

"WHITE FRONT" BURGLAR DIES OF BULLET WOUND

Girl Pal of Wandlass, Awaiting Sentence, Hears Tidings Without a Tremor. FASCINATED BY CRIME. Precocious Youth and 'Chicken Stall' Studies for Psychologists.

Death has ended the career of Thomas Wandlass, the "white front" burglar, who was shot on the night of Dec. 5 as he was breaking into the home of Thomas Tapley, a Passaic contractor. He died last night in St. Mary's Hospital, Passaic, from blood poisoning. The wound was not deep and at first did not seem dangerous. Specific developed suddenly and Tapley's vocal chords became paralyzed. Consequently the police could not draw a word from him concerning his amazing career.

Thomas Wandlass, alias "Kil" Howarth, alias Thomas Hanley, preferred the underworld to a luxurious home and the tender ministrations of a fond mother. He developed from a sort of "angel child" into as desperate a young criminal as there is any record of. After serving terms in half a dozen prisons he emerged as daring a robber as ever, and was engaged in a baffling series of burglaries with a pretty young girl accomplice when he got his mortal hurt.

Girl P-I Await Sentence.

The girl, Jean Mitchell, seventeen years old, who called herself his "chickie" and assisted him in twenty-two burglaries, pleaded guilty in the County Court at Paterson yesterday and will be sentenced next Friday. She was serving as "lookout" when Wandlass was shot and made a desperate effort to hide the wounded burglar from the police.

Wandlass was about thirty years old. His mother, Mrs. Augustus F. Becker, of No. 288 Cumberland street, Brooklyn, is a woman of wealth and refinement. Her first husband, Wandlass, was a hotel proprietor and well to do. He left considerable fortune, and when he died his son, Thomas, the "white front" burglar, seemingly, and a great favorite in the Bushwick Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn. He was precocious and high strung. He had a vivid imagination. While still in knickerbockers he met a young criminal who ruled his mind with thrilling stories of the underworld.

Mrs. Becker does not know at just what period her son was transformed into a "bad man." He ran away from a boarding school when he was about fifteen years old, and preferred to live with his mother heard from him was that he was the companion of thieves. He was never quite what might be called a "hatter" except in the sense that he committed many of his burglaries while clad in evening clothes.

Fascinated by the Danger.

The police called him a "supper worker" and a "dress suit burglar." He called himself a "white front" burglar, which implied the dress suit. While he did not invent "supper working," he improved on it. Furthermore, according to Jean Mitchell, he was fascinated by the danger of "turning a switch" (which means to rob in a house while there were many persons about. Often he would stop to listen to the dinner chatter before making his escape. He generally selected the dark of dimly lighted parlor, noiselessly jammed the window and climbed in. During the months that the young girl worked with him, he relished the "turning a switch" of a tight place by "spelling a faint," as she called it, and drawing a crowd while he made his escape.

This pretty child became absolutely hardened to the business of burglary while she was the companion of Wandlass. She learned to speak thieves' lingo with amazing fluency. She did not know fear. She did not prefer to rob that were highly melodramatic. A simple, farm-reared child, with her hair in a knot when she adventured to Boston, thirty years ago, had become an accomplished little "thief" in the mind of a Harrison Alsworth could conceive.

Had Other "Chicken Stalls."

But she was not the only young girl who had worked with the "white front" burglar. He had had a train of "chicken stalls." None, he admitted to Jean Mitchell, was "up to her class." None had her nerve, her good looks, her genius as an actress. She could turn a "switch" which was of supreme importance. And all the while he had a wife and child living. While serving a seven year term in the Carlisle Prison he married Maizie Coyle, who was at one time known as the "Belle of Monroe street." He joined Maizie Coyle Wandlass after he got out of prison and went to live with her on Long Island. He made another of his many promises to his mother that he would reform. But after a month of the "simple life" he and his wife parted.

He could not resist the lure of the crackman's trade. He could have had ample funds from his mother had he remained honest. He was always in danger, the risks, the hairbreadth escapes. When informed of her "pal's" death, the turkey noted that she was being shaken by an agony of dry sobs. The girl is undoubtedly abnormal in her Spartan self-control, but underneath it all there is the girl who has been compelled to attend to a woman who has withdrawn under the honest masculine effort to hook the back of a tight-fitting gown over both his own fists while remarking that she's getting fat would welcome a preparatory course which would enable him to perform his necessary conjugal duty with lightness and

New Year's "Swear-Offs" Wife Dictates, And a Few 1911 Come-Backs From Hubby

That Before-Dinner Grouch Is an Eternal Wrecker of Domestic Peace, and the Fairy Story Delinquent Is an Abomination in the Sight of a Loving Spouse.

But There's Her "Rolling" and Her Weeps That Deluge Bliss Out of the Home, and Worst of All, Her Proclamation That He's "Easy."

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



The new year is upon us, and that hardy annual, the New Year's resolution, is once more getting ready to flower. Let us hope its branches will not be laden down with the usual unfruitful crop of determinations to forswear the faults for which we have no particular inclination.

That seems to be the whole trouble with New Year's resolutions. When the first fervor of reform has passed away we settle down to keeping those we have no wish to break and to breaking those we never intended to keep.

"Don't" for the Married.

Perhaps a few suggestions for married couples who wish to inaugurate such a reform might help a good cause along. Here, for example, are a few hints for wives to give their husbands on New Year's Eve.

They Even Lie for Peace.

Some husbands struggle nobly with this universal tendency to tantrums before dinner. Others give themselves up to it with positively vicious abandon. They all are prone to it. Many women can be perfectly amiable and utterly starved at the same time. There is no man capable of such self-restraint. Let them resolve earnestly to strive for it.

Gets New Year's Divorce.

Former Navy Coxswain Prefers of Wife Who Preferred Another. Supreme Court Justice Davis today gave Charles J. Aichmann, to-day supreme coxswain of the battleship Virginia, a divorce from his wife, Annie, as a New Year's present.

Bankers Give to Hospitals.

An auxiliary of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association, made up of bankers and brokers, is aiding in the collection of funds for the association's free service in hospital. J. P. Morgan & Co. subscribed yesterday \$500. Kuhn, Loeb & Co., \$250, and Spoor & Co. \$150. The association wishes to raise \$200,000.



They Can't Go Wrong in 1911 If They Stick to These

Some of the New Year's Thoughts and Sentiments That May Have Actuated Persons That All New York Knows.

A Few New Year's Messages That Might Have Been Sent.

William Travers Jerome to Clement J. Driscoll—What shall it profit a man if he gain all the press clippings and lose his own job. Mary Garden to Ruth St. Denis—In the matter of costumes none of them has anything on you. Nat C. Goodwin to Betty Vincent—Please answer in your valued column the query: "What shall husbands do to keep our young wives at home?"

Some More Resolutions.

J. Sergeant Gram—I resolve not to get in the Senatorial race unless I get a better boost than I've been getting. District Attorney Whitman—I resolve to give all bankers and other rich men under indictment a speedy trial, with no favors shown. Dock Commissioner Tomkins—I resolve not to overboard the interiors of the city's ferriesboats with stokers, officers, et cetera. Secretary Ballinger—Again I resolve not to resign.

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No More Babies in United States After Year 2015.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 31.—The stock is going to cease its visits to the United States in 2015, according to Prof. Walter P. Willcox of Cornell University, who addressed the American Statistical Association on "Comparative Fecundity of the United States and France."

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Others Found Unconscious.

The four other unconscious men were then rescued. All were badly hurt. Dr. Forrester, emergency physician at the works, called several neighborhood physicians to his aid. Not a man in the tunnel when the explosion occurred escaped hurt.

MADE SUICIDE ATTEMPT TO SOFTEN RELATIVES.

Engelhardt Won, for He Was Rescued, and Everybody Is Happy. Frederick Engelhardt, twenty-two years old, an electrician of No. 215 Third avenue, the Bronx, was before Magistrate Krotel in the Morrisania Police Court this morning charged with attempting to commit suicide.

GIRLS MARCH FROM FIRE WITH NO SIGN OF PANIC.

Prepared by Repeated Drills, Factory Employees Calmly Walk Out When Bells Ring. Two hundred and fifty girls, employed in Kauffman Brothers' smoking-pipe factory at No. 115 Fulton street, East New York, walked out of the place without the slightest excitement today when the fire bells rang through the building.

Merchant Stricken on Car While Family Waited.

The family of Patrick Walsh, a flour merchant of No. 41 West Forty-fourth street, sat up late last night, worrying because he did not come home at his usual early hour. At 1 A. M. his daughter Agnes was called to the telephone and was told by Lieut. McNulty of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station that her father was at the Magistrate's office, suffering from paralysis. Miss Walsh went at once to the hospital and remained with her father until he died early today.

BLAST IN TUNNEL FAR UNDERGROUND KILLS 1, HURTS 19

Dynamite Blow-Up Causes Panic in Darkness Under Astoria Company's Plant.

ANOTHER MAN IS DYING.

Drill Was Started in Hole That Still Contained Charge of Explosive.

Twenty men were bowled over by an explosion of dynamite in a tunnel 100 feet below the surface in the plant of the Astoria Boat and Power Company, Winthrop avenue and Shore road, Casco Beach, Long Island, at 12:30 this morning and when fourteen were brought to the surface in buckets, six of their companions were left unconscious in the dark pit. One of these died later and another was mortally hurt.

The explosion occurred just after the midday shift of "ground hogs" went on duty. The heat and power company is digging a tunnel under the East River through which gas pipes will be run to Fort Morris in the Bronx, the plan being to extend the service to the Bronx and Manhattan.

When the foreman in charge of the new crew went down in the pit he was told that all the old blasts had been exploded. The new crew had hardly got their machinery in motion when a steam drill began pounding away at a hole. Then the explosion came.

Every man in the pit was injured more or less and all were left in darkness. At the same time the lights in the big power-house were extinguished. Some of the men in the pit kept their heads. Others ran about screaming and begging to be saved.

Field F. J. Power House.

There were seventy-five men employed in the power-house and when the explosion came they fled to the open. It was half an hour before sufficient order was restored on the surface for rescuers to lower the bucket.

Men in the pit made a dash for it. They fought each other for places of vantage. Several times the bucket was lowered. As the men were brought to the surface they were attended by surgeons. All had sand, mud and iron filings in their eyes and they had been cut by flying rock.

When a roll call of the men showed that six men were missing a rescue party went down. The bucket was lowered. As the men were brought to the surface, his skull had been crushed and he died shortly after he was admitted to St. John's Hospital.

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TEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL KILLED BY CAR NEAR HER HOME



PAULINE FEISINGER.

CAR KILLS GIRL AFTER SHE POSTS NEW YEAR CARD

Little Pauline Feisinger Run Down While Her Mother Gives Whist Party.

There was a little neighborhood party last night at No. 4 West Thirty-seventh street, Bayonne, which is the home of Albert Feisinger, assistant superintendent in the Jersey City office of the Prudential Life Insurance Company. Mrs. Feisinger was entertaining at what.

The oldest child of the three of the family, ten-year-old Pauline, ran out to mail a New Year's post card at the letter-box on the corner. Soon after she was gone Mrs. Feisinger, busied with her duties as hostess, thought she heard cries and the clanging of gongs. Passing a front window a little later she happened to look out and notice that the trolley cars on the Avenue C were tied up. A long line of them stretched along the rails.

Calling to the others that there must be a fire down the street, Mrs. Feisinger opened the front door and ran down the sidewalk to where a little crowd of men were collected about the front end of the halted car. Suddenly, filled with a dread, she burst through the group. She saw the dead face of her child rigid at her feet, and she fell in a faint.

On the way back home from the letter-box Pauline had been run down by an east-bound car. Cut to pieces by the wheels, she was dragged the distance of the block from Thirty-seventh to Thirty-eighth streets.

While a wrecking crew was jacking up the car to get the mangled and mangled body from under the tracks the motorman, Martin Quinn became hysterical. He disappeared in the darkness. It may be the police were still looking for him.

GOVERNMENT TO CLOSE NEWPORT WAR COLLEGE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Dec. 31.—The Naval War College is to be closed as far as support is concerned, according to news received in local newspapers. The future of the college has not been decided definitely as yet, but there is a strong belief that it will be established in Washington where, working in conjunction with the Army War College, the capital, better results might be accomplished.

To the Wife of One Who Drinks

I have an important confidential sealed message for you. It will come in a plain envelope. You can compare his letter habits in 2 days and make home happy. Wonderful, safe, lasting, reliable, inexpensive. Edw. J. Wonda, 524 Sixth Ave., 509 G. New York.

THE MEN AND WOMEN Who Enjoy the Choicest Products of the World's Commerce.

Knowledge of What is Best More Important Than Wealth Without It.

It must be apparent to every one that qualities of the highest order are necessary to enable the best of the products of modern commerce to attain to universal acceptance. However loudly heralded, they may not hope for world-wide pre-eminence unless they meet with the general approval, not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and enjoying the choicest products. Their commendation, consequently, becomes important to others, since to meet the requirements of the well-informed of all countries the method of manufacture must be of the most perfect order and the combination the most excellent of its kind. After thirty years of general usage, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna everywhere accepted as the best of family laxatives, its quality is due not only to the excellence of the laxative and carminative principles of plants known to act most beneficially on the system, but also to the method of manufacture of the California Fig Syrup Co., which ensures that uniformity and purity essential in a remedy intended for family use. It cleanses and sweetens the system effectually, when a laxative is needed, without any unpleasant after effects. To get the beneficial effects of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, buy the genuine only; the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—is printed on the front of every package. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

GULDEN'S Try it on Ham & Cheese Sandwiches A fine Salad Dressing adding vigor. 10 CENTS. Sold by Grocers and Grocery Stores.