

MANICURE GIRL COLLAPSES UNDER CHARGE OF THEFT

Denies Stealing \$3,000 Jewels, but Admits She Supports Ex-Policeman.

PATRONS MISS GEMS.

Many Wealthy Flatbush Women Make Losses Known After Ring Is Pawned.

Edie Pappas, the Flatbush manicure who was arrested after the disappearance of thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry from the homes of her wealthy patrons, appeared to be in a condition bordering on prostration when she came to-day to Brooklyn Police Headquarters to be examined before the formal arraignment in the Adams Street Court.

Shrank from Handcuffs.

"Please don't put those things on me," she begged, holding her hands behind her. "I would die with shame if you did that. I won't try to get away."

The policeman laughed and walked on. A little later, when she was ordered to face a camera for the Rogues' Gallery, she almost fainted. The photographer had to wait until she had partially recovered before he could go ahead with his work.

"I never stole anything," the young woman kept telling the detectives who had her in charge. "I was tired of the money I earned. He never spent a cent on me except what I gave him. I have averaged as high as \$4 a day from my work as a manicure, so what need was there for me to be dishonest?"

For two years Miss Pappas had all the manicuring and pedicuring she could do in the fashionable district of Flatbush. She lived with her widowed mother. The tall young woman, in her trim black gown, was a model of refined decorum, and her clients included the wives and daughters of the richest men in that section of Brooklyn.

Three weeks ago she was the home of Benjamin Knowles, at No. 54 East Twenty-third street. After she left Mrs. Knowles missed rings and other jewels to the total value of \$3,000.

Loser Vouched for Honesty.

Mr. Knowles consulted a detective agency. He also put the case in the hands of an amateur detective of the neighborhood named Brown. One of the detectives insisted on going to see Miss Pappas, although Mrs. Knowles protested that she was certain the manicure girl could know nothing about the theft.

When neither the paid sleuths nor Brown, the volunteer, got any trace of the thief, Mr. Brown, assisted by headquarters, Lewis, Roddy and Mercer went to work. They soon found one of Mrs. Knowles' rings. It had been pawned for \$200 in a shop on Myrtle avenue by a man answering the description of Hausler, the ex-bicycle policeman. They already knew that Hausler and Miss Pappas were friends.

Hausler was let out of town. Yesterday he came back. He was arrested at the Jamaica race track. Roddy and Mercer found Miss Pappas coming out of the house in State street, where Hausler had apartments. She was carrying a handbag. She had \$200 in money on her person.

Hausler was dropped from the force last year. To avoid paying his divorced wife alimony, he left the borough and overstayed his leave of absence.

Roddy and Mercer said to-day that, in addition to Mrs. Knowles, there were several other wealthy women of Flatbush who had been robbed of valuable jewels. Most of these women, they claimed, were patrons of Miss Pappas.

ROOSTER KILLS BABY.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., May 5.—Max Crockett, Jr., fifteen months old, died at Lewisburg yesterday of wounds inflicted by a rooster. The child fell in the yard and the rooster attacked him, striking his spurs repeatedly into the child's head.

Advertisement for a typewriter, featuring an image of the machine and text: "need a Typewriter, need it right away; should get one through World ads.—won't have much to pay. That's the Wisest Way"

Wu Sticks to the Water Wagon, and Even Banquet Of Uncooked Food Fails to Loosen Grip on Seat

Diplomat Explains How False Report That He Had Got Off the Cart After Two Years of Total Abstinence Got Started.

GUEST AT A FIRELESS MEAL.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

It was told that at Philadelphia at off the water wagon into a seething sea of champagne.

"It is not so," protested Mr. Wu, in his precisely excellent English. "I did not drink anything. I have not requested that at that dinner I have only mineral water, but in order not to appear conspicuous, I let the waiters fill my glasses with champagne. I did not touch it, but that is how the report was started."

"Still in China, many people drink champagne now. We even drink it in the morning, which is more than you can do here. But that is one of the few Western customs I am sorry to see the Chinese people adopt." Then, as I knew he would, Mr. Wu turned interviewer.

Wu Asks Questions. The guests of Mr. Christian's banquet, some fifty persons prominent in the literary or commercial world, were standing about in groups in the usual state of before dinner expectancy and reserve.

Mr. Wu, so the Chinese Consul, Mr. Ho, who took me in to dinner, informed me, was not in his official uniform. This is what he had on: a smoke gray tunic and trousers of heavy satin, with large, loose sleeves of the deeper shade of maroon satin. On his head was a black skull cap with a giant ruby set in the center over the forehead, looking more or less like a huge Cypriote eye.

When I had told Mr. Wu my age and that I was not married, and how long I had been writing for the World—all in response to questions—he said: "But you women in America are so wonderful. You are all of you so amiable and beautiful and clever. To write for a newspaper requires great ability."

I bowed the thanks of a much-abused profession to the Minister, saying, meekly: "But I didn't think you would approve of newspaper women. You don't have them in China?"

"Not yet," replied Mr. Wu, with apparent reluctance, "but we have many women writers of great talent. The Western papers have gone very far, but China is catching up. She may overtake you!"

"Oh, you think it will be like the old fall of the hare and the tortoise?" I ventured.

But the wily Wu was not to be committed to the least critical word. "No," he said, "I think you have stopped politely to wait for China to catch up. In the fable it was different. The tortoise won in the end because the hare overestimated himself and loafed."

This was the first of several bits of diplomacy Mr. Wu evinced throughout the evening.

And Such Is Fame.

While I was talking to him a venerable member of a millionaire family was brought up and introduced by the host. "How do you like this country? Have you ever been here before?" was the man's very first question.

"No, I went to a convent." "They teach well in convents. You know we have now in China public schools where boys and girls go. English is taught. Many people in China speak English. I learned English in China and afterward perfected it in England. I know some French. I learned

Wu Ting Fang has not fallen off the water wagon.

He told me so himself last night at a banquet of uncooked food spread in his honor by Eugene Christian, the food expert, of No. 7 East Forty-first street, and Mrs. Christian. Moreover, he proved it by sipping a glass of fruit punch (of course, unfermented) at the banquet, and by celebrating the virtues of vegetarianism and prohibition in a long and interesting speech.

But even before we had reached the first course of the wonderful uncooked menu the Chinese Minister had to me privately and utterly repudiated a recent tale where a banquet he had deliberately fallen

off the water wagon into a seething sea of champagne.

"It is not so," protested Mr. Wu, in his precisely excellent English. "I did not drink anything. I have not drunk anything for two years. I requested that at that dinner I have only mineral water, but in order not to appear conspicuous, I let the waiters fill my glasses with champagne. I did not touch it, but that is how the report was started."

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WU TING FANG.

"L" ROAD TICKET CHOPPER FOUND DEAD AT POST

Collapsed After an Argument with Two Passengers Who Escaped on Train.

The police of the West Thirtieth street police station are investigating the death early to-day of James J. Glennon, a ticket chopper on the downtown platform of the Third-third street station of the Sixth avenue elevated railroad. Glennon was twenty-eight, and lived at No. 774 Ninth avenue.

Glennon's death appears to have been brought on by the excitement due to an argument with some of the home-with-the-milkman passengers that use the station in the early morning hours, but he may have died from a blow struck by two men who jumped a train just after a violent argument with him over tickets.

Glennon was a green man and broke in under supervision of Edward Kirk, the ticket agent at the station. He had been working there a week and confided to Kirk that some of the engines from Broadway had tried to get by without paying the prettier girl in the world. He said also that Col. Henry Watterson had been expected, but that the doughty Kentuckian had taken fright at the word "cooked."

Col. Watterson had told him a story of a meeting between himself and some Confederate colonels in Louisiana, at which the famous orator had refused to have something on the ground that he had quit, whereupon the colonel from Mississippi had denounced him in these terms:

"Sir, you are a traitor to your State, your country and your religion. Don't you know that water is mentioned in the Bible as a beverage only once, that then a man only wanted one drop, and he was in hell?"

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, author of "Woman and Economics," followed Mr. Christian. Her topic was "The Larger Country." Then Mrs. Paul de Rivera spoke on "This Mortal Coil." Mrs. de Rivera is president of the Equal Suffrage League, and she turned the raw food festival momentarily into a suffragette meeting by saying to loud applause: "If I can't look away from woman her cookstove he must, in compensation, give her the ballot."

Samuel H. Gardener, Dr. Brandenburg and Miss C. E. Mason, principal of "The Castle" School, at Tarrytown, gave interesting talks. Then came Elliott Hubbard, who made the most entertaining speech of the evening, and gave these rules for keeping well: Don't overeat. Don't underbreathe. Exercise. Get the work habit. Get the study habit. Get the love habit.

Mr. Hubbard was followed by Minister Wu, who talked on "Uncooked Food."

DEATH OF BABES DROVE WOMAN TO SUICIDE. After investigating the death of Mrs. Anna Melek, the young wife of John Melek, of No. 1208 Avenue A, who committed suicide with strychnine last night, the police reported to-day that grief over the death of her three children had driven her to end her life.

Mrs. Melek's third child, a baby, died a few weeks ago. Since then she has been despondent. The husband is so overworked by his wife's death that he, too, threatens to take his life and he is being watched closely.

FRANK GOULDS RECONCILED; ARE AT HOME AGAIN

Millionaire Leaves Hotel and Returns to Wife and Children.

Frank J. Gould and his young wife, from whom he has been separated for several weeks, and who has served him with papers in an action for legal separation, are reported to have "made up" and to-day Mr. Gould is said to be at his home No. 834 Fifth avenue, with his wife and two children.

Since his return to New York from Hot Springs, Va., where he went two days after he had been served with the separation papers, Mr. Gould has been living at the Hotel Plaza. It is said he left the Plaza yesterday and went to his home. Business requirements demanded that his place of residence be known, and yesterday he changed his address from the Plaza to No. 834 Fifth avenue.

It is said further that he "phoned some friends from the house and answered the phone there when others who are sufficiently intimate with him to know the private telephone number called him up. The restored cordiality between the young couple is said to greatly please the members of Mr. Gould's family, and also Mrs. Gould's mother, Mrs. Edward Kelly.

At the Fifth avenue house confirmation of the rumored reconciliation was understood through a source not desired that Mr. Gould was there. Mrs. Kelly declined to speak for publication.

KILLS HERSELF IN LOT AS RELATIVE RACES AFTER HER

Woman Draws Butcher Knife Across Her Throat and Falls Dead Running.

PHILADELPHIA, May 5.—While suffering from temporary insanity, Mrs. Elizabeth McPhilly, of Wayne, Pa., committed suicide on an open lot near the home of her sister in the northern section of this city to-day by cutting her throat with a butcher knife under tragic circumstances.

She was visiting her sister, and while seated in the house and while followed by her brother-in-law, who heard her get out of bed. As he approached her on the lot the woman drew the knife across her throat.

Then she ran on again, followed by the brother-in-law, but after going about one hundred yards, Mrs. McPhilly dropped dead.

Mrs. McPhilly on Sunday made a will, giving her sister all of her property, after which she divided her jewelry among her nieces. These acts raised a watch to be kept over her, but the family did not believe she would commit suicide.

HOPE DIAMOND GOES TO SULTAN FOR \$250,000

French Syndicate Purchases Gem for Turkish Ruler From Frankel's Sons.

HELPS MARKET HERE.

This and Other Deals Will Clear Financial Atmosphere for Four Big Concerns.

The famous Hope diamond was purchased to-day from Joseph Frankel's Sons by a syndicate of Parisian diamond merchants for about a quarter of a million dollars. The syndicate is said to have made the purchase for the Sultan of Turkey. The Turkish monarch was known to have been in the market for the gem for several months.

The sale of the Hope diamond and other big deals in gems that were consummated in Paris to-day will clear the financial atmosphere for the four big New York diamond houses that were compelled by their embarrasments last January to appoint trustees in liquidation. These concerns are the Joseph Frankel's Sons Company, Joseph Frankel's Sons, Gattie, Etinger & Hammel, all of No. 575 Fifth avenue, and E. M. Gattie & Co., of No. 430 Fifth avenue.

Caused Their Embarrassment.

It was stated at the time these four concerns were placed in the hands of trustees that the Hope diamond was an important factor in their embarrasments.

When Simon Frankel brought the gem to New York six years ago E. M. Gattie went down the bay in a tug to meet him and made an offer for the diamond, which was refused. The price at which it was held here was \$250,000.

Simon Frankel brought the Hope diamond to this country in the fall of 1901. He bought the gem from Lord Francis Hope through Adolph Weil, of London. The purchase price, it was stated at the time, was \$150,000. The Frankels offered it for sale here to various buyers for a million dollars, but were unable to find a purchaser.

Why Hope Sold Gem.

Lord Francis Hope inherited the diamond from his mother, to whom it had been left by her father, Henry T. Hope, a well known banker of Amsterdam. Lord Francis Hope, at the time he offered the diamond for sale, was said to be on the verge of bankruptcy. "and in Frankel's hands," he said, "and in Simon Frankel went to London to negotiate the purchase of the world famous gem."

The Hope diamond weighs 44.4 carats. It is of a brilliant sapphire blue, of "cushion shape," and is set in a diamond ring with slightly rounded corners. Its color is unrivaled among the jewels of the world, and for three-quarters of a century various European monarchs have coveted it.

Lord Francis Sold It.

The Hope family would not bear of its sale until Lord Francis Hope got into money difficulties, following his marriage to May Yone and subsequent divorce. The Duke of Newcastle, brother of Lord Francis Hope, prevented the sale of the diamond during the period of his kinsman's infatuation for the actress. He was powerless to keep the diamond in the family later.

The splendid stone was stolen from the crown of an Indian rajah early in the seventeenth century. In 1642 it was taken to France by the famous traveler, Tavernier. It then weighed 112.12 carats. Louis XIV. purchased it and Louis XV. wore it in collar of the order of the Golden Fleece.

Gem Stolen in France.

It was stolen during the strenuous days of the French Revolution and cut into flat stones, the largest one of which is the Hope diamond. The Hope diamond and the Brunswick diamond, the latter owned by the Duke of Brunswick, were the only gems cut from the original stone.

Since the Frankels have held the gem for sale in this country many persons have negotiated for its purchase, but no price could be agreed upon.

While in this country many persons have negotiated for its purchase, but no price could be agreed upon.

CHIEF CROKER HAS MAN ARRESTED, THEN LET GO

Fire Chief Croker was too busy answering alarms of fire to-day to appear against Peter Fearon, of No. 229 West Sixteenth street, motorman of an Eighth avenue trolley car, who blocked the way of his automobile late last night when he was speeding to a fire in the United Cigar Stores Company, at Broadway and Forty-second street, and he asked that Fearon be discharged with a reprimand.

In answer to the first alarm Chief Croker started from his quarters in Bond street. At Eighth street a trolley car blocked his way, and by desperate steering he got his machine past the car without a collision. He then stopped long enough to call to Police man John J. McDonough to arrest the motorman.

TURKISH RULER WHO BOUGHT THE HOPE DIAMOND



Abdul Hamid Sultan of Turkey.

ARMED CITIZENS JOIN POLICE IN A FIREBUG HUNT

Williamsburg Incendiary Starts Two More Fires in Heavily Guarded District.

Seventy plain clothes policemen, under command of Capt. Bernard Gallagher, patrolled the streets of Williamsburg last night watching for the firebug who has been terrorizing that section of the city, and about midnight, after the incendiary had put the torch twice to a crowded building, hundreds of men went from their homes and joined the policemen as vigilantes.

All through the morning hours the policemen and citizens walked the streets, and to-day every tenement house had a watcher in front of it.

Thirty fires, all declared to be incendiary origin, have started in a section of Williamsburg in the past few weeks.

After the incendiary fire in Flushing avenue yesterday the fear of the people was such that few went to bed early last night. It was agreed in every tenement house in the zone in which the firebug has been working that some man would remain on watch during the night. One man would keep watch all relieved by another.

Morris Kramer was on guard in the hallway of No. 229 Cook street, and the twenty families in the house depended upon him to protect them. It was well Kramer was on watch. His own family, consisting of a wife and children, were asleep in their rooms on the ground floor, when shortly before 10 o'clock he went to his flat to see that all was well. He was gone only a few minutes. When he returned he was met with a cloud of smoke. The incendiary seemed to have been waiting for the chance, and had started a fire in the hallway.

Kramer announced the flames and called out to alarm the other tenants. He was still on watch an hour and a half later when suddenly there was a burst of flames from the second floor hallway. Peter Kolinsky, who lives on that floor, discovered this fire. It had been freshly lighted, and all about the hall there was kicked over. The paper on the walls had been saturated.

Kolinsky tried to put out the flames, but failed and began to yell "Fire!" Tenants came from every flat at the first sound of alarm. They had been too nervous to sleep anyhow, and when they were met with volumes of smoke and heat in the hall they closed the doors and ushered their families to the fire-escapes.

The engines were called and the fire was extinguished. Then the Fire Marshal and the police began the usual investigation. How the incendiary got to the second floor hall no one could determine.

BABY ASLEEP IS SAVED BY UNCLE IN BURNING HOME

Seymour Epstein, a five-months-old youngster, who sleeps so soundly that fire and water cannot disturb his slumbers, is not one bit the worse to-day for his experience last night, when he was carried from his burning home, No. 35 West One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street.

The house was all in flames when Mrs. Epstein called to her brother, Gas (Gabriel) Epstein, who was in there in his room. He will be killed.

Gabriel got to Mrs. Epstein's apartment, and he saw the baby in a cradle wrapped the sleeping infant in it. Then he made his way through smoke and flames and handed the blanket over to his brother. The baby was still sleeping sweetly. The house was badly damaged.

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