COUNTESS' ESTATE WORTH $500,000 GONE, SHE SAYS

Daughter in London Demands Accounting of Lawyer in New York.

EXECUTOR SINCE 1884.

Asserts He Told Her Principal Was Lost as Annuity Ceased.

Action demanding an accounting of the $500,000 estate of the late Countess Alice Thorn de Ferussac has been brought against Walter Mead, a lawyer, of No. 164 Hewes street, Williamsburg, by Mrs. Alice Mansfield of London, a daughter of the Countess. Mr. Mead, who is advanced in years and ill, has left his home and gone to Westchester County.

In her suit in the Supreme Court Mrs. Mansfield states that Mead has been executor of the esate since Feb. 27, 1884, and has paid the income derived from the property regularly until this year. Last February, according to the complaint, Mead refused to pay over the quarterly income, stating as his reason that the entire principal had been lost by him several years ago.

Frank X. McCaffrey of No. 44 Court street, Brooklyn, who has been retained by Mead as his attorney, said to-day that he had not been able as yet to go into the details of the case, but that Mr. Mead would explain his handling of every cent of the estate.

"I understand that Mr. Mead had a fire some years ago," said McCaffrey, "in which some securities and valuable papers were destroyed. Some of the destroyed papers were replaced, but whether the securities were all replaced or not I can't say at this time. The reason no income has been paid from the estate is because it has earned no money. I am satisfied that Mr. Mead's conduct has been proper. This is an ordinary suit for an accounting. Such suits are common.

At Mead's home his sister said she knew nothing of his business affairs, but her brother was a very ill man and had gone to the country for a rest. She did not know when he would return. The Countess de Ferussac was the daughter of Col. Thorn, who seventy-five years ago was known in Europe and America as a sportsman and diplomat. Col. Thorn had four daughters. Alice married the Count de Ferussac, another married Baron de Verennes and two married Americans.

The Countess de Ferussac died in November, 1874, at the home of her brother, Eugene Thorn, No. 5 East Thirtieth street. In her will, which was admitted to probate by Surrogate Hutchings in February, 1875, the Countess left her estate to her four children. In her suit Mrs. Mansfield says that Mead, as a trustee, had received large sums of money, both as principal of the estate and also as interest from the principal. She asks for an accounting and for the removal of Mead as trustee.

CHAINED DAUGHTER WHILE HE BEAT HER, FATHER IMPRISONED

Fourteen-Year-Old Girl Excites Pity of Court, Who Scores Parent.

"You are a disgrace to yourself and to your race," declared Justice Forker in the Court of Special Sessions to-day when, with Justices Moss and Deuel concurring, he sent Biasi Rampone, an Italian, of No. 314 East One Hundred and Eighteenth street, to the penitentiary for three months for inhuman treatment of his own daughter.

Rampone was arrested by agents of the Gerry Society, but the chief witness against him was his child, Jennie, a puny, pale-faced girl of fourteen, who exhibited to the Judges great welts on her wrists, cut by a cord with which her father had bound her, and bruises on her arms where he had beaten her.

Assistant Superintendent Moore of the Children's Society, who investigated the case, said the girl's mother died two years ago, and since that time she had been the family drudge, cooking and keeping house for her father, his brother and her six-year-old brother, Antonio.

On June 2 Rampone gave the child 60 cents to pay his assessment in a fraternal insurance order. The child lost the money. When she reported the loss to Rampone he bound her wrists tightly together with a small cord that cut through the flesh. He used a heavy trace chain to bind her legs, fastening her tightly to a sink, while he beat her cruelly with a strap, the iron buckle of which broke the skin every time it struck her. Neighbors, incensed, notified the Children's Society.

Jennie and her brother, Antonio, were remanded to the custody of the society, the Judges declaring that Rampone was not fit to care for them.

The Society Whirl.
(From the Kansas City Journal.)

"Dear, can you help me to receive next Friday?"

"Sorry, love, but I'm on picket duty with the shirt waist strikers."

Here's a Public School That Won't Permit Its Child Pupils to Use Paint and Powder

THE GIRLS ARE ENCOURAGED TO WASH THE POWDER AND PAINT OFF THEIR FACES

Brazen Makeup and Suggestive Dress Are Not Needed to Win the Admiration of Men, Says One Male Critic of the Flamboyant Girl's Attire Which Is the Vogue To-Day.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

A few days ago in an article on the sensational and suggestive dressing of the New York school girl, her use of paint, powder and other meretricious devices to attract attention, I quoted a remark of Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer that the New York mother does not dare to forbid her daughter to practice the arts of make-up, &c., because she is afraid that if she does "the poor little thing will miss a trick in the husband hunt and other girls whose mothers are less particular will get ahead of her."

Many men have written to The Evening World resenting the imputation that masculine admiration is responsible for the startling attire of New York's young women, and in the effort to convince the mothers of New York school girls and the girls themselves that they can be simple and modest and attractive at the same time, I print some of these masculine protests.

LETTER FROM BACHELOR WHO DOESN'T ADMIRE THE STYLE.

Dear Madam—Allow a man to say he heartily approves of your articles regarding the bad taste displayed by women and girls in the manner they dress.

If their excuse for dressing as they do is "because they are afraid they will miss a trick in husband-hunting," then, as a bachelor, I would say they are playing a poor game. I am not narrow-minded; on the contrary, am somewhat of a sport, and knowing the short life and sad end of the woman who lives "the easiest way," I say nothing against her, for only God knows what man helped her on the downward path, and I blame society as at present constituted rather than the woman.

As a man I am unable to understand why women who are presumably virtuous will dress as those described by you are dressing today.

I like to see a well-dressed woman, but not one who is half dressed.

If it was possible to get these women and girls to understand what men really think of them, perhaps they would change their method of attracting men, but the men are somewhat to blame because they "jolly" the girls by telling them how nice they look.

A man is afraid to tell a girl the truth or he would tell her she disgusts him and that she invites insult.

They talk about attracting husbands and make bachelors pay a tax. Any tax would be willingly paid by me rather than marry one of these brainless creatures.

We are not angels and do not want to marry angels, but we want girls such as our mothers were, as far as modesty is concerned.

I am glad to see a paper like The Evening World publish articles like yours, but I fear they will have no effect, because if the girls had brains enough to understand those articles and change their style, then they would have had brains enough not to have dressed indecently before.

G. M.

NOT ATTRACTED BY FRANTIC EFFORTS TO ATTRACT.

The writers of this and other letters all give their names and addresses which I withhold. Here is another man who says he is not attracted by frantic efforts to attract.

Dear Madam: Your article in last evening's World is timely and to the point. May it help the young girls to see themselves as others see them, but their bizarre clothes are as nothing to the powder and rouge they apply. If they knew how they are criticised by men as well as women it might make a difference. One wonders why and wherefore. Are the mothers to blame, and who and what are they? It seems to be the only excuse some plain girls have for attracting attention. There is an abnormal mental condition back of it. May you continue the good work.

B. W.

Still another man writes:

Dear Madam: Your article on school girls this evening should bear weight with mothers unless they are so blinded by devotion to their own personality and charm they have no time or will power to give to their daughters.

It's too plain what the present school girl will come to unless a check line is placed on her. What honorable man will want her for a wife?

Look at them for yourself, powdered and painted on the way to school, and our public schools permit it.

In one instance, take the public school at One Hundred and Eleventh street west of Fifth avenue at 8.30 A. M. on. One would wonder what their mothers are.

W. S.

WHAT A VISIT TO A SCHOOL REVEALED.

The suggestion in this letter seemed so well worth following that with The Evening World artist I visited Public School No. 170, and with the permission of the principal, Miss Sullivan, saw the girls of the higher grade in their classes.

It seems to me only fair to the school to say at once that I saw there no girls who were made up and observed no conditions of spectacular dressing or of bad taste which are not common to practically all the schools of New York City.

The condition is general. Every mother meets it and every teacher is confronted by it.

"We don't have to go outside the classroom to learn the latest fashions," declared one teacher in Public School No. 170, while Miss Sullivan, the principal, frankly met the situation described by the letter to The Evening World with the following statement:

"For the last year, with the aid of the teachers in the school, I have made the most determined effort to change the conditions described in this letter. I have had girls who came to school with their faces 'made up' brought here to my office and I have wiped their faces with a towel till they were free from paint or powder. I have seen girls with their faces so whitened with powder that they looked like Humpty Dumpty in an old-fashioned spectacle. But you tell me that you have observed no girls in the school who appeared 'made up' to you. I am glad to hear it, as we have been struggling to obtain such a result. It is not fair to the school to assume that all the young girls who pass here at 8.30 in the morning are pupils of No. 170. On my way from the One Hundred and Tenth street subway in the morning I pass sometimes two, sometimes as many as ten very young girls with their faces 'made up.' But they are on their way to work downtown. They are not school girls."

The principal of No. 170 was greatly distressed that her school should have been chosen for public criticism.

But why should the teachers of our public schools be compelled to add to their many duties the guardianship of the morals and manners of their pupils?

The public schools now teach girls to cook and sew. I saw an admirable cooking class in No. 170, and several little girls showed me shirtwaists they had made in the sewing class which were marvels of neatness and good taste. The city now relieves the New York mother of the duty of teaching her daughters the housewifely arts. Must it relieve her of their moral guardianship as well? What else can we expect when the principal of a school has to wipe the "makeup" from little girls of twelve and fourteen. Very pretty little girls they are, the pupils of No. 170, of course. I saw among them the gigantic bows, the elaborate curls, the bandeaux and the low necks which characterize the schoolgirl all over New York. One little girl of twelve actually wore two huge bows of light blue ribbon besides a patriotic bandeau of red, white and blue, with a red, white and blue sash strung across one shoulder and tied at the hip. And the wearer was one of the prettiest children in the school. No. 170 has, of course, the types of simple, unspoiled girlhood.

I saw one charming little brunette who presents an unusual combination of talents, for, besides getting 100 in arithmetic, she has made a shirtwaist which is the marvel and envy of the sewing class.

Ten ribbon counters might be stocked from the bows these little girls wear in their hair. Of course, the latest fashion in hairdressing—the waved bang—has reached the public schools. Some of the coiffures suggest that their ambitious wearers are trying to follow all the fashions at once, presenting a strange ragout of styles.

But the little girls are not to blame. The teachers are alive to the situation and are fighting it.

What are the mothers thinking about?

RUNAWAY RECORD HERS; WOULD SEE WORLD AT 7

Little Vera Kalukowsky Speaks Four Languages and Has Been Found 32 Times.

Vera Kalukowsky, seven years old, of No. 57 South First street, Williamsburgh, may speak four languages and may hold the all around runaway record for Brooklyn, having been picked up by the police, at her mother's request thirty-two times—but she will not run away for some months to come. Justice Ryan in the Children's Court in Brooklyn to-day committed her to St. Joseph's Home until she seemed to show signs of intending to behave.

Two weeks ago agents of the Children's Society, who were tired of having the police bring the girl to them for safe keeping until her mother called, asked Mrs. Kalukowsky to have Vera committed to an institution. She refused. Saturday she was off again. Her mother had carelessly given her 50 cents and had sent her to the grocer's for a loaf of bread. Vera ordered the bread sent home, gave the grocer five cents, wandered off and invested the rest in a toy baby carriage, a doll and some candy, and was not seen again until Monday, when Policeman Schreck found her asleep in a hall on Grand street near Driggs avenue. All Williamsburg policemen know Vera and he promptly woke her and gathered her in.

After that Mrs. Kalukowsky gave up hope of controlling her and asked Justice Ryan to have her put in a home.

"What did I do?" said Vera when Justice Ryan asked where she had been for two nights. "Oh, just walked around, getting ladies to take me to moving picture shows and watching trolley cars go by and looking into show widows and sleeping under stairs, in halls and talking to people; you know I speak four languages, Judge."

Justice Ryan called the court interpreters and they found Vera familiar with Russian, Jewish and Polish as well as English.

"But why," asked the justice, "do you act this way?"

"Because home is too slow. My mother is busy and my father is away most of the time and I want to see life while I'm young."

KILLED BY ELEVATOR.

Engineer Making Repairs Meets With Tragic End.

Frank B. Willis, employed as engineer in the Le Marquis Hotel at No. 12 East Thirty-first street, was crushed to death to-day while attempting to repair the elevator, which had stopped between the fifth and sixth floors.

He was lying on his back with half his body on the hallway floor and half under the bottom of the car when it suddenly came down on him, killing him instantly. He was thirty-five years old and lived at No. 311 East Thirty-third street.

COMEDIAN'S WIFE CAUSES ARREST OF TRAILING "SLEUTH"

Weitsman Was Looking for Woman in Glove Case but Followed Wrong Clue.

Mrs. Mazona Don, the pretty and spirited wife of David L. Don, a well known vaudeville comedian, believes to-day that a Bureau of Public Safety should be established and that this body should issue licenses to such private detectives as Jacob Weitsman, whose arrest last night at Lenox avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street followed Mrs. Don's plea for protection. Weitsman was discharged by Magistrate McQuade in Night Court after a representative of the Peterson Detective Bureau told the Magistrate that Weitsman was engaged in "shadowing" a suspect in a robbery suffered by the Fownes Glove Company.

Mrs. Don, who used to be on the stage under the name of Mazona Bradcome, and who now lives with her aunt and little daughter Mazie in apartments at No. 152 West One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, poured out the vials of her wrath over the persistent dogging of her tracks by the detective when an Evening World reporter called to-day.

"I first noticed a flashily dressed man hanging around in front of our apartments last Saturday," said Mrs. Don. "Whenever I left the house to go shopping he followed me at a distance, and even got on the same car with me or on the subway when I wanted to go downtown.

"Yesterday I determined to get my cousin, Miss Eleanor Craig of No. 62 West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, to assist me in keeping watch on the movements of this man. At the corner of One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street and Lenox avenue I confronted the man; he was less than ten feet behind me. 'What are you following me about for?' I demanded.

"'I would like to make your acquaintance,' he said, addressing me as 'Miss.'

"'I told him that I was married, and that I did not care to make his acquaintance, nor to have him following me everywhere. Then when I started to walk on he persisted in following me. At that I had him arrested."

When Weitsman appeared in Night Court a man who said he was Petersen of the Petersen Detective Agency appeared and he told Magistrate McQuade that Weitsman was engaged upon running down the thieves who looted the four cases of gloves. Mrs. Don was not suspected, Petersen and Weitsman both agreed, but some one who lived in her neighborhood was.

The Magistrate discharged Weitsman. At the Fownes Glove Company's office it was said to-day that the firm had no knowledge of Weitsman or his activities.

CONGRESS TO PROBE JUDGE HANFORD'S ACTS.

By Unanimous Vote Committee Is Sent to Seattle to Hear Evidence in Socialist Case.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—By unanimous vote the House to-day directed a sub-committee of the Judiciary Committee to go to Seattle, Wash., and other places to investigate charges against Federal Judge Cornelius Hanford which have arisen through his decision in the Olesen Socialist citizenship case.

FIREBUG BURNS HOTEL.

UTICA, N. Y., June 13.—The Allen House, one of Oneida's best known hotels, was practically destroyed by fire shortly after midnight. When Theodore Allen, aged sixty years, owner of the property, learned of it he dropped dead. The blaze was of incendiary origin.

While the department was fighting the flames a second fire started a short distance away and burned two barns. A popcorn wagon started the second fire. Rome sent members of its department to assist the Oneida firemen.

BETTY'S CALVES'LL GET BILLY'S GOAT IN NEW STOCKING

New Peek-a-Boo Sock Isn't Stock Yards Creation, Either—It's Direct From Paree!

AND IT SHOWS YOU——

Now, Wait a Minute! We Were Only Going to Say It Shows You the Latest Style.

Hail the peek-a-boo stocking!

Ten billion mosquitoes jubilantly acclaim it from Paree sur la Seine, whence come all the positively latest frills and furbelows, freaks and frets and hyperultras of fashion.

Of all devices that have proved a boon to the Jersey and Long Island hordes of pestiferous pests, the peek-a-boo hosiery that is about to twine its negligible elaments about shapely ankle and classic calf strikes the final chord. No poor, blind, doddering old mosquito need go hungry hereafter, for his little child may lead him to it, and there will be neither mesh nor warp to stay him in his fell descent.

The peek-a-boo stocking is now on view at the exhibition of the Dry Goods Economist, at No. 239 West Thirty-ninth street. Trek thither, O ye fashion-mad hosts of the sweet and gentle sex, and see what a lovely open-work thing it is—how simple, how alluring, how captivating. It is made of fisherman's net, so-called, and if Lady Godiva had worn a union suit of it she would have been Lady Godiva just the same and won her way down the ages of fable as a heroine who rode clad in the prevailing mode of Eden before the serpent.

PEEK-A-BOO WAIST IS PUT IN THE SHADE NOW.

It is really no stocking at all—this peek-a-boo affair. Why, the peek-a-boo waist is a cloak of mail and a gun turret of a covering beside it. She who wears it may feel the psychic sense of modesty and know in her heart that she pulled on her stockings, but others who look without the aid of strong glasses will know nothing about it and perhaps turn to their neighbors and say: "Let's take up a collection and buy the poor girl a pair of hose."

There have been silk stockings hitherto and hose woven of diaphanous silk, but such are veritable blankets by comparison with the new peek-a-boo hose. The interstices or the peek-a-boos are about an inch square and will stretch even farther. They should be very simple of manufacture and could be knitted at home in a few minutes out of a dozen yards of silk or so. And there is certainly one fine thing about them—they need no darning. Why you couldn't darn the darn things if you tried your darndest for there isn't a darn thing to darn. If a thread snaps loose, Presto! you're legs are bare.

As a companion piece for the latest Parisian quip of fashion, we have heralded the stayless corsets, a corset that is hardly a bluff of a corset, having only four steels in its creation and requiring the merest minimum of lacing.

THE REST OF THIS IS TO BE READ BY LADIES ONLY!

Corsets have been going down for some time, not in price, but in length. They used to begin somewhere a little above where they now end, but the latest corset creations end just about where they begin.

The latest corsetless corset has its four steel stays disposed fore and aft, abaft and abeam—that is, there is one steel aft, one forward and one each to port and starboard. It is laced more by a stretch of the imagination than by any physical effort. The modern evolution of the corset follows a course of downward revision that certainly does not resemble the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, and seems to be paving the way for that corsetless era when all of the fair—slim, fat or otherwise—will cast the ballot. If Dame Fashion continues along these progressive lines the day is not far distant when the feminine voters will have nothing on (literally and metaphorically) Queen Hyppolite and her amazons, who went into battle with the liveliest spears and shields, but whose wardrobes were represented by a large round zero.

BERNARD CARTER STRICKEN.

Prominent Baltimorean Dies Suddenly at Narragansett Pier.

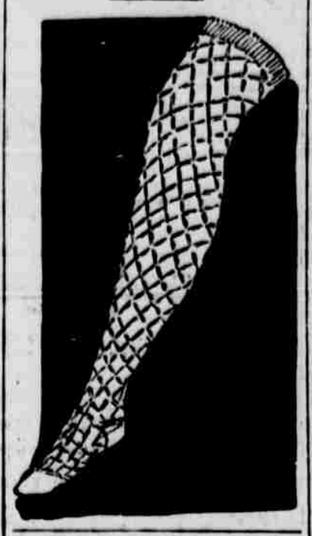
NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I., June 13.—Bernard Carter of Baltimore died suddenly here to-day of heart trouble at the summer home of his daughter, Mrs. Arthur L. Fiske of Baltimore. He arrived on his private car last night and at that time appeared to be in his usual health. The body will be taken to Baltimore to-morrow.

BALTIMORE, June 13.—Word was received here to-day of the death of Bernard Carter of Baltimore, at Narragansett Pier. Mr. Carter was a lawyer and one of the foremost citizens of Maryland. He was seventy-eight years old. He had been in poor health for the last six months. Nine children survive him, one of whom is Ridgely Carter, late United States Minister to the Balkan States.

Mabel Hite Reported Better.

Mabel Hite, the actress and wife of Mike Donlin, the big leaguer now with the Pittsburghs, compelled by illness to cancel her engagement at the Alhambra on Tuesday last, is recovering from a serious operation, which she underwent in a private hospital in East Thirty-third street. Dr. John F. Erdman, the physician, said to-day, however, it will be several weeks before she will be able to leave the institution.

SSH! BOYS! HERE IT IS! PEEK-A-BOO STOCKING!



A Welcome Relief.
(From the Pittsburg Post.)

"There is one time of year when I really enjoy work."

"And when is that?"

"For two or three days after coming back from vacation."

SMASHING RAIDS BY SUFFRAGETTES SHIFT TO DUBLIN

Irish Votes for Women Force Stone Police Barracks and Other Public Buildings.

DUBLIN, June 13.—A campaign of window smashing was opened to-day by the Irish suffragettes, who tried to emulate the deeds of their English sisters, but came into vigorous conflict with the authorities. After the women had made an energetic attack on most of the public buildings, eight of them who were armed with bags of stones were arrested and are to be brought up before a Police Magistrate.

The women, before the police came on the scene, had set siege to and succeeded in shattering forty-two windows of the Custom-House, the Post-Office, the Land Commission office and the police and military barracks.

Possession of Property Promotes Prosperity

Subway Real Estate

BE THE HUNDREDTH MAN

Out of a hundred men, ninety-nine buy (or try to buy) real estate at the same time and boost prices. Then in a little while they all sell (or try to sell) and knock the bottom out of the market. The hundredth man follows the opposite plan. When the market is dead, he buys—when active, he sells. It is easy to make money consistently and constantly by following your brains and not your impulses. Just now real estate in Brooklyn is dull; but you know—if you know anything—that Subways will bring enormous increases to every real estate owner, and you really now believe they are coming—but you are waiting while men from all over America are investigating and quietly picking up bargains. Use your brains and think independently and you will get right into the market before the next boom begins. Write us for some interesting facts.

Wood, Harmon & Co.,
261 Broadway, N. Y.

N. B.—Send for advance facts regarding our latest and best Brooklyn subdivision—Hyde Park. Choice lots, $800. $10 first payment.

PRICE PROTECTION COUPON

During each of the past six years we have sold from three to four millions in New York City property, and each year our prices have increased from 15 to 20%. Every price list (issued about once a month) marks increases not on every lot, or on all property, but in totals about equal to the above.

In the future these increases will be more frequent and larger. To protect the prospective buyer we issue this coupon. It protects him against any increase for one year if filed with us within seven days of its date of issue. In other words by filing this coupon you may buy at any time within one year at to-day's prices. You may not think of buying now, but remember four thousand people will buy, and you may be one of this number. This coupon is void if not received at our office within 7 days of date of issue, and is good only to residents of the City of New York.

Name.....

June 13th, 1912. Address.....

E. W.

Why Dentists Use Odol

ODOL is the first and only preparation for cleansing the mouth and teeth which counteracts the causes of microbic fermentation. While all other preparations are effective only during the few moments of application the antiseptic and refreshing powers of ODOL continue gently but persistently for hours afterwards.

This causes ODOL to penetrate the interstices of the teeth and the mucous membrane of the mouth, to a certain extent impregnating them and thus securing an after effect lasting for hours which no other mouth or tooth cleanser can produce, not even approximately. *All Drug Stores—Price 50c.*

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO. NEW YORK

THE WORLD'S VACATION BUREAUS

Call or write to any of The World's Information Bureaus listed below and secure, without cost,

ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT ALL THE SUMMER RESORTS YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT.

ARCADE OF THE PULITZER BLDG., PARK ROW;
Cor. Broadway and 38th St.;
249 West 125th St.;
108 East 149th St., Bronx;
292 Washington St., Brooklyn;
211 Cookman Ave., Asbury Park, N. J.;
Catskill Landing, N. Y.

Ask for FREE Copy of World's Summer Resort Guide for 1912.