BULLETS AVENGE CHINATOWN QUEEN LEE SUEY BETRAYS

Informer Who Caused Oriental Beauty's Deportation Pays With His Life.

SHOT DOWN IN PELL ST.

Vengeance of Hip Sings Comes Quickly, on Eve of Terrified Victim's Flight.

Ah Fong, the Almond Blossom of No. 11 Pell street, where she queened it in a black and gold lacquered boudoir, knows to-day that Lee Suey, who, in a fit of jealousy, told the white devils of her little court, has paid the penalty therefor. He paid it last night in the shape of five bullets in the left side from the muzzle of a big blue service revolver—a "Chinese Gat" they call it at Elizabeth street station.

Vengeance was quick in descending on Lee Suey's close-cropped sleek head. Yesterday afternoon Ah Fong was sentenced to deportation before United States Commissioner Shields. Earlier in the day Lee Suey had sold out his laundry on Seventh avenue, in Brooklyn. He knew the climate hereabouts had ceased to be healthful for him, for Ah Fong's protector, Lee Kook Len, was treasurer of the Hip Sings and it behooved him to flee. But some malign spirit took Lee to Chinatown last night; maybe the spirit was rice wine; they smelled it on him after he died; at any rate, it was on the steps of the little basement restaurant at No. 11 Pell street that the long arm of the Hip Sings reached him.

AH FONG IS AVENGED AS LEE SUEY DIES.

From the shadows across the street glided a fat, oily-looking Chinaman. He stepped to the side of the informer and shoved something that glittered in among the loose folds of Lee's blouse. There were three of four quick sing-song squeals from Lee and then came five shots. Before the last flash was out of the service revolver Patrolman Walsh was across the street in three jumps.

He grabbed the fat, oily Chinaman just as Lee's body rolled down the steps and crashed through the flimsy doors in among the pig-tailed customers of the restaurant.

As Walsh's arm closed on his quarry a crowd rushed out of the restaurant. In a flash the gun that had wiped out Lee's life was being handed from one to another But Walsh, with one arm on his prisoner, jumped in among the gibbering crowd and grabbed the weapon from the man that had it. At the station house Walsh's prisoner said he was Lou Yee Huen, a laundryman, of No. 11 Pell street. He had worked as steward on Howard Gould's yacht, he said, and also on Archibald Watt's famous America.

Chinatown is pretty well scattered with police nowadays, and by the time Walsh was at the station with his prisoner they had garnered in ten unconcerned witnesses. None of them would admit anything. They had heard the shooting, seen the body roll into the restaurant and that was all.

LOU YEE HUEN GIVES HIS HISTORY.

Lou Yee Huen was more communicative. He told of his service on yachts and admitted he had come but recently from Los Angeles. He was locked up still smiling, as if he were serving drinks on the shaded quarterdeck of a yacht.

The first peculiar thing the police noticed about their prisoner was that, although he said he was a Hip Sing, neither Wing Tok nor Ong Fong, the "relief corps" of the Hips, appeared at the station house. Then somebody remembered that the case of Ah Fong had come up in the afternoon before the United States Commissioner. With Ah Fong was arraigned her protector, Lee Kok Len. His fate has not yet been decided; but as a yellow slaver it may go hard with him.

Then, by dint of patient delving in the dark places of Chinatown, it developed that the ivory-faced gunman had occupied the same room at No. 11 Pell street since his arrival in Chinatown that Ah Fong and Lee Kook Len had furnished up.

Still glib and smiling, Lou Yee Huen declared he "no saveed" anything about either Ah Fong or Lee Kook Len. But an investigation by an Evening World reporter disclosed to-day that Lee Suey, who was about twenty-eight years old, had been a frequent and favored visitor to Ah Fong's bower, and that when she was arrested with Lee Kook Len on Dec 27 last he was generally credited with being the informer.

After that event, Lee Suey appeared no more in Chinatown. He kept close to his laundry in Brooklyn till a few days ago, when the tip got out by Chinatown wireless that it was going to go hard with Ah Fong. Then he sold the laundry. The bargain was consummated yesterday. Then came the big silence for Lee, and another topic of conversation in cellars and behind grated doors in dark, ill-smelling passages.

AH FONG GOES BACK TO CHINA WELL AVENGED.

Ah Fong's history is the history of hundreds of other Ah Fongs in San Francisco, Portland, Seattle and Victoria. She was brought to San Francisco by Lee Kook Len in 1905. They lived there till the earthquake. Then they moved to Los Angeles, from which town hails Lou Yee Huen.

A few months ago, they came here and straightway, Ah Fong's name became known to the silent yellow men from Brooklyn to Jersey City. Lee Suey came more often than the others. Then, one day, he came no more and not long after, the "White Devils" came and took away the Almond Blossom and her protector.

Now, the last chapter in Lee Suey's romance has been written and soon Ah Fong will be going back to China, knowing she has been avenged.

Lou Yee Huen was arraigned before Assistant District-Attorney Breckenridge this afternoon and remanded to the Tombs for further examination on Feb. 10. For all questions he had a shake of his shiny bowlins-ball head.

With Huen were held the ten "no sabee" witnesses. The latter went to the House of Detention. In the mean time, it is likely that when Lou Yee is arranged on the date set, he will be confronted by Ah Fong and Lee Hook Len. Whether the sight of them will move him or not remains to be seen. Chinatown precedent says it will not.

Incidentally, the Hip Sings showed their interest in Lou Yee Huen to-day by sending up Charles W. Gould, said by the District-Attorney's Office to represent the society, to handle his case. Neither Mr. Gould nor Lou Yee had any talking to do.

ECZEMA CURED IN 10 TO 30 DAYS.
The Paris Medicine Co., 2024 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., manufacturers of Laxative Bromo Quinine, have a new and wonderful discovery, GROVE'S SANARE 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 SANARE CUTIS is invisible, clean and does not stain. It feeds the skin with what it needs to make it healthy again, and it will be sent by mail.—Adv.

Easy to Take and Stop the Shake.
Bad Cases at Local Drug. 25. per box.—Adv.

What Is the Ideal Age to Marry? Sixth Article of a Series.

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A Plea for the Bridegroom of 20

By a Youth Who Is Engaged to Wed

IF PLATO AND EPICTETUS HAD THEIR WAY

HE'S OLD ENOUGH TO MARRY WHEN HE IS ABLE TO STAND EXAMINATION QUESTIONS OF HER PARENTS"—G.N.

"It Is Absurd to Set Down a Given Age as Ideal to Marry—Some of Us Are Childish at 35, Others Matured Before 20," Writes "G. N."

"To My Mind, a Young Man Is Adequate to Wed When He Learns to Discriminate and Choose His Wife With as Much Caution as He Would His Ties," Says "Charles E."

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

When a Boston pedagogue announced the other day that, scientifically considered, the man of twenty-five constitutes the perfect husband he took occasion to add that the youth of twenty is far too young to be taken away from his mother. To-day a young man of the proscribed age springs vigorously to the defense of the twenty-year-old husband, urging that the young man who is adequate to provide for a girl is surely old enough to marry her. "The boys who remain at home under the protection of their parents undoubtedly need guidance at twenty," he conceded, "but those who have had the good fortune to be swept from the fireside, work and become independent and matured before the boy who remains at home and are fit to assume the obligations of matrimony."

NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

"Unless you print this," adds the twenty-year-old advocate of early marriage, "I will be confronted with your arguments in the paper by the guardians of my bride-to-be, and these cannot be applied to me since I can provide, my age being the only obstacle."

HOW ABOUT THE AGE OF THE GIRL?

Without wishing to oppose obstacles to the triumph of love I must point out to this very young man and to others like him that even though they may be old enough to be husbands their "brides-to-be" may be too young to be wives. Hardly any man likes to feel that a girl chooses him for life simply because she has had neither time nor opportunity to compare him with any one else, and a girl young enough to marry a boy of twenty is generally far too inexperienced to know her own mind, however grave and reverend a senior the object of her immature choice may be.

It may be paradoxical to state that the later a marriage starts the longer it is likely to last, but it is my opinion that the modern husband or wife is found more frequently by a process of elimination than by a sudden flash of revelation. One Evening World reader suggests to-day that the ideal age for a man to marry is when he has learned to choose a wife with the same caution which governs his selection of ties or socks.

find what they want, what they start find what we want, what we start to seek early in the morning brightly and hopefully. But toward evening when the shadow fall and the vision of the subway jam oppresses they are apt to grab any kind of makeshift article rather than return home empty handed and with the consciousness of a wasted day. The ribbon may not match exactly, the lace may be a little too narrow or too wide, the gloves not the right size, but bargains because of too much handling. And so it happens often in the choice of a husband. If a woman is the marrying kind (and the marrying kind doesn't mean all the women who are married by any means) she starts out bright and early with a neat little sample of what she wants—she calls it an ideal—and she rejects this man because he is not tall enough and that man because of his religion and another because he has a beard or is fat, and then along in the panicky thirties she realizes that the dusk is falling and the day will have been without result unless she grabs some man or other in a hurry and makes him do. And so she grabs him. And there you have her, more or less safely married by a process of elimination and panic.

Men may be more scientific and systematic in buying their socks and neckties. I don't know. If they can shop and get exactly what they want, then The Evening World reader is right in saying that the time for a man to marry is when he will exercise in the selection of a wife the same caution with which he chooses his ties and socks.

Epictetus advised all persons to marry, and Plato was perhaps the first man to advocate a bachelor tax. He declared that any man who was not married by the age of thirty-five should be punished and fined, the money to be devoted to Juno's temple or applied to public uses. Here is an idea that might be applied to the subway situation. Let the citizens of New York build their own subways, the money to be raised by a tax on all the wilful and persistent bachelors within its demesnes.

The views of Evening World readers follow:

DEFENSE OF THE BOY OF TWENTY BY ONE OF THEM.

Permit me to contribute a word of defense in favor of the much assailed young man of twenty. I am one of the victims. No, not heart-broken. If you listen only to the parents' side of the story, well, then you will know only that which has been long settled. There are some among us who by misfortune—or rather good fortune—have been swept from the fireside, worked, become independent and matured before his brother at home, who has been sheltered from the tempest of experience. His experience is very limited—though he would not admit it—and he still needs the guidance of his parents.

But please make an exception of us who by real experience have matured at twenty and feel safe mentally and physically to shoulder the responsibilities of a home. Unless you will do this I will be confronted by the guardians of my wife-to-be with your arguments in the paper, and these cannot be applied to me, since I can provide, my age being the only obstacle. It is absurd to set down a given age as ideal one at which to marry. Some of us are childish at thirty-five, others matured before twenty. When a man is able to pass the examination questions of the parents of the girl, then it is the ideal time to marry, and not before. G. N.

VERY YOUNG MEN DO NOT APPRECIATE GOOD WOMAN.

Dear Madam: The trouble with very many young men whom I know is that they have not learned to appreciate a good woman. I used to be one of those fellows who took a wife for granted—that is, I figured she'd always be there like the stationary tubs, whether I acted decent or not. Lots of times I'd go off on my ear about a little thing which wasn't worth thinking about twice, and I'd manage to make a cyclone out of what should have been only a passing breeze. I had been married eight years before I suddenly realized what a bickering, quarrelsome, irritable fool I was. I never realized that I had any better wife than some of the other fellows; instead, I always imagined their wives were different from mine, and easier to get along with. I kind of pitied myself instead of my wife for having got married. It seemed that there was always something to scrap about in our home. I know now it was myself, but I always used to think it was my wife's fault; if she only understood me better, or something else like that. I was a spoiled child, used to having my own way and never seeing any good reason why any one should buck up against me and expect to get theirs. Of course, when I got married I thought my wife should do as the rest of my family did—let me do anything I wanted for the sake of keeping me in good humor, and then, fool that I was, I thought she liked everybody else better than me, where now I see she simply had to have somebody else pleasant around her, if I couldn't be. And then one day I came to my senses. A new being came to our home—a beautiful baby girl. The idea had never thrilled me very much, until my wife had gone to the valley of the shadow of death, and when I realized she might never come back I woke up with a start. I had never known how dear she was to me, and I told her so. She calmed me with a "It's only the excitement of the moment; you'll get over it, and things probably be the same as they always were." She didn't believe in me. Why should she? Since then there is a boy who bears my name, and I—well, I wouldn't recognize my old self. It took me eight years to grow up.

A REPENTANT.

CHOOSE A WIFE AS YOU WOULD YOUR NECKTIES.

Dear Madam: There is no standard age for marriage. It should vary as individuals vary with the moral ripening of the mind. Most men precipitate themselves into wedlock as the result of capricious physical attraction. They are like young ducks, eagerly running into the pond, but after a surprising ducking looks eagerly back to dry land. To my mind a young man is adequate to wed when he learns to discriminate and choose his helpmate with as much caution as he would his friends, his suits, his hats and ties. All are not adapted to be mothers and fathers and raise families. When the average woman attains the age of twenty-five I think she can well rely upon her judgment. Do not wed outside the sphere of your age, ideals and understandings. Youth and old age in marriage are as far apart as the valley and the mountain peak. When you meet the man you love, who has a good and noble heart, a pair of strong arms, and who is upright and sober, willing to love, cherish and protect you, don't hesitate. Marry him. Make him happy and raise a family, is the highest aim in a person's life. CHARLES E.

SIX ACES IN ONE DECK AT HIGH BETTING GAME ON LINER MINNEAPOLIS

Players Were Western Cattlemen, but No Blood Was Shed After Show Down.

On the Atlantic transport liner Minneapolis, which arrived to-day from Southampton, was played a game of poker "for blood" and which in other days, with some players, might have drawn blood. Four of the passengers, all wealthy cattlemen, were James R. Hastings and Jesse Harbone of Butte, Mont.; Francis McDermott of Austin, Tex. and Charles H. Curley of Kansas City, Mo.

With two other passengers the four were playing on Monday night. A new deck of cards was called for and it was Harbone's deal. He shuffled the cards, passed them for the cut and dealt. There had been a dollar limit on the game, but just before this hand was played the limit had been taken off.

McDermott opened the pot with a $2 bet. This was raised by the cattlemen and the other players stayed for the "draw," by which time each man had $60 in the pot. After the "draw" the two strangers threw their hands into the discard and the four cattlemen kept raising one another until there was close to $1,000 in the pot.

Harbone laid down three queens and a pair. McDermott had an ace high straight, Curley three tens and a pair of aces and Hastings three aces and a pair of jacks.

Six aces on the table!

The four men looked intently at the four hands and then at one another. Then some one laughed.

"I've seen the time in Montana!" said Mr. Hastings, "when there would have been some shooting over a showdown like that."

"Texas had a fairly good reputation for such things, too," returned Mr. McDermott.

In the manufacture of the deck two aces had been slipped in instead of other cards for there were only fifty-two cards in it.

The players were "sports" and divided the pot.

RICH MAN'S WIFE ADMITS ALLIANCE WITH BANK ROBBER

Mrs. Sterry Tells on Witness Stand Friendship for Sherwood, Norwalk Defaulter.

VISITS HIM IN PRISON.

Story Brought Out on Cross-Examination By Husband Lawyer in Separation Suit.

Amazing admissions of her friendship for Oliver T. Sherwood, the defaulting cashier of a Norwalk (Conn.) savings bank, who was arrested in Canada and is now serving a term in prison, were made to-day on the witness stand before Justice Newburger in the Supreme Court when Mrs. Elizabeth Stivers Sterry was cross-examined in her suit for separation from her millionaire husband, James W. Sterry, member of the wholesale drug firm of Weaver & Sterry.

Mrs. Sterry, tall, handsome and of middle age, wearing a sealskin coat and an immense picture hat with purple and red gladioli, calmly revealed her acquaintance with the bank wrecker who stole several hundred thousand dollars. She admitted she had been Sherwood's "manager" at several millinery establishments the embezzler had conducted in Manhattan and that she had visited him at the Wethersfield prison since he was sent there. She had knowledge of his flight to Canada, but denied that she went with him.

FORCED TO ADMIT BRINGING SUIT AGAINST EMPLOYER.

Mrs. Sterry admitted that under the name of "Elizabeth A. Sargeant" she had instituted suit against Paul G. Bonwit of the firm of Bonwit Teller & Co. for $10,000 damages, charging that the merchant had beaten her while she was employed as a model in the merchant's establishment. The suit never came to trial and was discontinued, although Mrs. Sterry identified her signature to the sworn complaint, which was produced in court by Hyacinthe Ringrose, her husband's lawyer.

Mrs. Sterry was formerly the wife of Alfred J. Rennie, a Chicago merchant, from whom she was divorced. She is the daughter of Gen. A. J. Stivers of Texas, a civil war veteran. She was married to Sterry on April 23, 1911, in Chicago. George Edward terry jr., who shot and killed his father in the latter's downtown drug store and then committed suicide, was Mr. Sterry's brother. Mrs. Sterry lived with the young drug merchant until Sept. 1, 1911, when they parted. Mrs. Sterry then began an action for a separation, charging Sterry with drunkenness and cruelty.

PARTED FROM FIRST HUSBAND TWO MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

Mrs. Sterry said she was born in Texas, and was married to Mr. Rennie in New York in 1894. Two months later they parted, and Rennie went to Chicago, where a divorce was obtained. Mrs. Sterry claiming that she was never served in the action. She has a child, sixteen years old, as a result of her union with Rennie.

"When did you first hear that your second had divorced you?" the lawyer asked.

"Oh, several months later—two years, I think—when some friends told me of it."

In explaining her troubles with Sterry, Mrs. Sterry objected to a physician who allowed Sterry to go out for walks that enabled her husband to obtain liquor. A quarrel resulted and during the spat Sterry called her names. These names she wrote on a piece of paper and handed to the court. She said that she slapped Sterry's face until he got down on his knees and apologized.

"I warned him not to repeat the words," she added, turning to Justice Newburger. "That is about the only way you can treat a man of that character."

After the quarrel the Sterrys parted. Mrs. Sterry is receiving $25 a week alimony.

TROLLEY RAMS WAGON, AND TWO MEN ARE HURT.

Lewis Levell, forty-one years old, of No. 344 Fifty-eighth street, South Brooklyn, was driving his milk wagon south on Fifth avenue at Thirty-third street, Brooklyn, early to-day when a trolley car rammed the vehicle from behind and wrecked it.

Levell was thrown to the street, and John J. Clinton, thirty-eight, of No. 351 Forty-eighth street, South Brooklyn, a passenger on the car, was painfully cut and bruised. Both were attended by a surgeon from the Norwegian Hospital, and Levell was taken there.

The motorman said the street was so dark he didn't see the wagon until too close to avoid hitting it.

ORE EXPERT ON STAND.

Tells of Minnesota Ranges in Suit Against Steel Trust.

At the continuation to-day of the Government's suit to break up the United States Steel Corporation for violating the Sherman Anti-Trust law, P. H. Nelson, an ore expert, gave testimony which bore out the contention of the Government that the Steel Corporation leased the Hill ore lands in Minnesota to keep their competitors from acquiring them.

Mr. Nelson testified at length concerning the value of the different ore bodies in the Hill range. The Steel Corporation cancelled their lease on the land just before the Government filed the present suit.

Cocaine Sellers Plead Guilty.

David Rachlin of No. 535 Flushing avenue, Brooklyn, a druggist, and his brother, Michael J. Rachlin, a dentist of No. 48 Tompkins avenue, who were indicted last week by the King's County Grand Jury for the illegal selling of 15 ounces of cocaine, pleaded guilty to the indictment to-day before County Judge Niemann and were held for sentence next Friday.

GIRL OF 17 SHOOTS HERSELF.

Nervous Invalid Says Her Parents Had Not Treated Her Well.

VINELAND, N. J., Jan. 28.—Ella Moffat, seventeen years old, shot herself to-day and is in a precarious condition. The bullet passed through her lung and lodged somewhere in the spinal column.

The girl has long been under the care of a physician, who has been treating her for nervousness. When asked why she shot herself she said she had not been treated well by her parents.

MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE WHO ADMITS FRIENDSHIP FOR CONVICTED BANKER.

ALLEGED ARSON TRUST MEMBERS ARRAIGNED, PLEAD NOT GUILTY

Accused Insurance Adjusters to Be Tried Before More Indictments Are Found.

Three of the four independent insurance adjusters who are accused of having been the moving spirits in the Harlem and Bronx Arson Trust were arraigned before Judge Rosalsky to-day to plead to indictments charging them with arson in the second degree. They are Henry C. Freeman of No. 86 West One Hundred and Nineteenth street, George Grutz of No. 62 East One Hundred and Second street, and Kalman Newmark of No. 530 West One Hundred and Fifty-second street.

These men, together with Robert J. Rubin, another adjuster, now under indictment, are to be tried on the charge of planning incendiary fires, employing "mechanics" to set the fires and acting as the agents of the insured in the collection of bogus losses. It is the intention of the District-Attorney to try them before asking the Grand Jury to find any any more arson indictments.

Freeman and Grutz were represented to-day by Robert Elder of Brooklyn. He entered pleas of not guilty for both clients, and asked for permission to inspect the indictment, which permission was granted. Judge Rosalsky continued the bail of $25,000 for Freeman and $25,000 for Grutz, fixed on their arraignment to plead to previous indictments, and they were sent to the Tombs.

Maurice Gottlieb pleaded not guilty for Newmark, who is under a previous indictment charging him with submitting false proofs of a fire loss. Bail was fixed at $10,000 in his case, and, as he could not furnish it he was locked up in the Tombs.

PASSENGERS SPEND NIGHT ON DISABLED STEAMER IN SOUND

Wireless Brings Concord to Aid of Sister Ship, Helpless With Broken Shaft.

The steamer Concord of the Colonial line arrived here to-day with the passengers of the Steamer Beverly which left last night for Providence, R. I. When the Beverly was off Norwalk, Conn., in Long Island sound at 10 o'clock last night, her crank shaft broke.

The Concord put to her assistance. The sea was quiet and the transfer of the passengers was safely made. The Beverly was towed to Whitestone and the passengers brought to this city.

The Concord docked shortly before noon, and those of the passengers who had wished to go to that city by rail were provided with accommodations and left for their destination. A few concluded to abandon their trip, and these returned to their homes after a night on the disabled Beverley.

From Capt. Cobb of the Concord it was learned his wireless operator, at about 10 o'clock Monday night, when his ship was on the way from Providence to New York, heard the call of distress from their sister ship, the Beverley. The location being given, it was a simple matter for Capt. Cobb to send his ship to that of Capt. Gray, and within a short time the two were together.

The passengers aboard the Beverley were taken aboard the Concord along a gangplank that was run from ship to ship. To-day wrecking boats were sent to the Beverley, and she will be towed to this city and docked and repaired.

SUDDEN DEATH!

from Heart Disease by the slight exertion of climbing stairs, hurrying or lifting, comes to thousands. Most of these sudden deaths might be prevented if the victims only knew their true condition and took prompt and proper treatment. We will gladly send to any sufferer a COMPLETE TREATMENT FOR THEIR CASE ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, also Illustrated Book that explains Heart Disease and how it can be cured. If you have even one of these symptoms, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Smothering, Short Breath, Sinking Spells, Nervousness, Dizziness, Asthma, Dropsy, Its your Heart, and you are in grave danger. Write now for the full free treatment and book. We are Heart Specialists. Address Heart Cure Co., 541 Masonic Bldg., Rockford, Ill.

WIFE KNOCKED HIM UNCONSCIOUS FOR 4 WEEKS, HE AVERS

She Hit Him in Brooklyn and He Woke Up in Rochester, Hurst Declares.

SPANKED FIRST HUBBY.

His Spouse Is a White Hope With a Great "Wallop," According to Defendant.

Although Mrs. Clara Hurst and her husband, Charles Hurst, whom she is suing in the Brooklyn Supreme Court for a separation, alleging desertion, are both past the mid-channel period of their marital voyage, which marriage experts say should assure them perfect happiness, each accuses the other of cruelty and says they have been shipwrecked long ago.

Mrs. Hurst is forty-two years old and her husband is sixty-eight. Hurst, declares his wife, is a very wealthy man, and she asks $50 weekly alimony and $1,000 counsel fees, besides having her husband's allegations concerning her marital difficulties with one of her former husbands struck out of his answer. Justice Kapper, before whom the case was heard, reserved decision on both motions.

Mr. and Mrs. Hurst are at present living in each other's houses. She is at No. 242 Decatur street, which belongs to him, and he is living at No. 771 Putnam avenue, which house he bought for her as a wedding gift five years ago.

Hurst, according to his wife's affidavit, is president of the Hurst Electrotype Company and the organizer of the million dollar Hanson Money and Security Company.

That part of Hurst's answer to which his wife objects concerns her divorce from Winfield S. Curlett of Wilmington, Del. Mr. Curlett charged Mrs. Hurst, then Mrs. Curlett, spanked him so severely one night that he had her placed under $300 bond to keep the peace for a year.

Hurst tells of an automobile ride in 1909, after which Mrs. Hurst charged him with flirting with every fair and smiling face he encountered at the various inns at which they paused for refreshment. Mrs. Hurst, says hubby, emphasized her displeasure by inflicting upon him the imprint of her small but heavy hand, so that when he went out of the house he knew nothing until he woke up in Yonkers twenty-four hours later. During that time, he alleges, he was unconscious, and he lapsed into unconsciousness again after awakening in Yonkers, when he awoke in Rochester four weeks later.

He then telegraphed to his wife, who joined him, glad to have him safe again. He says she then promised to be a kind, sweet, tender spouse.

In a pathetic last paragraph, despite its legal phraseology, Hurst says he sought peace and quiet riding in elevated trains, and once, on a ramble, seeking for gentle respite, he found a public library, after which he made it a custom to seek solitude in the evening in this library, where he could read without thought of impending conflict.

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Henry Wolner & Bro., 1113 3d Ave.
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W. H. Geary, 125th St. & Broadway.
Nelson's Drug Store, Cor. 125th St. & Madison Ave.
Julius Gallo, 2409 Second Ave.
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