

SHUBERT MADE HER NOSE BLEED, ACTRESS SWEARS

Peggy Forbes Tells of Her Encounter With Manager in His Private Office.

PUNCHED HER, SHE SAYS.

Young Woman Claims to Be Grandniece of President Zachary Taylor.

Magistrate Murphy, sitting in the side Court to hear the complaint of Peggy Forbes, an actress formerly employed at the Winter Garden, against Jacob Shubert, the manager of the theatre, for striking her with his fist on March 22, to-day took the testimony of the actress. Shubert was reported by his lawyer, Max Steuer, as too ill to be present. Mr. Steuer and David Neuberger, representing Miss Forbes, agreed that her testimony should be taken to-day and that the case should then be adjourned until Friday afternoon.

"My name," said Miss Forbes, who is a grandniece of President Zachary Taylor, "is Marie Taylor Barnett. Peggy Forbes is my stage name. I am married, but live alone at No. 348 West Seventieth street.

"Early in January I called on Mr. Shubert and asked for an engagement. He said he would employ me, and I went to the Comedy Theatre to begin rehearsals for the Winter Garden performance. We rehearsed there for three months and then moved to the Winter Garden. In all this time Mr. Shubert spoke to me several times in a way I did not like. I had no conversations with him.

"On March 22 I was in Katharine McDonald's dressing room talking with a girl who was dressing beside me. Miss McDonald turned to us and called us 'Oh, shut up!'

"How the Row Started. "I am not interfering with you in any way," I said to her. "I don't want you to speak that way to me."

"Mr. Shubert put his head in the dressing room door and said: "You girls must stop quarrelling in the dressing rooms. I won't have Miss Forbes. I am going to make an example of you. I'm going to give you a week's salary and let you go."

"Mr. Shubert," I said, "I cannot do that. It isn't fair. It isn't according to our agreement. Wait until I am dressed, and I will come out and talk to you."

"Here the girl cried and went into a violent sobbing fit which necessitated a temporary adjournment while she went into a side room and got control of herself.

"When I went out of the dressing room," she resumed on her return, "Mr. Shubert was there and said to me: 'My dear, I know what you want. I can fix you all right. Run right into my office.'"

"Mr. Shubert's office is a small room on the seventh avenue side of the building. It was furnished with a large couch covered with purple velvet and a desk and a small chair. Not any other chairs at all.

"A Man or a Monkey? "Mr. Shubert," I said, "don't you touch me. I want you to take me back to that dressing room and apologize to me in front of those girls."

"He caught me by the arm and pulled me back to the scenery just back of his door.

"Are you a man or a monkey? I asked him.

"He struck me in the face hard. My nose began to bleed. Two stage hands caught me and were going to throw me out of the theatre, but I asked them to let me stay and my hair and my hat and they did it.

Miss Forbes then went on to tell of her complaint to the police and her efforts to get Mr. Shubert arrested and going to Dr. Charles Goldsmith to have her injuries attended.

Dr. Goldsmith testified that her wounds were genuine and that he had attended her for a week.

FUNERAL HALTED AT CEMETERY GATE BY CRUELTY AGENT

Magistrate Dodd in the Flatbush Avenue Police Court today rebuked an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who had felt it his duty to halt a funeral procession outside the gates of Washington Cemetery, arrest the driver of the hearse and delay the burial of the body until after he had arraigned the driver in a police station many blocks away.

Beauty and Poetry in Housework And Cooking, Says Kate Wiggin

Author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" Hopes Her Talks to New York School Children Helped Eager Young People.

We Have Enough Good Scholars, She Declares; We Need People Who See the Beauty in the Common Things.

By Ethel Lloyd Patterson.

So it was that Kate Douglas Wiggin visited the public schools of New York and read aloud to the children from her own "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "The Bird's Christmas Carol," "Polly Oliver's Problem" and "Timothy's Quest." It must have been a particularly nice experience. Nice for the children and nice for Kate Douglas Wiggin, whom one calls Mrs. Riggs when one goes to see her in her home on West Fifty-eighth street.

"I was able only to give each school about half an hour," Mrs. Riggs explained. "One cannot do much in that time. But oh, I do hope I helped these eager young people a little! I wanted them to understand what I feel; that I am not at all certain every one can have a first-class brain. Education, in its broadest application, will, I am sure, convert a third-class brain into a second-class one. But do not know whether it will do much more."

A First-Class Heart. "However, there is one comfort. 'Out of the heart come the real issues of life. I am very certain that if you have a germ of will, of energy, of power, of determination, nothing can prevent your having a first-class heart.'

But you want to know how it all came about. I will tell you. Quite early in the winter Mrs. Riggs received a letter from one of the principals of a large girls' school, asking her if she could come and read a chapter from any one of her books, or speak in an informal way to the pupils. And Mrs. Riggs replied that she would. Doubtless she did so, because, although she is essentially a lover of all humanity, she is even more essentially a lover of young humanity. It was through Mrs. Riggs's efforts that the first free kindergarten for children was opened in California, and for the past twenty-five years she has been prominently associated in many of the educational projects with important educational movements. So, as I have said, she went to the first school that asked her to, and read aloud a little to the children and talked to them. Then followed the bombardment. From all over the city came letters from other schools, asking Kate Douglas Wiggin to pay them a visit; to read to them. And she selected what it was possible to do so Mrs. Riggs went.

A Beautiful Experience. "It was a most wonderful and beautiful experience," she said to me yesterday. "One that I shall never forget. One that I shall never repeat as often as I can. In the past I have selected the largest school and tried to include as many of those on the upper east and west sides as possible; schools where the girls have not had so many advantages as those in other localities. The teachers feel that this personal contact with the author of a selected book makes the literature a more vital thing than it would otherwise be. It helps to establish the reading habit, which will surely be one of the safeguards and one of the developments of a girl's life. And a selected good good fortune to find friendships already made for me when I entered the school doors."

Of course, and I can quite understand that. Who that has read any of the things Kate Douglas Wiggin has written has not felt that it is as though one had been reading with the book in one hand and with the other hand in her?

"One can hardly look at large groups of young people without wishing to give advice to them," continued Mrs. Riggs slowly.

Tried to Resist Temptation. "I did try, though, to resist the temptation for the most part. I believe I know what most of those young people thought of us grown-up people on the platform. They thought that we counsel, sometimes a little dull, a little uncomprehending and unsympathetic. I wonder if they knew what we were thinking of when we looked at them? I cannot express it more beautifully than in the words of a certain poem written by Edward Taylor:

Joy to the laughing troop Led on by courage and immortal hope, And with the morning in their hearts, They to the disappointed earth shall give

And these we meant to live, Beautiful, free and strong; The light we almost had Shall make them glad; The words we wailed long Shall run in shafts from their souls And home!

That's nearly as good as I can do to make the home all fine and sweet to my new inhabitants to greet The wondrous dawn of century."

"And I thought every time I looked at all those young people—how will they carry out their merry task?"

Begged Them to Be Alive. "One thing above all others I hoped for."

"I begged each one to be alive."



KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

GRAND JURY WILL FIND THAT POLICE ARE DEMORALIZED

Policemen's Own Testimony Said to Have Convinced Them That Fault Is High Up.

The Grand Jury's investigation of crime in New York will not be resumed until next Wednesday. By that time Assistant District-Attorneys Moss and Reynolds, and George Gordon Battle, special counsel, will have assembled and classified the evidence so far taken and brought the proceeding up to date.

Two facts have been established by the investigation, first, that the police force is pretty well demoralized, and the increase in New York crime is on the whole, the result of this demoralization.

The demoralization of the force has been established largely by the written and verbal testimony of policemen themselves, given to Assistant District-Attorneys and before the Grand Jury.

Upon good authority it is learned that the Grand Jurors consider Magistrate Cortright's charges that the police force is at a low stage of efficiency to be thoroughly substantiated. It is also learned that many of the Grand Jurors believe the trouble in the Police Department lies near the top and not among the rank and file.

The fact that minor crime is on the increase in New York is testified to by a number of experts, among them James Forbes, the merchandising expert of the Charity Organization Society. Witnesses have informed the Grand Jurors that New York is overrun with panhandlers, hobos and vagrants.

Mr. Forbes says the worst has gone on through the country to hobos and criminals that New York is "open."

The records of the city lodging house show that there were 16,000 applications for shelter there between Jan. 1 and March 21 of this year. The largest number of applications in any similar period before was 9,000. This increase of 7,000 is strong evidence that New York is attracting a great army of the shiftless and vicious who have heard that it is an "easy city" when things are "right."

Mr. Forbes has told the District-Attorney that there are more panhandlers and petty thieves in New York now than ever before. The city was peacefully clear of that class of offenders, according to Mr. Forbes, between 1900 and 1906 when a detail of detectives under his direction worked exclusively on the street-begging and hobos problem. The detail made 4,000 arrests in one year.

Can we do less than believe that Kate Douglas Wiggin knows?

THEATRE SAFE LOOTED. \$1,000 in Currency Stolen From the Gallery in Brooklyn.

H. P. Denny, manager of the Gallery Theatre, at Broadway and Throop avenues, Brooklyn, reported to the police of the Lee avenue station today that his safe in the theatre box office had been opened during the night and \$1,000 in currency and two checks on the Broadway Bank, one payable to himself for \$600 and another to J. J. Carpenter for \$400, stolen.

The police believe the robbery was the work of some one who knew the combination.

ARREST POST-OFFICE CLERK. Man to Service Seventeen Years Accused of Mail Theft.

After shadowing all the employees at the Grand Central Station Branch, Post-Office Inspectors Jacobs and James decided that Edward M. Ralnitz, a clerk for seventeen years in the service, was responsible for a long series of post-office thefts. When they placed him in custody they claim to have found in his possession mail matter addressed to the American Electrical Works at Philadelphia, Pa. Ralnitz, when arraigned today before United States Commissioner Shields admitted the charge, waived examination and was held to await the action of the Grand Jury in \$1,000 bail.

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, BY A. CONAN DOYLE. By request of many readers, The Evening World is reprinting this famous series of detective stories, in Booklet Form, and will give one complete story free to every subscriber who writes before to-morrow's story. "The Adventure of the Empty House," by A. Conan Doyle, the first of the series. Get this complete story free with to-morrow's Booklet.

POLICEMAN PLAYS PIED PIPER, BUT RATS ARE WARY

Burton's Music Fails to Lure Rodents Who Have Over-run Station.

WAKES UP RESERVES.

They Put In a Vociferous Protest and Flute Player Quits in Disgust.

Policeman Burton tried to charm the rats out of the Liberty avenue station, Brooklyn, with his flute this morning, and the results that marked his ambitious effort convinced him that the Pied Piper would find little doing in his special line should he return to earth for a visit.

The stable at the station is being remodelled, and scores of rats, given from a retreat they had inhabited for years, have been overrunning the station for several days. They kept the reserves awake by playing tag and ring-around-the-rosy in the dormitory, and if any one laid anything to rest down it was the last he saw of it. Lieut. Max Neumaler is particular about his penholders, and when he finds one that suits him he becomes singularly attached to it. This is fortunate for he has been able to keep one only a short time for a number of days past.

Stole His Penholders. After every policeman in the precinct had been given an opportunity to deny he was responsible for the permanent elopement of the penholders, Neumaler decided to explain their disappearance in some other way.

Finally he found a rat hole back of the door, and by judicious vigilance finally detected a gray old Thomas rat stealing his penholders. In a few hours a trap yawned near the hole and four rodents fell victims to it.

Whether rats have a secret way of communication or it was merely a coincidence, after the slaughter of the unwary quartet the vengeful survivors became worse than ever. The reserves could scarcely sleep, and one rat even had the temerity to gnaw a piece out of the blotter, possibly mistaking it for the precinct signal book.

Traps of Bitter Avail. Last night Neumaler decided to demote the ranks of the pests if it took all the rat traps in Williamsburg. He came on duty with four of the largest he could find. Placing them near the centre of the room, he made a trail of cheese to the rat hole, switched out some traps and sat waited for the extermination to begin.

His vigil started at 1 A. M. Two frisky youngsters took the bait and were soon where they would trouble no more. A flea-bitten, moth-eaten old fellow climbed to the desk, laid a few foot-prints on the blotter and pecked insistently over the traps and the nagging bait of cheese. But he didn't go nearer.

Policeman Burton came in at 5 A. M. and when he learned that the rat population had not been noticeably decreased, thought a moment and said: "I remember the case of the Pied Piper of Hamelin playing a flute and leading all the rats away. I'm the champion flute player in the police band. If you say the word we'll give it a trial."

Didn't Care for Music. Neumaler was willing, so Burton went to the dormitory and got his flute. He played for an hour in a chair and trilled every tune he knew. But not a single rat displayed itself except the same gray veteran that had gnawed the blotter earlier in the night. As an evidence of what he thought of the music, he blinked a time or two and went back to his hole.

"I guess rats ain't like they used to be in them days," said Burton as he put his flute back into the case. "There certainly wasn't anything the matter with that music."

The rats could not be interviewed on the subject, but they reserved opinions and in a vociferous dissenting report.

Neumaler is thinking of calling on Mayor Gaynor's literary rat-catcher to aid in cleaning out the station.

WALKED OFF A PIER INTO RIVER AND DROWNED. Stranger Dragged From Water by Rescuers, but Dead When Doctor Arrived.

Archibald Turpin, watchman on the Central of Vermont pier at the foot of Market street, heard a man shouting down the pier at 4 o'clock this morning, and asked where he was going. The man responded in a reply and kept on. Turpin called in Policeman Brady, and they heard a splash and cried for help. They could see the man falling to hold on to the slimy spiles and fall back into the water.

Turpin climbed down a ladder and finally succeeded in getting a rope about the man's waist and hauling him up. Artificial respiration was used while waiting for Dr. Potter from Gouverneur Hospital, but when he arrived the man was dead. No marks of violence were found on his body.

He was about forty years old, had a long mustache and apparently was a longshoreman. There was nothing by which he could be identified.

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SCIENCE HEALER HELD ON COMPLAINT OF MEDICAL SOCIETY



Byron Winslow on Information of Woman Sleuth.

MEDICAL SOCIETY AFTER ANOTHER SCIENCE HEALER

Causes Arrest of Wentworth

Wentworth Byron Winslow, who enjoys one of the largest practices as a Christian Science healer in New York and among whose patrons are many widely known actors and actresses, was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court to-day charged with practicing medicine without a license.

His arrest yesterday was caused by the County Medical Society, the officers of which are determined to have a test case brought before the Court of Special Sessions. A recent attempt was thwarted in the case of Healer Willis Vermon Lee, who was held for General Sessions to be tried before a jury.

Healer Winslow's lawyer, Henry D. Esterbrook of No. 52 William street, is out of the city, so Magistrate House continued the examination until 2 o'clock Monday. The \$500 bond that Mr. Winslow gave last night was continued.

Winslow is well-known, distinguished man with iron gray hair and a serious, pale face. His arrest by Detective O'Neill was made on information furnished by Mrs. Frances Benzony, an agent of the County Medical Society, who obtained the evidence against Healer Winslow and who has been active in sounding an alarm against quacks, clairvoyants and astrologers.

She told an Evening World reporter to-day that Winslow was one of the most prosperous healers in this city. His office at No. 140 West Forty-second street, she said, are luxuriously fitted and his apartment at No. 1027 Seventh avenue is expensively furnished and contains numerous works of art.

Mrs. Benzony, who has a sense of humor and a keen wit, introduced herself to Mr. Winslow as Mrs. Harris, and said she had indignation. He said she had no such thing, remembering that she was made in the image of God, and if touched would not know the difference whether she ate rooster, corned beef and cabbage or other acknowledged indigestibles, he could care for her and the treatment cost \$2.

She Paid His Fee. "Mrs. Harris" answered that if her stomach didn't know the difference she did, but she paid the \$2 and Mr. Winslow placed his hand in his head, closed his eyes and sat opposite her. Sometimes he read the Bible to her. He also told her he could give her little daughter a cure for her cough.

"Mr. Winslow said after he left the pier to-day that it was true about the letter and corned beef and cabbage, and that anybody who had arrived in the proper frame of mind could eat those things without any effect on the stomach."

John G. Towner of No. 32 Nassau street, who represented the County Medical Society, said his clients were determined to make a test case of Winslow's.

TAXICABS BURN IN GARAGE. Three taxicabs were burned in a fire at the Haystack Taxicab Company's garage at No. 30 East Seventy-third street just after midnight to-day, after a car which was being worked up caught fire from a cross-spill of gas, exploding a spray of gasoline vapor. The fire spread to a pool of oil under the cars and quickly communicated to two of the nine other cars in the cement floor.

The burning cars were near the elevator shaft. Joseph Drah, the night watchman, started the alarm by blowing the fire alarm bell and after the engine arrived from behind the fire and started the burning off out of the street with water from three hose lines.

The heat of the fire melted the metal ceiling of the garage, and the engine had gone it was discovered that officers above were unloading. Two engines were called upon by telephone and quickly started the trouble. The loss was about \$1,000.

CONSIDINE WINS A POINT AGAINST BROTHER'S WIDOW

Was John R.'s Partner and Is Entitled to Half Latter's Estate, Referee Holds.

The disputed right of George F. Considine to one-half interest in the new Metropole Hotel, securities in Mt. Carmel Cemetery, Dreamland, Hanover Theatre, Hutton Spring Water, Long Beach and the Metropolitan Jockey Club, which were held in part by his deceased brother, John R. Considine, was settled to-day by Referee Joseph M. Postmauer of the law firm of James, Schell & Elkus, to whom the adjustment of the legal tangle rated by the widow of John was referred by the court. Incidentally Lawyer Henry J. Goldsmith, who acted for George F. Considine, was vindicated of the accusation made by the widow of John R. Considine, who declared that she was forced by the lawyer and George F. Considine to sign important papers transferring one-half of the securities held by her deceased husband to George F. Considine.

Referee Postmauer holds that George F. Considine was a partner of John R. not only in the Metropole Hotel, but in the security holdings mentioned as well. He decrees, therefore, that one-half of the disputed estate be turned over to George Considine.

Widow Charged Trickery. Mrs. John R. Considine, widow of John R. who was a well-known sportsman and who died in this city on June 26, 1909, complained that she was under a misapprehension when she signed the papers prepared by Henry J. Goldsmith for her husband. She also stated that she was told to go to the safe deposit company, open the vault wherein her deceased husband kept his securities and make inventory of the contents. She was instructed, she said, to do so by Mr. Goldsmith, who she also alleged, carried away all the securities after she had inventoried them. She admitted, however, before the Referee that Mr. Goldsmith advised her to take \$10,000 in bank deposited in the name of her deceased husband and that she did so.

When Mrs. Considine was informed by her counsel that she had signed away her husband's interests to her husband's brother, she complained that she had been deceived upon and that George Considine had falsely pretended that he was her husband's partner. All the acts of commission and omission perpetrated, she alleged, were the work of George Considine and his attorney.

This was alleged in the Surrogate's court. Prior to this, however, the disputed securities had been deposited in the Hudson Trust Company. This was followed by an action in the Supreme Court brought by George Considine against the Hudson Trust Company, as a fiduciary, and as administrator of the estate of George R. Considine to establish his claim to half the estate.

Referee for George Considine. Referee Postmauer now decides that the partnership is proved by the two attorneys who drew up the partnership papers, and by the testimony of employees and other witnesses, of whom former State Senator William H. Reynolds was one. It was shown that the business letter-heads bore the names of the brothers as proprietors, and that the deceased had verified a petition for the reduction of taxes on the Metropole Hotel, describing himself and the plaintiff as the partners.

It now remains for the court either to approve or disapprove of the findings of the referee.

BACKSLIDER TRIES TO DIE. Youth Who Took Pledge to Be Good Falls to Stick It Out.

After creating a disturbance in his COFFEE HEART Very Plain in Some People.

A great many people go on suffering from annoying ailments for a long time before they can get their own consent to give up the indulgence from which their trouble arises.

A gentleman in Brooklyn describes his experience as follows: "I became satisfied some months ago that I owed the palpitation of the heart from which I suffered almost daily to the use of coffee (I had been a coffee drinker for 20 years), but I found it very hard to give up the beverage."

"One day I ran across a very sensible and straightforward presentation of the claims of Postum, and was so impressed thereby that I concluded to give it a trial.

"My experience with it was unsatisfactory till I learned how it ought to be prepared—by thorough boiling for not less than 15 or 20 minutes. After I learned that lesson there was no trouble.

"Postum proved to be a most palatable and satisfactory hot beverage, and I have used it ever since.

"The effect on my health has been most salutary. The heart palpitation from which I used to suffer so much, particularly after breakfast, has disappeared, and I never have a return of it except when I dine or lunch away from home and drink the old kind of coffee because Postum is not served. I find that Postum cheers and invigorates, while it produces no harmful stimulation." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

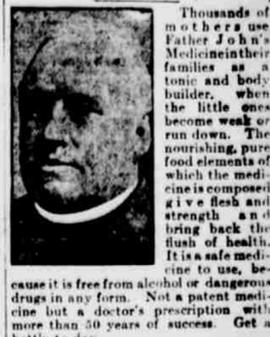
Ten days trial proves an eye opener to many.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in plain "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

home at No. 50 East Eightieth street early to-day James Devine, twenty-one years old, went to the kitchen and tied a gas tube in his mouth. He was found unconscious by his mother and sisters and sent to Bellevue. He will recover. Three months ago Devine's mother had him arrested, charging in police court that he was a drunkard and trouble-maker. He was paroled after promising to take the pledge.

DO YOUR CHILDREN NEED BUILDING UP?



Thousands of mothers use Father John's Medicine in their families as a tonic and body builder, when the little ones become weak or run down. The nourishing, pure food elements of which the medicine is composed give flesh and strength and bring back the flush of health. It is a safe medicine to use, because it is free from alcohol or dangerous drugs in any form. Not a patent medicine but a doctor's prescription with more than 50 years of success. Get a bottle to-day.

"My rose Sherry (this is lovely) in this lovely Where I know it will grow food elements of health. It is a safe medicine to use, because it is free from alcohol or dangerous drugs in any form. Not a patent medicine but a doctor's prescription with more than 50 years of success. Get a bottle to-day.

"A square meal with round corners." That's what some people call our Tomato Soup. Because it is so satisfying and so easy to digest. You find real sustaining nourishment in

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

And it helps you to digest all other food, too. It is sufficient for a light meal in itself, or it makes a tempting introduction to a hearty one. There is only one way to realize how good it is. Try it and see.

21 kinds 10c a can Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY Camden N. J.

Look for the red-and-white label

ODOL—the new anti-septic—does more than rid the mouth and teeth of the impurities present at the time of brushing. It safeguards against the foes which—through the air we breathe and in other ways—make their invasions later.

Does not evaporate nor wash away in the saliva, but remains in the mouth and retains its effectiveness for hours.

At All Druggists—50c. Bottle.

REDUCE YOUR FAT

Does not evaporate nor wash away in the saliva, but remains in the mouth and retains its effectiveness for hours.

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