

LITTLE HEROINE DRAGS SIX FROM DEATH BY GAS

Fifteen-Year-Old Girl Saves Family Overcome by Fumes While Asleep. TOWS BIG WOMAN OUT. Makes Rope of Nightdress to Haul Heavy Housekeeper to Outer Air.

Dora Friedman is only fifteen years old, and there's not a lot of her, but she performed feats in a gas-filled house at No. 2641 Third Avenue early to-day that should put her in the gold medal heroine class. Dora keeps house for her uncle, Nathan Zimmerman, whose family is large. He is a well-to-do furniture man, and to shelter at his household he rented the two-story frame dwelling and moved in yesterday with his three children. Ruth, aged eight, Sylvia, six, and Joseph, four, his housekeeper, Mrs. Irma Balakowsky, and her seven-year-old daughter Yedda.

Gasmen yesterday were fitting the connections and when they left last night they capped a bracket in the hall intending to come back to-day and complete the fixture. All last evening the Zimmerman family smelled gas but attributed it to the fact that a little had been allowed to seep and the fumes still hung about the house.

Heroine Kept Her Wits

Dora was awakened to-day by a choking sensation. She quickly realized that it was up to her to get every one out if possible. She ran first to the room of little Joseph and carried him in her arms to his sister Sylvia's room. Joseph was not unconscious but Sylvia, who slept on the next floor, refused to wake up, so Dora dragged her out of bed and pulled her downstairs. Her sister, Ruth, who slept next to her, was already awake and in the hall when Dora got down from her room. With a great deal of trouble the two girls routed out Zimmerman, who was snoring and dazed from the fumes, and then they went to the housekeeper's room, where she slept with her daughter. They were still dragging Sylvia.

Mrs. Balakowsky is a very heavy woman, and when they broke into her room, the door of which was locked, but the indomitable Dora smashed the lock with a chair-leg and was pretty far gone from the fumes. Her daughter was just able to get on her feet. With Zimmerman almost overcome and the two children frightened out of their wits and Sylvia overcome, there was no one but Dora to get Mrs. Balakowsky out.

Hauled Woman by Makeshift Rope.

The girl worked a minute, then tied the rest to get Sylvia out into the air and ran for a pillowcase to get an ambulance then set to work alone to drag out the housekeeper. She twisted her fingers about the woman's neck and managed to get her up to the front door, which Zimmerman had opened by this time. Then Dora needed to sit down in the air herself.

Policeman Corbett, when the cries of Zimmerman and the children had summoned, called an ambulance from the Lincoln Hospital and when it arrived the surgeon found Dora pouring water on the unconscious housekeeper and chafing her hands to revive her. Little Yedda had collapsed, too, but the others, including Sylvia, were all right. Zimmerman insisted on going back into his house to find the leak, and with him went Dora. The furniture man at a match, against the sturdy Dora's advice, and the match which he lit knocked him and the girl down. Then Policeman Corbett investigated himself and found that the cap on the hallway fixture was loosely fitted and had caused all the trouble. He screwed it up with a wrench and opened the window. "Just wait till those gas men show up," said Miss Dora, as she started to get breakfast.

WIFE STAYED OUT ALL NIGHT WITH FRIEND

"He has broken up my home," said George Banks when he called to Magistrate Handy at Stapleton, Staten Island, for a warrant for the arrest of George Androvot, "and I want him arrested for enticing my wife away and detaining her in New York all night. I want the police to get my wife, too. My heart is broken."

The story is one of a "triangle" in a little colony of musketeers who have been giving entertainment in the vicinity of Tottenville. George Banks and his pretty wife, Ethel, who is twenty-four years old, live at Pleasant Plains, and Androvot, a dreamy-eyed violinist, twenty-five years old, has visited them often, but according to the husband, there never seemed anything suspicious in all this until yesterday.

Mrs. Banks left her home Monday morning while her husband was absent and did not return until yesterday morning. "I sat up all night," said Banks, "and I met her at the gate. Where have you been?" asked he, but she would not say, and began to cry. I led her into the house and after a while she told me the whole story. She had met Androvot at the gate and he had made her meet him in Pleasant Plains and that he took her to New York. They went to the theatre, a vaudeville show—and then to supper and then to a hotel. She said they had separate rooms, but she would not have Androvot arrested and she would have to tell that story in court. I would rather you would kill me, she said, crying. I would rather die than testify against Androvot."

In order to insure his wife's appearance against Androvot, Banks has had separate rooms for her, and Androvot are locked in the station. They will be tried to-morrow.

Berkman, the 'Red,' as Mild-Mannered an Anarchist As Ever Shot Down a Hated Captain of Finance

He Tells Nixola Greeley-Smith Anarchy Is Nothing More Than a System of Social Philosophy.

BUT HE HASN'T GOT TIME TO DENOUNCE BOMB-THROWING

Says He Shot at Frick as a Man, Not as an Anarchist--Combs His Hair and Isn't Wild-Eyed.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



"Anarchy," said Alexander Berkman, chief of the Anarchists of the United States, "does not advocate violence."

He made this statement to the detectives at Police Headquarters who were seeking to implicate him in the explosion of a bomb in Union Square last Saturday afternoon.

Now, to the average mind it seems that Anarchy is merely a system of social philosophy written in nitro-glycerine and punctuated with bombs. So I thought that if Mr. Berkman would tell me what the anarchy that rejects violence is, his remarks would afford appreciable enlightenment and interest to the public. I sought him last evening at his home, No. 210 East Thirteenth street, and asked him to tell what the anarchy that doesn't mean violence is.

To reach Mr. Berkman you ring a flat house bell marked only by the mysterious caption "Mother Earth," and then climb stairs till you feel as if you were about to discover Mother Earth's North Pole.

DEN OF MILD-MANNERED ANARCHIST.

Instead, you discover a room lined with books, a centre table bearing a rose filled vase, and the Anarchist leader, and if your mind is filled with the easy conventional pictures that take the place of thought, you are surprised to find him as mild a mannered man as ever sought to scuttle the social ship or set the bones of a world out of joint by breaking them all over again.

Mr. Berkman is by trade a printer. He is a thin, studious looking man, clean-shaven, with carefully brushed hair, not at all wild-eyed, red-shirted, unheeded thrower of bombs that the word Anarchist conveys. As I sat and talked to him, I could scarcely realize that he was the man who had served a long prison sentence for attempting to kill Frick, of Pittsburgh.

"Anarchy," said Mr. Berkman, "merely seeks to educate the people to the idea that any form of government is unnecessary, that government is, in fact, violence. Suppose a man does not want to obey a certain law which does not meet with his approval, the government by the army, by the police, compels him to do so. That is violence. When people are educated to the idea of governmental violence there will be a great social revolution, and all governments will be overturned. But whether that revolution will be peaceful, or purchased by blood, as were the revolutions of France and the United States, I can't say."

ALL CRIMES ARE INDIVIDUAL.

"Anarchy," he continued, "is no more responsible for the bomb throwing in Union Square, or the killing of a King, than it is for the murder of Stanford White, or any other individual crime. All regeists, it is taken for granted, are Anarchists. It would be just as fair to assume that they were all Republicans, or Democrats, or Populists. One killer of a King might be an Anarchist, another a Socialist, another a Prohibitionist, but whatever they would they would stay as individuals, not as representatives of a party. Charlotte Corday, who killed Marat, was a good Catholic.

"Anarchy is simply a system of social philosophy. It does not teach violence, because it does not recognize the right of one man to tell another what to think or to do in anything. People have said to me: 'But if you don't approve crimes of violence, like the assassination of President McKinley, for instance, why do you not denounce them?' My answer is that I think it better to devote my time and brains to studying the conditions that produce crime, and trying to remedy them, rather than waste breath in denunciation of what has happened."

"But," Mr. Berkman, I faltered, feebly, "how is it you shot at Frick if you do not believe in violence?"

"I did that as a man—not as an Anarchist," he replied. "Sympathy, not anarchy, led me to it. Ten thousand men at Homestead were kept out of work because he persisted in saying 'There is nothing to arbitrate.' You see," Mr. Berkman paused to light a cigarette, "poverty and oppression lead a man to do one of two things, according to his temperament—that is, they suggest to him suicide or murder."

END NEED OF CRIME.

"Most of the crimes of the world are due to direct economic conditions. Men steal because they are starving. There is no such thing as a born criminal. I have made a study of crooks, have talked to a great many, and I know that the majority were driven to crime by necessity. Once in a great while you encounter one who confesses he does it for the love of excitement, the fear of being caught, the thrill of getting away. In a communistic community you destroy the motive for many crimes. Where everything is owned in common, and everyone works for the community in general, instead of for himself, theft cannot exist. It would do a man no good to accumulate loaves of bread or shoes, for instance. He would have all that could wear, and all he could eat, and so would everyone else. Bad workmanship would also be abolished. Things are now made to sell. Manufactured by and for the community they would be made to use.

"Certain indirect economic crimes might survive the abolition of government for a time," Mr. Berkman conceded, "the so-called crime of passion, for instance, where a man kills a woman he thinks belongs to him, for being unfaithful. The woman, of course, belongs only to herself."

SOME OTHER "PROBLEMS."

"Then marriage would not endure in the Anarchist Utopia?" "It would for those that preferred it," Mr. Berkman replied, "but only for them. Some persons are constitutionally constant, others demand freedom and variety. Each has a right to live according to his ideas. "Free love," Mr. Berkman explained, "is a theory. There is much less free love practiced among those who concede the justice of the theory than among those who denounce it. Monogamy is not practiced in the world because it is so much preached. If people were let do as they pleased in these matters, they wouldn't do half so much. The charm of the forbidden would be taken away."

Mr. Berkman talked of many other economic problems, spoke with sadness of the number of new faces which the recent financial crisis had



brought to the unfortunate women who parade Fourteenth street. "Just so many girls who couldn't find work," he said. Finally, as I was about to go, the talk drifted to Commissioner Bingham's demand for \$100,000 for a secret service fund to detect Anarchists. "Unless he gets some men with more brains than some of the detectives he has now he might as well dump the money in the river," said Berkman.

Mention of Commissioner Bingham led to devising a manual of questions for the detection of Anarchists, which should range from "Why is an oyster fork?" to "Does the seventh son of the seventh cousin of a Duke precede his nose or follow it?"

But this was taking neither anarchy nor the Police Commissioner seriously, so I took my rising spirits downstairs.

MAYOR TURNS JOKE ON "LITTLE TIM"

Asks Him About Revolt He Is Said to Have Aroused Against McCarren.

A political sidelight was cast to-day at the meeting of the Sinking Fund when Mayor McCallahan addressed "Little Tim" Sullivan, who occupies a seat in the Commission.

"How about those seven district leaders who turned against McCarren over in Brooklyn?" asked the Mayor. "Little Tim" was credited with having induced the seven former McCarren leaders to oppose the Senator at yesterday's primaries in the interests of Bird S. Coler.

"I'll take an oath I never met more than one of the seven," replied "Little Tim" with a quizzical smile. "But a story went the rounds," remarked the Commissioner, studying the face of the Mayor.

"Oh, yes. Great oaks from little acorns grow some times," quoth "Little Tim," not making further denial.

"Yes, and sometimes the great oaks are induced down by the woodmen who spares not the axe," retorted the Mayor, as he proceeded with the business in hand.

"Did you influence those Brooklyn leaders to get out and fight McCarren?" the Alderman was asked after the meeting.

"If I did, I didn't know it," said Sullivan.

ALLEGED CATHOLIC SISTERS ARRESTED.

Charged With Fraudulently Soliciting Funds—Magistrate Holds Them for Examination.

Two women who claim to be Catholic Sisters of Charity, one of whom is almost blind, were arraigned in the West Side Court before Magistrate Wable to-day on a charge of fraudulently soliciting funds. One says she is Sister Maria Adele, twenty-eight years old, and the other Sister Maria Agnes, sixty years old. They give as their address No. 319 East Twenty-ninth street.

Joseph P. Skiffington, assistant to the Rev. Dr. J. J. McManon, Superintendent of Catholic Charities, caused Patrolman Michael Ryan to arrest the women at Fifty-first street and Eleventh Avenue. They were garbed as Catholic Sisters of Charity, even to the knotted rope belts and long rosary beads. They were selling soap, Skiffington alleges.

In court Magistrate Wable recognized the women as having been arraigned before him two months ago on a similar charge. "When you were before me last time," he said, "I convicted you of the crime of selling soap, but you believe yourselves, but Judge Swan, in General Sessions, reversed me on your appeal. I must take time to look into your case this time. You are both held in \$500 bail for examination this afternoon."

THE LONESOMETOWN SONG. Billy Gaston's Song. (See But This Is a Lonesome Town.) "I was so good that both and Bill, the San Francisco, New York Laugh Makers, named their show after it. It's a great song. The Sunday World will give the words and music next Sunday, with a comic illustrated cover in colors showing both and Bill in character. Don't forget. Next Sunday. Order from newspaper to-day. Edition limited.

BEAT HIM WITH BONE HE GAVE WIFE'S PET DOG

Also Made a Football of Him and a Victim of Hammer Throwing, He Says.

HIS WIFE IS SUING HIM.

Wants Separation From Her 80-Year-Old Husband, Who Is Worth \$100,000.

James Cumisky, eighty years old, a retired real estate speculator, and estimated worth \$100,000, of No. 47 Hart street, Brooklyn, is the defendant in a suit for separation instituted in the Supreme Court to-day by his second wife, Mrs. Marie Cumisky, who is fifty-eight years, and admits that she does not look it.

Years ago Mr. Cumisky settled down to a peaceful existence with his present wife. They lived apparently happy in a big stone house in Brooklyn. It was not until to-day that neighbors learned of what he alleged were daily football, hammer throwing and carving events with him as the ball, object of hammer and person carved.

Mrs. Cumisky, in her affidavit asking \$15 a week alimony and \$250 counsel fees, is not particularly specific in enumerating Mr. Cumisky's objectionable acts, beyond saying he has handled her roughly and once scratched her neck.

Mr. Cumisky's affidavit reads as though he were the person abused. Some of it follows: "Constant abuse at Mrs. Cumisky's hands was my fate. I don't ever remember winning one of these events. Mrs. Cumisky usually emerging victor with the dramatic declaration that she would yet carve out my heart and then walk triumphantly over my dead body."

Gave the Poor Dog a Bone.

"One night we were having dinner when I gave little Caruso, her pet bulldog, a bone. "The dog was grinding away at the bone. There wasn't much meat on it and he growled. Mrs. Cumisky said: 'How dare you give Caruso that nasty bone? How can you insult me that way? Do you want to kill him and ruin his teeth too? My poor, dear, pet Caruso.' "She hurried around my chair, got the bone from Caruso after a struggle all around the room and then pounced on me and beat me over the head with Caruso's bone until I fell from the chair. The dog saw the transaction and she afterward returned the bone."

"Then she got a poker and jabbed and struck me with it until I felt everything getting dark. I was almost dead when she seized a bread knife, waved it fanatically and exclaimed: 'I'll yet kill you, carve out that nasty, cruel heart of yours and walk over your dead body with the satisfaction of a barbarous age.' "I felt like dying then on the spot after that, but Mrs. Cumisky, who had been crying after hearing my screams and pleas for mercy, and my wife desisted."

In other respects Mr. Cumisky alleges that his second wife, whom he declares is easily worth \$100,000 in her own name, has maltreated and abused him. Mr. Cumisky has gone to Jamaica to live with his wife, who he alleges the separator, is still mistress of the Cumisky castle. He says that he will oppose any suit she may bring, but he was really the one abused. His long years, he says, would have surely ended some time ago for treatment like that which he has received. He says that he has lived a normal life.

In some respects Mr. Cumisky resembles the Prince. He has a regular Prince de Sagan goatee and gray hair and mustache, and in stature is not unlike the Prince. He was prominently known in many real estate centers years ago.

CATCH ALLEGED FUGITIVE.

Charged with Stealing \$1,700 from Springfield, Mass., Firm.

George Taylor, forty-five years old, of Springfield, Mass., was arrested in the Grand Union Hotel to-day by Central office men O'Leary and Rein, charged with the embezzlement of \$1,700 from the firm of Taylor, O'Leary and Rein, members of Springfield.

The prisoner was a confidential employee of the firm for treatment for years. Several weeks ago he took a vacation and during his absence the alleged defaulter was in the city. He was compelled to the Tombs to await the arrival of extradition papers.

LEARN TO ECONOMIZE

BUY your clothing from the wholesaler and save the retailer's profit, which represents one half your expenditure. We have inaugurated a policy of retailing CLOTHING

direct to the wearer at our large and beautiful Salesrooms on the third and fourth floors at 84 to 90 Fifth Avenue, corner 14th Street. A suit which we sell at \$10.00 will cost \$20.00 in any retail establishment. Our other prices are proportionately low.

Prices Range from \$10.00 to \$30.00. You can wear the most stylish best made clothing in the city and save half your usual expenditure by buying direct from us, the manufacturers.

Get acquainted with this modern way of doing business, that of selling direct to the wearer, eliminating the middleman's profit.

S. N. WOOD & CO. 84 to 90 Fifth Avenue, Corner 14th Street. Take elevator to third floor.

HAD TO SHOOT RIVAL TO BE A HERO, BOY SAYS

Stalked Him Through Lonely Orange Streets and Meant to Kill.

ALWAYS SO ON STAGE.

And Audience Cheers, Declares This Fifteen-Year-Old Who Hopes Shot Is Fatal.

Young Marasoo is a handsome, well-set-up, intelligent, American-born, public school educated lad in fall at East Orange for a cold-blooded attempt at murder. He shot another boy last night for no other reason than that the other boy, Alfred McGrath, was more successful in getting a job as an errand boy in the haberdashery store of W. S. Roberts, at No. 88 Broad street, Newark.

Young Marasoo, who is fifteen years old, sneaked up behind McGrath in Orange and shot him in the back. He betrays no remorse and justifies himself by saying that the hero in the melodrama always shoots the villain in the last act and the audience applauds. "I don't know this fellow I shot," said young Marasoo to an Evening World reporter to-day. "I don't care whether he dies or not. All I was after was to get even with him, and I did."

"I haven't missed a show in Newark in a year, and I often went to New York and saw the shows in the Thalia on the Bowery. I noticed one thing about those shows. The villain always got killed by the hero."

"If it's that way on the stage, why isn't it in real life? I consider that I was unfortunate in being born in Newark and not on the plains, where I could have been a cowboy."

"Young Buffalo, the King of the Wild West," is my favorite actor. He kills about everybody in the piece except the heroine. When young Buffalo plugs the villain with his revolver the audience always holla for five minutes."

Not Affected by Father's Grief.

At this juncture the boy's father, Joseph Marasoo, a tailor, of No. 63 Sixth Avenue, Newark, called to see him. He was in a tremulous way with grief and shame, but the boy, calm in his perverted ideas of right and wrong, manifested some annoyance at the scene.

"Now, what's the use of all this?" he demanded. "I had a right to plug that fellow. Didn't he beat me out of my job?"

"I've read a lot of books about boys," he went on, "and the boy who is making his way in the world and looking for a job is always the hero, ain't he? Well, I was making my way in the world and looking for a job, so was a hero, too."

"I tried all over Newark to get a job and couldn't. I went to Philadelphia to work because I wanted to make my own way like the boys in the books, but my father and Andrew came after me and brought me back. I made up my mind that if any villain stepped in my way I would kill him."

There was so sad in a Newark evening paper a few days ago saying that Mr. Roberts wanted a boy in his store. I hustled right down there and I just the same as had the job. Mr. Roberts was talking to me and had decided to hire me when this other fellow butts in. He was bigger than me and pushed me out of the way and Mr. Roberts hired him."

"I saw right away that I would have to get him out of the way. I shot him and put it in my pocket and then I went home and got my father's gun and shot him. Last night he started out for East Orange and I followed him like a scout. I was a good trailer because he wasn't on that I was following him."

Could Have Got Away Easily. "When I got him, in a likely spot, I stepped up behind him and banged him in the back. I could have got away all right. There was no one in sight when he dodged behind the corner and threw the gun away."

"If I had wanted to be cowardly I could have let him go. I was sure that nobody would have known who shot this fellow, but what would be the use? I wanted people to know I shot him. I went to the railroad station and thought it over. Then I considered that the only way I could get away was to quit my way to the police station and asked them to arrest me. They would have arrested me if I had not shot him. I was a good trailer because he wasn't on that I was following him."

The Marasoo boy is held without bail to await the result of his victim's injuries.

DOCTOR ADVISED USE OF CUTICURA

After Other Treatment Failed—Eczema in Raw Spot on Baby Boy's Face Lasted for Months—Cried with Pain when Washed.

ECZEMA WAS CURED AND HAS NEVER REAPPEARED

"Our baby boy broke out with eczema on his face when one month old. One place on the side of his face the size of a nickel was raw like a burn, and it lasted for three months, and he would cry out when I bathed the parts that were sore and broken out. I gave him three months' treatment from a good doctor, but at the end of that time the child was no better. Then my doctor recommended Cuticura. After using a cake of Cuticura Soap, a tin of a box of Cuticura Ointment, and half a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent he was well and his face was as smooth as any baby's. He is now two years and a half old and no eczema has reappeared. I am still using the Cuticura Soap. I think it is the finest toilet soap I ever used. I keep my little girl's hair and face clean with Cuticura. I am so thankful for what Cuticura has done for us. Mrs. M. L. Harris, R. F. D. 1, Alton, Kan., May 14 and June 12, '07."

SANATIVE Antiseptic Cleansing Is Best Accomplished by Cuticura.

Women, especially mothers, find Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills the purest, sweetest, and most effective remedies for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands, for the treatment of inflammatory and ulcerous conditions, as well as for restoring to health, strength, and beauty pale, weak, nervous, prematurely faded, run-down women. Guaranteed absolutely pure under the United States Food and Drug Act.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Form of Itchiness, Children, and Adults. Cuticura Soap (25c) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (15c) to Soothe Itch, and Cuticura Pills (50c) to Purify the Blood. Sold throughout the world. Write for a free book on "How to Use Cuticura." Cuticura, Boston, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

3 Stores, New York and Brooklyn

NEW Credit PLAN Enables Men and Women to Dress in the Finest of Spring Clothing. We require no references or security, we make no investigations—or deliveries. Make your purchase and take the goods along with you. We are the only concern in the country that extends credit to everybody in our liberal way—cash price, with an easy payment method.

Lenox Clothing Co. 273 6th Ave., near 17th St., N. Y. 2274 3d Ave., nr 124th St., L. I. Brooklyn Store, 1129 B'way (Near De Kalb Ave.) OPEN EVENINGS.

POPULAR PEASE PIANOS

Your Judgment

in buying a piano ends with "seeing" and "hearing," and you must rely on the maker for the rest—as to how it will wear, stay in tune, etc. There's where reputation counts, and our record for 64 years, with over 78,000 satisfied purchasers, gives positive assurance of the high quality of Pease Pianos. Prices moderate. 3 years to pay. Used Pianos, good makes, \$125 up. Write for list.

PEASE PIANO CO. 128 W. 42d St., Near B'way, N. Y. Brooklyn Branch, 657 Fulton St. Newark Branch, 10 New St.

A Mark of Intelligence.

The work seeker who doesn't wait for the position to come to him, but makes his want known to the largest number of employers displays enterprise and energy. These are the factors most in demand. The first quarter of this year The World gained over the same period of 1907

12,073 separate "Situations Wanted" Advertisements. No other New York newspaper gained so many.

A sure sign: Advertisements that are best in growth also give the best results.