TWO POLICEMEN AND HIS MA SPANK TERROR OF BRONX

"O'Hanlon's Bad Boy" Gets Licking in Police Station and Neighborhood's Happy.

WHIPPING ENDS CHASE.

Under Bed and Bureau Led Pursuit of Desperate John After His Rampage.

There's a grateful sting in the palm of Mrs. Margaret O'Hanlon's good right hand to-day to remind her that she has at last achieved her ambition. She has spanked her fourteen-year-old son John—of shameful neighborhood note as "Mrs. O'Hanlon's bad boy"—and, though two brawny policemen assisted in the operation, she it was who struck every indignant blow.

John, who is sometimes called "The Eel," because he has the ability of the greased redskin of yore to slip through avenging fingers, has been especially worthy of his reputation for the last two weeks. Sometimes, so Mrs. O'Hanlon says, she just had to stand awe-struck and wonder how such a carload of badness could ever have been compressed into her bad boy's four feet of height and seventy pounds of bones.

First of all, he issued a declaration of independence, in which he stated his intention of staying away from school. Also, he didn't think he would spend all his nights under the maternal roof, being "past fourteen." Also, he didn't think he would take care of his younger sisters, while his widowed mother was out earning the family's living, nor would he carry any more kindling wood in for domestic consumption.

On top of all this, Mrs. O'Hanlon learned John wasn't really going after the wood. It had been her one cause for pride in him in the past, and now neighbors came and told her that, instead of splitting his own wood, he simply had held up smaller boys and taken their kindlings by force.

JOHN BOUGHT CANDY WITH SISTERS' LUNCH MONEY.

Last night, when Mrs. O'Hanlon got home, wearied by a day of toil, she found John eating candy, purchased with ten cents that had been intended for his little sisters' luncheon. Mrs. O'Hanlon reproved him and John, who makes it a rule to do everything just the other way around from the small boys in the Sunday school books, said:

"Shut up, maw, you want to use that yap some other time!"

Then John said it was about time for him to go to bed and slammed the door of his room behind him. A half hour later, Mrs. O'Hanlon peeked in the door and saw the bed was empty. She went searching through the house and finally found her bad boy in a coal bin down cellar, comfortably entwined in a burlap bag.

Seizing his ear—the only portion of his anatomy upon which a body can get a hand hold—she carried him upstairs. Once there, John began to vent his indignation. He took the kitchen lamp and tossed it out the window. He took dishes out of the cupboard and smashed them on the floor. He tried to wrench the door off the ice box. He slapped his small sisters. He called his mother names.

Neighbors, attracted by the commotion, came to re-enforce Mrs. O'Hanlon, for Mrs. O'Hanlon's bad boy is the universal enemy of every one who lives in or near the flat house at No. 147 Willis avenue, the Bronx, which is his home. Through their fingers John slipped easily, and bound time to carry out his work of destruction.

Policeman Herdenreich heard the racket and came upstairs. When he was told Mrs. O'Hanlon's bad boy was at it again, he entered into the pursuit with a zest. He, too, had a score to settle. Under the bed wriggled the bad boy; but when Herdenreich went to look for him there John had slipped through the furniture subway to the station beneath the bureau. And there Mrs. O'Hanlon, the panting neighbors and the policeman finally trapped him.

BAD BOY "GOT HIS" AT THE STATION HOUSE.

The way to the Alexander avenue police station leads past the parochial school of St. Jerome, at One Hundred and Forty-eighth street and Alexander avenue. A horde of small boys followed in the wake of the procession, formed by the late contestants on triumphal march behind Mrs. O'Hanlon's bad boy and the policeman.

Lieut. Hickey, on the desk at the "house," was astounded, when the villainies of John O'Hanlon had been recited. A grim look stole over his face. "Take him out in that room," he said, and Herdenreich bore the prisoner away.

"Follow, madam," said the lieutenant, bowing toward Mrs. O'Hanlon.

She did, with a great, great joy welling up in her heart. Woman's intuition, perhaps, told her what was going to happen. With Herdenreich holding his feet and another policeman his head, Mrs. O'Hanlon's bad boy was disposed across his parent's knee.

And then—and then—but go ask Mrs. O'Hanlon, who can tell it better than anyone else in the world.

ECZEMA CURED IN 10 TO 30 DAYS.
The Faris Medicine Co., 2624 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., manufacturers of Lazative Bromo Quinine, have a new and wonderful discovery, GROVE'S SA-NARE CUTIS, which they guarantee to cure any case of ECZEMA, no matter of how long standing, in 10 to 30 days, and will refund money if it fails. GROVE'S SA-NARE CUTIS is perfectly clean and does not stain. If your druggist hasn't it, send us 50c in postage stamps and it will be sent by mail.

A BOOK OF WONDERFUN.

Free for the coupon in next Sunday's World is the Kinderscience System book, sixteen pages of pictures, one of the most wonderful things in the world for the instruction and amusement of children. Parents should not fail to place orders for next Sunday's World in advance.

Grand Opera Season Opens With Big Hit

By Lucrezia Bori, Little Spanish Soprano

Sings and Acts With Freshness and Taste as the Heroine of Puccini's Version of the Abbe Prevost's Story and Evokes a Marked Demonstration.

Crowded House Accords Warm Welcome to Caruso as Des Grieux—Horse Shoe Box Holders Late in Arriving—The Astor Box Empty.

For the twenty-eighth time last night the Metropolitan Opera House, a gloomy cave of shadows for long summer months, flashed dazzlingly into light and song at a season's opening. It was the light of thousands of diamond facets on the throats and fingers of society's favorites. It was the song of "Manon Lescaut," trilled by old singers and one newcomer, little Lucrezia Bori.

Save only the Astor box, dark in the circle of the "horse shoe's" radiance, grim reminder of an ocean tragedy of a few months gone, hardly a seat in the great interior but was filled. It was the typical first night throng the measure of society's battle strength for the winter's campaign.

A great hit, a generous appreciation by a critical audience were Lucrezia Bori's portion in her role of Manon. Caruso got his old time welcome. Georgio Polacco, the new Italian conductor, showed careful discretion in his handling of the great volume of sound under his hand. Gatti-Casazza, as producer, left nothing open to criticism.

BY SYLVESTER RAWLING.

PUCCINI'S "Manon Lescaut," with which the Metropolitan Opera House opened its twenty-eighth season last night, had got well into the second act when it was halted by applause that for spontaniety and heartiness has been equalled rarely within the recollection of the writer. The outbreak was for a new comer, Lucrezia Bori, a little Spanish soprano, who was singing the title part. Nervousness as she faced her great new audience in the world-famous opera house had embarrassed her throughout the first act; but here, in confessing her love for Des Grieux, she seemed to forget it and she gave full rein to her voice and her emotions. Overlooking the operatic proprieties for a moment, the applause was a reward which she richly deserved. Hers is a voice of delicious freshness and purity and behind it there seems to be a personality that will make her art something to be reckoned with in impersonations to come. What limitations there may be to her capacity time will tell. For the present, suffice it to say that she triumphed worthily.

Miss Bori's voice is not big, but its carrying power is excellent, so that (after the first act, at least) she held her own even in strenuous passages with Caruso. She is lithe and supple and her acting is full of grace. Her face is a veritable kaleidescope, suggesting now Cavalieri, then Jeanne Maubourg, again Sarah Bernhardt and, more often, Geraldine Farrar.

OPERA'S FIRST NIGHT LESS ATTRACTIVE TO OUTSIDERS.

Long before the Metropolitan Opera House was built the opening of the opera season stood for something distinctive in the life of New York. It was an occasion that aroused the interest of numbers of people who were neither of the fashionable nor of the music loving world. It was an important annual event. This condition prevailed until recent years. Then, with the growth of the metropolis in population and the ever increasing variety of its attractions the first night of opera began to lose interest with the curious and the passerby. That interest has declined steadily until last night only a handful of spectators stood upon the sidewalks to watch the arrival of subscribers.

FAMILIAR SCENES ENACTED INSIDE THE HOUSE.

That was outside. Inside was another story. There the familiar scenes were repeated. Days ago all the seats were sold and early in the evening the standing room was exhausted. With difficulty the ushers kept the aisles clear for late comers. When the curtain rose, fifteen minutes after the advertised hour, a crowded and expectant audience waited impatiently for a chance to vent its pent-up enthusiasm. From orchestra floors to gallery the dim lights revealed everywhere a sea of eager faces save in one place. Where should have shone the "glittering horse-shoe" of the parterre boxes frowned a series of dark, unoccupied cells, a blot upon the scutcheon.

The Astor box was empty. This fact could not fail to recall the awful tragedy of the Titanic.

Puccini's version of the Abbe Prevost's story was first presented at the Metropolitan Opera House on Jan. 18, 1907, when Mr. Conried was the managing director. The composer honored the occasion by his presence and the principal parts were taken by Caruso, Lina Cavalieri and Scotti. It had several repetitions, but for a season or two it has not been in the repertory, Massanet's version, of late, having been preferred. Mr. Gatti-Casazza last night gave the production a fine setting, a competent cast and an admirably rehearsed performance. The music has all the Puccini earmarks, including suggestions from his other works. There is a beautiful intermezzo after the second act and some fascinating bits of melody as well as pertinent descriptive passages throughout. The madrigals are pretty and the dance is charming.

CARUSO, IN FINE VOICE, ACTS WITH SINCERITY.

Caruso was Des Grieux. He did not, perhaps he could not, make himself look young enough for the part, but he sang with the power and beauty of tone that distinguish him above other tenors and he acted convincingly. His first entrance was the signal for applause which continued to be showered upon him throughout the opera. He was in his liveliest and friskiest mood. When he was taking curtain calls with Miss Bori he was full of humor and played all sorts of antics.

Scotti made of Lescaut the fascinating rascal that he was intended to be, and De Segurola's Geronte was a distinct character. Reiss was a capable ballet master and Maria Duchene led the madrigal singers effectively. Bada, as Edmondo, and Audisio, as the Lamplighter, did well. Others in the cast were Paul Ananian, Giulio Rossi, Reschiglian and Morandi.

Georgio Polacco, the new Italian conductor, made a good impression. He kept all his forces well under control and was careful not to submerge the singers at any time. In this respect he was especially thoughtful of Miss Bori in the first act, before she found herself.

ELBERT HUBBARD'S DAUGHTER DECLARED PHYSICALLY PERFECT.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Nov. 12.—Miriam Hubbard, daughter of Elbert Hubbard, is the Venus of the University of Michigan. The physical director of the girls' gymnasium says so. He lists her claims to bodily perfection in this wise:

Tall and slender, without very great curves; weight, 131.5 pounds; height, 66.7 inches; lung capacity, 218; strength test, 1,819 pounds; lungs and heart in perfect condition.

The complimentary gymnasium director adds that Miss Hubbard is young and that maturity will probably see her as handsome as she now is flawless in physique. The young woman herself, modest over the distinction she has achieved, says she has always been an outdoor worker and that she believes in fresh air and sunshine.

They Cure Colds in One Day.
Red Cross Cough Drops. 5c. per box.

GIRLS SAW AUTO, HONK! THEY SAILED ON GAY SHOPRIDE

Mr. Worthy Butts, Who Owned Car, Promptly Notified the Police.

If we had a little time we'd write this in the shape of a dramatic sketch in two acts and one scene—the scene being Broadway in front of George Cohan's Theatre. Lacking time we shall endeavor to tell how F. Worthington Butts, better known in the Longacre Square district as Worthy Butts, lost his automobile and found it again, and what part Helene Davis and Myrtle King and a yellow chrysanthemum played in the transaction.

In the first place it must be stated that Mr. Worthy Butts frantically announced to the police yesterday afternoon that he had lost his automobile. He went farther than that. He said his automobile had been stolen. Later on he reported that he had recovered the car. And to-day, when seen by an Evening World reporter in his office on the ninth floor of the Cohan Theatre Building, he denied that he had lost his automobile at all and showed it to the reporter.

Strangely enough this brings us back to noon yesterday when Helene Davis, an actress, in private life the wife of Ned Wayburn the stage manager, entered Mr. Wayburn's office on the fourth floor of the Cohan Theatre Building. Mrs. Wayburn had come all the way downtown from her home at No. 544 West One Hundred and Fifty-first street to take lunch with friend husband.

SHE JUST HAD TO HAVE LUNCH AT RECTOR'S.

But friend husband was out rehearsing with a troupe of troupers. And he couldn't stop for lunch, even with friend wife. So Mrs. Wayburn—Helene Davis on the stage—said she had come downtown for lunch at Rector's and was going to have it and she invited Mr. Wayburn's secretary, Myrtle King, to share the lunch.

Stage wait here of two hours. Helene Davis—Mrs. Wayburn in private life—and Myrtle King are lunching at Rector's.

Action is resumed at 2 o'clock when Mrs. Wayburn—Helene Davis on the stage—and Miss King, returning to the Cohan Theatre Building, see Worthy Butts's cute little runabout standing at the curb in front of the Times Building across Broadway. At this time Worthy Butts is up at his office looking after some contracts for lithograph work—that being his line.

"Oh," said Helene Davis—Mrs. Wayburn on Washington Heights—"let's take a ride."

And that's what they did. Mrs. Wayburn—Helene Davis on the stage—has her own car, presented to her by friend husband—and she can drive. So she and Myrtle King went shopping and about two hours and a half later they returned and left Worthy Butts's car right where they had found it. And Mrs. Wayburn, in quitting the car, forgot to take along a big yellow chrysanthemum which had been a conspicuous ornament in her attire throughout the afternoon.

LOOKING IN MANY CAFES BUT NARY A CAR.

Of course while the two charming ladies were out with his car Worthy Butts came downstairs and found the car missing. He went into Dowling's and Shanley's and the Cadillac and the Astor and the Knickerbocker and Rector's grill and all over, but he couldn't find the car. Then he telephoned the police.

It must have been while he was telephoning the police, or maybe when he was looking for his property in Jack's, that the car was returned. There wasn't a scratch on the car—not a scratch. It was in as good condition as when it had been taken away.

Anyhow, Mr. Butts was hustling back to his office feeling mighty well ruffled up, you may believe, by jove! and what did he see standing at the curb? Nothing but his runabout. And on the seat was a great, big yellow chrysanthemum.

Now nobody had seen the two young women take the car nor had anybody seen them come back. But everybody in the building knew that Worthy Butts's car had been abducted. Consequently when he got into the elevator the elevator boy asked him if he had seen anything of his car anywhere.

"I found the car," said Mr. Butts. "And" (mysteriously), "I also found this"—indicating the big yellow chrysanthemum.

"Mrs. Wayburn must have dropped that," said the elevator boy. "She had it on when she came down at noon."

WHY, OF COURSE, IT WAS ALL A JOKE. HA! HA!

Oh, fudge! Why, of course. As soon as Mr. Butts went into Mr. Wayburn's office Mrs. Wayburn—Helene Davis on the stage—and Myrtle King, they simply laughed and laughed as they admitted that they had eloped for a time with Mr. Butts's runabout. And Mr. Butts, who is a gentleman at all stages, immediately telephoned to the police that his wandering car had come home and everybody was sworn to secrecy.

But, hist! gentle reader. Listen a minute.

A secret can't be kept in Longacre square.

Raspberries in November.

Miss Jennie Birdsall picked a pint of red raspberries in the rear yard of her home in North Broadway, Tarrytown, yesterday morning, and she says the prospects are good for another crop. Miss Birdsall is a member of St. Paul's Methodist Church. Judge Frank V. Millard says his strawberry plants are in blossom, and if no frost comes he hopes to have berries for his Thanksgiving dinner.

'ROSE OF PALERMO' WROTE LOVE NOTE THAT'S A SIZZLER

Introduced in Suit to Disprove Hubby's Charge that She Was "Human Statue."

'LOVE ME—I LOVE THEE!'

That's What the Letter Said and Still Spouse Says She Wouldn't Spoon.

That the "Rose of Palermo," who is suing her husband, Dr. Gaetano F. Samarelli, a prominent New York physician, for a separation, was not the "lovely marble statue" the husband charges was shown during the doctor's cross-examination to-day before Justice Gerard, when a fervid love letter written by the beautiful young woman was read in evidence.

The letter was penned during the young couple's engagement. It was produced by Signora Samarelli's counsel, much to the doctor's amazement. Although he insisted his wife maintained that marital obligations were distasteful to her, he was compelled to admit that before their marriage and during the sixteen day honeymoon his bride was affectionate and considerate. It was after their marriage that she developed the non-emotion of a piece of statuary.

Dr. Samarelli complained his fiancee was not at her door to welcome him, two or three times a day, when he called, and he told the Court he always kissed his fiancee's mother, instead of his future wife, who generally busied herself combing her tresses or arranging the furniture when he entered.

Then, he said, she did not show any signs of the great love she professed when he visited her. At this point the wife's laweyr drew a letter, written in Italian, from his portfolio, and asked:

"Is this letter in your wife's handwriting, and did you receive it?"

The doctor seized it eagerly, scanned it a moment and demanded:

"Sir, where did you get that letter? Who gave it to you?"

His eyes glanced about the courtroom, scrutinizing the faces of the twenty-five witnesses called by either side, and then the letter was put in evidence. It reads:

April 6, 1911.

"My Very Dear Frank—What a joy has given me thy letter. So sweet, so honeylike to me. I have kissed it repeatedly, because in it thy soul is impressed. But tell me, when hast thou written it—perhaps in a moment of impetuous passion, which has exalted thy imagination, for thou hast never written like this time. Never so much affection, so much ardor hast thou shown. Thy powerful expressions are a continuous 'crescendo' palpitating with life. My Frank, how I would like that thou shouldst always love me as in the instant thou were writing with thy soul overflowing with an affection so warm—almost delirious—how happy I would be! How I would love thee so much more, even to infinity, if I were sure of such great immensity of love which would be the light and life of my life.

"But at times I note in thee certain changes which pain me, which make me step afar from thee, which stop my love toward thee, because I seem not to find in thee what I desire, what my soul, thirsty of affections unknown, of happiness yet greater, does long for.

"Why dost thou not love me always the same? Why? I have always lived in dreams of chimeras—I have dreamt of life, of love, of sweet ecstacies, but I have never lived. Thou alone hast been able to awaken my heart to love of life. Henceforth I live always with thee, thou art at the same time within my heart everywhere, everywhere.

"My Frank, love me much, and from me thou shalt obtain everything. Thou must nourish and strengthen always the fire of my love, and it will always burn for thee alone.

"How long and sad the evening was without you. Shall we see each other soon? I have an ardent fever to see thee again soon, and I salute you over and over again. Love me as much as I do you, and I shall always be,

THY VERA."

The Samarellis were married July 18, 1911. The bride was the beautiful Severina Giovanni, whose father is a prosperous pharmacist. To her hundreds of friends in Harlem the bride was known as the "Rose of Palermo" because of her radiant beauty and the place of her birth.

The couple went on a three weeks' trip to the White Mountains, Canada, Niagara Falls, Washington and then back to a fine apartment which the physician had furnished for his bride. Dr. Samarelli charges his bride fled to her mother's home and declined to accept the responsibilities of married life. He says friends then repeated to him statements made by his bride to the effect that she had married him for his money and position.

SHE WOULDN'T BILL AND COO ON HONEYMOON.

Notwithstanding he had lavished costly gifts upon the Palermo rose, including $5,000 worth of diamonds, the physician charged his wife maintained her "lovely, passionless, cold, marble statue" attitude toward him after the honeymoon was ended. On the wedding trip, when lovers and newlyweds bill and coo on hotel steps, under trees and every opportune spot, the groom swore his wife was as unemotional as a stone. She failed to respond to his hugs and caresses, telling him such actions were brutal.

Mrs. Samarelli was not required to testify, her lawyer resting her case after the submission of the affidavits and complaint sworn to by Dr. Samarelli in his original suit to annul the marriage. The charges there made constituted gross cruelty, the lawyer stated. Abraham Levy, for the husband, moved to dismiss the complaint, but Justice Gerard refused.

Dr. Samarelli then was sworn. He is a graduate of the University of Naples and came to this country in 1901. He had known his wife's father, Antonio d'Giovanni, for seven years, when he proposed marriage to the daughter.

"I had seen her often—she was beautiful," he testified. "Lacking courage to approach her, I requested Signora Cachera-Spinelli, a friend of both, to ask Signorina d'Giovanni if she were engaged. I was happy when she said not. I then asked the signora to ask the signorina if I might apply for her hand. The word came back in my favor.

DOCTOR TELLS HOW HE WOOED HIS WIFE.

"In great joy, I went to her house. Her parents were happy and she seemed happy too. She asked a week to decide. I told her to decide for herself. Then, a week later, I met her at a musicale and we had several dances. Under some palm trees outside the hall, I told her how I loved her. I said she was my ideal and spoke of our joys—we should have no sorrows in life. Then she answered 'yes.'"

Then the doctor sighed. He could not remember his wife's address. He thought it was No. 1361 Third avenue.

"No, no, doctor, it is No. 1761 Third avenue," prompted Mrs. Samarelli, her voice strong and distinct.

Between the night she accepted him and the day a civil marriage was performed in the City Hall he visited his fiancee two or three times a day.

"Was she always affectionate on these occasions?" he was asked.

"Well—er," the witness hesitated, "I should say she was modestly affectionate. But I must tell what happened in the City Hall. The Alderman said: 'Now you are husband and wife; kiss your husband, madam.' She refused. Then he said to me: 'Kiss your wife.' I could not reach her face and kissed her gloved hand."

Justice Gerard at this point excluded the throng of curious spectators from the court-room.

"ROSE OF PALERMO," WHO PROVES SHE WAS NOT THORNS ALONE.

FOREIGN PRIZE STEEDS HERE FOR HORSE SHOW.

Beglian and Dutch Army Officers Arrive to Ride for Ribbons at Garden.

Belgian representatives of the Royal Dutch and Belgian armies arrived to-day on the Holland-America steamer Ryndam. They came to ride in the Horse Show at Madison Square Garden and brought prize winning horses. Some of the latter are winners from the last London show and also of the last Madison Square Garden show. Among the Belgian stock are Sappho, Majestic, Murad, Titine, Clonmore and Mussette, prize winners well known here.

The riders are Lieut. H. W. Charles E. Lathorn of the Royal Dutch army Of the Royal Belgian army there are Commander E. Baron de Bloomar, Lieut. Maurice Belvoie and Lieut. E. R. V. Van Dooren.

Mr. and Mrs Ferdinand De Potter and their three months' old baby, Guy, were also on the Ryndam. Mr. De Potter is a tenor singer and the steamer's passengers attest the sweetness and volume of his wife's soprano. Both are members of the Boston Opera Company. Guy, they say, is a tenor, like his father. He uses his wonderful voice day and night, and on the trip father had to get up nights and sing with him, which father didn't like.

Falls Dead in Grand Central.

A man about thirty-five years of age, whose visiting cards bore the name of Harry C. Aiken, painter and decorator, died suddenly in the Grand Central Station early to-day. He was pronounced dead by Dr. Gillespie of the Emergency Hospital, and the body was taken to the East Fifty-first street precinct. The man was attired in an ordinary dark business suit, black derby and black shoes and socks.

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