HELD CHILD OF FOUR PRISONER IN HARLEM HOUSE

Police Looking for Man Who Carried Off Little Catherine Craven.

KNOW HIM, THEY SAY.

Girl, Released After Suffering Indignities, Is Told Not to Tell.

Detectives from the Harlem Bureau and all of Capt. Carey's men in the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station are anxiously looking for a man who carried away Catherine Craven, the four-year-old daughter of Mrs. Catherine Craven, of No. 142 Fifth avenue, and detained the child more than two hours.

While the police are reluctant to discuss the case and the identity of the man whom they suspect, it is known that the little girl has not only furnished Capt. Carey with an excellent description of the fellow, but has also identified the house on Madison avenue near One Hundred and Nineteenth street to which she was carried.

Know the Offender.

It was stated to-day that the police know the identity of the person and that four men guarded the approaches to the house all night. The suspect did not return and to-day a general alarm was sent out through the city and two officers detached to watch the place where he works. On account of the generally good character of the neighborhood, the police are redoubling their efforts to capture the fellow and prevent a repetition of the case.

Yesterday afternoon little Catherine went out to play with her cousin who lives near by. She had permission from her mother. Her cousin came to Mrs. Craven's home at 3 o'clock, half an hour after Catherine had left home, with the story that Catherine was lost. The mother at once communicated with with police. Almost two hours after the child returned. She was crying.

Cautions Secrecy.

To her frightened mother the little girl told of being picked up suddenly by a man and told not to cry—that he was going to buy her candy and "nice things." The little girl told how she was carried into a house several blocks from her home. She was not assaulted, the police learn, but the fiend carefully removed the child's clothing and painted its little body with a sticky substance. He then dressed the girl up again and carried her two blocks from home and ran away after telling her not to say where she was.

The unexplained death of the Boylan girl and other crimes against children has caused the police to believe that the individual who carried the little Craven girl off was deterred in his attack either by fear or by persons who saw him enter the house with the girl.

SEEKS CHILD SHE LOST BY MISTAKE

Husand Says Wife Prays Day and Night to Recover Little One.

Mrs. Harry Shapiro, of No. 245 East Thirteenth street, is praying night and day, her husband says, to recover her child, whom she lost by a strange mistake. In July, 1898, Mrs. Shapiro says, before she was the wife of her present husband, she took the child to the New York Foundling Asylum, supposing that institution to be a day nursery.

When she called for her baby some time afterward, she says, she was told that it had been given away for adoption. Mrs. Shapiro says the asylum official informed her that the adopters were Louis and Annie Martin, and that more than this she could never learn. For years she has tried in vain, she avers, to find the Martins. She doesn't even know whether they are in this or some other city.

The Shapiros are in business at No. 96 East Twelfth street. They are owners of real estate and well off. Mrs. Shapiro said yesterday that she would give all her fortune to get her child back.

AUTO DRIVER TAKES VICTIM TO HOSPITAL.

After Being Run Down Mrs. Jessie Brown Is Cared For by the Chauffeur.

Mrs. Jessie Brown, a widow, of No. 324 West Sixty-second street, is in a serious condition at Roosevelt Hospital from injuries received by being struck by an electric cab at Broadway and Sixty-fourth street last night. She received a compound fracture of the right leg below the knee and a single fracture above the knee and internal injuries.

That she has a chance to recover is said by the hospital authorities to be due to the fact that Edward Cuddy, of No. 105 West Ninety-sixth street, driver of the vehicle, placed her inside and hurried her to the hospital as soon as she was run over.

TO AID IRISH SCHOOLBOYS.

Father Patrick O'Grady, who is collecting funds to found high school scholarships for poor boys in Ireland, has, with the help of 200 Irish women, arranged for a euchre and dancing party to be held to-night at 8 o'clock at the Amsterdam Opera House, Forty-fourth street and Eighth avenue. Seven thousand tickets have been sold.

The third Boileau Girl Art Calendar, in ten colors, will be distributed through The Sunday World in Greater New York next

Truth About Harry Thaw Not Wholly Told by Either Side At His Trial, but Jury in Its Deliberations May Reach It

For It Is a Good Jury---Not for Jerome, Not for Thaw, but for Justice, Says Nixola Greeley-Smith.

IF ACQUITTED HE WILL SLAY NO MORE DRAGONS

His Arrogant Confidence Gone, Thaw Is More Easily Managed by His Lawyers Than at Former Trial.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

Harry Thaw's defense has begun.

Delay in the arrival of witnesses caused an early adjournment yesterday, but his jury has already heard the physician who attended him in infancy, his teacher when he was sixteen years old, and the trained nurse who cared for him at Monte Carlo during a fever ten years ago, unite in declaring him, in their opinion, irrational at those times.

It has heard the testimony of unbiased laymen in regard to his apparent mental condition at the time of the shooting. These were newspaper men of the highest standing in their profession, who could not possibly have any motive ascribed to their appearance as witnesses, except a desire to serve the ends of justice.

The more I observe this second jury of Harry Thaw's the more I think it a good jury. I do not mean a good jury for Jerome or a good jury for Thaw. I mean a good jury for Justice and the Truth.

TRUTH ABOUT THAW YET TO BE TOLD.

It has been said that there is no such thing as the whole truth about anything, and attendance at both the first and second Thaw trials has inclined me very strongly to the theory.

Certainly the whole truth about Harry Thaw has yet to be told.

I do not believe it is to be found in Mr. Jerome's cinematograph pictures of the defendant, whom he has represented in one moment as a cold-blooded murderer whose death he demanded, and for whom, in the next, he asked and obtained a commission in lunacy, on his belief that he was unable to advise with his counsel.

I do not think it lies, in its entirety, in Martin Littleton's portrait of the defendant as a child born on the border line between insanity and genius.

Both these gentlemen, of course, believe in their theories about Thaw. I believe in mine, and, similarly, every person present in the court-room has in his mind a picture of insanity, or degeneracy, or duped stupidity, that he has constructed and labeled Harry Thaw.

Each juror in the box, doubtless, has a different picture. Will the composite formed from these in the final deliberations of the jury room be the whole truth? I doubt it very much.

NEITHER LUNATIC NOR ASSASSIN IN LOOKS.

Persons have come into court, looked at Thaw a few moments, and gone away to write that he looked like a degenerate. Others have described him as a "lovable youth."

He doesn't seem like either of these things to me. I don't pretend to say at all what he is, but merely what in my eyes he looks like, and that is a tall young man with a rather homely face, and a good figure that has grown much thinner in the year which has elapsed since his first trial. Whether he was sane or insane on June 25, 1906, his jury will decide. To me he does not look crazy. One sees more abnormal looking persons in the streets and in the cars every day.

He does not look like Mr. Jerome's picture of him as a deliberate murderer, nor yet like Mr. Littleton's sketch of a genius whose mind, lacking centripetal force, made him a madman. He does not seem like the gilded debauchee many persons believe him to have been.

TEACHER'S PORTRAIT OF HIM TRUEST.

The portrait of him, at sixteen, painted by his former teacher of mathematics, as a moody youth who made little progress in his studies, and who, at times, became unintelligible when called upon to explain an example, fits far better with my conception of him than either of these.

Now, as then, he seems trying to understand, straining with all the might of an intense desire to pierce the intricacies of the law that threatens him as he strove then with his problems in mathematics.

When Judge Dowling called upon him to state whether or not he would waive the right of secrecy between patient and nurse, and allow the woman who had tended him in Monte Carlo to testify, he learned forward in his chair and said "I do" in a scarcely audible voice. He follows the proceedings generally, but sometimes they seem to bore him, as they do every one else occasionally, and then he will make some laughing, and apparently irrelevant, remark to Mr. Peabody.

HIS ARROGANT CONFIDENCE IS GONE.

He seems much more tractable in his lawyers' hands this year. If he would rather be compared to St. George slaying the dragon than to have the hereditary insanity in his family established he no longer shows it. If he be acquitted, I don't think he will want to slay any more dragons, unless it is the one that shines in front of Rector's.

He has lost his former arrogant confidence in his case. Yet if I were he I would have more. I would argue that if I had obtained a disagreement on a mismanaged case—I don't mean by Delmas, who has been too much blamed—what could I not hope from its sane presentment.

Moreover, the first trial did one great thing for Harry Thaw. It establishes in the public mind a belief in his great love for his wife which had not been there before. His letters to and about the girl whom he made his wife, introduced at the last trial, though crude and incoherent, breathed a strong, genuine devotion which every one must accept, whatever their estimate of Thaw may be.

Of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw two opinions are possible, and two prevail. Some persons—and I am one of them—think of her as a child misled and corrupted by those who should have protected her even against her own wayward impulses, if she had them. To others she seems a soulless creature who, without feeling herself, played on and profited by the feelings of others—including those of the man she married.

HIS LOVE FOR EVELYN SINCERE.

But of the sincerity of Thaw's feeling for her there can be no question. And this feeling raised in him the desire to protect other young girls from the wrongs he believed her to have suffered. It will be remembered that the codicil of his will, offered at the former trial as evidence of his insanity, provided generously for young women he believed Stanford White to have wronged. Perhaps these wrongs were wholly imaginary "Crazy Harry," as Broadway knew him, may have been tilting against the windmill of his own fantastic dreams. The Don Quixote of the Tenderloin perhaps broke lances for women who would have preferred him to open bottles.

But the fact of a strong, primitive, sincere love—even though it may have been that of what is called an evil man for a woman who exploited it—has been established, and will doubtless be established over again.

And to it even a jury of fifty-year-old business men will pardon much.

Study of Evelyn Thaw, by C. Allan Gilbert

SICK WIFE TAKES HER LIFE IN FEW INCHES OF WATER

Young Woman Drowns Herself Under the Faucet of Bathtub.

Frantic from pain because of an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, Mrs. Louis McClure, a bride of a year and a mother of two months, drowned herself in the bathtub of her home, No. 456 West Twenty-fourth street, to-day.

Mrs. McClure, who was twenty-three years old, had two attacks of rheumatism when she was a girl, and on Thursday last, when the disease took hold of her again, she said to her husband:

"There's only one consolation about rheumatism. You know you can never have anything worse."

McClure, who was employed in Hulz's restaurant, in Tenth avenue, stayed home that day to nurse his wife, and next day when he reported for work he was told:

"We are tired of these excuses. You are discharged."

McClure has been looking for a job since, when he was not nursing his suffering wife. He watched her the greater part of last night and then fell asleep in a chair. He was awakened by the baby's cries and missed his wife. She was found in the bathtub dead, her mouth under the open faucet and the tub half full of water.

MOTHER BURNED IN EFFORT TO SAVE CHILD.

Three-Year-Old Whose Clothing Catches Fire While Playing Around Stove in Critical State.

Burned from head to foot, three-year-old Andrew Bandanso, of No. 512 Montgomery avenue, Tompkinsville, S. I., is in the S. R. Smith Infirmary at New Brighton in a critical condition.

The child was alone in the kitchen and was playing about the stove last night when his dress caught fire. His mother, Mrs. Antoinette Bandanso, who was in an adjoining room, heard his cries and ran to his aid. She seized a blanket and smothered the flames, but was burned about the hands and arms in doing so.

DINED IN PARIS.

PARIS, Jan. 15.—Baroness De Graffenried gave a large farewell dinner last night in honor of Capt. Fremont, U. S. N. The guests were Ambassador and Mrs. Henry White, Consul-General Frank H. Mason and Mrs. Mason, and former Mayor Van Wyck and Mrs. Van [illegible]

PROWLER FALLS 4 STORIES FROM TENEMENT ROOF

Quinn Tried to Lower Himself with Rope, and Police Think He Is Burglar.

Mortally injured, a prisoner in Harlem Hospital suddenly refused to-day to explain to the police what he was doing when he took a plunge from the top of a six-story tenement house to a two-story extension, a sheer drop of four stories. All he would tell them before lapsing into unconsciousness at dawn was that his name was James Quinn, that he was twenty-six years old, and a plumber. He refused his address.

The occupants of No. 2379 Second avenue, a six-story tenement on the west side of the street, near One Hundred and Twenty-second street, were startled about 10.30 o'clock last night by a loud noise on the roof of the rear extension, followed by groans.

Policeman Louis Vetter, of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station, found a man in a heap on the roof. A fifty-foot clothesline was still tied about his waist. An examination showed the rope had been attached to the vent pipe that juts from the roof of the tenement. Evidently as Quinn tried to lower himself, the rope slipped and he fell four stories.

At Harlem Hospital it was found he had a fractured skull, internal injuries and many cuts and bruises. After telling his name he refused to talk beyond replying to questions that "they would have to find out themselves." He is a rough-looking man, and was ordered booked as a prisoner.

"Let me alone," he said before he became unconscious. Can't you see I'm almost dead?"

There have been a number of burglaries in that section of the city which could be explained only on the theory that the thieves lowered themselves to windows by ropes. In this case, however, the police are unable to conceive of anything in the house of sufficient value to tempt such a risk as the prisoner evidently took.

CORD MEYER'S SON FINED.

Edward Meyer, son of Cord Meyer, was fined $20 yesterday afternoon in the Court of Special Sessions at Jamaica for speeding his automobile on the [illegible]

DEAF MUTE GIRL SENT TO HOSPITAL

Agents of the Children's Society are investigating the pathetic case of Mary Dulaney, a fifteen-year-old deaf mute, who has been placed in the Maternity Hospital by the society. No one has been found who can furnish information as to responsibility for her condition, and she refuses to answer written questions.

The girl is an adopted daughter of William Dulaney, a retired actor, living at the Hotel Montford, No. 104 West Fortieth street. For the past year, until two weeks ago, she was an inmate of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.

The society's agents found her at a lodging-house at No. 323 West Twentieth street, where her foster father had rented a room for her. At the deaf and dumb institution it was said she had left there three times, ostensibly for a visit to her father—once last summer, again at Thanksgiving and again at Christmas.

"We have been unable to discover the identity of the person wanted in the case," Supt. Jenkins, of the society, said. "Our only way of communicating with the girl is by writing, and we have been unable to obtain from her information to help us fasten the responsibility."

WALKING.

Once An Effort, Now a Real Pleasure.

Walking, especially in the early morning, is fine exercise, if one is robust enough to really enjoy it. If not, it is burdensome.

A lady at Blount Springs, Ala., where the water and fresh air did not seem to build her up as she hoped, found that Grape-Nuts food was just what she needed to give strength. She writes:

"Circumstances have made it necessary for me and my family to board for the past five years, and during that time I have suffered greatly from indigestion, improper and poorly cooked food being the evident cause of my trouble.

"Indigestion had become chronic and complications arose so that I lived for months at a time on raw eggs; could not even take wine, brandy or milk—the latter souring on my stomach. I tried about every known remedy and had been here a month, drinking the water and walking morning, noon and night, trying to get relief.

"Accidentally I heard of Grape-Nuts and began to eat the food. After about three weeks on this food, together with the exercises, I found the greatest relief. First noticeable in the morning walk and early rising, which before had been done with the greatest possible effort, but now have become a positive pleasure—with a gain of ten pounds.

"Since using this food and being so improved, I meet others also, who have used it with like results. One lady who had been a great sufferer from nervous and stomach troubles, has been entirely relieved and continues to use Grape-Nuts daily in her family." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

MRS. LEE MARTIN IS SET FREE BY DAKOTA DIVORCE

Couple Separated in London, and Young Man's Father Brought Bride Home.

Mrs. Amy Bowers Martin has secured a divorce from her husband, Lee Trowbridge Martin, son of William R. H. Martin, of No. 114 East Thirty-sixth street, and a member of the Rockaway Hunt, the New York Riding, the Riding and Driving and other clubs. Her decree was granted at Sioux Falls, S. D., according to a despatch from that city to-day. She will come home in a few days.

There were rumors a year ago that the Martins had separated in London, where they went in company with Mr. Martin's father. They had intended to travel extensively abroad, but within a month young Mrs. Martin returned with her father-in-law and went to live at his house. Her husband remained in Europe. For a time it was denied that they had become estranged, but later it was admitted. It was not generally known, though, that Mrs. Martin had gone to South Dakota for a divorce.

She is the daughter of Henry Bowers, of No. 57 Montgomery place, Brooklyn, and was prominent in the Park Slope set when she married a few years ago. Her husband is now in this city. He was graduated from Columbia University in 1897, and is thirty-two years old.

FOUND UNCONSCIOUS FROM GAS IN HOTEL.

Police Looking for Male Companion Who Left Woman in West Street House.

Detectives are in search of a man who entered the Royal Blue Hotel, No. 100 West street, last night with a woman and registered as "M. Britton and wife, New York City." He was middle-aged, gray-haired and stout.

To-day the fumes of gas were noticeable to persons in the hotel. An investigation was made and the woman was found unconscious on a bed. The man had left the building almost two hours before the door was unlocked. When efforts to revive the woman failed, she was taken to the Hudson Street Hospital. Later, when physicians pronounced her out of danger, she said her name was Sadie Nixon, of No. 183 Washington street, Rutherford, N. J., and that the man was an old friend.

The police found one of the windows ajar and the gas escaping from an open cock in a wall jet. It is possible a gust of wind extinguished the blaze. The woman is held on the charge of attempted suicide.

TILLMAN ALL PUFFED UP.

After Many Years Bill Is Referred to Committee He Heads.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—Senator Tillman is all puffed up. After many years of noisy endeavor he was yesterday successful in having a bill referred to the committee of which he is chairman. This will enable him for the first time in his official career to call a committee meeting and sit at the head of the table.

Mr. Tillman is chairman of the Committee on the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians. His associates are Senators Teller, Kittredge, Burrows and Proctor. The rule heretofore has been to refer all bills relating to the Five Civilized Tribes to the Indian Affairs Committee, despite Mr. Tillman's protests. But this afternoon when Senator Gore introduced twobill dealing with the Five Civilized Tribes, the Senate let Mr. Tillman take them.

GIRL HOSPITAL SURGEON NAMED IN BROOKLYN

Miss Crawford First Woman Doctor in Institution Across the Bridge.

Miss Mary Merritt Crawford, a graduate of the Cornell Medical School, will to-day assume her duties as an interne in the Williamsburg Hospital. She is the first woman doctor to get an appointment in a Brooklyn hospital.

Miss Crawford took the competitive examination and carried off first honors over a list of thirty competitors. She was much astonished when she received the appointment, and immediately made arrangements to come to Brooklyn from her home in Nyack, N. Y.

The young woman will become ambulance surgeon on June 15 next and serve in that capacity four months. After that she will be house surgeon of the hospital.

COULD NOT WALK FOR FOUR MONTHS

Mass of Itching, Burning Humor on Ankles—Feet Fearfully Swollen—Opiates Alone Brought Sleep—Many Treatments Failed but

TORTURES OF ECZEMA YIELDED TO CUTICURA

"Cuticura Remedies are all you claim them to be. I had eczema for over two years. I had two physicians, but they only gave me relief for a short time and I cannot enumerate the ointments and lotions I used to no purpose. My ankles were one mass of sores. The itching and burning were so intense that I could not sleep. I could not walk for nearly four months. One day my husband said I had better try the Cuticura Remedies. After using them three times, I had the best night's rest in months unless I took an opiate. I used one set of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent Pills, and my ankles healed in a short time. It is now a year since I used Cuticura, and there has been no return of the eczema.

"I had a small lump in the corner of my eye for over a year which was very painful and got larger all the time. I thought I would try Cuticura Soap and Ointment on it, and now it is gone. I am seventy-three years old and have lived on the farm I now occupy for twenty-seven years. Cuticura Remedies are the safest and most reliable I have ever used for all skin humors. Mrs. David Brown, Locke, Crawford Co., Ark., May 18 and July 13, 1907."

DISFIGURED

For Life Is the Despairing Cry of Thousands

Of skin-tortured and disfigured victims of humors, eczemas, tetters, and rashes, who have tried and found wanting many remedies, and who have lost faith in all. To such Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills appeal with irresistible force. They are absolutely pure, sweet, gentle, and wholesome. They afford immediate relief in the most distressing cases, and point to a speedy cure when all else fails.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children, and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap (25c.) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Resolvent (50c.), (or in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills 25c. per vial of 60) to Purify the Blood. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

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67 West 23d St., N.Y.

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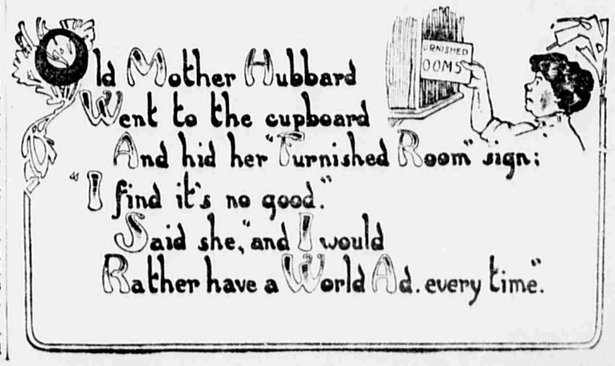
FINAL SALE

Five Pieces of Old Furniture Made New from

$14.50 Up.

Ordinary size; re-upholstered in heavy tapestry; new springs where necessary; silk cord and gimp; made in latest style, and old frames cleaned; called for and delivered free.

SLIP COVER ORDERS taken during this sale will be made to order, 5 pieces for **$4.50**

Made up of Best Belgian Linen Stripes, allowing 20 yards. Large Suites in proportion.

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