

UNDER HYPNOTIC SPELL MAN'S PAST REVEALED TO HIM

Mind a Blank After an Accident, He Could Not Even Tell His Name.

THOUGHT NEW YORKER

In New Haven Hospital He Tells He Lived on West Forty-Second Street.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 18.—Through hypnosis Dr. Allen R. Diefenendorf, the insanity specialist of New York, accomplished what local physicians regard as a wonderful achievement here yesterday, when, by mesmeric control, he caused a man whose mind had become a complete blank to recall things which will undoubtedly serve to establish the identity and the past history of the patient.

On the night of Dec. 10 a middle-aged man was picked up on Meadum street, near the Union station, and sent to Grace Hospital. He appeared to be suffering from an injury on his head. There were unmistakable signs that at some time his skull had been trodden. He could tell nothing about himself. He could not make an intelligible answer to any question. The surgeons at the hospital, suspecting a blood clot on the brain, performed a second operation. They removed a small splinter of bone from the under side of the skull.

Feeble Flicker of Memory.

This afforded the mystery relief from the pains that seemed to beset him and in a day or two there was a feeble flicker of the memory. Once he murmured "Minnie and the baby," but he could not tell his own name, although he seemed to be trying desperately to force his mind to work. He showed a decided preference for German cooking, and once when pressed he mentioned the names of several German towns and rivers disconnectedly.

Dr. Diefenendorf, who testified in the Thaw case, and who is well known as an alienist, heard about the case. He came here, asking to be allowed to make some experiments in the hope of arousing the dormant sub-consciousness of the unknown. A party of local practitioners witnessed the first test, which took place yesterday afternoon in an operating room of the hospital.

The stranger responded with facility to the New York physician's suggestions. He started himself obediently upon an operating table and under the soothing pressure of Dr. Diefenendorf's hands upon his forehead and face fell at once into a quiet sleep.

"Think over the scenes of the past—they are coming back to you," said Dr. Diefenendorf into the ear of the sleeper. "They are coming back to you. Now you see the place where you were born. Where was it?"

"Born in Berlin."

The man's lips moved and his eyes lids twitched. "Berlin," he muttered slowly. "It was Berlin." "When did you come to this country?" asked the physician. "When I was twenty-four years old." "Where did you come?" "To New York City." "Now remember, what did you do?" "I went to San Francisco."

Step by step, question by question, the alienist caused the sleeping man to trace his movements through two years spent in San Francisco, thence to Chicago, where he had also lived two years, and finally to New York.

"Now, what is your name?" he then asked. "Charles Osten," came the reply. "After you returned to New York City what did you do?" "I worked for John Kiehn." "What did you do?" "I made lace curtains." "Where was Kiehn's place of business?" "On Grand street, near Cityatic." "Where do you live?" "On Forty-second street." "What was the number?" "Osten could not recall. Again and again he struggled to say, but his answers were a mumble.

Lived on Forty-second Street. "Where did you live on Forty-second street?" "Near Eighth avenue." "Was it between Seventh and Eighth or Eighth and Ninth avenues?" "It was between Seventh and Eighth avenues." Osten forced his sub-consciousness to try to describe the date in which he lived. It was of brick, he said, and he lived on the second story. A French family lived downstairs. His wife was named Minnie and he has a son, Jack, five years old.

In his hypnotic state Osten told many facts about himself. He never drank and was a lover of music and told about visiting the Metropolitan Opera House and hearing "Il Trovatore." He said that he was not a churchgoing man. He said he voted for Bryan and also for Hughes in November.

Hurt on Elevator.

"Now, Charles," said Dr. Diefenendorf, "I am going to awaken you. At 9 o'clock to-night you will go to sleep and sleep sound and peaceful. When you awaken to-morrow morning I want you to remember all that you have said to me."

Live Snakes Guests of Honor at Gouraud Ball; Hostess as Egyptian Queen in Green and Gold

Everything Pretty and Unique From Every Clime Represented by Masked Dancers at Gay Affair in Cafe Martin.

CHAMELEONS MADE A HIT AS SOUVENIRS

They Had Diamonds in Their Ears, But, It Is Said, by a Foolish Mistake They Were Served as Whitebait.

Live snakes as guests of honor, private and professional dancing in fancy dress, and the ballroom at the Cafe Martin decorated as only wealth and originality could devise, with Amy Crocker, now Mrs. Jackson Gouraud, as hostess. And the time was last evening, the close of the Sabbath in New York.

Why, it would give even Paris a thrill, and as Mrs. Gouraud goes permanently to the gay centre soon, she was trying out a bit of Parisian design with a little embroidery of the glad life of Bohemian New York.

About everything pretty from every clime was represented. Jackson Gouraud was in the gorgeous robes of the Kalmur of Ghosh, while his wife was resplendent in green and gold, with the jade ornamentation of an Egyptian queen, a pearl necklace adding to the stunning effect.

She did not really mean to dignify the snakes, but what would you? New York and Newport had exhausted everything else in the way of private entertainment.

It was clearly up to the snakes, and as it was a fancy dress masked affair, there were no Director's frocks to rival the serpents in their winding and writhing rhythm or in emotional ecstasy.

Snakes Had a Chaperon.

Of course the snakes did not go all alone up the beaten path to the Martin ballroom. The starter explained to Mrs. Gouraud that no matter what the good intentions of the snakes might be, how careful their training, he positively could not vouch for the peace of mind of several hundred other guests if he permitted such grace to glide unaccompanied up the stairway to the second floor.

They must have an escort, and so Odette Valery, their own dear friend, went with them. Valery plays with snakes for a living, but she said it wasn't work last night. The snakes don't know about Mr. Bingham and his laws, so they were very much at ease and seemed to enjoy throwing out their color effects to the dismay of every woman in the room who makes color schemes her life pursuit and study.

"Taximeter" Scares Snake.

A young thing completely disguised as a taximeter started one serpent so he made a false step in the opening waltz. The snake explained, as only snakes can, that he had forgotten his vanity box containing all his money, and the taximeter looked like ready trouble.

Miss Edna MacAuley stroked the velvety back of the reptile, and assured him it was the one time in his life when he didn't need money to get him out of a difficulty. That remark was the most naive of the evening. Evidently Edna was not alone in her snake-sympathizing tendency.

Jesse Lewishohn, who, it will be recalled, was or was not to have married her one day at Atlantic City, not so very long ago, hovered protectively near Miss MacAuley to back up everything she said.

And all the party was just like that. It was a sympathetic gathering.

There was Edna Wallace Hopper dressed as the minute hand of the clock on the Metropolitan tower, and with her A. O. Brown, who lost his money, to be sure, but was a woman's love. Mr. Brown was a United States Senator, supposed to be an authority on Panama. He refused absolutely to tell where the money went, but admitted he had stopped no place on the way to the party; that he had come in Miss Hopper's motor car, and that her initials were on his door to show he spoke the truth.

Made Mrs. Gouraud Peevish.

Now, after this introduction, can you understand why Mrs. Gouraud was so peevish about giving out information? The snakes admitted they had nothing on her or anybody else; that, in fact, every place where they earned good money was a Garden of Eden to them, and never in all their footling career had they heard women complain about anything, and certainly nothing about being tempted.

Mrs. Gouraud was easy to get over the telephone the first time. "Yes, I am giving a musicale," said she, with the same careless way Mrs. Mackay might ask you to vote for women, or whatever it is her cause depends. "And I will give you a list of guests later."

But she never did, and so the ballroom at Martin's has to tell its own story.

Addison Misner was better with his brother, William, formerly there known as Mrs. Yerkes's husband, and the latter's dancing with Miss Valery brought great applause.

Madeline Haslett, as "Buster Brown," had Tige on leash, but by unanimous consent Tige was voted not a member of this club and put out, emitting rears and a desecrated.

Then there was Harry Perry Diebecker, trailing a toy replica of Rosa, the little Hippodrome elephant to which he sent champagne and real candy Christmas. After half a dozen of the guests had tripped up on Rosa the remnants of the imitation were put out by Diebecker to keep from being put out himself.

Some Other Costumes.

Dick Lee and Dr. Stoddard were representing colors on shore leave, and gave



EDNA WALLACE HOPPER. ODETTE VALERY.

FIRE LOSS DUE TO THE FREEZING OF HYDRANTS

Blaze Starts in Fulton Street, Brooklyn, and Threatens Four Buildings.

Are They "Its" or "Shes"? Maybe it is still telling it, for surely it can anybody imagine what she has left to offer Paris? "You can trust her for that," explained the fireman, sitting on the snake's left fang from her sarsaparilla glass. "I think it is a good thing—introducing serpents into a quiet affair like this. It trains the eye, steadies the nerve, why it is just that way character is built."

Her Snake Philosophy.

Miss Surratt's snake philosophy was cut into by Leonie Anderson, who appeared all covered with decorations and spraying fringes, looking for all the world like the Forest of Fontainebleau. The costume made a hit with the snakes, who crept up to her, seemingly asking for a road map or a navigation chart. They didn't know whether she was sailing soon or motoring for her health, but they wanted her to wait for the last act, the dance of the lizards.

Sparkling White Bait.

Her guests did not fall for, especially Edna MacAuley, who said she guessed something was wrong with the alleged whitebait, and before she had picked out the sparklers and hid them in her glove. Let them be, she said, for the man was a trained eye cannot be fooled.

OLD LETTER CARRIER DROPS DEAD ON ROUTE.

William E. Thomas died in harness to-day the gray uniform of Uncle Sam's postal service, which he had worn without interruption for thirty years. He dropped dead of heart disease at No. 2 Richards street, Brooklyn, as he was placing a letter in a box attached to the door at that address.

Mr. Thomas was sixty-six years old, a wiry, energetic little man. He lived at No. 122 Franklin avenue with his wife and his daughter, Mrs. Smith. On Feb. 1, 1879, he was appointed a mail carrier and assigned to the General Post Office in Brooklyn. He remained in the central office as a mail carrier until last July, when he was transferred to an easier route in Station P on Hamilton avenue.

TOOK 250-POUND WOMAN THROUGH FIRE TO STREET

Policeman Brother of Ajax Whitman Performed Brave Feat of Strength.

The famous strong man of the police, Ajax Whitman, has a worthy brother-in-law, the Edridge street station. This became apparent to-day when the brother of Ajax carried two persons, a little boy and a very large woman, out of a burning tenement at No. 131 Rivington street. The fire was in the tailor shop of Henry Schoenfeld, which was burned out.

Mrs. Henry Siegel, who lived on the floor above, ran out with her two older children. On the sidewalk she discovered she had left her youngest boy upstairs. Policeman Whitman prevented her from re-entering the building, went in and brought down the boy, who was found asleep in his crib.

Whitman went back, and on the third floor found Mrs. Annie Spielwiz, who is seventy years old and weighs 250 pounds. She refused to get out. Whitman got a good grip, lifted her clear of the floor and staggered down the stairs with her.

When she was set down on the sidewalk, her left leg, which is partly paralyzed, gave way, and she fell, hurting her side. Schoenfeld said the fire, which cost him about \$1,500, was started by the cat, which upset a lamp.

SAID NEWS FOR CAPT. WATT.

On the Carmania arrived Capt. A. W. Watt, son of Capt. James B. Watt, of the Lusitania, who retired a few weeks ago. Young Capt. Watt started for Cuba on business yesterday a message from the Carmania made port yesterday a message reached the steamer telling of the sudden death of his mother in Liverpool. It was not until all the passengers had gone from the pier that the purser of the Carmania, G. W. Clarke, and an official of the Cunard line, broke the sad news to Capt. Watt, who will return on the first steamer to Liverpool.

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Advertisement for Washburn-Crosby's Gold Medal Flour. It features a woman in a kitchen setting, a bag of flour, and the text: 'Some people fuss and fume and fret over bread making. The others use - WASHBURN-CROSBY'S GOLD MEDAL FLOUR THE VERY HIGHEST QUALITY'.

Advertisement for Joseph O'Mara's Song Hit Peggy Machree. It features a woman in a dress and the text: 'NOW AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE. Joseph O'Mara's Song Hit Peggy Machree Words & Music with a new melody. Sunday World'.