

TORTURED FAKER AMAZES DOCTORS BY HIS STOICISM

Pretended Deaf-Mute Withstands Terrible Tests, but Keeps Up His Farce.

ETHER FORCED SPEECH.

Betrayed Under Anaesthetic, Tongue Loosens With Voluble Profanity.

It took heroic means, including ether and physical torture, to loosen the tongue of a bogus deafmute in Hoboken today, but once it was loosened the results were immediate and gratifying. For the malingering put forth a line of high grade profanity that had Battenberg edgings, saw-edge effects and heavy tassels on it.

When Private Policeman Cursey, of the Lackawanna Railroad, picked him up on Thursday as he was going through a train in the Jersey end of the Hoboken tunnel, distributing begging cards among the passengers, the fellow wrote on a scrap of paper that he was Charles Seymour, twenty-three years old, of No. 289 Front street, Manhattan, and that he had been speechless and deaf from birth.

Withstood Common Tests.

For some reason, Police Surgeon J. W. Arltz suspected the prisoner was an impostor. He tried all the common tests for making a pretended deaf mute betray himself, such as dropping huge pieces of metal behind him and suddenly calling out, as if some danger threatened. The man never blinked.

"Today Dr. Arltz got Special Agent James Forbes, of the New York Charities Organization, to look the suspect over. Mr. Forbes was almost certain that he recognized in him a man who had been locked up under similar suspicion for six weeks in Yonkers lately, but who had successfully endured all attempts to induce him to speak or to show that he heard what was going on around him.

This belief of Mr. Forbes influenced the Hoboken surgeon to continue his experiments and to make them even more severe. He pressed the tips of his thumbs into the supra-cubital notch over Seymour's eyes until the pain must have been intense, but the man only writhed and twisted. Not a sound came from his lips.

Talked Under Ether.

He was hardly under the influence before intelligible words began to issue from beneath the ether cone that covered his face.

"Who's that singing, Joe—I hear singing!" said the trapped mendicant several times.

That was enough for Arltz. He revived the fellow and told him he might as well own up, that he had already betrayed himself. A dubious look began to creep over the blank mask of Seymour's face, but he shook his head to signify he didn't understand and reached for the writing pad.

"Never mind using the pencil," said Dr. Arltz. "I'm going to give you another dose of ether, and when I get through with you this time, you'll either do a lot of talking or you'll never talk again in this world."

With a rush, the words began to boil out of the bottled-up bogger. They were mainly very naughty words, too, showing that Mr. Seymour had a wide acquaintance with the language. Indeed, it rose almost to the heights of oratory. He fairly choked and bubbled in his effort to free his system of the pent-up remarks that had been accumulating inside him for three days past.

After a hasty policeman had induced him to check the flow, Seymour was taken back to the lockup. Because of the condition in which the ether had left him, Dr. Arltz urged the authorities not to arraign him to-day.

But on Monday when he faces the Bench, it is believed that he will confess that "Mr. Seymour will get something that I do him a bit of good."

FORBIDS BURNING OF TRASK MANSION

Fire Chief Croker changed his mind to-day about the burning of the famous old Trask homestead, at One Hundred and Seventy-fourth street, which was scheduled to take place at 4 P. M. Although firemen had been specially assigned to apply the torch the Chief said the structure should not be burned, because of the high wind.

It was intended that the landmark should be burned to the ground, the Trask heirs believing that, in its crumbling state, it is beyond repair. It is their desire to clear the land preparatory to selling 400 lots by auction on April 7.

Fire Commissioner Hayes first gave permission to "touch off" the structure, and yesterday Chief Croker said it might be set afire to-day. He ordered a fire engine to be on the scene, to prevent spreading of the flames. The entire neighborhood had planned to witness the blaze.

If You Are Fuzzy-Minded, Like a Caterpillar, Dr. Gulick Tells You What to Do to Get Over It

The Think-Tank of Those Afflicted Goes Round and Round Without Reaching a Definite Conclusion.

REMEDY WORKS WELL IF PATIENT IS IN LOVE.

Its Main Feature Is to Get a Pencil and Write a Complete Story of What Ails You as You See It.



By Nicola Greeley-Smith.

Are you fuzyminded? You had better make up your mind very quickly on this subject, because if you don't, you will prove that your brain really has the caterpillar quality described by the adjective "fuzzy."

For a "fuzzy mind," according to Dr. Luther H. Gulick, the discoverer and diagnostician of the condition, is "one which goes round and round and round, without ever reaching a definite conclusion."

"Fuzymindedness" is treated of in Dr. Gulick's latest book, "Mind and Work," published by the Doubleday, Page Company. This work contains not only a description of the state of fuzymindedness, but prescribes a cure for it.

You can be fuzyminded when angry or when in doubt, or when in love, and if you are any one of these things, here, according to Dr. Gulick, is a cure for it. If you are angry, for instance, "get a sheet of paper take a pencil and write down the cause of your anger, whether it be justified or not, and what appears to be the best way of treating it."

"But if you are in love?" I objected, when Dr. Gulick and I discussed fuzymindedness to-day.

Writing Down the Emotions. "All the better," replied the philosopher. "Of course, the effects of writing down one's emotions when angry and when in love are totally different. Written expression tends to diminish anger and to increase love. But the main point in the avoidance of 'fuzymindedness' is to reach a conclusion. If a man writes down his emotions in a love letter, for instance, he increases them. This may lead him to marriage, which is something definite—which is, in fact, a conclusion—not of a book, of course, as the novelists make it, but of a chapter."

You may infer from this remark and some which follow it, that Dr. Gulick is a valuable person. You're mistaken.

To the interviewer he presents an aspect of such timorous elusiveness that every time I wrung an opinion from him, he made me feel as if I had caught a mouse, which it were the part of a tender-hearted person to let out again. But here are the "mice."

"I have a pupil," said Dr. Gulick, after the steel trap of another question had elicited again, "a young man who had confided to me some time ago that he was falling in love. So little is known of the psychology of the man in love that I suggested to him it would be an interesting experiment to keep a record of every thought and feeling of which he felt himself possessed while in that state. He agreed to do so."

Wanted a Full Record. "Write down whatever you happen to think of her hair, her eyes, etc.," I said; "what she says to you, what you reply, every caress given and received; how you feel when you kiss her, and as nearly as possible to the time of the occurrence. Leave nothing to memory." Well, the young man did it.

"And where is the record?" I asked, breathlessly. "An expression of great dejection settled upon the bearded countenance of the psychologist."

"I regret to say that up to the present time he has refused to show it to me," was the reply.

But the eternal patience, the sublime optimism of science spoke in his next remark:

"I'll see it yet!" he vowed.

"But," I objected, "wouldn't the keeping of such a record rather tend to destroy the spontaneity of one's emotions? Do you think that young man, for instance, can know the meaning of a kiss, since he was capable of saying to the girl: 'Hold on a minute; let me make a note on my cuff, and I'll kiss you again.'"

"That's substantially the criticism he made," replied Dr. Gulick. "Still, I am sure much could be learned by the taking of such notes. Men do not talk about their emotions as women do," he added. "In a matter of love, men are much more fuzyminded than women."

A Woman in Love. "A woman in love knows just where she wants to get to. A man often has no definite purpose—he just drifts." "Then," I pursued, "men are more fuzyminded than women?" "In love, yes," Dr. Gulick admitted; "but women are more fuzyminded in business."

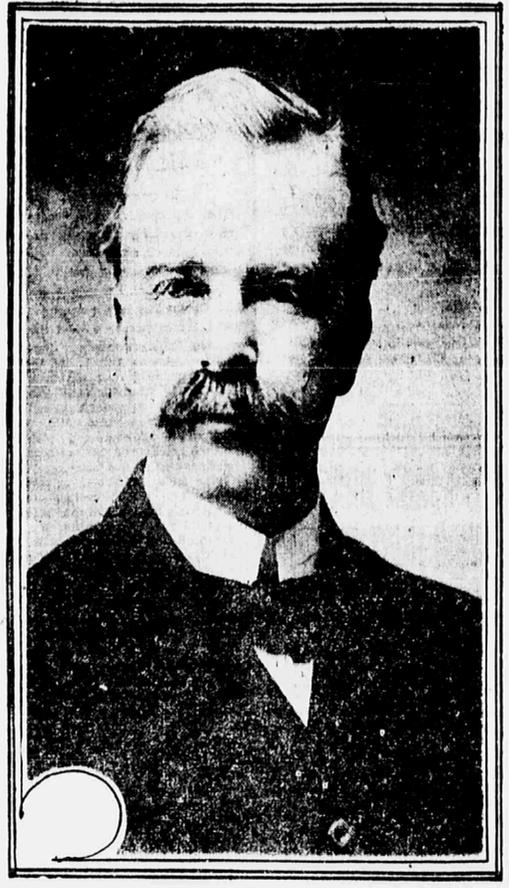
"And if you say women have a purpose in love, and men just drift, you agree with Bernard Shaw that woman is actually the Pursuer, and man the Pursued."

"Woman is seldom the conscious pursuer," Dr. Gulick temporized, "but subconsciousness is a very queer thing. You see, she has the tremendous advantage of a definite purpose—marriage."

"And so, according to Shaw, and perhaps, you, man, the artist, is overtaken by woman, the parent. Don't you know that man's grand sex agiotism spoke in that classification?"

"Many women are primarily artists, secondarily, potential parents. And too often they are overtaken by a man who is a mere parent, and lose their artistry in parenthood."

Not being a parent, it sounded to me almost as if Dr. Gulick himself were getting a touch of "fuzymindedness," so I came away. And for fear this should prove a "fuzyminded" interview, I have omitted out of it a few cases that



DR. LUTHER H. GULICK.

HELPED HIMSELF TO "ADVANCES" OF \$44,250 ON LEGACY

Novel Defense of Young Marx, Whose Heavy Drafts Got Him Into Jail.

DENIES HE CONFESSED.

Wealthy Relatives Abroad Come to Aid of Alleged Swindler and His Dupe.

The wealthy German relatives of Fritz Marx, who is in the Hudson County Jail in Jersey City, awaiting trial on the charge of swindling the Hoboken banking firm of Stenck & Sons out of \$44,250, have come to his rescue and will furnish him with funds with which to fight the case. Both Marx and Leopold Martin, of No. 102 West Twenty-ninth street, Manhattan, have repudiated the confessions they made on their arrests, and their counsel, Alexander Simpson, of Jersey City, says a stubborn fight will be made to secure them their liberty.

Martin is a youth who formerly worked for the banking house as a stenographer. In his confession he said that Marx had retained him at a salary of \$15 a week to destroy letters written by the firm to a German banking house, whose letters Marx is said to have forged. On these letters he is said to have written communications purporting to be from the German firm, telling the Hoboken bankers that he was heir to large sums and to advance him any reasonable amount on his expectations.

The arrest of the two men was due to a blunder of Martin, who, when he found that a cable had been started for Germany by his employers, tried to bribe the messenger to whom it was handed to give it up. The boy told his manager about it and the arrests followed.

Marx had been living in expensive style in an apartment on Riverside Drive, and at the time he came to grief his wife, whom he married a year ago, had just given birth to a child.

"The real story is very simple," said Mr. Simpson to-day. "Neither Marx nor Martin had any intention of wrongdoing. They were ignorant of legal technicalities, and Marx, who has been pictured as the man at the difficult of the whole thing, anticipates no difficulty in explaining the matter to the satisfaction of any jury."

He is one of the beneficiaries to the extent of nearly \$100,000 under the provisions of the will of a near relative, who died recently in Germany, and it was his anxiety to realize on this enormous fortune that got him into trouble. He believed that he could get the money from the Stencks and that when the estate was settled, next June, he could make a settlement with the bankers and would have the benefit of the money in his own hands."

Mr. Simpson states that he is now awaiting cablegrams from relatives of Marx in Germany, and as soon as these are received he will be in a position to go more fully into the case.

MANY OUT FOR TROUT.

Ideal Conditions Mark Season's First Day on Long Island.

EASTPORT, L. I., March 27.—Blue skies and light southerly winds drifting the surface of the ponds and streams the condition for trout fishing to-day, which is the opening of the season on Long Island, were ideal. Thousands of Manhattan anglers were out early today to hook trout this morning. Several large trophies were reeled in.

Owing to the posting of all the eligible trout waters the public privileges are restricted to be in a few cases they are good ones.

MUST FEED WIFE ON STRONGER FOOD THAN LOVE NOTES

Heroine of Deferred Honey-moon Wins Divorce Suit Against Show of Letters.

Mary E. Sasculja, of No. 59 Bright street, Jersey City, was granted a divorce to-day from Frederick W. Sasculja by Vice-Chancellor Stevens, in the Court of Chancery, reversing Special Master in Chancery Tennant.

The Sasculjas were married Jan. 25, 1906. The bride was then a telephone girl at the Hotel Navarre, and Sasculja was stopping at the Waldorf-Astoria. When he took his bride to his hotel, however, he found that his room had been assigned to another person. He told the telephone girl that she had better go back to the Navarre until he could find lodgings. She did and heard nothing more from him until Feb. 12.

Then, she testified, he wrote to her from New Haven, Conn., saying that he was in hard luck, but that if she would come on he would share with her all he had with her. She went on to Little Haven and lived with Sasculja for two weeks. During that time, she averred, he borrowed all her money and spent most of it on drink.

Returning to her home in Jersey City, the young wife declares, she saw no more of her husband. He wrote to her, however, and all his letters were couched in endearing terms. But in these letters he never failed to ask for money. The young woman sent him money from time to time until she became tired, and after she refused his appeals he ceased to write.

Special Master Tennant held, however, that the very fact that Sasculja had written affectionate letters showed that he was not guilty of abandonment.

The young woman's lawyer carried the case up on appeal, basing his arguments on an ancient decision handed down by Chancellor Pitney. This decision reads in part: "If a man, accompanied by a single practical act, amounts to nothing. The failure to try in earnest to do anything in the way of supporting and loving his wife is desertion, no matter how much the party may send kisses by the thousand in 'writing.'"

And on the strength of this Vice-Chancellor Stevens granted the decree on the New Jersey statutory ground of desertion.

EDITOR MUNSEY HELPS TO CAPTURE THIEVES ON FERRY

Pair Attached His Suit Case, but Forgot Nemesis Was on Job.

Two misguided aliens tried to rob Frank Munsey, the magazine and newspaper publisher and editor, to-day. Needless to add, they are in jail.

Mr. Munsey was on his way to Washington by way of the ferry-boat Palmdale to Jersey City, where he intended taking a Pennsylvania train. He carried a suitcase containing clothing, jewelry, toilet articles and things valued at more than \$50.

Leaving the suit case in the cabin on the upper deck, Mr. Munsey walked out into the open to take the air. He had no idea any one would try to steal his suitcase.

But a couple of strangers to this country and its customs, and its editors were aboard that ferry-boat in the persons of Bremer Millay and Erno Biro, of No. 99 East Eighth street. Erno Biro has been in this country only four months. How he got his name past Ellis Island is unexplained.

Dockhand a Nemesis. Bremer and Erno saw Mr. Munsey walk away from the suit case. Quickly they appropriated it and descended with it to the lower deck to make a quick sneak when they got to Jersey City.

But Nemesis was on their trail in the person of George Tennant, a watchful dockhand. He, too, had seen Mr. Munsey leave the suitcase, and also he had seen Bremer and Erno attach it. Bremer and Erno were doomed. Their only way of escape was to jump overboard, which they did not do when half a dozen husky dockhands, commanded by Mr. Munsey, surrounded them and made them prisoners. They were not allowed to land in Jersey City, but were brought back to New York, Mr. Munsey accompanying them and forsaking for the day his trip to Washington.

At the Twenty-third street ferry-boat the prisoners were turned over to Policeman Lehner, of the Traffic Squad, and accompanied by Mr. Munsey and Tennant, took them to Jefferson Market Court, where they were held in \$50 bail each, for examination. Erno Biro will be deported if he is found guilty of stealing Mr. Munsey's suitcase, and his worldly-minded companion will go to Sing Sing.

Such is the finish of all who try to rob an editor.

HIPLESS GOWNS AMERICAN IDEA; CHICAGO AT THAT!

Edgar Paull Exposes the Plot to Give All the Credit to the French.

ISN'T IT OUTRAGEOUS? Martin Is the Windy City Genius Who Evolved Gown of the Century.

After all, the hipless gown isn't a French creation, but conceived, developed and put on the market by American tailors! This is what Edgar Paull, a member of the Ladies' Tailors' Association, which meets in annual State convention at the Cafe Boulevard to-night, declared to-day.

Mr. Paull further wishes the boosters of the French idea to take notice of his statement that a Chicago tailor—Martin, by name—originated the hipless effect and that his associates unprofitably flooded the market with an assortment of interpretations of his idea and labelled them all from Paris. How monstrous!

Rank Disloyalty. "It's the rankest kind of disloyalty to American brains," vehemently declared Mr. Paull. "Hipless effects in women's wear are purely the artistic triumph of a Chicago tailor. His companions, unfortunately, with a deluded idea of 'made-in-Paris' attractiveness to purchasers, have tagged the gown a French importation, and, alas! the most distinctive creation of the century has been given to the brain of a French tailor. It's a terrible injustice."

"Why, do you know that we have letters from Mrs. William H. Taft, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Clarence Mackay and a number of other noted American women endorsing our fight to have the gown declared an American gown and not a French production? This is what we will talk on and determine at our convention to-night."

"I have a lengthy manuscript, in which I fully rectify the arguments pro and con on the merits of the case. I hold that the hipless gown should be hailed as American and advertised as such."

He Fights for the Right. "I willingly enter into the controversy, feeling that I have right on my side. It's an important question. It's high time the emancipation of women from French tailors should be accomplished. I enter the lists prepared to assert this truth. I hold it to be self-evident, even."

Mr. Paull had plenty of other conversation on the merits of the question, which he says is a burning one and should be settled for all time. After 5 o'clock this evening any one can find Mr. Paull at his office, 127 East Fifty-ninth street, where he will gladly furnish representatives of press associations and reliable newspapermen, having credentials, with a copy of his argument in favor of the declaration that all hipless gowns are created equal in so far as the brains of the one tailor's brain, and beg from Chicago. So, there!

BOYS LOOT LETTER BOX. Nine-Year-Old Lads Steal Gas Rebate Checks for Candy Feast.

Two nine-year-old boys, Philip Bieber, of No. 113 East One Hundred and Eleventh street, and Dewey Forbes, of No. 125 Fifth avenue, were arrested for letter box burglary by Detectives Costello and McDonald, of the East One Hundred and Fourth street station, to-day.

The youngsters had been gorging themselves with candy and soda water and loading themselves down with cigarettes by stealing gas rebate checks and cashing them.

Mrs. Fanny Friedenberg, Bieber's sister, discovered a number of the checks in his possession. As she was dragging him to his mother the boy destroyed ten checks. His mother sent for the police.

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THREE POLICEMEN INJURED SAVING LIFE AT A FIRE

Two Dash Into Blazing Cellar to Save Unconscious Comrade.

Left Under Guard There Pending Decision as to Final Burial Place.

In rescuing tenants from a burning building at No. 319 West Forty-first street, at 2 o'clock this morning, three policemen were burned, one of them seriously. That no one was killed in the fire was due solely to these policemen.

The fire was discovered by Shanley, of the West Thirty-seventh street station. It had started on the ground floor in Raphael Paglinone's shoe shop. The shoemaker, his wife and two children were asleep in rooms in the rear. The two upper floors of the old-fashioned building were occupied by four families.

Shanley's raps for assistance brought Curtis and Perisco, also of the West Thirty-seventh street station, and after an alarm call was sent in the three policemen tried to enter the house, but found the stairs blazing.

Found Unconscious Woman. Running to the rear, Shanley climbed a fire-escape, and on the top floor found an unconscious woman. He bounded her in his arms and crossed a bridge connecting with a tenement house in Forty-second street and then carried the still unconscious woman around to the scene of the fire.

Policeman Creevy, a young man on the force, heard that Shanley had entered the house and believed he had been overcome in the fire. Creevy dashed into the burning hallway and ran into the cellar, his new uniform catching fire. Creevy stumbled about the hot, smoke-filled cellar yelling for Shanley, and was attempting to reach the street when a hot draught hurried him to the floor unconscious.

"Where's Creevy?" asked Shanley when he turned the unconscious woman over to Dr. Burnett, of New York Hospital. "In the house looking for you," some one answered.

Shanley then dashed into the flaming hallway. Following him was Perisco. The two policemen came upon Creevy unconscious and surrounded by flames. They carried him to the street, both receiving burns about the hands and face.

FELL INTO THE RIVER. John Henry, a laborer, forty-four years old, with no home, fell overboard at the foot of East Twenty-second street this morning. He was removed to Bellevue Hospital suffering from submersion.

MRS. LORILLARD'S BODY IN VAULT AT SLEEPY HOLLOW

Left Under Guard There Pending Decision as to Final Burial Place.

TARRYTOWN, March 27.—Buried beneath a profusion of spring blossoms and rare hot house flowers, the casket containing the body of Mrs. Caroline Hamilton Lorillard, wife of Pierre Lorillard, who committed suicide at her Washington home on Wednesday night was placed in a receiving vault in Sleepy Hollow cemetery to-day.

Members of the immediate family of the dead woman and her friends came from New York in a special train and attended the services at the vault, conducted by the Rev. William Fitzsimmons, rector of St. Mary's Episcopal Church at Tuxedo.

At the conclusion of the services two detectives were detailed to remain at the vault until it is definitely decided whether Mr. Lorillard will purchase a lot or bury his wife in the Hamilton family lot in the same cemetery.

There was a ripple of excitement just prior to the reading of the burial service when an overzealous photographer sought to photograph the casket as it was being carried to the vault. Mr. Lorillard protested, and after ordering the camera men away, called on Deputy Sheriff Sackett to enforce his orders. The photographer refused to leave until threatened with arrest.

The train bearing the body and the casket arrived at Tarrytown shortly before noon. Twenty-five carriages were in waiting and the funeral party was driven to the cemetery. The train waited to carry them back to New York.

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