

HER WEDDING DOT WENT TO PAY FOR NEWSSTAND RIGHT

Graft Prober Says Two Witnesses Overheard Prospective Bride's Remark.

HOW MONEY WAS PAID.

Selikowitz Says Everybody's Doing It, and He Knew of Other Cases.

That romance turns in unexpected places is declared to have been proved again today, when it was asserted that half of the \$500 paid to Benjamin Straus by R. Selikowitz for obtaining Alderman Niles B. Becker's signature to his seawall license, was the marriage dot given by Rose Himmelstein, the sister of Max Himmelstein, who is engaged to marry Selikowitz, and who lives in East New York.

Contrary to Becker's opinion that he furnished the necessary witness that led to the graft investigation in his district, El H. Rice, chief accountant of Foodick's office, told an Evening World reporter today that his investigators had discovered two witnesses who had overheard Rose say that she had given Selikowitz \$500 as her wedding dot, which was to be paid for the privilege of obtaining one of the licenses for the newsstands which her brother and prospective husband were going to have under the new elevated station at Columbus avenue and Eighty-sixth street. When Rice, who is conducting the probe, heard this, he says he immediately issued subpoenas for Straus and Selikowitz, and it was not until Alderman Becker heard that these subpoenas were out, says Rice, that he brought the witnesses forward.

DOUBTS IF THERE CAN BE ANY CONVICTION.

Rice said today that he doubted if any conviction could be found in the graft case in Becker's district. He has with the District Attorney, looked up the law and failed to find any provision in the code which will hold Straus liable to punishment, because Straus is not a public officer and there is no evidence to prove that Becker received any of the money. Straus insists that he took the money himself, and Rice says that the man made good on one license, which Selikowitz obtained, and has refunded \$30, the money for the license he did not use, he can not be prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretenses.

"Most peculiar, though, in the present situation," said Rice today, "is that both Straus and Becker are busy about the different prices paid for the two stands. Becker says that Straus admitted taking the money and obtaining one of the licenses for which he was paid \$500, and that the other \$300 paid for the license he failed to obtain was paid back. Now, why doesn't Becker revoke the license for which the money was paid? He has not done that yet, but I am going to do it."

"It is also worthy of note that Straus is not the captain of the district in which these stands are located. Edward R. Lyons is the captain of that district."

When an Evening World reporter called at the home of Straus, No. 300 West Ninety-second street, today, Mrs. Straus said that her husband had returned from his business trip to New Jersey, but that he had no statement to make as yet newspaper. While the reporter was waiting for Mrs. Straus to ask her husband if he wished to say anything that would explain his reason for taking the money from Selikowitz, he happened to glance over the balustrade to the hall below and noticed a young man listening attentively.

TELLS HOW HE GAVE MONEY FOR STANDS.

When Mrs. Straus returned and said her husband was not in the mood for conversation, she shut the door rather determinedly and the young man on the floor beneath began to descend the stairs. On the sidewalk, outside of the apartment house, he was asked who he was.

"Why, I'm Selikowitz," said the young man, "I came to see Mr. Straus on business."

"What do you want to see Straus for?"

"Why, I want to get back the rest of the \$500. He said he was going to give it to me some time this week."

"How did you come to give Straus the money for the stands," he was questioned.

"I was working for my father at the time, in his store at Broadway and Ninety-sixth street. Mr. Straus, whom I knew, came into the store and, knowing that I was going into business for myself, asked me if I would like to get one of the licenses for the stands under the new elevated station. I said yes, and talked the matter over with my partner Himmelstein. Himmelstein said that he would give \$500, and I would have to give the rest. Straus told me that he had the privilege of getting my application signed, so I agreed to let him have \$500, which price he asked."

"Didn't you know that you were doing a wrong?"

"Yes, but what else could I do? Everybody's doing it. Almost every newsdealer in New York pays money to have his application O. K.'d by the Alderman of the district. I know that a newsdealer who had a stand on Columbus avenue paid \$200 to a former Alderman."

BECKER SAYS FAITH HAS BEEN BETRAYED.

"What else can we do? The newsdealer would rather pay graft. I saves them a lot of trouble after they get their stands. If there are any complaints of any kind they can go to their Alderman and they will be protected. I knew when I gave the money that it was to go for the O. K. to the application."

Young Girls May Be Giddy and Vapid, But Widows Have Charms That Delight

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LET US DISCUSS IDEALISM, LITERATURE, RELIGION, POLITICS, OR SOCIOLOGY. "UH...HUH" MEN ARE BORED WITH THIS CONVERSATION WRITES 'A NATURAL GIRL'

"Men Are Unable to Talk on Any Subject That Requires Intelligence to Discuss," Writes a Girl to The Evening World, and Another Asserts All of Her Male Visitors Want to Kiss Her.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

Some time ago an Evening World reader charged in an indictment which he presented against the New York girl that, though he has searched the city, the quest leading him among \$40,000,000 hoardesses and women of the slums, he has never yet discovered a simple, natural girl.

We are all alike, giddy, superficial, affected, money-seeking creatures, with whom it is impossible to hold an intelligent conversation—at least, according to this depressing cynic. On the other hand, more than one young woman has assured me that "men do not care for sensible or intellectual women; that they prefer empty headed dolls." As one girl declares in a letter printed today, "it is impossible to speak with them on any topic of idealism, literature, politics, religion or sociology. They are either bored or ignorant, or their minds so incapable of seeing purity and not vulgarly in the 'Big Things' of life that it makes a natural girl shrink from contact or conversation with all of them."

Now, I must confess that I have some sympathy with the young man who is bored by the borrowed patter of the glib young women whose high brow is obviously artificial as her pompadour.

To stuff the inside of one's head with the thoughts of others is in no way more meritorious than to stuff the outside with department store puffs. There is a type of girl who loves to discuss plays in phrases borrowed and usually misapplied from her favorite dramatic critic, and who recites the plot of "such a sweet story I saw in a magazine" with the notion that she is having a literary conversation. This girl is frankly a bore. On the other hand the young woman in East Aurora is quite right in saying that there are many young men who are bored by an intelligent conversation. To this girl intelligent conversation is to discuss what she terms the Big Things of life with young men I say emphatically—don't do it!

The human female is not mentally a crustaceous animal. She is not born with a shell about her thoughts. But life and many disagreeable experiences will soon determine and the young man on the floor beneath begins to descend the stairs. On the sidewalk, outside of the apartment house, he was asked who he was.

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NEVER MET HAD A CALLER, WHO DIDN'T TRY TO KISS ME? SAYS 'PRUDENCE'

man and myself know that it has occurred. That's one kind. The other is the young man I meet socially. I have been informed that I am known as a "good kid" and when there are a number of people about I receive an unusual amount of attention. I object, however, that I very seldom have a gentleman call on me for the simple reason that I will not sit on the only couch in the room all evening and submit to spasmodic buggings and kisses. This is really true. The young man I am acquainted with all appear normal but their conduct when alone with a girl doesn't strike me as though they were sane. This is really true. I have never yet had a caller (and I have had many, ranging from the age of 21 to 30) that has not come during the evening or just before his departure, asked, or tried to kiss me. Generally, they try. I think I will have to remain just "good kid" until someone chances to come my way who can treat me as I feel a girl should be treated.

PRUDENCE

HERE IS A CHAMPION OF THE CHARMING WIDOWS.

I and today's discussion with some further remarks by young men, one of whom enters the lists to champion the charms of widows.

Dear Madam: I am what you women term a woman hater. I am far from such, but nevertheless have somehow or other gained the reputation, but the fair sex is alone to blame for it.

The more indifferent I have become to women, the more interest they take in me, although it's true I believe it only to be such an interest as they'd take in a new kind of toy, or a hideous, though dear, little mechanical or rubber crab of unusual proportions. Yes, I've even been sought after by them, but do you think it's turned my head? Not much, for I know positively as soon as they get to know me they'll promptly begin to dislike me, especially if they're not widows. And they're the ones that will give a man his full value, widows and not merely his intrinsic value. No, nowadays the women want men with money, it's this beastly fashion of a new sensation I suppose that's responsible, even among the confounded old maids. They're miserable unless they're indulging in the most far fetched whims or idiotic fancies, take up Hindostani, politics (when they don't even know the first principles of baseball and not even the fundamentals of music) or pose as I for one wish with all my heart that boys, big intellectually and physically—manly boys in short—would let "natural girls" be their "chums" and companions in pleasure and work. And leave out the "going-going." I appreciate wit; but I don't admire the vulgarity that forever takes double meanings from the simplest expression.

Let's hope that the two types will get together and make this world a bigger, better place to live.

A NATURAL GIRL.

East Aurora, N. Y.

Now here is a letter from a New York girl who entertains similar views best upon similar and experiences. She says: ALL THE BOYS WANT TO KISS HER, SHE WAITS.

Dear Madam: I am nineteen years old, and while I am not a beauty, I have been blessed (?) with a complexion that has caused me to be a target for slurs on paint and powder. I am employed in the financial district of New York, although my home is in a second class city in New Jersey. The "Johnny" that bothers me is the most despicable kind (in my opinion) and he is a respectable old gentleman (?) who passes so close to me that it is impossible to keep one's body from contact with some part of his and whippers a little remark that sends the blood rushing to one's head and causes other people to stare and wonder why. This particular pest is found all over, I believe, although I have met it only in the downtown section of New York. This is a thing that I have put up with every day and it is done in such

THREE IN HOSPITAL, ONE IN CELL, RESULT OF NIGHT AUTO RIDE

Machine Hits Tree in Yonkers and Two Women and Two Men Are Hurl'd Out.

An automobile party of four who sped into Yonkers last night in a high-powered machine are distributed to-day between a hospital and a police station. Two young women and one man are lying on cots suffering from injuries of a serious sort and the fourth member of the party, Dr. William Hoag, a dentist, of No. 14 Baychester avenue, New York City, is in jail awaiting his arraignment on a charge of reckless driving.

With Dr. Hoag in the machine were his brother-in-law, L. A. Hassell, Hassell's cousin, Miss Harriet Jennings, of No. 188 West One Hundred and Fifth street, and her sister, Miss Gladys Jennings.

On the way to Hastings Hoag veered his machine to get out of the way of a trolley car. The rear wheels caught in the tracks and the automobile, when suddenly released, crashed into a tree. All were thrown from the car. Hoag, who had only a few bruises, found the others unconscious.

Walters from Francfort's restaurant and chauffeurs from the Loyal garage, near the scene of the accident, went to the aid of the wreck victims and an ambulance was summoned. Miss Gladys Jennings had a broken leg and her sister was badly bruised and cut on the head. Hassell's skull was fractured. All will recover, it is believed. They are at St. Joseph's Hospital.

ROB MRS. STANFORD WHITE OF PRECIOUS TAPESTRIES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 22.—Burglars are reported to have stolen thousands of dollars worth of rare tapestries, some dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, from the home of Mrs. Stanford White, widow of the architect killed by Harry Thaw.

Mrs. White has been in Europe. The tapestries, which were part of White's valuable collection, were boxed. The thieves evidently were connoisseurs, as only the most desirable pieces were taken. Recovery will be difficult, as many of them had not been photographed.

Mr. Constantino called last Tuesday for Buenos Ayres on the liner Vasari, carrying with him the furnishings for the new theatre at Bragado, near Buenos Ayres, the city where he was a mechanical engineer for eight years previous to the discovery that he had a voice.

Mr. Constantino is said to have been seized with a summons at the Hotel Victoria before sailing. He expects to return to New York in November.

Countess De Ferre Dead. SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 22.—The death of Countess De Ferre at Petaluma, Cal., yesterday was reported here today. The Countess lived in semi-seclusion and devoted herself to writing. She had completed a book of poems and was engaged on a novel. Her body will be taken to New York for burial, she was thirty-seven years old, a widow and was born in Connecticut.

Leaped to Death While Asleep. LANCASTER, Pa., Aug. 22.—Frank Hollenbaugh, a baker, was found dead early today in front of his residence in Maytown. As his skull was fractured, it was feared he had jumped from a window while walking in his sleep.

MISS LORRAINE GETS BUMP IN PARK; TO GIVE HUBBY BUMP IN COURT

Ziegfeld Star, Thrown From Horse, Takes Occasion to Announce Divorce Suit.

Immediately following the news that Anna Held had secured an intermediary divorce from her husband and manager for many years, Florence Ziegfeld Jr. came the report, to-day, that Miss Lillian Lorraine, recently the star of Ziegfeld productions, was thrown from her horse in Central Park, yesterday, and painfully injured. The horse, which was galloping, bumped a tree on the East Drive, near Eighty-sixth street. Miss Lorraine was thrown over the animal's head. She was taken to her apartments in the Hotel Savoy and attended by Dr. Thornhill, who found that although badly bruised and somewhat scratched, she was in no way permanently injured or disfigured.

Miss Lorraine was able to be about her apartment this morning, and said that while she was still rather sore and lame, she expected to be entirely better in a day or two.

Miss Lorraine said today that she was preparing to get a divorce from her husband of a week, Frederick Greghelmer of Chicago. Her marriage, on March 25 of this year, was announced by the lady herself, by a telephone message to The Evening World. She said she had met Mr. Greghelmer while she was appearing in "The Follies of 1911" at Atlantic City and fell in love with him at once, because he looked so handsome in a bathing suit.

On April 5 it was announced Miss Lorraine had determined to retire from matrimony and return to the "Over the River" company, which she had deserted for the good-looking Mr. Greghelmer. They have not been seen together since and there has been talk of a divorce, though it was not until today that Miss Lorraine made any positive statement regarding such a proceeding.

"And when you are divorced," Miss Lorraine was asked, "will you marry Mr. Ziegfeld?"

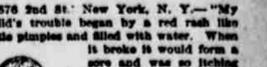
"Why, why," was the answer, accompanied by something between a gasp and a giggle, "what an aw-f-u-l question!"

DE. GERHARD GIVES BOOKS. COLUMBIA VALLEY, Pa., Aug. 22.—Dr. Gerhard, of Columbia Valley, Pa., has given a collection of books to the local library.

Big Bank Values This Year's Crops at That Amount. COLUMBIA VALLEY, Pa., Aug. 22.—The Columbia Valley National Bank has valued this year's crops at that amount.

RED RASH LIKE LITTLE PIMPLES

Filled With Water. Arms, Legs and Face Very Bad. Kept Hands Tied. Very Itching. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured Very Easily.



876 2nd St., New York, N. Y.—"My child's trouble began by a red rash like little pimples and filled with water. When it broke it would form a sore and was so itching that I had to tie his hands up in cloths during day and night so he would not scratch his face. "The parts of his body that were affected were his arms, legs and face and they were very bad indeed. It came out in a very red rash and was very annoying. I kept his hands tied and he suffered very bad with it because it was in the summer when he had it and the heat annoyed him. It was very itching. It was a burning feeling and by putting your hand over the baby's face and the stove lids you would not know the difference. In two months I guess he didn't sleep any night more than two hours. I could not cure him with any other stuff so I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment. It had lasted nine weeks and Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured him very easily." (Signed) Mrs. Raymond Larkin, Jan. 14, 1912.

A single cake of Cuticura Soap and box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient when all else has failed. Sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 25¢. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Don't forget to get your Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

Advertisement for CARMEN Show Powder, Complexion Powder, and other beauty products.

Republican Candidates for Congress Now Need Not Declare Presidential Preferences. MAY TAKE NEUTRAL COURSE. Flinn is Threatening Delegation with... BILLS WHICH BECAME LAW. DE. GERHARD GIVES BOOKS. Big Bank Values This Year's Crops at That Amount.

Large advertisement for HELMAR CIGARETTES, featuring an illustration of a pack and the slogan 'Some smokers are mighty hard to please. They have to have Helmars. HELMAR The Superb 10 Cents.'