TO OFFER REWARD FOR MRS. JONES

Attorney Cutting Says Husband of Missing Woman Has Decided to Pay for Information Regarding Wife's Location.

AMOUNT WILL NOT BE MORE THAN $500.

For Fear of Annoyance from Cranks Large Reward Will Not Be Given—Woman May Have Sailed for Europe.

Having exhausted their ingenuity in a week's unsuccessful search for some trace of Mrs. H. Leroy Jones, her friends and relatives determined to-day upon the offer of a reward for information that will lead to the discovery of her whereabouts. Robert Livingston Cutting, counsel and friend of the family, said to an Evening World reporter before starting for the Jones mansion, at No. 6 East Twelfth street, that he had decided that a reward should now be offered in the search.

"Mr. Jones feels the same as I do about it now," said Mr. Cutting, "and it only remains for us to fix the amount and decide upon the manner in which it should be offered. We will not offer a large reward. I mean by that not a reward of thousands of dollars. We reason it out that even by the offer of a moderate reward—of not more than $500—we will be persecuted by cranks and notoriety seekers offering all manner of absurd and hysterical clues.

Mr. Cutting characterized the report that Mr. Jones now feared that an attempt would be made to kidnap his little son H. Leroy, jr., as ridiculous.

It was learned to-day that Mrs. Jones a few days before her disappearance told her mother that she intended to prove to her husband that she could get along without him, and that she would go to Europe to "show him," as she expressed it. It has also been learned that in the writing desk in the Jones home, No. 6 East Twelfth street, where Mrs. Jones's will was found, was a paper on which she wrote that she was going to Europe.

MAN BURIES THE WRONG WOMAN

Husband Notified by Hospital Superintendent that His Wife Is Dead and Her Body Sent to the Morgue.

Ignacio Valente, of No. 301 East Forty-fifth street, is seeking through the courts to recover $250 he spent in burying and holding fitting funeral services over the body of a woman he believed to be his wife. His misconception was due to the error of the officers of the Metropolitan Hospital. He sued the city to recover the money and Justice Joseph, of the Seventh Municipal District Court, while holding that his claim was good, decided that as the hospital is a State institution the State and not the city must be the defendant in the action.

The most remarkable feature of the strange episode revealed in the suit is that while Valente, his friends and relatives were attending the funeral services of the supposed Mrs. Valente, she was weeping bitterly in the hospital over her husband's neglect in not calling upon her and sending her the little delicacies she craved.

Mrs. Conchetta Valente became ill last June and was taken to the Metropolitan Hospital. She was in a serious condition, hovering between life and death for many weeks. Her husband was a constant caller at the hospital, though he was rarely allowed to see the sick woman because of her dangerous condition.

Just as he was about to start for the hospital on Aug. 2 he received a printed notice signed by Supt. E. F. Merwin, of the institution, notifying him that his wife had died at the hospital and requesting him that he make arrangements for the burial of her body.

He found on calling at the hospital that the body had been taken to the morgue. He went there, but was not permitted to see the body, and when the official red tape involving the removal of the body to a burial place had been unwound, he still had not viewed the remains of what he believed was his dead wife.

A few days after the burial had taken place and the husband and near relatives of Mrs. Valente had put on mourning the grief-stricken man was shocked when a man he met on the street charged him with neglecting his wife.

"It is a shame that you do not go and see your wife at the hospital," said the friend.

"What?" asked the astonished "widower."

"I say it is an outrage that you neglect your wife so, just as she is recovering from a dangerous illness."

"My wife is dead," stuttered the amazed man.

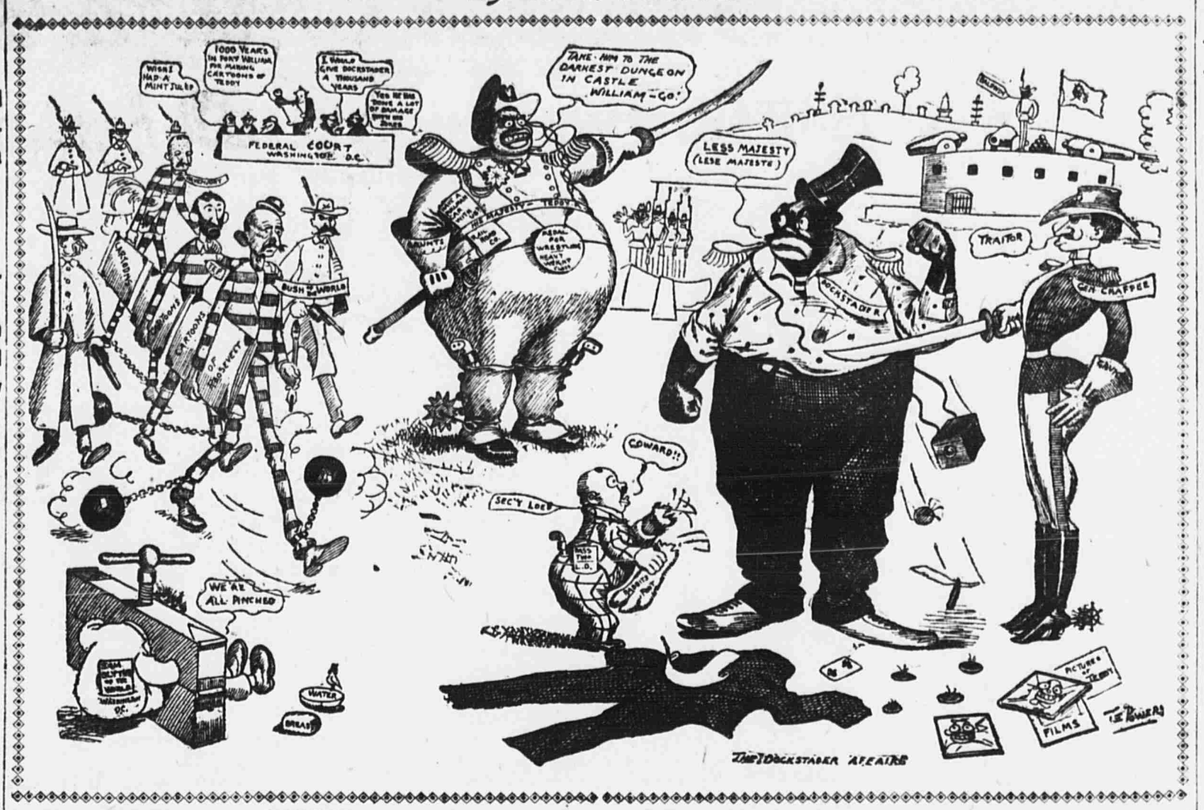
"She is not dead," advised the friend. "I saw her in the hospital yesterday and she was weeping bitterly over your neglect. She said you had not been near the hospital even to inquire after her for a week."

Valente then hurried to the hospital and found that the statement was true. His wife had passed the crisis and was making rapid strides toward recovery. In a few days she was well enough to be taken to her home.

The husband then engaged former Magistrate Wentworth to sue for the money he had spent in burying the supposed Mrs. Valente. The lawyer presented a claim for $250 against the Comptroller, which was not allowed. Thereupon the suit was brought against the city, and to-day Justice Joseph decided that the State and not the city would have to be made defendant in the action.

LESE MAJESTE.

By T. E. Powers.



YOUNG WIDOW DIES FROM STARVATION

Grief-Stricken Over Loss of Husband, Mrs. Maud Cassel Refused Nourishment and Is Found Lifeless on Floor.

Neighbors of Mrs. Maud Cassel, a young widow of two weeks, of No. 241 Third avenue, when they knocked at her door to-day to again urge her to eat of the broth and little delicacies they had prepared to the best of their humble means, found her lifeless on the floor. She had died of starvation.

The young woman had not deliberately starved to death, nor was her cupboard empty. For two weeks solicitous friends had urged her to eat, and used some of their scanty savings to buy the grief-stricken woman dainty and relishing food never provided for their own tables; but in the fourteen days since her husband was taken, dying, from their apartment, she has not eaten a morsel of food.

Mr. Cassel was a hard-working young man, and the home life of the young couple had been serene. They had been married half a dozen years and in all that mie never had a serious quarrel. The suddenness with which the man was stricken and the subsequent, almost immediate, notification of his death, left the widow in a dazed condition from which she never recovered.

From the day Mrs. Cassel returned from the funeral she had not spoken a half-dozen words. She had received all the sympathy and encouragement from her neighbors and friends in pathetic silence. She was never hysterical nor violent in the expression of her grief, but she seemed crushed with melancholy that amounted to a serious physical malady. She made a few unsuccessful efforts to eat of the jelly and broth that was laid before her, but turned away feebly to the fondling of the few little trinkets that remained to her as souvenirs of her husband.

Mrs. Louisa Wellzau, her nearest neighbor, said to-day that to her knowledge the young woman had not eaten a crumb of food in ten days. She was so weak yesterday that she could barely totter about her apartment. Nevertheless, she turned away from the food and stimulants which she was urged to eat. When last seen alive she was sitting by the front window of her flat, looking out into the street.

She was found to-day stretched upon the floor, where she had slipped from her chair. She was fully dressed and had been dead several hours.

CLEVER DOCTOR

Cured a 20 Years' Trouble Without Any Medicine.

A wise Indiana physician cured 20 years' stomach disease without any medicine, as his patient tells:

"I had stomach trouble for 20 years, tried allopathic medicines, patent medicines and all the simple remedies suggested by my friends, but grew worse all the time.

"Finally, a doctor who is the most prominent physician in this part of the State told me medicine would do me no good, only irritating my stomach and making it worse—that I must look to diet and quit drinking coffee.

"I cried out in alarm, 'Quit drinking Coffee! Why, what will I drink?'

"'Try Postum,' said the doctor. 'I drink it, and you will like it when it is made according to directions, with cream, for it is delicious, and has none of the bad effects coffee has.'

"Well, that was two years ago, and I am still drinking Postum. My stomach is right again, and I know doctor hit the nail on the head when he decided coffee was the cause of all my trouble. I only wish I had quit it years ago and drunk Postum in its place." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Never too late to mend. Ten days' trial of Postum in place of coffee works wonders. There's a reason.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

MAN RELATED TO MORGAN KILLED

Police Believe Murder Was Done and House Was Then Set Afire in Hopes of Concealing the Crime.

VINELAND, N. J., May 23.—Investigation into the death of Alfred Morgan, aged recluse and relative of J. Pierpont Morgan, has convinced the police and detectives here that he was murdered and that his house was then set on fire to hide the crime.

The police have learned from Peter Passenti and Silas Robinson, two men who passed the little frame dwelling in which Morgan lived, at dawn yesterday morning that they heard the old man crying out:

"Now get out of-there. I want some rest!"

"We were on our way home," Passenti told the Coroner, "and as we neared Morgan's house we could see a light in one of the rooms, although the window curtain was drawn. We heard loud talking in the house, and old man Morgan seemed to be angry."

The two men had not been past the house more than an hour when it was discovered in flames. When the firemen arrived they could do little except throw water on the smoldering wood and ashes. The old man's body, almost burned to a crisp, was found.

The fire at first was thought to have been an accident, but the discovery of a bloody knife and a bloody shirt convinced the police that a crime had been committed. It is believed that Morgan invited some men into his house to drink and that they murdered and robbed him and then set fire to the house.

Old Morgan was about seventy years old. He had been living here for more than thirty years and was known as a woman hater. It is said that his life was soured by a love affair in his early youth and that he became a recluse. Until a few years ago the old man received monthly allowances from New York. These were said to have been sent him by his mother. Then the allowances stopped and it was said that the mother had died. Of late Morgan had made his living by doing chores for the towns people.

HAIR BURNED OFF; WOMAN MAY DIE

Mrs. Datus O. Palmer Probably Fatally Injured When Attempting to Put Out Blaze in Her Home.

While making a bed in a room in her apartment on the fourth floor of No. 225 West One Hundred and Fortieth street to-day, Mrs. Datus O. Palmer, forty years old, shook a sheet so vigorously that one end of it went into the flame of a lighted gas jet and ignited. In less than five seconds the entire room was ablaze. Mrs. Palmer made an effort to extinguish the flames, with the result that her own clothing and hair caught fire.

Running to the open window, she leaned out and yelled "Fire!" Passers-by were horrified at the spectacle of the woman ablaze, and no one made a move to help the unfortunate woman until Policeman Kenny, of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station came along.

Kenny didn't stand on ceremony when he saw Mrs. Palmer in the window. Running upstairs, he broke in the door of her flat, hustled to the bedroom, and, throwing Mrs. Palmer on the floor, wrapped her in blankets until the flames were smothered. He then summoned an ambulance from the J. Hood Wright Hospital, and Mrs. Palmer, who was unconscious, was taken to that institution.

The woman was horribly burned. Her arms and face were disfigured and every scrap of hair had burned from her head. She may not live.

Subject to Change.

(From the Yonkers Statesman.)

Church—What colored hair has your typewriter?

Gotham—I can't exactly say; I haven't seen her this morning.

GRIEF-STRICKEN, KILLS HIMSELF

Having Lost Five Children Within a Short Time, Aged Herman Graetzer Sends Bullet Into His Head.

Herman Graetzer, sixty-six years old, of No. 429 East Fifteenth street, shot a hole in his head to-day and died almost instantly. He lived with his wife and one son at the above address, and both were in the house at the time the suicide took place.

Graetzer had six children until a few years ago, when sickness visited his family. One by one the children died, until Frederick, nineteen years old, was all that was left him. The deaths preyed upon the mind of the old man, who became more and more despondent. He often spoke of the hard knocks fate had dealt him.

To-day he arose at his usual hour and went into the parlor. Taking a notebook out of his pocket he wrote on the first leaf: "The loss of my children is responsible for my death." The book was found turned down on the table so as to call attention to the last words the man wrote.

Graetzer made his death certain. The pistol used was a forty-four calibre, and it bored a hole through his left temple which made any chance of recovery impossible. When Dr. Bradley, of Bellevue Hospital, arrived Greatzer had been dead some time.

Went by Sound.

(From the Yonkers Statesman.)

Patience—What was the trouble over at your house yesterday?

Patrice—Oh, I had some of the schoolgirls there and we were trying a class song.

"Oh, were you singing? I thought you were giving your class yell!"

NEW PUBLICATIONS. NEW PUBLICATIONS. NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WOMAN TO-DAY HAS HER OWN COMPLEXION AT HER FINGERS' ENDS

Personal Beauty

has been much written of, constantly thought of—but hitherto never really *taught!*

The magazines of America and Europe have published endless chapters on the subject, containing something of interest, little of scientific truth, and less of practical value to the individual.

The newspapers with their extravagant parade of omniscience have done far more to mar than make for personal comeliness.

There are but two ways for a woman to be beautiful; she must be born to it, or acquire it—and the most famous beauties of the world had no more given them by Nature than have ninety-nine women out of a hundred who fail in becoming beautiful because they do not *know how to make themselves so!*

Beyond all question the most notable series of papers on Personal Beauty which have ever appeared in a magazine are those by Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, now appearing in The Delineator under the title of "The Fountain of Youth."

The subject this month is "The Neck and Arms," profusely illustrated with photographs from life.

No woman young or old can fail to read this series with intense interest and personal profit.

The Delineator

Of your newsdealer or any Butterick agent, or of the publishers, at Fifteen Cents a copy; One Dollar a year
THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited, Butterick Building, New York

"I WAS STRONGER BEFORE THE BOTTLE WAS FINISHED."

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

IT GIVES ALMOST INSTANT EFFECT.

NEW YORK.

Miss GERTRUDE BARTHOLD. Paine's Celery Compound Made Her Feel "Better Than Ever in Her Life."

No Other Remedy in the World Has Stood So Firmly the Test of a Generation—A Standard Tonic.

"Last summer under the strain of family nursing, my nerves gave out. I was irritable and moody. I did not know I had lost control of my nerves, but my family saw signs of incipient epilepsy. The superintendent of our Sunday-school recommended Paine's Celery Compound and brought a bottle to mother one day.

"I commenced to grow stronger before the bottle was finished, and in two months I was feeling better than I had felt in my life, and looked it. My friends are astonished at the transformation. I am hearty, well and strong, and can do my work with more pleasure than ever. I sleep well and have not had a spasm since I began taking Paine's Celery Compound."—Gertrude Barthold, 11 West 118th St., New York.

"I had to overwork, being employed night and day for more than a week. I ran down and was very weak. I was so tired that I thought I would never think of work again. A friend recommended Paine's Celery Compound, and it certainly did me a world of good. Right at once I began to feel better, and was able to go back to work in a few days. You would not think to see me that I had ever been sick and run down. I am thankful for the good that Paine's Celery Compound did for me. I am telling my friends."—Daniel Bain, 706 W. 12th St., Chicago.

CHICAGO.

DANIEL BAIN. Worn Out by Overwork, Paine's Celery Compound Restored His Strength at Once.

Go to your Druggist TO-DAY--Get one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound--See how DIFFERENT it will make you feel.

JAMES BUTLER CHOICE GROCERIES

Boneless Bacon. The famous "Eagle Brand," sugar cured, lean and tender; a lb. cut to **13c**

Picnic Hams. Swift's or Armour's; mild sugar cured, lean and appetizing; about 5 lbs. each; a lb. cut to..... **9c**

JAMES BUTLER CHOICE GROCERIES

The Fighting Strength of an Army

depends on the food supplies, and so does the earning capacity of every worker. Those dealing with us find their earning capacity increased by the purity and wholesomeness of our foods, and they make a substantial saving on all they buy. That is why hundreds of new customers are attracted daily to our stores.

We start the week by making a big cut in BACON, HAM, BUTTER and POTATOES. Nowhere else can the same quality be bought for so small a price. To further increase the householders' happiness we will give away on MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY

Double "S.&H." Green Trading Stamps

AT ALL OUR 125 RETAIL BRANCHES—BUY AT THE NEAREST.

New Potatoes. Selected Bermudas, large and mealy; a peck 50c.; a basket, **25c**

Creamery Butter. Guaranteed extra quality pure, fresh Creamery Butter, a lb. **19c**

Tomatoes—In large gallon cans, the family favorite, a can **23c**
Tomatoes—"East View," solid packed, large, red fruit, 3 cans for **25c**
Tomatoes—"Essie," hand packed, best selected ripe, rosy tomatoes, tall cans, extra large, 2 for **25c**
Flour—"Pride of St. Louis," from the best hard spring wheat, 7 lbs. for **25c**
Leaf Lard—Pure open kettle rendered, Swift's Silver Leaf or Armour's White Label, a lb. **12c**
Blue Ribbon Baking Powder—Guaranteed pure cream of tartar; the standard of quality; 1 lb. can, 35c.; ½ lb. can, 18c.; ¼ lb. can **10c**
Evaporated Apples—"Blue Ribbon," best quality Northern New York, 1-lb carton. **10c**
Evaporated Peaches—"Blue Ribbon," finest quality Southern California; 1-lb. carton. **12c**
Evaporated Apricots—"Blue Ribbon," choicest California fruit; 1-lb carton **15c**
Tapioca—"Blue Ribbon" Granulated, the best; 1-lb. cartons **7c**
Tapioca—"Blue Ribbon" Pearl, extra; 1-lb. carton **7c**
Farina—"Blue Ribon," pure wheat; 1-lb. carton **7c**
Breakfast Food—"Blue Ribbon," try it once and then you will know it is a royal dish, package **10c**
Self-Raising Flour—"Blue Ribbon," saves money, time and labor, 2-lb. carton **10c**
Rye Flour—Extra quality; 3-lb. linen bag **12c**
Graham Flour—Most healthful, 3-lb. linen bag **12c**
Whole Wheat Flour—Nourishing, strengthening, 3-lb. linen bag **13c**
Rice—Best quality Carolina head Rice, 3-lb. linen bag. **25c**
Ketchup—"Liberty," fine tomato catsup; pints, 10c.; ½ pints **5c**
Butler's French Mustard—Full strength and flavor, a bottle, 8c., and **5c**

Peerless Malt Extract.

Not a stimulant, but a perfect tonic.

The Revitalizer for Women.

Try a course of it and you will marvel at its beneficial results.

Per dozen, $1.15. A bottle, **10c**

Crackers. LEMON SNAPS, the newest dainty..... ZU ZU, famous ginger snap..... UNEEDA MILK BISCUIT..... 3 packages for **10c**

Butler's Best Borax Soap—Thorough cleanser and harmless to the fabric, 7 cakes for **25c**
Clenewell Washing Powder—Household favorite, 4 lb. package, 15c.; 1 lb. package, 5c.; 6 oz. package **2c**
Butler's Borated Washing Fluid—A bottle **8c**
Butler's Borax—Pure, ½ lb. package, 8c.; ¼ lb. package **4c**
Butler's Concentrated Ammonia—Extra strong, a bottle **10c**
Violet Ammonia—Luxury for the bath, a bottle **12c**
Good Strong Ammonia—Useful cleanser, a bottle **5c**
Butler's Ball Blue—¼ lb. box **8c**
Electric Blue—¼ lb. box **10c**
Butler's French Blue—3 squares for **5c**
Clothesline—25 yard lengths, price cut to **10c**
Cockroach Food—Settles them, a can **5c**
Cider and White Wine Vinegar—Quart bottle **8c**
Witch Hazel—Double distilled, a famous household remedy, ½ pint **12c**
Bay Rum—Butler's finest San Croix, in bottles with patent sprinkling tops; pints, 45c.; half pints **25c**
Jamaica Ginger—Butler's concentrated essence; quick cure for colic; fancy flask **10c**
Macaroni—Imported; ½-lb. package, 6c.; best domestic. **5c**
Spaghetti—Imported; ½-lb. package, 6c.; best domestic. **5c**
Salad Oil—Best domestic, a quart **18c**
Olive Oil—Butler's imported Lucca, quality guaranteed; quarts, 65c.; pints, 35c.; half pints **23c**
Potted Beef—Famous Franco-American; ½-lb. can **10c**
Corned Beef—Roast Beef—1-lb. can **14c**
Smoked Beef—Chipped, 2 packages for 25c.; each **13c**
Potted Ham or Tongue—½-lb. can, 9c.; ¼-lb. can **5c**

Special "S. & H." Green Trading Stamp Offers:

30	Green Trading Stamps with every pound of BUTLER'S TEAS, at...	50c
20	Green Trading Stamps with every pound of BUTLER'S TEAS, at...	35c
10	Green Trading Stamps with every pound of BUTLER'S TEAS, at...	25c
5	Green Trading Stamps with every pound of BUTLER'S COFFEES, at 25c., 20c. and.....	17c

JAMES BUTLER CHOICE GROCERIES

JAMES BUTLER CHOICE GROCERIES

Sunday World Wants Work Monday Morning Wonders.