

WATERS' STRIKE FAILS TO TIE UP THE VANDERBILT

Manager Says Only 12 Out of 43 Employees Left the Dining Rooms.

FULL STAFF WORKING.

Park Row Manager Suggests That All Fines Go to Blind Babies.

From appearances in the dining rooms and restaurants of the Vanderbilt Hotel to-day the strike of waiters last night was not the striking success the officers of the International Hotel Workers' Union described it. The staff of waiters was filled, every guest was promptly served and there appeared to be no dissatisfaction.

Manager Thomas Hilliard was impatient because a report was published in the morning papers that he had met a committee of the union and had made a number of concessions. He denounced as untrue this report, which had been circulated by the union officers.

"I have made no concessions to the union and will make none," he declared. "Conditions here are just as they were a week ago. This hotel is an open shop so far as waiters are concerned. I don't care if our waiters belong to the union or not, but I will not recognize the union as an organization."

"A committee from the union called on me last night. I told them that our waiters had two grievances—poor ventilation in their locker room and the uniform they were compelled to wear. I had already agreed to do away with the uniform and to put in a system to ventilate the locker room."

SAYS THE GRIEVANCES WILL BE ADJUSTED.

"It was an outrage to pick out this hotel as an object of attack. We pay our waiters the standard wage, they are treated well and the grievances I am mentioned will soon be adjusted."

"When an outsider stepped in here last night and blew a whistle signal, 12 or 13 waiters in the Palm Garden walked out. There were 43 waiters on duty in the Palm Garden. No delay was experienced by patrons, but of course there was some confusion in the hotel routine because of the unexpectedness of the affair."

"I asked the men why they were leaving. They told me they had been ordered out by the union. I am informed that they were threatened with violence if they refused to obey the signal. All but two of them have returned to work."

"There is no strike on at this hotel, there is no reason here for calling a strike. And in forcing a few of our men out last night the union violated an understanding agreed to by the management and hotel managers claim that their so-called demands had been submitted to the Hotel Men's Association. These demands have not yet been submitted."

Charles Sugar, manager of Haan's Park Row restaurant has come to the front with a suggestion which he claims will do away with dissatisfaction over the system of fitting waiters. All restaurant and hotel managers claim that only by the imposition of small fines can discipline be maintained among waiters.

FINES AT HAAN'S GO TO THE BLIND BABIES.

In Haan's the fines inflicted are not collected by the management. When a waiter is fined, after his first offense has been carefully considered by the management, the amount of the fine is made known to him. He promptly drops it into one of the collection boxes of the International Sunshine Society, operating boxes for blind babies.

Several of these boxes are distributed about the restaurant and the waiters know where the fines go. Joseph Hester, business agent of the union, was arrested in front of the Belmont Hotel last night charged with passing Central Office Detective Moore Walsh and fined \$2 in night court by Magistrate Kroeel. Hester claims he thought the detectives were Pinkerton men.

The cooks held a meeting last night in No. 118 West Forty-Eighth street and formed a mutual free employment agency, one of the things to have been demanded by them from the Hotel Men's Association. Arrangements are being completed to-day for a mass meeting of women hotel workers at the New Amsterdam Opera House on Sunday night. Mrs. Rose Foster Stokes will be one of the speakers and devote her remarks chiefly to the need of organization.

CARDINAL AT CONFIRMATION.

His Eminence Cardinal Farley officiated at the confirmation services of twenty-six children of the Villa Marie Academy, Seventy-ninth street and Lexington avenue, yesterday. It was the first function of the kind at which the cardinal was present since his return from Rome, and his elevation to the cardinalate. There was great jubilation among the happy children and their parents when after receiving the Sacrament he spoke to them in kindly phrases asking them to act as the crusaders of old in fighting for the real Christian spirit.

The Cardinal was assisted by Mr. Lewis, Father Letezy and Father Form. The sisters of the order conducted the musical exercises with a chorus by the pupils of the Academy. A profusion of flowers was presented to his Eminence. Among them one great basket, a present from the children, and a big bouquet of lilies, the gift of Miss Rosemond Bridget McLaughlin.

What Type of Woman Is the Ideal Beauty?

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Herein Is Considered the Restaurant Girl, the Kind That Is Seen in the Lobster Palaces After the Theatre and Who Is Made Up to Look Like a Broadway Electric Sign.



Now, of course, only cheap attractions have "barkers," and if one takes the time to gaze analytically under the Paradise features of the restaurant beauty, one realizes that, like the Coney Island fortune teller, her season is short, and depends more upon the gullibility of the passerby than upon the intrinsic merit of her wares.

Every now and then some one writes an article about the ten or the twenty or the fifty most beautiful women in New York, and invariably the names of the poster beauties of society and of the stage appear. Because these are the beauties that advertise.

It is very likely that the fifty most beautiful women in New York are not known as beauties at all, that they have never seen their names or their pictures in print, and that their neighbors think of them merely as Billy Jones's sister or Johnny Green's mother or Pat O'Brien's wife.

Probably the Broadway restaurants never see them.

I know that I have seen unknown faces of women and girls in street cars that were much more beautiful than anything the society or dramatic pages have to offer. Not long ago in a Madison avenue car a girl of perhaps sixteen got aboard with a giant halibut which she was evidently on her way to deliver to some fashionable woman.

POORLY DRESSED BUT DAZZLINGLY BEAUTIFUL.

She was very poorly dressed and her gloveless hands were red and needed care. But she was the most dazzling Irish blonde I have ever seen, golden haired with eyes of the dark vivid blue of the fringed gentian and a full yet beautifully chiselled mouth.

She would have laughed had anyone suggested to her that her appearance might compare with the fair self-advertisers of New York's restaurants, but as a matter of fact, she was much lovelier.

But the Broadway type is such an artist in advertising, her clothes are so discreet yet so daring, her makeup so frank, her contrasts so effective that no one looks, no one cares what her face is like. In truth her face is often as round and vacant and lame as a clock that has lost its hands, but even the young millionaire grub who has taken her out to supper and who enjoys the stir her eccentric costume creates does not look at her face.

Look about you next time you are supping on Broadway, look above the shoulders which are very fine, look under the hat which is very expensive, plumb the eyes under the well drawn eyebrows, find the mouth under the conventional rosybud made with a lip stick and add up the total and ponder it. Is that what beauty means to you?

FACES DON'T SEEM TO COUNT IN THE DISPLAY.

Maybe you won't be able to find any faces. The clothes, the curves, the Beardslevue lure have been emphasized, but the face is merely sketched in as though a master artist had left that negligible piece of work to an apprentice. And, in a certain sense, the face of the restaurant beauty is negligible. She aims for broad effects and she gets them.

"It takes a coarse personality to get over the footlights," one of the greatest of the world's theatrical producers once remarked to an interviewer in a candid moment. It takes a coarse personality to draw the eyes of Broadway after the play. The same exaggeration of features, of clothes, of walk and ges-

Second of a New Series of Articles by Nixola Greeley-Smith.

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UNTO THIS LIKENESS MUST YOU COME AT LAST!

Woman Confesses She Stole Brooch When Tempted

WOMAN CONFESSES SHE STOLE BROOCH WHEN TEMPTED

Pleading Weakness Pretty Mrs. Pearl Spence Arraigned, but Sentence Suspended.

On the plea that she got into debt without her husband's knowledge and that the temptation to steal under these circumstances became too strong to resist, Mrs. Pearl Spence, a very pretty young woman, escaped punishment after pleading guilty to grand larceny in the court of General Sessions to-day.

Mrs. Spence lives at No. 113 West One Hundred and Eighty-third street. She is a niece of Olive Redpath, the actress, who in private life is Mrs. Olive Branch Demiel, and lives at No. 272 West Ninetieth street.

On Jan. 22 last Mrs. Demiel gave a reception at her apartment. Mrs. Spence was one of the guests and was the last to leave. Mrs. Demiel missed a diamond and pearl brooch valued at \$200 after the departure of her niece and hurried to Mrs. Spence's home.

Mrs. Spence was not at home. She did not come home for several days and was finally located in a furnished room in West Fifteenth street. She had pawned the brooch and her arrest followed.

On the day she succumbed to temptation the brooch was in easy reach on a dresser. She was alone in the room. After she had become a thief she was afraid to go home and lived in terror until she was found by the police. Resignation had been made and the Court assumed that she has been sufficiently punished.

Sunshiners in Season. ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 16.—Official, Council members and lay delegates from nearly every State of the Union are at the Powers Hotel to-day, where the International Sunshine Society opened its fourteenth annual convention. The opening session consisted of welcome addresses, a response by Mrs. Cynthia Westover Allen, founder and President-General of the Society, and the consideration of reports.

Minstrels to Aid Charity. A testimonial minstrel show and ball will be tendered the widow and children of the late Nicholas Harnett at Palm Garden, Fifty-eighth street and Lexington avenue, to-morrow evening. The famous Harnett Minstrels, featuring Al. Mallon, Jim Hill, Bob Melrose, Miss Irene McDevary, the Sullivan Sisters, Ben Cassidy and many other widely known stars will furnish the entertainment. Prof. Henry M. Kiegan's orchestra will play the dance music. The affair is under the supervision of the Hellant & A. Club, Beckman Hill Bowling Club, Charles A. Harnett Association and the Broadway Gleec Club.

Who Said Strawberry Shortcake? If you want to taste hot strawberry shortcake try the genuine shortcake Dough—

Presto Self-Raising Flour

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THUGS KILL MAN WHO WALKED TO SAVE CAR FARE

Victim's Body Found on Track in First Avenue Near Ninety-Fifth Street.

Herman F. Timmerman, forty-two years old, who lived with his wife and three children at No. 24 East Eighty-ninth street, sold his life for the economy of a five-cent piece to-day when he disregarded his wife's urgings that he ride to his place of employment at No. 245 East One Hundredth and Fourth street. He chose to walk instead and was beaten to death by thugs on First avenue, between Ninety-fifth and Ninety-sixth streets.

The man's body was found at 6 o'clock this morning lying parallel between the tracks as if he had been carefully placed there. There was a wound at his left temple where a blackjack or piece of lead pipe had cracked the skull, and there was another small sharp wound on the bridge of the nose.

A careful examination of the body failed to reveal any bruises or marks such as would have been inflicted had Timmerman been struck by a trolley car or some other vehicle.

When he left home at 5:30 he had only fifteen cents in his pockets and this money was still intact when he was found. The slayers evidently didn't take time to explore his clothing for the change.

A bartender who was opening the saloon at No. 1211 First avenue was the first to see the body. There was no trolley car in sight at the time. The bartender and Maurice Goldberg, who has a newsstand at First avenue and Ninety-fifth street, carried the body from where it lay and notified the police of the East Eighty-ninth street station. Then Dr. Hoffman was summoned from the Reception Hospital, and after examining the wounds declared it his opinion that the dead man had been murdered by thugs. The body was removed to the Morgue.

At the man's home his wife said that her husband had been employed for ten years by George A. Fink, a hardware merchant at No. 245 East One Hundred and Fourth street. He had been ill for fourteen weeks with an infected foot. Yesterday was the first day he went out, and because of his foot he consented to ride to and from his work. To-day, however, he insisted that his foot was well and told his wife that he would save the carfare and walk. The neighborhood where the murderous assault occurred is a hang-out for rangers and thugs.

CHICAGO BRIDAL COUPLES DODGE A MEDICAL TEST.

Only Two Who Received Printed Questions at Cathedral Return to Be Married.

CHICAGO, May 16.—During the last five weeks all persons who went to the Episcopal Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul to be married have been handed a list of questions compiled by Dean W. T. Sumner, with instructions to return with all the questions answered and certified by a reputable physician.

The marriage records show only two couples out of more than a score have returned to be married. Two-thirds of the couples have smilingly declined to take the question list.

At the meeting of the Illinois Homeopathic Medical Association yesterday support was given to Dean Sumner's plan. Dr. H. W. Pierson in an address said:

"The State becomes party to the greatest sin any man or woman can commit when it authorizes the union of a man and woman before they have submitted evidence of their fitness to assume the responsibilities of the married state."

Head Severed by Train. ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 16.—The head of an unidentified man was severed to-day by the wheels of a freight car of the New York Central Railroad.

RICH BROKER HELD ON WIFE'S CHARGE OF MISTREATING CHILD

Mrs. Medina Says Husband Showed Eight-Year-Old Girl Improper Photographs.

Gonzalo Medina, thirty-five years old, a wealthy broker, who gave his address as the Hotel Prince George, was arraigned in the Court of General Sessions to-day before Judge O'Sullivan to plead to three indictments, charging him with the possession of indecent photographs, impeding the morals of a female child under sixteen years of age and assault in the third degree. The indictments were found on May 2.

Margaret Medina is the complainant in the case. She is the wife of the accused broker. The witnesses before the Grand Jury were Mrs. Medina, Sylvia, the eight-year-old daughter of Medina and the stepdaughter of Mrs. Medina; Mabel Fuller and Joseph Fuller, servants in the Medina household in the St. Urban Apartments, Eighty-ninth street and Central Park West.

The testimony taken by the Grand Jury shows that Mrs. Medina discovered her husband on April 27 showing indecent photographs to his eight-year-old daughter. By questioning the child Mrs. Medina learned that her husband had not confined himself to exhibiting the pictures. She ordered him from the house and he went to the Prince George. After consulting with friends, Mrs. Medina visited the District-Attorney's office and laid the case before Assistant District-Attorney Perkins, who conducted a careful examination before submitting it to the Grand Jury. Medina pleaded not guilty when arraigned before Judge O'Sullivan. Assistant District-Attorney Delany asked that bail be fixed at \$10,000.

Charles L. Harber, counsel for Medina, protested and the court refused to furnish bail and was sent to the Tombs.

DOCTORS' DARING CURES AGED WOMAN'S LOCKYAW.

London Cable Told of Injection Through Spine, and Staff Tried It.

A week ago Mrs. Ray Spire, 55 years old, of No. 85 East One Hundred and Eighteenth Street was admitted to the Har Moriah Hospital on Second street near Avenue A, suffering from tetanus. She had stepped on a rusty nail. When she was admitted the hospital staff, Dr. Samuel A. Blumberg, Dr. Leo Steigitt, Dr. Harry Stelmetsky and Sgt. Abraham M. Spector, held out before her recovery owing to her age. So complete was the attack that the woman's jaws were locked, her sight was affected and convulsions were frequent.

While she was convulsed by artificial means the staff decided to experiment, as a last resort, by injecting anti-toxin serum into her spine, as a cable from London had a few days before announced a successful experiment, where the injection was made through the spine of the patient. So successful was the result of the daily injection of 10,000 units of the toxin that the woman after a week's treatment has now recovered her normal faculties and is ready to be discharged.

FAMOUS BEAUTY BURIED.

Miss Elizabeth Letimer's Funeral Held at Wilmington, N. C.

The funeral of Miss Elizabeth Letimer of New York and Newport, famed for her beauty, was held yesterday from the family home at Wilmington, N. C. Many friends and relatives from this city and Philadelphia attended.

On Jan. 22 last Mrs. Demiel gave a reception at her apartment. Mrs. Spence was one of the guests and was the last to leave. Mrs. Demiel missed a diamond and pearl brooch valued at \$200 after the departure of her niece and hurried to Mrs. Spence's home.

Mrs. Letimer died at Hot Springs, Va., last Sunday. She had been ill for more than a year, her illness having started with pneumonia, when she was living with her mother, Mrs. E. B. Letimer at the Plaza, in 1911.

The mother and daughter went to Hot Springs last June, but Miss Letimer's health was despaired of several months ago, when heart disease developed. In a tour of Europe five years ago Miss Letimer's beauty attracted attention in London, Paris, Rome and Vienna. She was a close friend of Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., and was a bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Marie L. Logan to Count Henry de Sincay. She was a sister of Mrs. B. Wynne Foulkes of Philadelphia.

APACHE CHIEF WOLF LEAVES MINNEHAHA WEeping IN A CELL

Maiden Lured by Red Ballyhoo of Movies Stole Her Papa's Wampum.

Chief Wolf Wanna, who called himself an Apache and proved the nobility of his descent by beating a tom-tom as a bally-hoo for moving picture shows along First and Second avenues, has turned his proud face towards the setting sun. And Chief Hughes of the Centre street Bluecoats, with many a flintfoot brave, is on his trail.

Meanwhile Muzietta Democaris, a fair maiden of an alien race, sat in a cell of Harlem Court to-day, with her hands tied to her sides so that she could not tear her raven tresses out in her despair and rage. She raged not only because the Chief Wolf Wanna is outspeeding the wind over the Erie ties toward the prairies, where the tall grass grows. She raged that a cruel and unromantic police have taken from her the beautifully colored sash by ten photographs of her hero. They found it tucked to the wall over the washstand in her boarding house.

Muzietta is in jail because, when she celebrated her eighteenth birthday by running away from the home of her father, Philip Democaris, at No. 224 East One Hundred and Fourth street, she took \$5, all the money her father, a poor tailor, had saved in two years. The police, by the direction of Inspector Hughes, have been looking for her ever since.

The other day Detective Ditch of the East One Hundred and Fourth street station learned that wherever Chief Wanna was to be found beating the tom-tom there was Muzietta of the flashing eyes, smiling upon him softly. But the foot was quicker than the eye. By the time Muzietta had ceased kicking, biting and screeching, Chief Wolf Wanna had gone—sought the Westward trail.

Some day, when he hears that Magistrate McGuire of Harlem Court has committed Muzietta to the House of the Good Shepherd for three years, Chief Wolf Wanna may come back and scale the wall and rescue his adorer—not!

FATHER PROSECUTES GIRL ON GRAND LARCENY CHARGE.

Morris Cohn Has Stella Arrested When She Flees Home, Taking Clothing With Her.

Stella Cohn, seventeen years old and pretty, after the smart fashion of the era, was arrested by the Yorkville Court to-day. The father was anxious to press the charge of grand larceny, he had lodged against his daughter after having caused her arrest at Third avenue and Nineteenth street last night.

Stella, so he told Magistrate O'Connor, had fallen in love with a young man who managed a moving picture show in London. On the next day, and ten days ago she left her home at No. 272 South First street. After she had gone the father says he missed two suits of clothes and ten Panama hats from his hat factory at No. 73 Clinton street, where she had worked.

Cohn said he had searched the streets for his missing daughter in vain until last night. When he told her that unless she came home he would arrest her, the girl darted away and her new companion led himself in the crowd. The father pursued Stella and finally had a policeman arrest her.

When Cohn insisted the prosecution of his daughter should go on in court to-day, Stella asked for an adjournment until Saturday, urging that she did not have a lawyer. Magistrate O'Connor set the date for a hearing on Saturday and held her for \$1,000 bonds. The girl, unable to find a bondsman, had to be locked up.

EIGHT NEW M. E. BISHOPS.

General Conference Orders That Bidding Begin To-Morrow.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., May 16.—The synodical committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church to-day recommended the election of eight new bishops of the church.

The report was adopted by the conference practically without discussion and voting on the bishops probably will be begun to-morrow.

SURRENDERED CAR BERTH DIDN'T BRING \$98,000.

Lawyer Marlow Kills Romance Circulated About Strange Bequest of Mrs. Marsh.

According to dispatches from New Haven, Ernest W. Marlow, an attorney, of No. 26 Wall street, will receive \$98,000 from the estate of Mrs. Helen Amelia Marsh, who died on Aug. 1, 1911. The portion of the executor for permission to distribute the property shows that as his share.

After the death of Mrs. Marsh, who was the widow of the late Judge Charles F. Marsh of Woodstock, Va., it was declared she made Mr. Marlow her heir because as a boy he had surrendered her berth to her on a crowded train from New York to Washington. Later, it was said, Mrs. Marsh had sent Mr. Marlow to Harvard, where he was graduated in 1884, and then to the Harvard Law School.

"Those stories make what I believe you newspaper men call 'heart interest stories,'" said Mr. Marlow to-day. "But they aren't true. I was sent to Harvard and to law school by my father, who was well able to give me an education. I never met Mrs. Marsh on a train. She and her husband were close friends of my father and mother since I was a child.

"There was no other reason why she should name me as her heir. To her step-grandson, John Porter Marsh of Chicago, she left a valuable diamond ring, while to her step-grandson, John McWilliam Marsh, she bequeathed \$5,000."

The papers filed in New Haven show the value of the estate was \$117,500.

"Just Say" HORLICK'S Malted Milk. Original and Genuine. The Feed-drink for All Ages. More healthful than Tea or Coffee. Agree with the weakest digestion. Delicious, invigorating and nutritious. Rich milk, malted grain, powder form. A quick lunch prepared in a minute. Take no substitute. Ask for HORLICK'S. Others are imitations.

To-morrow Night—Friday After the Play "CARNAVAL de NICE" SUPPER AND DANCE AT BUSTANOBY'S NEW RESTAURANT 110 West 39th Street Telephone 6780 Greater. Marvellous entertainment and decorations depicting this great annual event of France.

LILLIAN RUSSELL SAYS. Write to Dr. J. C. Russell, 417 Fulton St., N.Y.C.

FURNITURE. CASH IF YOU WANT CREDIT. Before the Wedding Sale Now Going on. Finkenberg's 5, E. Cor. 124th St., 2d Ave., N. Y.

ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY AND PATENT GROATS. For infants, mothers and invalids. Recommended by the best medical authorities for their purity and quality. For infants, Robinson's Patent Barley with iron oxide is the best substitute for mother's milk. Easily digested, nourishing, gives both strength and muscle. Indispensable in typhoid fever. For nursing mothers, children and invalids, Robinson's Patent Barley is a food without an equal—easily digested, sustains and strengthens. At Grocers and Druggists. Book "Advice to Mothers" Free. JAMES P. SMITH & CO., Importers, 90 Hudson St., New York.

Hires. A thirst—a fountain—and Hires. There's one sure way to feel just as if you were sitting in a draft from an iceberg. Here it is—try it and see: Step into the nearest store where the fountain sizzles—and just say Hires. Needless to say rootbeer. It's so cooling. And besides, there's a tonic value to Hires that makes it far better for you than any other summer drink. Natural juices of flowers, roots and herbs, the sap of forest trees. All these give it that tonic bracing property. But not a trace of drugs. Hires only helps—never harms. Drink a glass and see. 5c—sparkling, snappy—simply fine. Or in bottles, carbonated.