darkened room. Quiet was quickly restored in the court-room by the officers.

James was placed on an oak table, where his father held him while the officer tied him with leather thongs first about his feet and then about his

shoulders. In a few moments he was helpless. Then the officer reached for the whip and placed it in Murphy's hand. An instant later the cat-o-nine-tails fell with a swishing sound that was distinctly heard in the court-room.

"Order in court," commanded an officer, as the spectators jumped to their feet at the sound of the boy's cries.

"One, two, three, four, five," called out the sergeant, as Murphy pled the cat-o-nine-tails, while the boy writhed helplessly on the boards. There was a moment's delay and then the rhythmic point and the swish of the whip again.

The full sentence of twenty lashes was administered. Then James was unbound and brought back before Recorder Stanton. He was thoroughly cowed. He bowed, brokenly, that he would never steal again.

A Permanent Institution. "Every other guilty boy brought before me has been treated to the same punishment," announced Recorder Stanton. "In future we'll have the boys whipped here, at the law hall, determining the number of lashes. Jails and reformatories do more harm than good to wayward youngsters."

The child given in the Bible is the only sane advice to follow. A child can never be spoiled by judicious whipping.

FAMILY WAR OVER A WILL.

All of the Toplitzes Are in a Battle-Royal.

A suit is being heard in the Supreme Court in which brothers and sisters are contending against each other and sons and daughters are opposed to the mother, the widow of Solomon Toplitz, who died some three years ago leaving an estate valued at \$500,000.

Solomon Toplitz left a peculiar will, in which he disposed of his personal property, but he died intestate as regards thirteen parcels of valuable land situated in different parts of the city.

It is alleged that for some time prior to the death of Solomon Toplitz his property was under the management and control of his son Harry. On the old boy's death the heirs agreed that the real estate should be put up at public auction and the proceeds divided equally. Harry Toplitz was to manage the

NO ONE WANTED TO TAKE WAIF.

Red Tape Closed Doors of Many Places Against Babe.

This is the story of a four-weeks-old waif who was taken up with so much red tape that a home could not be found for it, although it was carried from one institution to another. Magistrate Brennan finally sent the child to the Flatbush City Nursery this morning.

The child, a boy, was abandoned by his mother, Carrie Rodgers, twenty-one years old, at the home of Mrs. N. J. J. of 25 Hicks street, about a week ago. When she appeared before Magistrate Brennan in the Adams Street Court Mrs. Middle said she had been to the children's Society, to the Commissioner of Charities and to the Fulton street police, but they all turned the child away saying they had nothing to do with the abandoned children.

This morning the Clerk of the Court called up the New York Infants' Asylum at Amsterdam avenue and Sixty-first street and asked the officials to take the child, as the charter provided. They, too, said nay. Then the Magistrate himself called up Charities. No satisfaction.

He became disgusted and so signed a commitment compelling Charities to take the babe.

World Wants give thousands something to do. A "bee line" to the point you want to reach--a Sunday World Want line.

TOMORROW'S SUNDAY WORLD

Our Soldiers' Needs. The Hero of Santiago and the Philippines says our fighting men are the best paid, the best fed, the best clothed and--of course--THE BEST in the world. This is one of a special series of splendid articles written by Gen. Wheeler especially for THE SUNDAY WORLD.

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