

SPANKINGS MUST BE REAL THING, JUSTICE SAYS

Olmsted Doesn't "Order" Them in Children's Court, Just "Provides Facilities."

STANDS NO SHIRKING.

If Parents Slight the Job They Are Fined for Boys' Misdeeds.

"I don't order any spankings in the Children's Court building," said Justice Olmsted this morning as a distant echo of lusty yells reverberated through the courtroom.

"Somebody must be made responsible for the continual appearance of the same boys in court for small offenses. Parents promise to punish their children, and then they get tender-hearted, and all the boys get a cuff or a spank. If punishment is dealt out here, the lieutenant sees that it is a square deal."

Investigation is being made by Justice Olmsted of the story of a mysterious \$5 bill paid for a "ball boom" by Mrs. Middleton, a colored woman, of Providence, for the appearance of her seven-year-old grandson Walter in the court this morning.

"Did you speak him?" asked the Judge. "Oh, no, sir! Ah! too feeble. Ah couldn't speak no one!" replied the woman.

"What! You can't spank that little boy?" asked the Judge. "Don't you know he must be punished, or I can fine you \$5 for his delinquency?"

"Oh, Ah's paid the fine already," replied Mrs. Middleton.

The statement brought forth a hall of questions from Justice Olmsted, who finally said: "Well, you go upstairs and attend to the boy. I'll see about spanking the man who got that fine, if any irregularity has occurred."

The Justice set inquiries on foot at once concerning the woman's story. Mrs. Middleton climbed the stairs to the room of the Children's Society as reluctantly as did her grandson. With the lad across her knee she made great business of administering a good old-fashioned paddle, but though her arm flew upward with great vigor, the downward stroke seemed to suffer from an attack of the "feebleness." However, the boy yelled and kicked manfully, so the lieutenant was satisfied.

While the "spanking room" is not an official institution of the court, its effect is just as salutary as if it were. As the veins and nerves lead from behind his door, boys waiting their turns in the room across the hall seemed to be stricken with a realizing sense of the error of their ways and vowed most vigorously before the Justice to amend them. Small good it did them. They each "got their" when the officer came, returned to court blubbering and were dismissed with a warning.

MERCHANT'S WIFE IS KILLED BY GAS

Mrs. Carlyle Inniss Found Dead in Bed by Her Husband.

Mrs. Gertrude C. Inniss, wife of Carlyle Inniss, a dry goods merchant of this city, was to-day found dead at her home in Richmond Hill by her husband, who had gone to her room to call her, as was his custom every morning.

The Innisses have been residents of Richmond Hill for twelve years, and Mrs. Inniss was prominent in church and charitable work. They have one daughter, Mona, who is twelve years old. She lived in a pretty little cottage at No. 313 Stewart street.

Mrs. Inniss slept in a room adjoining that of her wife. There is an old-fashioned gas jet in Mrs. Inniss's room, which turns all the way around, and it is supposed that Mrs. Inniss, upon entering the room, turned on the gas and then accidentally turned on the cock again, thus permitting the gas to escape from the jet. The woman was found in the room and neither of these was looked and there was nothing to indicate that the death of the woman was anything but accidental. None of the windows or doors was closed.

WOMAN ACCUSES DRIVERS.

Mrs. Elias Says They Were Overworking Two Horses.

Elihu Root "Having the Time of His Life" at Muldoon's Retreat, And Twenty-eight Other Patients Agree That He's a Good Mixer

Takes Regular Course, but Gets Two Hours a Day to Attend to Duties as Secretary of State.

DOESN'T WANT IT SAID HE'S IN A SANITARIUM.

As There Are No Doctors About and No Medicines Are Used, He Calls the Place a Hygienic Institute.

Elihu Root resents the application of the term sanitarium to his present quarters in William Muldoon's retreat, near White Plains, N. Y. The Secretary of State insists that he is sojourning at a Hygienic Institute.

"There's a vast difference," said Mr. Root to-day, as he swung into the saddle of his new mount, Nancy, an imported Irish mare, "between a sanitarium and a hygienic institute. Young man, define the noun 'sanitarium.'"

"A place where weaklings are kept in restraint," was the floundering reply.

"That is an asylum," said Mr. Root. "A sanitarium is where medicine is administered to patients. Now, Mr. Muldoon abominates medicine, and so do I—since last fall, when I first came here. I should be sorry for any M. D. who tried to prescribe drugs in here, eh, Lieutenant?"

The Secretary of State turned to a stalwart young man, Lieut. George Harper, of the Seventeenth Infantry, who rode on the left of Mr. Root in the Muldoon cavalcade. The army officer nodded his head in assent.

"The only doctors in here are patients of mine," chipped in William Muldoon, former Greco-Roman wrestler, who is called "The Professor" in Westchester County. "And they don't have to swallow their own medicine, either."

The Department of State for the time being is at the Muldoon Muscle and Nerve College, and with the exception of his dislike to being announced all over the country as "sojourning in a sanitarium," Mr. Root is having the time of his life. The Secretary of State is very proud of his appetite, his boxing and his chest expansion—three jewels which he credits to a four weeks' stay with Mr. Muldoon last fall.

Expects to Reduce His Weight. "I expect to take off some weight," was the surprising statement made by Mr. Root. "When I came here last year I weighed about 160, which increased to 180 pounds. Since then I have gained ten additional pounds, which puts my weight up to 190."

Here is the diet Mr. Root is on: BREAKFAST—A cereal, a poached egg, one cup of coffee and one glass of water.

MIDDAY MEAL—Soup joint, one boiled potato, some other vegetable, a simple dessert, and one glass of water, which must be sipped and not gulped.

SUPPER—One chop or small steak, with one potato and one glass of water.

"The Secretary of State is the best soldier in the barracks," said Mr. Muldoon, after he had scraped some of the official face of Mr. Root in a brief five minutes' boxing bout. "I wish I had more like him. He never kicks like the rich men's sons who come up here. He obeys orders and never shrinks from the firing line. I will have the lieutenant as hard as nails and as sound as a hickory nut before I let him go home this time."

"You see, Mr. Root would have stayed longer than a month with me last fall but for the death of his brother," continued Mr. Muldoon. "He is here this time to finish up, and he is not going to hurry away."

Mr. Root a Good Mixer. A report that Secretary Root holds himself aloof from the other twenty-eight "patients" was denied, not only by Mr. Muldoon, but by every one of the twenty-eight assembled in the summer house.

Capt. Harry Merman, an officer of the United States Artillery, who, with Lieut. Harper, is Mr. Root's tablemate in the dining hall, said: "The Secretary is one of the best mixers I have ever met. He has been out since he was a boy, and he is a first class listener as well."

"Mr. Root occupies a suite of four rooms on the second floor in the south-east corner of Muldoon's institute. Three of the rooms are sleeping quarters, which Mr. Root has secured for such guests as he may have who might be persuaded to stop overnight. The fourth room is fitted up as a study, with the current literature and Mr. Root's favorite books. The Root suite overlooks Long Island Sound, and upon a clear day sailing craft can be sighted at a distance of ten miles. Ivy overhangs the window sills, and shades that portion of the veranda on which Mr. Root sits in a hammock when his muscular duties are done. The Muldoon area consists of about twenty-five acres of high ground not a great way from the country home of Ambassador Whitelaw Reid.

This is the Daily Grind. Regularity is the great word at Muldoon's, and no laggards are permitted to remain on the grounds.

In the morning a 6 o'clock get-up alarm is sounded by an attendant with a megaphone. Mr. Root has been ordered to sleep until 7 o'clock. If he gets up sooner he is sent back to bed. Punctually to the moment when he is called he has to spring out of his cot to take a shower bath. The privilege is especially accorded to him of having the water at any temperature which he may desire. But he must immediately afterward undergo a rubbing until he is pink in color from head to foot.

He is allowed a few moments' rest after this exercise, and then he is permitted to dress as he may choose, instead of in a certain proscribed way. At 8 o'clock breakfast is served. Mr. Root then seeks a brief rest before the horses are brought around at 9 o'clock. This exercise consists of a five or seven mile gallop on a cinder path, with stoppages at given points, at which he has to dismount. Then there is another period of rest, when Mr. Root can see his secretary.

But at 11.30 o'clock he must get out with the Muldoon pedestrians for a sharp, brisk walk of a mile. Dinner follows. With the striking of 1 o'clock an attendant comes with a glass holding a pint of boiling water, and Mr. Root has to drink it hot and straight. Then comes a two-hour walk—this walk is eliminated when the heat is bad—ending with a bath and another rub-down. At 4 o'clock Mr. Root is permitted to confer with his secretary for two hours. Then comes supper. The lights-out bell rings at 9 o'clock. "And then?" was asked of Mr. Muldoon. "Well, should a dog bark before 6 o'clock in the morning I have provided for him."

"How have you provided?" was questioned. "By offering a reward of \$10 to the attendant who brings me the canine pet," grinned Mr. Muldoon. "The Secretary of State shall not have his sleep disturbed."



WILLIAM MULDOON and his Secretary ELIHU ROOT.

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE AT MULDOON'S

MOTHER SENT TO PRISON FOR NEGLECTING TWINS

Four Months Old Babies in Rags and Almost Dead from Starvation.

"I don't think there has been a worse case in the history of the society," said Superintendent E. Fellowes Jenkins, of the Gerry Society in Special Sessions to-day, when Mrs. Kate Connors was arraigned before Justices Wyatt, Mayo and Deuel.

The woman is thirty-four years old, and, although her face is bloated, it is easy to see that she was once beautiful. She lives at No. 120 East One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, and the neighbors reported to the Gerry Society that she had neglected and impaired the health of her four-month-old twins.

On June 18 this report was made, and agents found the apartment of the woman to be filthy, thick with dust and rubbish and the two infants wrapped in rags, unwarmed for an old bed, weak from starvation and afflicted with the skin diseases that come from neglect. At first it was thought the babies would die, but they were revived at a hospital and will probably live.

"The woman when arrested made practically no defense beyond saying she is so poor she is unable to take care of a man named Kelly, who lives in the house and who does no work, but other tenants say the pair never married and the woman was unable to produce a certificate.

A year or two ago her first husband, Connors, who was a longshoreman, died, and left her with three children. The eldest, Nell, fifteen years old, works in a rug factory for \$4 a week; Florence, thirteen years old, is a domestic earning \$5 a month, and Loretta is also a domestic earning \$1 a week. Mrs. Connors was sentenced to three months in the penitentiary.

WILLIE BOY.

None Will Give Bail for Son Who Beat Mother. So John Stringer, Who Struck Eighty-Year-Old Parent, Goes to Workhouse.

Unless John Stringer, thirty-eight years old, finds some one to-day to give bail in the sum of \$1,000 for him, he will take a six months' trip to the Workhouse on a charge of beating his widowed mother, Mrs. Rose Stringer, eighty years old, of No. 108 Second avenue.

The aged woman told Magistrate Moss in the Night Court that her son had beaten her and threatened her with a knife, although she had always tried to help him. In addition to telling Stringer that he was the worst man he had ever had to deal with, Magistrate Moss said he recognized him as a man he had sent away four times already, and that Stringer didn't know what work meant except by hearsay. Stringer tried to make muttered, but he was ordered to the Workhouse.

CROWDED CAR IN CANON CHASE CRASH; DOZEN VICTIMS HURT

Jumps Track at Switch and Smashes Against Iron Trolley Pole.

More than a dozen persons were hurt when a trolley car on the Reid avenue line was derailed at Marion street at 2 o'clock this morning in Brooklyn.

The car was going uptown at a good clip when it reached the switch. The front wheels passed safely, but the rear ones caught the switch and threw the car around with such force that the rear platform was demolished against an iron trolley pole, breaking every window and throwing the passengers into a panic.

The following were attended by Dr. Hattell, of the Bushwick Avenue Hospital: Clarence L. Whalen, conductor, No. 20 Alabama avenue; abrasions of the leg; Victoria Mellor, No. 48 Reid avenue; abrasions of face; Abraham Meeker, No. 106 Clinton street, Manhattan; contusions of right side and head; Jennie Mooney, No. 887 Hancock street; contusions of the head; James Ryan, a reporter, of No. 885 Hancock street; contusions of the head. The others were shaken up and bruised, but did not require medical attention. The ones who did were able to go home.

CANON CHASE WILL ASK TO BE SENT TO PRISON

Brooklyn Minister Takes This Step so He Can Appeal from Contempt Proceedings.

The Rev. William Sheafe Chase, rector of Christ Episcopal Church, at Bedford avenue near Division avenue, companion and adviser of Senator Foelker during the fight over the anti-trace gambling bills, will on July 31, appear before Supreme Court Justice McLean, of Brooklyn, for commitment under a sentence of thirty days in jail after conviction for contempt of court.

At present the minister has a suspended sentence hanging over him. This fact gives him and his family no little annoyance. He determined to appeal to a higher tribunal. When his lawyers sought the record of his conviction by Justice McLean it was learned that on minutes of the proceeding were kept. The testimony being lacking, no appeal could be taken.

The only way in which the Rev. Mr. Chase was able to get his case before the Appellate Division was by submitting to imprisonment. Habeas corpus or certiorari writs would then secure his release while an appeal was made from Justice McLean's original conviction. He will ask for commitment for the purpose of taking out a writ. In the event of a writ, Justice McLean will find favor for the minister's indignation and he had the minister brought before him. On acknowledging the interview the minister was sentenced for contempt of court, but released on suspended sentence.

BINGHAM NOT WORRIED

Still Insists Magistrates Must Get Their Own Policemen.

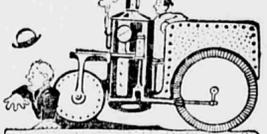
Commissioner Bingham is not worried because the Board of Magistrates has decided to protest to the Mayor. He endeavors to withdraw all policemen from the minor courts.

"I have not heard from the Mayor on that subject," said Gen. Bingham to-day. "It is up to the Magistrate to get an appropriation so that old men can be put in the Magistrate's Courts in place of the police. A policeman is put on the force for public duty. Some of these old men who are now in the Magistrate's Courts deserve a good post as a reward for long and efficient service."

BROOKLYN MAN SHOT CAMPMATE

Barry Wounds Comrade from Alabama, Examining a Revolver.

(Special to The Evening World.) ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y., June 29.—S. Barry, of Brooklyn, accidentally shot his comrade, W. J. Lawrence, of Alabama, to-day. Both are members of a New York military academy and arrived here last Thursday with Supt. S. T. Jones for a summer's encampment on the S. Lawrence. The young men were assembled in front of their camp, and Barry picking up a revolver turned to his mate and said: "I wonder if it's loaded, boy?" pulling back the trigger to examine the contents. The trigger accidentally slipped back and discharged a bullet in the face of Lawrence, who started in front of the revolver. The bullet entered his right cheek below the eye. Dr. Forsythe, of Alexandria Bay, was unable to locate the bullet, and the patient was taken in a flat boat to Brockville, Canada, for an operation. Barry became frantic when he realized what had happened.



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"Hi, fellows! Jest look what says it. Don't mind playing wit us if we ain't rough!"—Utica Observer.