

"18-KARAT YEGGS" ARE ARRESTED ON WOMAN'S SQUEAL

The Reillys—Tom and Jim— Nabbed for Two Jobs in Poughkeepsie.

TWO SAFES BLOWN.

No Clues Left, but the Police Think They Have Men Who Got About \$2,350.

"The 18-Karat Yeggs," Tommy and Jimmy Reilly, sons considered the neatest and most gentlemanly operators in the higher fraternity of thieves, are in trouble. They were arrested at Forty-sixth street and Tenth avenue to-day on warrants sworn out in Poughkeepsie charging them with responsibility for two very neat burglaries in that city. Tommy and Jimmy admit nothing, but they are on their way to Poughkeepsie to be arraigned before Judge Spratt.

One night in June, 1909, the clothing store of M. Schwartz on Main street, Poughkeepsie, was entered from an alley in the rear. The combination of the safe was bored out and \$1,800 worth of diamonds and \$150 in cash taken. Not a clue was left to give the Poughkeepsie sleuths an angle for work.

In December Lucky & Platt's dry goods store on the same street in Poughkeepsie, not more than a block away from Schwartz's place, was entered. The safe was bored in the same adept fashion and \$400 in cash taken. The men who did this job must have been scoured away before they finished, for they left \$1,600 in the safe behind them.

The Poughkeepsie Hawkshaws seemed to make no progress toward landing the yeggs and failed security must have been sussed in the bosoms of the fifty workers who had cracked the two Poughkeepsie safes so neatly. But through devious underground channels information began to come to Chief of Police Charles J. McCabe of Poughkeepsie. Maybe it was a woman who was at the bottom of it—at least some body squealed.

That was why the Poughkeepsie Chief swore out warrants for Tommy and Jimmy Reilly and came down to Headquarters with them to-day. Headquarters loomed him a detective and together they easily located the well known and greatly respected "18-Karat Yeggs."

Over in the Gas House district, on the upper east side, everybody who is "in the know" has a pardurable pride in the Reilly brothers. They were born there and grew up wise in the ways of crime under favoring conditions. But Tommy's picture in the Regan's Gallery in No. 125 and Jimmy's in No. 218, South Broadway once had the collectors to have to do a twelve-year job in Sing Sing and Jimmy has done three short terms in this time.

WALL STREET.

The stock market to-day indulged in a spirited upturn, the first since the beginning of the week. Opening slightly higher, the list moved upward persistently during the first hour until Steel, Union Pacific, Reading and Copper ranged about a point above the final range of yesterday. A number of specialties joined in the upward movement with good sized advances. Stocks continued to display a strong tone in the subsequent dealings, which were active.

The Closing Prices.

Table with columns for stock names, high, low, last, and change. Includes Am. Copper, Am. Oil & Fuel, Am. Gas, etc.

TWO GET BRAVERY MEDALS.

Men Who Rescued Drowning Persons Are Also Given \$50 Each. Two medals for bravery in rescuing drowning persons were presented to-day at Pier A by Dock Commissioner Calvin Tomkins, acting for the Benevolent Association of New York.

Marriage the Supreme Happiness for Women; Free Love, False Haven

Mme. Stangeland, Author of "The Dangerous Age," Who Has Startlingly Discussed Feminine Psychology, Declares American Marriages Are Not Perfect, and Tells Why.



BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH. Mme. Karin Michaels Stangeland has been much misunderstood. The author of "The Dangerous Age," which startled Europe last summer with its frank exposition of what many of us believe to be an abnormal feminine psychology and which was translated into fourteen languages, does not disapprove of marriage.

"How could I?" she said to me yesterday in her charming Danish English, "when I married again last March and I am so—so happy. Why, I think marriage is the supreme happiness for a woman. There is no real happiness for women outside of marriage. It is terrible that your papers should have said that I believe in free love, that I think unmarried women have the right to be mothers."

"What will Americans think of me? You know me, and you know that if I have an idea very strongly I will go in the face of all the public. But I do believe in marriage! Why, I am going to lecture about it on April 26 at Carnegie Hall, but now my manager tells me that Americans will not come, that they will think I am indecent. And all for something I never said!"

SHE RADIATES THE HAPPINESS SHE HAS FOUND. Madame Michaels Stangeland, whose notable book promulgated the theory first advanced by Octave Feuillet in "La Craie" that the woman of forty is dangerous to herself and to society, fairly radiates the happiness she has found in her new marriage.

The first thing this gifted Danish writer does when you enter her apartment, at No. 26 West Fortieth street, is to show you the framed photograph of the new husband—a very good looking new husband, who might well reconcile the disillusioned creator of Elsie Lindner to life. Karin Michaels—now Madame Stangeland—is to-day as round and rosy and as sparkling as if she never had had an idea, particularly not the disconcerting idea that nearly all women in middle life are temporarily crazy. And yet this idea clings to Madame Stangeland.

"What women need most of all," she told me yesterday, "is rest, peace, content. They find it only in marriage. Free love was invented by men for men's convenience. No woman can ever be happy in it. "Man is adventurous, active, changeable, but woman is passive, static, ever the same. Marriage offers woman an ideal life, if only men understood, if only children understood, that the house mother must have rest, that there are times when her endless little tasks make her restless, hysterical, cross, not herself, and that even her crossness must be respected, must be cured by peace, by quietness, by idleness."

WOMEN RESTRAIN THEIR REAL FEELINGS.

"Men call women hysterical, but the nervousness they show, compared with that which they feel but clamp within their souls, is as a child's breath to a thunderstorm. I feel so sorry for the women—the teachers, the stenographers, the girls in offices who must work whether they are tired or not, whether they are ill or not. They should have rest when they need it. But do you not find that they add to their work by not taking it with joy, by thinking al-



restaurant by their stiff, bored expression. But here one cannot say of any man and woman together 'They are married!' because your husbands and wives chat so gaily together, and are so much interested in each other! AMERICAN MARRIAGES, SHE SAYS, ARE NOT PERFECT. "And yet," the new Mme. Stangeland continued—after her blue eyes had cast another sparkling glance at the photograph of the new husband—"and yet I do not find your marriages perfect. Husbands and wives should be one person. Their thoughts and lives should be joined—so!" And she laced the fingers of two plump hands together. "Your women are not so with your men. They are so!"—and she raised one hand above the other. "They are more cultivated. They look down, they say: 'Oh, Charley doesn't understand about music.' And one very prominent American man said to me when I admired the wonderful pictures in his house: 'Oh, my wife loves the pictures. I don't understand about art and I don't care for it.' And he spoke just as if I had asked about baseball or some trivial thing."

"But your women must share their cultivation with your men," she said. "Perhaps they strain their brains a little too much. Perhaps their intellectual culture is superficial, but whatever they have they must share equally. For that is the law of happiness in marriage. WIFE SHOULD SHARE EVEN HER MONEY WITH HUSBAND. "A woman should share everything, even money, with her husband. If she is a very successful writer or actress she must give her husband half of what she earns and ask no accounting for it, even though he is a painter who sells only one picture a year. And when he sells that one picture he must give his wife half of the price. When there is money division, it is difficult to have heart division, and that is happiness."

POLICE, STONED BY RIOTERS, HALT MOB WITH BULLETS.

When Three Are Injured in Mill Strike Clash They Draw Pistols and Make Arrests. LOWELL, Mass., April 18.—In a strike riot at the Hamilton Mills here to-day pistol shots were fired and stones thrown. Three policemen, William Giroux, John W. Briggs and William H. Wilson, were struck by flying rocks and injured. Five men in the mob of rioters were arrested.

TREASURE TRUNKS STOLEN.

Two Holding \$25,000 in Jewels Carried Away on Truck. ATLANTA, Ga., April 18.—Two trunks, said to have contained \$25,000 worth of jewelry, and the property of S. I. H. Gilley of Cincinnati, were stolen from a dray standing in front of an office building here early to-day. There is no trace of the thieves, who drove off with the plunder in a wagon.

SURF MYSTERY AT CONEY ISLAND MAY BE MURDER

Body of Daniel White Found With Wound Believed to Have Been Made by Knife.

The body of Daniel White of No. 65 Nostrand avenue, Brooklyn, who had been employed as messenger in the office of Frank D. Creamer & Company, dealers in brick, with yards at Second street and Gowanus canal, Brooklyn, was found to-day floating off West Fifth street, Coney Island. The throat was cut so deeply as almost to sever the head from the body, but there were no other marks of violence upon the body.

Strangely contradictory evidence offered by the body left the police of the Coney Island station perplexed. Though the wound in the man's throat showed the jagged edges of what seemed to be knife cuts and appeared to indicate that White had been murdered, he had in his shirt front a diamond stud and gold sleeve links and a gold collar button were in his shirt. His wallet was empty and thirty-two cents in change were in a waistcoat pocket.

The wound in White's throat could not have been self-inflicted, detectives believe. The possibility that it might have been made by the paddlewheel of a steamer was considered remote because excursion steamers have not yet begun to ply Coney Island waters. White's employment with the Creamer Company terminated last Saturday, Mr. Creamer told an Evening World reporter to-day. He had been with the concern thirteen years and was discharged only through the necessity of cutting down the office force. A letter of recommendation written by his former employer was found in the dead man's pocket.

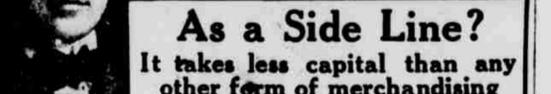
Consumption Its Diagnosis, Treatment and Cure Free

NEW TREATISE ON TUBERCULOSIS By Freeman Hall, M. D.



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believe their case hopeless. Write at once to the Yorkman Co., 207 West 42d St., New York, N. Y., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail. Free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment absolutely Free, for they want you to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write to-day. It may mean the saving of your life.

Why Not Go Into the Mail Order Business



As a Side Line? It takes less capital than any other form of merchandising. The beginner doesn't have to carry expensive stock, or pay rent, insurance and employees' salaries. The initial expense is limited, practically, to advertising, printing and postage. You make your sales; then buy your stock with cash you have received in advance from your customers, after which you fill the orders; or, you can forward the orders to a manufacturer and he will fill them for you. Not a penny of your own money is used in the transaction, except the little that is needed for initial expenses. Big mail order houses, as well as little ones, do business this way—with their customers' money. They carry comparatively little merchandise in stock. This is one secret of their success. Their method is clean and honorable, too. My six mail order companies made about \$40,000 in the mail order business last year. This year, from present indications, the earnings will be between \$60,000 and \$100,000. I started my first mail order business smaller, perhaps, than you would start. I began with \$5 and made \$10,000 the first year. I made more than \$50,000 in the first five years. I have made a success of six mail order enterprises of my own.

If you are a competent, intelligent man or woman, I will show you how to start a mail order business of your own. If you meet with success you should earn more than \$100 a week. I say this because it is so.

There is practically no limit to the money one can make in the mail order business with a good working plan. And one can start small and do all the work at home in spare time—evenings—too.

Let us suppose that you want to begin with the Agency Plan. You would not become a house-to-house canvasser yourself. You would stay right in your own home, or office, and advertise for agents all over the country to sell a good household or office specialty for you. You would do all the business by mail.

Let us say that each live agent would make \$4 or \$5 a day for himself and \$1 a day for you. How much would you make if you had 50 or 100 good agents?

The possibilities are almost unlimited, and that it doesn't take much capital to get started. But you must have a good article to sell and good, strong, pulling literature. And you must know which newspapers are the best publishers.

It pays to sell an article that will appeal to women canvassers. They are rattling good workers. You can earn \$500 a month if you get a staff of good women agents selling specialties for you.

Your progress in the mail order business—your success or failure—will depend upon YOU—YOURSELF. I am not going to say that I know YOU will get rich in the mail order business. Nor am I going to say that I know YOU will succeed. Because I don't know. And YOU don't know. If YOU don't know, would it not be worth while to find out?

Let me send you my free booklet on the mail order business. It tells how I can help you.

Don't put this off until to-morrow, or next day, or next week, but write for my free booklet now—this minute—and get down to business at once. Delays pay no dividends.

W. A. Heacock Heacock Bldg. 36 Charles St. Lockport, N. Y.

Advertisement for the 1912 World Almanac, featuring a globe and text: 'SEE THAT THE 1912 World Almanac IS ON YOUR DESK NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE ANSWERS THOUSANDS OF QUESTIONS Politics—Sports—Finance—Insurance—Railroads—Manufacture and Business of Other Important Subjects'.

James McCreery & Co. 23rd Street 34th Street

UNUSUAL SALE SOROSIS SHOES On Friday and Saturday, April the 19th and 20th

Women's Sorosis One Eyelet Ties and Walking Pumps—two of the latest and most attractive models. Made of Tan Russia Calf, Gun Metal, Dull Kid, Suede, Patent Leather and White Buckskin. 3.50 per pair value 5.00

FUR STORAGE Dry Cold Air—New Improved Method. Storage Vault on Premises. (Open for inspection) Alterations and Repairs. Charges are lower during the Summer months.

BEDS, MATTRESSES & SPRINGS. In Both Stores. UNUSUAL VALUES On Friday and Saturday, April the 19th and 20th

Brass Bedsteads, — 2 inch continuous tubing, large ornamental husks, best English lacquer, bright or satin finish. All sizes. usual price 17.25 to 21.00. 14.00 to 18.00

White Enamel Bungalow Bedsteads,— square tubing, posts with brass caps. usual price 11.50. 9.50

Mattresses of fine South American Horsehair, plain or fancy ticking. Full double bed size. usual price 24.50. 19.50

Upholstered Box Springs in plain or fancy ticking. Full double bed size. usual price 12.00. 8.75

150 Brass Bedsteads, manufacturers' samples, in discontinued models. Size 4 ft. 6 in. only. From 33 1-3 to 50% less than usual prices. James McCreery & Co. 23rd Street 34th Street

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ANOTHER FULL-PAGE ART FEATURE CHAPTER XII IN James Montgomery Flagg's Great Picture Story Next Sunday's World