TEXAS GIRL SHOOTS AT SOME "NOISES" IN BIG APARTMENT

Did She Hit Anybody? Maybe and Maybe Not, but There Was No More Noise.

HALL MANAGER SCARED.

Calls Police, and Mrs. Wilson-Welling's Mysterious Pistol Practise Is Explained.

This story began to happen sometime after midnight to-day, but the end is not yet. It remained a dark secret, however, until eight o'clock in the morning, when Charles Morris, a recent arrival from the West Indies, who has accepted temporary employment as manager of the rococo vestibule of the Oakland Apartment house, No. 152 West Forty-ninth street, took the telephone in hand and asked to be put into communication with Police Headquarters.

"Am dis plees headqua'te's," he inquired. Being assured that it was, he continued: "Ah'm Mr. Morris, of the Oakland Apa'tment House—yas, sah; Ah b'leeves deres been murdeh or somethin' horriferous pup—pup—pupatrated hyar, yas, sah; two shots was fihed in the night in the apa'tment occupied by Mis' Margy Wilson, yas sah. Ah'm scared maybe dey's a daid co'pse inside."

She Shot Noises Away.

This information was imparted to the West Forty-seventh street police, and sleuths began filing into the rococo hallway that is under the exclusive management of Mr. Morris, leaving trails of mud and trickles of rain on the marble flagging. They leaned their wet umbrellas against the lapis-lazuli walls and rang the bell of the ground floor apartment, occupied by Mrs. Margy Wilson, whereupon the report of two pistol shots were said to have emanated during the still watches of the night.

The hawkshaws were met by a charming young woman, fittingly gowned in negligee, who informed them that she was Mrs. Margy Wilson, a widow. Her slumbers had been rudely disturbed by large noises, and she had taken the dainty, pearl-handled 32 Colt's revolver, which she keeps under her pillow, and had fired once and again.

The noises went away then and she returned to her slumbers, which were disturbed by the rude clamor of the door-bell under the delicate touch of the detectives.

The detectives picked up their wet umbrellas and hiked back to the station house, where a blotter-entry of Mrs. Wilson's story was made. But the matter did not end there. Other trailers, police and newspaper, went around to the house and made the startling discovery that the lady who had told the first detachment of sleuths that she was Mrs. Margy Wilson was not Mrs. Wilson at all. She met the second detachment in the same becoming negligee and an even sweeter smile than she had vauchsafed to the advance brigade.

Learned to Shoot in Texas.

"I am Mrs. Lucille Welling, and Mrs. Wilson is my cousin. She has gone hence for her midwinter vacation, and I live here alone. I had been out with a party of friends and returned about 2.30 o'clock. I retired, after having set the burglar-alarm. You see, we were burglarized the night before Christmas, and we put in an alarm and provided ourselves with guns.

"Oh, yes, I know how to shoot. I come from Texas. My father was a big ranchowner down there. He raised horses and oranges and I am living on an income derived from his estate. I write, on the side—oh, poems, impressionistic fiction. No, nothing of mine has been printed recently.

"Well, to get back to the incidents of the morning. I retired and was in a profound slumber, when the burglar alarm aroused me. I heard footsteps; I'm sure I did. I called 'Who's there?' but there was no response. Then I fired. The noises ceased. I went back to be, and that's all there is to it."

"Do you think you hit any one?" was asked.

"I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps I did; perhaps I didn't. I don't know."

"May we examine the apartment to see whether the bullets lodged in the walls or ceiling?"

"You may not," and she closed the door, gently but firmly.

Cry for Help!—No Texan Would.

Mrs. Wilson-Welling was questioned again, later. To a new interviewer she said that her name was Margy Wilson, not Welling.

"No, I did not cry for help," she said, in an exquisite Southern drawl. "We-all Texans can take care of ourselves. I can shoot anything at ten paces, and a little matter of a burglary would not make me shout for help. The ranch? No, I won't tell you where it is. We-all are very prominent down South and I'm not going to tell you anything that may displease the home folks."

And to add to the mystery, Mr. Morris says that he failed to note the departure, at his usual hour, of a gentleman who lives in a ground-floor apartment.

WIFE MUST GO TO SCHOOL.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 14.—Mrs. Joseph Costo, twelve years old, just four feet tall, weight seventy-five pounds, must start to school Monday morning. Mrs. Costo's name was Sunday Zito until Wednesday, when she was married to Costo, who is twenty years old.

"What's the reason you are not in school?" Judge Porterfield asked her yesterday when she appeared in court with a truency officer.

"Why, I'm a married woman. I have to stay home and take care of the house," she said in a childish way.

"Well, you will have to start to school Monday morning," the Court told her, and finally she said she would.

Colorado Women, Who Have Voted for 17 Years, Claim Credit for Many Beneficent Laws Passed

The Initiative and Referendum, Most Advanced Step in Democracy, Says Mrs. Minnie J. Reynolds, Was Enacted by Votes of Women.

"Man Legislates to Protect Property, Woman to Protect Life; the Whole Tendency of the Woman's Vote Is to Develop Maternal Government."

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

What has woman suffrage done for Colorado?

The State where women have voted for seventeen years is just now so much the centre of discussion for and against woman suffrage that a concrete statement of what the feminine electorate of Colorado has accomplished seems one of the day's demands.

Mrs. Minnie J. Reynolds, who lived and voted in Colorado for many years, answered the question for me yesterday, not vaguely and generally, but with instances of specific reforms, legislative and otherwise, brought about by the women voters of Colorado.

It was Mrs. Reynolds who riddled a recent attack on Colorado women published in a pattern magazine by saying of its author:

"Out in Colorado a brutal custom made fashionable by the cowboys still survives. They call it 'making a tenderfoot dance.' I suppose you know how it's done. You shoot first at one foot and then at the other and keep on saying, 'Dance, you sucker, dance.' Now, the paper pattern expert who went out to Colorado to investigate suffrage says that Denver's chief of police told him the women of Denver drink more whiskey than the men. I know Chief Armstrong very well indeed, and I am perfectly sure that if he ever made that statement he was saying under his breath—'Dance, you sucker, dance!'

What the Women Did.

"At the last election," said Mrs. Reynolds in answer to my question, "the people of Colorado voted the initiative and referendum, the most advanced step in democracy, which takes the power out of the hands of the corporations and puts it in the hands of the people. There is no doubt that the woman's vote achieved this great victory for the people. Perhaps a month ago I would not have dared to make that statement, although I believed it, but I. N. Stevens, editor of the Pueblo Chieftain, and one of the most influential men in our State, credited the women voters of Colorado with this measure in a speech made at the Hotel Astor on Dec. 3.

"Of course, the corporations, the system, the Beast, as Judge Lindsay calls it, violently opposed the referendum, for it means that no more million dollar franchises can be given away. The people can hold up any measure they disapprove until they vote on it.

"The Beast was so enraged over the woman's determination to clip its claws that it threatened to take the suffrage away from them if they voted the referendum. The women laughed and voted it. They are laughing now at the effort which is being made to submit the question of an amendment disfranchising them to the people. They hope it will be submitted. They want the overwhelming popular indorsement woman suffrage is sure to get.

Won at Popular Election.

In 1876, when Colorado adopted its constitution, the women were unable to get the vote, but they obtained a clause saying the people could vote on the woman suffrage question at any time. In 1893 under this provision a law was voted giving women the franchise. It won by 6,000 votes. In 1901 the question was submitted again in the form of a constitutional amendment. It won by 30,000. The majority for suffrage would be positively overwhelming if the corporation succeeds in getting the question submitted again.

"You ask what the women have done? These are a few thing:

"In the early 90s a bill, drawn up by the Suffrage Association making husbands and wives equal legal guardians of their children, was introduced by Charles Hartswell and passed by the Colorado Senate in ten minutes without a dissenting vote. The House voted the measure in a similarly short time. It took the women of Massachusetts just fifty-five years to get an equal guardianship bill. Women are equal guardians of their children in just thirteen States.

"Before the bill was passed in Colorado a consumptive came out to Colorado with his wife. She worked all day to support him and sat up all night nursing him. When he was dying he expressed a wish to make a will. As he had no property his wife thought it was just a sick man's fancy, and to humor him sent for a lawyer.

Willed Away Unborn Child.

"After his death that will was opened and it was found he had willed his unborn child away from the mother to his own parents. And it was perfectly legal for him to do so. That one case roused the women of Colorado and put through the equal guardianship bill.

"The women voters of Colorado obtained the State Home for Dependent Children. They raised the age of consent to eighteen years. They established, in connection with the State Home for Children, the Home Finding Society, which permits them to be adopted and exercises a State supervision over their new homes.

"They passed the Parental Responsibility and the Contributory Delinquency acts, which made possible the great work of Judge Lindsay.

"The telegraph and telephone companies are the largest employers of boys. Under the Contributory Delinquency act, the manager of a company who sends a boy into a doubtful resort can be sent to jail. The result is the telegraph and telephone companies cannot send boys into surroundings which would bring about their moral ruin.

"The women of Colorado established the State Bureau of Child and Animal protection. They are responsible for the State Free Employment Bureau.

"The club women of Colorado established a library for sending books into poor and remote districts. When they had $4,000 worth of books they turned the work over to the State, which now sends out every three months a box containing fifty new books to every remote community and mining camp that will take the trouble to ask for them.

"These are just a few things I have mentioned on the spur of the moment," Mrs. Reynolds ended. "Men and women are cut out of the same cloth, tarred with the same brush. I don't claim any moral superiority for women voters except as it is dictated by maternal instinct.

"Man legislates to protect property, woman to protect life. She is the giver and preserver of life, and the whole tendency of the woman's vote is to develop a maternal government from one that is not even paternal, but simply mercenary."

COLLIER GETS AEROPLANE FOR HIS PRIVATE USE

Wright Machine, Costing $5,000, First Sold by Company to a New Yorker.

Robert J. Collier's Wright biplane has arrived. He has rented one of the hangars at Belmont Park which were used during the recent international aviation meet.

This is the first aeroplane the million-dollar Wright company has sold to any New Yorker and it is the second machine that has been turned out of the factory to any individual for private use. The machine will be assembled at Belmont Park and when the weather becomes calmer Orville Wright may teach Mr. Collier how to fly.

That Mr. Collier has rented a hangar at Belmont Park indicates that that place may become New York's permanent aerodrome. During the meet there last October Mr. Belmont suggested that he would not mind if the hangars remained standing after the meet closed. He had not decided if he would permit the race track to be turned into an aerodrome.

It does not take long to learn to fly an aeroplane. Wilbur Wright taught the army officers how to fly at College Park, Md., in about a dozen lessons, a lesson lasting ten minutes.

It is understood that by early spring there will be at least a dozen biplanes delivered to New Yorkers who intend to make aviation their summer sport.

The price paid by Mr. Collier for his machine is $5,000. This entitles him to use his machine as much as he likes for his personal pleasure, but if he flies for money or prizes he will have to pay the Wright Company $100 a day as royalty.

A training camp will also be opened by the Wright Brothers in Augusta, Ga., in ten days. There flying lessons can be given all year. The aerodrome is about seventy-five acres in extent. Frank Coffyn, a Wright flyer, will be in charge of the camp.

BABIES BLIND, SUES WIFE.

Husband Seeks Annulment, Alleging She Concealed Family Blight.

Alleging that while he courted his wife, Lena, her two blind brothers were kept locked in a closet so that he might not know of the family blight, Abraham Phillips, a seltzer dealer, of No. 37 Leonard street, Brooklyn, brought suit yesterday in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, to annul his marriage. Justice Marean allowed the wife $10 a week alimony and $250 counsel fee pending trial.

Phillips says his wife never told him there was blindness in her family, but he discovered it after his three children were born blind. Mrs. Phillips says her eyes are O. K., as are her sister's. She asserts that on several occasions Phillips abandoned her, and is now seeking to get rid of her.

EMPIRE GOWN BACK WITH A "HOBBLE;" HAIR RAT DOOMED

Latest in Woman's Fashions Right Out of Circle Priuse at Monte Carlo.

The "rat" is doomed. It has gone. So has the puff.

The Empire gown is back. But it is an Empire with a hobble.

These tidings from the Circle Privee come from Charles C. Kurzman, a Fifth avenue milliner, who arrives from the other side at about this time every year with observations on women's fashions culled from all the high places which he has hit on a winter's trip to ...urope. In the newspaper language, Mr. Kurzman covered Monte Carlo a few weeks ago and there he got this story.

"There was recently opened a new section of the gambling establishment at Monte Carlo," said he to the marine reporters who met him at the gangplank of La Provence to-day, "which is called 'Le Circle Privee.' Admission is limited to the most aristocratic families of Europe and a very few Americans.

"All the Riviera notables were there, and it was an excellent opportunity to study the ideas of dress which the leaders of European society have adopted.

"The kowns were universally of the Empire pattern. One and all might well have been modelled on the gown of Mme. Recamier in the famous painting in the Louvre. The waist is very high, which means that an entirely new style of corset must be worn.

"The skirt is very tight still, suggesting the hobble skirt in its later forms. The color was almost unanimously and monotonously Empire green, or, if you like 'vert Empire.'

"The whole assembly was like a picture out of old Versailles. Oh, I forgot, there are no trains an dthe skirts are short."

Which is about all from M. Kurzman this trip. And isn't it enough, brothers, isn't it enough?

THIRTEEN CLUB DINES AND TALKS OF LOVE.

Laura Jean Libbey Denies That Women Are More Superstitious Than Men.

The members of that organization calling itself the Thirteen Club, which grins at superstition over a dinner table on every Friday, the thirteenth, gathered last night in Murray's Roman Gardens on West Forty-second street.

The star performer of the evening was Miss Laura Jean Libbey, the heart passion expert who discovered love. She took the negative side of the question "Is Woman More Superstitious Than Man?" Opposing her was Judge Moore.

Miss Libbey insisted bravely that her sex had been maligned in regard to superstition and she pulled several words of at least eight syllables to prove it. Occasionally she wandered off the track to expound some of her ideas qn love among the young and whether a girl should permit a man to whom she is not engaged to kiss her on the mouth or the cheek.

Judge Moore came right back with instances which showed indisputably that women divide their thoughts between love and superstition, but it was decmed wise to render no decision on the controversy.

The usual array of favors in coffins and opened umbrellas and ladders were present.

KILLED BY GAS.

John Beck, twenty-nine, an engineer, was found dead in his room, No. 34½ St. Mark's place, to-day with gas escaping from a stove.

Beck, a sober, industrious man, retired at 10.30 last night. In turning off the gas he had disarranged the jets. The police reported Beck's death an accident.

MISSING HUSBAND RETURNS TO WIFE AFTER TEN YEARS

Found in Syracuse by Lodge Which Was Sued for Endowment.

Friday, the thirteenth, brought happiness to the home of Mrs. Carrie Stearns in the person of her husband, who had been missing ten years and was supposed to be dead. The story of Stearns's disappearance, which came to light through a suit that has just been discontinued in the Supreme Court, is an interesting one.

Stearns, a prominent member of the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order Free Sons of Israel, dropped out of sight in 1900, under circumstances that led his wife to believe he had committed suicide. After a few years passed, Mrs. Stearns put in a claim to the lodge for $1,000 endowment. The lodge refused payment and Mrs. Stearns brought suit.

Then began a search that extended throughout the United States. Maurice B. and Daniel W. Blumenthal, counsel for the lodge, sent out a general alarm to the 120,000 members of the Order, with the result that Stearns was located safe and sound in Syracuse.

He made no explanation of his long absence, but expressed anxiety to return to New York at once and join his wife and children, of whom, he said, he had lost all trace.

Mrs. Stearns's suit was scheduled for trial before Justice McCall on Friday, the thirteenth, but shortly before court opened Stearns appeared at the Blumenthals' office, No. 25 Nassau street. Mrs. Stearns was summoned and a reconciliation took place.

Application was made to discontinue the suit for the recovery of the $1,000 endowment, and after the circumstances had been explained the court granted the order.

Maurice Blumenthal declared to-day he would prepare a complete history of the case for the Thirteen Club, of which he is a member.

A. V. ROSSITER'S SUMMER HOME DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Broker Puts Loss on Glen Cove House at $50,000—Only the Caretaker In It.

The summer home of Arthur W. Rossiter, a Stock Exchange broker, at Glen Cove, L. I., was destroyed by fire last night. Mr. Rossiter estimated his loss at $50,000 to-day. The house was luxuriously furnished and was in charge of a caretaker, Patrick Selcglock, who discovered the blaze.

Because of the low water pressure the Glen Cove firemen were unable to save the place. The Rossiters have lived in the summer colony at Red Spring, two miles from Glen Cove, for two years, and returned to New York in October to live at their winter home, No. 255 West Seventy-second street. Their Glen Cove neighbors are millionaire New Yorkers.

The fire is believed to have started from a defective electric light wire, or possibly from a fire left in the furnace by mechanics who were renovating the house. The loss is covered by insurance.

Mr. Rossiter is a son of E. V. W. Rossiter, who died a month ago, leaving several million dollars.

Long Sea Voyage.

A long sea voyage ended to-day when the American-Hawaiian Line steamship Texas came in from Buenos Ayres, having covered the distance of 6,374 miles without a stop in nineteen days. The Texas left the Argentine port on Christmas day.

DEMENTED WOMAN FIGHTS POLICE FOR STOPPING SUICIDE

Battles All the Way to Hospital After Fourth Attempt to Jump From Window.

Two policemen and an ambulance surgeon were barely able to cope with Mrs. Christina Schmidt, who was taken to the observation ward of the Kings County Hospital to-day after her fourth attempt within a week to kill herself by jumping out of the window.

The young woman, who is twenty-five years old, has been suffering from dementia for some time. Early this week she became possessed wiht a desire to kill herself. A watch was set over her, but about 8 o'clock this morning she eluded her husband, and, screaming, ran to the window and threw it open. Her husband and another member of the family caught her just as she was climbing to the windowsill.

Policeman Zinsky, hearing her outcry, ran to the house. As he entered the door Mrs. Schmidt turned on him and attacked him. She tore his heavy uniform coat to shreds and battered his helmet out of shape. Another policeman had to be called to help Zinsky.

An ambulance had meanwhile been summoned, but when Dr. Frank tried to administer a hypodermic Mrs. Schmidt attacked him, ripping his coat to pieces. He hustled back to the hospital for another coat, and when he returned the woman was comparatively quiet and went downstairs to the ambulance without resistance.

As soon as she entered the vehicle she began to rave again. Suddenly she sprang to her feet and tried to leap from the speeding ambulance. Policeman Zinsky and Dr. Frank caught her. She struggled desperately to free herself and clawed and bit at the men until the hospital was reached and, still fighting, she was put into a straitjacket. The family is unable to account for her condition.

SIX-YEAR-OLD BOY DYING OF BLOW STRUCK BY WOMAN.

Crowd of Youngsters Attacked Mrs. Klieger and She Used Gas Lighter.

Six-year-old Freddie Bankrot was taken to St. Catharine's Hospital to-day from his home, No. 41 South Third street, Williamsburg. He is believed to be dying. Mrs. Mollie Klieger, who has a little drygoods store at No. 362 Wythe avenue, was held without bail by Magistrate Geismar on a charge of felonious assault to await the result of the boy's injuries.

On Thursday afternoon a crowd of youngsters, of whom Freddie was the youngest and smallest, amused themselves by opening the door of Mrs. Klieger's little shop and yelling at her. She chased them away, but they returned to the attack. Some of the bigger boys whose ears she had boxed threw mud at her.

Mrs. Klieger picked up a metal gas-lighter and ran out into the street. Instead of fleeing, the boys surrounded her and taunted her. In her exasperation she swung out with the gas-lighter. When she told her story in court to-day, Mrs. Klieger said that she was aiming at some of the bigger boys in the crowd, but Freddie happened to be in the way of the swinging gas-lighter, which struck him across the head.

The crowd scattered, and Freddie went home crying. His parents thought nothing of the matter until early this morning, when the little fellow was seized with convulsions. Dr. Lohrick of Williamsburg Hospital was called and his examination developed that the boy was suffering from a fracture of the skull.

PURSUING BELL-RINGERS, JANITOR SHOOTS BOY.

Tells Police He Thought He Was Firing His Revolver in the Air.

Vincent E. Quinn, janitor of a tenement house at No. 249 West Sixty-fifth street, was arraigned in West Side Police Court to-day, charged with felonious assault for the accidental shooting of William Fitzgerald, eighteen, who lives next door. Fitzgerald is in Flower Hospital. His wound is not serious.

Quinn told the police that several boys had been annoying him and his wife by ringing the front door bell of the house. Last night the bell sounded and Quinn ran to te street with a revolver and began shooting. A bullet struck Fitzgerald, who was standing on the sidewalk talking with two girls, Anna Gleason and Anna Hefferman, who live at No. 249. Quinn said he thought he was shooting in the air.

Magistrate Krotel held Quinn in $2,500 bail for examination on Monday.

SHORT TOENAILED HENS.

Best for Laying Because They Scratch Hard for a Living.

COLUMBIA, Mo., Jan. 14.—"Chickens with short toenails are the best layers," said Prof. J. E. Rice, poultry expert for Cornell University, addressing students of the Agricultural College of the University of Missouri here yesterday.

"These chickens have short toenails," he said, "from contiuous scratching for food, and a chicken that is constantly scratching for food is sure to be industrious."

POSTUM

10 days and coffee ills begin to leave.

"There's a Reason"

BRIDE FOR WHOM FRIDAY THE 13TH HAD NO TERROR.

FRIDAY, THE 13TH, HAD NO TERRORS FOR THIS BRIDE

Lillian Winterbauer Laughed at Mother's Warning and Became Mrs. Conrad Bahr.

Black Friday—Friday the 13th of January—had no terrors for Lillian Winterbauer that was, but now is Mrs. Conrad Bahr.

Lillian is the only daughter of Mrs. Mary Winterbauer of Seventh street and Castle Hill, Unionport, Westchester. When the young girl told her mother yesterday that she was thinking of getting married Mrs. Winterbauer cried: "Horrors! Not on Friday, the 13th."

"I'm not superstitious," said the daughter, whereat she left the house and went to a matinee with young Mr. Bahr, who is an inspector for the Bronx Gas and Electric Company. First they obtained a marriage license from Cupid Stewart Harris in the Bronx Borough Hall.

"You surely aren't going to get married to-day?" said Harris to Mr. Bahr.

"Sure!" said Conrad. "It's my day off."

Cupid Harris shook his head gloomily, but the couple went away in the fog fairly beaming with happy smiles.

Lillian was a little bit squeamish despite her remarks to her mother, but Conrad finally won her around and they were united by the Rev. Gustave Tassert of St. Paul's Lutheran Church at One Hundred and Fifty-sixth street and Tinton avenue. The Rev. Mr. Tassert told the bride Friday was his lucky day and he thought it would prove so for Mr. and Mrs. Bahr.

When they broke the news to mother she almost fainted, but to-day she is entirely reconciled.

FOLLOW FAR TO ROB.

Holdup Men Trail Victim from Bank to the Bronx.

Morris Rosenberg, No. 296 Brook avenue, went to a bank on Canal street yesterday afternoon and drew $275. As he left he saw three men who seemed to be watching him. He thought it strange when he found the three in the same Third avenue L car he boarded to go home.

He got off at One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street and as he saw the three following him he began to suspect that it was more than coincidence. But it was only 5 o'clock and still light, so he felt safe. As he neared One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street and Willis avenue the three closed in on him and forced him into a hallway. While one of the men choked him the others robbed him of the $275. They left him unconscious.

TROLLEY AFIRE, MANY TRAMPLED IN HASTY EXITS

Controller Box of Well Filled Car Blazes Up and Starts Rush.

Daniel Slattery, the motorman of a car carrying forty passengers down Sixth avenue early to-day, heard a queer purring and snapping in the case of his controller box. He opened it and there was a flash. A short circuit was burning out the wires.

The motorman jumped into the car and took a double handful of sand from under the seat. The sand didn't affect the flame in the least. The floor of the platform caught fire and Slattery called to the passengers to get out the back door as quickly as they could. They obeyed so fast that several of them fell in the street and were stepped on.

A newsboy carried news of the fire to the house of Engine No. 65 in Forty-third street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, and Fireman Welch and two others went to the rescue with an axe and hand grenades. They had the fire out in three minutes and the car was pushed back to the Fiftieth street barns.

WIDOW ACCUSES HUSBAND'S FRIEND OF $6,200 THEFT

Says He Stole Money From Her as She Was Getting Ready to Go to Bank.

Patrick J. Murphy, fifty-six years old, of No. 57 Temple street, Long Island City, who, the police say, is an old bookmaker, was arrested early this morning by Central Office Detective Haley on the complaint of Mrs. Vitaline Foulke of No. 56 Central Park West, that he stole $6,200 belonging to her.

Mrs. Foulke is the widow of William D. Foulke, and Murphy was a friend of her husband. Since the latter's death he has acted as confidential adviser and collector of rents of Mrs. Foulke, who owns considerable real estate.

According to the story she told the police, she drew $6,000 from a Brooklyn bank to deposit in a Manhattan bank preparatory to going to Canada for the winter. She reached the bank too late in the afternoon to make the deposit, and took the money home with her.

Yesterday, she said, she sent for Murphy to wind up some business matters, and asked him to accompany her to the bank to deposit the $6,000, to which she had added $200 she had in her purse. While she was in another room at the telephone she alleges, Murphy disappeared with the money.

"It's a mere bagatelle," the police say he replied to the charge. "She owed me the money for commissions." Although he did not deny taking the money, the police say, he would tell them nothing about what he did with it.

"This is a clear case of an outrageous breach of trust upon a helpless and confiding woman," Assistant District-Attorney Smith told Magistrate Krotel in the West Side Court to-day.

Magistrate Krotel held Murphy in $10,000 bail for examination.

James E. Martine Victim of Grip.

James E. Martine of Plainfield, N. J., candidate to succeed John Kean in the United States Senate, is ill at his home from grip. He has been confined to his bed for several days.

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of illness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact that it is the only remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is, therefore, all-important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to purchase and note that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

It is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and assists in overcoming habitual constipation permanently, also biliousness and the many ills resulting therefrom. The great trouble with all other purgatives and aperients is not that they fail to act when a single dose is taken, but that they act too violently and invariably tend to produce a habit of body requiring constantly augmented doses. Children enjoy the pleasant taste and gentle action of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the ladies find it delightful and beneficial whenever a laxative remedy is needed, and business men pronounce it invaluable, as it may be taken without interfering with business and does not gripe nor nauseate. When buying note the name, California Fig Syrup Co. printed on the front of every package. Price, 50 cents a bottle.