

NEWSGIRL BRIDE MAKES THIRD FOR MILLIONAIRE BATES

Wins Nan Corrigan at Vanderbilt Hotel Soon After His Second Divorce.

WIDOWER WAS A RIVAL.

'Twas a Great Rivalry, but Younger Man Had All the Better of It.

Young Mr. Bates—Frank M. to be exact—Frank M. Bates of Attleboro, Mass., inheritor of half a million and already twice married and divorced—has had another romance and is going to marry the comely Miss Nan Corrigan, whom he met buying books at the Tyson stand in the Vanderbilt Hotel.

Attleboro just got the news of the new Bates whirl into matrimony today and was vastly surprised thereat, for only a few months ago Mrs. Bates No. 2, a dashing California actress, got her divorce. But the Vanderbilt Hotel, where the young man has been living for several months, has been aware of the courtship of Miss Corrigan by Bates for some time.

Frank M. Bates is well known in New England, where he has been spending the fortune left by his father, Joseph M. Bates, a manufacturing jeweler of Attleboro, in large chunks for several years. His mother lives in the old Bates home in North Main street, Attleboro, but her son long ago founded the sedate Massachusetts manufacturing town too slow and has lived in hotels in Boston, Providence and New York.

LEAVES HER HOME WITHOUT TELLING HER MOTHER.

The third bride of F. M. Bates lived at No. 109 West Eighty-ninth street. She packed up her trousseau last night and slipped out without saying anything to her mother. She had confided to her family that she was going to marry Mr. Bates of Attleboro in Attleboro, but not until next Sunday. This morning Mrs. Corrigan got word that her daughter would be married this afternoon at the home of Mr. Bates' mother.

Miss Corrigan had charge of the news stand in the Hotel Belmont before going to the Vanderbilt, and it was there a wealthy Buffalo widower saw and fell in love with her. He begged her to marry him, but she told him there was too much difference in their ages. He did not despair, however, but continued to plead with her whenever he got a chance.

Young Bates was one of the first persons to register at the Vanderbilt. When he went over to the news stand to buy a book he was so attracted by the pretty girl in charge that he went back as often as propriety permitted to buy others, until soon her stock was gone. Finally he managed to get a formal introduction.

BOTH WANTED TO SEE HER HOME THAT NIGHT.

Her hours were from 6 A. M. until noon and from 6 P. M. until midnight. When she started home that night—her first at the hotel—she found two men waiting to see that she got there safely. One was the Buffalo widower, the other was her new admirer, Mr. Bates.

"You may both take me home," she said solemnly. The men glared at each other, but gamely accompanied her.

After that their courtship was somewhat spectacular. The Buffalo man transferred his headquarters to the Vanderbilt in order to be constantly on the battlefield. Both showered gifts on Miss Corrigan. She had more flowers and more candy than she knew what to do with, and those about the hotel who were aware of the desperate race between the two wealthy men watched with interest to see the outcome.

The younger man won. After he had proposed and had been accepted, the Buffalo man extended congratulations and left the hotel.

Miss Corrigan was caught admiring the four-carat diamond engagement ring on her finger Saturday and confessed to Hotel Manager Douglas Brown. Then she resigned. She lives with her parents and had been working since she left school several years ago. SHE'S PROUD OF HER TROUSSEAU AND GIFTS.

"Would you like to see my trousseau?" laughed Miss Nancy when seen at her home last night. "I think it pretty." She brought forth a gray charmeuse satin gown, with slippers and hat to match. "Now don't you think it pretty?" she asked as she smoothed out the gown.

"How did I happen to accept Frank?" she continued. "Why, I loved him when he came to buy that first book, and it nearly drove me crazy that I had no more books to sell him that day. I was tempted to buy them all back, and let him begin over."

"It's the nicest fellow. He's so big and strong and so unaffected. But you should see what he has given me for a wedding present." Out of a drawer, the girl drew a diamond necklace. The smallest of the nineteen stones in it is one carat and the largest, which is the clasp, weighs three carats.

"Frank has given me an automobile too," said Miss Nancy. "It's a dandy. Anna Beegan, who lives at No. 249 West One Hundred and Fifteenth street, is going with me to Providence. She is a stenographer and will be my maid of honor. At Providence we will be met by my touring car and we will motor over to Attleboro. Frank has a jewelry factory in Providence too."

"We will be married in the afternoon. Frank's cousin will be his best man. All the members of his family will be there."

Brides Don't Blush Nowadays When Applying for Licenses

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IT WAS A SERIOUS MATTER IN THE "GOOD OLD DAYS"

Men Show Embarrassment in the Unprecedented Rush for Permits to Wed Which Promises to Make This June a Banner Month.

Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

Lost, strayed or stolen from the Marriage License Bureau, City Hall, Borough of Manhattan, one Bride's Blush. Finder please return to An Old-Fashioned Gentleman (address unknown).

The above notice is respectfully inserted after one morning in the Central Office of the New York Cupid during the June rush season. You perceive I offer no reward, either for B. B. or the O. G. That's because I'm not sure either is worth it. But the truthful reporter always gives a list of the missing.

Chief Scully of the License Bureau says business was never better. Between 10 and 12 on Saturday, June 1, 171 couples applied for permission to wed. Almost as many appeared yesterday, when I sat in the corner and watched for the blushes that didn't appear. Evidently marriage isn't going out of fashion. But the old-time bride is—the old-time bridegroom.

Can you imagine a Thomas Nelson Pace heroine, "before de war," walking into a whitewashed, low-ceiled business office with her lover, and answering a lot of impertinent questions about her age, occupation and "former husband or husbands," while around the couple a promiscuous group of neighbors and "go' white trash" were going through the same catechism?

IT USED TO BE EASY FOR THE BRIDE.

When a certificate or special license was required at the old-time wedding it was procured beforehand by the prospective bridegroom. All the bride ever had to do was to affix her dainty signature either at home or in some quiet little church vestry.

I watched a quite typical couple from the moment they stepped into the City Hall License Bureau. The girl, apparently a stenographer, was quietly dressed in a dark tailored suit, with trim tan shoes, and a bunch of sweet peas was the only touch approaching to festivity.

She walked neither in front of nor behind the tall young man with her. They came through the door together and sat down side by side at the long table where the affidavits are filled out. They smiled and chatted calmly. She wasn't embarrassed, he wasn't grumpy or recalcitrant. In turn they wrote out answers to all the questions. They dropped quietly into line before the clerk. The young man passed over the affidavit and the dollar bill, and they returned, glanced at each other with a little, comradely smile and went out together.

BALL AND CHAIN FEATURE NO PART OF IT.

Somehow it all seemed to symbolize rather completely the new, sane conception of marriage as a mutual agreement, a partnership, instead of a ball and chain. The girl and the man appeared together before the one tribunal that had any logical right to question them, the State of which they were citizens. Each answered the same queries. Each took the same oath. The partnership started squarely.

Really, why should a bride blush? Blushing stands either for shame or embarrassment. Certainly no self-respecting girl marries a man of whom she is ashamed. And why show or feel embarrassment about the vividdest, sincerest action of your life? It's the moment when the timidest ought to be a brave, the shyest ought to forge self-commendation.

Given then, a blameless candidate for Chief Scully's degree of matrimony. What else does one notice about her? She is more apt to have blue eyes and brown hair than to be a pronounced blonde or brunette. She is usually from sixteen to twenty-four years old. She has a fondness for white plumes—I know now why one sees so many of them in the Domestic Relations Court. The recalcitrant husband? Has doubtless refused to renew the promise of his wife's wedding hat.

She doesn't dress elaborately, except as to millinery, but she nearly always wears long silk gloves and tan shoes. Also she insists that her young man shall recognize his matrimonial obligations.



THE EVASIVE REPLY

If he doesn't have a new suit he must show a new necktie.

BRIDEGROOMS NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT.

Eugenically, she certainly scores more points than the prospective bridegroom—at least in the great majority of cases. I didn't know there were as many chinless men in the city of New York as I saw during three hours in the City Hall Marriage Bureau.

Of course the cynic will rise to remark that if they hadn't been chinless they wouldn't have been there. All right! But they were also stoop-shouldered, anemic, skimpily as to hair, and their brides-to-be were almost always plump, rosy and healthy.

However, both sides looked happy. Smiles were in the air. So was democracy. Here's a sample. Just in front of the clerk's window stood a man and a woman, each of whom had registered as a singer. A big black plume dangled half the way down the back of the lady's champagne-colored frock, and the gentleman's Pompadour was an honest advertisement.

Just behind were a couple from Something-something street, quarter of a block off the Park. There's a certain sumptuously simple tailoring which is the outward and visible sign of an address in the Social Directory. Elbowing these two were Rachel Kowtowski and Ivan Unpronounceable, from east of the Bowery. And nobody drew away from anybody else, and nobody was snobbish or envious.

There are only two reforms I have to suggest for this very modern Court of Love and Beauty. The men really ought to take off their hats. And the maidens really ought not to chew gum. Exceptions having been noted, the verdict is distinctly in favor of New York's June bride—and more power to her!

PLITT FREED BY JURY.

Strong Arm Squad's Assistant Acquitted on Murder Charge.

Charles E. Plitt Jr. of No. 61 West One Hundred and Eighteenth street, who was indicted for the murder of Waverly Carter, a negro, was acquitted by a jury before Judge Malone in General Sessions early today. The jury was out a little more than three hours.

Plitt accompanied a detail of the Strong Arm Squad, commanded by Lieut. Charles Becker, the night of the killing of Carter, in a raid upon a saloon at No. 206 Fifth avenue. While the raiding party was in the saloon Carter was slain. Witnesses obtained by District-Attorney Whitman's process swore that Plitt had fired the bullet which killed Carter.

Lawyers Louis Abrams and Michael N. Delagi, assigned by the Court to defend Plitt, produced a number of witnesses who testified that an unidentified negro had shot Carter and made his escape.

ROMANCE SHATTERED.

Bridegroom-to-Be Already Had a Wife.

Romances are shattered, even in Paterson, N. J. At least the romance of Angelina Linoro and Giovanni Proto went to smash last night when Angelina's father, Antonio Linoro of No. 39 Jefferson street, had the prospective bridegroom arrested for perjury, in that he had sworn to the registrar of the Bureau of Vital Statistics that he was unmarried, when he had a wife living in Montreal. Proto is in jail and Angelina is praying her good fortune that she had not been married.

A chance remark on the part of the bridegroom-to-be caused his prospective fiancée to grill him searchingly, and finally Proto admitted that he was suing for a divorce and that the decree had not been granted.

Irishmen to Hold Outing.

Sunday, June 3, the Cork Men's M. A. Society will hold its annual ball day and games at Celtic Park. Among the features of the day will be the football game between the men of Kerry and Kildare, and the championship hurling match, participated in by noted Irish athletes.

ONE MAN KILLED, DOZEN ARE HURT IN TRAIN CRASH

Mistake in Orders Causes Fatal Wreck on Susquehanna at Macotin Lake Junction.

A mistake in orders caused a head-on collision between passenger train No. 215 of the New York, Susquehanna and Western and an extra freight train at Macotin Lake Junction, N. J., at 6:53 o'clock this morning, killing the fireman of the freight, seriously injuring three or four of the crew of both trains and shaking up and bruising several of the passengers.

Fireman Edward Bugel of extra freight No. 104, westbound from Jersey City, was jammed between the engine cab and the tender and it took almost four hours to extricate him. The man was still breathing when freed, but died a few minutes later. L. E. Paulson, conductor of the passenger train, the engineer, brakeman, fireman and baggage-man were also badly injured.

Immediately after the news of the wreck had been sent along the line automobiles were rushed to the scene from Newfoundland and Butler with physicians.

Passenger train No. 902, which was following No. 215 by about thirty-five minutes, took the injured crew and the passengers of the wrecked train to Paterson.

SEVEN PASSENGERS, HURT, ARE TAKEN TO HOMES.

Seven passengers were injured. They all live at Newfoundland and were taken there after being treated by physicians at the scene of the wreck. The injured are:

- Louis Shelter, out and bruised face.
- George Higelow, bruised chest and face.
- Harry Post, sprained ankle and internal injuries.
- Edward Utter, gash over right temple.
- George Gepple, abrasions on chest and finger on right hand broken.
- Harry Little, internal injuries.
- Robert Parr, contusions of shoulder and sprained right arm.

Division Superintendent Johns has received the resignation of George Robbins, conductor of the freight train, who assumes responsibility for the wreck. Until a week ago the passenger train has been leaving from Butler instead of Newfoundland, and the freight train has been arriving at Newfoundland from Jersey City at 4 A. M. This morning the freight train was behind time and Conductor Robbins forgot that track was being held open for the passenger train.

The two trains met in a hollow. The passenger train of five cars was running forty-five miles an hour. Engineer James Havens of the passenger saw the

steam of the freight and applied the brakes. Then he decided that the freight was on the siding and released the brakes. A few moments later the two trains crashed. Because of the greater speed of the passenger train the freight suffered the greater, four cars being telescoped and a dozen overturned.

Engineer Edward Smith of the freight train applied the brakes and jumped to safety. His fireman, Edward Bugel, was less lucky and was crushed to death.

Engineer Havens was badly scalded with steam. After being given emergency treatment he was taken to his home in Butler. His fireman, Jacob Wastorhoos, jumped and escaped with bruises and scratches.

Frank Wright, conductor of the passenger train, was knocked over a seat when the engine came together and was badly cut on the forehead. Wrecking crews were sent at once to the scene and began to clear the main line. In the mean while east and west bound trains detoured around the wreckage on the siding.

Macotin Lake Junction, where the head-on collision occurred, is between Charlottesville and Newfoundland. Charlottesville is about half a mile from the scene of the wreck.

The only reason that can be assigned for the crash is a mistake in orders. It is supposed that the freight was to have taken a siding to allow the passenger to pass, but neglected to do so.

RINGWORMS BROKE OUT ON FACE

Was a Sight, All Rough and Red. Itched So She Could Not Sleep. In 8 Days Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured Her Completely.



111 Norfolk St., New York, N. Y.—"My sister was always playing with the cat when one day ringworms broke out on her face. It took the form of circles and her face was a sight, all rough and red. She had crusts on the ringworms. It itched very much so that she could not sleep. I tried all kinds of ointments but it did not cure it and she suffered for several days. At last I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment on her face. Each night I put Cuticura Ointment on her face, putting it gently on the ringworms, and in the morning she washed her face with hot water and Cuticura Soap. In eight days Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured her completely." (Signed) Benjamin Fein, Sept. 10, 1911.

'I WAS COVERED WITH PIMPLES' Got Cuticura Soap and Ointment and is Cured.

222 W. 12th Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.—"I was covered with pimples. They appeared on my face, chest and back. My face caused everybody to look at me. I used to spend over a dollar a week for stuff which would not cure. I had them for nearly a year, when one day I saw the Cuticura advertisement and wrote for samples. I used them and bought more. The Ointment dried the sores up, and I am cured now and glad of it. I am fine and dandy once more." (Signed) Bessie McCann, Nov. 24, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere. Sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address, "Cuticura," Dept. 7, Boston. Tender-faced men should shave with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick.

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A Clearance Sale of Model French Millinery and Hats, of our own design. All these hats are in present fashion, and made of the best materials of their several kinds obtainable. They are offered at but a small fraction of their cost; some of them at prices less than the value of the material in them, disregarding altogether the labor cost in their production.

BROADWAY & 18th STREET

SALE EXTRAORDINARY FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY One Million Dollar Stock of DIAMONDS. Pearl Necklaces, Diamond Necklaces and Precious Jewels Set in the Latest Styles at 33 1/3% DISCOUNT For Cash Only. WILLIAM REIMAN, 328 Fifth Av., bet. 324 and 334 Sts.

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GOWNS AT THE MAKER'S PRICE

Every patron of the London Feather-Company will be interested in the announcement that we have established a Dress Department, where our original plan of selling direct from maker to wearer has been adopted.

We have made a world-wide reputation selling reliable fashions at the manufacturer's price to hundreds of thousands of women in New York and all over the country.

We have determined to keep up that reputation for reliability and unmatched prices in our Dress Department.

One of the leading makers of women's finest wearing apparel, whose merchandise was sold only at the best shops in town, has arranged with us to call his product to our patrons at the manufacturer's price.

We are offering gowns of all kinds—from the most modestly priced to the very finest.

We want every one of our patrons to examine our display and make a comparison of prices. A personal investigation will prove to you that our "maker to wearer" system of selling gowns is as remarkable a money saver as our now famous method of selling feathers.

We have a reputation to sustain, and we propose to maintain it.

To introduce this department we will sell all gowns and dresses at 35% to 40% less than the actual cost of manufacture for one week only, beginning Monday, June 3rd.

- 100 Lingerie Dresses—made of imported materials, manufacturer's cost price \$10; introductory sale \$7.50
- 75 Lingerie Dresses—made of imported materials, manufacturer's cost price \$20; introductory sale \$13.75
- 50 Hand Embroidered French Lingerie Dresses—manufacturer's cost price, \$22.50; introductory sale \$15.75
- 50 Imported Crepe Dresses—in pale pink, white and tan; manufacturer's cost price, \$13.75; introductory sale price, \$9.75
- 75 Imported Crepe Dresses—with real Irish; manufacturer's cost price, \$30; introductory sale \$13.75
- 24 Imported Lingerie Dresses—manufacturer's cost price from \$40 to \$80; \$19.75 to \$40 sale price
- 75 Crepe Meteor and Taffeta Afternoon Dresses—manufacturer's cost price, \$25; introductory sale \$16.50
- 30 Chiffon, Taffeta and Crepe Meteor Dresses—manufacturer's cost price, \$30 to \$65; introductory sale price... \$19.75 to \$40
- 225 Evening Gowns, Afternoon Gowns and Dinner Gowns; manufacturer's cost price, \$50 to \$150, reduced in proportion.

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PURE SILK SHIRTS The height of luxury and acme of coolness... \$5.00

Fifth Ave. at Twenty-Eighth St., N. Y.

Big Sale La Grecque TAILORED UNDERWEAR

Beginning Wednesday, June 5th. Drawers 50c up, regular price \$1.00 up. Combinations \$1.00 up, regular price \$1.75 up. Princess Slips \$1.75 up, regular price \$2.50 up. Night Gowns \$1.25 up, regular price \$2.00 up.

Broken lots in assorted styles and sizes. Also an assortment of Silk, Chambray and Saten Skirts. This sale is a yearly event, looked forward to by women who wish the finest Lingerie at prices much less than cost. It includes our Salesmen's Sample lines, among which are many exquisite garments. Sale will continue until all are disposed of.

25 W. 34th St., Near 6th Ave. Second Floor—Take Elevator VAN ORDEN CORSET CO.