

AUTO ROBBERS' BEATEN VICTIM DIES OF INJURIES

Hurts Aggravated Ailments of Horth, Deprived of \$10,000 in Diamonds.

WAS CONSTANTLY DIZZY

Robbed and Assaulted in Uptown Street, Thugs Escaped Without Detection.

George T. Horth, fifty-two years old, a diamond dealer, who was blackkicked Feb. 18 in Thirty-fifth street near Sixth avenue, died last night at his home, No. 113 Third street, Union Hill, N. J.

After the assault Mr. Horth was treated at the Tenderloin station. Then he went home and to bed. He was attended, as he has been before, by Dr. J. Clement Justin of West New York.

"Mr. Horth, even with cirrhosis of the liver and the other chronic troubles with which he was afflicted," said Dr. Justin to-day, "might have lived for a year or more. He had been ill in bed for nearly three weeks before he was struck down. When he came home from New York that night I found his scalp badly bruised and his right hand out and bruised where he had used it to try to ward off the blackkicks. But there was no evidence of fracture of the skull.

There may have been some concussion of the brain, as he was constantly complaining of dizziness. He would get out of bed and become dizzy he would have to go right back. Day before yesterday he was so much better that he went to his office in New York. But he was only able to stay a few minutes. The shock and the worry and the functional disturbances following the assault were the immediate cause of his death.

The holdup occurred shortly before 7 o'clock on the evening of Feb. 18. Mr. Horth was walking along in Thirty-fifth street not far from Sixth avenue when an automobile drew up to the curb behind him. He did not pay any attention to it, and the next instant he was struck a terrific blow on the head, which partly stunned him.

TORE OPEN HIS COAT AND GOT WALLET OF GEMS.

He felt one of the men throw open his coat and take his wallet, which contained the jewels, all uncut. He had brought them uptown to show to J. N. Demarest, president of the Sage Foundation Homes, with offices in the Madison Building, at Broadway and Thirty-fourth street. The appointment was for 8 P. M., but Mr. Demarest was detained by a business conference and Horth decided he would take a short walk and return to meet his client.

He went on toward Thirty-fourth street, walked on Fifth avenue to Thirty-fifth street, and turned toward Sixth avenue. The south side of Thirty-fifth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, is dimly lighted in places.

Horth did not suspect he was being followed and had no fear for the safety of his gems in his pocket. He was in the shadow of a store canopy when the machine came up in the rear. The first blow struck him on the nape of the neck and was followed by a second. He put up his hand to protect his head and the third blow smashed his thumb. The attack had been so swift he did not get a chance to draw his pistols. After the third blow one of the men drew his arms behind him to facilitate tearing open his coats and getting the diamonds.

He thought he made an outcry, but probably an "L" train was passing at the time and its noise drowned his cries. The robbers released him the moment they got the wallet and went west in their car, turning north in Sixth avenue. He could not say whether the machine was a taxicab or a private car, but thought it was dark brown. He felt sure there were only two robbers, but there may have been three.

He had no theory of how the thieves knew he had the diamonds, unless they saw the wallet when he pulled it out to show a dealer in Twenty-third street. The diamonds in his wallet are valued from one-quarter to one and seven-eighths carats. Three-fourths of the gems belonged to Horth. The others he had got from merchants on memorandums.

Horth had been in the jewelry business in New York for eighteen years. His office was at No. 45 John street. The police have not issued any arrests for the robbery, and what now appears to be a murder.

FOR CHURCH AND SCHOOL.

Samuel Goulding's Will Makes Public Bequests From \$250,000.

The Church of the Heavenly Rest and the Academy of Design each receives \$10,000 by the will of Samuel Goulding, who died Feb. 16, leaving a fortune estimated at more than a quarter of a million dollars. This will was filed for probate today in the Surrogate's office.

The bequests include \$5,000 to Bella Coulter, Goulding's "faithful housekeeper"; \$10,000 to the Rev. Dr. Parker Morgan, a lifelong friend; \$10,000 to Alexander Davidson, sexton of the Church of the Heavenly Rest; and \$5,000 to the Rev. John Campbell. The residue of the estate and an outright bequest of \$5,000 to go to a niece, Jane Boland, of No. 14 West One Hundred and Sixteenth street, while a number of other bequests are made to relatives and close friends.

Taft Men Candidates.

THE LENTEN LOOKING GLASS

In Which the Rah-Rah Boy May See How Silly He Can Be—Fifth of a Series of Articles by Nixola Greeley-Smith.

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He Will Have His Doubts as to the Amazing Cleverness of Getting Drunk and May Realize That Vandalism Is Not Smart or Funny or New.

Also He Should Appreciate the Fact That There Is One Thing More Stupid Than Copy-Book Morality and That Is Copy-Book Immorality.

Up to a certain point, no other object in nature is so much improved by age as man himself. Old friends, old wine, old books, old loves, old churches are all tempered by Time and mellowed by maturity. But nowhere is such a contrast presented between the raw material and the finished product as in the comparison of the boy of eighteen and the man of forty.

Once in a while some fully ripened siren assures us that the woman of forty is more attractive than the girl of eighteen. Perhaps she is. The woman of forty likes to believe it, at any rate. But no one has ever thought it necessary to state that the man of forty is more interesting to women than the rah-rah boy.

Poor rah-rah boy! Chorus girls and decadent old ladies must have been invented especially to love him. For no one else can, except his mother. If no man is a hero to his valet, every man is a hero to his mother. Most of all the rah-rah boy, with his positive clothes, his positive views, everything positive except his profile. It would be useless to ask the rah-rah boy's mother to gaze over his padded shoulder into the Lenten Looking Glass. For, however ruthless the reflection, it will seem to her to make Apollo and Antinous look like the grateful patients of patent medicines.

No one can appreciate the extent of this absurd and sublime devotion of mothers who has not come directly in contact with it. One day last summer I was talking to the mother of a man who was the central figure in the most sensational murder trial ever held in the United States. Testimony at this trial had established the hopeless degeneracy of the accused. It had shown that he had not even pretended to fidelity to the wife for whom the defense established he had killed. His mother remonstrated with me for having written that she was just as proud of her son as though he were President of the United States.

"You must admit you gazed in that direction," she said reprovingly. "You're sure I am not as proud of my son as if he hadn't given us all so much trouble by his foolishness?" She paused, her eyes softened. She laid her hand on my arm with a charming gesture of deprecation, of appeal.

"Not," she said. "I don't mean foolishness. It is the wrong word—I mean his mistaken sense of chivalry." So, fond mother of the rah-rah boy, keep away from the Lenten Looking Glass. Don't let the beaming fatality of your eyes disturb the clear vision that will come to him in the Mirror of Meditation.

NOT SMART TO GET DRUNK, ONE THING HE WILL SEE.

To console yourself for his momentary abstraction get out his gaudy socks and darn them, or press his particularities.

SNEAKING ADVERTISING INTO THE NEW YORK SUNDAY WORLD.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Permit me to congratulate you upon the stand you have taken in the matter of the insertion of circulars in the Sunday newspapers. You have done right in exposing the merchants who have been engaged in this practice and should receive the support of every honest citizen.

If it were not for the advertisement that a paper carries its readers would have to pay several times the price now charged. It is the advertising that supports a paper, as nearly every one knows, and in all the business houses of the city acted as some have done there would be no newspapers. Without advertising a paper cannot exist and make money. When a man inserts circulars in a newspaper, he is cheating the paper, the newspaper and himself. I have made it a point never to patronize the merchants who do business in this manner.

Wishing The Evening World continued success in its campaign, I remain, Yours, etc., ARNOLD A. MONTBRY.

"TURKEY TROT" CAUSES BATTLE; SIX ARE INJURED

Proprietor Jacobs Objected and Then the Trouble Started Good and Plenty.

SAILORS IN THE FRAY.

Heinze Was Some Dancer and So Was Miss Brown—Only Too Much So.

They had the "turkey trot" over in William M. Jacobs' saloon at No. 80 Sandys street, Brooklyn, early to-day. Cavaliered in on the arm and blouse.

FRANK J. PHINNEY, sailor on the U. S. S. Tonawanda, was in the Navy Yard Hospital, EDWARD J. FORT, sailor on the battleship Virginia, was laid out by glass. EDWARD J. TULLOCH, also of the Virginia, died.

PLUCK HEINZE, also of the Virginia, and another sailor. MISS MARGARET BROWN, twenty-two, of No. 60 Third street, cut on the arm and blouse. A dozen or more bluejackets went into Jacobs' saloon about midnight and were drinking and singing in the back room when a sailor came in with an accordion. Two giddy girls gurgled with glee when he began to squeeze "You Gotta Quit Kickin' My Dawg Around" out of the instrument.

"I ain't had a chance to see this 'turkey trot' since I got ashore," said one of the sailors. "I'd like to take a sante at it."

Miss Brown said she knew it by heart. Frank Heinze, gallant sailorman, took a sante in his trousers, threw his hat to a table and said he was an expert. The sailor with the accordion struck up an appropriate tune and Heinze and Miss Brown did the "turkey trot." They tripped the "Dallas dip," the "bunny bun" and the "artizky bear," and the sailors howled with glee.

MINE HOST WOULDN'T STAND FOR MONKEY DANCES.

"You'll have to can that racket," Jacobs is said to have ordered. "I can't stand for any of these monkey dances." This started trouble. Somebody handed Jacobs a bit of conversation and somebody else slapped Miss Brown. Then bottles and glasses began to fly, chairs were hurled hither and yon, and tables crashed to the floor. Pictures did a high dive from the walls and light globes clattered to the sidewalk.

Jacobs told the police later that he got tired dodging his own glassware and ran back of the bar for his revolver. When he got it he fired a shot to scare his guests. He is certain he did not shoot at Phinney because he hit him. Policeman Gallagher of the lower Fulton street station ran in and found the battered saloon with wreckage and the injured. He called Dr. Leonard from the Long Island College Hospital and the surgeon patched up all those whose names are in the list, and others who got out before their names could be taken.

Jacobs' place looked like the aftermath of a bombardment. He was arrested on a charge of assault and will be arraigned before Magistrate McGuire in the Adams Street Court.

Miss Margorie Work, daughter of James H. Work of Lawrence, L. I., was married late yesterday to DeCoursey Lawrence Harsh, son of Anson W. Harsh, Bishop Green parsonage on East Eleventh street. Mr. Harsh is associated with his father in the coffee business at No. 107 Wall street.

MISS WORK WEDS MR. HARSH.

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GIRL MOTHER HELD FOR GRAND JURY AS BABIES' POISONER

Magistrate Questions the Head Nurse About Other Deaths in Brooklyn Hospital.

CONFESSION ADMITTED.

Winifred Ankers's Statement That She Killed Eight Infants Is in Record.

Winifred Ankers, the woman who is accused of poisoning twelve babies in the Brooklyn Nursery and Infants' Hospital recently, so that eight of them died, was held for the Grand Jury by Magistrate Hyman in Gates Avenue Court, Brooklyn, to-day.

The Magistrate continued his efforts to find out whether there was not large infant mortality at the hospital owing to lax methods.

With Lawyer Reilly, who appears for Miss Ankers, he joined in questioning Miss Louise Howard, head nurse of the hospital, regarding details of the conduct of the hospital. Mr. Reilly tried to get Miss Howard to tell him who the directors of the institution were. Miss Howard said she did not know.

"What were the diagnoses in the cases of the first children who died last week?" she was asked.

"The first two," she said, "we thought were suffering from spinal meningitis, but in the third and fourth cases the diagnosis was gastric meningitis."

Miss Howard was asked for the records of the hospital showing how many deaths had occurred there since it was founded. She said she had brought only those dating since she took charge, in October, 1910, because she could not vouch for the accuracy of the others. She was told she had been subpoenaed to bring all and must do so. In her own words, she testified, there had been 257 babies in the institution of whom fifty-four had died.

QUESTIONED AS TO DEATHS IN THE HOSPITAL.

"Who preceded you as head nurse?" asked the Court.

"Miss Austin," said Miss Howard.

"What do you know about a period when forty-two out of forty-four patients died?" A "Nothing of the sort occurred in any time."

"Have not four children died in one day, in your time?" A "Not four. I do not think more than two have died on one day. There may have been three."

"Did not four die on Nov. 16 last?" A "No; two."

"Were not the bodies sent to the Morgue on that date? A I think not. At any rate, they did not all die that day."

"How many hours a day do the doctors spend at the hospital? A You really must ask them."

"Is it not a fact that they seldom spend more than ten minutes there, dropping in after their office hours?" A "No, often they stay twenty minutes. We tell them what the symptoms of the babies are. If there is no sickness there is no reason for them to make an inspection. Frequently, if there is need, they stay for an hour or more."

Miss Winifred Anderson, matron of the nursery, was called. The Magistrate said he himself had summoned her and

overruled all of Assistant District Attorney Goldstein's objections to her testimony. FORTY DIED OF MEASLES AND DIPHTHERIA.

Miss Anderson said she was at the hospital when forty children died of measles and diphtheria within a very short time in the spring of 1910. There were 115 children in the hospital at the time. Seven died in February, twenty-seven in March and thirteen were removed to other hospitals, five returning. The others died in April. The Board of Health kept a physician at the hospital at the time.

Miss Heintz, a student nurse, was recalled to say that sometimes Winifred Ankers mixed the lime water for the children's milk formulas.

Magistrate Hyman announced that he would admit in evidence the confession of Miss Ankers as reported on by Miss Howard, Detective McKirby and Assistant District Attorney Warshaw.

Lawyer Reilly put in no witnesses. His motion to dismiss the complaint was overruled. Magistrate Hyman said that he hoped the Grand Jury would investigate the management of the nursery. He declined to accept Attorney Reilly's suggestion that Miss Howard and Miss Heintz be put under bond to return as witnesses.

During the proceedings Miss Ankers, whose baby has been restored to her by order of the Magistrate, played with the infant and was apparently an unconscious of her surroundings as the laughing, creaking child.

WILCOX PUTS HIS O. K. ON STEINWAY TUNNEL.

Can Be Put Into Condition for \$1,500,000 and Interborough Will Stand Half Expense.

Chairman Wilcox of the Public Service Commission takes exception to the statement made by Commissioner Cram that the city, in bargaining to take over the Steinway tunnel as contemplated in the Interborough's offer, would be making a mistake, inasmuch as the tunnel is a unit for the operation of subway cars.

Chairman Wilcox declares plans have already been drawn showing that at little expense the tunnel can be put into such condition that trains can be operated through it. The total estimated cost of this work is between \$1,500,000 and \$2,000,000. Half this cost, according to the offer, is to be borne by the Interborough. The work of completing the tunnel connection and making the changes necessary could be made in two years, the Chairman said to-day, and he added that the tunnel could be in operation before most of the subway now under contract or being completed could be completed.

Chairman Wilcox denied that he had been asked by Mayor Gaynor or any one else in authority to change the programme of subway negotiations so the B. R. T. could not repeat the offer it made last summer which was voted on by the Public Service Commission and the Board of Estimate.

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Pennsylvania R. R.

Arranged especially for the Sunday World by Victor Hallender the celebrated Berlin composer of music for Sumurun the wordless play at the Casino Theatre, New York.

Words by ARTHUR GILLESPIE

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