

"The Rich Do Not Wed, They Just Buy Partners," Declares Prof. Brooks, of "\$25,000 Baby" Fame

Says Cupid Has to Run for His Life Before a Bombardment of Hard Dollars Nowadays.

LOVE NO LONGER A FACTOR.

Rich Women, Too, Buy a Husband as They Would a Pound of Tea or a Blue Ribbon.

"THE rich do not wed; they buy partners." Prof. John Graham Brooks, the former Harvard instructor, who declared a baby cannot be reared in America for less than \$25,000, now announces that love and natural affinity have nothing to do with marriage among the wealthy.

A man need not content himself with one beautiful woman, says the professor. He can buy two, or a dozen, if he has the price.

Lamenting the "power of money" before the Chautauqua Assembly, at Chautauqua, N. Y., last evening, the professor, who is the author of "Social Unrest," waded into the rich roughshod.

A Mockery of Marriage.

He told his hearers that wealthy persons make a mockery of marriage by practically buying their partners. Instead of a millionaire's daughter falling headlong in love with a young man, he declared, in effect, that she looks about for a man who can bring her social position.

And the rich man? When he is not camping on the trail of the partner he is plotting the purchase of a "partner" in the form of a pretty girl. That he can find her and buy her outright he has no doubt.

All these horrible things happen because money has the singular power of purchasing anything a man wants, says Prof. Brooks.

He made no specific suggestions as to a cure for the alleged evils he sees, but contented himself with warning that they do exist and promise to grow.

Simply Anarchists. The professor intimates that those rich men and women who "play the game of whim" in marriage are simply anarchists, guided beyond the sordid partnership of Berkman and Emma Goldman, to be sure, but "reds" just the same.

Among other things the professor said, after choosing "Marriage and Money" as his text: "The terrible hardships of the Klondike are borne for that one thing, money; and in a thousand other ways men show their love for it. The man with money in his pocket is sought to be served by all classes of men, because they want to get some of what he has."

"So you can get with that mystery 'money' almost anything that the world holds. A man that has it can buy the conditions of happiness. A man that has it can buy a beautiful woman straight out. Yes, he can buy two, three, I know not how many he can buy. Or it may be turned about. The woman may have the money and she can buy a man next to the King, his grace the gartered duke, as she would a bit of blue ribbon over the counter. She can buy him as she would a pound of tea. Or she can buy a lord and get into society, or a whole shoal of dapper counts and seedy barons."

Argument for Anarchy. "Our ideas have been modified by this passion for wealth. It so upsets the ideas which we all consent to that it disturbs our Senate, our church, our press and our colleges."

"Because Socialism believes that there is a growing difference between the rich and the poor, and that there is a regard for money that it is hard to overestimate, and because they say money has come in to disturb the ennobled passion of love as it fructifies in marriage, the Socialists object to marriage."

"But marriage implies that there are to be children, and it is responsibility for the child that has caused the marriage system. When you play the game of whim in marriage, you are going over into the Anarchistic camp, which is the most extreme form of individualism."

Life Saved Twice in One Minute. Michael Mullin was in danger of death by wagon and car.

Michael Mullin, an engineer living at No. 24 Vineyard street, Yonkers, was saved from the wheels of a heavy ice wagon and again from being cut in half by a trolley car at Tremont and Third avenues to-day by the strength and mental agility of Ernest Sulzer, of One Hundred and Eighty-sixth street and Bronx Park, who was a passenger on the car.

Mullin had been seated beside Sulzer on the front seat of the car, and in attempting to dismount at Third avenue he slipped. A heavy wagon belonging to the Schildwachter Ice Company came alongside the car at the same instant, and Mullin's head was falling beneath the wheels when Sulzer stepped to the running board of the car. Catching Mullin's coat collar Sulzer threw him deftly aside.

The body spun around and for an instant lay between the trucks of the car. Again Sulzer turned the body, throwing it out from beneath the car. The rear wheel of the ice wagon brushed the man's left foot slightly. Besides this the man was uninjured.

Coroner McDonald, whose office are at this corner, saw the whole action and pronounced it wonderful. McDonald dressed the bruise and sent Mullin home in his rig.

Ernest Sulzer is the son of former City Alderman Herman Sulzer, now dead, who was a noted Harlequin. He is a man of powerful physique.

A Mid-Summer Week

23,418 Separate advts printed in The World last week—1,128 more than were printed in any other two New York newspapers combined.

"World Wants Lead Because They Pay Best."

PROF. BROOKS'S ARRAIGNMENT OF RICH MARRIAGE MOCKERY.

"A man that has money can buy a beautiful woman for his wife straight out. Yes, he can buy two or three. A rich woman can buy a man next to the King—his grace the gartered duke—as she would a bit of blue ribbon over the counter. She can buy a lord and get into society, or a whole shoal of dapper counts and seedy barons. Because they say money has come in to disturb the ennobled passion of love as it fructifies in marriage, the Socialists object to marriage."—PROF. JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS.

Widow of Baron Harden-Hickey, Just Committed to a Sanitarium



FORMER SOCIETY LEADER'S MIND HAS FAILED HER

Baroness Anna Harden-Hickey, widow of the eccentric nobleman who committed suicide and daughter of John H. Flager, who is a cousin of Henry M. Flager, the Standard Oil multi-millionaire, is in a private sanitarium in Stamford, Conn., so broken in health and mind that no one could recognize her as the former society beauty.

SAFE ROBBERS ARE CAUGHT BY TRAIL OF EGGS

Alleged Thieves Went From Saloon to Saloon Making Their Own Noggs. Detective Miller, of the Mercer street station, enlightened the Night Police Court early to-day with a story of a safe blown open with nitro-glycerine, \$600 and a quantity of fresh eggs stolen and two arrests which he made when he traced the alleged robbers from one saloon to another by means of the eggs.

Miller arraigned "Fog" O'Day and Harry McMahon, guests of Mills Hotel No. 1, and Barney Hogan, of No. 32 Greenwich street, and had them held as suspicious persons. He is trying to connect them with the robbery of the produce store of J. E. Smith & Son, No. 281 Hudson street.

Early Sunday morning three men entered the store, filed the combination knob of the safe, inserted a charge of glycerine and scooped in \$600 when the door flew off.

These were crates of eggs lying about. These appealed to the robbers' appetites, and taking a dozen each in their pockets, the men started out to devour them.

Entering a saloon near the Smith store they ordered brandy. When it was served each man drew an egg from the pocket and broke it in the jug. "We run a chicken farm," one said to a bartender. "We like our eggs fresh. If you see any cobb out here call 'em in and we'll buy 'em." The jolly three visited a number of drinking places and swallowed an egg with every glass. When each man had put down a dozen the trio were well laden and disappeared.

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REPORT IN PELL CASE.

Referee Sends in Findings in Suit for Absolute Divorce. Charles F. Bliss, the referee appointed last April by Justice O'Brien in the Supreme Court in the suit for an absolute divorce instituted by Mary Hutton Ecclesine Pell against Alexander Mercer Pell, to-day filed his report in the office of the County Clerk. Under the rules of the Supreme Court, the referee's report, which will be submitted to Justice Brady for confirmation, was not allowed to be seen by either party.

Mrs. Pell for some time after her marriage managed a large dairy in Herkings County and has recently conducted the Royal Dairy in London.

CZAR SAILS FOR HOME; KAISER CONTINUES CRUISE. SWINEMUNDE, Prussia, Aug. 6.—Emperor Nicholas sailed for home to-day on board the Russian Imperial yacht Standart, escorted by a squadron of Russian warships.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD'S DAY OF JOY ENDS IN DEATH BY CAR

Charley Kay Crushed Under Wheels as He Returned With Chum Johnnie Maher.

BOTH WANDERED AWAY.

Explored Wonderful Places on East Side as Two Anxious Mothers Waited.

Charley Kay and Johnnie Maher had the time of their lives yesterday. Right after breakfast they ran away from home, and they didn't come back until it was almost night, and their mothers were worried half to death.

The two five-year-olds lived in the same house on Second avenue—No. 2475. Their fathers are meat handlers at one of the slaughter houses over on East River, and the two kiddies had been practically raised together. They played on the fire-escape as babies, and when they got big enough to venture down in the street with the other kids they were still partners.

A Spirit of Adventure.

This summer they developed a spirit of adventure. They took to slipping off on extended voyages of discovery. Several times they had been as far as the East River docks, where the big boys went in swimming, and there were delightful lumber piles and brick piles to be explored.

In the course of their wanderings they heard wonderful stories of a land far to the north, where there were many fascinating railroad tracks, over which a small barefoot might slip at the peril of his life, and where there was also a beautiful park full of squirrels, not to mention a very exciting bridge across a river—a bridge that could be turned around over the water while ships and things passed through.

So yesterday morning the two young argonauts decided to seek out the alluring land to the northward. They walked and walked and walked, until a tremorously long distance—fully ten blocks, it must have been—but in the end they felt repaid. For according to Johnnie Maher's account they found the railroad yards and the bridge that turned around the river and the park. A lady gave them some lunch out of a basket at noon, and they had a bully time until it was most dark. So then they started home, tired to death and dirty as pigs, but happy.

For three hours two anxious mothers had been watching for Charley and Johnnie. Mrs. Kay had finally gone around to the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station to ask the police to look for her boys. Mrs. Maher, after staying behind to mind the dinners for both households, was hanging out of her front window, four stories up, watching.

Weary Little Boys Return.

In the dusk she made out the two little figures. They were on the other side of the avenue legging it along, wearily. Mrs. Maher was trying to make up her mind whether she'd hug her Johnnie first and spank him after, or spank first and hug him after, but hugging when she saw the little chaps straggling across the roadway just as the second avenue surface car came rushing up the track. The people on Second avenue saw the cars use the upper end of the run as a sort of speedway any day, and this car was going like the wind.

Mrs. Maher screamed and Johnnie heard her. He made a dash for it and was saved. But leg-weary Charley Kay was the (in)most part of a second too late. He was under the wheels.

The motorman didn't stop. He ran through to the end of the line two twenty-third street and then he ran the way back to the barns at One Hundred and Sixteenth street before a witness could get a word in edgewise. The car got him arrested. The little adventurer's body was cut all to pieces.

LITTLE FIRE, MUCH NOISE AT CONEY

In Excitement \$100 Blaze Seemed Worse Than That at Steeplechase Park.

"Shore dinner, sir?" asked Handsome Harry, the head waiter in Smith's claim and coffee place at West Fifth street and Surf avenue, Coney Island, to-day.

"Sure! Rush it along," said Henry Offenschnitz, of No. 123 utman avenue, who was dining his wife and mother-in-law.

Handsome Harry disappeared in the kitchen regions, while Offenschnitz and his guests toyed with the bread and the napkins. Meanwhile they inhaled savory kitchen odors. Their appetites, rendered sharp by a morning on the beach, were much whetted. When:

"Smells to me like smoke," remarked Offenschnitz, and the frenzied put it down as a dark cloud rolled toward the diners.

The kitchen help ran shrieking out of the back door and the customers likewise fled in a panic. There was a lot of smoke and noise and some folk cried: "It is worse than the Steeplechase fire!" and the frenzied put it down as the loss of one hundred dollars.

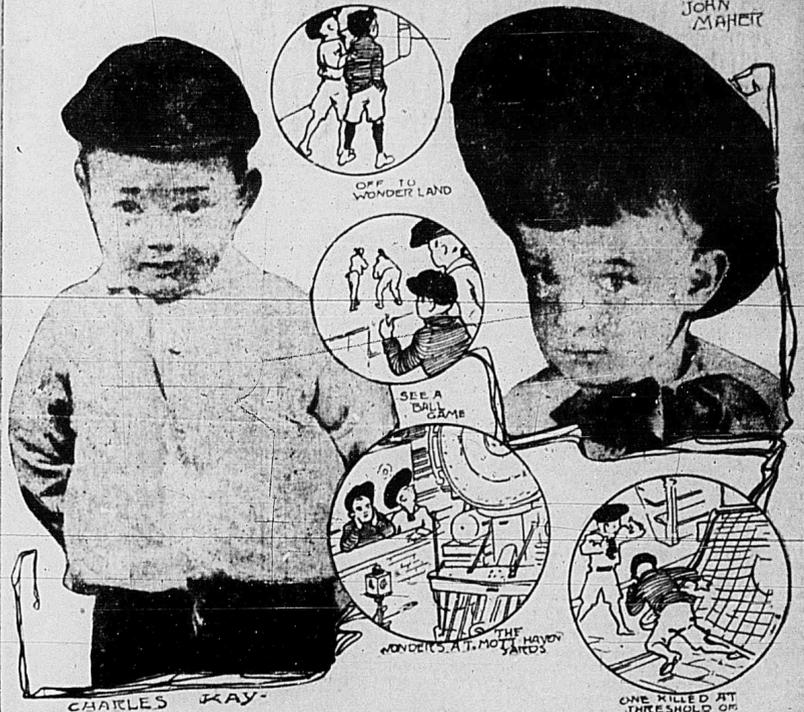
The alarm got descriptions of the three men and a slooped down last night on the men he arraigned to-day.

CHAINED TREE TO TRACK TO WRECK FAST TRAIN.

HIRAM O. A.UG 6.—An attempt was made last night to wreck the Pittsburg Flyer No. 32 on the Erie road, between this place and Gettysville the trunk of a tree was dragged to the track and chained down.

Section men discovered the obstacle and sent in an alarm. The flyer was stopped at Gettysville and did not reach until the tree had been removed.

Boys Who Wandered Away to See Sights, One of Whom Was Killed as He Returned.



CHARLES KAY. ONE KILLED AT THREE HOURS OF HOME.

MOTHER'S HEART TURNS AGAINST ELOPING GIRL

Bare Announcement of Wedding Very Cruel, Mrs. Roxbury Says.

Never will Mrs. Sarah N. Roxbury forgive her daughter Agnes for eloping in an automobile with Tim Durvan, who is only a humble accountant in the office of H. Mack, Tweedly, if Tim were as rich as his employer it might be different, for Agnes is an heiress.

When an Evening World reporter saw the bereaved mother in the Sima Hall apartment at No. 45 West One Hundred and Twenty-second street to-day, she spoke very bitterly about her nineteen-year-old girl, the baby of the family.

"I really wish to see her again," she said, brushing away a tear from her left eye. "And as for that Durvan, words can't fit him. They sent me announcement cards of their marriage to-day. They simply read: 'My (Emily) Durvan and Miss Agnes McMullen announce their marriage of August 6, 1907. That was all. Nothing about the church or the clergyman. They'll have to show her.'"

"That I consider very cruel. How do I know they were properly married. They'll have to show me something better than these cards. I allowed that young man to come to the house and eat an Agnes, but never did I suspect his perjury. I felt that I could trust him and get her fortune."

"To think—and Mrs. Roxbury brushed a tear from her right eye to-day, how I watched and cared for it, tended it and saw that no blemish or stain ever came to it. Just to think of all my devotion and love! And this is my reward. Tears gushed from both of Mrs. Roxbury's large brown eyes."

MISSING BANKER A SUICIDE FROM POISON IN PARK

Harry B. Weymer, of Philadelphia, Had Been Officer of Company Which Failed.

(Special to The Evening World.) PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 6.—Harry B. Weymer, a Lansdowne banker, who had been missing a week, was found dead on a table in Willow Grove Park near this city, early to-day. Mr. Weymer had committed suicide by poisoning.

In the dead man's pocket was found a letter, through which identification was made. It was addressed "To My Sons," and read as follows: "In order to avoid any legal difficulties that may arise in the future I have decided to return and announce my name, which is not known here. Try and take care of your mother between you. H. B. WEYMER, 'Lansdowne.'"

ARRESTS PURSER FOR STEALING WIFE'S LOVE.

Tug Boat Owner Bradley Sues Allison for \$10,000, Alleging Alienation, Puts Him in Jail.

Martin Allison, a purser on the Savannah line, was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Walgreen to-day and locked up in Lockwood Street Jail in default of \$1,000 bail on the order of Supreme Court Justice Dayton in an action brought against him by Charles T. Bradley, a tugboat owner of Hoboken, to recover \$10,000 damages for the alleged alienation of the affections of his wife, Mary Kathleen Bradley.

GAS ENDS MAN'S LIFE.

John Mahoney, thirty-three years old, of No. 22 Grand street, Brooklyn, was found dead to-day in his room at his home. The police say he committed suicide by gas. The room was filled with fumes of the poison when he was found.

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LAZY LIVER

"I had Cascarets so good that I would not be without them. I was troubled a great deal with constipation and headache. After using Cascarets Candy Cathartic I feel very much better. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as the best medicine I have ever seen." Anna Easton, Oyster Mill No. 2, Fall River, Mass.

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Hot Weather Lunch. A little fruit and some Grape-Nuts with Cream. "There's a Reason."

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